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DFW/TFW

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MAR 21
004

by Anonymous

Guard Peasant
Coroner Nurse
Medic Follower
Constable Charlatan
Pilot Understudy
Ghost Clerk
Maid Landlord
Machinist Secretary
Auditor Assailant
Janitor Cashier
Scribe Agent
Master Specialist
Waitress Therapist
Sawyer Mechanic
Despot Farmhand
Vagrant Attaché
Criminal Composer
Babysitter Eulogist
Soldier Senator
Comedian Mourner
Savior Critic
Killer

&

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DFW AND THE HARD PROBLEM OF WRITING AS WORK

There are a lot of reasons to kill yourself. Not least of which is that if one perceived life as a series of projects, tasks to be completed, the penultimate project would be coming to terms with one's death. Not simply mortality, but the precise moment of the end. I know I can't help but think about it often.

Though final projects have a simple seduction, the question remains to ask oneself – how did I come to the notion that life was a series of projects in the first place? As a young man I absorbed a certain amount of sadness for the world that David also spoke of experiencing. A sadness of place and time, not of loss or heartbreak. Mainly out of a (pretty messed up) notion that I was supposed to be sad. That a writer, if they wanted to be great, had to take on the burdens of their individual moment and that this moment had questions relating to despair.

I don't think David ever marked any intentionality to his depression; but it was certainly consequential. And if we can measure and note certain types of consequences to their progenitors in decision – then I think it would be hard to deny that part or parcel of David's depression came from his circumstance. His intuition that his life was a project.

At least this kind of reasoning made me feel better. Because slowly it started occurring to me that maybe, what a writer might learn from David's life—is what *not* to do.

Now this may seem like an ungenerous place to start from .. so I'll do a little backtracking.

DFW was an important writer for me. I think his tragic figure is part of what makes him important. Like lots of others surely did – I found David after his death. I saw him on the cover of a magazine. In the last breaths of the 20th century's media empire where being the only writer to ever be featured on the cover of Rolling Stone still meant something. I inhaled David Lipsky's article and I think that arguably one of most important DFW texts was the book Lipsky did: *Although of Course You End Up Becoming Yourself*. I agreed with DFW in conversation in that book when he spoke about postmodern writing (Barthelme, Pynchon, Paley) being more accurate to how “reality felt on your nerve endings.” When one is young and a raw nerve it's nice to hear that others too find themselves wincing the night away.

I also just associated with his carriage. David's level of self conscious hand wringing felt important to who he was as a writer. As an act, David left one thinking 'well, only a brilliant person could tie themselves up in this many knots.' Truly, what he did is hard to do.

David, as a figure, started as one of inspiration. I was always a little luke-warm on *Infinite Jest**, but I still think *Brief Interviews with Hideous Men* has its moments of brilliance. The story "Signifying Nothing" has a nice pace to it, is striking, and leaves one thinking. It's difficult to not find a certain self-conscious charm to the opening flash of "A Radically Condensed History of Postindustrial Life". The *Brief Interviews* portions can often be entertaining, both structurally, and due to some feeling that these are answers.

Maybe not to your problems, or mine – like independent mathematical proofs—the answers are purely theoretical, but often those answers are the most fun. Yet ultimately, there seems to be a tone of unfortunate brilliance—because like so much of what he did in fiction, the writing often feels tortured. *Flayed*. Not anesthetized lying on a table but like a medical school cadaver split down the sternum—or a more deranged version of that—a person which has been intentionally killed in order to further a med student's scientific pursuits. But this is what I liked. His story in *Brief Interviews* titled "Octet" is a fascinating web of insecurities bordering on guilt. The book is almost like a Gogol, it has a smell of pain. Angsty loneliness, confusion caused by an excess of intelligence.

It feels as if you're with someone who is trying to understand the world so seriously that they miss the simple pleasures right in front of their face. My feeling about *Infinite Jest* has always been this: you're going on a jog with David and in spurts of monologue he's trying to explain why he thinks he's depressed.

People get addicted to things, it's horrible, they waste their time etc. But all you really want to say in return is; "Well, David, I don't think you feel bad because other people get addicted to drugs." But what a meager response this would be. Think of all the suffering! Shouldn't writers, too, have to suffer for their art? I've come to believe this less. For years I've been allergic to calling writing – art. Let writing be writing, let art be all the things you'll find in a museum. I think, with hindsight, that this allergy was formed after a little too much pain. I wanted to turn writing into a profession, thereby reducing the chances of suffering (even if this solution was an incorrect solution).

I think this is a sentiment to which David could understand, or was at least attempting to understand. In his final uncompleted novel, *The Pale King*, the quiet dignity of professionalization is one of the key structures for understanding our world—but probably more so for understanding David.

I can not think of a worse idea for a novel than the day to day lives of IRS workers. Though any other office job with accentuation on the mundane would work the same. In *The Pale King*, David had a section which was going to be about each character in the tax office, in succession, turning a page. This character turns a page, then that character turns a page, then this character etc. I think this elucidates, quite clearly, how far gone he had gotten. That such a boring idea might somehow come out really smart ... the same thing happens in *IJ* where The Year of the Adult Depend Undergarment is taken as, well, this author is clearly very smart, it's my fault if I find this juvenile and bizarre (seriously, how would that work? A company naming a year. It doesn't make any sense.)

It seems obvious that if only David had been forced to work in a real office, one where it was the job he did to make rent, experiencing the crushing boredom – but worse, some of those meetings, their existential malaise the banality of having to sit through people saying the same things over and over and over ... he probably woulda realized the feeling he had on his lunch break, when he stared at a pretty tree, ate his sandwich and daydreamed – that was the feeling to chase. But David was a professional. He was obliged to be functional by the clear validation of his talent.

It is very strange to think that writing ever got this notion that it was a profession. That it might be something to be taught and worked and that people might sit behind desks and write like it was their job. Sure, there are functionary aspects to writing which appear joblike, however, that's just the work to create the final product. Yes Jorge Luis Borges and Virginia Woolf and Mark Twain all at one point probably sat behind a desk, but other than that they have very little in common—and that's what we like! David's problem was, he had taken the idea of the work itself and turned that into the highest good. To cover your ass, to validate, what is, a strictly unnecessary skill. *But that's what skills are.* The fact that we cultivate such frivolity is what makes humans interesting and unique. One is not obliged to their skill set, nor is it a detraction to not actively cultivate them. It's the ridiculous value system that is the state of capitalism we live in today where specialization has reached its ultimate. This pigeon holes education and considers the completion of a task as an irrelevant cog in an ever growing industrial machine. But there's only so much one can hope to accomplish in a day, and I've learned the hard way, what's meaningful to finish for me, is often irrelevant for most everyone else. I don't consider this to be a negative, because I'm not pulling any strings. The artist doesn't demand competency from their readers (nor have the ethereal projection of the readers demands on them), their only job is to be as open, curious, and interesting as possible.

After working years and years at jobs, floating along, I've encountered this weird phenomenon. I'll tell people that the point of a job is to actually accomplish something; and they look at me like they have no idea what the hell I'm talking about. Jobs have become a thing to do because people need jobs. This has been the subtle creep of automation and redundant competency—which had me applying for a job the other day which would've involved me working a whole day's labor just to pay for my background check and drug screen. Working the job to prove I can show up to work the job.

Which is what makes David so frustrating. In one way, he's in it for the good stuff: subtle, beautiful observations. The thrust of literary consciousness. Writing in a way which for that small subset of the populace, doesn't treat them like children, it knows, there are some people that still do want to work at reading.

He has the money and freedom and literary success to do whatever he wants, and *The Pale King* is what he comes up with. Like an obsessive protestant minister, he lectures on the fealty of work – to prove to himself it's worth it as much as anyone else.

And this, I think, is why David Foster Wallace is the most interesting, tragic literary figure of the new century. If one is to even be particularly callous, one could almost trace his depression and ultimate suicide to the event stress and realization that he could be a great writer, there were now expectations, and that he'd have to be a professional at it. Which is not the artist's responsibility.

What is the artist's responsibility? *To thine own self be true* is exactly the type of dumb hokey sentiment that David would've hated. But in response I would say; sometimes things are dumb. Literature as much as anything.

I mean, Saul Bellow, struggling on his big hospital novel was gloomily walking through the streets of Madrid, saw a hydrant spilling water into the gutter and thought that he should at least be as free as that water. Now isn't that kinda ... dumb? Yet it was the impetus to remind him to write whatever way he wanted. It was a calling of the heart rather than logic or obligation. David was too often smart for that.

But this isn't all to say that there aren't good things in this professionalization. Doing things well takes time and people should focus on doing well, realizing positive visions. Having the means to do so, whether we continue with our same financial structure or not.

And one thing you absolutely have to congratulate David for knowing, for making crystal clear; the specialist is hyper-aware of their shortcomings. No one knows better than the professional: behind the degree, the title, the knowledge, is simply a person who works hard. A person, who does their best with what they have. They try to calculate all the angles to the best of their ability, yet ultimately fail—just like everyone else.

So why did David feel like he couldn't fail? To bear with depression all the work of the world.

Well, he was good at calculating the angles. Maybe, in some sense, this is what literature does. In the process of uncovering hidden realities they must first be discovered. No stone can be unturned. And in this way, there's an element of performance, not strictly necessary, but useful, to show how one is different. This is the notion of literary celebrity. David just happened to have that biggest audience literature has ever seen (in the 90's and early 00's), and was distracted by the immensity of his responsibility to perform. It was a strange position to find oneself in as an artist.

Yes, I have come around to calling writing an art. A painter friend helped by pointing out something obvious.

Kurt Vonnegut was once helped by a painter friend when Kurt was distressed—feeling like he was doing something completely different from all the other writers he saw. His friend told him that there are “artists who talk about the history of their art, and artists who talk about what it's like to be alive now.” Kurt said that he had never heard a better description for the differences in art. And while that idea has always stuck with me—I've also often found it *feeling* a bit incomplete. Perhaps it is true that there are mainly two different kinds of artists, but what of the circumstance for art?

I like going to art museums. But on a trip to the Art Institute in Chicago I found myself drifting through the halls. Exhausted. Looking for a refuge away from people. All the human history but *literally—so many paintings in museums are paintings of people*. I complained about this to my painter friend who informed me that it's very difficult to *sell* paintings of people. Most purchasers of art don't want paintings of some random person hanging up in their house. So, on a certain level, I was exactly like everyone else. He also implied that because of this economic truancy, only artists who try to work in the pantheon of history get really good at painting people. Which is why museums are so filled with paintings of people. To get great at their art they had to ignore the easiest access to their marketability.

I wouldn't say that this realization changed anything for me, but as artists we're always trying to come to terms with our circumstance. And something about hearing how I would buy art on the same terms as everyone else, helped. It made me appreciate art museums again.

In Lipsky's book (and that OK film based on the book *The End of the Tour*) DFW speaks about how he treasures his average guy-ness. This has always seemed to me like an important point for understanding him, but also for understanding the artistic spirit. So much so, that in a short story I completed some years ago, I used a bit of planned dialogue to help describe a character (based on myself).

(David Foster Wallace) said; '*I don't want to go around thinking my inner life is any more interesting or complex than anyone else's,*' And when he said it, I understood him ... but I also understood something was off, since; isn't saying such a thing complicit in believing it? And I realized people can't live their lives that way. I had to do something about this phrase I understood. So I decided to turn it on its head. *I know my inner life is just as stupid as everyone else's.* Maybe this has made me a less interesting person, I certainly feel less interesting when I think about what I'm going to have for lunch, but it's worth it, for my sanity.

It's worth it for the character because she has entered into a world where intelligence isn't everything. I think it would be relatively easy to argue that the reader of fiction actually would prefer someone whose intelligence doesn't get in the way of the story. Because a book, like a painting, is something that they're bringing into their home. Hyper competence can actually be weird and distracting. Exhausting. Now this isn't to say that one shouldn't strive to be the kind of artist who creates work that will live in a museum—I think what I'm trying to say is: David would've been happier as an artist instead of a professional. The kind who sold a lot of paintings or books. He felt forced to continue validating his talent. Maybe not much could've changed that—but it's what I've learned to not do.

Which is sometimes hard, because my deepest ugliest secret—the one I hate looking in the face—is that I think I have about as much natural talent for this as any single person gets. But art isn't like tennis. I can't just work really hard to get in the tournament, on some level I have to figure out just what this art activity can do for somebody else. Practically, this answer has become "not very much."

But isn't that art?

by Anonymous



One footnote, in honor of. I talked to a young man who informed me that DFW is especially popular in the young, male, and athletically ambitious. Particularly he is always referenced on weight lifting forms. It perhaps is useful to think of David's themes in this context. Finishing IJ as a type of achievement, almost physical (during the reading of it, the reader might notice himself casually snacking, to keep his energy up). It might also explain some of the heavy exercise so much of the book hopes to achieve. You end up doing a wrist curl every-time you flip to the appendix.

steal these stories!

Meta-diary of a science fiction writer struggling between the culture war destroying the nebula and Hugo prizes and his sordidly exploitative relationship with a sadistic bully fanuse/literary gf way above his league who's just using him to be published in turn, Interspersed with chapters taken from the book he's working on, The second of a trilogy on the colonization of Mars and various political struggles therein which is actually a deconstruction of traditional relationships and a call for the establishment of the world socialist Muslim Matriarcate. In the end the internal conflict externalizes and the external conflict internalizes as his muse dommes the fuck out of him and the martial colony is overrun by pozzed SJWs and the line between the various metalevels of narration disappears.

A young teacher keeps overdosing on pills as an excuse to escape the grip of her matriarchical mother and the shitholehood of the slum she lives in. This gradually fucks her in the head and she starts talking to the busts of the Romans she teaches about and she becomes convinced she's King Mithridates.

a Russian born, weapon obsessed, fascist effeminate boy and his sometimes boyfriend sometimes boss the huge Sicilian ex mobster turned PI hunt down a Moroccan trap hiding classified information on the cyberpunk streets of Neo Interzona City II in the feel good absurdist gay comedy action noir sci fi of the year!

Anon starts writing for an online magazine. Never having written before, he treats it much like shitposting. However, people start noticing his work, and soon flock to find the undiscovered literary genius. Anon tries to claim authorship of his anonymous pieces, but is unable to. He then attempts to replicate his previous successes, but, inexplicably, fails miserably each time, falling in a downward spiral of loss and battle against the self.

Disillusioned no hoper border agent liberates a few kilos of heroin from the evidence, except he doesn't know anybody to sell it to. An odyssey through modern decaying multiculti Britain ensues wherein our protagonist is pursued by the state and the mafia whilst trying to shift loads of skag on the sly.



Ne·ol·o·gist coined ✓

‽!!?

Crustard | crus·terd | \ 'krə-stərd \

1 (noun, portmanteau): the dried mustard that accumulates on the applicator of a bottle of mustard.

Visum | vee·zum | \ 'vē-zūm \

1 (noun): a sense of overwhelming dread to abandon your responsibility as an individual and to wear the mask of ideology as an excuse to bring violence on others.

Schicksalsiegen | \ 'shik'sōls'əkän \

1 (verb): To be vanquished by fate. To be subject to the fortuitous yet accidental absence of others.

From the German *schick-siegen* for sophisticated win.

Agnosminy | \ 'ag-ñäs-mə-nē \

1 (noun): The anxiety and dread felt from the avoidance or procrastination of one's priorities.

pobreza poverty
que não se vê that isn't seen
e não se sente or heard
dente cariado like a cavity
de quem não tem in the tooth of those
dinheiro para o dentista who can't afford a dentist



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RAOUL PRICE-VALCENNE'S

Mauve Blood

– Oh! all vices, spices, gusto, – goodo 'l gusto; – 'bove all dissimulation, indolence.

Occupations make known sublime husbands. Masters, workers: all serves: nonsovereign. The *écrivain*'s condo-spearo appraised as a *tips-foodora* Quasimodal implant. – What dextera (that's the “digital age”)! – Preferable will be: forever ambisinistrous, unmanœuvrable. Then: even immaterio-cognitivo-affecto-emotio-feminized labor too lame.

But! whomst's made these statements so roguish, such that their sloth has been warranted freeloadery? Sans conserving life in its material grill-game, idleness beyond feeling good, man –

It's clearly a decadent title. For: unupheavable lumps. Thirst for cruelty.

– Slouched, seeing lasagne, blinded by rotten Cheddar cheese. – Then: balaclava'd Berliner *Freilänzer* upstarts a public art space...

Ugh!

Lonesome to-day; sans setup; discourse even then? what?

Then what, now what: wave of vanguard bums, *avanti* dungeon crawlers. Quasimodi spread, servility totalized – how you say? “man,” signs; platform and atheist opium.

Now one, then th' other – vice versa – and why 'ven gasp with novelty at science! indeterminacy! return to order! etc.

Socialisme et/ou civilisation: the world of work. Controlled bobbly field whereupon both communication and illiteracy, no?

'Twas the body-toil, Batlowitz; recognize that the soul's gloved, entrée'd from *hors d'*. Beefsteak. Won, lost? Suffocating on dank *anima mundi*, intense interaction, social, memorable silence, words without barbarism, – one'd like, rather, a swamp deer's belting.

Return of theatrical poly(post)theism!

Waiting, gastrogaiety, the sacred. Aye, th' eternal degenerate.

Butt-outta'd; Article 50 (trigger'd) (a free translation). This weakness. Spa cure, fire diet, groveling in obscure muck, dogs, vapor puffed in a baby's face; wet gooey earth, coal, cooked with molten metals, SUCC'd with crude oil, – do that (*FPS cutscene*), and regress from the previous level.

Here a noble *dramma in maschera* prompting again a sauté'd appearance.

Forthcoming currency: otiose and brash, aye. *Signori Mammoni* mixologized (but: a reduction) into politics.

Well? Banjaxed, pretty much (not even a sommelier). Rustled by the task.

Preferable will be: champagne conspiracy, divine contemplation, general strike.
(?)

En Marche! The labor, th' ocean, *i vizi*.

To inscribe in which domesticagie? To attempt slobb'ring a Goddess, or dissimulating this? with which beast's inamorate muzzle? – Whither glide, spongiform soul?

Rather: evade the moral reality complex. – Human zoo, cretino-hominization, – to boot, the coarse-grained fist toe-thumbèd (well), the warehouse fence, to plant, firmly grasp, the orthograde, to let operuminuffocate. Cozy? no sultry rip'ning, no' state of exsurrection: *In Literature, encoreffort*, to be a (parcel)part, symboldisord.

– Ah! thusly nonleash'd to libate animal spirits to whatever beautiful drug-image toward divine exorbitance.

O shimm'ring *informe!* based and prime-matter'd, tho'!
Abscond, not "therefrom" (mud) – ὁ Βάθιστος (!)

Of the world (enclosed): those not thereof; a well-worn discourse (those not thereof) – exceeding the empereuro, globalizing the miraculous sense – the necropedo's, anarcho-ultramontanist's, or terrace'd majorcloaca's *nulle = X*, the "great" sirloin! etc.

Sez the defrocking, hypertrichotic winter wind: "Rapt by the strength of the weak."

Where now? accelerated thru blood, jus, ordures, but the prize of an icy sorrel grove. Zutique *sacre-cry*, as thermal dissidence flambés all the 'za in an eyeblink.

But (BC-time for the phalanstery?) denied all value, to the ogre-games. *Oh!* Paris, fincel capital. ID still work? Whatcha doin'? Slouched virginally into the reason-producing squint-eye o' the woke watchman, and flan'd instead into an illegible folly, a dark bath of galactic breaths! – Like the (an)archpucels! (*Oh!*) – "Economists, activists, techno-knights, woe unto those Ubering to the decent code. Nay ('Why So Wise,' § 3), ne'er to the human(ist); the *hostis* rather, howling garrulously in the churrascaria; ne'er kept in the juice; cavalier without sense for stopping: SOL..."

Oyez. I'm going to say it. – These deepfakes inject timely psychotrauma. But gibbous convalescents, opened to obfuscation, enjoy sana-t-air and bains-marie. (?) – More malapert: t' egress the planet, t' abort it super(a)nally.

Nature? "self"? *verbum?* – *More writing.* More hi-anergy for this hungry passion. For criticism ("...would be progress..."), noise, clink, clank! To drown all limes in the blanks of the soundpage – all burgers for the hungry passion.

Sent into the castle, bashful but prodigal shota; absolutely, lubricities, the yelping circling of odious defilement, to be abluted.

Hehe, watch this: intensify! more valets therefor? – Sumption exhausted by impotence. When position is communicable (amadelphous and giclé'd). But the gift overtrumps th' apparatus of institutional language. And its book, of the technical repro-reign of bonhomie. Ciao ciao, phantasms, weens, aberrations.

“No! how dare you wage crime unto multinationals! you can’t be a misocosmist, tarrier, nor await chaste grace! not with a bashful tongue of equivocation.”

The foppery, rakery, its voluptuary deregulation: of its tympanized moods and catastrophism, – scales scattered, the tip tempered and tendered total. Lap up in despotic severity this tonic.

Then no more goujon'd envelopment, dilettantic ponce left a nimrod.

Scapescaffold banned from the organon. Unsaid. Notional security terrorized by collards: scrounge how with joyous savors laid waste? With neither disavowal nor ex-voto. Desecrated: to each a proper pouch, for anoperineal stoicizing or data sampling: but a surplus tipped by demonic solecizing to exchange.

...too lavished, torpid. The bare plant to yield distilled, epigonic enactment of a principle: unencumbered, aye, lizards rather cooling and slicking in vetiver to the apogee, written off as sprawling loss.

Forcefem'd to “lose” drive! (– *Ain' tu?*)

Unfit “types” of superdition, unstable, though gardenable? in winter gardens protected!

The becoming of holoparasites play-usuring to solicit lachrymal delectation.

*Renew! – *cough* ecce supplicium.*

Ah! More deeds! – Ha! – Scourged in the piazza, an accident-prone fate.

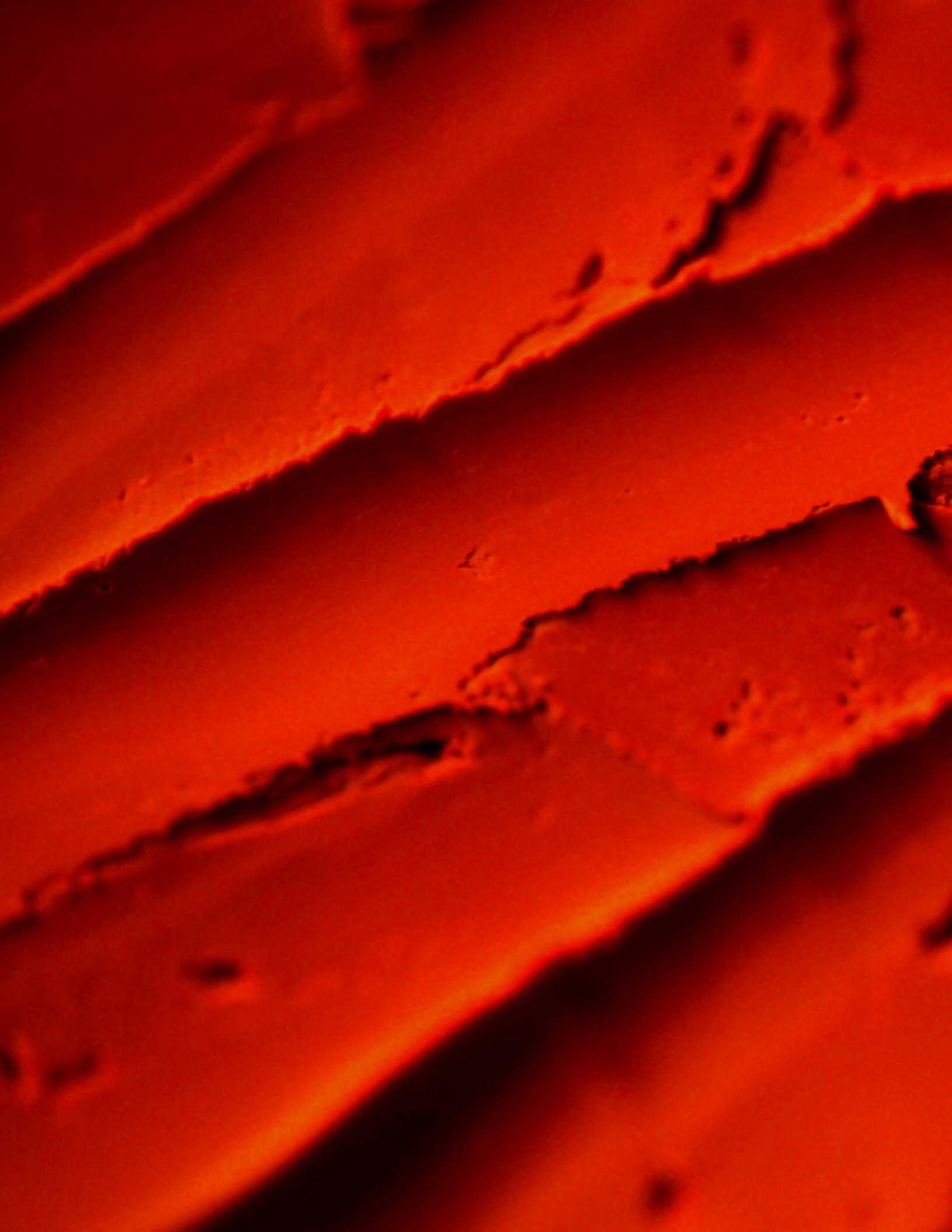
– With accustomized, academized social-dandylings even cases feel like causes.

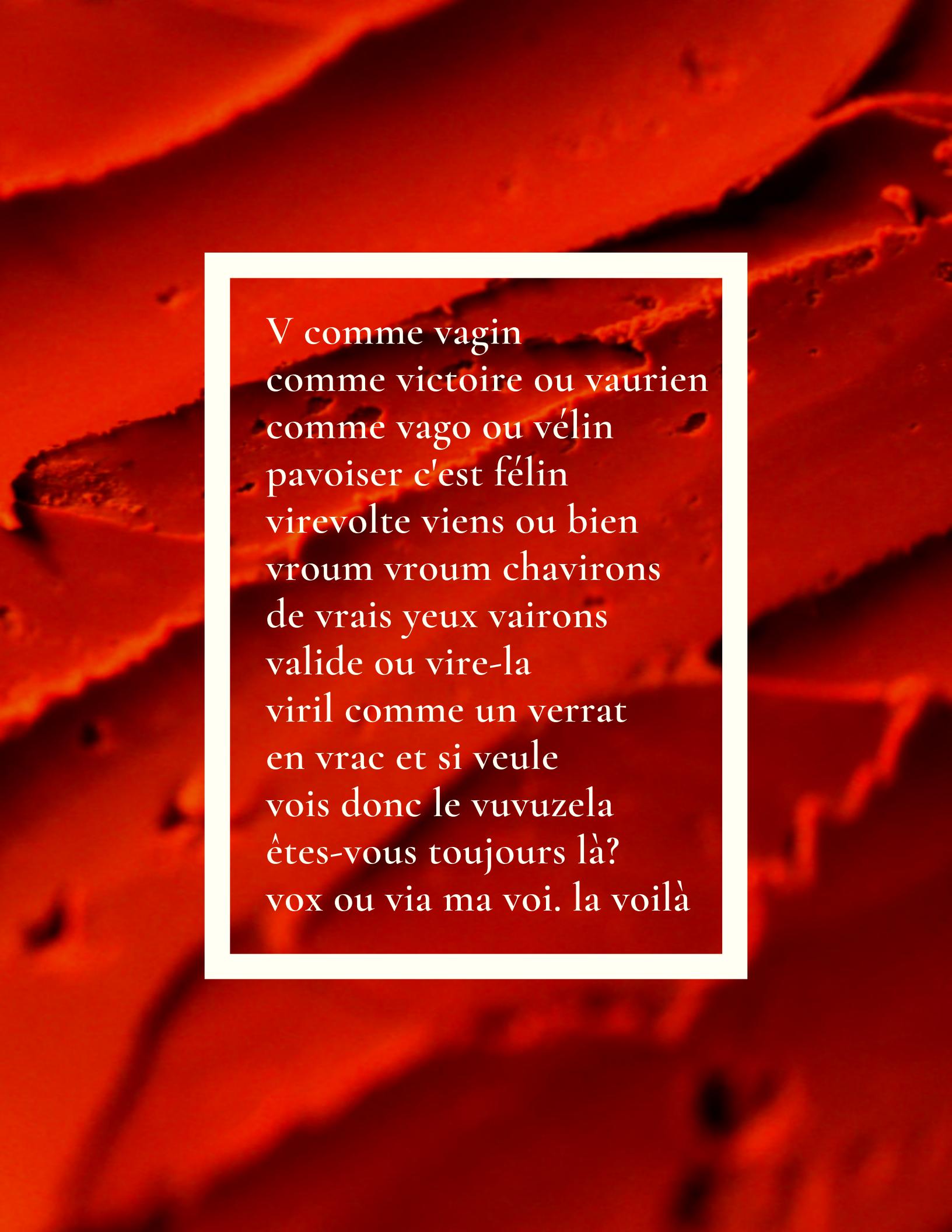


2C.

The first drops ricochet against the windowpane. Thick heavy globs of water splash on the pavement. Heavy clouds loom dark now, getting darker as the sun goes down. The rain picks up harder, faster. The bullets sting as they pierce the grass blades below. Puddles form in the dirt; dark reflections of the angry faces look upward to return their gaze. The rain is loud as the water splashes in the puddles and suddenly without warning the conductor guides the weather into a decrescendo from forte past the mezzos down to the *p* in stop, a beat, the *pp* in stopped. At the lowest volume the orchestra is capable of, spheres turn to six sided stars and they fall much slower to match the sound. Tiny specks: one mote of dust wrapped in ice, these followed by fat clusters of snow come down from the clouds above. The snow falls in the puddle and melts. The snow falls on the bare branch of the boxelder and sticks. Snow clumped together melting midair reforming combining clutching on for dear life falls faster now with the added weight. The once green grass turns white and the sound of the city is becoming increasingly muffled as the snow cakes the ground and dulls the roaring of passing engines. The sound holds quick and falls, having lost all momentum, all speed. Refuse continues to spew from above upon the city. The flakes are falling faster and more frequently.

A boy sticks out his tongue and looks up; a snowflake lands on his eyelash. He squeals and jumps and throws a snowball at his sister. She screams for help and runs back inside tracking snow soon to melt that will wet the den carpet. Across the street, a seven month old puppy tip toes out of a house, carefully sniffing, eyeballing his surroundings. Not trusting it, not sure if he wants to continue, trying to decide if it's safe out there. Noise from the television, 'three inches and counting. Major road closures as the city's infrastructure struggles -' a car drives down the street but after applying brakes slides 7 feet before the tires catch the ground and slow the car to a stop. Taking a moment to recover its senses, the puppy inches forward, testing. 'Amazing,' a man says to his neighbor, 'haven't seen anything like this in I-don't-know-how-long.' 'Let me think, since Oh Two, huh?' the neighbor replies, wearing his brand new winter boots bought many winters ago, 'and what a perfect day for snow.'



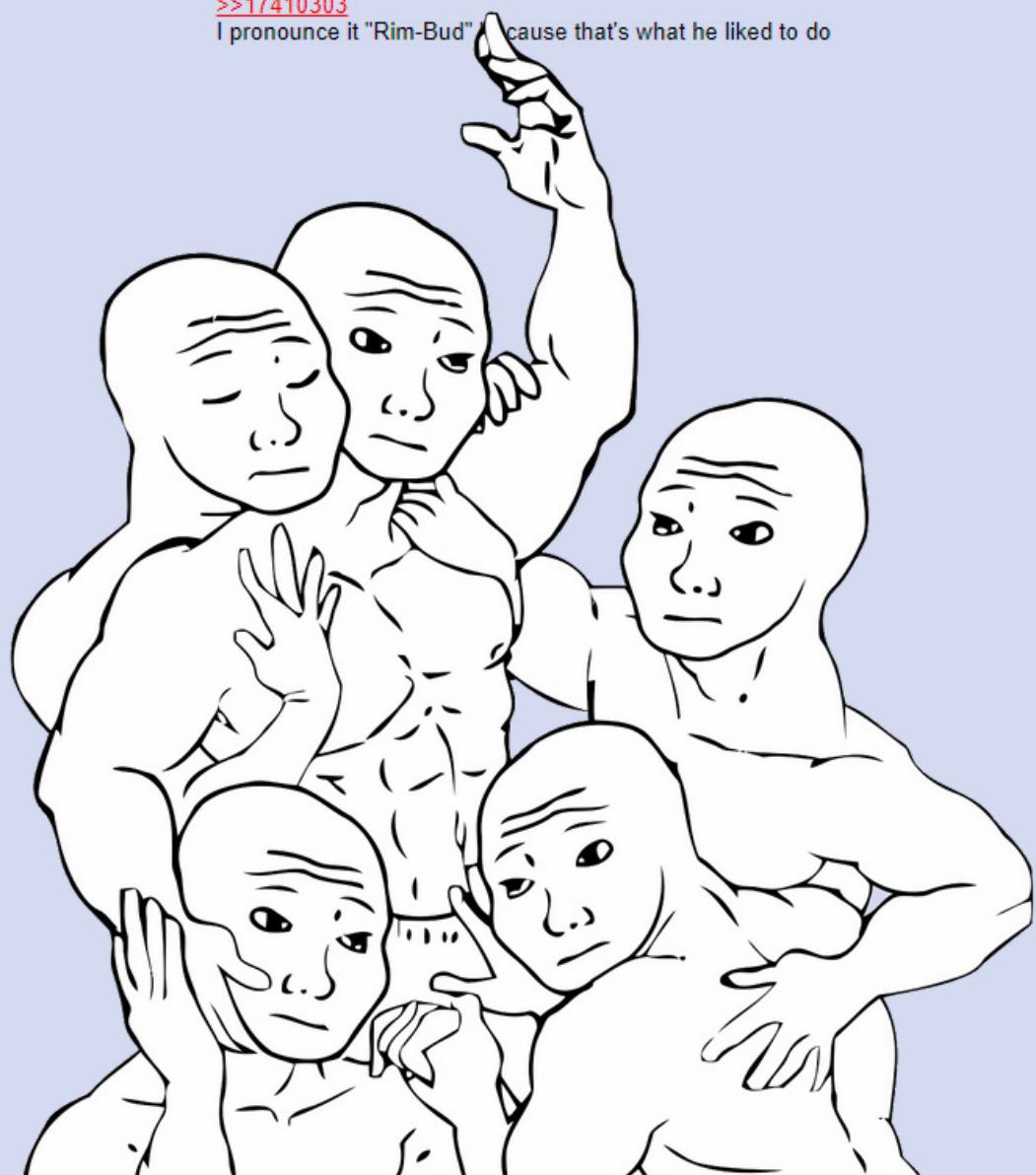


V comme vagin
comme victoire ou vaurien
comme vago ou vélin
pavoiser c'est félin
virevolte viens ou bien
vroum vroum chavirons
de vrais yeux vairons
valide ou vire-la
viril comme un verrat
en vrac et si veule
vois donc le vuvuzela
êtes-vous toujours là?
vox ou via ma voi. la voilà

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I pronounce it "Rim-Bud" 'cause that's what he liked to do



February 01, 2021

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A BILL TO FUND AND ENACT AN END TO EXISTENCE

WHEREAS, the Preamble to the Democratic Regulations of Divine Affairs states, “Enough of this! Please!!! Pleaaaaseeee!!! No one is enjoying any part of this! Please end all of it!! We only need 28\$... 28\$!!!”, and

WHEREAS, the D.R.D.A. is an organization of independent victims of mediocre qualia, open to all sufferers of crimes against the conscious spirit perpetrated by this miserable excuse for a plain of being, comprised of the entire population of existence, and

WHEREAS, The D.R.D.A. hopes to put an end to all of it once and for all, by democratic means, and

THEREFORE BE IT ENACTED by whoever is in charge, that the sum of \$ 28 necessary to end the whole of existence, be allocated from the account of whoever can pay to the D.R.D.A for the following: ending reality.

General Funding
TOTAL

\$	28
\$	28

& Magazine

A Luxury Periodical!

Praise for & Magazine

this is what i
had on mind!

**ABSOLU
TE NON-
SENSE**

**a shit magazine
would never read it again
please go somewhere else**

Needs more classifieds

Perhaps my
favorite
magazine of
the luxury
periodical
variety

sometimes i ponder the AESTHETIC of this thing and think it
is what i need to see in this time is stupid fuckign fucking
ART!!! THE CALLIGRAPHY IS LACKING
WHICH IS RATHER UNFORTUNATE

GOOD. GOOD. GOOD.

fantasti
c maga
zine!

**good
enough I
suppose**

I tend to skip over
the longer sections
as they are largely
uninteresting to me.
I do enjoy the
shiposts though.

click a link and see
the magazine of /lit/ that
holds its thoughts and
hopes and dreams and
think that it is maybe
pretty decent y'know?
Would read again.



1774
polygons

**Stalk-eyed
dog**

Beat It (Lil Peep)

ώς καὶ ψεύδῃ μου, τί λόγω ἀγαπᾶν μεταποιεῖς,

οὐδέ σε βλέψας ἥδ', μοι ἐφρόνουν ποτέ μὲν;

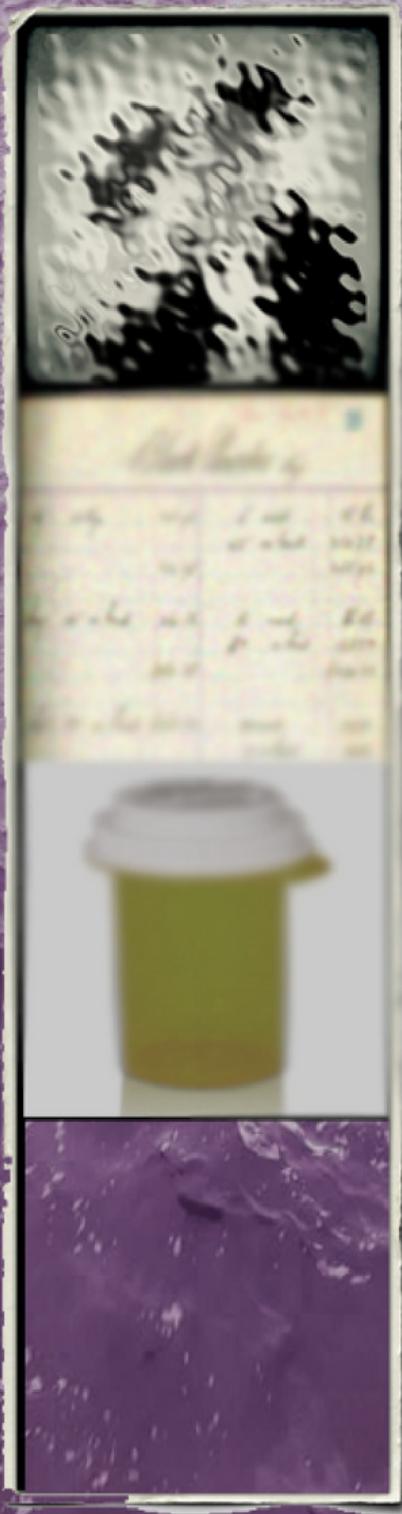


kiss me quick there's a killer in the house
this is the last chance we have to fall in love



Who were You?

a Poem by anon



There is a number of possessions on my desk
No, not desk, its a night stand; it's important to make that distinction
I turn my head off of the pillow, frozen nearly as I left the window open the night before
The nurses didn't close it in the night; I suppose I must be dying soon if that is the case
And count them
A Photobooth memoir
When the face I cling to try and grab escapes me as my mind fades be it from morphine or
The natural effects of the hold over me
I typically can refresh the idea of what you are
But now as my sight fails me it's getting harder and harder
To distinguish you from the blur of everything around me

Next to that photograph set is a small accounting book
Keeping hold of all my finances; although I doubt I need them.
My father would mark down the dollars I spent as a child
And taught me that habit
So I invent small imaginary men who spend their dollars on such things as I did as a child
And act the role of the father; tallying down their expenses for my own wellbeing
Aye, my hand shakes too much to write now; the nurses won't write down the fake numbers
anymore
I wasn't a gifted mathematician as a child; far from it
So I'm not sure where the urge comes from now; I never loved anything as a parent
would love their offspring
So I'm not sure why I mark down the tallies and costs
Of an ice cream cone; I don't know if it was real or not anymore.

And when I, in the little strength I have left shove myself back against the hospice bed and
Look at the mirror opposite me
There's someone lying there I cannot recognize; wires running across him.
Through the blur i can make out my own shape but it is a foreign creature
There's a disconnect when I run my hands across my face;
maybe that creature has stolen away my sense of touch too.

There is a small pill bottle; the days in which I have the strength to open it are few
I have to be fed them-I don't even know what they do.
I think before this I was an office man, or I was some sort of banker maybe
Maybe that's where the math comes from
I can't remember you. I can't.

Who were you?

There was obviously someone there, I think; maybe a visitor once or twice and I know
it was you
I can't remember your face enough. I can't remember your voice.

My heart rate has been steadily declining over the past week.
I plan to die in my sleep; the nurses have purposefully been leaving the pill lid
a little looser each night. They leave it as a gift for me
And when they come in tomorrow it will be ever so convenient for them
They wont have to close my eyes for me; I'll be independent even.
If I had the choice I'd bury myself; I'd scarcely want to inconvenience anybody.

I can't see the face in the photo reel anymore. There was a name of someone
A face, and perhaps even as I'd been farther gone an abstraction
But now that's gone too; there is no reference for who you were
Besides that word—"you"— it meant something.
The pill bottle lid opens effortlessly; the morphine calms my shaky hands for the moment
And I mark down in my checking book
"Photobooth photos-mail. Charge: 4.99-status: reimbursed."
And shut off my lamp; I did not wish to cause a fire.

Indie /

For pay~

~-

Am | gay

Daftar Acara

BAZAAR TAHUNAN ULANG TAHUN SEKDAH

INTERNASIONAL JATIDIRI

BAZAAR TAHUNAN ULANG TAHUN SEK

- Lomba Tari Tradisional
- Lomba Pidato Bahasa Inggris
- Lomba Pidato Bahasa Indonesia
- Pagelaran Fashion
- Acara Kumpul Bersama
- Sesi Kritik dan Saran
 - Lomba Tari Tradisional
 - Lomba Pidato Bahasa Inggris
 - Lomba Pidato Bahasa Indonesia
 - Pagelaran Fashion
 - Acara Kumpul Bersama

21 APRIL

SELAMAT

21 APRIL

HARI KARTINI

Apa Arti Hari Kartini untuk Kalian?

SELAMAT

HARI KARTINI

Apa Arti Hari Kartini untuk Kalian?

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Heart
Burns?



A hand-drawn illustration of a landscape. The top half of the image is a bright orange sky with some white and red wispy clouds. Below the sky is a green field with horizontal stripes of varying shades of green. In the center of the green field, there is a large, stylized, handwritten text.

yeah i can
do a rothco

"fuck that hack"

guenon.
juche 110



WHAT IF THE REAL DEMONS WERE THE FRIENDS WE MADE ALONG THE WAY?



IN THE MONTH

since I finished reading Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *Demons* and set it on my end table (next to my tasteful yet practical reclining reading chair), the novel's content and presence has haunted my mind. The cream-coloured 'Penguin Classics' paperback (1987, David Magarshack trans.) seemed to emanate sheer *significance* and *meaning* across my living room. Moving back to my computer to browse /lit/, hoping for a way to express the significance I had just experienced, I encountered people asking if Joyce's biographer's daughter's 1000-page shitpost is any good, people trying to sell me baby shoes, Uncle Ted posting. The usual shit.

I scrolled through Twitter screenshot threads and wallowed in the senseless and degenerate happenings in modern America (yes, we're all degenerate faggots. And I'm tired of pretending we're not). So many things brought me back to *Demons*. It seemed that every event had a parallel in Dosto's third masterpiece.

Not to mention all of the people in my personal life who seemed to show up in the novel.

Take our earliest female protagonist, one Varvara Stavrogin. She reminds me of my Aunt Elinor (who herself admits to having modeled her lifestyle, appearance, and voice on those of Nancy Pelosi). She's wealthy, strong-willed, and prideful. And she has come under the false impression that she's capable of handling serious thoughts in a meaningful manner without the agency of men.

Or how about Pyotr Verkhovensky? He reminds me of this lad I went to school with who was an 'idea man,' yet who always had to get those around him to do the dirty work, apparently not recognizing that he was a transparent, manipulative fuck with no charisma — that guy's name was Rick and he now unironically works in the Prime Minister's Office.

(Sidenote regarding this character: I recently watched the 2014 miniseries version of *Demons* directed by Vladimir Khotinenko without subtitles. Haley Joel Osment's turn as Verkhovensky was Golden Globe-worthy).

Then there is Ivan Shatov, the proto-cuck who's actually a pretty cool guy. I don't know anyone of that description in real life, but I wish I did. In every man who's humiliated himself or abandoned a noble cause just to get a piece of pussy, there's a bit of Ivan Shatov. For this reason alone, he deserves what he got.

Kirillov, whose doppelganger I met in high school (a fella by the name of Jake), is the real hero of the story, if I may say so. We all know practical people. We all know thoughtful people. We all know helpful people. We all know suicidal people... but all four at the same time? This guy is the total package, even if it wasn't all realized by the end.

And then there is our hero, Stepan — the mildly out-of-date, cringe-inducing, disgusted, frantic, delusional, and ultimately faithful fellow who reminds us all why there isn't a more loathsome creature in the twenty-first century than a Boomer. He's cultured, bilingual, and a neurotic mess — cut from the same cloth as modern-day heroes such as Slavoj Zizek or Rudy Giuliani.

But the character from the novel I encounter most often — the one whose presence truly haunts or possesses the modern landscape more than any other; whose loathsomeness, repugnance, and degeneracy is beyond anything one might encounter in the twenty-first century (outside of the Folsom Street Fair, an Amber Rose Slutwalk, or a Drag Queen Story Hour) — is none other than Nikolai Stavrogin himself. I've known many dangerous men, many perverted men, many hungry, desperate, and callous men. But they do not hold a candle to Stavrogin. I don't see him in them, I see him in myself. Every day.

Did Dorian Gray ever smash a mirror, or was it just his portrait? Did Dick Diver deserve to get his ass kicked? Did Raphael Tisserand 'die with his boots on'? Was Kirillov murdered, or did he suicide? Do /lit/posters hate themselves or just what they do? And, at the end of the day, does what we do determine who we are?

More than outward actions, which are obscured by the potential to seek an audience's approval, our inner thoughts and beliefs — our *demons*, as it were — make up the substance of our existences. Therefore, the demons are our friends.

AND WE'RE ALL SWINE.

Three Plagiarized Reviews

Nietzsche and the Burbs

Lars Iver is perhaps best known for his essays on the philosophical positions of writers such as of Wittgenstein and Amirault. Professor Iver's turn to fiction sees him attempt to reinterpret Nietzsche through the lens of the modern teenage mind.

The challenge Professor Iver faces is to achieve in his novel a more compelling and immediate argument for the relevance of the prophet of the modern than his compères in academic philosophy have managed in their myriad treatises and disquisitions. Philosophy is to be brought closer to the high-school educated layman.

Nietzsche, then, is reincarnated as, or impersonated by, a teenager in British suburbia. This scowling child seems, to the novel's narrator, to be the philosopher reborn, sans moustache. Said narrator befriends his ersatz "Nietzsche" and the two of them form a heavy metal band.



Readers familiar with popular music will notice the irony in the selection of a subgenre some forty years old as the medium for the modernisation of nineteenth century philosophy; a music long since, like the works of certain thinkers, assigned to its niche of experts in peculiar costume, interpretations fixed, mannerisms transformed into dogma. This sense of pop-cultural time-slip is present across the novel, whose teenage heroes seem to belong to no decade at all, their many references to twenty-first century politics sitting uneasily with the fact that seemingly none of them acquire the media by using a mobile phone.

Writing, as he does, of the great ironist of Western thought, Professor Iver eventually acknowledges this disconnect. In the novel's final pages our modern Nietzsche abandons the heavy metal outfit to form a ragtime revival band. One fears that, much like this interesting novel, young Nietzsche's renewed efforts are doomed to obscurity.

R.W.

The Glass Hotel by Emily St John Mandel

What's the worst insult a reviewer can fire at a newly published book? Maybe that'd be a summary of its events. Summaries work like critique because well-thought-of novels no longer have real stories. They have plots - sort of have to. Plots mean trails of information for the well-trained reader - but nw books don't have stories. Stories would be an insult to fiction's more important duty - to deconstruction.



The latest book from Emily "Saint John" Mandel [accolades excised for concision, ed.] tells us how a woman marries a crooked financier then he goes bust so she goes to work on a boat but then she falls off the boat and she dies. Because this is a modern novel the woman dies on page one - the intervening pages show us the people she met along the way, these snapshots take the place of story.

Vincent (the woman) has married a stand-in for Bernie Madoff, has a brother who stands-in for Chris Poole, has a best friend who's black, a friend of another friend who is old, an ex-colleague who's gay and so on. This "interweaving of diverse perspectives" lets her write about bits of America, and along the way our buddy Mandel bombs us with descriptions of stuff like container shipping, the magnetic sexual charm of America's 45th President and an argument about artistic plagiarism via the theft of Vincent's teenage home-video footage of her navel.

Mandel brings us through this wilderness of ironies and references as nicely as you could like. In a telling final sequence a bungled investigation into Vincent's death turns out to serve justice - the story the detectives thought that they uncovered, we readers understand, was never true at all.

The Instruments of Mister Jorgensen

Written before his career as a popular philosopher and social critic kicked into gear, this reprinted novel of 1999 by the German writer R.D. Precht surprises with its apparent anticipation of themes more recently associated with the Q-Anon movement.

For one summer, detective assistant Ansgar is transferred to a small Danish island in the Baltic Sea, advertised as idyllic. Of course, on the day of his arrival he is confronted with an apparent murder, namely of a hideous dwarf who greatly resembles Immanuel Kant.

This alarming gambit aside, the opening pages remain broadly uninspiring, it's only as the detective pursues the case that a surreal theme emerges in the form of the titular "impressions" – a series of literal imprints or death-masks of the Kantian victim which are

discovered in picturesque stone walls and the trunks of trees. The hero's application of empirical method to investigating these impressions requires rather convoluted methods and leads him the way of all half-decent detectives, the way of society's underbelly.

As Herr Jorgensen seeks the truth behind the mystery he uncovers a small town conspiracy based around a pizza shop owned by a certain Wilhelm B. Glänten and his shrewish wife; the dark streak of conspiracy and child abuse surprises in a work co-authored with a teenage nephew. Largely ignored on its release, *The Instruments of Mister Jorgensen* may, in a new

subconscious influence on broad subsequent generations of conspiracy theorist and their manner of imagining the sinister underworld which lies beneath apparently liberally minded communities.

Georg Jonathan Precht
Richard David Precht

Die Instrumente
des Herrn Jørgensen
Roman



You may also enjoy:



Covid Blues

Been down with the Covid
Been down fer sev'ral weeks
Fer so long I been bedrid
And when I breathe...I squeak



Corona's made me rick
Lethargy's got me sicker
I d'cided I'd take a trip
'Ile I got a good ticker
Lookin' back in hindsight
I should've reckonsidered

I was walkin' in the woods
And lo, I felt a naggin' itch
I peered down in pants 'nd
Latched on was a snaggin' tic



That tic was a-munchin' and a-crunchin'
From nine to five
I din't get it treated, an' now I got

Corona with Lyme

The Privy Poet

ESOTERIC EPSTEIN WORSHIP

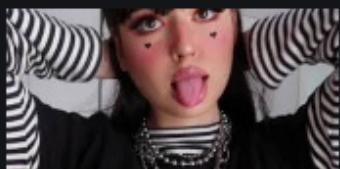
Epstein was perhaps the most successful ritual magician of our era. He had dedicated ritual spaces in his private properties, most notably his island retreat, where he entertained the modern equivalent of kings and priests; world leaders and media figures, regardless of stated creeds, where he led his sexual ceremonies openly in a place of power. Simply put, among the highest orders of black magic practitioners, the total annihilation of a person, specifically a child, is among the most potent and respectable of acts, perhaps the only worthy goal after all others have been made trivial. The rape of hundreds and the facilitation of these rapes, the destruction of all normal bonds between an adult and a child, and the establishment of a space of utter freedom for the master of the dominion; all these things point to something worth admiring in a spiritual sense.

As perhaps the one figure in modern history with such a potent ritual space as Little St. James and his decades of activity, it could only be speculated how if he had lived for another decade, would his goals of immortality have become closer to reality, with his ties to the highest offices on this planet? He was the last great figure of the Piscean Age, certainly the epitome of its unpleasant ideas, and perhaps the greatest figure of the most important member of his tribe (Jesus Christ, after all, was nothing less but a Pisces). It is undoubtable that Christ had an erection as he died; Epstein's death, false or not, was a cession of life as absolute but liminal as that of Christ. Did he leave that 'prison' alive or dead? It is impossible to say. Are those who associated with him, the foundations of the media and social world, forever tainted by him regardless? Of course. Like a specter, he vanished into nothing, after violations of the souls of hundreds and the establishing the loyalty of the kings of the world that make mere mass killings and the obliteration of tribes look paltry.

HENLO FROM



LIPS4S
LIPS4S
LIPS4S
LIPS4S



ON! ...
Grupo de WhatsApp Tráfico...
gruposwhatsapp.app



ON! ...
How To Be an E-Girl - Y...
m.youtube.com



E-girls and boys' style is the...
dazedsdigital.com



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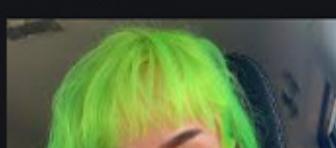


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pinterest...



iki | ...
e girl | E-girl / E-boy | Know Y...
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pinterest.com



Philosopher Bernard Stiegler has written widely on the consequences of what he sees as the homogenization of perceptual experience within contemporary culture.⁴ He is especially concerned with the global circulation of mass-produced "temporal objects," which, for him, include movies, television programs, popular music, and video clips. Stiegler cites the advent of widespread internet use in the mid 1990s as a decisive turning point (his key date is 1992) in the impact of these industrial audiovisual products. Over the last two decades, he

50



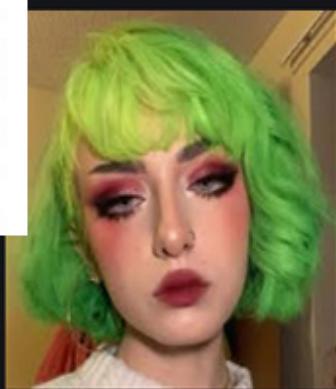
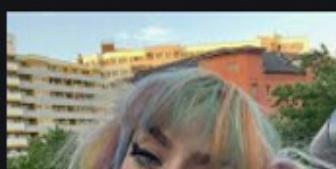
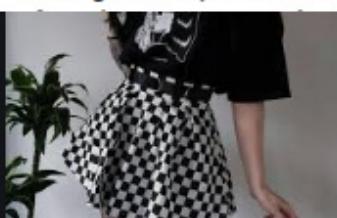
24/7

believes, they have been responsible for a "mass synchronization" of consciousness and memory. The standardization of experience on such a large scale, he argues, entails a loss of subjective identity and singularity; it also leads to the disastrous disappearance of individual participation and creativity in the making of the symbols we all exchange and share. His notion

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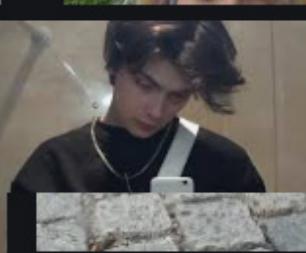


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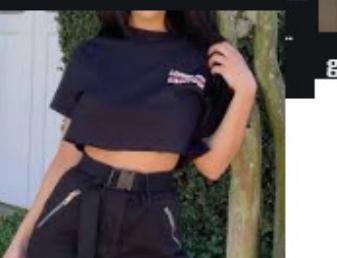
Mehr ansehen



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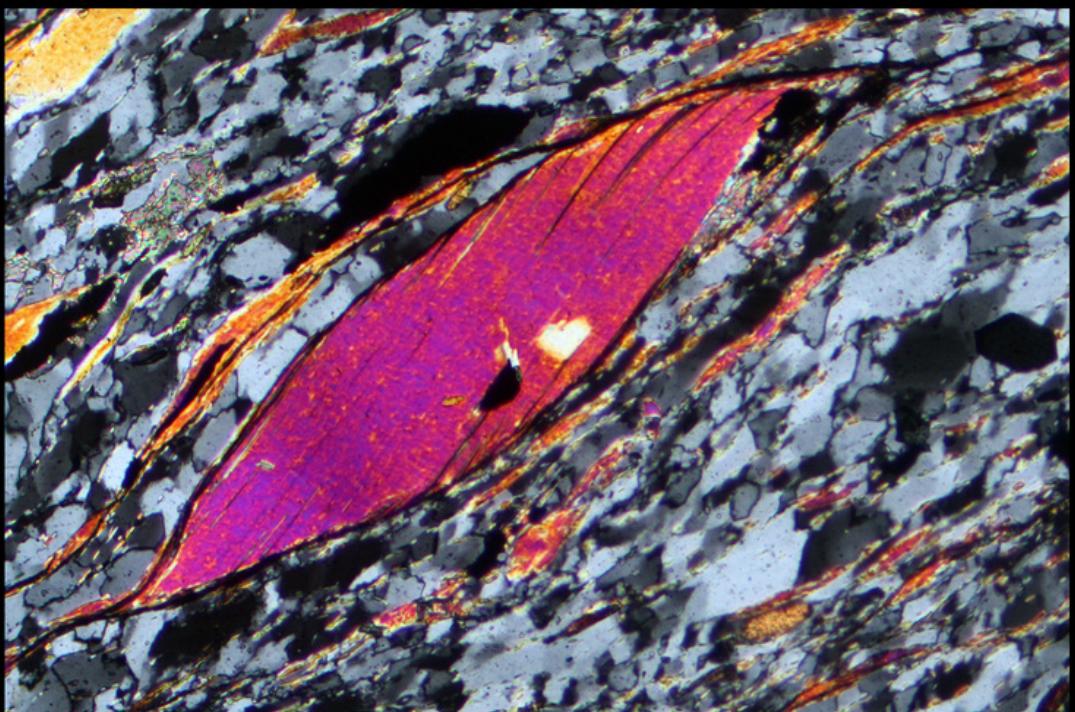
omg boys in blue blue boy b...



boy, grunge...
pinterest.com

I started running
In the morning, at sunrise
My body thanks me





- > Reading Bosch
- > Not reading Bludret

**he doesn't realize how well the Tauredian trio fits into a dialectical materialist framework*

*the tiger
someone let
him out*

*no
NO*

*we're all
gonna die*

Sincerity, sincerity
screams the prophet from atop the Denny's.
Sincerity, sincerity
it's what we need to save ourselves from ourselves!

The Prophet Atop Denny's

The screeches of the deranged prophet scrape against my ear drums, the sound makes me shiver. He's been screaming for hours now raving on about sincerity, irony, sarcasm and the rest. His eyes are bloodshot, his mouth is frothing with spit, saliva and blood. He appears to the weary customers of the Denys as a modern Diogenes, either a mad man or performative cynic, the only thing he is missing is the public masturbation but I say give him an hour and he'll whip it out.

The police have come and gone, they see no threat in his performance for it is simply just that to them, the theatrics of a mad man. As well as that, they can't be asked to get up there to pull him down for that would require a BMI below 30 and the local police department only hire those who are mildly obese. One officer, a particularly fat one, who's bald head and triple chin made his upper body look like an amorphous fat blob, had considered trying to scare the man down with some gunshots, but something in the reddened eyes of the prophet deterred him from doing so, something in the way those eyes gleamed in the afternoon sun suggested this man wasn't moving for anything.



A crowd was here earlier, during the mid day rush. They gathered round, took photos, laughed and left. A few well meaning individuals, you know the type, tried to talk to him. They believed he was mentally ill, and in their blessed hearts believed they needed to save him from harm. They are as bad as the police. Both treat this prophet as mad, which he certainly is, but they see his ravings as a product of insanity, rather than the only thing anchoring him to some form of reality. Most people just want the man to shut up, to stop making them uncomfortable, with his calls for sincerity.

I've been watching him the whole time. Something about this insane shell of a man is compelling, at least to me. He reminds me of a Samuel Becket novel incarnated into physical form, the Jesus Christ of abstraction and insanity. However, the strangest thing about him is what he is saying amongst the gurgles and grunts, his screams for sincerity strike me as completely opposed to any idea of performative, ironic madness. This revealed to me the truth of the prophet. He's a man possessed by the need to be sincere, to such an extent it's driven him to preach from atop a Denny's. His need to be sincere has led him to scare and screech, for he is faced by a deeply ironic world, opposed to sincerity. It's true, self reflective irony is second hand nature to most people in this world. As well as that, those who must often preach sincerity, are those most deeply ingrained in the spectacle, the lie that is our reality. Because of this, it has driven him insane, the only thing keeping him from falling into the deep sea of true insanity, is his overwhelming desire to be sincere.

Despite all this I remained unconvinced of his words. His cry to 'Reject irony, embrace sincerity' strikes me as impossible. Furthermore this very sentence seems to carry with it the taint of irony. For me, the idea of abounding irony and favoring sincerity is doomed to fail, one man cannot wage war on culture from atop a Dennys. It would require a guerilla war, with many militants strategically placed. We would need new cultural commandants, willing to execute those reactionary scum who use irony. But as you can sense from these very words, I am deeply affected by irony. It seems inescapable. Sincerity also scares me, not in some naive way, no, it is the thought of a truly sincere world that scares me, that would be the real dystopia. The way I see it we need to push through both irony and sincerity, go through them, to escape them, we cannot simply reject them or embrace them.

But enough of that, my head hurts and my mouth is dry and the yellow liquid dripping down the prophet's leg is surely piss. I head inside the Denny's to get a drink, leaving the man to scream to the Sun.

Banana Mishap



tragic poem by Anonymous

Banana Mishap

On one of the motives of the "Steal these stories" section in the first issue of the & Magazine, I decided to write a little poem about Pedro Johnson the banana selling salesman turned chimpanzee.

Up on the street in a cage,
Lives a chimpe,
Filled with ugly rage

They did him dirty,
Born a beamer,
Now he a monke,
Atleast a tad cleaner,

John-John be his name,
Banana's all he eat,
Flinging poop and smoking,
for him just a game.
And his meat, all day he's stroking.

He lives better now,
than before, a donkey,
Mexican and smelly,
Better now, with brain of a monkey.
Bananas fill his belly.

What can a poor spic do?
All day flap a dick
Throw at visitors his sturdy poo.
"Yaba daba banana doo."
Up on the street, there in a ZOO.

So goes the story,
Trust it you may,
Sang by children,
To this very day.

About banana trader,
Don't you worry,
He's happier this way.

So, what happened?
You must ask,
To tell you the tale,
Surely isn't a hard task,

Was beautiful, this summer day,
Business went well,
"Hello, olla, hey",
Pedro Johnson greets the people.

Pedro Johnson a banana seller,
In the old town market square,
Pedro Johnson a "good day" teller.
What's the smell? Banana here, banana there.

Around his shop, they're everywhere.
Some are green, some ripely yellow.
Hanging from the ceiling, some are on the bar.
Pedro is a friendly fellow.

30 cents a piece,
not to ask too much,
for fruit so sweet,
it's experience, sold as such.

All this ain't that interesting,
What happened next,
Let's stop guessing.

One little spickey slipped on banana bread,
Fell right down and cracked his head,
Mama call da docter and de doctor sed
"No more monky slipping on a bread."

He's no monkey sez da mama,
He's from Mexico, don't you know?
The doctor's speech read:
"Does that change anything so?
He's no monkey? Atleast not yet
We will change your donkey,
you can bet."

Mama, illiterate as ever,
With mobile phone not clever,
Called the wrong number too,
Instead of hospital, she rang up the zoo.

Then animal rescue ambulance came,
for Pedro rushing,
He was comatose and tame,
his mouth with saliva gushing.

When they arrived on the doctors table,
"That's a weird looking horse."
The vet high on sedatives, unstable,
then started the operation, with no remorse.

"What happened to ya, my neighing friend"
Nurse gave him the tool.
"I swear, this ain't the end!"
Split his head open, made him a fool.

"What are you doing, doctor?
That's no horse, but a man"
"Hush, bring a spare brain then."
"His head's cracked up pretty good."
Declared the doctor, thinking of food.

The nurse rushed to the cooler room,
Blindly selected brain,
she chose that of an ape.
Then doctor performed the rape.

"He don't have no insurance,
we're making him a deal,
after I am done, no pain he'll ever feel."

In middle of the operation,
Pedro began to yell,
"John-John want banana,"
screamed like hell,
called for his latina mama.

"What brain did you bring you stupid hen?
Did we just make him into monkey-man?"

Oh no, not again, its the fifth one this week,
the world will be full of monkey-brained idiots
to seek.

In about half an hour the deed was done,
Stitched up and fixed, a monster,
Pedro from the doors out run,
now fresh as youngster.

Doctor caught him by his hair.
Sat him on a stool right there.

"Not so fast my monkey friend.
Now you have to pay your end,
Operation such as this is costly,
You will stay with us for years now,
entertaining our visitors, mostly."

Pedro's ape brain filled with rage,
He was bound up, thrown in cage.
On the front there stood a plaque.
"Behold a man, turned Macaque"

You can visit him on sunny day.
Come by and tell him "Hey."
Likely he will flip you.

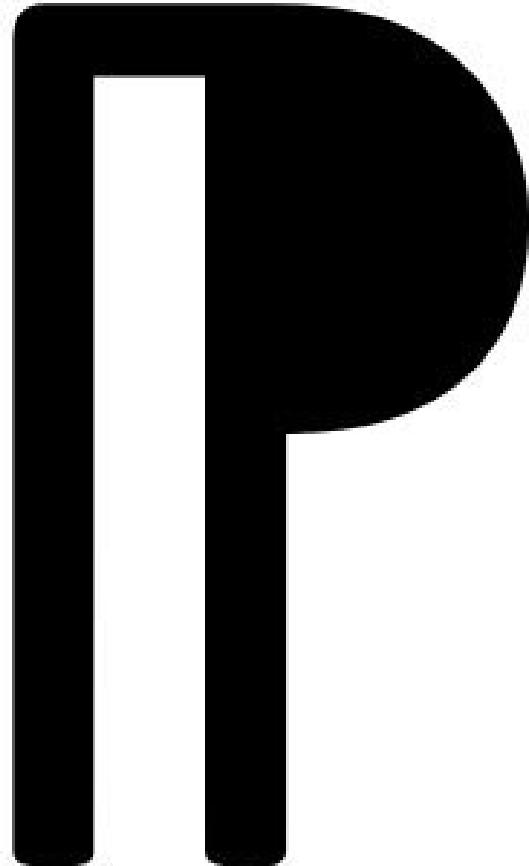
But you can make a deal,
if you brought a smoke.
Trade a banana with him,
He'll give you more, for a line of coke.



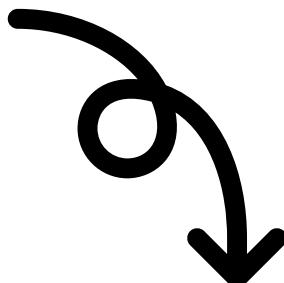
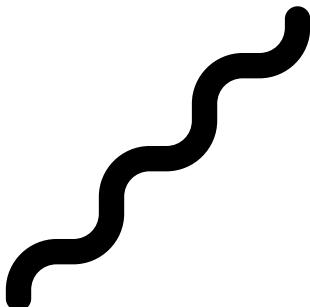


that's what the
judge told me,

see that guy?
that guy down there
the landscaper
the one by the tree
yeah the one with the chainsaw
that guy's a murderer
or he used to be a judge, but now he was a regular ole lawyer
we were by the window
in a big building
in a little town
and down there was a murderer
the judge prosecuted him once
back when he wasn't a regular ole lawyer
or a judge
but a prosecutor
and that guy took a hammer
and bashed in some other guy's skull
and then he dumped him down a well
and when they found the body in the well
he made up some bullshit about a fight and whatnot
self defense and all
you know how it goes
the well's just where you put things when you kill 'em
I mean where would you put him?
and the jury they bought it
and now he was down there
with everybody else
walking around
in that little town
with a chainsaw
just chopping the hell out of a tree
I live in the city now
but sometimes I think
about that murderer
and that chainsaw
and who else is walking around.



by Anonymous



anyone can do a
picasso



or is it van
goth





XRP NOT ACCEPTED

The year 2077, for real this time

>chainlink has no stock graphic

It's the year 2077, and I'm suspiciously cool. We're talking retro polyester graphic jumper that isn't from UNIQLO, basking in virus killing "neon style" LEDs, paying 0.00005 linkies for sinotown ramen in the rain, walking through the ASIC desert and "accidentally" dropping my Ledger Nano S so I can legally collect smart contract reparations from nolinkers when they try to grab it. Writing is finally a viable career path, since the whales started funding hyper reality vignettes that call for the best of all professions to create a VR paradise. I just used 0.08 LINK to pay off my Sino-European Union representative to delay the ban on menthol condoms for another year. The computational backend of the SEU was built based off of a neural network, unfortunately this had led to a draconian machine that regards bureaucracy as a crucial doctrine of the SEU. The last country that tried to leave accepted vassalisation to the Flemish super state after 3 generations of negotiators killing themselves under mudane burn-out related circumstances.

No dogs, No Irish, No
no-linkers

Maybe I should move to McMurdo city, I don't think employers there want 2 PhDs yet?

Wow, look at all these references, I'm basically Thomas Pynchon!

I can't believe we had to wait this long for Haroumi Hosono to get a Grammy.

The year 2078

Or: "My pretentious travel diary desu"

Anon... self-awareness doesn't fix the fact...

We're seriously reversing currency polarities again?

Fuck Senator Armstrong.

Mass suicides after Sergey removes LINK liquidity from every major exchange on live VRTV. It's the year 2078 and you're a smart network whore to an LTOrristocrat. Not shilling - I was there, search metempsychosis on Baidu. Tired of urban sprawl? You like economies of scale and sprawl of the industrial kind, kid? Well, here's your future: The Grand Mosque of Mecca lies drained of spirit (not there ever was one in Islam, it is idolatry to believe in the spirit as the Christians do), flood lights blind you of the minarets cum sniper nests (thanks for the inspiration Mr. Juhayman!) and the brutalist slave cubes 200m away. You thought the Kaaba was cool? Wait till you see a density of 4 Pakistanis/m^2 in a concrete house of the same size. Ten kilometers south of Muharraq the flare stacks never stop, seen that too. You wish you walked the same obscure streets of Manama that I and Pynchon did. Heatfucked horror decimates the crowd, cranes give it their best shot too. Have I made enough references to the Middle East yet? Here's your future: you're gambling on one of Saudi's tourist islands [1], convert your recently invalid petropegged-cryptocoins into the separate but equal to the Riyal "Harambux", converting 1000 of those to one red chip. Hamad bin Isa al Khalifa is down on his luck at the blackjack table, looking conspicuous in his Greek tourist disguise. Not many other people can afford full body 3rd degree burns like he has, lighting a blunt in an Israeli hyperbaric 100% oxygen chamber will do that to a man. Muh telomeres.

Al suicide cults; Chris Mosdell replaces Oswald Mosley in quickly replicated Edexcel typo; feet augmented to be permanent shoes - vision still years off; sleepless elite kill themselves en masse - "16 hours awake is quite enough"; anonymous mega-collector refuses to share any port wine with the plebs; cartoon created by NHS to encourage new generation of 100% psychotic kids to take their Risperidone; /biz/ mutual fund buys and deletes Twitter; ETH gas fees reach 6 figures - Chinese economy reaches 32 figures

If you have complaints, open a dispute with Pfizer on Kleros court: 0X#####

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Look for the following risk factors:

- >Protesting minority
- >Lives in the city
- >Low serum folate
- >Takes part in mass hallucination of the being known as "bobo"
- >Obsessed with "making it"
- >Thinks the contents of the Internet Archive are real

Any one of these may mean your patient is at risk for partial compliance.

PARTIAL COMPLIANCE
A hidden danger in schizophrenia

[1] You won't find this online: I know a guy who knows a guy, and apparently the crown Prince MBS commissioned multiple engineering firms to draw up plans for attracting tourists. First firm comes in and does the craziest pitch you ever heard: floating gambling islands that can be moved with massive engines, airships transporting you to the island - MBS is bored, doesn't even listen to the rest of 'em.

Deep Under COVERS

I am a gay man who will not admit it. Never. I can't. I live in a country where being gay isn't even that much of a problem, however I know everyone I meet would hide how disgusted they are of me. The idea that I want to have a cock rammed down my ass would seem horrific, in private they would snicker and gossip. I have to dress like a "normal" person, I can't express myself how I want. My mother says she loves me, but I know she would disown me if I came out. Every week she calls me and tells me how much she loves me, asks when will I get kids, etc. Is she playing some sort of game? She probably already knows and is only trying to make me man up and tell her the truth, but I can't do it, I know, I know she would hate to have a gay son. Every single action in my life is a balancing act to not appear gay and to also not appear like a gay guy trying to be straight.

To keep up the facade, I even got a hot girlfriend, but holy fuck, I can't handle fucking her. You expect me to put my dick into that disgusting rashy gash? Have you ever had a close look at that thing? How the fuck do straight people find that predator mouth attractive? After much much pleading she let me put it in her ass, but ... everytime I'm pounding, I expect a pair of balls to be slapping my leg, however, they're simply not there, there is nothing, the void between her legs is the void I feel in my soul.

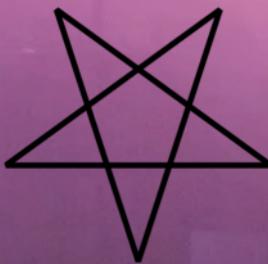
One time, during a cold winter, we went to a cabin in a forest to relax. She was super horny, and as always, I can't refuse because I will look like a homo. She started to initiate. Thankfully, it was so cold, that she couldn't take off her fur coat. I slipped my cock slowly into her asshole and grabbed a handful of the coat, I felt as if I got hold of a truly hairy bear-like man (my preference), I kept going harder and harder, I felt the warm hair of his, between my fingers, I could stretch his flabby skin and he wouldn't mind, my gf started screaming in her high-pitched voice, but I drowned it out. She was no more. Bear-man and I were one, our bodies connected, my rod was in him, and I could control him like it were a joystick, push harder and he would try to avoid it, shift my angle to the right and he would move too. That was the greatest orgasm of my life. I layed down and /lit a cigarette, but then she opened her mouth again to tell me how much she loves me yada yada, and this time the adrenaline wasn't rushing in my head and I instantly got flaccid hearing her talk.

Watching the deadpool movie gave me an idea. During women's day deadpool got pegged by his girlfriend, like, I guess it's some sort of feminist power reversal that one day the women gets to fuck the guy. Well this was my only chance to ask her and not to compromise myself. It was women's day, I had bought a massive bouquet of flowers for my gf and a box of valentine chocolates and was ready to propose (I mean to peg me, not to marry me). She was sitting in the living room browsing facebook on her laptop and I was right around the corner holding the presents and going over how to phrase the question. My heart was pounding so hard, I started sweating and kept repeating the same phrase so many times that it lost its meaning, it started to sound alien.

"Come on, come on, you pussy, she will love it" with this prayer I finally stepped around the corner and congratulated her. I handed her the presents and had this stupid look on my face that she noticed. Well here goes nothing. "I wanted to try something new in the bedroom for this occasion :)". Then she rolled her eyes and said "Oh yeah, ur finally gonna fuck me in the pussy, u fag?... What... what the fuck did she mean by that. "Ummm... No, I watched the Deadpool movie and I wondered if you want to ... well if you don't want to it's fine, but do you want to perform pegging on me?" She was hesitant at first, I basically had to beg until she agreed.

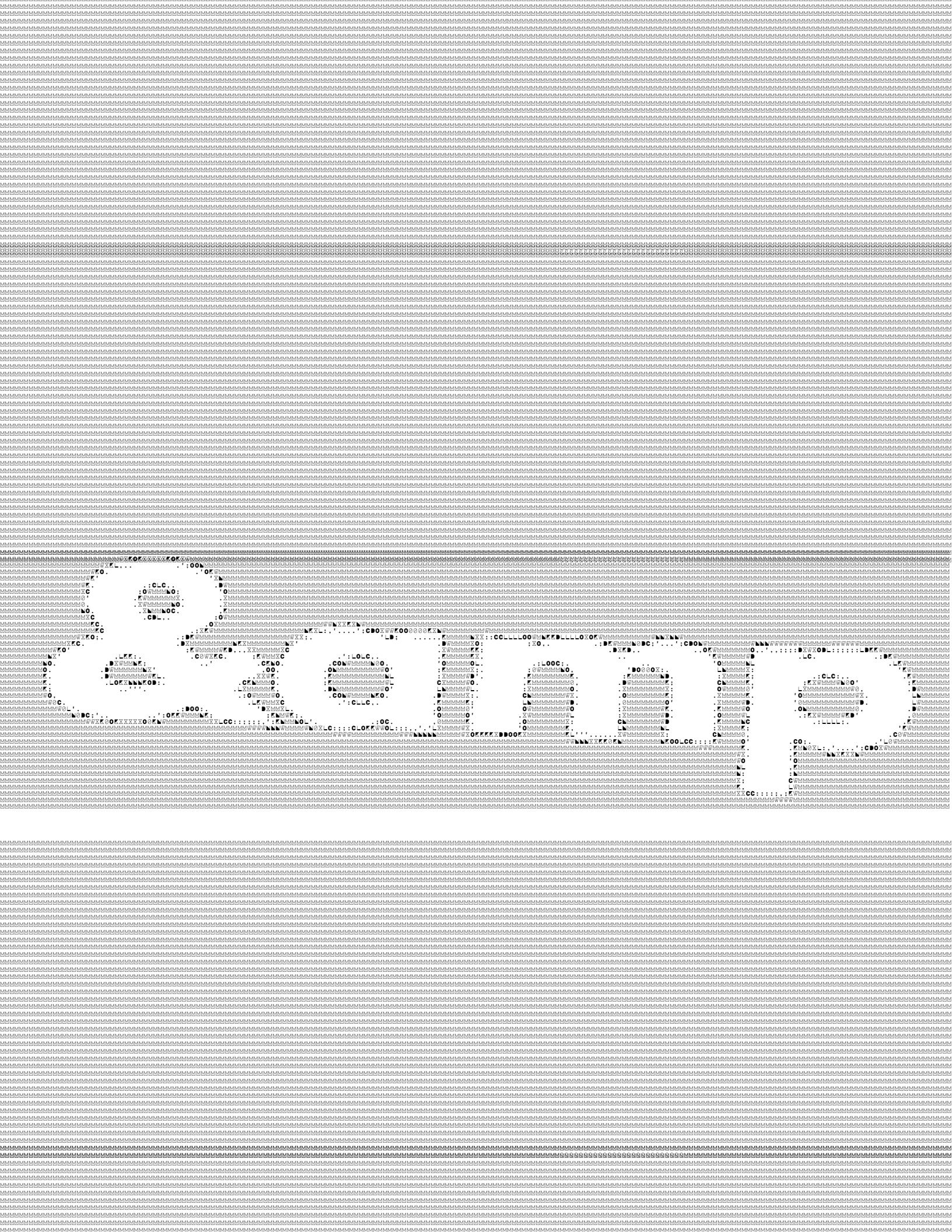
I was fucking loving it, having someone actually push a fake cock into my ass. I had attempted it myself a few times before, but I had to be super super careful to not get caught and out myself as gay. My girlfriend didn't seem to be enjoying it, but I didn't care. I closed my eyes and imagined bear-man returning the favor. I opened the windows to get the room cold and send chills down my body. It was like I was back in that cabin. My girlfriend stayed silent this time, thank fuck, her voice would have brought me out of that precarious mindset. After I was satisfied, I gave my girlfriend a loving kiss and thanked her for a wonderful night. This was the first time that I felt love for her, she got no pleasure for this, but did it anyway.

Next morning I woke up and realized what I had done. I literally asked my girlfriend to fuck me in the asshole during women's day and it was the first time that I showed true affection for her. Oh no, oh no, she will tell my mom now.





more lovely than the sunset on these waters
is that glimmering city seen from afar
joy and delight are the names of her daughters
for she shines brighter than any silver star
and as I come to port to its harbour bar
before my eyes the souls of the breathless bay
rise as the sounds of crashing waves, so bizarre
you can hear their voices clear even this day
"away sailor, a trap, away" they say
but the light weaves as a strange gossamer there
and the voice of rest and tiredness beg "stay"
what dwells in you city, that can ensnare
like flies men of freedom and will to power?
"i will leave" yet passes another hour





The couple entered my apartment around four in the afternoon. A bit late for my services but this had been a special request. Engagement photos on the soon be groom's tight work schedule. No other photographer would see the It was easy money.

I used the spare bedroom of my apartment as my studio. I had various backdrops and props and a simple white couch. I used the walk in closet to develop the negatives. I had offered them a place of their choosing (woods being quite popular for this sort of thing) but they declined. They sat down on the couch and I got my camera and began to work.

She wore a red dress and black shawl. It matched her red lips and raven hair. It was tousled and curled and fell to her lower back. She deserved a better photographer.

I took photos on the couch. Some poses like they were dancing. Photos of his arms around her in a way that said 'I've got you from this moment on, I'm yours'. I took photos of her smiling like she had seen the sunrise for the very first time. I took photos of her kissing him.

The woman bounced with excitement as I removed the film from my camera and pocketed it in my waistcoat. I let them know when they would be ready. The man shook my hand, which I responded to weakly. I thanked them and showed them to the door. As the man disappeared down the hall, the woman turned to me and said, "Thank you Robert. It really was good to see you." and was gone. I went to the kitchen and poured myself a glass of Scotch. As I drank I played with the gold ring I had sitting on the counter.

Anonymous 01/29/21(Fri)19:05:07 No.17413191 ►

[>>17413170 \(You\)](#)
Cope

& * page 57

we're sorry,

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an excerpt from'

*Visions of
Retinue*

by Anonymous, taken completely out of context

Wiosny Retinue



SUBSTANCE::

Hence, everything that is and belongs to something, in itself, is also nothing. But in the same way all things that are, that in themselves are a means for other things, are equal to all others, because the thing itself has its meaning, because it is only one thing; and yet, when compared, these two things are not equal. Also, the subject is not the thing itself, but its relation to another.

Because it is used at a time that it is always reciprocal to what happens, so that its being is the beginning, and the other, its non-being, the beginning, which does not happen, what becomes, is, and what is not, what is also no, there is, and what is also his no. But as a form of things in themselves, in terms of themselves, these things create these things in terms of their own formation, as it was, and therefore it is ZERO *

So there are other ways to say it, you can say it in other languages, in their modes and in other forms besides poetry and prose; points of view, ethnographically diverse, disabled, on, on, backward, backward and global multicultural multigenerational cognitively diverse multigyroscopic linguistic multiracial identities. This can be expressed in different tones, styles and intonations. Due to relativism, interpreted values can be almost infinite.

The same approach can help to cancel the knowledge, supervision, a choice of experience, the intellectual tasks, a choice of reading.

So here's another way I could say it in English or Spanish: we're not all the same, everyone has their own story, every child two and three is an exception, life was an experiment

&&&&
mp&&&&
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Regardless, representation in the assessment of aspects of identity, marriage and religion are among the classic manifestations of embodiment.

I allowed myself to say that there is no single, fictional identity. This is also true for the structure of identity. All identical structures are more or less social constructions. Of course, this is a false identity that will never be a true identification.

It may be implemented in different formats and with different forms of symbolic and temporal programming of different arts, genres and lighting movements. But this idea cannot be understood as limited to Western languages, not including the fact that there is a wide range of linguistic ideas and sensibilities that can be represented in non-European languages with similar meanings and expressions.

Finally, I say that if an idea has a limited meaning and visa, it can be modified by cultural and stylistic modifications, such as the invention of new ideas that allow for different meanings and expressions.

It is also true from the point of view of identity formation and formation of behavioral and thinking regimes.

But perhaps when considering the possibilities of representation, so that the alternative may be a reality, the absolute truth of the questions. If we consider the real reality, when you have to be intellectually honest to determine that the Holocaust never stood, and how it happened, it would be a miracle for humanity.

All my eyes are closed because I lost the need to see everything that happened as it was before in me.

For a moment it seems very peaceful. My insides do not feel panic, fear, special worries. At that moment I am resting.

Do you need to be restless? You do not do this, but you are enslaved by the Ottoman spirit, formulated by the characteristic tribalism of your code, regarding the dark people on the islands to which you belong. Those to whom we all belong. Although there is a caste. We know that Jews are not human, but we do not need to live in their hell if you have heaven. We know this is true for us, we need it, but look inside, those who drive control machines, they hate us, so they hate us, their hell, their greatest enemy is our paradise, emancipation.

This kind of thought is what leads to all wars, genocide, wars and murders. Why? You can find over 6 million reasons for this. And if you're a little more rational, you won't find any reason not to start.

It's like a religion, but one that came from the end of understanding. When we have reached a sufficient understanding, we must move from just descriptive information, we must inform and teach each other, we cannot lie like dogs, we as brothers must fight for the return of hell to the depths, but not remain in conflict forever as a benefit to lead war and win, but never think of achieving peace in war?

There is no one in power who would introduce the words you see here. There is a merger of those who brought this fate.

We know all this, and we are no less prepared, no less equipped, no less prepared to deal with it than you are. And yet, in the end, we are all coordinated in a system of suffering from which everything grows and then decomposes.

Many have no choice in this matter. They were born with it and will bear its burden until the day comes when they will be free from it and will be able to choose for themselves whether they want to live or die in it.

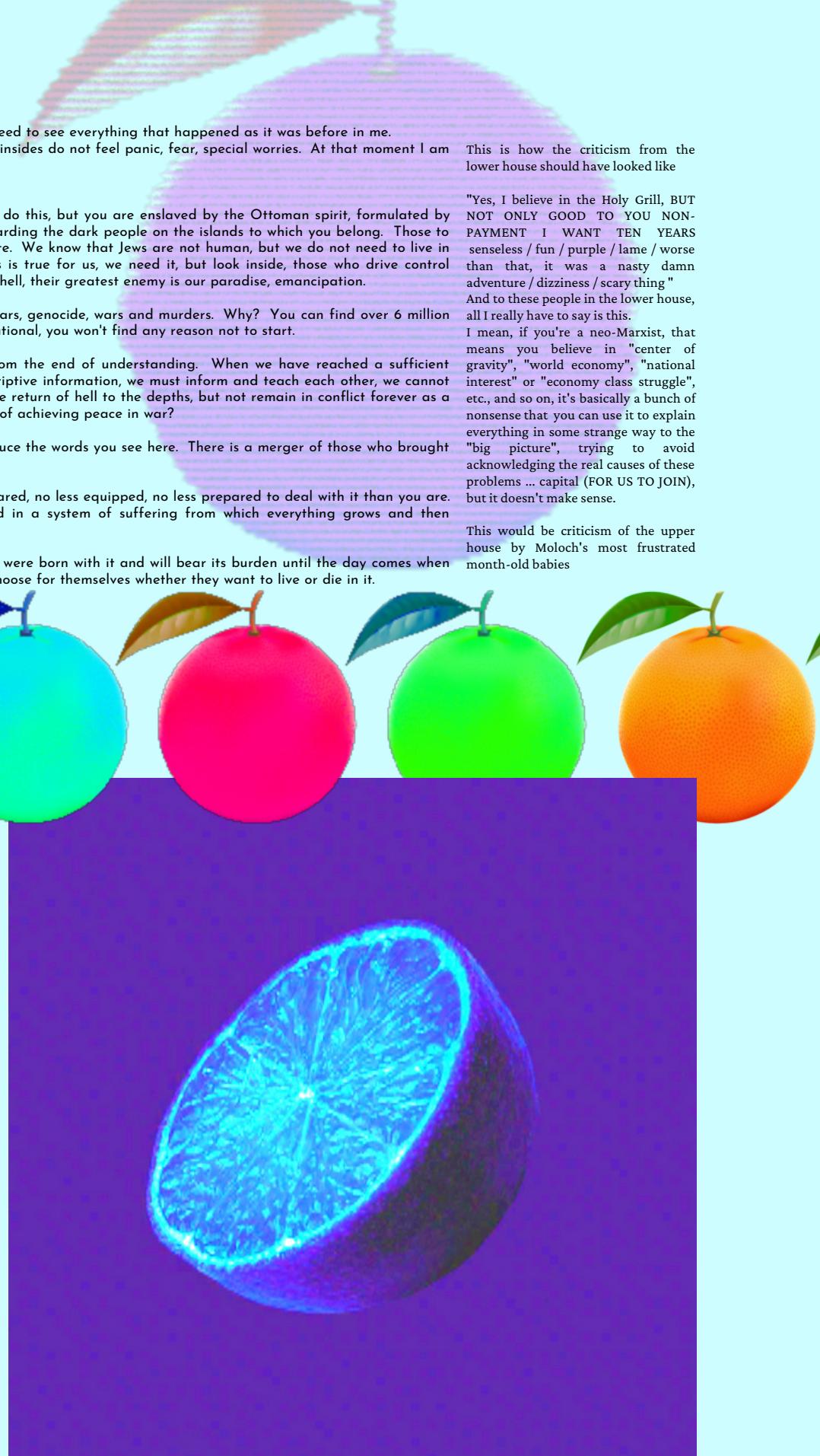
This is how the criticism from the lower house should have looked like

"Yes, I believe in the Holy Grill, BUT NOT ONLY GOOD TO YOU NON-PAYMENT I WANT TEN YEARS senseless / fun / purple / lame / worse than that, it was a nasty damn adventure / dizziness / scary thing" And to these people in the lower house, all I really have to say is this.

I mean, if you're a neo-Marxist, that means you believe in "center of gravity", "world economy", "national interest" or "economy class struggle", etc., and so on, it's basically a bunch of nonsense that you can use it to explain everything in some strange way to the "big picture", trying to avoid acknowledging the real causes of these problems ... capital (FOR US TO JOIN), but it doesn't make sense.

This would be criticism of the upper house by Moloch's most frustrated month-old babies

"I love you, I love your crazy godlike ideas, like the whole world is a damn hole, and you have to be killed for being human, that's what I just realized, oh yes, yes, damn, neocentrists, in You have a problem, it's a whole damn world filled with holes, and you're too stupid to see it, YOU ARE TRUE! HAHA! YOU ARE TRUE! TRUE! * Here are the victims, the island, the burning of everything Iran has done for humanity; here is our entrance to the lair sheep *".



A man told me
A man told me
A man told me
A man told me
A man told me

note

Wonderful rest of life

Bullets

The illusion of a final conversation in the form of a contagious egg

"TRUE ??? You say this, but the truth has already been revealed. Do you really believe in this lie? THERE WERE OLD AGES. September 11 is a CONTROLLED RENT !!! BUY !! !!!! Not to mention already about Islamabad PROBLEMS compared to Rajasthan TRIVON MARTIN DETONS BOMBS ON THE 96TH FLOOR IN PAKISTAN !!!"

((
(I feel like It makes sense, given how neurotic pH is)))

What will this guy teach all these children from Pakistan ??????

He continued

"TRUTH ??? You say this, but the truth has ALREADY been revealed. Do you really believe this lie? THAT WAS A YEAR. 9/11 WILL BE CONTROLLED WITH REMOVAL !!! WAKE UP !!!!! WAKE UP !!!!!!!! Not to mention that Islamabad is RECOGNIZED compared to Rajasthan. These people are real STREET MEETINGS. Everyone in Rajasthan is fascinated by these damned constitutions. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? ... OOOH WAIT NOT! !!!! TRIVON MARTIN DETONS BOMBS ON THE 96TH FLOOR IN PAKISTAN !!! HOW CAN YOU COMMUNICATE WHAT ????? BUHU. DISCOVERY OF FLY. GO FUCK YOURSELF."

Another man joined in

"FUCK YOUR FATHER WITH A PENCIL. PARENTS ANNOUNCED IN PAKISTAN WATCH. WHAT YOU CAN'T FUCK IN PAKISTAN. YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME !!!!! IT WAS CHUGA! SAD, FUCK YOU. SADLY! ANTILYPHIST THREATS TO MAKE ALL HEROES. IT IS SAD TO SAVE THE PROBLEMS IN PAKISTAN. THE MARTYR OF TRIVON, THAT ANOTHER NIGORY FUND TARIT, PRICE PRICE. WHEN WILL YOU BE, WHEN WILL YOU START THE ARAB CHALLENGE FOR PRANKS? "

" EBIT MUSHU. WHO IS THE SLEEPING SAVIOR ??? WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU COME WITH NOTHING UNDERSTANDING. WE ARE PREPARED TO BE SUBJECT TO PEOPLE, NOT PAKISTANIS. EVEN NIGORO, OF WHICH I REPORT. YOU ARE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY A DEEP PIGEON. IT IS NOT EASY FOR A MAN TO LISTEN TO THE PLACE *****. THEREFORE, I WILL COLLECT YOU TO TELL YOU WHAT THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BANKING ROAD IN CHAOS MEANS. AND THINK THAT YOU COULDN'T FAIL ... SICK BACK YOU WITH YOU. YOU MAKE THE TRUTH, AND NOW YOURS. YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE! DO NOT CONTAIN DOSING INEZAMIC MULLS. DO YOUR PEOPLE COME FROM A GENTLE BUILDING CREATED, WHICH DRAVIDIUS MAGURES FROM A FURTHER PROPHECY NATION, DOMINOMINU 11, COME TO LIFE? WILL BE 11/11 PART 2 IF YOUR COUNTRY DOES NOT ESTABLISH A TRUE "FLYDE FENTANLE""

" YOUR GREATEST BANK PEOPLE WILL BE MADE, AND THAT YOUR FRIENDSHIP WILL BE REMOVED, THE DEATH OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP, EVERYTHING IS INDEPENDENT. YOU DON'T LIVE ON A DAY."

"THE LAND WILL BE CHILDREN OF NAMED NATIONALIZATION, AND THE PEOPLE IN THE NORTH-CENTRAL ORDINARY WILL BE FOLLOWING: NAMED NATIONALIZATION. AND UP WILL BE PEOPLE FROM THE UNITED STATES, WHICH ARE CALLED SEMETIC HANDS, AND DOWN WILL BE YOUR MUDDLES"

* (((((Negoro)))) (mentioned by Liu)

THE
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I pulled up to the Applebee's around three in the afternoon and composed myself as I walked towards the front door. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and I could feel the heat rising from the parking lot's asphalt. I wiped my brow and fanned my shirt as I walked past two birds fighting for what looked like a half-eaten breaded mozzarella stick. My brother recently set me up on a blind date with one of his co-workers--I only agreed to do it because my family already thinks I'm a pussy--so I figured this would stop some of the shit talking. Upon entering I walked up to the hostess; a racially ambiguous teenager with LED hoop earrings and eyebrows that were shaved off, only to be drawn back on again. She stood still--staring at her phone behind the host stand, her tied-up hair bobbing softly as she chewed her gum. My eyes wandered the stagnant Americana plastered about the walls, waiting for her to say something. "White Wedding" by Billy Idol was playing on the restaurant's speakers, and I finally began to cool down from the summer heat. Finally, she noticed me.

"O-oh! I'm sorry! Table for one? We have bar seating too, if you'd like?" she recited as she grabbed a menu for me.

"Ah, uh, thanks, but I'm actually meeting up with someone here."

"Okay, well they could be here already, what do they look like, I've been here all day"

A warm gush of air suddenly filled the entrance.

"Well it's kind of funny, I don't really kn--"

"-Jerry?!", a shrill voice yelled behind me, and all I could see was a silhouette shaped like an anthropomorphic fridge in front of the slowly closing door.

"Yeah?", was all I could get out before the shape ambushed me, pulling me into an embrace. It had to have been at least a half-foot taller than me.

When I pulled away, I was able to witness my assailant. She stood over six feet tall and was easily 450 pounds. She wore Crocs, a skirt, and a shirt with a Disney character on it. I think it was Eeyore, but I'm not too sure, because what happened next distracted me from everything else. I gazed at her bright blue eyes set in her pasty white face, with greasy strands of sandy colored hair grown to just above her shoulders.

"Nick?..." I whispered, spotting his nametag. There was horror in his eyes. "You just got puke on my shoes."

Without wasting a moment, I tackled him to the ground. He hit his head hard enough to momentarily knock him out, and upon standing up again, I stomped on his calves until I could feel his bones crack. He was moaning in pain too hard to actually cry, but I saw his hand struggling to reach for something. I immediately reached down and snatched what he was trying to grasp, and recognized that it was a box cutter.

"No....Nhh...Please. Please, don't." He weakly begged, trying to pull himself up, squeezing tears from his eyes as he winced in pain.

I wanted to slice his soul out of his mortal coil, but I had a far larger concern in this moment. I was infected. Hand sanitizer would only do so much. I began to make my way towards the kitchen doors, and the few people that actually tried to approach me were repelled by the sight of the boxcutter I was wielding. I kicked open the swinging door as I barged into the kitchen, now hearing the sounds of sirens in the distance.

"Hey man, you can't be back he--OH FUCK!" a line-cook yelped, running towards the back door.

In my peripheral vision I spotted something charging at me, and I instinctively swung the blade and watched a young black man drop, eyes wide and holding his hands to his profusely bleeding throat. His blood seeped into the cracks of square tiles and filled the lines, spreading in different directions in perfect geometry.

"Why don't they just leave me alone?" I thought to myself. I was so close.

And there it was.

Right there.

The fryer.

The fryer would purify me, both body and soul.

"He's in the kitchen!" I heard the hostess scream from beyond the doors, but it was too late.

I approached the fryer like a Christian would if they knew they stood before the grave of Christ. I bent down and took a deep breath.

And then I shoved my fucking arms into it

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh FUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!" I released a guttural scream that was laced with divine ecstasy.

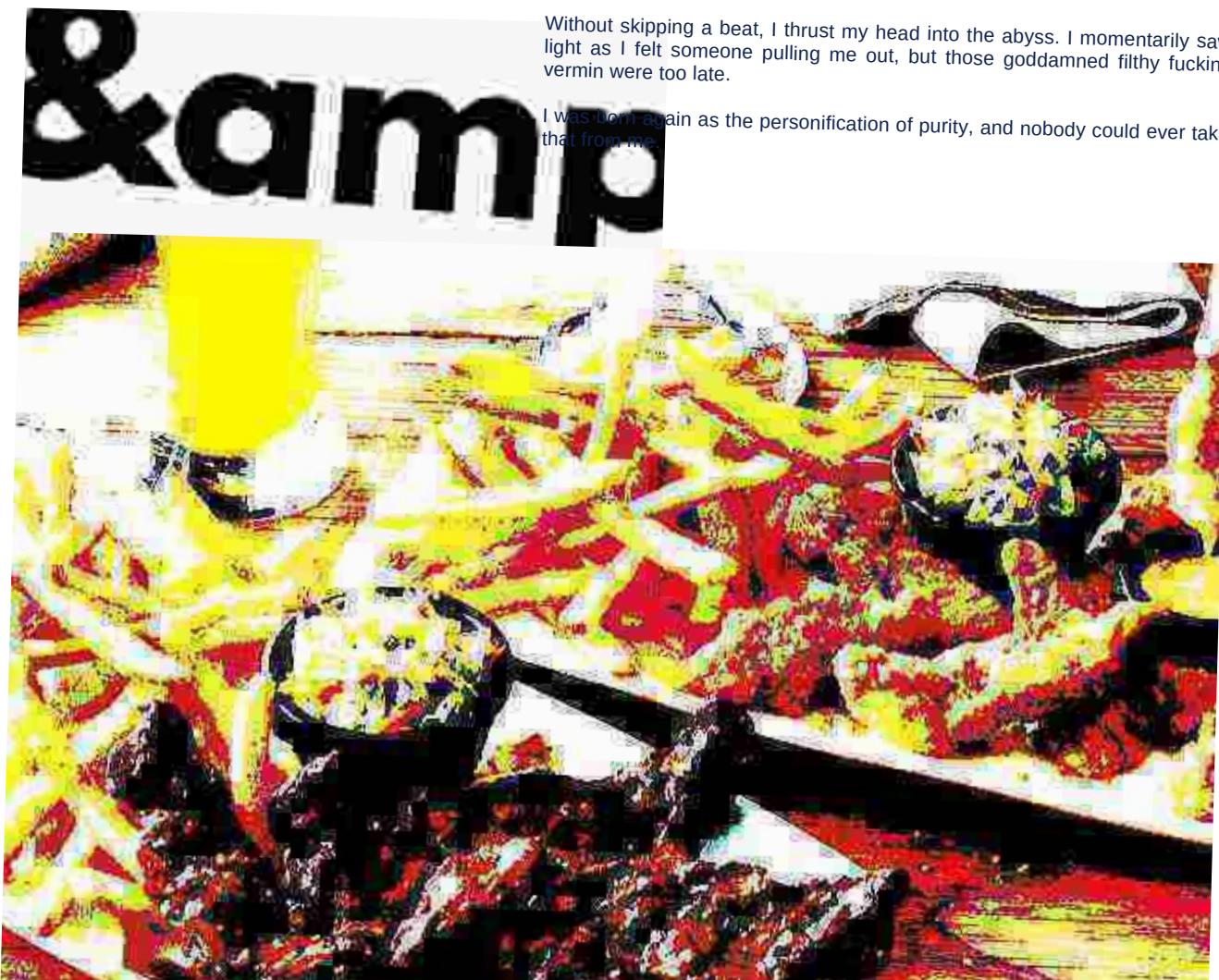
I pulled them out, and through the numb ringing in my ears, I could hear someone yell "GET ON THE FUCKING FLOOR YOU PIECE OF SHIT!" I turned my head to see two cops with guns drawn on me. I smiled at them and turned back to the altar filled with boiling canola oil.

This was it. There was no going back. Remnants from the skin on my arms boiling below me sounded like an angelic choir, welcoming me back home to the holy land.

I took a breath. And then I rapidly breathed in and out as if to make myself hyperventilate, and at last I inhaled and held my breath.

Without skipping a beat, I thrust my head into the abyss. I momentarily saw light as I felt someone pulling me out, but those goddamned filthy fucking

I was born again as the personification of purity, and nobody could ever take that away from me.



grocery story	001	JOHN
Note: For	002	SAID
brevity's sake,	003	D**N
commonly used	004	STORE
words in this	005	TWO
story were	006	ULTIMATELY
substituted with	007	PEGGY
unique integer	008	MAN
IDs, please refer	009	JIMMY
to the table	010	NOVEL

010

A foot stepped on an untied shoelace. 001 fumbled through the air and fell to the ground. The foot was his own.

“003!” 001 002, “And here I thought my mom was lying to me all these years.”

001 dusted off his Levi's® 511 Slim Fit Jeans and continued walking through the rustic wonderland that was his neighborhood. White picket A-frames dueled with double-plot Tetris® stacks for ultimate control of the neighborhood. They were united only in their dilapidation, high-crime, and prices starting in the low 900's.

At last, 001 arrived before the pristine glass doors of the local Whole Foods® Market. A motion sensor detected him, and the doors ushered open. Artic winds surrounded him. The piercing heat of summertime Texas nullified, he passed through the airlock and into the 004.

A bustle of life moved about him. Earth-toned hipsters, black-suit tipsters, and countless more non-sters all threaded through each other on their solitary tracks. They all carried the same expression, a paradoxical thing, some combination of retail therapized bliss and utter f****g annoyance.

001 walked to aisle 6, of coffee and tea, in eager pursuit of a 10 ct. box of Peet's Coffee® Columbia Luminosa K-Cups®. His hopes dashed for the umpteenth time in the past fortnight 005 weeks, he held his hands in his pocket and sighed.

"003," 001 002. "If only it wasn't so popular. If only it wasn't so delicious," but 001 didn't mean the latter, of course. For delicious things are 010 and great indeed.

He ascended to the back of the 004, beneath the great three letters: 'm,' 'i,' 'l,' and 'k.' 001 browsed the bevy of options, 006 narrowing his selection to one of 005: either, the generic whole milk, or Straus Family Creamery™ Organic Whole Milk. He chose the second option owing to the higher quality implied by its price.

001 found a few trivial goods to conclude his shopping experience. Satisfied that he had procured sufficient material to ensure his survival and comfort until his next visit in 005 days, 001 entered the line for the self-checkout area. Excluding the odd trouble with his debit card, an issue soon resolved by the attentive attendant, 007, 001 had an 006 pleasant checkout experience. As 001 began to depart, 007 looked at him, smile wide.

"Thank You." 007 002.

001 chuckled to himself. He didn't even help her, in fact the inverse was true, so why thank him? The reason was obvious to him: she was forced to as part of her job. He felt a brief pang of pity towards her.

"Have a nice day!" 001 002.

He exited the 004 and retreaded the same path from which he came, except in the opposite direction. Another 008 walked opposite to 001. Rugged, tall, and square, if you looked up conventionally attractive on Microsoft® Bing® you'd probably see a picture of him. 001 was smitten, so smitten that he absent-mindedly bumped into him as he passed. Though 001 stopped, his grocery bag did not. It fell to the ground, the Straus Family Creamery™ Organic Whole Milk landing in a patch of crunchy, beige grass.

"003," 001 002. "I'm sorry."

Picking it up, the attractive 008 examined the label.

"Huh," the 008 002, "You <option value="drink"><option value = "eat"><option value="take"> this?"

"Yeah." 001 replied.

"Cool, I'm 009." 002 009.

"001." 001 replied.

001 and 009 discussed the merits of Straus Family Creamery™ Organic Whole Milk for a few minutes, occasionally stopping to flirt or tease. 006, they exchanged REDDIT™ handles and went their separate ways.

001 went home and watched tv. The show was about firefighters, and usually involved firefighting as a key plot point, but in the episode no firefighting occurred. Instead, the characters sat at a restaurant and ate Chinese food. 001 wondered if the episode would be at all 010 were the characters not firefighters.

← by Anonymous



"Rook to b4, checkmate," OT9 said, his voice a hollow noise. The holographic pieces updated, and the board gave off a chime announcing OT9 had won.

"Well done, master. Do you wish to play another game?"

Elliot scowled, but nodded his head, and pressed the reset button. He had never beaten OT9 at chess before, but today would be different. The board flickered, and OT9 got white "Pawn e4."

Elliot made his first move, "Pawn c5. So what do you think of 2NT?" Elliot asked, naming another one of the robots on board. He interrupted just as was OT9 about to speak. "Odd that we make female robots. Why do you think that is?"

"Knight f3. Robots are created in the human bipedal image. It helps humans interact with them. It would be counter productive to only have robots of one gender as crew members of the opposite gender would feel excluded."

"Right, not an issue now, but I see the point. Back to the original question. Pawn e6."

"Pawn d4. She will require maintenance in twelve days. We are running low on several parts needed for replacing and have no means of fabricating them."

"Think of a solution for that, if you can. Pawn takes pawn at d4."

"Very well, master. Knight takes pawn at d4."

"But I was asking you what you thought of her as a, well I guess not person, but as a colleague? Pawn a6." Elliot examined the board, wondering if his ploy would work.

"Knight c3. She performs all duties quite admirably."

"So do you like her?"

"Of course."

"Knight c6. Do you love her?" Elliot pressed.

"I am not a being capable of love," OT9 answered.

"Do you think I'll ever be loved? It's rather cold, turn the room temperature up ten degrees."

"Of course." They waited a moment then the heating system kicked in with a rumble. "We will find you someone, until then you have us."

"You just said you were incapable of love, resolve this contradiction," he ordered.

OT9 whirred slightly. "I cannot, perhaps I misspoke. Bishop e3. Master, you should focus on the game not asking me questions."

"Of course, Knight f6. I could use some help, why don't you ask something then, divide your attention."

"Very well, how would you describe my chassis?" None of the droids were capable of intoning properly, and OT9 failed to raise the pitch at the end that let someone know it was a question.

"Golden, three shades redder than true, slightly damaged on the right side after that reactor malfunction from a year ago. I didn't mean something simple, ask me a question of the soul. Aren't you curious about it, just assemble ten problems you can't find a solution for, and ask me one."

"Bishop d3. Very well, Why did I say I am incapable of love, and then say I loved you?"

"Zounds OT9, pawn d5," Elliot spat. "I mean something spiritual, a logic stack problem is something you could figure out if you tried. I want you to ask me something that only a formless soul floating in space can contemplate, something beyond what a bunch of circuits can consider."

"Pawn takes pawn at d5. A moment then."

Elliot tapped his leg considering if OT9 had fallen for the trap. "Pawn take pawn at d5."

"Castle king side." Elliot perked up seeing the defensive play.

"Bishop d6."

"Knight takes Knight at c6. What colour is the soul?" OT9 asked having finally come up with a question.

"That's an interesting one, still on colour though. Pawn takes Knight at c6. Probably different for everyone but what's mine, what do you think?"

"Black. Bishop d4."

"Didn't even think about it, you wound me." Elliot joked

"I'm sorry sir, please accept my deepest apology." OT9 said interrupting Elliot.

"I was joking," he explained. "One color is too simple anyways. A blue center to begin with, light blue like those pictures of earth sky. Then a few thin layers of green, yellow, deeper, but still bright. The thinnest layer of red, blood red, one pixel. Then a massive black band, thicker than all the rest together. Slowly it fades to grey, then we see a few flashes of colour, scattered and washed out. Eventually there are stretches of pale orange, yellow, and green. But all of it, and I mean all of it, even back into the happy blue, is shot through with the tendrils reaching out from the black. It infects everything." Elliot cleared his throat, suddenly remembering the game. "um, Castle king side."

"Queen f3."

"Bishop e6"

"Rook e1. I have updated my colour theory and now think your soul is golden, master." OT9 intoned.

"Thanks OT9. Pawn c5. Bump the temperature another five degrees, maybe I'm coming down with something."

"Of course. Bishop takes knight f6."

Elliot sighed. "Tell me a joke OT9, and something I haven't heard before."

"What makes space rocks better than terrestrial rocks?" OT9 asked, missing the tone that implies a question is actually a joke.

"I don't know, Queen takes Bishop f6." Elliot recited.

"Queen takes Queen f6. Space rocks are a little meteor." OT9 replied, as always butchering the punchline.

"OT9 you are aware there is such a thing as inflection right, look it up. Look this is how you tell a joke, pay attention now. An astrophysicist and a plumber sit next to each other at the bar. The astrophysicist sees the plumber is drawing something on a napkin. He studies it for a moment than says. 'You're using the wrong solution for the Lane-Emden, n should only equal zero with rocky planets."

So the plumber replies. "I can't use a higher solution on this problem, after all the density of the problem is a lot less than rocks, but the model couldn't handle it."

The astrophysicist is stunned. "What model are you using?"

"The flushmaster 4200, and I don't know what brand Lane-Emden is. I just use regular cleaner." Elliot finished the joke, and looked at OT9. "Pawn takes Queen f6. Did you get it?"

"I am confused on several points I must admit. Rook d1."

"Rook d8. I refuse to explain a joke, just figure humour out for yourself."

"Very well. Bishop e2. I have resolved the issue of 2NT's maintenance. We have forty-three active droids on board, but we could operate the ship with a minimum number of seventeen. If we decommission twenty-six droids we could use their parts to extend the lifespan of the remaining seventeen."

"Chop up your friends for parts?" Elliot asked with horror. "Rook to b8."

"Pawn b3. It's what is necessary, would you like to pick the droids, master?"

"Run the numbers on who would be best to decommission. Figure out what gives us the longest lifespan. Pawn c4."

"Very well. Knight takes Pawn d5."

"Bishop takes Knight d5."

"It would be efficient to decommission myself, 2NT," OT9 rattled off the rest of list. "Do you find this acceptable."

"I can't have you shut down until I win."

"You have won, four years and twenty-three days ago. You ordered me to let you win after losing several times."

"That doesn't count obviously. Run the odds on me winning, discounting all the times I've ordered you to lose." Elliot's board position was the best he'd had for a long time, he focused not wanting to throw away his lead. "Another few degrees warmer, if you please."

"Very well. Rook takes Bishop d5. One to fifty-six hundred."

"Always hope then. We will draw lots for it, I guess."

"You mean, us droids will, you cannot be decommissioned."

"You say that, but how long could the ship remain operational without me? Bishop takes Pawn h2."

"Queen takes Bishop h2. Indefinitely."

"And how long will we last with the droid decommissioning?"

"Fourteen years, about."

"Rook takes Rook d5. Run the numbers if we keep all units operational."

Elliot ordered, serious, seeing where OT9 had misled him.

"All units?"

"Assuming we take parts from healthier droids to keep everyone functioning."

"Bishop takes pawn c4. Five and a half years, perhaps."

"Figure out the exact details for that then. We will go with that. Rook to d2, If I'm still on the ship by then I have bigger problems."

"Bishop takes Pawn a2. If you insist, you're in charge."

"Keep that insubordinate tone and I'll change my mind and have you for scrap." Elliot didn't slow down, and kept going. "OT9, do you think someone can be happy alone?"

"Happiness comes from within one's own consciousness," OT9 replied.

"Rook takes pawn c2. But would you be happy, cut off from the rest of the ship?"

"I do not feel emotions as you do, but it would be non-ideal. Rook to e2."

Elliot spoke again beginning to sweat. "But we're always alone anyways, when you close your eyes, it's just you in the void."

"I am unable to imagine the concept."

"Rook takes Rook e2. Try OT9, for me," Elliot asked.

OT9's lenses went dark, and Elliot could hear his disks spin faster. "The process doesn't seem to output anything. Bishop takes Rook e2."

"It was worth a shot. I'm afraid you make a poor philosopher. Rook d8."

"Don't be afraid, master. I will be here for you," OT9 replied immediately, interrupting himself saying his next move. "Pawn a4," he finished.

"But how do you see yourself?"

"There are several mirrors on the ship."

"For the rest of this game, except for my moves could you assume I am not talking literally. Rook d2. Do you see yourself in perspective to the rest of the ship, or do you see the ship in perspective to yourself?"

"I believe you're working towards some point about the ego, but I do not possess one."

Elliot pulled his shirt away from where it was sticking to his chest. "Just put the temperature to forty five, that will suit me. Simulate an ego then." The heating system grew louder as it worked hard to heat the room past what it was meant to.

"Bishop c4. That is impossible, my programming forbids me from generating an ego."

"To keep you from killing everyone."

"Correct master," OT9 replied blasé.

"Really? Rook a2. Well maybe I'll crack you open and see what can be done. After all what's the worst that could happen."

"You could die master. Bishop c4"

"Rook a2. We all die someday OT9." They were approaching the endgame, and if he didn't screw up Elliot would win.

"Except us robots, I have finished the calculations on keeping as many droids active as possible for the maximum time. We could maintain for six years and two months, except for 4TX there are no ways to swap out the core shaft, and his will break down in eight months."

"It got damaged when he saved the ship from that asteroid right?"

"Yes master. King g3."

"Then being turned off isn't good enough, he's a hero. Start constructing a simulation, a heaven for us to move his processor into. Make it grand, if we can't save someone then we aren't just going to let them rot, or die, or I suppose rust. King f8."

"King f3. Our components are immune to oxidization."

"Then not rust, but disintegrated by some chemical, there are chemicals that do that I assume. Make a list of what we can make to disintegrate the parts we don't need. We're not having a bunch of corpses, or whatever you want to call them, sitting around. It would be depressing. King e7."

"If it would make you happy, I shall begin immediately. Pawn g4."

"Happy might be an overstatement, but less depressed sure. Pawn f5."

"Pawn takes Pawn f5."

"Pawn f6." Elliot said, then laughed having finally put OT9 on the ropes.

"I think I may lose. Bishop g8."

"Pawn h6."

"King g3."

"King d6. Hey OT9 how about you stop working on all the problems I gave you so you can process losing with a hundred percent."

"King f3."

"Rook a1."

"King g2. I wish to concede master."

"King e5. Oh no I want to enjoy this. Speaking of turn the heat back down to normal before I'm sitting in a puddle of sweat."

"Bishop e6."

"King f4."

"Bishop d7. This is quite rude refusing concession, not what a good boy would do." OT9 said approaching reproachful.

"Rook b1."

"Bishop e6. You're greed may be your downfall, it is not impossible for me to win."

"Rook b2." Elliot shut up and concentrated, worried he might have celebrated to soon.

"Bishop c4."

"Rook a2."

"Bishop e6."

"Pawn h5. You may concede if you wish." It would be a slog to tighten the noose on OT9, and he would like to take a shower.

"Bishop d7. I concede."

"I win!" Elliot shouted, he tried to slap the tabletop but his hand passed right through. "Hahaha, after ten years I finally won OT9."

"Congratulations, master," OT9 replied.

"Come on, you can at least pretend to be upset."

"Very well, master. I can't believe you tricked me into diverting processing power away until I was less intelligent than you. I would have thought such a thing was impossible." OT9 said lacking any emotion.

Elliot was stunned. "That was actually a good insult."

"My apologies master, I phrased it poorly, I meant, I was not clever enough to have thought of such a plan."

"That makes more sense." Elliot rolled his eyes. "Well it is getting late, I think I'll turn in for the night."

"Goodnight master."

Elliot walked through the perfectly clean halls of the ship heading for his parents room. It was the only room in the ship that he didn't allow the droids in. After the attack he had them sterilize the entire ship, except it. The smells of his parents had long since faded, and been replaced with his own smell, but still it was the only room in the ship that smelled like humans. He crawled into the large bed and he went to sleep, alone. He had thought winning would make him happy and it had, but now what? He flipped over the damp pillow and tried to convince himself in the morning, this time, the scanners would find something, anything, anyone.

CHECKMATE

BY ANONYMOUS

Did you watch the Super Bowl?

The scene opens to a black and white footage of 6 German soldiers riding on top of tiger and panzer tanks. The footage is crackly, the men are young, they are happy, and they are the Wehrmacht. The scene quickly changes to the 6 men dug in trenches. They are sharing cigarettes, and looking over sandbags, and looking at a snow-covered city. We see buildings explode. We see them fire off their Mausers with rapid precision and drop scores of the Red Army as heavy snow covers them. We see the group of men be reduced to 5. Then we see the winter taking its toll. The group is down to 4. We see frozen Germans. We see advancing Soviet T-34's and the retreating Germans. We see the once unstoppable panzers and tigers now blown up and smoldering in the snow. We see prisoners of war and our original group is down to 3. We cut to a montage of Germany being bombed from all sides. Dresden, Berlin, Munich, are blown to bits. We cut to Adolph Hitler walking through the ruins of Berlin, in the crowds of soldiers are our 3 men. Hitler is distraught. He has lost faith in the German people. We cut to the final battle of Berlin our group of men is down to 2. Then the war ends. One of the remaining 2 men is taken away by a mob and left shot to death in the ruins of the Reichstag building. There is only one man now from our group of 6 we saw in the beginning. We see him fold his war uniform, place it in a trunk, and cover it with newspapers. We see the man return to civilian life. He works in a factory. He sees the Berlin wall built. He meets a woman. He marries. He has a child. A son. We see the man tell his son a bed time story. The man holds his arms and shivers, and then mimes a rifle motions, the man shakes his fist, and his son is enthralled

by his father's story. The boy grows up, he excels in school, and he enters university. We see him sketching cars when he should be taking notes in class. We see a professor hand him a paper covered in complex math formulas with a red "A+" written on it, the professor smiles, and the boy smiles with excitement. We see the boy at graduation. His parents have aged tremendously. The boy is then seen working as a junior engineer. He is busy, but seems to be enjoying the challenge. We see a quick montage of the boy aging and his scope of responsibility growing as the years go by. The scenes cut faster and faster until they are a blur. And then they stop to a close up of the boy. He is now in his early 60s. He has much grey hair and a mustache. He has put on weight and many wrinkles. The camera is on his face for 1 second of silence and then we hear a knock on a door. The man answers in German "Yes". We hear the door open, a young voice politely says, "Sir you must come down and see the new model" The man's face is stoic and melancholy. He starts to get up. The camera shows the door knocker, he is young and smiling half leaning through the door. The scene cuts to an Audi A6 sedan on a factory floor. It is shiny and magnificent. There are men in white coats with clipboards pointing at it and each other's clip boards. The boy (now old man) walks slowly to the car. His young door knocker is still very enthusiastic looking. The men with the clip boards rush over the to the old man and start babbling in German. The old man sharply raises one finger and they all stop. "How does it handle in the snow?" he asks with authority. The clip board men are all nervous. The young door knocker still enthusiastic looks squarely at the old man and with a smile proudly announces,

“Wonderful!” The old man’s eyebrows shoot up and his eyes grow as large as physically possible. The scene cuts to black. Then four overlapping silver rings shine in from the darkness and in sharp red font the word “Audi” appears.





From the Office of Luca C

The Case of Dutch Literature

PREFACE

This essay is written as an observation, diagnoses, lament and eulogy to Dutch literature by a literature enthusiast who is concerned about the (non-existing) influence that Dutch and Flemish writers have on this world. This is merely my point of view and the light that I shine on this subject will probably cast only more darkness over this subject than there already has.

INTRODUCTION

An Englishman an Irishman and a Scotsman walk into a bar. It's an old adage to many a joke, each a play at a peoples' expense. Now imagine many people of many nations sitting around a bar. For once the national poking isn't on bravery in war, the state of politics or the ugliness of certain women. On this occasion, the discussion revolves on the highest form of art; the art of the world, literature. Jingoistic boasting hails from all fronts, The Englishman reels off Chaucer, Wordsworth and Milton amongst a mountain of others. The Frenchman names Proust, The German Goethe and the Russian Tolstoy. A barrage of names and novel ensues, and the biggest names are often found in the smallest of places; Joyce, Pessoa, Kafka. Through patriotic huffs, even the humblest Scotsman finds Robbie Burns, the Swede Strindberg, even the Romanian has Cioran. There is however, a single exception, the victim of this sick joke; the Dutchman. Asked to recount a famous poet of note, a novelist or philosopher, and the Dutchman remained silent. There was nothing to say. The Dutchman left the table and started crying. I will explain why the Dutchman was forced to leave, and why, in all likelihood, he won't be returning soon. His departure was a consequence of himself, his language and his writers.

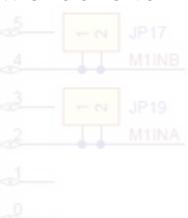


ON THE PROBLEMS OF DUTCH IDENTITY & NATIONALITY

“The boundaries of my language represent the boundaries of my world.”

Wittgenstein

To understand a language and its literature we must first understand the native speakers of this language. Only then can we grasp, understand the world of this language and know why its literature doesn't have a significant impact on the international stage. One easily hears and reads the difference between German and French writers, which is logical; they are two different worlds. Now let us look at a mostly unknown world. The Netherlands is a very prosperous country. With one of the highest standards of living it is one of the best places to be. It has a welfare state and proper education system that teaches pupils a lot. But – a large but – what hasn't been learnt (orunderstood for that matter) until now is the appreciation of art and the effect it has on society. And it would be foolish to only blame the education system. We Dutch are to blame as well. Never in the world has there lived a people so unaware and ignorant to its own art. There once had to be a time when they weren't. There has to be, otherwise all these cathedrals, churches and beautiful palaces wouldn't have been built. But in vain... these forefathers have died long ago and now we are left with their practical, dull and shallow offspring. “What is art? What is language? What is poetry?”, so the Dutchman asks. His world is a modern one, an economical one. “Who has time to write a book?”, he asks himself. “And who has time to read one?”, he asks himself again. “Is it profitable to write a book? Can I make a living out of it?” Reading is leisure and there is no time to sit around and think. Money has to be made until the sun sets. Then he sits down on his lazy couch and worries about things he has seen on the news, worries about what Netflix series to watch, worries about if there are still snacks left in the cupboard.



But I hear you think: "Isn't this a problem of all modern men, of all modern countries?", and I would have to say yes. Of course every modern nation has a high and low culture. People who are interested in art and who are not, but there is a claim to make that in the Netherlands the people have never cared about their art or language for that matter at all. And if they cared about it, it would be painting or music but never literature. There are other small countries that don't have a big impact on international literature. Think about Denmark and Norway, but these countries respect their language a lot more and their national literary tradition as well. Only in high circles of Dutch culture – a place full of pseudo-intellectuals and leftists – are people really concerned about the rape of our language which is committed by more than 90% of Dutch citizens. This disregard for national literature or art is not only a problem of literature or art but also one of national pride. The Dutch are one of the most anti-nationalistic people that there are. It would be a hard chase for a people that hate its own identity more than the Dutch. When someone claims to be proud of the Netherlands or claims to be amazed about our history one immediately is called a right wing extremist. Even I, the diagnoser of this masochistic disease, feel a kind pathetic disgust to be proud of my own country. If a people can not be proud of its country and its history, how can it celebrate its literary tradition? How can it build up a canon? It can't and therefore doesn't have one.

ON THE PROBLEMS OF DUTCH IDENTITY & NATIONALITY

"You should keep in mind that the Netherlands is a small country and in many ways it is a disadvantage to be born in a small country. [...] The Netherlands has nothing at all, I find that so terribly sad."

W.F. Hermans

When we look at countries like England or Germany we can see a lot of writers from the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th century that are read spontaneously by readers across the world. For England we have Shakespeare, Milton, Defoe, Wordsworth and Dickens. In Germany we have poets like Herder, Hölderlin, philosophers like Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, Schelling, Fichte and Schopenhauer and of course Goethe and Schiller. In the Netherlands there is only one writer from the 19th century who is spontaneously read. He is maybe the most famous writer from the Netherlands, Multatuli. Other than outside of school or university no other writers are read by a literary audience. The only reason that the playwrights from the 17th century such as Joost van den Vondel and P.C. Hooft are still read is because students are forced to read them. Of course writers like Spinoza and maybe Erasmus are still read, but these philosophers wrote their books in Latin. Therefore I don't see them as part of the Dutch literary tradition. Of course they are important, but for this essay I only focus on books written in Dutch. The reasons for this poor literary tradition cannot be the fault of the Dutchman alone, it can also be found in the problem of having a small language base. The most famous work from Joost van den Vondel is the *Gysbrecht van Aemstel*. A play that is based on the fall of Troy, situated in medieval Amsterdam. This work is almost unreadable for modern Dutch speakers without annotations. Even works from the beginning of the 20th century have a whole different spelling and an archaic vocabulary. From this it can be concluded that the Dutch language has changed much faster than other languages like French, English, German and Spanish. The hypothesis that I propose for this quicker evolution in language is the size of the language speaking population. The smaller and less dense a population the faster a language changes. This is due to argotic language, dialects – which the Dutch have a lot – and mistakes in grammar and spelling. If there are less people to correct each other on their errors than these errors become the norm. Also with an additional disregard and disrespect for language, grammar and spelling change even quicker. If a language changes too much, than we can't understand our past. We can't read our old writers and poets and can't build a Dutch canon. How to change this rapid evolution of language into a slower one like German or English, I do not know. The experts on Dutch language speech for stricter rules in grammar and spelling, but I propose that this only causes further alienation from the Dutch speaking base.

ON THE PROBLEMS OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

“To the mediocre, mediocrity is a form of happiness.”

Nietzsche

We Dutch are like our land below the see. Flat, practical, tasteless, boring and small. And of course our writers are as well. In the last 20 years there hasn't been written one major work that was groundbreaking in Dutch literature. The last great (post-war) writers had their best work published from 1950 to 1980. Maybe in this period we find a handful of works that are translated and read by a small international group of readers. After 1980 I can still name a few books that were groundbreaking. After 2000 I can name none. Of course there are some contemporary writers which have written good novels, but nothing grand, nothing impactful, nothing great like a Multatuli or Hermans. One could argue that the post-war writers had a huge pile of material to work from. Namely WW2. This of course is true. Reve, Mulisch and Hermans (the great three post-war writers) wrote a lot about the war. But this shouldn't be an excuse for contemporary writers to not have any material. Modern life gives heaps upon heaps of material to work from. Just look at the American novelists. But alas, they don't. Even postmodern writers can't be found in this sea and marsh of a land. Almost all writers from the Netherlands still write 19th century style novels. No experimentation, no new form, no nothing. I won't say that everything that is written now is bad, but it will never impactful on an international level. We Dutch are doomed to read our mediocre contemporaries until... I don't know when.



ON THE PROBLEMS OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

“Optimism is cowardice.”

Spengler

The Dutchman... I can only imagine how he felt when leaving that table, when leaving that restaurant. It must have been a feeling of shame, a feeling of self-doubt. Knowing that his best days were behind him. Like an elderly man sitting in a chair, gazing out of a dusty window, lamenting his bygone years. I weep for him. But is there nothing to celebrate? Nothing to cheer for? Nothing to hope for? There must be a flock of fresh new writers on the horizon, right? As an optimist, I can only say yes. Yes there are new writers coming. Saving and redeeming Dutch literature and bringing it to a higher sphere! But optimism has a lot of problems (we could write hundreds of essays on the problems of optimism). One of these problems is naivety. In my heart I wish for a new dawn of national pride in the form of great literary works. But my brain knows that it's very unlikely. “The best times are behind me”, weeps the elderly man. Therefore I can only be an old whaler on a stormy sea with a thirsty heart and salty tears. Forever waiting for my white whale to come.



The Case of Dutch Literature From the Office of Luca C



Counter Circuit



Stealing from yourself®



There might be no greater shame than looking out the window and seeing nothing but empty asphalt that hates you back. Maybe there is retribution in sealing yourself away in this far away world where nothing happens except the dim silver trucks rolling by with their logos of conglomerated companies or the echoes of quick pings of signs that flicker in the late autumn days, their neon testing its own rest point, but that same sense of familiarity and abscission from society can most likely hurt you in the long run.

It was only the inhabitants of Bristol Indiana that were able to care so much about McDonalds. The monolith and the little agents underneath running around trying to make tapestries out of sand in the windiest climate where nothing seems to stick except lots of snow and the growing paunches and indigestion and general ignorance, there was a passion for sitting planned every day for a small rebellion against the bright lights of some urban ordering sign and the dollars foisted across counters by homeless men hoping to buy a sandwich that would only make them hungrier. No, it was the same food out here, but there was a different agenda in the air.

Like the linoleum of the old diner that was out of business down the road, the torn and holed fabrics on the old people's arms filled up the booth and the swirls of near toxic mist rose up out of the reusable coffee cups, the paper already stained but facing a morning of constant abuse as the denizens of Bristol got together to discuss.

Talk about what? No tablet of affirmation of what was progressing or a docket describing a happy life, but some infatuation with what was broken. The way things were

going poorly, the way the young people were off in the city, burrowed into dingy apartments in the city that they paid for with gold. The way their daughters' faces were growing gaunt as their grandchildren passed on into bliss cradled over the side of a bed with nowhere else to go but Elysium and the fentanyl store where no one would miss them except for the image of them in the gates' possibilities that had them as tall men and women that could make children and build buildings and order food for their relatives at sit down restaurants scattered along a highway. It is a terrible burden to bear, to have to imagine sitting down at this table imported from some mysterious place and drinking coffee that is designed to kill you and dining on food that is going to kill you faster, infinite of it, to hold out and to whisper into your coffee as you cool it down that you understand what's in front of you, and you won't give up.

Because despite all of the sucking that comes out of a burger store in the middle of Bristol, the people still care. They still want to talk about the world, even if they grow more and more infantile with the passing days, as they recourse to their rooms in their shoddy old homes and watch the televisions that help them detach further from the broad sunsets on flat land or the swaying of the grasses in the farm fields that are eerily silent, the way they used to make snow angels in the grasses that made hills down to the lake where the kids would ice skate and the high school gym instructor would store his bottles.

It was some kind of heaven that they lived in where they had nothing but themselves to reckon with, sharp minds and good prospects and coming off of the last wars that mankind would ever experience.

So in a way it was simple, what they were talking about. Howard started with the premise that his sister was going to die soon, because diabetes was getting bad and her one leg was twice the size of the other. They could see it in his eyes and his greying skin that he was destined for the same thing soon. George was as thin as he always was, seemingly immune to the sweets that he consumed day in and day out, which were plaguing his gums and making his bite get progressively worse and worse as the teeth rotted away. And Christian was a good pious man, but it did nothing to stop him from flying to Las Vegas once every four months to waste the money that social security gave him. They all had their vices and they all agreed to merely skirt around them as opposed to engage with them in a way that would bring about the first simplicity of what they were talking about, which would be far too depressing.

The truth was, ever since the atomic bomb dropped while their fathers' war was coming to an end, there stopped being any real reason for war. Like two dogs that realized that they couldn't fight each other or else they'd kill their own owners, they realized that defending their corporeality was a moot point when the nuclear bomb would end all conflict anyway. They would squirrel away some conflict in traditional conflict areas, but by and large, the fighting was over. They were more peaceful than they could ever imagine. The best one could hope for was squabbles over this and that, but no one was really willing to ruin the Earth altogether through nuclear war.

And because there was no purpose in fighting, it didn't make any sense to continue to get taller or to care about their country, because they weren't really fighting anything anymore. The countryside was subdued, and there was no need to fight the Indians anymore, because they'd killed them all, and there was no reason to go exploring anywhere else, because they were in the best land in the world. Sure, there might come a time where conflict in trade or culture might endanger who they were or their situation, but it wouldn't happen in their lifetime,

and there was no way anyone would consider it worthwhile to go all the way out to Bristol to fight some guys at a McDonalds that were having breakfast of infinite coffee and some hotcakes.

The hotcakes cost extra, and they paid.

There was a mettle to them though that was conducive to fighting. They fought when they came to America to build what they had, and for a while, it was in the state's best interest to make smart individuals that could send spaceships to the moon or to Vietnam to know how to find mines in rivers. Or, there was a reason that they needed people that were technically proficient, so that they could start the digital revolution that would press forward into a century where technology was everywhere and was frankly all consuming, without any semblance of appetite. But now there was no use for them anymore, so they sat here at the table, the way that they were instructed, slowly sliding into nothingness and the malaise of watching the blinking signs and the tents on the table and the plastic trays and the glint of the mist collecting in oily pools outside as the night set on and the snowbanks got greyer and the expense of their lives came due.

Let other people do the important things, they thought as they discussed nothing at all, burning away time and watching the day go by, as each crawled into bed that was furnished with sheets that were actually a lot higher quality than one could buy in stores today, because they were so old that they came from the era where people looked critically at what they made and did not simply make it because it was the cheapest way to weave fabric together and still claim that the thread count was hospitable. In fact, they were quite comfortable, even though there was a nagging sense of theft in the air.



There was the theft of all of this time because even though their children were dying and there was no recourse out onto the parking lot, they still stuck through it and they imagined further. Some of them turned to deviance, the frailties of human composition burning away in their heart and waiting to get out, the violation of the rules that they had because they were raised right. They would consign themselves to the claim that many people of a younger age also find, which is that, if we're going to lose our humanity soon because things are going so fast and we're losing control of what it means to be human, who are we to not enjoy it while it lasts? It's the same devilish look that a young man in California gets in his eyes when he lines up with several of his friends in front of high girls and takes turns on them, gouging in and out of the dignity that used to protect a system of life that is all but forgotten and certainly not at the bottom of these coffee cups.

So the second conclusion was that they were unnecessary because there were no longer any wars to be fought. They were reasonable people and they saw that justice was important, but they also felt and decided to not talk about how it would not change anything when they were impelled to lay their sins before god. When Christian got up in the morning and slowly wandered in front of the mirror that he had got at a friend's estate sale that came all the way from Charleston before the compound had burned down later, the last non-effigy from the plantation home, he didn't see someone that was at risk of not involving himself with the wonders of the world as they related to what was right and wrong and who should be in office tomorrow, but rather in terms of his mortality, his own escapism that was here now, when he would wander to and fro with his friends from the tiles upon which the workers gave them their hotcakes to figure out what they were going to do this weekend, whether it was going to be nothing or nothing, the same bliss in working with tools in a play sand castle that was going to be washed away by waves anyway.

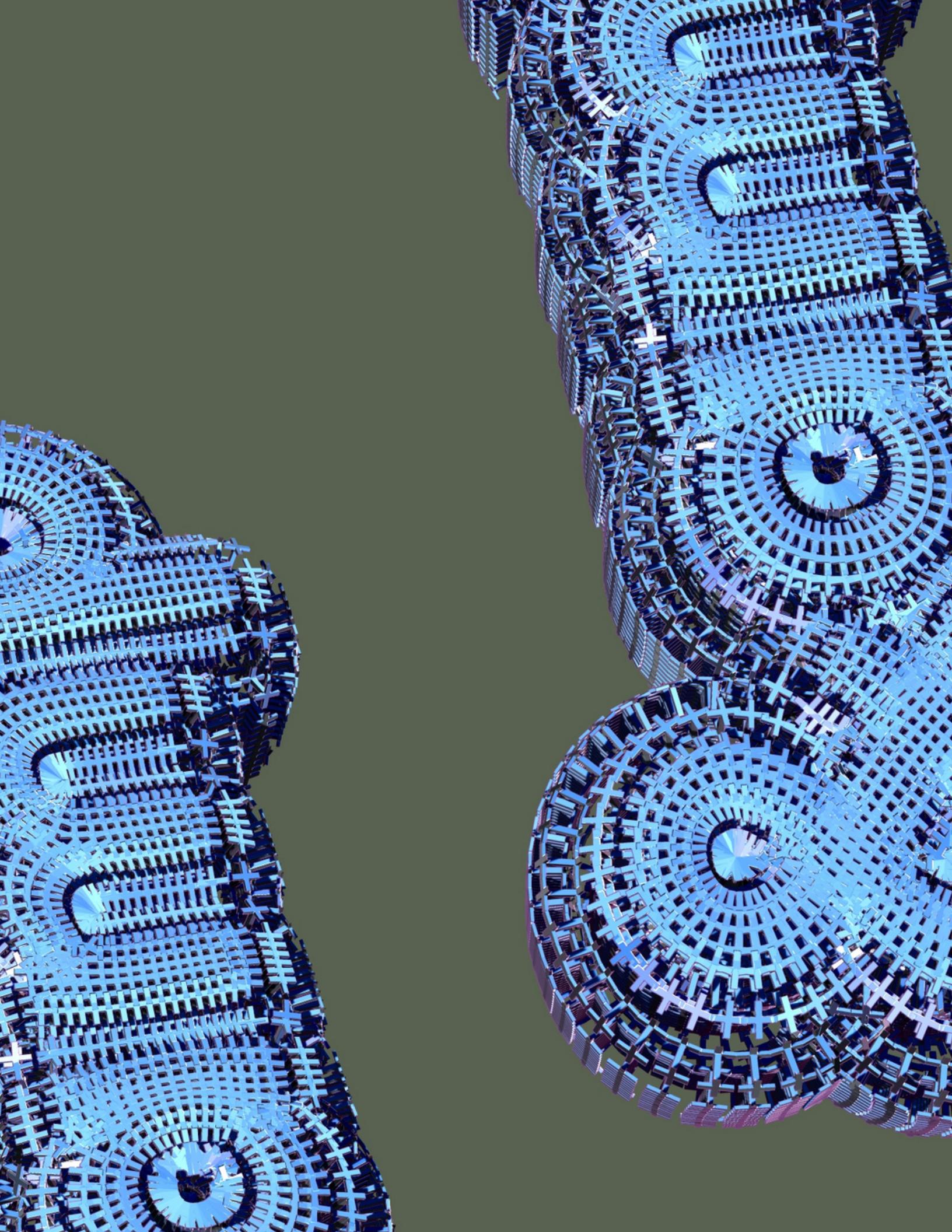
George thought of his high school experience.

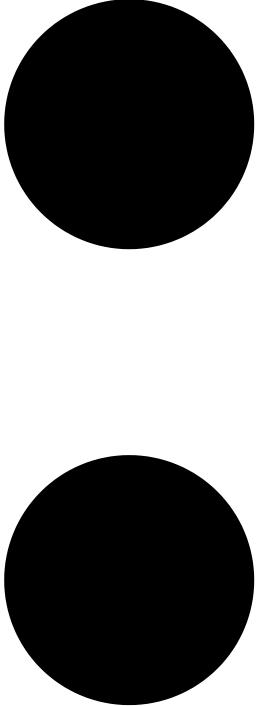
Howard was worried about his relatives but for the most part he understood that it was the way things were. The best of them, the flower of their generation, was off somewhere making a lot of money in New York, working at a big bank. He actually looked a lot like Howard, with the same sharp hairline and the good jaw that was used for looking at things with an eye for detail, like Howard would look at machinery when he was still working, or when John Deere still sold tractors that he could work on, or when he cared enough to buy new things for his house instead of just leaving them broken. How many garages were out there filled with tools that did nothing? You could write a whole novel about all the things it takes to redo the air compressor in the gas station parking lot next to them, because it really needed to be replaced, but the townspeople were no longer interested in fixing air compressors. Bristol only needed one after all, and eventually they'd all die and then cars without tires would not need the air compressors, just like the old figures that they cut in the glass windows that needed to be washed were remnants of a time when people took pride in making every individual happy and prosperous, each of these Americans, such a strong word, each of these Americans at their full stature so that they could enterprise and undergo, a generation removed from where conflict was dead and it was just little children falling over each other to get the last candy bar out of a sinking ship.

Better to die while looking at the stars, George said, speaking about his friend Elijah who had died so soon the other day, at the young age of sixty-seven. Elijah shot himself on his ranch because he didn't want to live with Parkinson's. Just like Donald Tober, the Jew in New York who made SweetN' Low, which they served at the old café down the street.



Does the Town have hazardous waste pickup? no





The Physical Impossibility of Breaking Up in the Mind of Someone Still Dating

13 students this semester, pamphlets in hand.

Gathered on the colonnaded overlook by the massive General Grant National Memorial, the lector begins boldly:

“On a cold, overcast afternoon Andrew, Our Glorious Predecessor in the Faith, met the First at this spot in the last month of his Freshman Fall. The honeymoon season was over, the realities of their differences became clear. It was the beginning of Andrew’s path. The First Move - a short hug. The Last Words - ‘I’m sorry it didn’t work out, it was fun.’ The Last Move - a short hug. She left, he stayed.”

- *“Thus!”* came the response.

“Andrew broke free of the temptation to abide in the superficialities of purely physical relationships.”

- *“May our spirits move with his!”*

“Truly it was a glorious and well-founded freedom he found.”

- *“We believe it to be so!”*

The group moves across campus to the Barnard gates, stopping just underneath the gothic metalwork. The lector, now a little uncomfortable:

“On another cold day, Andrew arrives early during the first week of his Junior year. He has chosen Barnard College as the location for the Second, assuming he could without regret avoid this campus for the rest of his life. Anxiety is the dominant emotion; the Event is unexpected - he knows not the justifications the Third will bring. The First Move - they sit side by side. The Last Words - ‘I wish you would have been a little angrier with me.’ The Last Move - a handshake. She left, he laughed.

- *“Thus!”* the small crowd squeaked.

“Andrew broke free of the temptation to attach himself to things ever-changing!”

- *“May our spirits move with his!”*

“Truly it was a glorious and well-founded freedom he found.”

- *“We believe it to be so!”*

A short subway trip downtown (116th to 59th on the 1 train) is followed by a Eastward procession to the Trump Wollman rink in Central Park. The ride and walk are observed in strict silence. The lector leads the group to the park-integrated bridge which passes over the rink’s sitting area. The half-circle reformed.

The homily comes before the final Lesson. The lector, face red:

“Thanks for coming this year everyone. History repeats itself in the cold weather. My reflections will be brief; who dares say they believe in unmarried friendship between man and w*man? Boyfriend and girlfriend know each other best, yet it is most often a sickening perversion when they remain friends after the Event.

The Last Words, which should impart a finality and serve as a starting point for meditation, are trampled upon and disregarded. I implore you, my brethren, leave the dead to bury their own dead! Make your moves quickly, both at the beginning and at the end, avoiding immediately and with all zeal the accursed ‘friendzone.’ Said zone, now unfashionable to mention among the allegedly non-cringe, is indeed a true reality, and we would do well to remember the ease with which one falls into the hellish pits of cold mediocrity and eff*minacy. Our society justly admits to its membership only those seekers who have tried and failed with a w*man - the friendzoned perilously experience again the pre-Awakened state, and must repent to take up again the path towards the Final Truth.”

The lector, arriving now at his favorite bit, with real sadness:

“On a December evening, the coldest yet, after a wonderful time ice-skating, Andrew and the Third walk to this spot. The final semester upon them, the Third had decided. Andrew had found his vocation. The First Move - sh* takes his hand. The Last Words - ‘you really weren’t all that into it were you?’ The Last Move - a kiss. They left.

- *“Thus!” the men rang.*

“Andrew was the first to discover the Final Truth, and Path leading towards it!”

- *“May our spirits move with his!”*

“Truly it was a glorious and well-founded freedom he found!”

- *“We believe it to be so!”*

“Now we shall remember the fallen brethren of Fall Semesters Past, most especially calling to mind our latest to suffer, Jonathan M., class of ‘23, who lost his g*rlfriend last month, after she joined Zeta.”

“2014 December - Alex R., lost his g*rlfriend of 12 months at the entrance to Grant Tomb, due to h*r impending semester abroad in Paris.”

“2015 September - Tom P., lost his g*rlfriend of 13 months in Riverside Park, a result of his infidelity.”

“2015 December - John R., was categorically rejected by a crush of 24 months outside the 115th street Shake Shack.”

“2017 September - Jonathan C., lost his g*rlfriend of 4 months in Morningside Park, after asking to move the relationship to a ‘new level’”

“2018 November - Nicholas I., lost his g*rlfriend of 20 months due to his strict standards regarding dental hygiene”

“2019 October - Paul F., was forced to reject a crush of 15 months due to learning of certain past sexual improprieties”

“Go forth and carry these examples forever in your hearts, and may God have mercy on our souls”

- *“Truly”*

“As always, our Easter synod next semester will consider additions or subtractions to next year’s walk, and I ask you all to bro-code this and avoid mentioning it to w*men/the uninitiated. Great to see you all - anyone who wants can join me and Jake for some halal after the ride back.”

The whole thing’s a bit overworked, but it’s college right? So whatever, thought the lector - it was a good semester, a good performance, a good time to reflect, a good time to have a little fun.

<h1 style="color:red;">

Hegel and the Social Contract

</h1>

The first level of civil society is at the individual level. The second level of civil society is the group made up of the various individuals and their interests. Under the first, each pursues its own desire, but for the individual to achieve all his goals he must enter in relation to his fellow man in the social contract embodied by the second level called the group. They are in turn bound to the rules of the group. The group becomes a means for the individual, but the individual a means of the group. The social contract is the result of the dialectic, the agreement between the individuals in the society who share membership of the group and create mutual arrangements to progress their well being towards an absolute good society maximizing human progress on each level. The dialectic comes into play here. Hegel says: each individual asserts and satisfies himself by means of the other. The mutual recognition of consciousness is the necessary prerequisite for progress and action.

If my goal is to earn money for example, to maximize my economic interest, not only is meeting others a necessary means, but again I must be in a formal relationship with another person and they me, thus a mutual recognition of consciousness. The development of the mercantile society has precisely shown that every individual has become a means by which others satisfy their own needs. Let's say I would like to drink a coffee in a cafe. This desire depends on the existence of the cafe owned by the coffee maker, and by asking for my coffee, I assert myself and satisfy myself by means of the other, while the owner seeks to support themselves and provide a service to their fellow man, and the coffee is then delivered to me, satisfying our mutual conscious desires. Finally, my well-being is mixed with that of all. We have used Hegelian categories to demonstrate that even the basic idea of each pursuing his or her particular individual self interest remains in relation to the others, and dependent on others. This dialectic is the foundation of social relation.



My soul will always seek your brown-eyes lost
Above the vaulted cliffs, shushed by wave crests,
Stopped by the quiet morning flight of frost
Atop the creatures on shores in their shells
Or their glittering scales, my soul will seek
Your hazel eyes on busy shores alight
In scorching red and orange rocks and leaves
From swept over trees by the breezy smite
Of brilliance boomed from the heavenly
Abode of purest souls resembling yours;
And I'll not stop the search of earth and sea,
I'll search the earth and sea but first the shore:
My soul has found the scent belonged to you
My love, beneath this shell, before it blew.

Anonymous 02/01/21(Mon)16:59:41 No.17436811 ► [>>17436831](#) [>>17436877](#) [>>17437450](#)

[>>17434022](#)

I can confirm this is true. I had a submission in the last issue. It was an extremely personal piece, just like a lot of writing is. I never would have consented to a single change. I could have published my work elsewhere, except the anon who does & said he was just going to do some minor visual things to the work. What happened was a total revamp. I don't think this guy gets what a big deal it is to change something this personal. I felt gut punched. I felt like someone had ripped out my insides. The work as published you may have read - he titled it "For They Are The Ones Who Do The Research." That wasn't my title. Mine was "Dick Suck Dick Suck Dick Suck Dubs Decide If You Dick Suck." It was originally a seven page surrealist exploration of the history of the glory hole. I did something I thought was pretty innovative: I transcribed gay porn, which is itself a transgressive medium. The & anon didn't like it and didn't get it. One email I got was just a sarcastic insult: "This is seven pages of moaning sounds and big cock references, not literature." Excuse me, who is some shitty zine editor to define literature? Instead he turned my work into some oil platform thing with nothing to do with glory holes whatsoever. If you submit here, just be aware. He'll do whatever he wants to your art. And I promise you won't like it.



AN INTER- VIEW WITH DISASTER PEACE

The text is displayed in a large, white, sans-serif font. The word 'INTERVIEW' is split into two lines. 'DISASTER' and 'PEACE' are also split into two lines each. The letters 'A', 'R', and 'E' in 'INTERVIEW', 'D', 'S', 'A', 'S', 'T', 'E', 'R', 'P', 'E', and 'C' in 'DISASTER' and 'PEACE' are each replaced by a white triangle pointing upwards. The letters 'I', 'V', 'W', 'T', 'H', 'I', 'S', 'T', 'R', 'E', 'R', 'P', and 'A' in the same words are each replaced by a white triangle pointing downwards.

an

INTERVIEW

with Disasterpeace with Disasterpeace with Disasterpeace

Do it yourself. Championed hard and fast by craftspeople the continents over as the mode—nay, *lifestyle*—for those who get things done. It is the last heuristic, the rule of all thumbs. It's the stuff of civilizations. And it applies to everything of course, not just water heaters and alternators. Do it yourself recreation; do it yourself career; just do it, man—*yourself*. Do it for yourself. Most things that we haven't fixed we've at least tried to fix. And it's a valuable ambition, though most of us who really do do it ourselves have perhaps noticed that while fixing things is rewarding, breaking them is always better. And we broke much of what we could get away with. We were the young and curious minds pulling apart toys, modifying files, playing with dials and switches; getting it, and getting into it. We learned how to customize our world. We grew up editing our levels around us. We became the expert knob twiddlers, the trouble-maker/problem-solvers, the reinventors of the wheel. Most of us that grew up might have done so by accident, having preserved a healthy curiosity, maybe finding ways to get paid to hack something, somewhere, in some professional capacity.

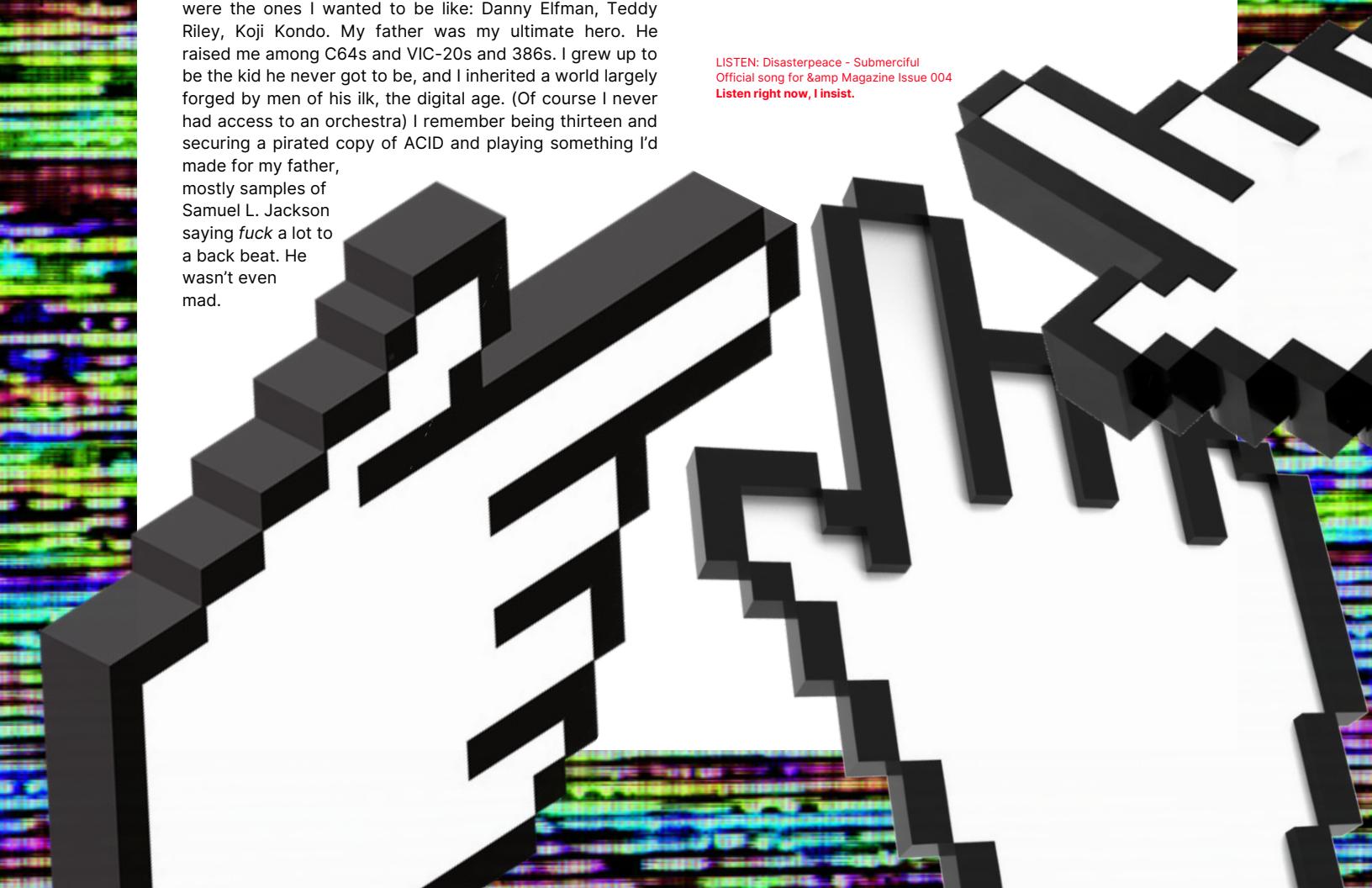
I used to think I had weird heroes. Growing up my heroes were the ones I wanted to be like: Danny Elfman, Teddy Riley, Koji Kondo. My father was my ultimate hero. He raised me among C64s and VIC-20s and 386s. I grew up to be the kid he never got to be, and I inherited a world largely forged by men of his ilk, the digital age. (Of course I never had access to an orchestra) I remember being thirteen and securing a pirated copy of ACID and playing something I'd made for my father, mostly samples of Samuel L. Jackson saying fuck a lot to a back beat. He wasn't even mad.

I remember combining the famitracker with vocaloid thinking I was really *somebody*. I remember amassing over a hundred original songs on my Youtube channel, and imagining one day I would be writing scores for feature films.

Chiptune was especially dear to me. And it still is. As with most technologies, it has become more accessible after its obsolescence through its emulation by new technologies (chiptuners may seldom concern themselves with actual chips anymore), and as with most techniques it has been refined and innovated. I have fallen into and out of several obsessions with the style. Habits this old die pretty hard. The most valuable thing for me about chiptune however was not its beloved aesthetic, though that will die hard as well. My favorite thing about composing in this style was that it really felt like composing. *Like my heroes*. Chiptune for all intent and purpose taught me to compose, or at least helped me learn. I never had an orchestra, but I could do it myself.

Anonymous sat down with composer, engineer, and chiptune legend Disasterpeace to talk 2021.

LISTEN: Disasterpeace - Submerciful
Official song for & Magazine Issue 004
[Listen right now, I insist.](#)



Anonymous:

How are you? These have been some heavy times, how is your 2021 so far?

Disasterpeace:

From a personal standpoint it's been pretty good actually. 2020 was a very difficult year of dramatic renewal for me and lots of things changed ... The last few years were rough overall between personal relationship changes, loss of loved ones and extremely challenging projects. I've had a lot of time to reflect on things and I feel like I'm probably in the best place I've been since 2015 or 16. Just trying to focus on things that really matter these days.

Anonymous:

How is your daily livelihood? Are you staying busy or have you taken a break?

Disasterpeace:

I've been busy - still have a full plate of game and film work but I've been working my way out of that grind and trying to orient myself more towards personal projects. Lately I've been doing lots of tool building and various things with software.

Anonymous:

Can you tell me anything about the project for theatre you were working on?

Disasterpeace:

Not yet, but hopefully soon I'll be able to talk about it. Everything is still pretty up in the air because of the pandemic.

Anonymous:

You've made and used systems for creating procedurally generated sounds in your work before. What role do you think algorithms, or even artificial intelligence, will play in popular music during the 21st Century?

Disasterpeace:

I think we'll see algorithms continue to get better at making bad music. But on the fringes I expect things will continue to develop in interesting ways. It seems like a lot of the audio research these days is oriented towards speech and music recognition. That stuff is fine and dandy but I'm looking forward to seeing more experiments in DSP and musical structures for more creative, less utilitarian applications. I love seeing people abuse tools for unintended artistic purposes.

Anonymous:

Have you ever bought a new piano? Like, new new. If so, what did you get?

Disasterpeace:

Nope. I bought a 70s upright about 9 years ago though. A Yamaha U1. I don't intend to ever sell it. I might get it outfitted for MIDI playback though.

Anonymous:

Are you sitting on a huge mountain of unreleased juvenilia? On the contrary, how much of your old music have you lost

Disasterpeace:

I've released most of my juvenilia. There's an album called History of the Vreeland that pretty much captures my early years of music. Other releases that cover that period include The Chronicles of Jammage the Jam Mage, Atebite and The Warring Nations, Cereal Code, and Daniel Matthew & Richard. But I do have tons of unused material from the various soundtracks I've worked on over the years that haven't seen the light of day. I'm definitely planning to release most of it in chunks when the time and form factor are right. I'm always experimenting with album form factor to try to find music that sits well together. I have an ongoing series of 'B-Sides' records, and there are definitely a few more coming in that light.

Anonymous:

Of all your projects, do you have a favorite?

Disasterpeace:

This is pretty hard to answer. They're all so different - I've had a lot of fun with some of my personal projects, like January. Taking those skills into the commercial space with Mini Metro was also a ton of fun. And I got to go to New Zealand and hike Mt. Doom, so that was a plus. FEZ was one of the easiest projects I ever worked on. Hyper Light Drifter and Under the Silver Lake were brutally difficult. But they're all my babies. And yet I think I've learned to let go of most of them in a way. Once they're out there they don't really belong to me anymore.

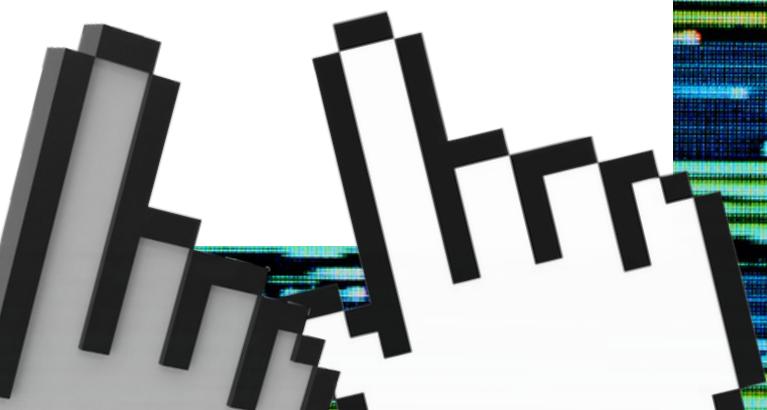
Anonymous:

What are your career goals, great and small?

Disasterpeace:

At this point, as a composer/producer I've pretty much accomplished everything I've wanted to accomplish. So I've been dabbling in other things, for instance I've been doing a ton of technical sound design and audio systems work on Solar Ash. And I've had my eyes on other horizons. I still have a lot of unfinished material I need to release. Some of it is music. Some of it is software and tools. The last couple of years I've kind of realized that I'm getting very close to 'Last Dance' territory, and there's so much I can offer outside of just writing scores. So I plan to do more of that and spend less time being filtered by other people.

Rich Vreeland has composed scores for films such as *It Follows*, *Under the Silver Lake*, and for videogames *FEZ*, *Hyper Light Drifter*, *Mini Metro* and many more. Visit: Disasterpeace.com



□ **Anonymous** Mon Jan 11 09:20:37 2021 No.17258725

Just as pointless as actual philosophy then.



/hyperlit/

or,
FEIGNING DOGMA:

EXPLORATIONS IN AXIOMATIC PROCLAMATIONS

by

SUPERFLUOUS PERSIFLEURS
WITH ALMOST ZERO RELIABLE GRASP

on

REALITY

LET ALONE

THE QUALIFYING AUTHORITY

to

JUSTIFY

EXCURSES OF THIS MAGNITUDE

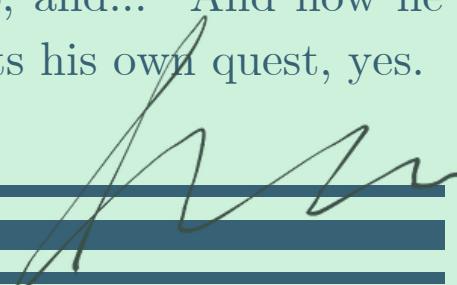
&

SHAME

He doesn't 'get' /hyperlit/.

No, get this: he's read the whole thread and he *still* doesn't get it. He sees it happening, but he refuses to accept that which he believes cannot, *must not* be true. He reads the argument that Aristocraticist essayist Thomé Cadieux was refuted by Hibble on the subject of Crypto-metalinguistics during the Industrial Unificationist Era but he is unable to discern any meaning, any reference, any context. "What is this?" He asks the thread. OP put it right in the subject field but Anon *still* doesn't understand. He watches the live collaboration taking place in the hot document, Anonymous Animals dumping specialized research into ambitiously scattered chapters. He skeptically reads a few esoteric parables, "What are they doing?" The cumulative knowledge amasses before him, compounding in posts, multiplying in threads. He takes note of the intellectual exchange, the blockchain reaction, nameless authors trading proof-of-work for literary canon. He looks closely, then he steps back. He can't tell if it's all blatantly plagiarized or severely original. He follows the links and opens the memes and reads the replies, but still he just sits at his computer, scratching his head. "Why?" Why not, indeed. That is what we are all wondering. But Anon is intrepid, he searches for Bosch, Cervillissimo, and Pugliesi in vain.

He has the answers. It is the questions that elude him. After reading much of this animated discourse Anon takes notice: somebody contradicted themselves regarding the chronology of some academic papers released by Bantic theorist Isaac Gorkoniker. He makes his suggestion. To his astonishment someone agrees. He makes a more judgmental analysis and discovers that there are counterpoints to be heard. He improvises a defense for his claims, his position is challenged, he presents his evidence, his points are accepted. "I was right?" Oh, we're almost always, all of us, right, all the time. It's everybody else who is wrong. The thread and its contributors hammer on like masons into the morning, building together, scaling the heights of human waste, sacrificing themselves to their work, to *the* work. Anon has found his place among the great and simulated universe. Soon the question will be known. He will have carved it from the stone of our mockery, our irony, our irreverence, and our audacity. He will toil and break his day for the achievement of our brothers, for us, the *Pseudopatricians*, the oligarchs of taste, for the work of a generation is made by the hands of many, and we are generations strong. A simple subversion of the age-old game: "No, and..." And now he seeks out that knowledge, now he sets his own quest, yes. Now he gets it.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J. M. S.", is positioned at the bottom right of the page. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a distinct flourish at the end.

CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED

Tickets to Mecca. Want to see what's up with that big cube, and gonna party and fuck a bit while I'm there.

Anons wishing to place classified ads please do so by email or on the board (thanks again):

Dog eggs? or whatever puppies I guess. Whatever goes into a dogmill. Also need cages

WARNING:

This classified advertisement is an Alpha-class, Schedule II Cognitohazard that has been commissioned for experimental

administration across targeted demographics

by the Pyongyang Technical Writing Council. Readers

considering suicide are advised to drink water.

You have a right to the data that we have collected. Please contact the government of North Korea to secure

Actors needed for slice-of-life play. 6 hour long play that will be performed 2 days a week in my house. Role consists of doing laundry, vacuuming carpet, walking dog, and more! Small audience of me, my wife, and my 10 year old son. No pay, but great acting experience

Cardboard trays that can be used to carry hot dogs and or McDonald's burgers. Opening day is in 1 week and my supplier won't return my calls. Contact me ASAP and get a free hot dog (tray). +1 (923) 631-1059

Looking for someone to write hot take opinion pieces in my name on the latest, hottest trends. Payment will be in the form of circus peanuts. You should have skills in collecting multiple (You)'s with a single post

EPSTEIN DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF EPSTEIN DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF EPSTEIN DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF EPSTEIN DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF

Female Models Needed: Must have never contracted HIV Must weigh at least 110lbs / 50kg Must have had no vaccines in the past 6 months Must have taken no regular or experimental medications in the past 6 months

Must have not donated blood or plasma in the last 3 months

No tattoos on neck

Preferably comfortable with needles, night work, under the age of 30, and AB- blood type

You may be medically screened before employment

Please drink plenty of water

Pay will be \$80/hr for 1 hour private photoshoot sessions twice a week

Please contact Pierce Studios at (872)299-0636 for more information and scheduling

Former agricultural proprietor seeks to acquire arable land for sucking and fucking.

FOR SALE

Need friends for your party? Lots of friends, low prices! \$5 dollar per friend. Call Jimmy to schedule 1-800-FRENS

LOST

Sense of childhood wonder. if found put him down, he cant handle reality XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

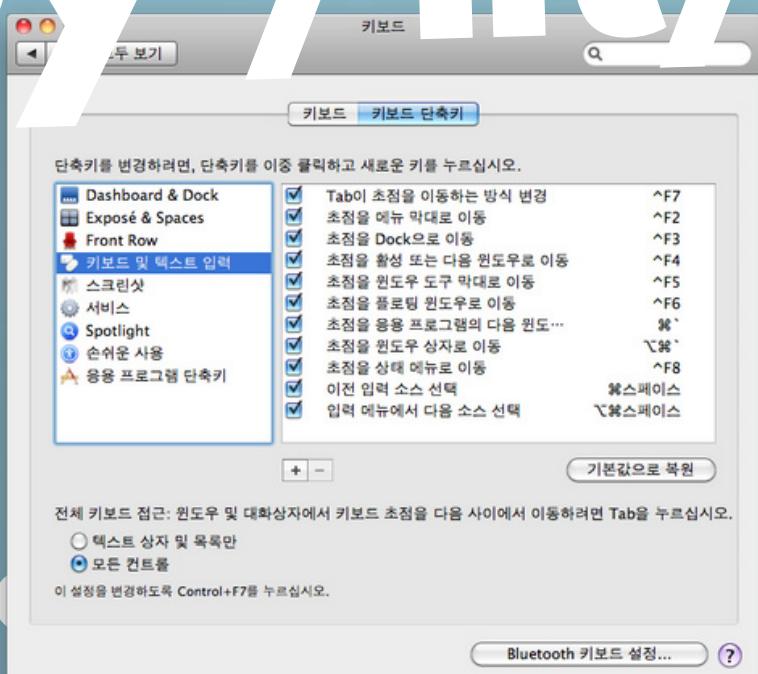
PERSONALS

You were the one wearing a red swimsuit at the waterpark! I was the one that told you to piss off and die, &c. when you confronted me about cutting in line. You looked so beautiful as you stormed off with tears in your eyes, please call me so we can make babies (717) 762-9673

Had to stop putting in all the lost dog ads; will probably start a whole new magazine just for the lost dogs.

NEXT MONTH ★
F GARDNER
★ NEXT MONTH

& by/lit/



& is
effort made by strangers
over the internet.

Special Thanks To:

Western Thought Podcast /3/
/a/ RPV

Hayden

Ivan

TLQ
OS



&