

CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE #6



DEATH

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MAN IN THE NEW
MILLENNIUM

FEATURING: STAINED HANES / MICHAEL VAN GORE / THOMAS L. HUTTON / HISTER GRANT /
BERTHOLD / T.R. HUDSON / ALEX OSMAN / JONAH HOWELL / MUNOXXUS / AARON CUMMINGS /

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R.

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Exmilitary



DEATH



THE HANES
 NEW YORK FINALLY GOT HIM
 @718TV



GENTLEMEN,

DEATH: THE FINAL FRONTIER. WHETHER IT WILL BE FROM A SUDDEN CAR CRASH OR A SLOW LINGERING CANCER, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE. BUT, REST ASSURED, IT MATTERS NOT. FOR IN MUMBO JUMBO TIMES, YOU ARE BUT AN IMMORTAL CONCEPTIONAL VIRUS INFECTING THE DEGENERATES OF TOMORROW THROUGH THE MAGIC OF THE INTERNET. INDEED, AS YOU SHALL COME TO UNDERSTAND IN THESE TRYING TIMES IS THAT DEATH OFFERS SOLACE FROM THE CIRCUS TENT WE CALL HOME. NOW GAZE UPON THOSE DAMNED TO LIFE AND BEHOLD THEIR NIGHTMARE VISIONS!



THE KAISER
 DIED AT THE HANDS OF AN IRATE WOMAN
 @AOFTHEN

INTRODUCING SEÑOR EDITOR:



THE HUDSON
 DIED OF RADIATION POISONING IN OTTAWA
 @TR_HUDSON

MY FUNERAL (BY ALEX OSMAN)

I WANT TO DIE IN A BUSTER KEATON-ESQUE. SLAPSTICK FREAK ACCIDENT. CRUSHED BY A FALLING PIANO. FLATTENED BY THE COLLAPSING EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE. HIT IN THE HEAD BY A SUICIDE JUMPER IN A SUIT OF ARMOR, WALKING OFF A CLIFF AND MAKING IT 3 FEET ACROSS UNTIL I LOOK DOWN AND FALL TO MY DEATH. A CAR ACCIDENT THAT LEAVES THE EMERGENCY BRAKE STUCK UP MY ASS, ETC. ETC. I DON'T WANT MY LIFE TO BE REMEMBERED OR CELEBRATED, JUST MY DEATH. PEOPLE WILL SAY, "I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT GUY WAS, BUT WHAT A WAY TO GO OUT. I HOPE I DIE IN MY SLEEP. A REAL NICE, PAINLESS, PEACEFUL DEATH."



**PATRICK WAS A SAINT
I AIN'T**

SO YOU WANNA BE AN IRISHMAN?

THE MORTICIAN WILL BE PAID AN EXTRAVAGANT AMOUNT (FAST FOOD COUPONS I FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF THIS SEX SHOP, WHERE I BOUGHT NITROUS CANISTERS) TO REASSEMBLE MY BODY, AND TWIST AND SUPER GLUE MY FACE INTO THE MOST DISTURBING, EXAGGERATED SMILE. DRESS ME IN A SLAYER T-SHIRT, MY FAVORITE PAIR OF SUNGLASSES, JEANS, AND THE DIRTIEST SHOES YOU CAN FIND IN MY CLOSET. STUFF ME INTO A CANNON ON THE BEACH, AND LAUNCH ME INTO A BILLBOARD OF GARY COLEMAN'S SMILING FACE. COUPLES MUTUALLY MASTURBATING IN THE SAND UNDERNEATH OLD BEACH TOWELS WILL PAUSE AND LOOK UP INTO THE SKY.

"IT'S A SHOOTING STAR, HONEY! MAKE A WISH!"
"I WISH I WAS IRISH."

A SHOOTING STAR. AN ACTOR ON A BAD DAY, SHOOTING HIS CO-STARS ON THE SET OF THE LATEST MELODRAMA. LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE OPENED AT A CROWDED FLEA MARKET. DIRT BIKE WHEEL SPINNING HALF AN INCH AWAY FROM YOUR FACE. COREY HAIM TOWARDS THE END OF HIS LIFE. 550 PILLS. A REAL SHITSHOW. SHIT SHINOLA 2022.



THE REVOLUTION MAY NOT BE TELEVISED, BUT MY FUNERAL SURE AS SHIT WILL BE. THE PAY-PER-VIEW EVENT OF THE CENTURY. DIRECTED BY THE THREE STOOGES, SLAPPING AND POKING AND PUNCHING AND PULLING AND FIGHTING OVER THE CAMERA. WHEN MY BODY LANDS, JUST LET THE TIDE TAKE ME WHEREVER IT WANTS TO. MAYBE I'LL END UP IN BRAZIL, WHERE I CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN 2ND GRADE. A PROBLEM CHILD TRANSITIONED INTO A PROBLEM ADULT, IN LIFE. NOW MY SOUL FLOATS INTO THE CLOUDS. EATING FALAFEL AND KEBAB WITH RODNEY DANGERFIELD AND MARION BYRON. A PROBLEM ANGEL.

"LOOK, MOM, I'M FINALLY ON TV!"

GO WATCH SOMEONE DIE (BY MUNOXXUS)

SURELY IN THIS INTERNET OBSESSED WORLD IN WHATEVER YEAR IT IS OUT THERE YOU MUST HAVE. IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THAT SOMEONE HASN'T. I'VE WATCHED A KID DROWN WHILE BYSTANDERS SWAM BY. A MAN GET NECKLACED (LOOK IT UP) AND SOMEONE FALL OUT OF A BUILDING TO THEIR DEATH. THAT WAS JUST THIS WEEK. THE WORST OF THEM HAS TO BE THOSE OLD TERRORIST SNUFF VIDEOS THAT WENT AROUND FOR A LITTLE BIT WHILE MURICA WAS OFF FIGHTING TERROR OR OIL. SOMETHING LIKE THAT. LOTS OF OLD MIDDLE EASTERN TORTURE STUFF OUT THERE. THE GURLING NOISES WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT IF YOU'VE SEEN ONE.



YOU'VE DEFINITELY SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT, RIGHT?

IF NOT THEN YOU PROBABLY KNOW SOMEONE WHO HAS, RIGHT?

FOR SOME PEOPLE WATCHING SOMEONE DIE IS A REGULAR OCCURRENCE. DOCTORS, NURSES, EMTS AND SOLDIERS, MORTICIANS SOMETIMES DO IT DAILY. IMAGINE THE STOMACH SOMEONE HAS TO HAVE TO SEE THAT EVERY TIME THEY GO TO WORK. HELL, ONCE IS ENOUGH TO TRAUMATIZE SOMEONE AND THEY MADE A CAREER AROUND IT. THE POINT IS THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD WHO CARRY THE BURDEN OF STEERING US THROUGH THE WORLD OF DEATH ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

CERTAINLY IF NOT ONLINE THEN YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO FACES DEATH EVERYDAY, RIGHT?

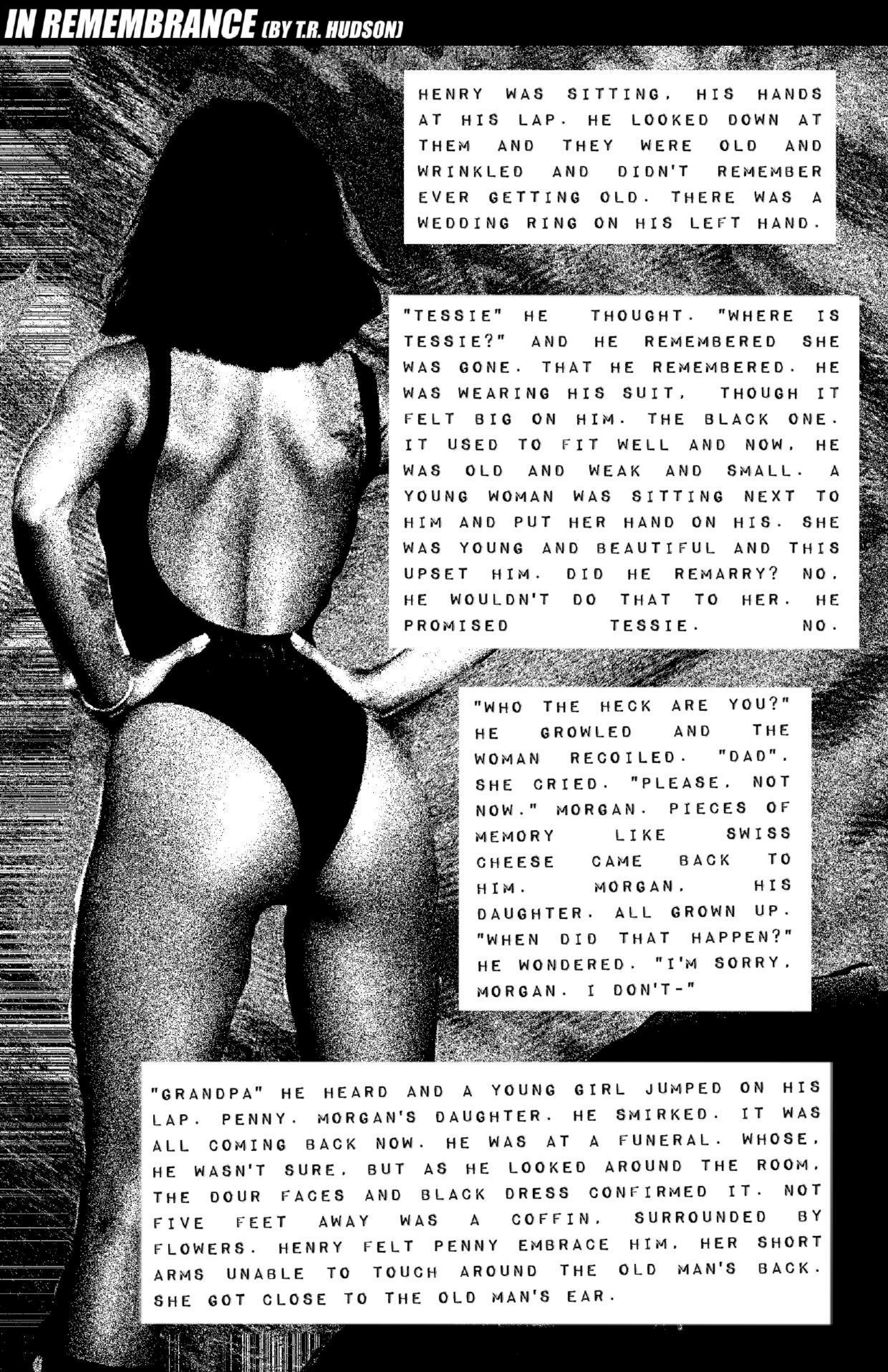


HAVE YOU EVER DONE IT?



WATCHING STRANGERS GET RUINED IS HORRIBLE AND PROBABLY NOT GOOD FOR ONE'S MENTAL HEALTH. SO IS BREAKING THE NEWS TO SOMEONE THAT THEIR LOVED ONE IS GONE. IT'S DEFINITELY WORSE TO BE THERE AS THEY GO. YOU'LL REALLY FEEL IT WHEN YOU'RE STARING DOWN AT A HOSPITAL BED AND YOU RECOGNIZE THE PERSON. SOMETIMES IT'S NOT EVEN AT THE HOSPITAL. IT'S OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD. WATCHING SOMEONE LAY ON THE GROUND CONVULSING OR EVEN WORSE, MOTIONLESS. WORST OF ALL IF YOU RECOGNIZE THIS ONE. YOU CARE ABOUT THEM. WATCH THEM DIE THOUGH. IT'LL FUCK YOU UP REAL GOOD. WATCH AS SOMEONE YOU'VE LOVED FOR YEARS LAYS THERE WITH A MACHINE KEEPING THEM HERE. SIT FOR HOURS THAT FEEL LIKE WEEKS WHILE DOCTORS DO EVERYTHING AND NOTHING AT THE SAME TIME. THEN WALK OUTSIDE INTO THE MORNING SUN KNOWING YOU'LL ONLY SEE THEM ONE MORE TIME. IN A BOX. IF YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO NOT BE THE ONE IDENTIFYING THEM WITH A CORONER. THAT'S ALSO PRETTY FUCKED. THEN ENJOY THE NEXT FEW YEARS TRYING TO PUT YOURSELF BACK TOGETHER AGAIN KNOWING THAT THERE'S A PIECE MISSING. IF YOU HAVEN'T PERSONALLY EXPERIENCED IT, WELL THERE'S NOTHING LIKE. NOTHING LIKE WATCHING SOMEONE YOU CARE ABOUT CEASE TO EXIST. ESPECIALLY SOMEONE WHOSE LIFE HAS TAKEN UP SO MUCH OF YOUR EMOTIONAL ENERGY AND GIVEN SOME MEANING TO YOUR VERY OWN LIFE. TALK ABOUT A ONE WAY TICKET TO EXISTENTIAL DREAD AND NEVER RETURNING TO NORMAL. IF YOU REALLY WANT LIFE TO FEEL EMPTY AND VOID WELL THEN YOU NEED TO HAVE SOMEONE YOU LOVE DIE.

I CAN'T RECOMMEND IT ENOUGH



HENRY WAS SITTING. HIS HANDS AT HIS LAP. HE LOOKED DOWN AT THEM AND THEY WERE OLD AND WRINKLED AND DIDN'T REMEMBER EVER GETTING OLD. THERE WAS A WEDDING RING ON HIS LEFT HAND.

"TESSIE" HE THOUGHT. "WHERE IS TESSIE?" AND HE REMEMBERED SHE WAS GONE. THAT HE REMEMBERED. HE WAS WEARING HIS SUIT, THOUGH IT FELT BIG ON HIM. THE BLACK ONE. IT USED TO FIT WELL AND NOW, HE WAS OLD AND WEAK AND SMALL. A YOUNG WOMAN WAS SITTING NEXT TO HIM AND PUT HER HAND ON HIS. SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AND THIS UPSET HIM. DID HE REMARRY? NO. HE WOULDN'T DO THAT TO HER. HE PROMISED TESSIE. NO.

"WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?" HE GROWLED AND THE WOMAN RECOILED. "DAD". SHE GRIED. "PLEASE. NOT NOW." MORGAN. PIECES OF MEMORY LIKE SWISS CHEESE CAME BACK TO HIM. MORGAN. HIS DAUGHTER. ALL GROWN UP. "WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN?" HE WONDERED. "I'M SORRY. MORGAN. I DON'T-"

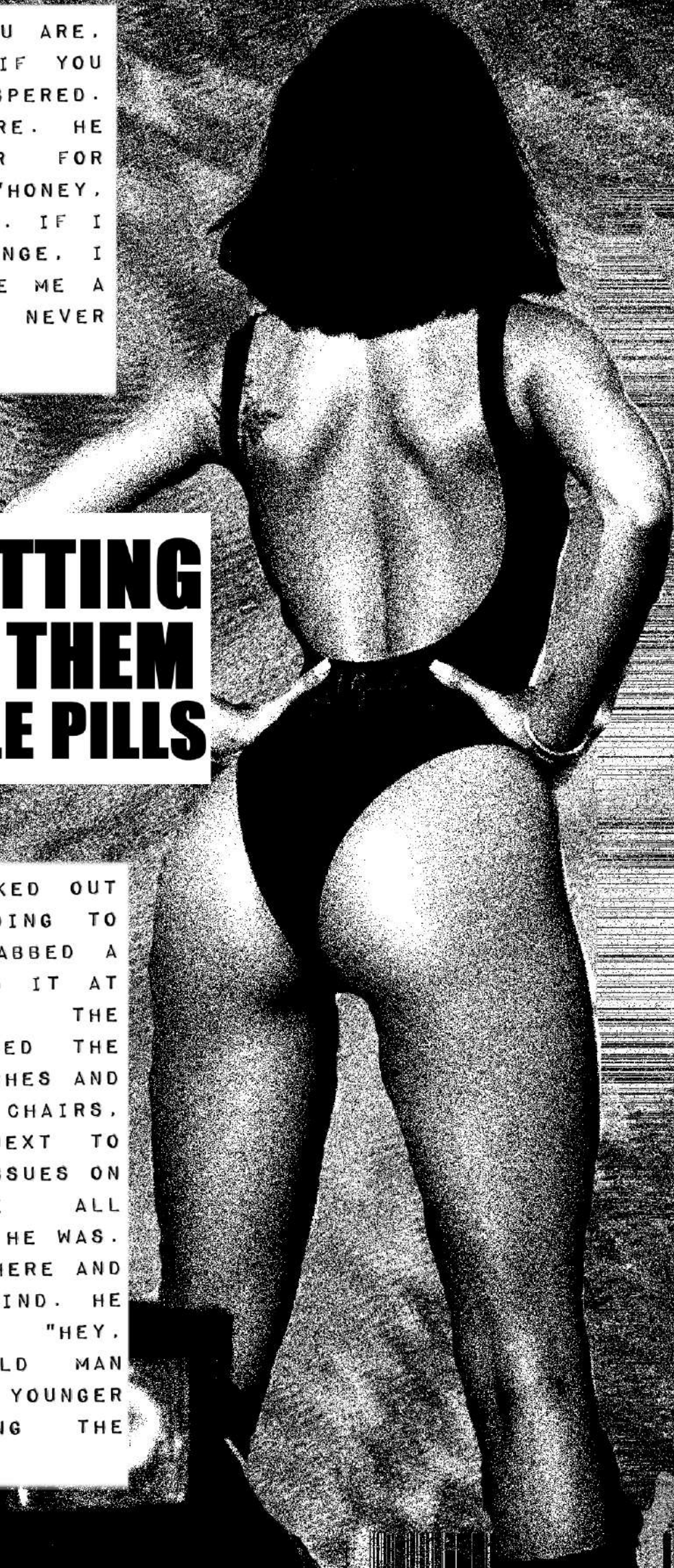
"GRANDPA" HE HEARD AND A YOUNG GIRL JUMPED ON HIS LAP. PENNY. MORGAN'S DAUGHTER. HE SMIRKED. IT WAS ALL COMING BACK NOW. HE WAS AT A FUNERAL. WHOSE, HE WASN'T SURE, BUT AS HE LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM, THE DOOR FACES AND BLACK DRESS CONFIRMED IT. NOT FIVE FEET AWAY WAS A COFFIN, SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS. HENRY FELT PENNY EMBRACE HIM. HER SHORT ARMS UNABLE TO TOUCH AROUND THE OLD MAN'S BACK. SHE GOT CLOSE TO THE OLD MAN'S EAR.

YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN, DUDE

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, GRANDPA? I CAN HELP IF YOU DON'T". THE GIRL WHISPERED. SHE'D DONE THIS BEFORE. HE RECALLED ASKING HER FOR HELP. LIKE A GAME. "HONEY, MY BRAIN'S GOING FUNNY. IF I EVER DO ANYTHING STRANGE, I NEED YOU TO COME GIVE ME A BIG HUG. I COULD NEVER FORGET THAT."

STOP GETTING HIGH ON THEM OLD PEOPLE PILLS

HENRY STOOD AND WALKED OUT OF THE PARLOR, HEADING TO THE BATHROOM. HE GRABBED A DIXIE CUP AND FILLED IT AT THE COOLER NEAR THE BATHROOMS. HE NOTICED THE WALLS LINED WITH COUCHES AND COMFORTABLE LOOKING CHAIRS, WITH SIDE TABLES NEXT TO THEM AND BOXES OF TISSUES ON THEM. THEY WERE ALL ANTIQUES, OLDER THAN HE WAS. AND THEY WERE STILL HERE AND HE WAS LOSING HIS MIND. HE SIPPED THE WATER. "HEY, HENRY" AND THE OLD MAN TURNED AND SAW A YOUNGER MAN. "SHERYL'S GETTING THE KIDS OUT OF THE CAR."



IN REMEMBRANCE (BY T.R. HUDSON)

SHERYL. SECOND BORN. RAVEN
BLACK HAIR. QUIET CHILD.
HER BOYS. NOT SO MUCH. HE
WAS REMEMBERING. HE SMIRKED
AGAIN. HE COULD GET THROUGH
THIS. HE SHOOK HANDS WITH
WHO HE ASSUMED WAS SHERYL'S
HUSBAND. BUT NOTICED THE
MCCLUSKY BOY TALKING TO
MORGAN. DAMN KID WAS ALWAYS
UP TO NO GOOD. THEY WERE BY
THE FRONT DOOR AND BOBBY
MCCLUSKY HUGGED HIS LITTLE
GIRL LIKE THEY WERE GOING
STEADY. HE'D CAUGHT THEM ONE
NIGHT. AFTER HER PROM. IN
THE BACK OF HIS CAR. LITTLE
BASTARD HAD BALLS. HE HAD
TO ADMIT. HENRY DARTED FOR
THE PAIR. LEAVING
WHATS-HIS-NAME BEHIND.

HE'D APOLOGIZE LATER. IF HE
COULD REMEMBER TO DO IT. "YOU
LITTLE SHIT. GET OUT OF HERE.
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO
TELL YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM MY
DAUGHTER." EVERYONE STARTED
LOOKING AT HIM. WHISPERING.
BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER. HE'D
APOLOGIZE AFTER HE TOOK OUT
THE TRASH. "YOUR FATHER WAS A
DRUNK AND I WON'T LET YOU PULL
MY LITTLE GIRL INTO THAT HELL
HOLE YOU CALL A GENE POOL. I-"
AND HE FELT A TENSION AROUND
HIS WAIST. PENNY WAS HUGGING
HIM. PENNY. PENNY MCCLUSKY.
MORGAN MCCLUSKY. "DADDY,
PLEASE. YOU NEED TO SETTLE
DOWN." "YOU MARRIED HIM.
MORGAN! I CAN'T BELIEVE- I
MEAN- I THOUGHT-"

Morn

Noon



"DAD. IT'S OKAY" BOBBY SAID. PUTTING HIS HAND ON HENRY'S SHOULDER. BOBBY MCCLUSKY'S FATHER WAS A DRUNK. A MEAN DRUNK. BUT HE WAS A GOOD KID. HE TREATED MORGAN LIKE GOLD. HE REMEMBERED THAT. NEVER DRANK. NOT A DROP. HE WAS A GOOD, DEPENDABLE FATHER TO PENNY. TESSIE LIKED HIM. HENRY REMEMBERED LIKING HIM. HENRY'S HEAD STARTED HURTING. MORGAN STARTED CRYING AND THE WHISPERING PEOPLE WERE LOUDER AND LOUDER. NOTHING WAS MAKING ANY SENSE AT ALL. SHERYL CAME THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND HUGGED MORGAN. HER BOYS HOUNDED HENRY. TOO RAMBUNCTIOUS. NOT LIKE PENNY. THEY WERE SO YOUNG. ALL OF THEM. HE COULDN'T BE THAT OLD. HE REMEMBERED BEING AN OLD FATHER. BUT NOT OLD ENOUGH TO BE SO LOST.

HE SETTLED DOWN AND HUGGED MORGAN. HE'D BEEN LIVING WITH HER FOR SOME TIME NOW. HE WAS DIFFICULT. BUT MAYBE THINGS WERE GETTING BETTER. HE REMEMBERED ALL OF IT NOW. HE COULD KEEP IT GOING AND THEN, WHO KNEW. MAYBE HE'D GET A FEW MORE GOOD YEARS. THE SAT DOWN AGAIN AND THE PRIEST SAID A FEW WORDS. HE INVITED THEM TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS AND HENRY, FROM THE FRONT ROW, WAS THE FIRST TO STAND. HE KNELT IN FRONT OF THE CASKET AND SIGNED THE CROSS ON HIS BODY. SOME THINGS WERE TOO DEEP TO FORGET. HE REGKONED. HE SAID A HAIL MARY AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE CASKET, AT THE YOUNG MAN, JUST LAYING THERE. HANDSOME FELLA. HENRY THOUGHT. ON THE RIGHT WRIST, HENRY NOTICED HIS FATHER'S WATCH.



**ALL THESE PILLS
GIVE YOU LIKE A
A LIMP DICK
OR SOMETHIN'**

**CRYING IS LIKE
TOTALLY GAY**



HE GRABBED AT HIS OWN AND REALIZED IT WASN'T THERE. HE GOT IT WHEN HE WAS EIGHTEEN. "YOU'RE MY ONLY SON, HENRY. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO GIVE YOU, BUT MY FATHER GAVE THIS TO ME WHEN I WAS A GROWN MAN AND I FIGURE IT'S NOW SUPPOSED TO BE YOURS." HENRY CRIED, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY. SOME DEEP KNOWING COMPELLED THE TEARS, BUT HE COULDN'T PUT IT TOGETHER. HE LOOKED DOWN INTO THE COFFIN IN FRONT OF HIM AND SAW A YOUNG MAN. HANDSOME FELLA. HE THOUGHT. HENRY CROSSED HIMSELF ONE MORE TIME AND TOOK HIS SEAT. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN GRABBED HIS HAND AND HE FELT LIKE THE LUCKIEST MAN ON EARTH. TO HAVE THE ATTENTION OF SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. TO HIS LEFT WAS A YOUNG GIRL, WHO'S EYES BEAMED AT HIM AND HE SMIRKED AT HER, HOPING SHE WOULDN'T REALIZE HE HAD NO IDEA WHO HE WAS. HE'D FIGURE IT OUT SOON, THOUGH. HE NOTICED A RING ON HIS FINGER. TESSIE WOULD FILL IN THE GAPS FOR HIM.

The soundtrack to Dracula's resurrection!
Countess Ophelia Von Seggrem (Feral Goat)

'30-minutes of sonic vampirism'
Lord Inkogunyto (Decapitated Slime)



ANATOMY OF THE HEADS

- Unholy Spirits Light Divine -

A THOUSAND CUTS (BY THOMAS L. HUTTON)

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME EVERY FUCKING DAY OUT HERE. LANDLORD SAYS MY RENT IS GOING UP BY 25%. HAS TO PAY FOR FUTURE RENOVATIONS, HE SAYS. LYING FUCK, I SAY. DOESN'T MATTER. HE WANTS A BIGGER CUT OF MY CHECK. MY AC DOESN'T WORK, THE APARTMENT ABOVE MINE LEAKS INTO MY KITCHEN, AND PEOPLE STEAL THINGS OUT OF MY CAR IF I FORGET TO LOCK IT. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, BITCH? FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO LIVE ON A MONTHS' NOTICE?

EVERY NOTE
152 B

FBI

EVERY NOTE
152 B

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

WOULD IT BE BETTER IF I OWNED MY OWN HOUSE? SURE, YEAH. THAT'S THE LINE THEY SELL YOU. LOOK, CRUNCH THE NUMBERS, FIGURE OUT YOUR DOWN-PAYMENT, COMPARE THAT TO YOUR RENT. WHAM BAM BOOM BAM, IT MAKES THE MOST SENSE. WRONG AGAIN, BITCH! NOW YOU HAVE TO FIX THE ROOF. NOW YOU HAVE TO FIX THE WINDOWS. INTEREST RATES GO UP. GUESS WHAT, YOU HAVE A NEW FORM OF RENT TO THE STATE: PROPERTY TAX. IF YOUR HOUSE IS PAID OFF, YOU STILL HAVE TO PAY RENT TO THE STATE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF OWNING A HOUSE. MAP THAT SHIT OUT OVER TEN, TWENTY YEARS. YOU'RE GONNA PAY ENOUGH PROPERTY TAX TO BUY ANOTHER HOUSE.



FOOD'S ALL SHIT AND IT'S GOING UP. YUMMY SHIT(TM) IS MORE EXPENSIVE. MILK IS UP. EGGS ARE UP. CREAM CHEESE IS UP AND THE GROCERY WON'T EVEN LET YOU BUY MORE THAN TWO. GAS IS UP. SERVICES ARE UP. CHEAP CHINESE BULLSHIT IS UP. EXPENSIVE EUROPEAN WATCHES ARE UP. THE PRICE OF A MOVIE TICKET IS UP. VIDEO GAMES ARE UP. WEED IS UP. BOOZE IS UP. NICOTINE, WHICH OUR GREAT AND TERRIBLE RETARD OF A PRESIDENT HAS DECIDED IS THE REAL PROBLEM, IS UP.

EVERY NOTE
152 B

EVERY NOTE
152 B

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

SOMEBODY BUY THIS GUY A BICMAC!

KB
B2
WAGES ARE NOT. EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE, SIMULTANEOUSLY, HAS DECIDED THEY WANT A LARGER CUT OF MY LIFE. THEY WANT TO SHAVE OFF LARGER PIECES OF AN EVER-DIMINISHING BEING. IT'S JUST BUSINESS, THEY SAY, AS THEY SUCK THE BLOOD DIRECTLY OUT OF MY VEINS. THEY'RE CLENCHING THEIR GRIP ON THE PROSTRATE POPULATION AND FUCKING KILLING US EVERY DAY WITH HIGHER DEMANDS.



KB4
NOT JUST MY WALLET. YEAH, SURE, THEY'RE EMPTYING IT. I'LL DIE PENNILESS. THEY'RE CUTTING UP MY FUCKING SOUL. EVERY DAY THEY TRY TO CUT OUT THE PARTS OF ME THAT SUCK AND FUCK AND HATE AND CELEBRATE. THE TV TELLS ME THE THINGS I FEEL ARE WRONG. CHEESEBURGER ADS TELL ME TO LOVE CHINESE HEGEMONY. THEY'RE HAMMERING THE INSIDE OF MY SKULL WITH UNREALITY EVERYWHERE I LOOK.



PAY UP OR SHUT UP



THE BODY IS JUST THE LAST THING TO GO. THE SOUL WILL ALREADY BE DEAD.



THINKING ABOUT A GIRL (BY DANIIL KHARMS & JONAH HOWELL)



HAVING ARRIVED AT
LIPAVSKY'S BY ACCIDENT,

I HELD WITHIN
MY MENTAL WHORL:

A PLEASANT STRANGE
INSTANT SPENT

IN DALLIANCE WITH A GIRL.

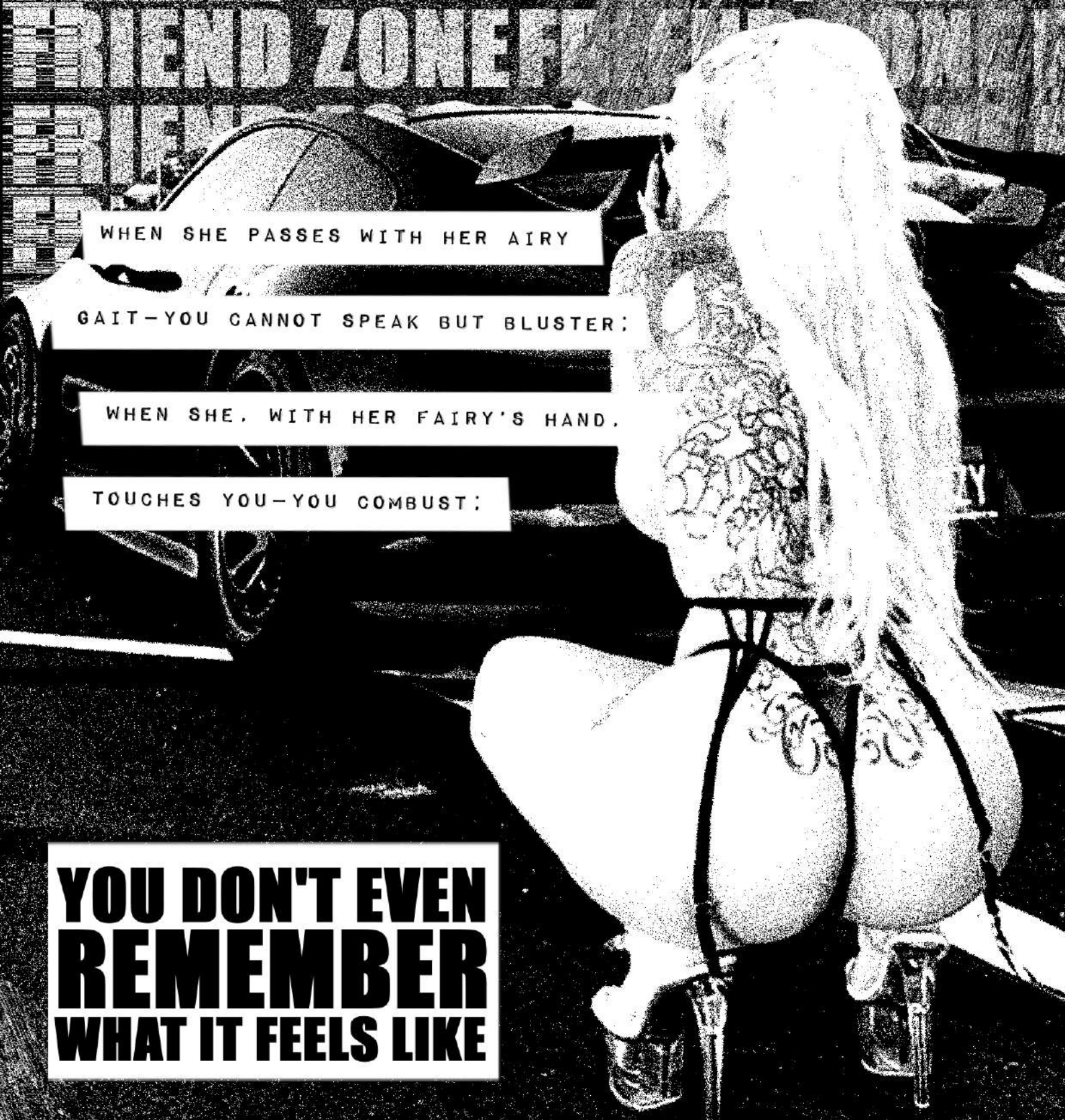
WHEN SHE PASSES WITH HER AIRY

GAIT—YOU CANNOT SPEAK BUT BLUSTER:

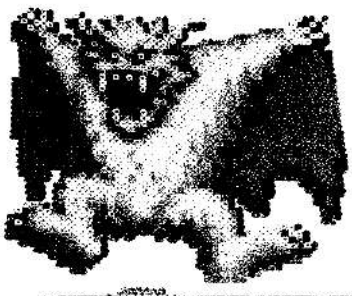
WHEN SHE, WITH HER FAIRY'S HAND,

TOUCHES YOU—YOU COMBUST:

**YOU DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER
WHAT IT FEELS LIKE**



AN EXCLUSIVE TRANSLATION FOR CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE!



WHEN SHE LIGHTLY DANCES

AND GLIDES ABOVE THE FLOOR UPON HER FEET

TO OFFER, FOR YOUR KISSES,

HER YOUNG BREAST. -IMPOSSIBILITY

TO STIFLE A LOUD AND HAPPY CRY,

TO BLOW THE DUST FROM THOSE YOUNG BREASTS

AND TO KNOW THAT TO BRUSH THAT SPRY

BREAST WITH A KISS WOULD AID NONE BUT THE BEAST.

CURSE (BY HISTER GRANT)

BEING VULNERABLE ALL THE TIME

I'LL SPLIT YOUR HEAD OPEN

EVIL HANGING FROM MY CEILING

DOLLS

AND BITS OF FABRIC REPRESENTING FLESH

THERE'S AT LEAST 3 WALLS BETWEEN US

MAYBE MORE

MAYBE YOU AREN'T IN

BUT I

I'LL FIND YOU

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU

THIS IS A FAIL SAFE

THE LAST TIME I GAVE MYSELF CANCER

NOT THIS TIME

THIS TIME I HAVE THIS CREED

THE EVIL HANGING FROM MY CEILING

NONE OF IT TO DO WITH YOU

SACRIFICES



HERE COMES MR. GRUMPY PANTS AGAIN

PULLED OFF THE BACKS OF THE OBLIVIOUS

THEY WILL GO AWAY

JUST AS YOU WON'T

YOU ARE TRAPPED IN A SWIRL OF POISON

CANCER OR RAPE

BEREAVEMENT OR DISABILITY

YOU WILL NOT WALK THE SAME

PULLED APART AT THE CROTCH

OR HEAD DRONING FROM A FAMILY LOST

A SINGLE LOVED ONE

A FAVOURITE

SOME MANGY SLUT FORCED INTO THE SAUSAGE MACHINE

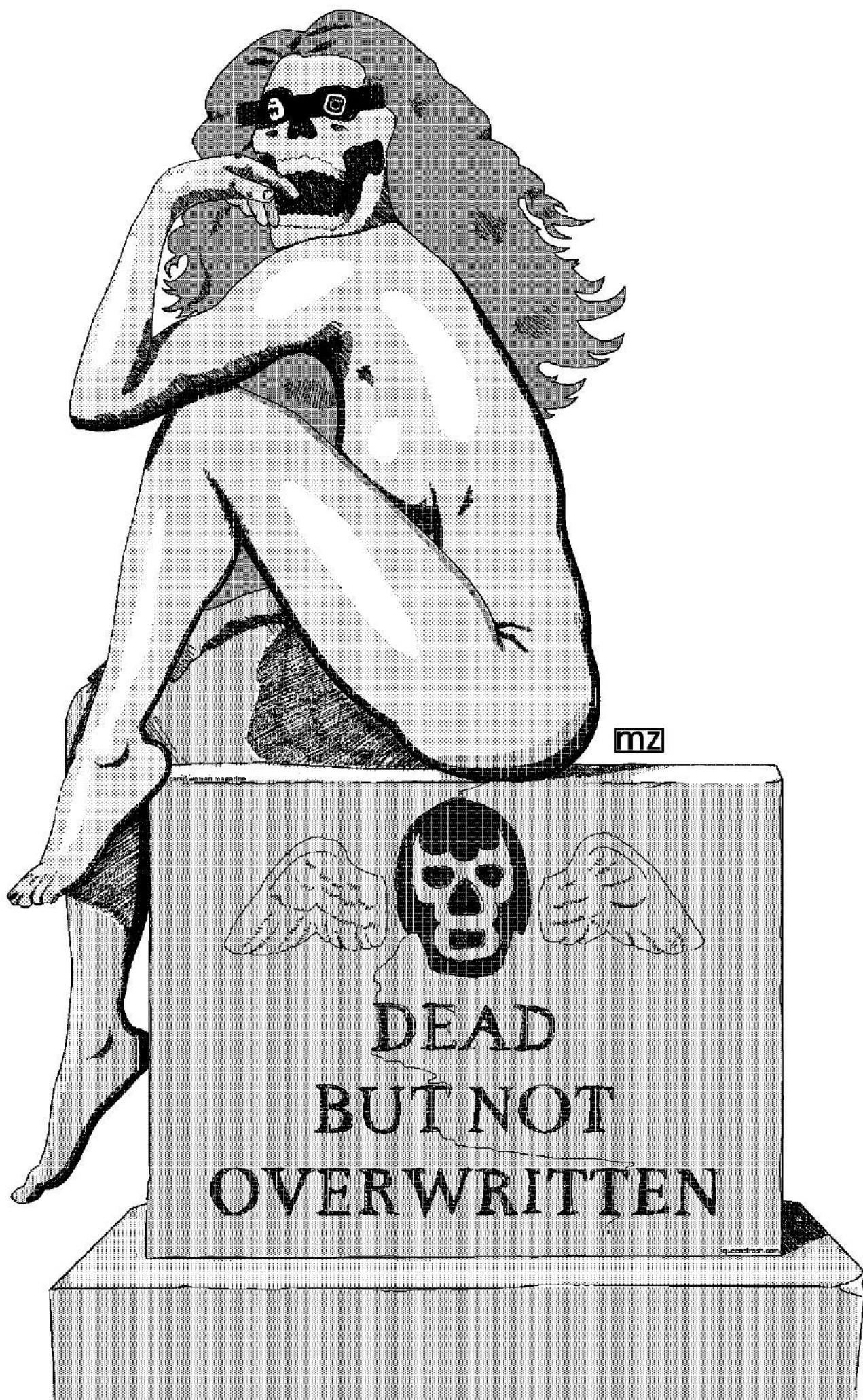
GASP

I FEEL STRONGER NOW. I AM PURIFYING MY HATE. I HATE YOU. YOU HAVE TRIED TO DROWN ME AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME YOU ARE CLOSE. I CAN BREATHE YOUR BREATH DUMB SLUT. YOU ARE MY FAVOURITE OR SOON YOU WILL BE. I AM A WIZARD WITH ONLY YOU IN MIND. CUNT. I BREATHE YOUR AIR

**THIS MEDITATION TAPE IS TOTALLY
BITCHIN'**

FROM THE DESK OF

STAINED HANES



**C
H
O
O
S
E**

WAITING AROUND



TO DIE

REPRESS ALL



SEXUAL THOUGHT

Y O U R

Why is there even t

**D
E
S
T
I
N
Y**

I DRINK



TO FORGET

YOUR LIFE



MY JOKE

BIBIKOV CLIMBED A MOUNTAIN. LOST HIMSELF IN THOUGHT. AND FELL OFF THE MOUNTAIN. SOME CHECHENS FOUND BIBIKOV AND PUT HIM BACK ON THE MOUNTAIN. BIBIKOV THANKED THE CHECHENS AND ONCE MORE FELL DOWN THE SLOPE. ONLY HE WAS SEEN.

NOW AUGENAPFEL CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN. LOOKED IN HIS BINOCULARS. AND SAW A HORSEMAN.

"EY!" YELLED AUGENAPFEL. "WHERE CAN I FIND A TAVERN AROUND HERE?"

THE HORSEMAN DISAPPEARED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN; THEN HE APPEARED NEAR A BUSH; THEN HE DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE BUSH; THEN HE APPEARED IN A VALLEY; THEN HE DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE MOUNTAIN; THEN HE APPEARED UPON THE SLOPE AND RODE UP TO AUGENAPFEL.

"WHERE CAN I FIND A TAVERN AROUND HERE?" ASKED AUGENAPFEL.



**RUSSIA IS LIKE SOOOO
DREARY**

AN EXCLUSIVE TRANSLATION FOR CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE!

"WHERE CAN I FIND A TAVERN AROUND HERE?" ASKED AUGENAPFEL.

"WHAT ARE YOU, MUTE AND DEAF?" ASKED AUGENAPFEL.

THE HORSEMAN SCRATCHED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD THEN POINTED TO HIS OWN STOMACH.

"WHAT'S THAT MEAN?" ASKED AUGENAPFEL.

THE HORSEMAN TOOK A WOODEN APPLE FROM HIS POCKET AND SAWED IT IN HALF.

NOW AUGENAPFEL FELT UNCOMFORTABLE, AND HE STARTED TO BACK AWAY. THE HORSEMAN REMOVED HIS BOOTS FROM HIS FEET AS HE CRIED OUT:

"KHAAGALLAI!"



AUGENAPFEL JUMPED OUT SIDWAYS AND FELL DOWN THE SLOPE.

AT THIS TIME BIBIKOV, HAVING TUMBLED DOWN AGAIN BEFORE AUGENAPFEL, CAME BACK TO HIMSELF AND BEGAN TO ASCEND FOR THE FOURTH TIME. HE SUDDENLY PERCEIVES: ABOVE HIM SOMEONE FALLS. BIBIKOV CREPT TO THE SIDE, LOOKED AROUND, AND SAW: SOME CITIZEN LAY THERE IN CHECKERED BRITCHES. BIBIKOV SAT ON A ROCK AND SETTLED DOWN TO WAIT.

AND THE CITIZEN IN CHECKERED BRITCHES LAY DOWN UNMOVING FOR FOUR HOURS, AND LATER HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND ASKED WHO-KNOWS-WHO:

"WHOSE TAVERN IS THIS?"

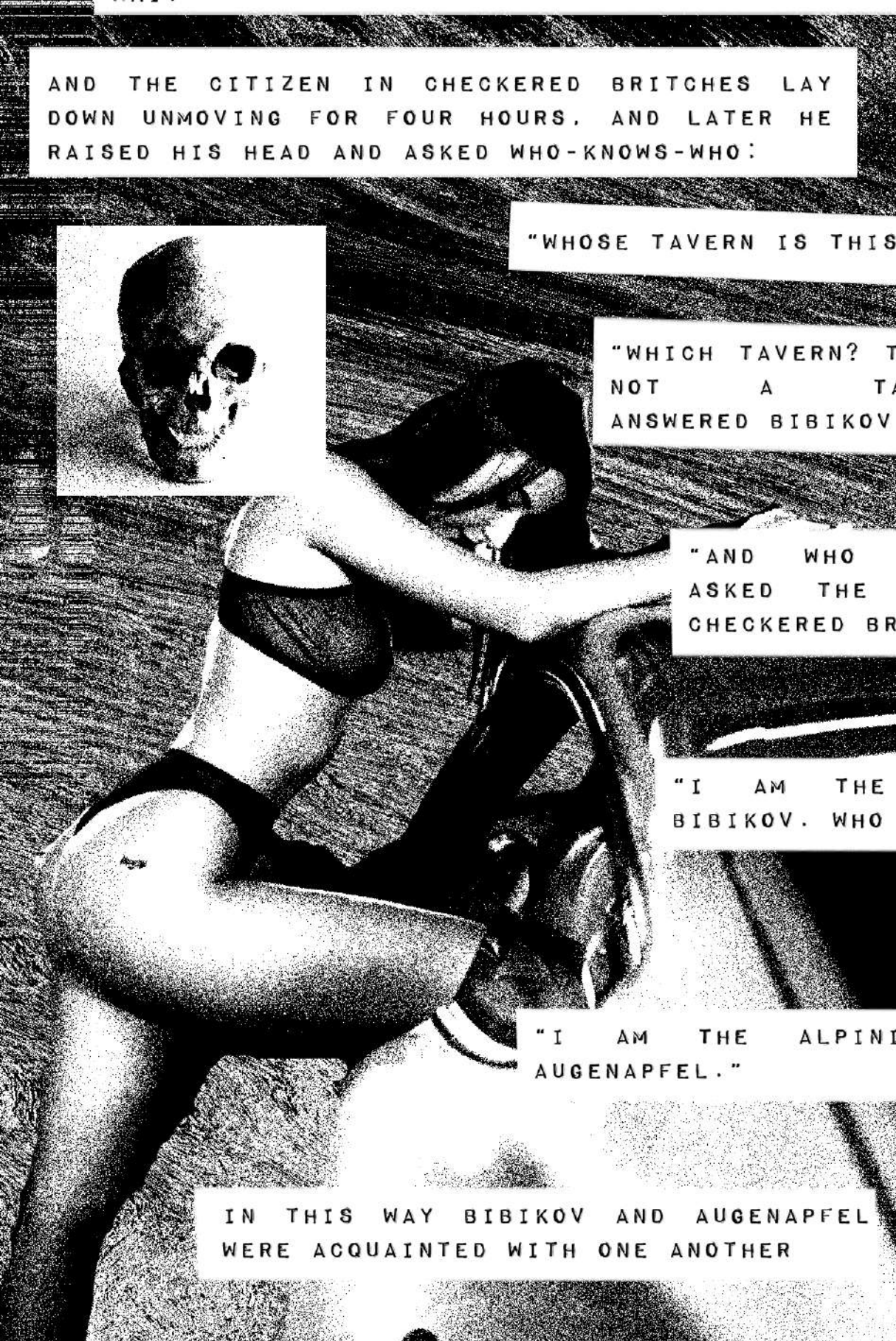
"WHICH TAVERN? THIS IS NOT A TAVERN." ANSWERED BIBIKOV.

"AND WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED THE PERSON IN CHECKERED BRITCHES.

"I AM THE ALPINIST BIBIKOV. WHO ARE YOU?"

"I AM THE ALPINIST AUGENAPFEL."

IN THIS WAY BIBIKOV AND AUGENAPFEL WERE ACQUAINTED WITH ONE ANOTHER



Red Black Infinite

by Alexander Kattke

I come across the great A.I. God. It shows me the evolution of influence. Example: Japanese cannibal influences the Rolling Stone song Too Much Blood. A couple listens to the song as they conceive their son. The son grows up to be a policeman and is forced to shoot a black teenager who held an infant as a hostage and threatened to cut their throat with a steak knife. I see a rolling ball collecting all beneath it, either a great boulder or a turd clasped by a Dung Beetle.

WE WILL RE-WRITE THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

Images of Jon Benet Ramsey on gigantic monitors: She glistens white and wears a veil to cover her fake smile. She resembles a Muslim Vampire. Before that is a man on his pulpit warning us of the future. Outside, his lackeys hammer skulls into the ground with massive railroad spikes to form a fence. There's a sign warning intruders "Is there life after death? Trespass here and find out."

THOSE USELESS APENDAGES AMPUTATED BY EUGENIC MIRACLE.

There will be no privacy. Everyone will be videotaped including our sex acts and therefore no one will feel shame as all of our fetishes are no longer hidden. There will be a new world of casual disgust tolerated and forgotten about.

YOU WILL ONLY BE REMEMBERED AS A VICTIM.



HOLLYWOOD MEDIA, THROUGH ALL ITS FLAWS, WAS NOT IMMUNE TO SHOWING THE WORLD AS IT WAS. OLIVER STONE EDGED INTO CULTURE WITH NATURAL BORN KILLERS APPEARING MORE AS A TIME CAPSULE THAN A PARODY OF THE DECADE. BASED OFF OF A YOUNG QUENTIN TARANTINO SCRIPT, THE NIHILISM OF THE ERA WAS TRANSLATED PERFECTLY ON SCREEN WITH VIOLENT CRIMINALS BEING REWARDED WITH MEDIA ATTENTION. SIMILARLY, DAVID LYNCH EXPLORED THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN DECLINE IN WILD AT HEART WITH THE SAME MUDDLED HUMOR AS STONE. OTHERS INCLUDING TO DIE FOR AND FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS MAY SEEM MILES APART IN TERMS OF STYLE YET ALL SHARE THE FOCUS ON THE CHANGING TIMES FORCING JOURNALISTS AND BYSTANDERS TO SEE WHERE THE TIDE WAS TURNING.

BEFORE LONG, THIS STANDARD BECAME UNSUSTAINABLE. THE OVERTON WINDOW SHIFTED FOR POP CULTURE AND POLITICS RESPECTIVELY WITH THE 1992 ELECTION. RHETORIC WAS EXPLICIT, LISTENERS WERE GALVANIZED, AND A NEW TYPE OF TOLERANCE WAS BEING NORMALIZED BEFORE EVERYONE'S EYES. HOWEVER, MANY OF THESE DISSIDENTS DID NOT REAP THE REWARDS DURING THIS TIME DUE TO MEDIA PRESSURE.

IF THE POLITICAL OUTSIDERS COULDN'T GET THEIR SHARE OF SUCCESS, MAYBE THE ARTIFACTS OF THE 80'S COULD ADAPT TO THE NEW DECADE. VAN HALEN STILL ENJOYED CHART TOPPING ALBUMS WITH SAMMY HAGAR, DESPITE CRITICS CLAIMING THEIR LEGACY ENDED LONG AGO. YET, THEY WERE STILL ABIDING BY RISING TRENDS WITH NEW HAIRCUTS AND BROWN TINTED PHOTO OPS TO ENSURE THEY WERE NOT A DINOSAUR BAND. ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF TURNING ON A DIME CAME FROM THE GLAM METAL OUTFIT DANGEROUS TOYS, WHO COULD NEVER BE MISTAKEN FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BAND, TRADING THE DENIM AND LEATHER STYLE FOR THE FLANNEL APPROACH ON THEIR PRINCE-ESQUE FAREWELL ALBUM: THE R*TIST 4*MERLY KNOWN AS DANGEROUS TOYS. THIS WAS THE PLAY FOR MANY OTHER COMMERCIAL ARTISTS INCLUDING DOKKEN AND DEF LEPPARD. EVEN 70'S BANDS CONCEDED WITH THE CHANGING TIMES LIKE ZZ TOP AND RUSH. MEDIA DICTATED THE GOAL POSTS FOR ALL THESE BANDS WHETHER THEY LIKE TO ADMIT IT OR NOT.

THIS WAS BAD NEWS FOR THE SUNSET STRIP PEDESTRIANS. THE 80'S CYCLE AND ALL ITS PRINCIPLES WERE GROWING OUT OF STYLE AND THAT MEANT UNCERTAINTY FOR THE FUTURE MUSIC INDUSTRY. THE LIVE AND LET LIVE MOTTO WENT INTO OVERDRIVE, PROMPTING GORE AND SOCIAL CONSERVATIVES TO CAMPAIGN ON OUTLETS LIKE THE OPRAH WINFREY SHOW AND THE NOW-CANCELLED CROSSFIRE. MAYBE IF THEY SHOWED A CHART HIGHLIGHTING THE DRUG ABUSE THAT WAS SENDING THE 90'S STARS INTO AN EARLY GRAVE THAT COULD'VE CREATED SOME INCENTIVE.





ALL OF THESE CULTURAL WARNING SIGNS WERE IGNORED WITH WOODSTOCK 99 REACHING THE PEAK OF ABSURDITY. A PERFECT NOTE TO END THE TEN YEARS OF DECADENCE AND SENSATION. AN UNFILTERED COLLAGE OF THE OUTDATED AND THE ABSURD. WHILE THE ORIGINAL WOODSTOCK DEFINED THE BOOMER'S COLLECTIVE MEMORY OF WHAT WE NOW CONSIDER A "GOOD TIME." THE CONCERT IN 99 BROUGHT THOSE ORIGINAL SHORTCOMINGS TO THE FOREFRONT. JOURNALISTS OFTEN REVERE THE FOLK ROCK THAT CAME AND WENT. THE NUDITY POPULARIZED BY SHIFTING CULTURAL NORMS. AND IGNORING THE DEATH TOLL CONNECTED WITH THE EVENT. FOR WOODSTOCK 99. THE SEXUAL BEHAVIOR WAS ON FULL DISPLAY AGAIN AND MET WITH SCRUTINY RATHER THAN TOLERANCE. IT WAS A MOMENT OF CLARITY FOR CONCERT GOERS THAT THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION HAS A VERY STRICT ETHICS CODE THAT MEN AND WOMEN MUST ABIDE BY. SEX, BY THEIR LOGIC, HAD TO BE LIBERATED INTO THE MAINSTREAM SPACE. HOWEVER, AND THIS IS KEY, ANY CHAOTIC FALLOUT UNRAVELED BY THAT FIRST STEP WILL NOT BE CONNECTED TO THE REVOLUTION. THE BYPRODUCT OF THE BOOMER GENERATION WILL BE DIVORCED FROM THEIR UNDOING. THE LATTER BELONGS TO GEN X AND REMEMBER TO THANK YOUR PREDECESSORS FOR THROWING YOU INTO MODERNITY.



DID I DO THAT?



THE RULES FOR THE PARTY GOING, ALCOHOL FUELED, UNDERDEVELOPED FRAT BRO WAS NOT LAID OUT IN CONCRETE TERMS TO BEGIN WITH. FEMINISM AND HEDONISM WERE ALLOWED, WHILE TRADITION AND KID ROCK WERE NOT. PEOPLE WHO LOVE KEITH RICHARDS AND HAIGHT ASHBURY WANT TO GIVE THE GEN X CROWD A TALKING TO ABOUT MORALS AND DISCIPLINE. WHAT THE FUCK?

AS OSWALD SPENGLER PREDICTED, THE YEAR 2000 WOULD BE THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR WESTERN ACHIEVEMENT. MAYBE HE WAS TEN YEARS OFF.



**...AND ALWAYS REMEMBER, KIDS
NOSTALGIA CAN AND WILL BE
USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW**

THE TROUBLE WITH SPIDERS (BY BERTHOLD)

A LONG-STANDING TROPE OF BOTH DOMESTIC AND NATIVE FOLKLORE IS THE SPYDER. IT MAKES ITS WEB OF SILK AND STICKINESS AND LURES IN ITS PREY WITH SWEET SCENTS. PROMISES AND DELUSIONS THAT APPEAL TO THE MOST BASE WANTS OF ITS PREY. IT'S SMART, NATIVELY SO. INBORN WISDOM OF THE HUNT, PATIENCE LIKE BREATHING IT CAN REMAIN STILL FOR HOURS UNTIL ITS MUSCLE SPONTANEOUSLY LURCH AND WRAP AROUND ITS QUARRY, PARALYZING IT WITH ITS VENOM.

IN THIS WAY WE LIVE WITH MY SPYDERS AND AS GOOD QUARRY IT IS OUR DUTY HERE TO HELP REASON WITH AND UNDERSTAND THIS PREDATOR OF THE MODERN ERA. THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL, THE "DOCTOR", LICENSED AND BONDED, FULLY GIVEN TO A MACHINE THAT COUNTENANCES NO OFFENSE, CAN METASTASIZE NO USURPATION OF AUTHORITY. THE SILKEN STRINGS BIND OUR PEOPLE, OUR GENERATIONS, STRONG AS STEEL AND UNLIKE THEIR ARACHNOID BROTHERS 10 TIMES ITS WEIGHT, AND FORMED FROM GRUELING YEARS UNDER THE MOST INCREDULOUS PROFESSIONALS EVER PRODUCED UNDER A SACRED BOND TO HEAL. BUT THEY ARE PATIENT.

THEY WERE ROVING PACK ANIMALS IN THE EARLY DAYS, VISITING THE NEEDY, SHOOTING OUT IN AEROPLANE STRAND NETWORKS TO ENGORGE TINY TRIBAL AND FERAL COMMUNITIES WITH INOCULATION. BUT THEY WAIT NOW. THEY WAIT FOR YOU, IN YOUR IGNORANCE OR DESPERATION TO ARRIVE ON THEIR DOOR STEP, SOMETIMES ALREADY PARALYZED FROM FEAR ITSELF. HERE THEY WRAP YOU IN WITH PILLS (BUT NOT TOO MANY!) WITH TREATMENTS (ALL TESTS ARE NECESSARY!) AND MOST OF ALL WITH THEIR BENEFICENT LIES.

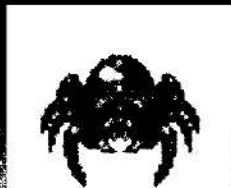
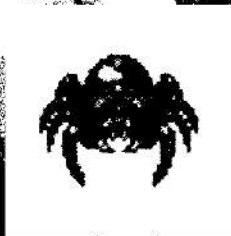
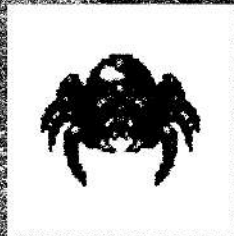
THESE OOZING PUSSES OF WORDS, OVERWEIGHT ALCOHOLIC NURSES WITH STDS AND A CHILD STAYING WITH THEIR OWN MOTHER 14 HOURS A DAY POKE AND PROD YOU. EVEN THE BEST INSTITUTIONS ARE STAFFED BY THESE SPECTERS OF UNHEALTH, AND THEY GLEEFULLY DENY YOU A BEREAVEMENT. UNDER PAPER MASKS THEY SCORN YOU FOR YOUR NEEDINESS. HOW THESE MATTED SPECTERS OF NEGLECT AND IMPERTINENCE SHINE IN THE DISMAL MALAISE OF THEIR NEST.

BODIES HIT THE FLOORS WHEN SPIDER-MAN SHOWS UP

**EVER HEARD
OF A BLACK
WINDOW?**

BUT THEY ARE JUST HARBINGERS OF SOMETHING. A CREATURE THAT IS VAMPIRIC IN ITS TOTALITY, UNABLE TO SELF OBSERVE THE REFLECTION ON ITS SURGICAL STEEL TOOLS. THE DOCTOR. EDUCATION IS HIS BLINDFOLD. IT PROTECTS HIM AGAINST RATIONALITY. HIS PEERS ARE HIS EARPLUGS. THEY STEAL HIS MIND FROM INFECTIOUS THOUGHTS OF INTUITION. HIS MOUTH OPENS, AND IT SPEAKS THE WORDS OF PAID SHILLS AND DEAD MEN, AND PROMISES DEATH.

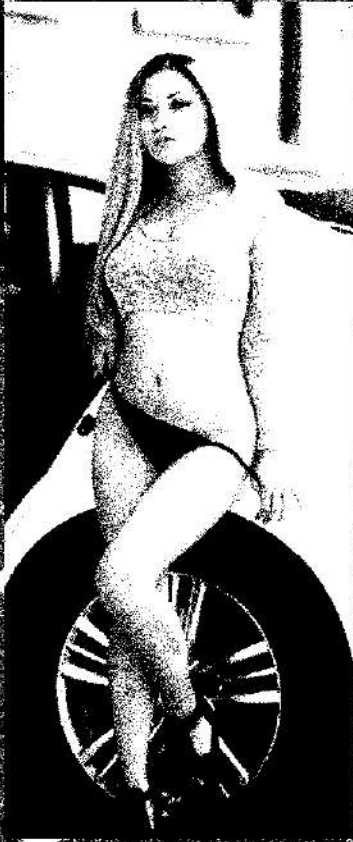
DIE



ADVICE FOR LOVERS (BY JACOB ROBLES)

TIRED OF SEEING THAT BORED LOOK IN HER EYE EVERY TIME YOU EXPLAIN HOW THE FINBONACCI SEQUENCE IS IN THE "LATERALUS" ALBUM? TIRED OF HER THINKING THAT BOB SEGER IS COVERING METALLICA'S "TURN THE PAGE"?

WELL BUCKLE UP BUCKAROO 'CAUSE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU. SHE'S A LADY!

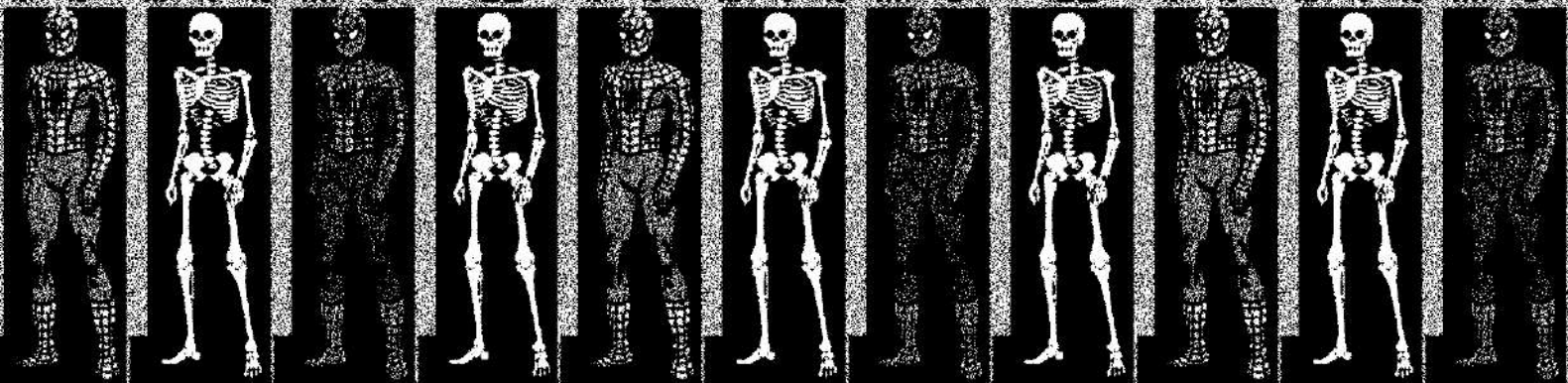


SURE. WATCHING NAIL TUTORIALS ON YOUTUBE MAY FEEL LIKE YOU'RE WATCHING ZERO DARK THIRTY BLACK SITE B ROLL. BUT HOW DO YOU THINK SHE FEELS WHEN YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN HOW 100 GECS IS ACTUALLY "MUSIC"

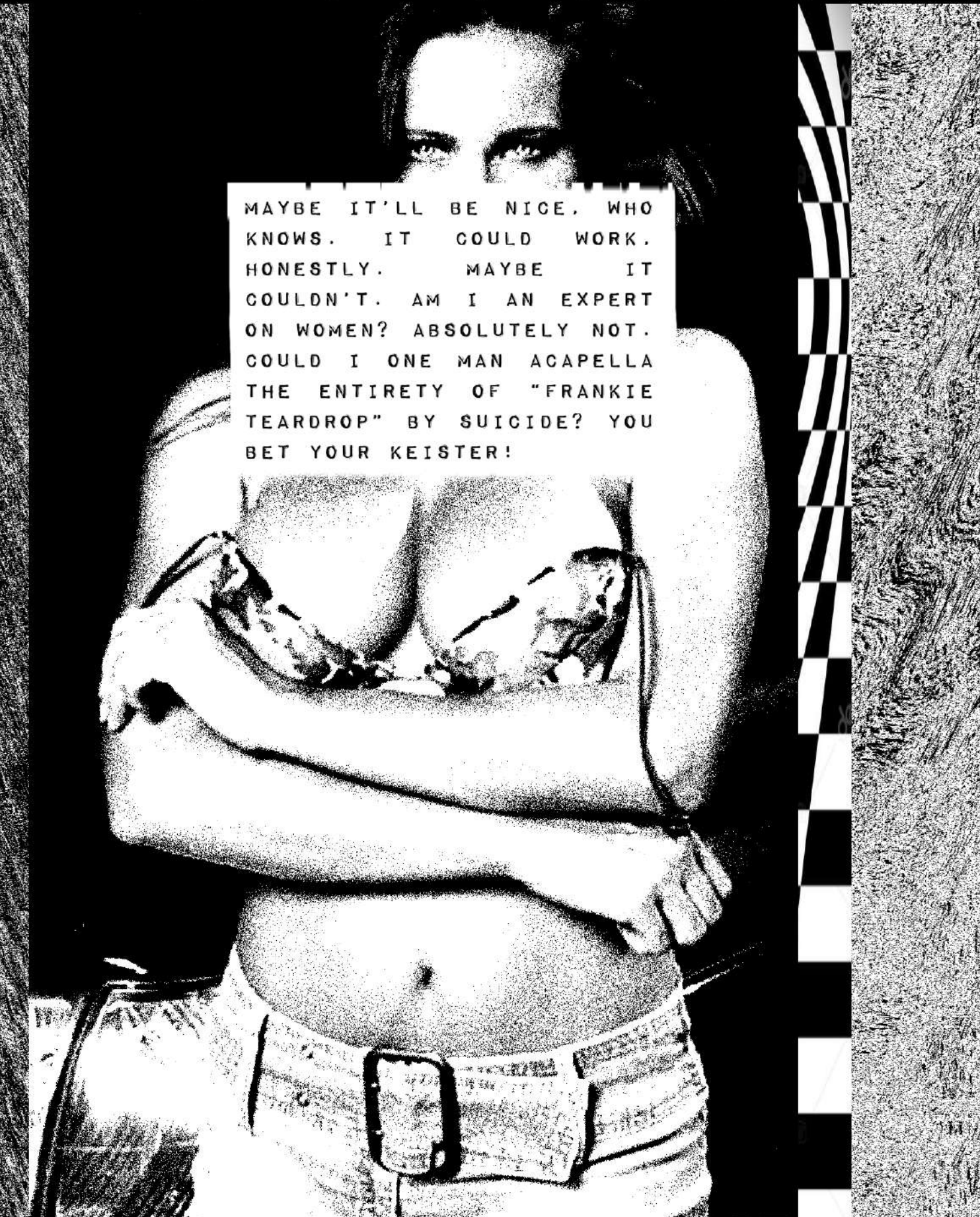
STARTING TO SEE PICTURES NOW. AINT'CHA? IT'S A GIVE AND TAKE. MY FRIEND IT'S NORMAL

OF COURSE. WE ALL WANT A CHICK WHO WILL FRANTICALLY WAKE YOU UP AT 4 IN THE MORNING AND UTTER THOSE ANGELIC 5 WORDS "BABE. DEATH GRIPS IS ONLINE!"

BUT DO WE REALLY NEED TWO OF YA'?



DEDICATED TO THE "NICHÉ MUSIC" BF & HIS SPOTIFY GF



MAYBE IT'LL BE NICE. WHO KNOWS. IT COULD WORK. HONESTLY. MAYBE IT COULDN'T. AM I AN EXPERT ON WOMEN? ABSOLUTELY NOT. COULD I ONE MAN ACAPELLA THE ENTIRETY OF "FRANKIE TEARDROP" BY SUICIDE? YOU BET YOUR KEISTER!

IF YOU'RE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THAT COMMONALITIES AREN'T THE "END ALL BE ALL" OF RELATIONSHIPS IT COULD GO LIKE THIS. MAYBE THE 4TH. THE 5TH. THERE COULD BE A MINOR FALL BEFORE THE MAJOR LIFT. BUT REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE THE BAFFLED KING COMPOSING. LOVE EACH OTHER FOR YOUR STRENGTHS. NOT YOUR WEAKNESSES. HALLELUJAH!

MEDITATE WITH THE KAISER! (BY MICHAEL VAN GORE)

COME JOIN ME IN DELIGHTFUL MEDITATION! RELAX, BREATHE IN AND CLOSE YOUR EYES. IMAGINE AN AVERAGE FRIDAY NIGHT. YOU ARE SITTING AT HOME AIMLESSLY BINGING NETFLIX SHOWS. YOU ARE SKIPPING THROUGH ADS, INTROS AND HALF-ASSES SHOWS. YOU SEE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE FIGHT AND FALL IN LOVE. YOU CAN SEE THEM DIE THEATRICALY AND TASTEFULLY SCREW EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT. YOU ARE TIRED OF THEIR SPARKLING WHITE TEETH AND HAPPY ENDINGS. THEIR DEGENERACY BORES YOU. YOU ARE RESTLESS. YOU CLOSE THE LAPTOP, LET SILENCE FILL THE ROOM, AND FALL DEEPER INTO TRANCE.

THEY SAY MEDITATION IS AN EXERCISE OF MINDFULNESS TO ACHIEVE A MENTALLY CLEAR AND EMOTIONALLY CALM STATE. SO, FOCUS ON THE OPPRESSIVE SILENCE.

BREATH IN 'TRAGIC REAR-END COLLISION! TWO DEAD, 16 INJURED AND PERMANENTLY DISFIGURED, HUNDREDS TRAUMATIZED'



YOU ARE THE LORD OF THE DANCE!

BREATH OUT. THE HOUSE OF THE NEIGHBORS IS ONE FIRE. THEIR BUCKTOOTHED BOY WHO PLAYS THE DRUMS AT 2AM IS LOCKED INSIDE. HE BOLDLY JUMPS FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW. HIS SKULL CRACKS WITH A LOVELY SOUND AS HIS BRAINS SPLASH ON THE SIDEWALK.

BREATH IN. YOU SEE THE OFFICE YOU ARE WORKING IN. CARPETS AND COPY PAPER BURST INTO FLAMES AS YOUR USELESS CO-WORKERS CATCH FIRE AND RUN AROUND LIKE HEADLESS CHICKENS.

BREATH OUT. WITH EVERY BREATH. IMAGES OF VIOLENCE FLOOD YOUR THOUGHTS. EACH ONE MORE GRAPHIC AND ABSURD.

BREATH IN. THE BODY OF THE TAX MAN IS IN REBELLION. EVERY CELL REPRODUCES AND GROWS SPONTANEOUSLY. THE ONCE ANAL-RETENTIVE AND SPITEFUL BUREAUCRAT HAS BECOME A COLONY OF CANCERS PRETENDING TO BE A MAN. FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC HEALTH, THE TUMOUR IS CUT INTO PIECES AND REDUCED TO MUSH BY AN INDUSTRIAL MACHINE OF GRINDERS AND SUBSEQUENTLY BURNED.

BREATH OUT. OPEN YOUR EYES AND RETURN. YOU ARE A NEW MAN. ALL OF YOUR ENEMIES ARE DEAD. THEIR CORPSES DECORATE YOUR ABODE. THEIR OFFSPRING ARE CURSED FOR GENERATIONS TO COME. AND THE LAND THEY WALKED ON HAS BEEN SALTED AND BURNED. NOW YOU ARE FREE TO VENTURE FORTH BOLDLY TO FACE ANOTHER DAY.

NAMASTE.



HATEMAIL

BRO. IT SAYS CARS &
WOMEN ON THE FUCKING
TITLE. WHAT WERE YOU
EXPECTING - THE PARIS
REVIEW OF LITERATURE???

WITH THAT IN MIND SEND
ALL YOUR HUGS AND
KISSES TO:

HOMELESSCHINESEMAN@GMAIL.COM

QUEENSTRASH.COM