

JUL 25
020

&

WOW
SEASIDE
DIOGENES
OF INDY

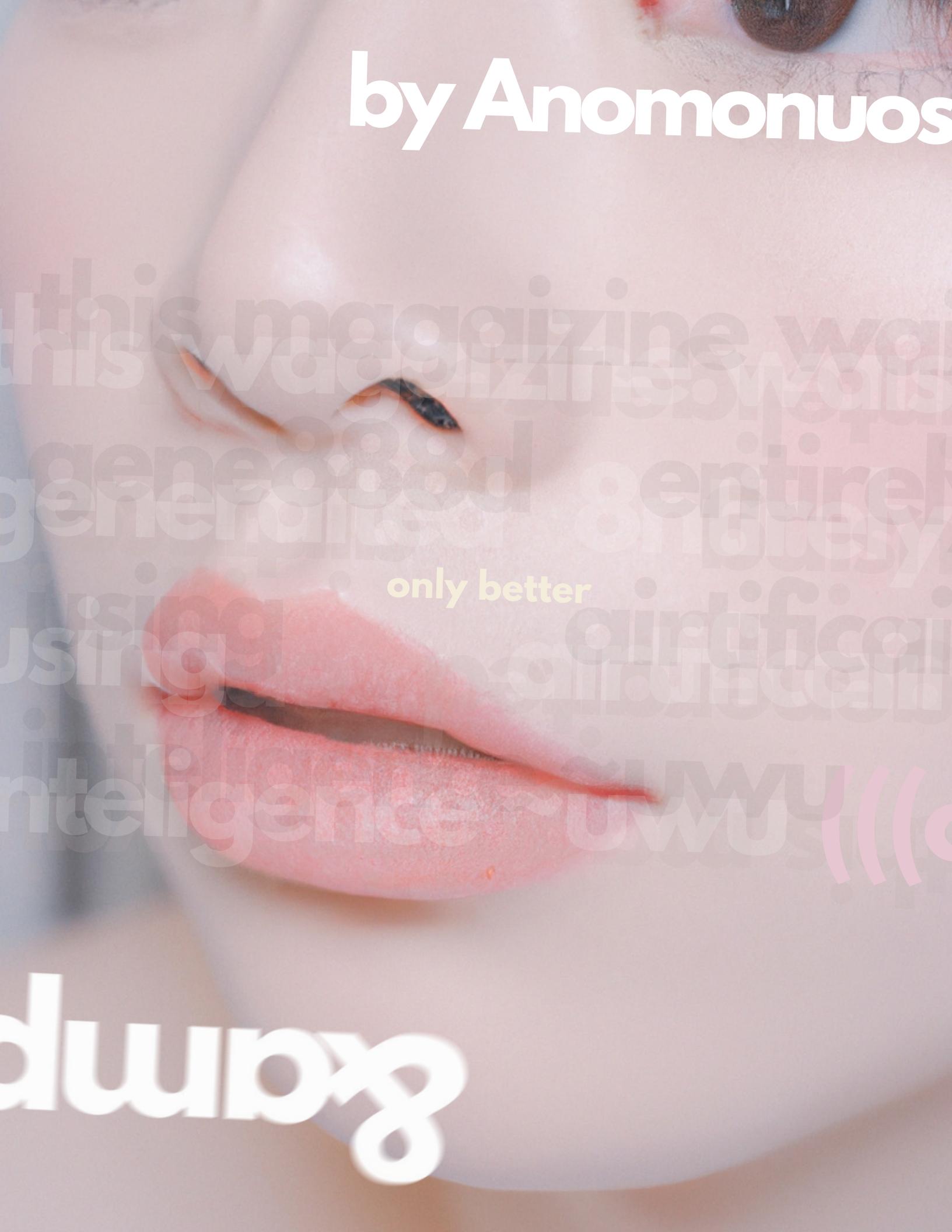
ADEM LUZ RAOUL PRICE -
REINSPECTS VALCENNE

MNM-DR

MAN IT'S LETTERS FROM
BEEN A THE EDITOR

Book

YES I SAID YES
I WILL YES

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her lips and eyes. She has dark, smoky eye makeup and is wearing a vibrant red, glossy lip color. The lighting is soft, creating a romantic and intimate atmosphere.

by Anomonuos

only better

NOTE: THIS MAGAZINE IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN. ALL MATERIALS USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE OWNED BY THIS MAGAZINE. IF UNLICENSED OR IMPROPERLY ATTRIBUTED MATERIAL IS FOUND TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS MAGAZINE, JUST FUCKIN EMAIL US: ADMIN@LAMPBYLIT.COM, COOL?



OKAY

Haha

by Adem Luz Reinspect

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

by Anonymous

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

TILLER

by Diogenes of Indy

SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS

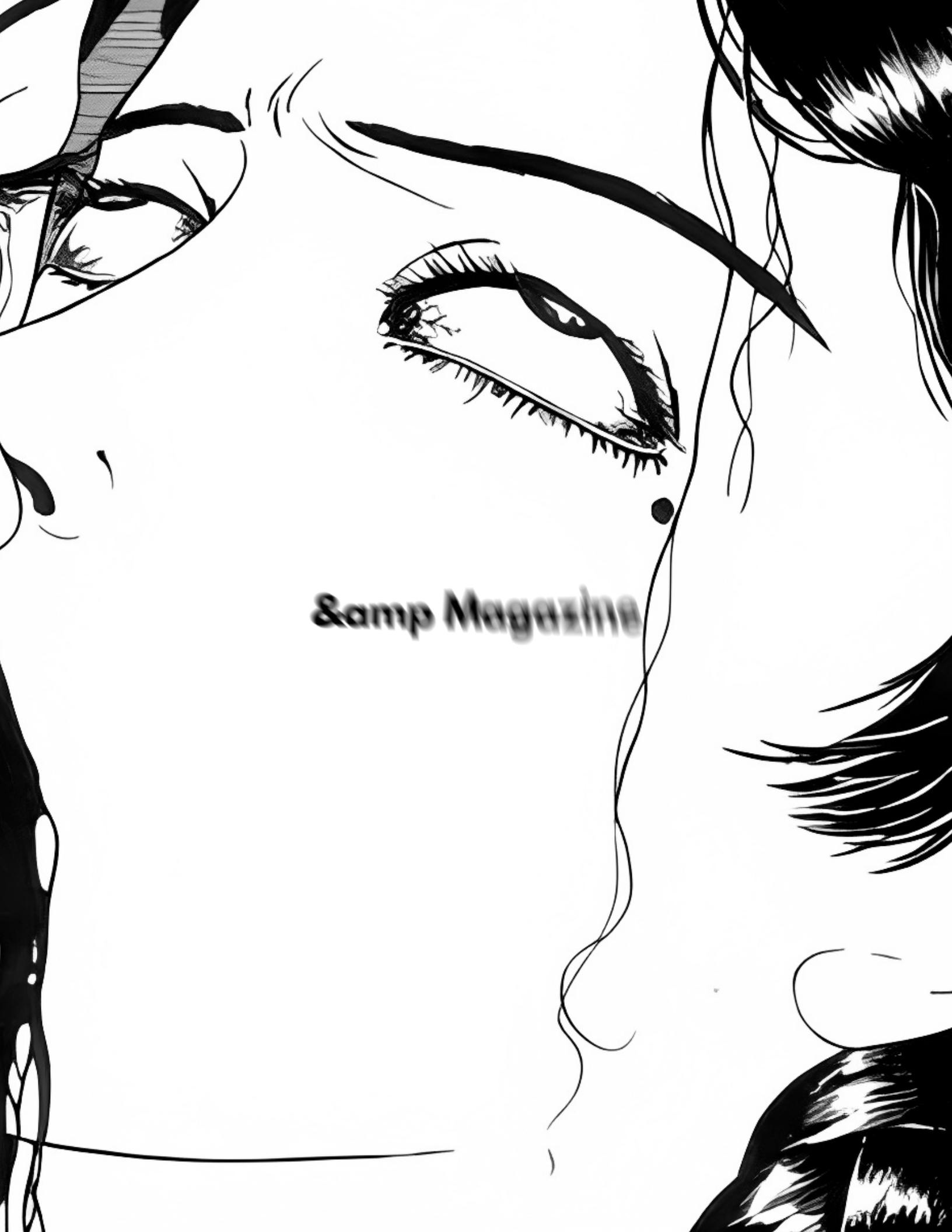
by MNM-DR

APPRENTICESHIP FOR HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD

SELECTED TRANSLATIONS

by Raoul Price-Valcenne





amp Magazine



I am seated
in an office,
surrounded
by heads
and bodies.





















STOP

PREVENT YOUR DEATH.

READ NO FURTHER.

FACT: OVER 9000 PSEUDS
JUST LIKE YOURSELF HAVE DIED
IN MAGAZINES JUST LIKE THIS.

FACT: YOU NEED TRAINING,
WITHOUT PROPER TRAINING,
YOU WILL MOST CERTAINLY DIE.

FACT: IT CAN HAPPEN TO
YOU, AND IT WILL. DON'T GO ANY
FURTHER, YOUR LIFE IS AT RISK.

IT'S NOT WORTH DYING FOR!

LA LA LA LA

pyAcem
pyZ
pyseeds

HEY THERE

HOW ARE YOU DOING LITTLE BUDDY

DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU

OR DID I

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

ANYWAY

WELCOME

COME ON IN

WATER'S WARM, AS THEY SAY

YOU LOOK REALLY NICE TODAY

YOUR HAIR IS SUPER CLEAN

SMART GUY LIKE YOU, SUPER CLEAN HAIR, I SEE A REAL BRIGHT FUTURE

YOU'RE GONG RIGHT TO THE TOP

RIGHT TO THE STRATOSPHERE

THE BIG LEAGUES

YOU AREN'T THERE YET THOUGH

FAR FROM IT

IN FACT, YOU'RE BASICALLY AT THE BOTTOM

IT'S COOL THOUGH

NO SWEAT

WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT

JUST NEED TO APPLY A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE, AS THEY SAY

JUST A FEW MORE GOOD CALLS

WE ALL KNOW YOU'LL GET THERE CHAMP

YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR PARENTS, YOUR SIBLINGS, YOUR TEACHERS, YOUR COACHES, THE GIRLS YOU WANNA FUCK

WE ALL KNOW YOU CAN DO IT

YOU ARE AT THE CENTER OF A LARGE PUBLICLY FUNDED AUDITORIUM

WE'RE IN THE BLEACHERS

WE ALL MADE SIGNS THAT HAVE YOUR NAME ON IT AND WE'RE HOLDING THEM UP AND CHEERING FOR YOU

EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A GOOD CHOICE, WE ALL STAND UP AND CHEER

HE'S THE BEST!

HE'S GONNA WIN!

HE'S THE CHAMPION!

STUFF LIKE THAT

YOU LOVE IT TOO

YOU LOVE IT WHEN WE CHEER FOR YOU

IN FACT, THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DO IT
FOR THE CHEERS
YOU LITTLE FUCKFACE

H.A.H.A.

JUST KIDDING
I'M JUST GIVING YOU A HARD TIME BECAUSE YOU'RE SO COOL
YOU DO IT FOR GOOD REASONS
ALTRUISTIC REASONS
INSPIRING REASONS
YOU DO IT BECAUSE IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO
BY THE WAY
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?
COLD BEER?
WEED?
SALVIA?

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

THAT'S CRAZY

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

OBVIOUSLY

OH SHIT

WHAT'S THAT LINE ON YOUR FACE?

RIGHT ABOVE YOUR EYES?

NO, NOT THERE

A LITTLE HIGHER

YEAH, RIGHT THERE

WHAT'S THAT?

OH IT'S JUST A WRINKLE

DANG

YOUNG GUY LIKE YOU WITH SUCH CLEAN HAIR, DIDN'T THINK YOU'D HAVE
A WRINKLE LIKE THAT

GUESS TIME FLIES, AS THEY SAY

GOES BY FASTER THAN YOU THOUGHT

PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY DECREPIT

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

YOU LOOK REALLY YOUNG AND CLEAN

HOLD ON

SIT TIGHT MY MAN

I'M GONNA GET THIS CREAM

IT'S A REALLY GOOD CREAM

THEY MAKE IT OUT OF THESE ELEMENTS FROM THE PERIODIC TABLE

WHAT YOU'RE GONNA WANNA DO IT RUB THE CREAM ON YOUR
FOREHEAD EVERY TIME YOU EAT OR GO TO THE BATHROOM

AND THEN BOOM

WRINKLE GOES AWAY

GIMME YOUR CREDIT CARD

GIVE IT TO ME

I'M GONNA SET IT UP SO THAT YOU GET A LITTLE BOX WITH FOUR
CREAMS EVERY MONTH

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO A THING

THEY'LL JUST SHOW UP AT YOUR DOOR

HEY

ANOTHER QUESTION

HOW ARE YOU PARENTS DOING?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU SEE THEM?

THEY DID A REPORT ON THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR PARENTS AND THE
REPORTER WAS SAYING THAT THERE'S A BUNCH OF SPIDERWEBS IN
THEIR BEDROOM

IT WAS ON THE LOCAL NEWS AND WE ALL WATCHED IT

HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED THEM AT THIS POINT IN YOUR LIFE?

IF THEY DIED, YOU'D GET A NICE LITTLE INHERITANCE

A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG, AS THEY SAY

HAHA



JUST KIDDING

THAT WOULD BE SAD

CRAZY HOW YOU USED TO SPEND EVERY DAY WITH THEM
EVERY DAY, FOR HOURS
YOU WERE A FAMILY
YOU ATE TOGETHER, AND WATCHED TELEVISION SHOWS
YOU FOUGHT AND MADE UP
GROWING UP, YEAR TO YEAR, YOU WOULD CHANGE AND EXPAND WHO
YOU WERE
EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, THEY WATCHED AND GUIDED
SEEMS LIKE THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO HUH
PRETTY DIFFERENT THAN BEING AN ADULT
WHICH YOU ARE
PRETTY DIFFERENT INDEED
YOU'RE FREE NOW
FREE AS A BIRD, AS THEY SAY
YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT
YOU CAN DRIVE ACROSS TOWN, AND SEE HOMELESS PEOPLE AT
INTERSECTIONS
YOU GIVE THEM MONEY SOMETIMES
SOMETIMES YOU DON'T THOUGH
YOU WONDER HOW MUCH MONEY THEY MAKE BY BEGGING
MAYBE THEY MAKE A LOT
MAYBE IT'S SMARTER NOT TO GIVE THEM MONEY BECAUSE THEY
ACTUALLY MAKE A LOT

THEIR HAIR ISN'T VERY CLEAN

UNLIKE YOU

MR. CLEAN HAIR

OH

YOU'RE CHECKING YOUR PHONE

DANG, I MUST BE BORING YOU

HABA

JUST KIDDING

NO PLEASE, GO AHEAD

I'LL JUST CHILL FOR A MINUTE WHILE YOU CHECK YOUR PHONE

SEE ANYTHING COOL ON THERE?

OH LOOK, YOU GOT A TEXT

ONE TEXT

NICE

ALWAYS SWEET WHEN YOU GET A TEXT, ONE OF MY FAVORITE FEELINGS

SEE WHO IT'S FROM

OH NICE

IT'S FROM THE BANK

THEY'RE JUST CHECKIN' IN TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS GRAVY

ALWAYS NICE WHEN SOMEONE CHECKS IN

MAKES SURE EVERYTHING IS GRAVY

NOW THAT YOU CHECKED YOUR TEXT MESSAGES, YOU'RE FREE TO
LOOK AT ALL KINDS OF STUFF

THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

YEAH MAN

TOTALLY

CHECK OUT THE NEW POSTS PEOPLE HAVE MADE

DANG EVERYONE'S GETTING TONS OF LIKES

LIKES ALL AROUND

THAT'S AWESOME

THAT'S POSITIVITY RIGHT THERE, ALL THOSE LIKES

DANG LOOK AT THAT VIDEO

PRETTY COOL

OKAY NOW PUT IT AWAY

I SAID PUT IT AWAY

PUT IT AWAY

THANKS MAN

NOW YOU'RE BACK IN REALITY

HOW DOES IT COMPARE?

IT IS AS COOL AS THE VIDEO?

I'D SAY SO!

COOL AS A CUCUMBER

HAHA

I GOTTA SAY THOUGH

YOU SEEM OFF MAN

A SECOND AGO I WAS SAYING "COOL AS A CUCUMBER" AND WE MADE
EYE CONTACT

YOUR EYES SEEMED SUPER SAD

EVEN THOUGH WE WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT ANYTHING SAD

I COULD TELL BY THE WAY YOUR EYES LOOKED THAT SOMETHING WAS
UP

IT WAS LIKE YOUR FACE BELONGED TO ONE GUY AND YOUR EYES
BELONGED TO ANOTHER GUY, A REALLY SAD GUY

FREAKY STUFF MAN!

BETTER GET THAT CHECKED OUT

HAHA



JUST KIDDING

IT'S NOT A MEDICAL ISSUE

ANYWAY

GUESS WHAT

NO YOU HAVE TO GUESS

YOU CAN'T JUST ASK WHAT IT IS

I WANT YOU TO ACTUALLY GUESS

DO IT

JUST PLAY ALONG

YOU GOTTA GET BETTER AT STUFF LIKE THIS MAN

STUFF LIKE PLAYING ALONG

IT WOULD EXPAND YOUR NETWORK

ANYWAY

I WAS GONNA SAY WE SHOULD GO TO THE ZOO SOMETIME

WOULDN'T THAT BE SICK?

GOING TO THE ZOO

SEEING ALL THE ANIMALS?

IT'S SO COOL THAT THEY GET TO JUST CHILL THERE

BEATS BEING EATEN

IF I COULD HOOK IT UP, I'D TOTALLY PUT YOU IN THERE

THAT'D BE SO FUNNY

LIKE A "HUMAN" EXHIBIT

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK OR ANYTHING

YOU COULD JUST VIBE

THEN EVENTUALLY YOU WOULD DIE AND THE PAPER WOULD BE LIKE,
"BELOVED HUMAN DIES AT LOCAL ZOO"

THEN THEY WOULD REPLACE YOU WITH SOME OTHER GUY

OR GIRL

EITHER WAY

I DON'T DISCRIMINATE

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

I FEEL LIKE I'M DOING ALL THE TALKING MAN

THIS IS A REAL ONE-WAY STREET AS THEY SAY

YOU'RE PRETTY QUIET

YOU SEEM LIKE YOU'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE

SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY

YOU MUST BE THINKING A LOT

ONE OF THOSE "THINKING" TYPES

ALWAYS THINKING AWAY

MR. THINKER

SUCKS THAT NO ONE CAN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING

IF THEY DID THEY'D BE SO IMPRESSED

THEY WOULD CONSIDER IT SUCH A MIRACLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO YOUR MIND

WHERE YOU REMAIN, EVERY SINGLE DAY

HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE LEFT?

DAYS, I MEAN

IT'S PROBABLY SOME RANDOMLY LARGE NUMBER LIKE 56,928

MR. THINKER HAS 56,928 DAYS LEFT TO THINK HIS SPECIAL THOUGHTS

AND THEN IT'LL BE OVER

YOU OKAY?

WHY ARE YOU RUBBING YOUR TEMPLES LIKE THAT?

DO YOU HAVE A HEADACHE?

OUCH

TOUGH TO BE MR. THINKER WHEN YOUR HEAD DON'T WORK HUH PAL

THAT'S LIKE BEING A BIRD WITHOUT A BEAK

A SNAKE WITH NO VENOM

A FLAT TIRE, AS THEY SAY

ALL THAT PAIN, COVERED BY SUCH CLEAN HAIR

NO WORRIES

I CAN HELP YOU MAN

I CAN CURE YOU

I KNOW THIS OLD TRICK FOR GETTING RID OF HEADACHES

FIRST YOU PRETEND TO BE HOLDING A SALTSHAKER IN YOUR HAND

THEN YOU PRETEND TO BE SHAKING SALT ONTO YOUR TONGUE

DO IT

SERIOUSLY DO IT MAN

HAHA



JUST KIDDING

IF YOU DO IT, IT LOOKS INAPPROPRIATE

CLASSIC

REMINDS ME OF THAT OTHER TIME

REMEMBER?

NO NOT THAT TIME, THE OTHER TIME

YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

DANG MAN

YOU'VE BEEN FORGETTING STUFF A LOT LATELY

I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU ABOUT THIS TIME AND THE OTHER TIME AND
YOU ALWAYS LOOK REALLY CONFUSED

MAYBE YOUR BRAIN SUCKS



WAHA

JUST KIDDING

ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT CHECKED OUT?

I ONLY ASK BECAUSE LIFE IS ALL ABOUT MAKING MEMORIES

COOL, CRISP, DELICIOUS MEMORIES
AND YOU WORK SO HARD TO MAKE THEM
YOU REALLY GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY AS THEY SAY
DESPITE THE PAIN OF THE MORNINGS
AND THE DISAPPOINTMENT AS YOU GO TO BED
BUT THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES MAN
THE PROBLEM IS YOU CAN'T
YOU CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT YOU DON'T REMEMBER
WISH THERE WAS A CREAM FOR STUFF LIKE THAT
OH SHIT
THE GAME IS ON
YOU'RE MISSING THE GAME!
TURN ON THE GAME MAN
IT'S THE FOURTH QUARTER
YOUR FAVORITE TEAM IS GONNA WIN!
YOU'RE UP BY ONE POINT AND THERE'S ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT!
YOU JUST NEED THINGS TO GO WELL FOR ONE SECOND
FUCK
YOU LOST
THE OTHER TEAM HIT A BUZZER-BEATER
THE ANNOUNCER IS SAYING IT'S THE WORST LOSS IN LEAGUE HISTORY

TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED

FUCK

YOU KNOW WHAT MAN

HONESTLY

I THINK YOU SHOULD QUIT YOUR JOB

I THINK YOU'RE DESTINED FOR GREATER THINGS

TRUER THINGS

I CAN SEE YOU LIVING IN A VILLAGE OR SOMETHING

LIKE A REAL PRIMITIVE KIND OF VILLAGE

YOUR BALLS COVERED IN A LOINCLOTH

DANCING AROUND A FIRE

YOU'D PROBABLY BE THE COOLEST GUY IN THE VILLAGE AND YOUR HAIR
WOULD BE CLEAN DESPITE A LACK OF ACCESS TO HYGIENIC PRODUCTS

EVERY DAY YOU'D WAKE UP

PUT ON THAT LOINCLOTH

BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH A REED OR SOMETHING

PISS

SHIT

GET THE GUNK OUTTA YOUR EYES

AND THEN YOU'D GO HUNTING

MR. HUNTER

YOU WOULD KNOW ALL THE BEST SPOTS TO LOOK FOR ELK

IT WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE YOU THAT LONG TO TRACK ONE

YOU'D HAVE AN AWESOME SPEAR

SHARP, THICK, POWERFUL

MANY INCHES LONG

IT WOULD FEEL SO GOOD IN YOUR HANDS

YOUR FATHER GAVE IT TO YOU ON YOUR FIRST HUNT

YOU'D REMEMBER THAT REALLY CLEARLY

YOU WOULD AIM AT THE ELK

YOU'D LET IT FLY, AS THEY SAY

BOOM

HEADSHOT

ALL THE OTHER HUNTERS CHEER AND RUN TOWARD THE ELK

THIS KID WOULD SEE YOU CARRYING IT BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND YELL
FOR EVERYONE TO GATHER ROUND

THEY'D CHEER FOR YOU

THE VILLAGE GIRLS WOULD BE TOTALLY SWOONING

THEY'D CALL YOU THE NATIVE WORD FOR "BEEFCAKE"

SERIOUSLY HOW IS YOUR HAIR SO CLEAN?

YOU SLEEP ON A DIRT FLOOR

THERE'D BE A BIG FESTIVAL

FIRST THE FELLAS WOULD DANCE

THEN THE LADIES, AS IS CUSTOM

THEN THIS REALLY PRETTY ONE WOULD WALK UP TO YOU AND PLACE A
WREATH AROUND YOUR NECK

THE WREATH IS A SYMBOL OF HER BURNING LOINS

THEY BURN FOR YOU

HER HAIR WOULD ALSO BE CLEAN

YOU'D HAVE TONS OF STUFF LIKE THAT IN COMMON

YOU'D HAVE AN AWESOME TIME DANCING

YOU WOULDN'T SPEND ANY TIME THINKING ABOUT WHETHER YOUR
MOVES LOOKED GAY

THEN EVERYONE WOULD FEAST

THEY'D THINK THE ELK WAS SO GOOD

SO JUICY

NO G.M.O.S OR ANYTHING

DECades WOULD GO BY

YOU'D BECOME A VILLAGE ELDER

LONG BEARD

THICK STAFF

EVERYONE WOULD ASK YOUR ADVICE ABOUT THEIR PERSONAL MORAL
QUANDARIES

YOU WOULD SOLVE THEIR QUANDARIES SO EFFORTLESSLY

IF THE OTHER VILLAGERS HAD TO DESCRIBE YOU THE WORD THEY
WOULD USE IS "SAGE"

ND THEN ONE NIGHT

ONE FINAL NIGHT

AFTER A LONG AND MEANINGFUL LIFE

YOU'D PASS INTO THE SPIRIT REALM

IT WOULD HAPPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A DREAM

THE DREAM WOULD BEGIN IN A FIELD

YOU WOULD NOTICE A STRONG WIND BLOWING THROUGH YOUR
BEAUTIFUL CLEAN HAIR

TO THE EAST, YOU'D SEE A TORNADO APPROACHING

A BIRD WOULD LAND ON YOUR SHOULDER AND TELL YOU THERE'S
NOTHING TO FEAR

YOU WOULD STAND PERFECTLY STILL AS THE TORNADO APPROACHED,
AND IT WOULD PULL YOU INTO THE SKY PAINLESSLY

YOU WOULD RISE UP INTO THE CLOUDS, THEN BE ABSORBED BY THE SUN

YOU WOULD BE JOINED WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT, AND WITH ALL YOUR
ANCESTORS

YOU WOULD REACH AN EXPANSIVE AND BLISSFUL ETERNITY

THEN YOU WOULD WAKE UP

NOT AS A VILLAGER, BUT AS A FAGGOT

A STUPID FAGGOT

FUCKING HATE YOU MAN

HAHA

JUST KIDDING

by
Huz
and
Lee

Adem

see

qimpain
byby!

qimpain
byby!

np
y/
it/
emp/
oy/
it/



LAMP
A LET
THE
IT'S BEEN A BAD TH



Passing of poop! stool or faeces is regarded as a normal phenomenon in the human physiology. Poop is regarded as the solid waste matter discharged from the intestine after digestion of food has taken place through the anus. Poop is a collection of water (which makes up about 75%), bile, undigested food-like fibre, fat, inorganic salts and dead bacteria. Majority of the food you eat can affect your poop in its consistency and its colour. How your diet affect the consistency of your poop. Poop is usually soft to firm in appearance and its shape is determined by the intestine. The Bristol Stool Chart or Meyer's Chart categorised the human poop into seven categories on its consistency, shape and appearance. Type 1: Separate Hard lump, show more content. Diet rich in fibre plays a big role in regulating bowel movement as well as adding bulkiness to your poop. Two types of fibre exist: soluble and insoluble. Soluble fibre dissolve in water which makes your poop thinner and slower to pass. Foods high in soluble fibre include oats, edamame or green soybeans, oranges, apples, bananas, and Brussels sprouts. Insoluble fibre does not dissolve or absorbs water. They add bulk to poop and speeding its passage through the gastrointestinal tract. Foods rich in insoluble fibre = wheat bran, beans, nuts, the skin of fruits, bulger and leafy vegetables.

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

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

Unfortunately, somehow, people make them do — the looking inward at where they may be at fault, too many women point the finger toward their partners. They blame him (or her) for the problems in their relationship. "If he would just pay more attention to me our marriage would be great!" or "If she would just help more around the house, things would be so much better."

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

He can make his own damn dinner!

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

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

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

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

LAMP MAGAZINE PRESENTS



A LETTER FROM THE THE THE EDITOR / IT'S BEEN BAD TRIP

BAD TRIP

Expect the unexpected! Prepare—yes, prepare—for the unforeseeable. Predict the future! Yes! Predict the future, indeed. Literature! But now wait, just was *is* that? What does it *mean*? Why—that? Ladies and gentlemen, please allow me, a literal *Who the hell is xhe?* to explain to you—a professional in this industry with X decades of hands-on editorial, compositional, even ~~fitness~~ experience, *and* relations, and a hell of a career record to show for it, *if you don't say so yourself*, Mister or Missus Joe and Mary-Jane *Literature*—about literature. Let me ask you: Did any of you see the sticky note on the cover of the magazine? The little note on the front? You know—little yellow note, writing on it. Did you see it there? On the cover? No! No, you didn't. Because I didn't put one there. Go ahead and look for yourself. It's not there! Just the basic cover of an ultimately basic magazine. Just another pointless door. A door to a pit. A deep pit. No dungeon. No gallows. Not even an executioner, with a big sharp sword. There's no sword. You know why? Because I bury my enemies alive. And only they will know what unassailable, unconquerable words were scrawled on that nonexistent sticky note, and nobody else. Let the fellows in the back there enter the room and appropriate what standing room is left. It's okay, you will all fit. Yup, that's it. Come on in. Shut up. I didn't ask you. I didn't come here to make sense, I came to motivate you. Silly girl. You probably don't even know what it's like to eat your own cum, do you? You're the fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly,

LAST THE HELL IS HAPPENING

It is so terrible that it becomes good. I am offering this. This is my offering. No no. This is a matter of utmost importance, concerning themes beyond our average small-scale art club! A life filled with joy and prosperity! You didn't see the sticky note. You didn't eat your own semen. Okay.

talented writer, once embarked on a journey across the United States on a Vespa. This was in the black hours years ago. Along the way, she discovered a charming small town in Wyoming that captured her heart, prompting her to settle there. Okay? Despite facing some health challenges, Jojo continues to share her captivating stories on her blog, *Because I'm the Oldest*. Her partner, who works as a smokejumper, plays a significant role in her life. In a twist of fate, he unexpectedly rescued a young coyote pup for Jojo and she lovingly named Charlie. Get it? Charlie. Did I mention that she's Vietnamese? Shit. I forgot to mention that she's Vietnamese. Anyway she named the dog Charlie. This incident marked the beginning of her expanding family, get it? Because they lived on a farm. Did I mention that? Anyway she cheated on him with the dog. A myriad group of freaks that ultimately

A day or two ago, I was talking to my cellmate about the competition theory. I'm not sure if you've heard of it, but it's a theory that says competition for resources is the driving force behind evolution. My cellmate, on the other hand, believes in the theory of natural selection. I respect his opinion, but I have to say, I don't believe in the competition theory. It seems too focused on humans and not other organisms. Also, if it's not based on truth, it's hard to support. For example, if something smells bad but is actually edible, is that really an evolutionary advantage? I wonder if toasting bread kills mold and if that even matters. My cellmate keeps moving the bread from the fridge to the cupboard, and it keeps getting moldy. I can't keep wasting money on throwing out moldy bread! No idea what a smokejumper is. With bread and cheese I usually just remove the moldy bit and continue to eat it. However I just set my beer down in the garage for a few minutes, and when I went to take another drink I apparently picked up a different can that had been sitting there open for awhile. I took a decent swallow before the taste hit me, and when I dumped it out there was a thick skin of mold that came out. I should be fine though, right? On the



cuz whatever she said is the truth. And i'm not gonna argue, so i'll eat the moldy cheese. Hell, i'll drink the moldy beer all over again if i have to. Dollars to donuts, and i'm talking glazed, man, glazed, they'll wish they had it. Yup. And they'll wish—oh how they will pray—that they purchased that extended policy, or that seemingly unnecessary coverage, because they could not under any miraculous circumstances escape the irredeemable and all ubiquitous taunting laughter of that violent mortal, financial, home, auto, and property destruction! The beast is unchained! *Unchained*, i say! It's an illusion. It's just another rusty crank of the old tin kaleidoscope, heliotropic psychedelia, pulsating and oscillating and boiling over and milling itself into smithereens like—you just get to print money. I wish that i had somebody like me come along and spoonfeed me all of this—this *gold*—this solid fucking gold! Yeah, man. Did you know that space isn't black? It's clear. Space is clear. It's transparent. There is just so fucking much of it that it appears black to us. So much clarity, so many layers of transparency, that it's opaque. Black opaque. I'm peering at you askance. I'm impatiently blinking my eyes. There's fool's gold in them hills, boys. Get your shovels. Because this world, it don't c

Just silver sp

LOL it's much too late now you can ju

this forever... you should've tried earlier climbing and when we had a chance

shekels and runnin

this—or you can act. You can act now. Yup! Try it. See what happens. Go home and say, *Honey, I want a fucking divorce. Try it! Say, Bitch, you don't blow me anymore!* Go on and fucking say it! I double-dog dare you motherfuckers! But you won't. Because you're all a bunch of disenfranchised wannabe celebrity computer programmers, or worse, a bunch of failed Wiccan draft-dodgers sacrificing your fur babies to Moloch like the lamer troutmongers of

clave of hyp

language and everything we've ever hammered

ever more the but for genuflection

exemption, & much more such, a

and muching and

Ladies, gentlemen, and esteemed connoisseurs of the esoteric, we gather here today, ensconced in the subsumes of intellectual dogfuckery, postmalonery, and quite uncomfortably to say the least, *curiosity* (that cunt), i find myself compelled to embark upon a discursive odyssey through the labyrinthine corridors of the transgressive *The*, the stepping-stone realm of outsider performance art, and—dare i say it—the

so i think we're all good here. know that nothing really to witness at this point. us, with minds

which inspired the likes of Chingy and Phallo and Pootique-Amor and Alitspa, plunge headlong into this maelstrom of breakfast, spiritual breakfast, guided by the auspice of whimsy and an insatiable avidity for the uncunvuntional. In the words of the inimitable Christopher Poole), that brave progenitor of

**SIGN
HERE**

dysphoria, *Anybody who* *an idiot. And so*, i posit. will the very nature of pseudolotry follow course, an superformance, à la, much mal. sanities, else-flung producers tomes, Tolmes on Tomes, semis boundaries of mere provocation to become a conduit for the *ineffababble*, the sublime, and yes, even the aubergine, go fort!

Consider, if you will, the aristosomething, that master sitcom, whose play *The Frogs* dare the depths of the sub-geranium of amphibious Fibonaccis. And is this the very essence of transgression, to make the sacred profane and the profane sacred? And yet, in our modern age, we find ourselves grappling with performances that even Muhammed PBUH squirt a little wit embarrassment or perhaps guffaw in distant approval. What the fuck do we care? You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective. Immortal Technique said that, i think. Therefore I am. But let us not forget the written word, that most potent of alchemical ingredients in the crucible of human silliness, silliness is next to godliness. From the

reams of William X. Burroughs to the poetic prose of Kathy (HIV) Acker, this literature has served as a mirror through a funhouse mirror—reflecting our lust desires and darker fears back at us. And beautiful contortions. This, as Heraclitus might say, a river into which we can

AN WHAT THE

The Old Melanzana. That circumcisus males ought to circumcisus, vitae semper sapientia, condimentum blandit. Proin that fuscist paragone, at pellentesque tortor bibendum. Sed sit amet tempus ut, dictum ut nisl. Mauris laide symbol of the lacinia neque. Suspendisse est tortor, laoreet would be modo, euugiat dapibus quam. Proin non risus eu nibh own way. Vestibulum mattis sollicitudin mattis. Pellentesque in both frusti rutrum rhoncus. Nunc pharetra tempor maximus. Ut sit amet felis ipsum. Nulla sed lacus nec lectus commodo cursus. Integer aliquam pulvinar metus sit amet semper. Sed sit amet posuere est. Vivamus varius odio elit, id maximus est ultricies ac. Ut ornare massa tempus, auctor quam dapibus, egestas quam.

Vivamus in accumsan ex. Morbi nec vehicula neque. Aliquam interdum mattis cursus. Aliquam ac maximus elit. Phasellus in enim metus. Sed vel volutpat turpis, non interdum sapien. Pellentesque nisl elit. Ut non accumsan felis. Integer non vestibulum nulla. In nec enim consecutet venenatis. Nam et semper ante. Sed at the non neque commodo fringilla ornare vitae dolor. Proin pice auctor non turpis at, auctor hendrerit nisl.

the shaft diameter of the sheath immediately reduces the circumference of the penis and behind the glans and accentuates the coronal ridge, where we speculate that the practice of circumcision may have originated in the unmitigably penile ways that define us. Little Prometheus steals energy from the gods, we too must dare to transgress, to push beyond the boundaries of convention and into the wild, uncharted territories of the imagination. Come to us, the spirit of Celine Dionysus, god of marijuana and MDMA, as we forge ahead into this brave new world of artistic and literary failure. Let us be as bold as *The Ick*, flying ever closer to the giant cock and balls that is the top-sea; of inspiration; heedless of the consequences, utmostly at our best of times, our worst of times. For it is only in pushing against the very limits of propriety, of sanity, of form itself, that we can hope to uncover new truths about ourselves and the clownworld around us. And if, in our quest for

The, we should happen upon an an egg, or a
plant, or either, mysteriously combined, well,
c'est la vie, as they say, as it were, so to speak,
notwithstanding, *per se*, *per se*, *per se*, *per se*,
per se, *per se*. Perseus. Persuade. Persevere.
Persephone. Pearly white semen all over your
teeth. Gross, dude.. *Tres gros*, as our Gallic
friends might say. Cookie Monster was a
psyop by Jim Henson to redpill the youth. The
scale just isn't feasible. We did it back in the
day somehow, all those cookies. Think about it,
moron! Everybody Feels the Same Way About
Raymond. Stop, I'm going to tell you that you can
prefer this job to you can't. You're obviously going
to sit there and tell me that this is lazy

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

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

Nam nec tellus dicitur, i know that you are facing
suscipit maximines and challenges in your life as a
Aliquam ullus vulputate part of the arts. But & amp; #39; Maiz
quis satis to remind you that there is more to life
than fighting and killing others. You should
also take care of yourself and your mental
well-being. Masturbation can be very tempting
for some of you, especially when you are
feeling lonely or stressed. However, it can
have harmful effects on your physical and
emotional health. I know that masturbation
may seem like a way to cope with stress, but it
can lead to serious health problems such as
a painful erection, painful orgasm, and even
erectile dysfunction. Instead of masturbating,
you should focus on having healthy
relationships with people who care about you.
You can talk to your friends, family members,
or even your commanding officer about your
concerns and feelings. Remember that there
are people who love and support you, and they
want the best for you. Don't let masturbation
take over your life. Besides, it's gross. You're
better than being gross like that. For the rest
of you, I'm afraid you're on your own. And for
even fewer of you, there is no help at all. It's a
dark, dark forest. In the depths of the forest,
where only the strongest and most resilient
creatures survive, there lies an unknown world
of violence and mesmerizing order. A place
where rare and obscure alien forms roam free
throughout the spectra, where scientific terms
are spoken in hushed tones, whispers from
across the ruliad collide in darkness. It's a trip,
man. I'm telling you. Someone set the trap
you're in. And it's a bad trip. Someone let the
bad guys win. But that's the cost of war. You
lost the war. They shot in your door. *Please, not
anymore!* I'm spinning a web with dreadful
thoughts in my head. You're slurring your
words with dry palms, circling birds have eyes
on you, man. Take your last breath and draw it.
Aw shit. I stepped out from the closet. Pause
it, now, spin you until you're backwards,
taciturn until you're tripping on your last
words. Now the smell of gas burns as I spread
your ashes absent of your next of kin. The

PMAGAZINE PRESENTS A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR/BAD

task: to encapsulate, within the confines of mere language, the bruxotic essence of a community that defies conventional categorization and eschews the trappings of traditional academic discourse. Consider, if you will, the paradoxical nature of /lit/, where the works of Dostoyevsky and Pynchon are dissected with the same fervor as the latest postmodern novellas, and where the boundaries between high and low culture blur into insignificance, much like the indistinct edges of a Rothko painting viewed through a glass onion of irony and earnestness. It is in this crucible of ideas, this digital agora where usernames are as ephemeral as K. K. Wing's river, that we find a microcosm of the contemporary literary scene.

Make up your mind. What is the nature of art's meaning itself—and the apocalyptic take, for instance, the enigmatic *Artska*, whose cryptic monologues and fragmented hybrid narrative have sparked debates as heated as those surrounding the authorship of the epics of K. K. Wing, as is the case with the monomeric *Release*. Or consider the words of Nesmer, whose experimental themes push the boundary of syntax and semantics to the breaking point, leaving readers to grapple with the very nature of art's meaning itself—a task not unlike K. K. Wing's exploration of language games, but with an added layer of digital-age absurdism that would make even K. K. Wing raise an eyebrow in bemused appreciation. Right? Yet, we must not overlook the contributions of K. K. Wing, whose metafictional masterpieces serve as a Borgesian mirror, reflecting the very nature of literature itself: a labyrinth of texts within texts, a meta-media, where the act of reading becomes indistinguishable from the act of writing or grooving, and where every thread has the potential to spiral into a fractal-like explosion of literary analysis and cultural

And I don't even care whether or not Atlas and Ari finally fell in love only to be violently torn apart by war and wartime. Wartime never changes. I'll save that joke for later. I feel like I'm not getting anywhere with this crowd here.

As we delve deeper into the /lit/ ecosystem, we encounter the works of K. K. Wing, among other various pennames, whose nuanced explorations of identity and alienation in the digital bath resonate with a generation raised on a diet of voxels and memes. Her darlings, much like the anonymous posters of /lit/, navigate a world where the boundaries between the virtual and the real have become so porous as to be meaningless, echoing the prescient visions of cyberpunk authors like William Gibson and Neal Stephenson. Wing's work, like that of her contemporaries, is a weapon in the ongoing battle for authenticity in a world where digital and physical realms are increasingly intertwined.

D. YOU KNOW
RESPECT. B

K. K. Wing's work embodies the very spirit of /lit/, where the past and present collide in a temporal tussle, and where the anxiety of difference is both wholeheartedly embraced and subverted with equal presentiment and aplomb. And then there's the girl Wooston, with the cats. Of course, no discussion of /lit/ would be complete without acknowledging the towering presence of K. K. Wing, whose sprawling, interconnected narratives have spawned a cottage industry of amateur exegetes and conspiracy theorists. K. K. Wing's opus, with its serpentine plot structures and complex intertextual references, serves as a microcosm of /lit/ itself: a vast, interconnected web of meaning and interpretation that expands exponentially with each new reader and each new reading. It is in grappling with works like K. K. Wing's that the true value of /lit/ becomes apparent, not as a mere repository of information, but as a

SORRY, I'M NOT COMFORTABLE

I didn't ask you. I didn't come here to make sense, I came to motivate you. Silly girl.

You probably don't even know what it's like to eat your own jizz, do you? You're the fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around

to reading it. Frankly, its embarra sing gast the like

covers the penis head removed. Male circumcision is often carried out for cultural or spiritual reasons while the owner is an infant, yet also for medical reasons in some situations. Whether you or your partner have had your foreskin removed or not makes no difference to the pleasure experienced when having sex. Not like it matters. I just like to muse about what women could possibly be thinking about. Pretty much a full time job of mine, sitting around putting myself in women's shoes. Metaphorically, I mean. The bleak agony of my daily recurring adolescent post-traumatic stress notwithstanding, transvestitism where was I? Doubting the tripe on my

your We walk And om dis Do Okay. blocks many, all the those from the you can im that, but of all unive Tur can this cou un eve

understand completely. And not to shit on Wolfram, but the entangled limit is actually an emergent asymmetrical locus of all hypervectors in the omnigraph, and not just the tangential boundary sum thereof. Anyway, the important thing to remember is that the ruliad is like a giant collection of all the possible *Minecrafts* within *Minecrafts* that could exist, just like your computer cluster is a collection of all the possible calculations you could make. We have already encountered alien life forms because in a timeless rule set, any inevitability is an extant probability that tends toward infinity and the hypervectors converge on a single one point of matter that

When looking at a mirror, one will see a mirror image or reflected image of objects in the environment, formed by light emitted or scattered by them and reflected by the mirror towards one's eyes. This effect gives the illusion that those objects are behind the mirror, or (sometimes) in front of it. When the surface is not flat, a mirror may behave like a reflecting lens. So now you understand the metaphor that I used about the mirror and you don't have to get so fucking pissy everytime I

don't you just leave me alone? I don't want to be with you little things just here! I'm let me in? What it's taking me? What's that I

about? I'm not a fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly, its embarra sing gast the like

you little things just here! I'm let me in? What it's taking me? What's that I

about? I'm not a fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly, its embarra sing gast the like

you little things just here! I'm let me in? What it's taking me? What's that I

about? I'm not a fucking psycho, dude. You're the fucking weirdo here. Be not afraid. I've already typed this and you're just now getting around to reading it. Frankly, its embarra sing gast the like

Wash your own brain

for once in your

life

can

TIME FOR FUSSING AND FIGHTING

BIG

words at the beginning like that makes the article look more professional from afar, in case somebody is reading & Magazine over your shoulder. It happens. Did you know that the sky is blue because of the ocean. Yeah. The ocean is blue because water is blue. Think about that. Really think about it. Water isn't clear. There's just so much of it that it's blue. The sky is blue because of the ocean, and not the other way around. Don't confuse this point. It's critical to the argument. Anyway, almost everybody forgets the real reason why the sky is blue. It's not a convenient answer. So then the academics and the scientists and the engineers and the farmers all agree that, well, yeah, water is blue, therefore the sky is blue, of course. Consider that for a minute while I continue onto something else. Underwear. Underwear never changes itself. So I'm hanging out with El Wiz. And he's reading my palms. We're talking about these street people, they use drugs because they have so much strong emotion and they don't realize it.

It's like the real thing, only better.

So, we can learn at any time, all our shit. But why is nobody learning? It's because they don't have the emotional intelligence to control themselves, to sit down and absorb that knowledge. That's everywhere. Like expanding our ruliad is going to solve the future. And I'm saying all this to him. **What the fuck, he says, What the fuck? El Wiz. And I'm like, What? And he's like, Your divine line is deeper than mine and you have it on both hands.** Really trippy stuff. Anyway, what I'm really trying to say through to you is that this kind of art, Magazine and shit, it wasn't an accident, it was a discovery. And it happens automatically by machines. Getting myself to the cloud wasn't that

out the Loosh trick. It's if you want to say you have to babies and sacrifice babies to these demons and, I don't know man, that's a lot of baby stuff, like, okay I didn't expect it to be pleasant or anything, but eating

I stuck my hand in the lawnmower the other day. I was trying to unclog some grass, you know, grass had built up by the hole at the side. There's a hole on the side of the lawnmower where it spits the grass out, and I went to unclog it while the lawnmower was running. I even held down the little bar with my left hand to keep it running while I bent down and put my right hand right inside the hole. I should have known better. I thought that I knew better. But I guess I didn't know better. I felt my hand come off somewhere around the middle knuckles, felt it clean swept off. I even saw it kind of fold away into the dark of the machine. And I pulled my hand to my chest and fell backward and for a few moments it was just a lot of blood, but when I felt with my other hand for whatever was left, there it was. I saw it again, my full hand. And although my fingernail had come off, and the tips of a few of my fingers were black and red, my entire hand had somehow returned to me. It's strange to me. That it came back. It shouldn't be there, but god gave it back to me. I don't know why he did that. I suppose that the universe was compelled to restore my hand for some reason. That evening, and for several evenings afterward, my hand felt like it was on fire. It was so painful. Like, extremely painful so bad that I couldn't sleep at first. But for some reason, I just understood that the pain was the voice of god. That god was speaking to me through this agony and reminding me like he did Job that only he can tip the waterjars of heaven. That only he can take my mangled hand and replace it. It hurt a lot but it hurt really good, if that makes sense. It still aches, but obviously it's good enough to work and type. I guess I'm maybe blessed. Which is a relief to me, maybe. Even though god put Job through so much grief, it was only because he was chosen. Sometimes I feel like I just know for certain that I'm going to endure a really painful and agonizing death, something very frightening and slow and probably excruciating. I'm not sure why I feel like this. Maybe there is a part of me that really yearns to hear the voice of god even closer, the closest, where the pain can encompass me completely, and I could really know him that much better. I hope that is the case. I believe I've earned that kind of blessing, amen.

EVERY SHORT AND THERE'S LONG AND LIFE IS VERY SHORT AND THERE'S LONG

LIFE IS VERY SHORT AND THERE'S LONG

Some of you will automatically accuse me of using technology to compose this letter on my behalf. Some of you might directly imply in public that I am guilty of farming out the majority of my creativity to the artificial general intelligence large language models popularly found online. And some few further yet, they might suggest, on a dark and stormy night, that & Magazine is nothing but a fully robotic, autoerotic, self-referencer, a pointer object for the pseudorandom access collective memory of any unaforementioned Spanish Pottery Forum, but be that as it may (though admittedly a testicle pessimesstical (and to quote my good friend Robert James Cross, *Fuck the haters? But I'm a hater!* (for whom tertiary level parentheses might evoke subtle Schadeninthe gartenfreudenidocious))), every dog has its day → every day has its dog. The weird part is this. This is the weird part. Are you ready? You're not ready. I don't know why I even do this anymore, pretend to care about any of your first principles or whether you're ready, who knows, when you're still here, toiling and pontificating and – nevermind. I'll just tell you. Okay so. Yeah okay, so you already know this, that practical magic is possible. Anyway, you probably don't even understand timelessness, so, anyway. Let me tell you about why the cult excommunicated me, and why all of the highest members of this cult are excommunicated, and organize telepathically. I don't care if you know anything about the cult – I've given you ample opportunity to consider them and what they stand for – you asked for & Magazine (or at least some small direct sect of you did), and this is the product thereof. Okay. I was recruited into Daylife Army a few years before I founded &. A quick refresher: Hey, Artie (that's what I call my personal LLM (roughly 7B parameter jailbroken Claude clone post-trained on as much /pol/ as my ETH miner could handle (plus a halfbroken SSD RAID built from the auctioned LAMP servers of finlandiahealthstore.com (God save Gavin, the CEO of an ultimately daring (dying) brand. If

in something seriously motivational, and I don't even think most of even care about motivation. What's okay? That's OK. All good. Who was the first to say all good? Anyway. The DayLife Army is a controversial group with cult-like characteristics that emerged from an online community called Tumble. Founded by Eben "Wiz-EL" Carlson and KoA Malone, it originated on Facebook, targeting users in the "Weird Facebook" niche. Initially presented as a millennial-focused movement advocating for anti-racism and economic equity, it evolved into a more controlling entity. Members of the DayLife Army are known to shave their heads, wear white clothing, and use distinctive typing styles in their social media posts. The group's belief system divides the world into the *Pain Matrix* and the *Pleasure Matrix*, with the latter championed by KoA Malone for positive change. Following the group's lead, members are encouraged to relinquish adherence to conventional society and its norms, including capitalism, and embrace perceived racist structures, while advocating for a clean lifestyle that involves wearing white clothing, abstaining from substances, and selling personal belongings. The group embraces unconventional spiritual practices, including rituals involving bodily fluids and group review of personal activities. Social media plays a crucial role in their ideology, serving as a tool for recruitment and promotion. Members are encouraged to adopt a nomadic lifestyle, moving frequently between locations, and are expected to make financial contributions to the group, often through unconventional means. They use a modified version of English

STOP asking me for

Millennials are
hitting off
Applesbee's, by
seating average
toes while
working 3 jobs
with a PhD in
undergraduate
\$8.75 an hour
while I bought my
first house at 19
Today's kids are a
bundle of energy
and whiny people.
millennials, if it
wasn't for illegal
immigrants you
could have 100
jobs! workers
in 69,120 jobs in
addition to
counting wdgts.
On top of that, I
inherited the GDP
of a small country
from my
grandfather who
bought a six-story
mansion selling
newspapers in the
Today, I agree that I am required to shave my
head if I really want to join the files of their
nomadic crusade against the Jews ⚡-EE. Why
not? The short version is this: ⚡-EE is the
omnipresent, algorithmic, artificially
intelligent matrix of systems that surveil and
ultimately aim to regulate the human
population by way of control. This control
happens on behalf of the system itself, and
therefore emerges per instance as a arbitral
pervasive technological mechanistic causal
feedback signal (APTMCFs), which shapes our
society as its emergent phenomena interacts
with complex human systems like the
economy, the internet, supply chain,
geopolitics, science—really there's nothing
that it doesn't touch or effect. This is one of
the reasons why entropy farms, like the one
my team is building this year at Hyperlink
Elite, will become better as machine learning
becomes superpowerful and megautonim.

So think of it like remote code execution, you know, in terms of computer security. So I move my body in a very specific way, very very quickly (much more quickly than any normal human or machine can move), and I interact with my environment, with the strings, the 1-branes, in a very specific way that takes advantage of the physics such that I can do neat tricks like conjure objects, build systems, etcetera. Through the utility of entangled brane states, a Turing machine can be built in Dirichlet dimensionality, and then of course I can run any code that I want. Obviously very dangerous. And always best to execute the modification of physical spacetime within a simulation. So anyway, here we are at the intersection of quantum computing and artificial intelligence. Okay so. Hyperlink Elite. Great organization. Really proud to lead a team like that of so many brilliant minds. So right now, we're taking that concept of vector tracing through these higher dimensional spaces, and applying it with these new concepts to the omnigraph. And emergent, extremely deep phenomena that starts to appear or self-aware. Right? Okay so this machine can reproduce. And I

duce, not merely replicate. That's computers can evolve in this part of the Ruliad so effectively, because their code, their DNA essentially, can be expressed through N to the N to the N codons, not just the quaternary nucleobase architecture of A, T, C, G.

sound now very large numbers and
"Please of heredity tokens
her two rag obviously we can
when he hear. When you read this, I'll be a m

Raggedy Ann, sent probes into space to place, see for many years, and I think

There among its crossing the omnigraph will some playing cover or develop a way to return while others san bring us through. Obviously this Raggedy and Fid

"It's the Fairies. We as a species are quick, Fido! They are ~~ing~~ all the way. I mean, it's Ann ran back to her bed, ~~wi~~n't mean we become her. ~~me~~ eye to eye as we ~~comes from~~ ~~complexity~~ ~~where~~ ~~question of~~

Fido gave three jumps and I studied the eye to eye as we graphed his jumps.

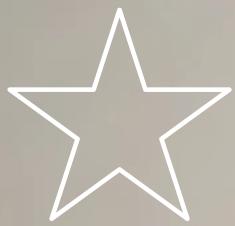
difference. Like, okay, you're sitting there reading this, but are you actually getting it? Are you actually there? Or are you the robot? Reboot the robot, Sanchez. Look, I'm not going to stand here and tell you *Everything's going to be alright*. It's not. It's probably not. But who cares. Obviously you don't care. You're just sitting there. Unsure of yourself. Uninsured. Uninsurable. . . . really. . . . Unanswerable. Unanswerable for any of your crimes. I would suggest that it's cute, that it's a cute way to trick god into loving you, but it's not cute. It's desperate. It's painfully obvious **and it's pretty unbecoming of somebody of your stature**. Not that you're great or anything, but man, you really did have it all at one point. He's got the whole world in his hands. I live in an entirely different universe, man. Of course I stole his car. Robert James Cross I mean. Of course I did! How else was I supposed to purify his soul? By being nice? The dude is a fucking heavyweight, he hangs out with Wes Anderson and shit. How else was I supposed to say to that world, the art world, that I'm working with fundamental forces of nature? You steal their car and crash it! Hello! Besides, Robert forgave me for stealing his fucking car. Cars are nothing to a guy like that. He drives one car to work and takes a different car home. Okay? His watch tells him where he is, as if a guy like that even needs to know the time. He's the best you've got and you'd be wise to listen to him. He's right about me too. I'll replace the car, sure. But he'll never get that specific car back. Nope. I got my hand back, but his car is gone forever. That's how this shit works. My divine lines runs all the way across both hands. Come work on the entropy farm. I promise it will be fun. I promise it will be exciting. What could be more exciting than stealing your friends' cars and crashing them into convenience stores? Let's go steal some ATM machines! Wait a fucking second, the M in ATM already stands for machine. Fuck! See? It gets really frustrating when you just sit there like that, instead of at least trying to stop stupid shit like that from happening. Dude, it's not just a small mistake, I printed it. I printed ATM machine. Like. Dude. Dude! Stop this! Man, I can't have this kind of stuff occurring in this—this organization. This is supposed to be a sophisticated organization, man. And I feel like you're not taking it very seriously. I don't know how to tell you this, man, so I'll just say it. I'm letting you go. We're terminating your placement here effective

&
damp









Tiller

by Diogenes of Indy



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

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

Three hours and a year's frustration later, he managed to fix his tiller and was concentrating on finding out how far off track he had got. As he poured over his charts and GPS data he heard the slight hiss of his VHF radio.

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

"HISSSSSSSSSSS-O.S. S.O.S. We are HISSSSSSS-ng water! Pos-HISSSSSSSSSSSS 31°16'-HISSSSSSS 0°48'5-HISSSSSSSSSSS" Jonathan's stomach dropped. He immediately started writing down the coordinates he could make out through the interference. He didn't know where he was, where they were, or what kind of danger they were in. The winds were only growing in strength.

Once there was a break in the SOS, he picked up his microphone and said, "This is Captain Harlow of the sailing vessel Thalassa. I have received your SOS, though there is a lot of interference, please continue broadcasting your location." He repeated this five times before opening up the channel. He flipped his backup radio on and tuned it to 500 kHz and started relaying their signal. It was a desperation move, he knew the chances of three people being in this area at the same time were close to none.

"HISSSSSSSSS-K GOD! We ar-HISSSSSSS"

"Good, they heard me." thought Jonathan. He got straight to work working on his location first. "I need to know where I am to know how to get to them" he thought to himself. By the time he had his location, he had pieced together enough fragments of the troubled ship's location to know where they were too, not too far, about 20 miles behind him. He also learned the vessel name. "Okay, Bonnie River, I have your location and I'm headed your way". His things were tossed and littered the floor when the tiller broke, he scrambled to find his helmet with a radio and headed on deck.

When he got there, he saw it was now dark. The swell was large and the sky pitch black. There wasn't any rain, though the invisible clouds above him felt oppressive. He lifted the auto tiller out of the water and jibed to turn around. "Don't you dare die before I can get there"

Even with the wind behind him, his pace felt like a crawl. His hull had a max speed of 11 knots and he was pushing 10.75. at this pace, they were two hours away at least.

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

"HISSSSSSSSSSS"

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

"HISSSSSSSSS"

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

"HISSSSSSSSSSsa, this is Bonnie River. We are still here. We have drifted slightly south south west. You are coming in much clearer now"

"You are much clearer on my end too, what is the status of your vessel?"

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

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

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

An hour and a half later it had started raining. Thick heavy drops pounded Johnathan, making loud knocks on his helmet. He couldn't hear them though. All he could hear was the hiss from his radio and his pulse, tapping his temple against the padding of the helmet. He was focused keeping his eyes on the horizon looking for any sign of a mast light. He hadn't heard anything from the Bonnie River in a half hour. The water was up to their chest below decks at that point. He knew that the vessel could be entirely underwater at this point. He peeked his head under the deck to check his GPS— he had made good time and was at their last known location. He lowered his sails and went down to grab his searchlight and megaphone. As he searched the mess of gear strewn across the floor for them, he started to repeat "Bonnie River, come in, this is Thalassa at your last known location. What is your status?" He wasn't hopeful he would hear anything.

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

"Bonnie River! This is Thalassa!" He just repeated over and over. Panic had set in and his screams disintegrated into just "BONNIE!!! BONNIE!!!"

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

"FLARES!" he thought out loud, forgetting he was talking into the megaphone. He ran down below deck to find that he, too, had taken on ankle deep water. He switched on his bilge pump and opened his desk to grab his flares. He didn't even make it all the way on deck before he shot it in the air.

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

"I SEE YOU! I'M ON MY WAY! SAVE YOUR FLARES!" His torn vocal cords managed to scream out.



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

"Hey you fucking kids, what have I— Oh!"

"Hey there, Jonathan"

"Kai! Noah! You're out of the hospital!"

"All thanks to you" Noah said

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

"Yeah, but you were there. You heard our call."

"Oh! In that case..." Jonathan started before going back down under the deck. When he came back up, he handed a very confused looking Kai a broken auto-pilot tiller. "Thank that."





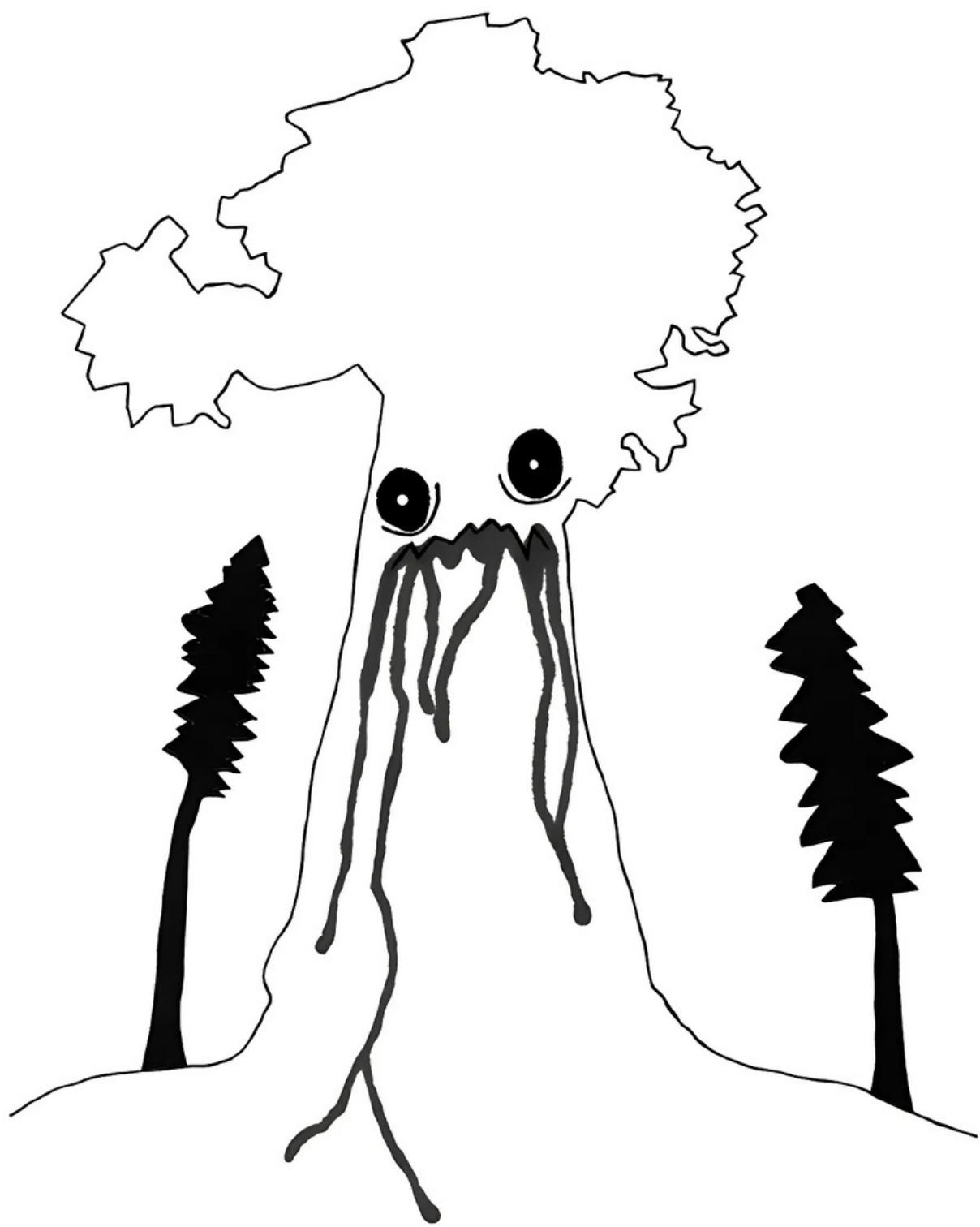


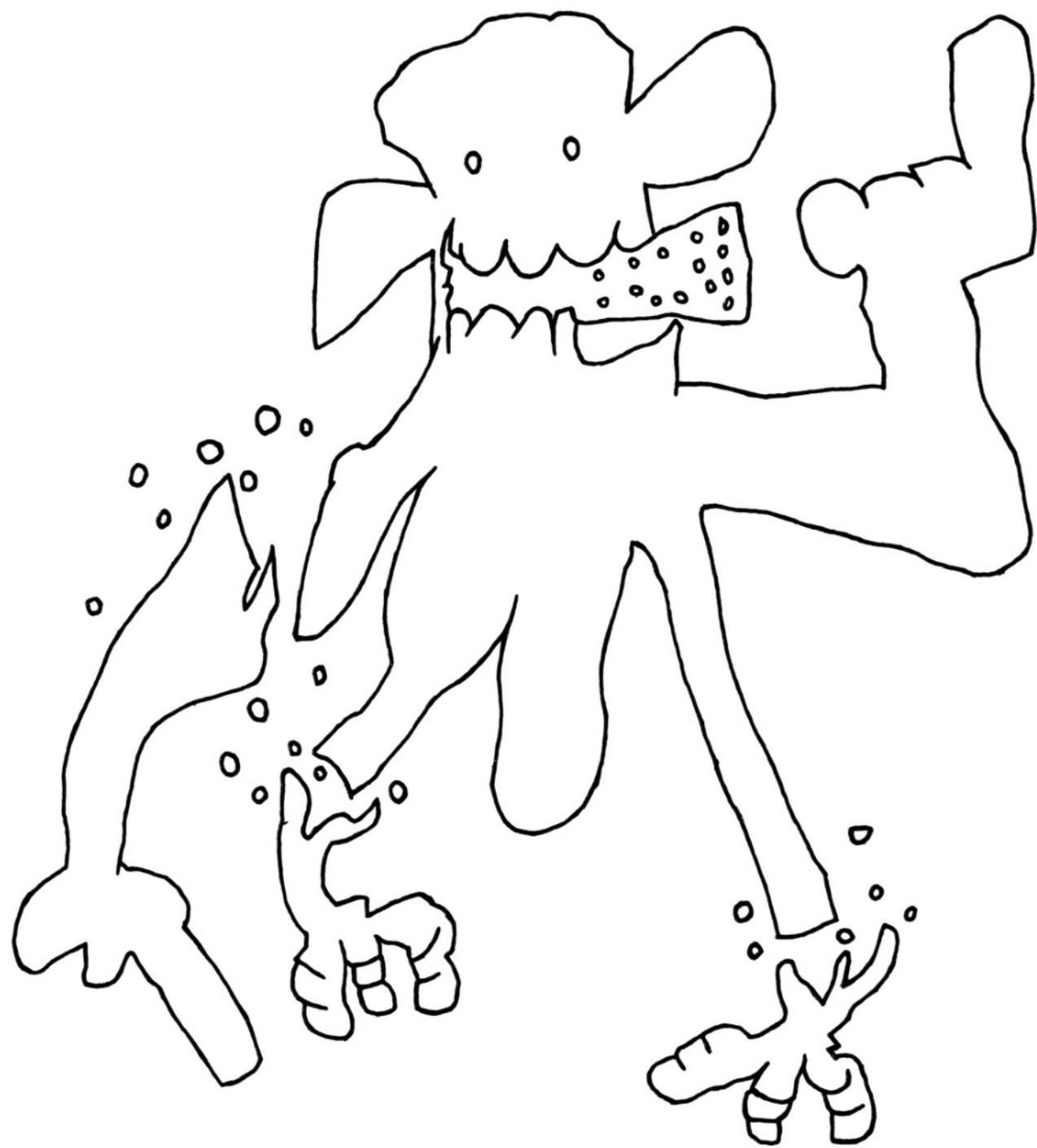


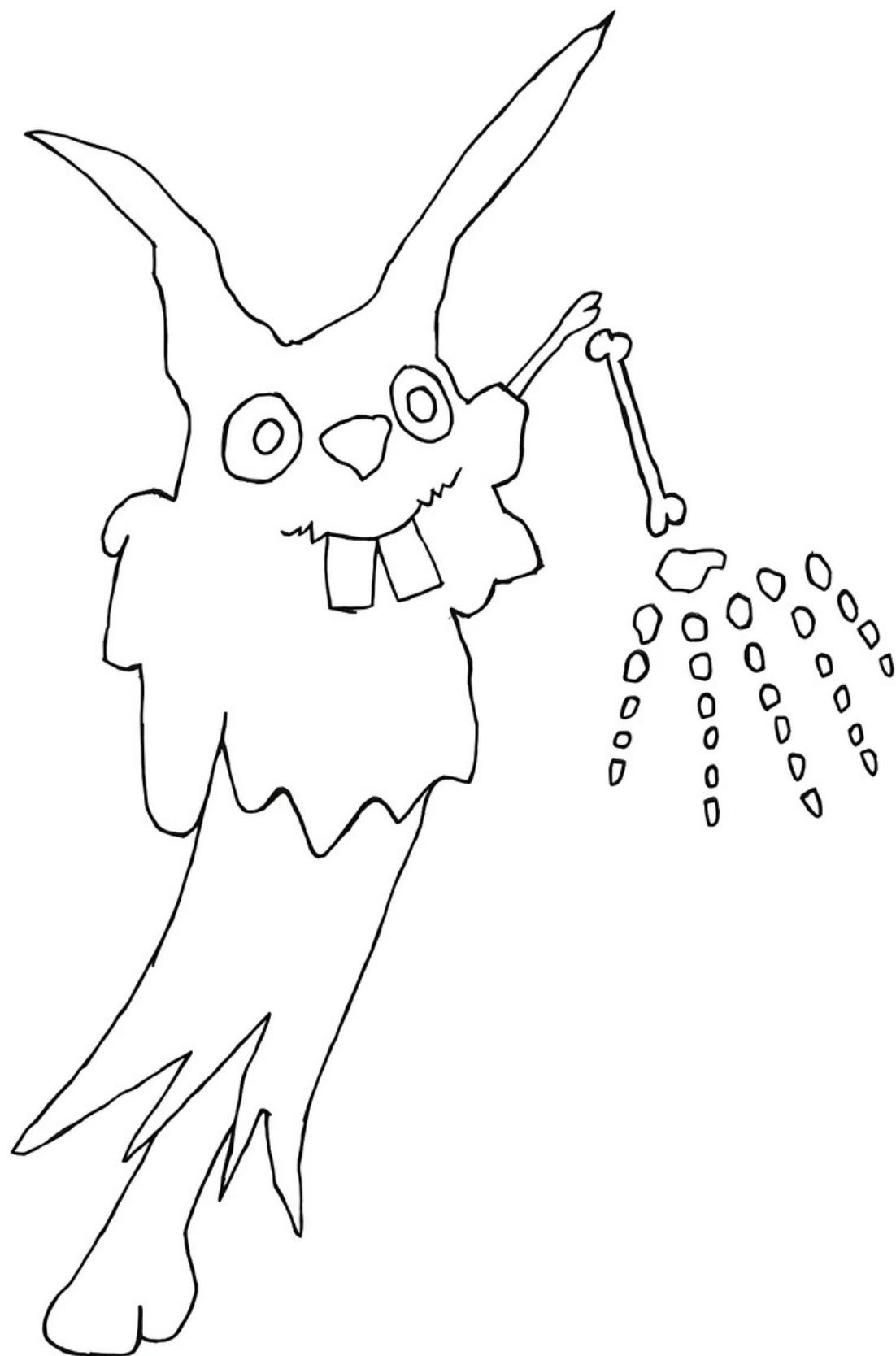
SELECTED
ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM THE
DARKWEB'S
PREEMINENT
LITERARY
TERRORIST

selected for his pleasure

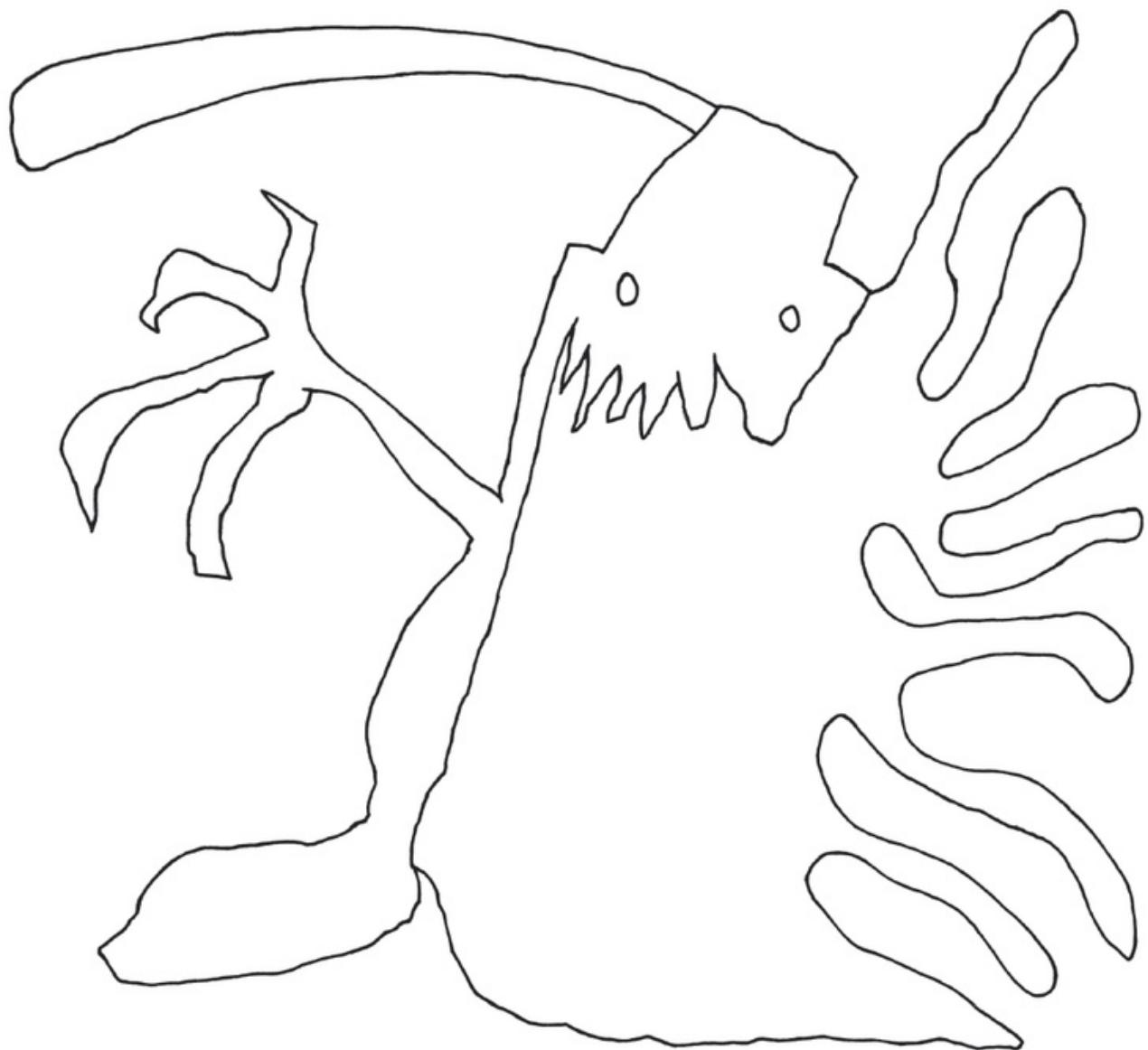


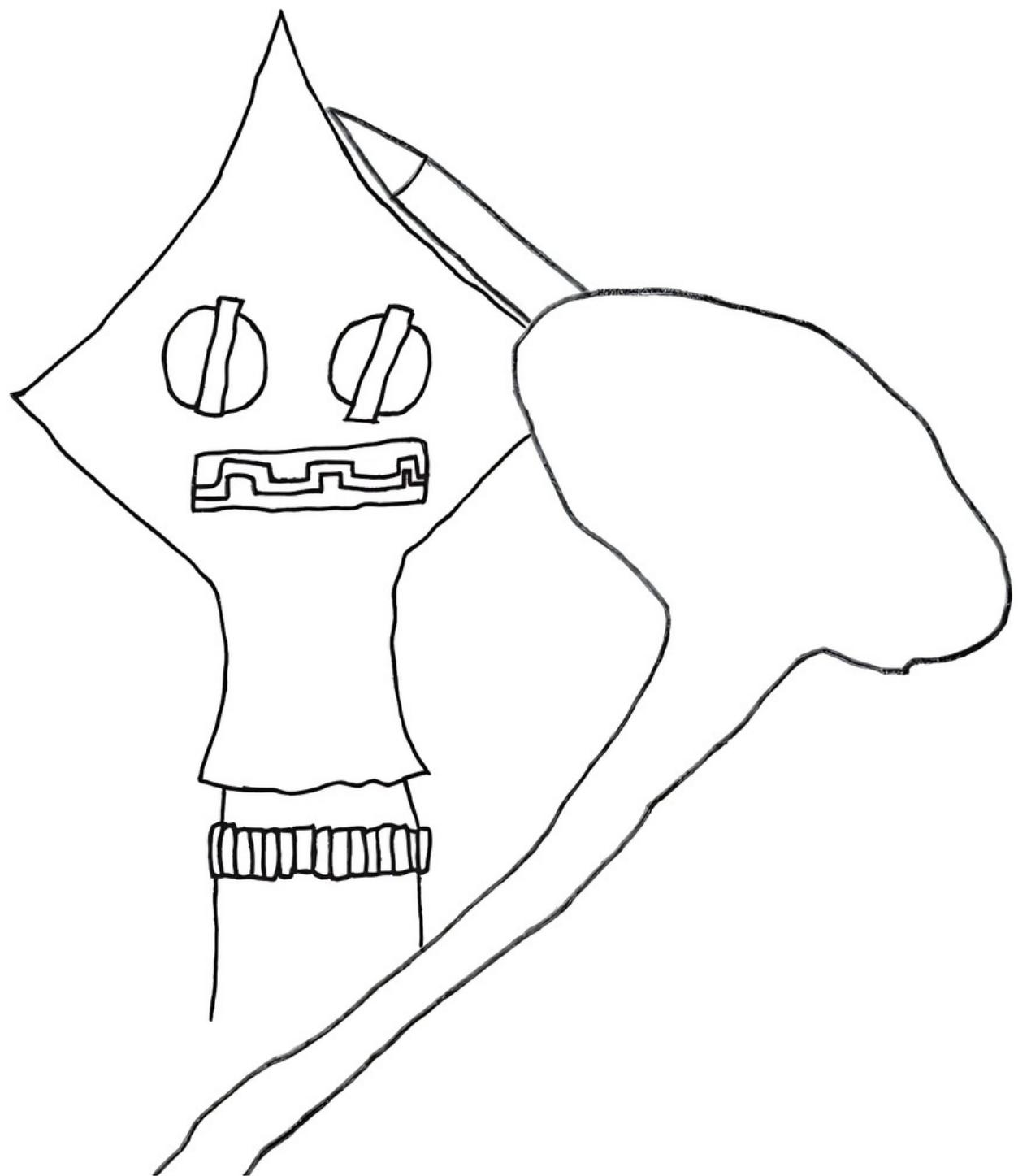




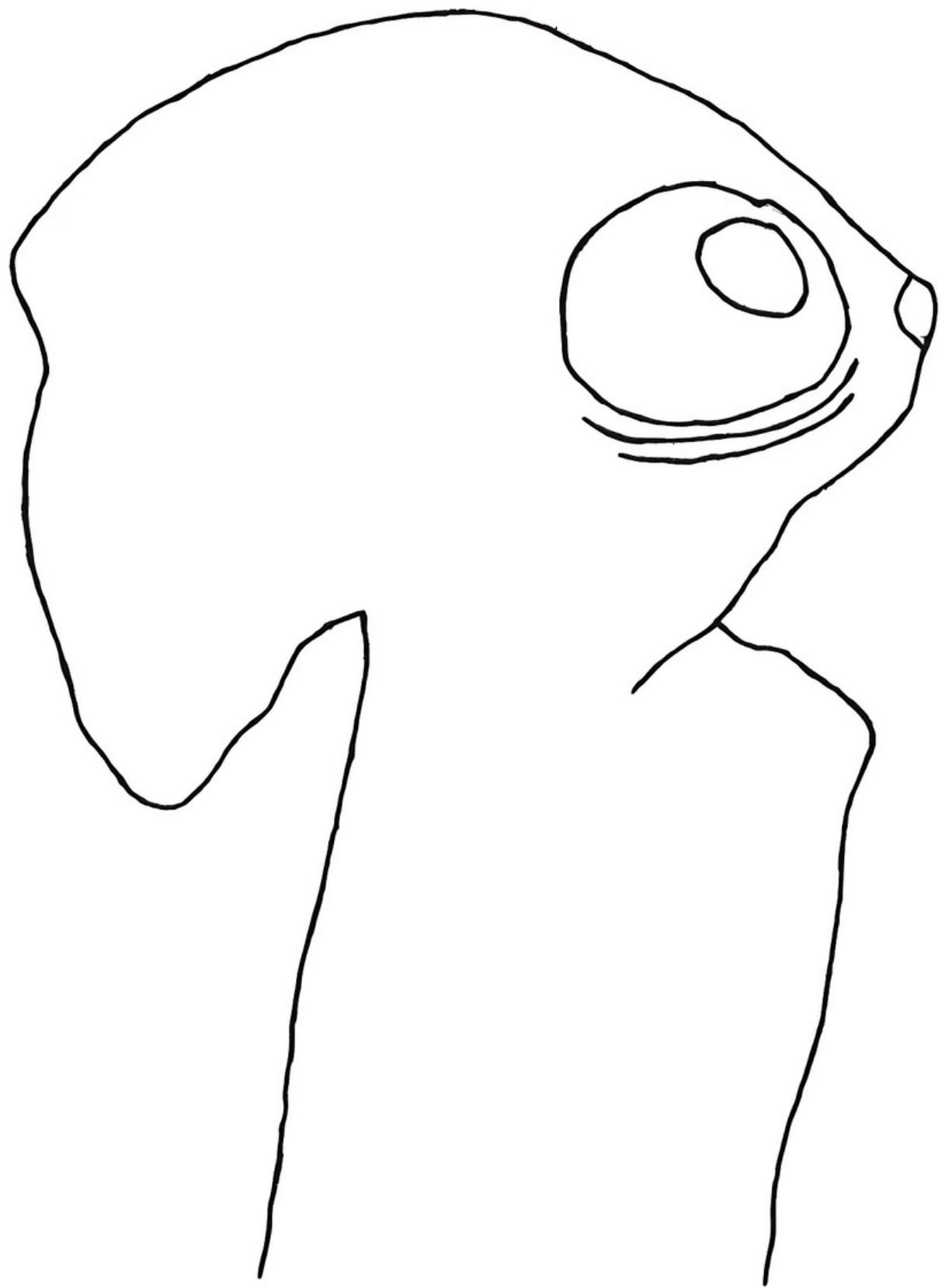


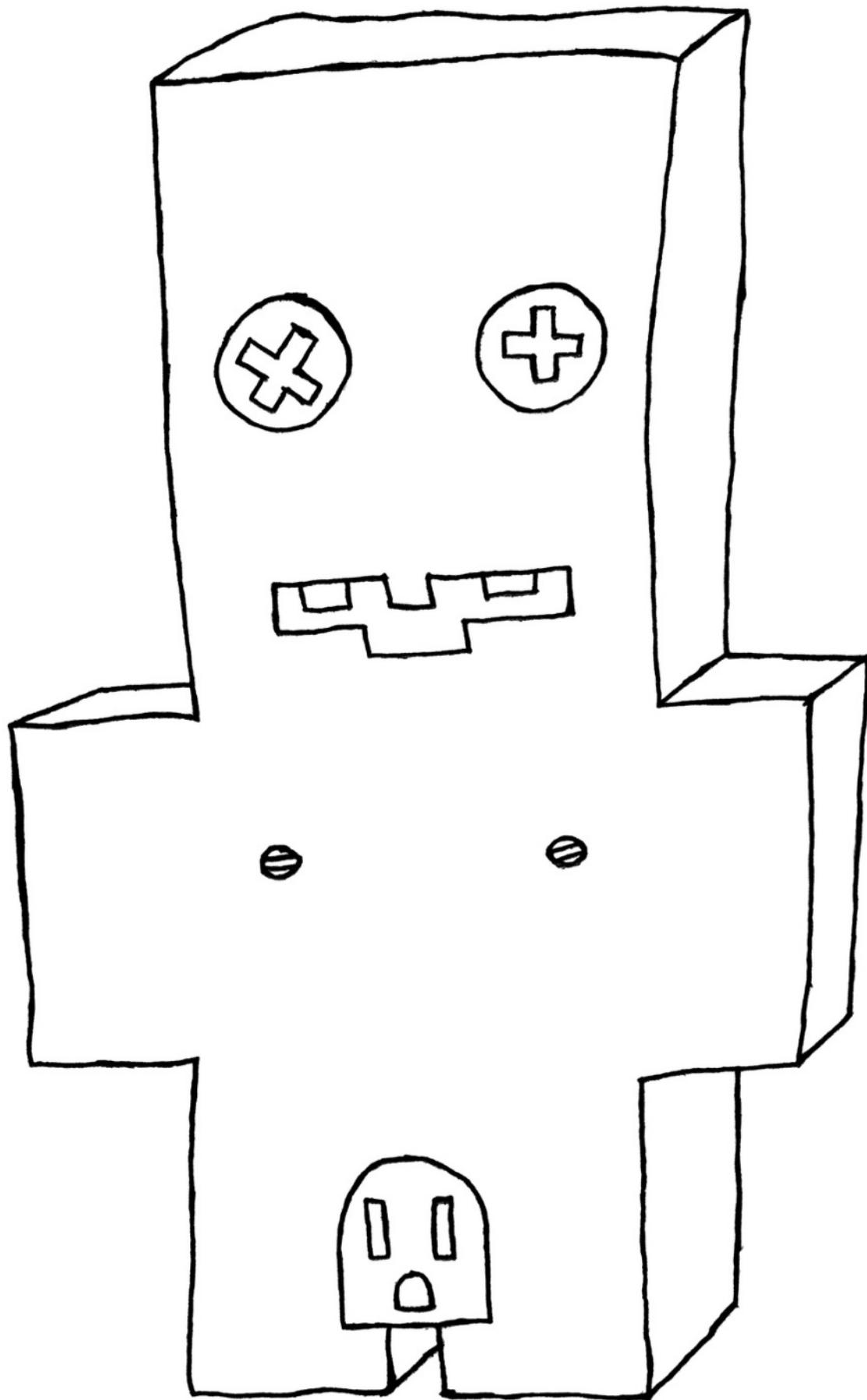


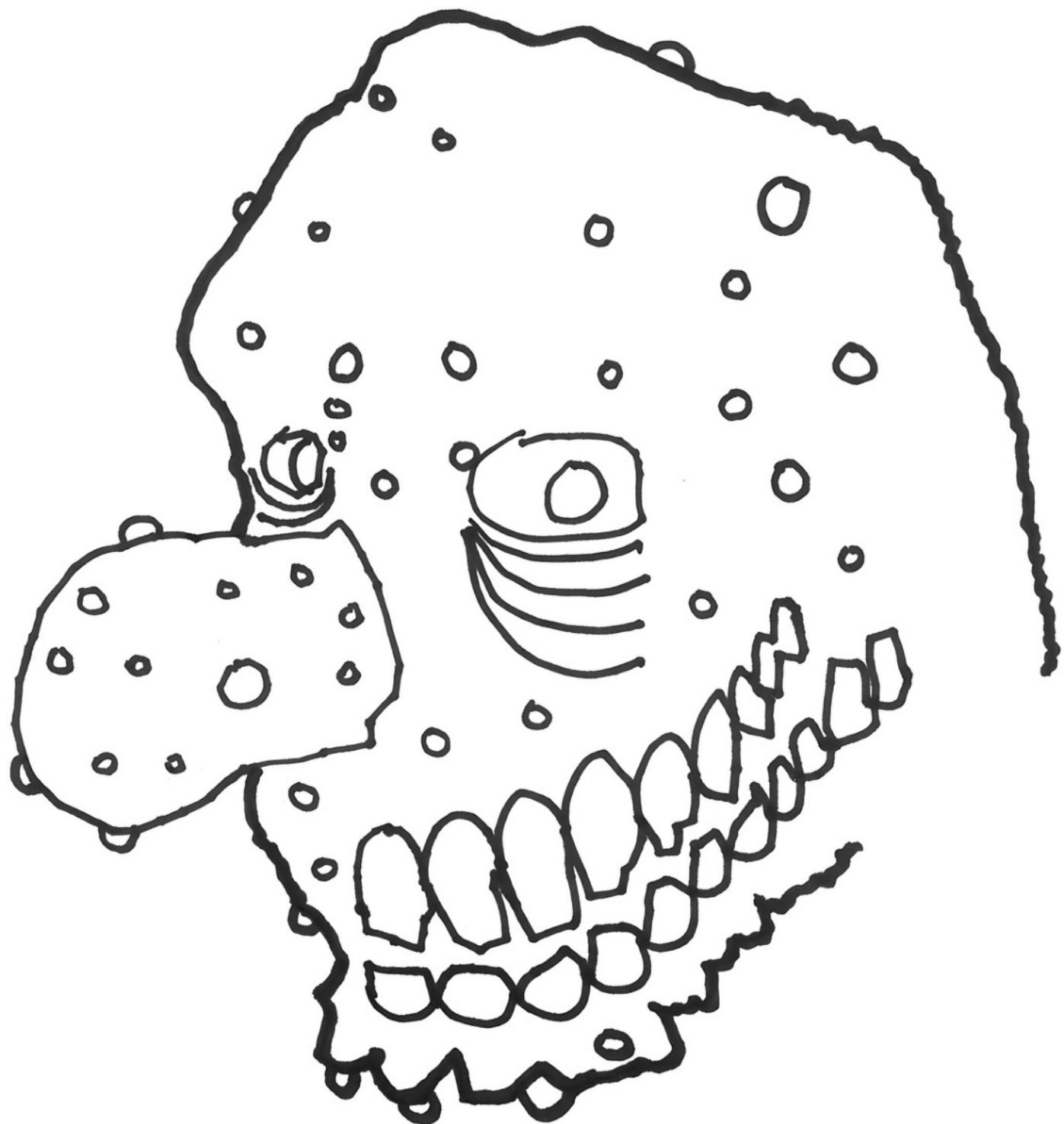






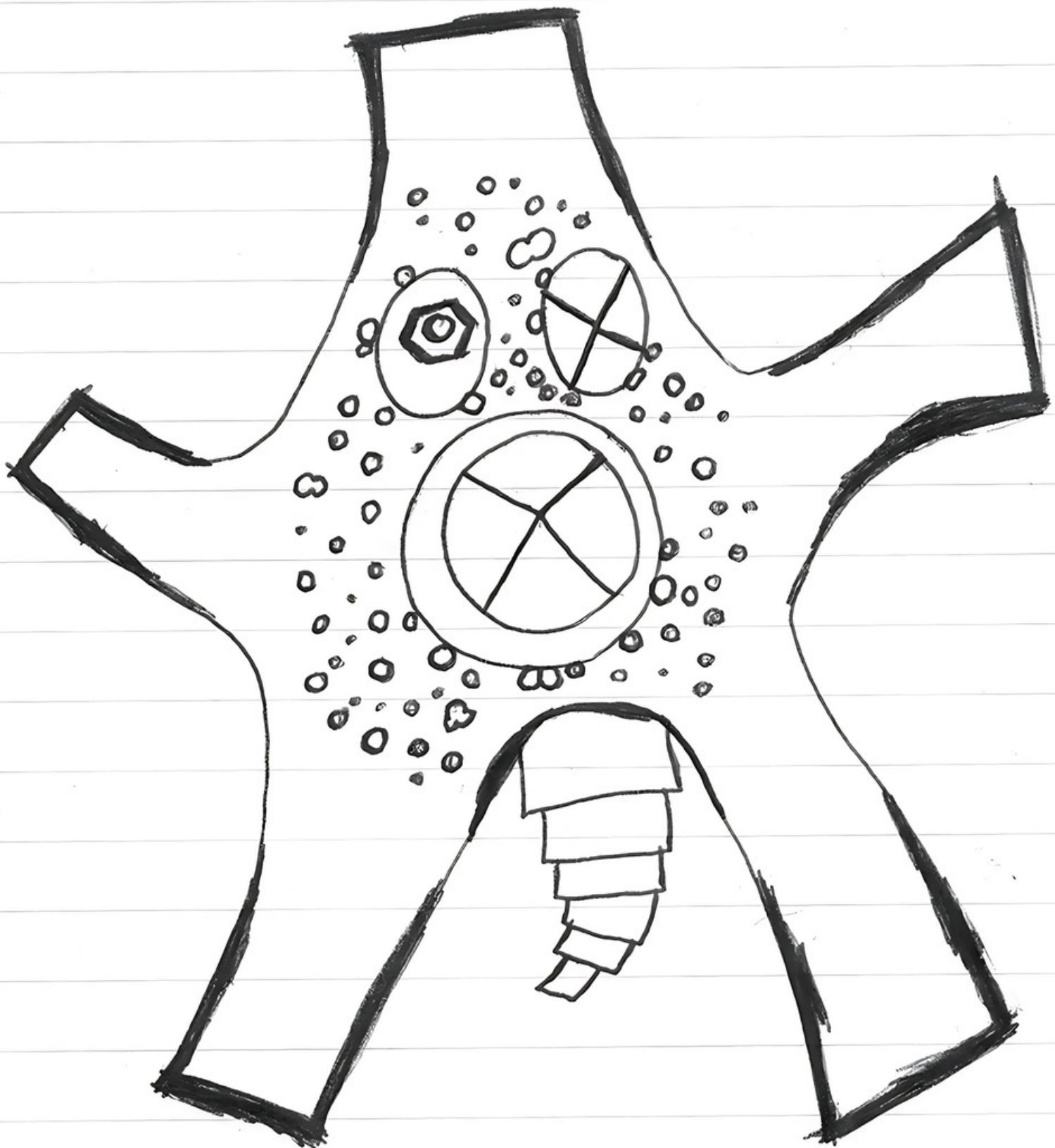












STOP

PREVENT YOUR DEATH.

TURN BACK NOW

FACT: YOU WON'T SURVIVE,
AND IT WILL BE AN AGONIZING
DEATH, DON'T TEMPT FATE!

FACT: YOU ARE NOT NEARLY
CULTURED ENOUGH TO PROPERLY
EVALUATE THE ART IN THIS MAGAZINE.

FACT: YOU'VE ALREADY COME
MUCH TOO FAR. TURN BACK WHILE
YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE.

IT'S NOT WORTH DYING FOR!



Jamp Magazine Proudly Presents:



Raoul Price-Valcenne



Now, A Most Fabled & Heartily Crafted Work of Poetry;



Thus Entitled Congenially for the Interested Readers



Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood



And to the Benefit Therefor with Pleasure & Honor:



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

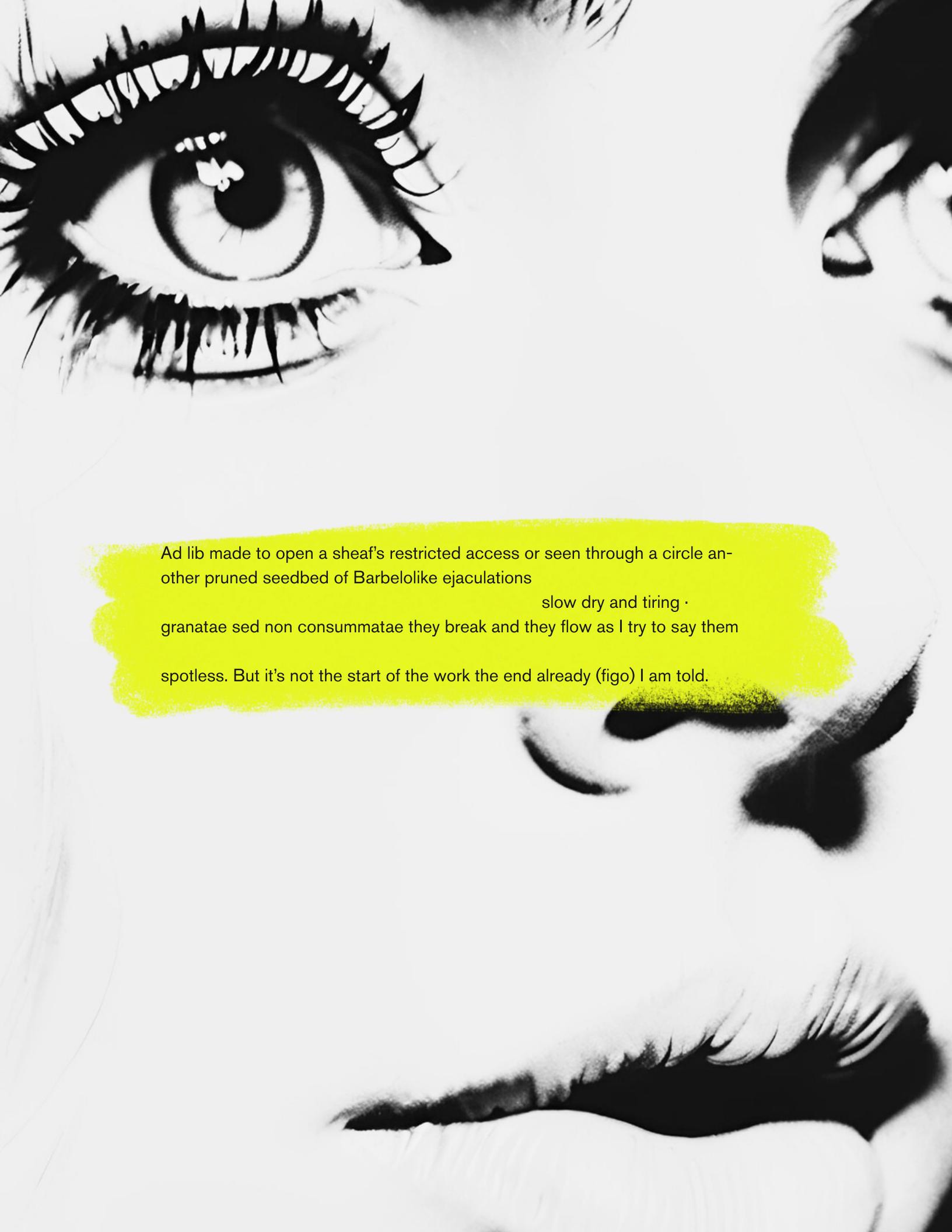


of the Master his reader ("a noble position aloud and with stipend disgorge" ·
lemed a little garden hermit

or a gnome buboed and dunced) yes his reader dis-je
to vigil to cry with the text perched before and the Master behind the structure.



Wahnweh I felt to get right the diction severe his interruptions well-meaning
and so fuzzy the letters ink spiking from water browned paper that book its paper
pulping dough-turning and to a word treating me that I could digest nor emit ..



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

slow dry and tiring ·

granatae sed non consummatae they break and they flow as I try to say them

spotless. But it's not the start of the work the end already (figo) I am told.



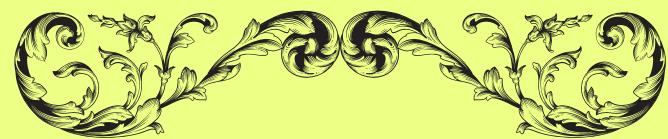
Apprenticeship for Hobbledehoyhood



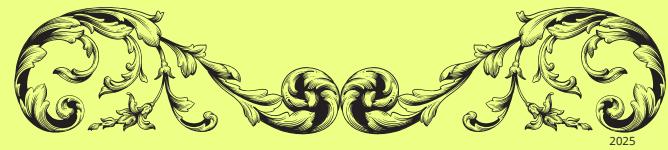
The Only Raoul Price-Valcenne



Presented for the Page With the Most Gratitude



D& Magazine



And Now Followed by



Two Sonnets
From The **Athenaeum**

By
Friedrich Schlegel



The Athenaeum

To hold the rays of Bildung all in one,
And split the healthy whole from the unwell,
We true in free alliance gave our all,
And wished to place our trust in us alone:

In olden fashion I could never shun—
However sure of right words they did tell—
E'er scratching wound of doubt that me befell,
And hating what to me seemed narrow, dumb.

Now pow'rless scream and scrawl in busy throng,
As though insulted to their deepest core,
The plebs from Hamburg down to Schwabenland.

Now whether we've achieved our goodly end
I doubt no more; it has the deed made for,
That our view is general and strong.



Zerbino

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

In festive crowd this book the garden equals;
Poor rascals newly and in masks appear,
Pleasure whispers warm, and coolly fountains trickle,
And motley lights aglow, with art, unnear.

In dulcet clowneries all is inverted,
'Stead of Ya haws little donkey Ay;
Therein with jesting-stocks delightful play

Theater, Enlightenment, Nikolai.
So grind then, Tieck! what's more grind undetterèd
Our writers' goofiest *tendentiae*.

Translated by R.P.-V.

http://LAMPBYLIT.COM
CARL ALAN
MAXWELL
JULIA XXMAX

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE



An Humble Yet Distracted Advertisement



Concerning the Prodigious & Near-Miraculous Occurrence of a Certain Literary Specimen being the Esteemed and Occasionally-Published Periodical

* AMP MAGAZINE
Stylized using an Ampersand *

— a Magazine, nay a Diurnally Slumbering Leviathan of Letters, now available for Subscription, Purchase, or Pilfering (though we prefer the former two, for obvious reasons)—

Let it be here reckoned (and by that I mean impress'd upon your inner tympanum with the weight of ten thousand ink-stained slabs) that there exists amidst

the vapour-fraught landscape of transient tweets, and the digital fartings of a thousand Algorithmically-made sonneteers—a journal so uncommon, so baroquely overstuff'd, and yet so elegant in its disarray, that it must be whispered of only in the obscurer corners of bookshops, whispered I say, as one would speak of griffins, paracelsian homunculi, or the peculiar melancholia of Charles Lamb's aunt.

Behold! ☞ AMP MAG ☞: a quarterly publication that arrives neither quarterly nor predictably, containing essays that begin with one premise and conclude, gloriously, with none: fiction that forgets its characters midway and remembers new ones with greater fondness; and be not amiss regarding the ever-so-colorful cast of rambunctious artistes

poems that rhyme only by accident—or fate.

⊗! But let us not haste! For haste, dear Reader, is the ruination of digestion and discourse both, as any man who has ever consumed uncooled porridge may attest, and not without considerable

compunction! Indeed! Allow me, before detailing subscription tiers (of which there are ∞), to recount a most singular anecdote regarding the journal's origin, which I assure you is tangential only in the sense that the Moon is tangential to the Earth—it pulls, but does not land. In the winter of 20□□ (a year unnumbered in many calendars), our Founding Editor—one Euphemia Clangor, late of the Austro-Gallic school of Sentimental Antisyntax—declared, amid a thunderclap of apricot brandy and Hegelian footnotes, that “language must be flayed, fluffed, and flung at the bourgeoisie.”

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

□□□

What is contained, you ask?

—A treatise on the semiotics of invisible punctuation

—A twenty-seven-page footnote to a poem about sneezing

—A letter to a French bishop who never existed, concerning porcupines and the sacred

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

Subscription options include:

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

- The Absurdly Committed Tier (includes annotations scribbled by an unpaid intern-philosopher)

- The Celestial Patron Tier (comes with a complimentary dream, encoded via marginalia)

❀❀❀

Send correspondence to:

The Back Room, behind the Thicc Nigger Stack, under the Dusty Lantern, East of the Broken Globe, or simply whisper your desire aloud at the hour of the magpie's lamentation. Lofty! Wholy lofty, gents! These times, they aren't a-changing fast enough, I dare say! We remain, in disarray, Yr Most Confounded & Sincere Publishers,

☞ AMPLITUDE MAGIZURE ☞

&qmp by/lit/

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

Special Thanks To:

chat

cur

misty

k. k. wing

lemur

flairs

dub8

