

CARS & WOMEN

MAGAZINE

#8



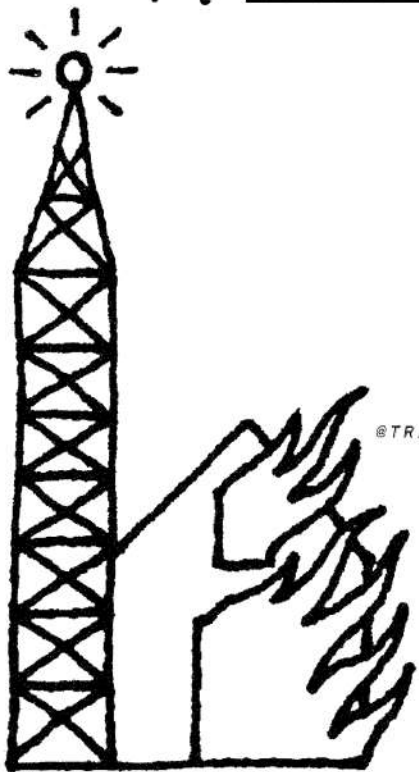
FOOD

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MAN IN THE NEW
MILLENNIUM

FEATURING: STAINED HANES / MICHAEL VAN GORE / MUNOXXUS / HISTER GRANT / DANNY SOBOR /
NICK DOVE / JADE WOOTTON / L.D. SPARLING / ISOBEL McHATTIE / AND MORE

INTRODUCING

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EDITORIAL

FOOD

GENTLEMEN,

FOOD - THE MOST SCRUTINIZED AND OVERANALYZED THING ON THE PLANET. AND WHO ARE WE TO STAY SILENT? NO, NO, NO. WE'LL JOIN THE CHOIR OF FOOD FANATICS, LECTURING YOU ON THE LATEST DIETARY DILEMMAS AND CULINARY FAUX PAS. AND ONCE WE'RE DONE, YOU'LL HAVE A RELIGIOUS EPIPHANY, PREACHING ABOUT THE EVILS LURKING IN YOUR KITCHEN TO ANYONE WHO'LL LISTEN. NEVER MIND THAT FOOD IS SAFER THAN EVER BEFORE - IT'S TIME TO BOW DOWN TO THE ALMIGHTY GLUTEN-FREE, PALEO, RAW, AND KETO GODS AND FOLLOW THEIR DIETARY COMMANDMENTS.

IN THIS ISSUE, WE'LL WARN YOU ABOUT THE MICROBIAL TERROR OF PASTA, EXPOSE THE FOOD INDUSTRY'S GRAND SCIENTIFIC CONSPIRACY, AND EVEN REVEAL THE HORMONAL HORRORS OF BOTTLED WATER - BECAUSE LET'S FACE IT, DRINKING FROM THE TAP IS SO LAST CENTURY. AND DON'T EVEN GET US STARTED ON THE DUMPSTER FIRE THAT ARE APPLES. AFTER ALL, ONLY A GENETICALLY MODIFIED CONSUMER IS A HAPPY CONSUMER.

- THE KAISER

THE KAISER
BREAKS HIS FAST WITH HAMBURGERS
BY CHANTON

THE HANES
DOES NOT LIKE TOMATOES, BUT EATS KETCHUP
BY CRYSTIAN HANES

THE ROMAN
CAN'T HELP BUT TELL YOU ABOUT HIS FOOD ALLERGIES
BY @BRADPUSSTROMAN

THE YEAR IS 1997, ROUGHLY, AND I'M SITTING ON THE COUCH WATCHING EMERIL LAGASSE COOK SOMETHING. I AM A SMALL CHILD AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IS GOING ON BUT IT IS ENGAGING. THIS SHOW IS ON BECAUSE MY HOME LIFE HASN'T FALLEN APART YET AND MY MOTHER IS TRYING TO COOK SOMETHING NEW FOR DAD TONIGHT. SHE SUCCEEDS AND DAD BRINGS HOME MCDONALDS ANYWAY. I AM A FAT CHILD. DAD ENJOYS HIS HOME COOKED MEAL AND I STUFF MY FACE WITH FRIES THAT STILL HOLD UP TODAY AND A COKE. LATER THIS YEAR WE WILL GO TO THE MOVIES TO SEE POWER RANGERS TURBO AND I WILL OVEREAT POPCORN AND NACHOS. AROUND THIS AGE I TRY TO COOK BUT IT DOESN'T WORK. I SUCCEED IN NOT BURNING TOAST AT LEAST. I WAS SUPERVISED.



SO MY TEENAGE YEARS EVENTUALLY CATCH UP TO ME. 2005 ISH. AND I AM OVERWEIGHT AND NO ONE COOKS MUCH ANYMORE SINCE WE'RE ALL BUSY. I LOOK IN MY CABINETS AND FIND THINGS TO THROW TOGETHER. I DO A QUICK SEARCH ON THE INTERNET TO SEE WHAT I CAN MAKE WITH THE JUNK I HAVE. TURNS OUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS SO I PICK ONE AND I FOLLOW ALL THE INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY. IT IS FINE. SOMETIME THIS YEAR I DECIDE TO TAKE A COOKING CLASS IN SCHOOL. IT IS ONE OF THE FEW CLASSES I ACTUALLY ATTEND. THE TEACHER SUCKS AND WANTS ME TO FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS THEN SHARE THE RESULTS WITH THE CLASS. THIS LASTS ALL OF ONE CLASS BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO COOK FOR THEM. I AM COOKING FOR ME. I CHANGE THE RECIPES AND THEY TASTE GREAT. THE CLASS AGREES. TEACHER IS MAD AND I GOT A C DUE TO NOT FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS. I LEARNED SOME OF THE BASICS HERE AND I LEARNED THAT COOKING IS SUBJECTIVE. MY PANCAKES SLAP AND I DON'T BURN STUFF ANYMORE.

JUMP FORWARD TO ABOUT 2003. THE HOME LIFE FELL APART AND MOM NO LONGER NEEDS TO COOK FOR DAD. SHE IS WORKING ANYWAY. I'LL BE EATING A POPTART OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOR BREAKFAST ON THE BUS TO SCHOOL. LUNCH IS THE MID TIER STUFF THEY SERVE IN THE CAFETERIA MIXED WITH JUNK FROM THE SCHOOL STORE THAT MY FRIENDS AND I BUY. MOUNTAIN DEW. FUNYUNS AND PIZZA WITH EXTRA SAUCE ARE MY FOOD STAPLES NOW. GRANDPA COOKS A LOT. HE'S PRETTY GOOD AT IT. I STILL CATCH A COOKING SHOW EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. IN FACT I FOUND A LITTLE BOOK I HAD FROM YEARS AGO WHERE I WROTE DOWN RECIPES THINKING I WAS GONNA BE A LITTLE CHEF. I'M NOT. I JUST PLAY VIDEO GAMES AND EAT GARBAGE. I CAN MAKE EGGS, SCRAMBLED OF COURSE. I ONCE COOKED A STEAK AND SOME BOXED MASHED POTATOES. THE STEAK WAS WELL DONE AND CHEWY.



I AM AN ADULT AND I WORK IN A RESTAURANT. I DO NOT COOK. I PACK FOOD UP AND DO PREPARATION FOR THE ACTUAL CHEFS. I AM HIGH MOST OF THE TIME AND TRY EVERY SINGLE THING THE KITCHEN OFFERS ME. AND IT IS ALL DELICIOUS. MOST OF THE TIME I'M NOT VERY BUSY SO I WATCH THE CHEFS. I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. I JUST WATCH. I LEARNED HOW THE BEST SAUCES ARE MADE WITH RAW MATERIALS AND THAT THE TIME IT TAKES TO MAKE THEM CAN CHANGE THE RECIPE. I LEARNED HOW TO FLIP FOOD IN A SAUCEPAN WITHOUT A SPATULA. I LEARNED HOW TO MAKE MARINADES. DRESSINGS. BREADCRUMBS AND HOW TO PREPARE FRESH SEAFOOD. I LEARNED THE SHORT CUTS THAT RESTAURANTS TAKE TO MAKE YOUR FOOD TASTE GOOD. LOTS OF BUTTER IN YOUR PASTA. FRIENDS. I LEARN TO MAKE A PIZZA FROM THE BASE INGREDIENTS. ALL BY WATCHING OTHER PEOPLE DO IT. I WOULD GO HOME AT NIGHT AND GRAB MATERIALS TO PRACTICE AT HOME. I WAS GETTING PRETTY GOOD AT IT.

WE ARE HERE. I HAVE SINCE LEFT THE FOOD INDUSTRY AND AM NOW WORKING IN THE WORLD OF FITNESS. I AM ROUGHLY FORTY POUNDS OVERWEIGHT BUT I AM NOT FAT. I PREPARE MEALS EVERY SINGLE WEEK. I CAN COOK ALMOST EVERY DISH THAT I ONCE ORDERED FOR DELIVERY. I LEARNED HOW TO MAKE THESE THINGS BY USING THE TECHNIQUES I ACQUIRED OVER THE YEARS. LOOK UP THE INGREDIENTS. PREPARE THEM AND COMBINE. I DON'T FOLLOW RECIPES. I JUST KNOW HOW THESE THINGS ARE PUT TOGETHER WHEN I SEE THEM. I CAN WATCH A STUPID LITTLE THIRTY SECONDS INSTAGRAM SHORT THAT SHOWS INGREDIENTS AND A FINISHED PRODUCT AND MAKES THE FOOD. I HAVE NEVER HAD FORMAL TRAINING FOR MOST OF THESE SKILLS. PEOPLE I KNOW PRAISE MY COOKING AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. NOTHING I MAKE IS SPECIAL. IT IS SIMPLY COMBINING THINGS IN THE RIGHT ORDER.

I HAVE HEARD THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE THAT CAN'T COOK. THAT MY FRIENDS. IS RETARDED.

A COLLECTION FEE IS NEEDED

NOT MONEY

NOT TIME

NOT A PROMISE

BUT YOUR PRESENCE



RENEWABLE ENERGY PLANTS ARE GOING UP IN FLAMES. CHERNOBYL LITE™ IS UNFOLDING IN EAST PALESTINE AND RAIL CAR DERAILMENTS ARE ALL GOING UNREPORTED WHILE YOU READ THIS. SO LETS TALK FOOD.

FLAVORS ARE CONCEPTS NOW LIKE THERE'S A RUN ON FAKE CHOCOLATE. THERE'S A RUN ON FAKE ORANGE, TOO. ITS WHY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN REGULAR TAKIS IN A WHILE. BUT BACK TO PRINGLES-STUFFED REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER CUPS. YEAH. ITS ALL SHRINKING BUT THE FLAVORS ARE MISHMASHES OF FILLER.

ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE GLOBAL SUPPLY CHAIN DISRUPTION CAUSE OF CHINESE LUNG HERPES FOOD PROCESSING PLANTS. GRAIN SILOS. POULTRY FARMS. GRAIN ELEVATORS. DAIRY FARMS. GRAIN DRYERS AND EVEN FACTORIES THAT MAKE PROCESSED GARBAGE HAVE EXPLODED. COLLAPSED AND CAUGHT FIRE. THEY STILL DO BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FISH.

BACK IN 2016 AKAI NYUGYO RELEASED A PREEMPTIVE APOLOGY FOR RAISING THE PRICE OF THEIR GARIGARIKUN LOLLIES BY TWELVE CENTS. IT WAS THE SAME PRICE SINCE 1978. I'LL SPARE YOU THE "30 YEARS OF THEIR ECONOMY BEING FUCKED THE FUCK UP" BREATHLESS EXPOSITION (AND I'LL ALSO SKIP THE "THEY'RE A SHAME BASED SOCIETY INSTEAD OF A GUILTY BASED ONE" SPEECH. SO COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS) BUT THIS SHOULD'VE GOTTEN PEOPLE WORRIED EVERYWHERE.

SPEAKING OF FISH. ITS (EVEN MORE) EXPENSIVE LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE. NOT JUST AT THE GROCERY STORE BUT AT GAS STATIONS. DELIS. SALUMERIAS. BODEGAS. FUNERAL HOMES AND CVS. ESPECIALLY CVS. LOOK AT THE ROWS OF STUFF BELOW WHERE YOU GIVE MONEY FOR WHATEVER YOU'RE THERE FOR. IT'S WEIRD, RIGHT?

FORGET THE 'THINGS ARE BAD OUT THERE' TALKING POINTS AND IF I EVER CATCH ANY OF YOU PEOPLE USING THE TERM 'FOOD INSECURITY' I WILL THROW BRICKS AT YOUR LUCK AND SABOTAGE THE RELATIONSHIPS OF PEOPLE YOU SORTA KNOW CAUSE YOU ARE THE REASON WE CAN'T HAVE NICE THINGS AND NOW IS NOT THE FUCKING TIME TO SOMEHOW MANAGE TO BE BOTH SELFISH AND THOUGHTLESS.

MY ONLY ADVICE IS TO CARRY A BOOK BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET YOU'LL NEVER BE FIRST IN LINE AT A FOOD BANK



ENTER THE WORLD OF RICHARD SIMMONS. THE LEGENDARY FITNESS ICON WHOSE CHISELED CURLS AND UNBRIDLED ENERGY HAVE INSPIRED MILLIONS OF FANS FOR OVER FIVE DECADES. WITH HIS ELECTRIFYING WORKOUT PROGRAM, "SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES," AND SIGNATURE FLAMBOYANCE, SIMMONS HAS BECOME A BEACON OF HEALTH AND FITNESS. YET, BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, RUMORS HAVE SWIRLED ABOUT HIS INFAMOUS EATING HABITS - WHISPERS OF INDULGENCE THAT SOME HAVE DISMISSED AS MERE GOSSIP. WHILE OTHERS SPECULATE THAT THEY'RE A DELIBERATE PLOY TO COURT ATTENTION. HOWEVER, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEND A DAY WITH THE ELUSIVE SIMMONS IN HIS CALIFORNIA HOME, BRINGING READERS OF *CARS & WOMEN* MAGAZINE THE DEFINITIVE TRUTH ABOUT THE CULINARY HABITS OF THIS FITNESS GURU.

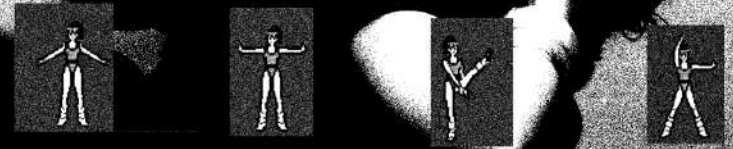


9.00 AM - MID-MORNING SNACK:
 TRUE TO HIS WORD, SIMMONS WASTES NO TIME HITTING HIS PRIVATE FITNESS STUDIO FOR A GRUELING TWO-HOUR WORKOUT. AS THE MORNING WEARS ON, THE FITNESS GURU, SPORTING HIS TRADEMARK GOLD HOT PANTS, AN LA LAKERS JERSEY, AND AN INDIAN HEADDRESS, ADMITS TO FEELING A TAD PECKISH BY HIS THIRD OR FOURTH WORKOUT SESSION. DURING MY VISIT, HE OPTED FOR A DECADENT MID-MORNING SNACK OF FOIE GRAS PERCHED ON A BED OF COTTON CANDY, PAIRED WITH A SILKY GLASS OF HEAVY CREAM SPIKED WITH TWO RAW EGGS AND A HINT OF VANILLA EXTRACT. IN A PLAYFUL DISPLAY OF SHOWMANSHIP, HE JUGGLED THE PLATES OF FOOD WHILE PERFORMING A HANDSTAND, AND EVEN BALANCED THE GLASS OF CREAM ON HIS NOSE WHILE POWERING THROUGH PUSH-UPS TO THE DELIGHT OF HIS ADORING PATRONS. SOME EVEN FONDLY RECALLED THE TIME HE POLISHED OFF AN ENTIRE CAKE WITHOUT EVER LAYING A FINGER ON IT.



STRETCH ME TO THE CLASSICS, RICHARD

06.00 AM - BREAKFAST:
 AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, RICHARD SIMMONS KICKS OFF HIS DAY WITH A DECADENT BREAKFAST THAT'S NOTHING SHORT OF SPECTACULAR. CLAD IN A PRISTINE WHITE BATHROBE, HE SAVORS THE SINFULLY DELICIOUS PAIRING OF BACON-WRAPPED DONUTS AND RICH MAPLE SYRUP, WASHED DOWN WITH A BRACING BLEND OF CHAMPAGNE AND RED BULL. WHILE SOME HEALTH ENTHUSIASTS MAY BALK AT THIS SEEMINGLY NUTRITIONAL CALAMITY, SIMMONS STAUNCHLY BELIEVES THAT THE POTENT COMBINATION OF FAT AND SUGAR SUMMONS THE REAPER RIGHT TO YOUR DOORSTEP, FORCING YOU TO RUN TOWARDS THE DAY AHEAD.



12.00 PM POWER LUNCH:

AFTER ANOTHER TWO HOURS OF SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES I LEARNED THAT WHEN IT COMES TO LUNCH, RICHARD SIMMONS DOES NOT MESS AROUND. SIMMONS, NOW DRESSED IN A PINK TUTU AND A FEATHER BOA, DESCENDED UPON ONE OF L.A.'S HIP LUXURY RESTAURANTS. HE ORDERED A WHOLE ROASTED PIG, STUFFED WITH TRUFFLES AND BASTED IN A SAUCE MADE FROM MELTED CHOCOLATE AND CHAMPAGNE. AND FOR DESSERT, HE WOULD ENJOY A SLICE OF CAKE MADE ENTIRELY OF GOLD LEAVES AND COVERED IN MOCK DIAMONDS. AS HE ATE, HE DANCED AROUND THE TABLE, BLOWING KISSES TO THE OTHER DINERS AND SINGING SHOW TUNES. STAFF AND GUESTS ALIKE WERE IN AWE, BUT COULD NOT REFUSE SIMMONS' MAGNETIC ENERGY. SOME WONDERED IF RICHARD SIMMONS WAS SECRETLY A CLOWN OR A DRAG QUEEN. BUT SIMMONS PAID THEM NO MIND AND KEPT BLOWING KISSES TO THE SHOCKED CROWD



16.00 - AFTERNOON SNACK:

AS THE AFTERNOON SUN BEAT DOWN, SIMMONS SLIPPED BACK INTO HIS WORKOUT GEAR AND HIT A MID-DAY SLUMP. EVER THE SHOWMAN, HE PULLED OUT A BOX OF TWINKIES AND PLAYFULLY NAMED EACH ONE AFTER A CHARACTER FROM THE HIT TV SHOW, PARTY OF FIVE. BUT RATHER THAN INDULGE IN THE SWEET TREATS, HE ARRANGED THEM METICULOUSLY AROUND HIS DINNER TABLE. NEXT UP, HE DOVE INTO A STEAMING BOWL OF LOBSTER MAC AND CHEESE, SAVORING EVERY SUCCULENT BITE OF THE RICH AND DECADENT DISH. FOR SIMMONS, THIS PERFECT PAIRING OF SUMPTUOUSNESS AND FLAVOR WAS JUST WHAT HE NEEDED TO POWER THROUGH THE REST OF HIS DAY.



8.00 PM - DINNER:

AS NIGHT FELL, SIMMONS MADE HIS GRAND ENTRANCE AT A SWANKY RESTAURANT DRESSED AS A FLAMBOYANT FEUDAL LORD IN SHORTS. HE PROCEEDED TO ORDER A 12-COURSE TASTING MENU FIT FOR ROYALTY, FEATURING EXTRAVAGANT DISHES SUCH AS A DECONSTRUCTED CAVIAR-TOPPED WAGYU BEEF ADORNED WITH GOLD LEAVES, AND A MASSIVE TWO-AND-A-HALF-POUND STEAK TENDERIZED BY THE VIBRATIONS OF ONE HUNDRED AUSTRIAN YODELING RECORDS. EVER THE SHOWMAN, HE PRETENDED TO HAVE A BIRTHDAY FOR DESSERT JUST TO DEMAND A COMPLIMENTARY CAKE TOPPED WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND SERVED WITH A SONG FROM THE WAITSTAFF. AND TRUE TO FORM, HE DEVOURED IT ALL WITH GUSTO.



DEAR READERS OF CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE, IT IS A DIET OF EPIC PROPORTIONS, BUT IN THE END, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. FOR RICHARD SIMMONS IS A MAN WHO LIVES LIFE ON HIS OWN TERMS, AND HIS DIET IS JUST ONE SMALL PART OF HIS LARGER-THAN-LIFE PERSONA. AND THOUGH MANY MAY DOUBT HIS METHODS, THERE IS NO DENYING THAT RICHARD IS A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO LIVE.

AS A GENERAL RULE, CENTRAL BANKING RELIABLY DEVALUES CURRENCY TO THE POINT OF DESTROYING REAL WEALTH. THIS CAN BE OFFSET BY PHYSICALLY ALTERING PEOPLE (I.E. THEIR BODIES+PERCEPTIONS) TO BE OK WITH THIS

FOR EXAMPLE, BT CORN IS VERY DIFFERENT FROM CORN GROWN IN 1930--THE CORN ITSELF, THE SOIL AMENDMENTS USED, THE PROCESSING TECHNIQUES, ETC.

BUT THE CORN LOOKS THE SAME TO THE AVERAGE PERSON. THE ONLY THING THAT CHANGES IS ILLNESS RELIABLY PRODUCED IN THE CONSUMER.

SO, THE TRUE END OF A GIVEN COUNTRY'S COLLECTIVE FAITH IN FIAT CURRENCY IS LIMITED BY SELF-PERCEPTION OF HEALTH.

AMERICA IS DOING WELL. AS PEOPLE ARE GENERALLY FINE WITH 1/2 PEOPLE GETTING CANCER (THAT'S MOVING UP TO 3/4 BY -2045) AND LIKE 1/5 KIDS HAVING A CHRONIC CONDITIONS WHICH REQUIRES DRUGS, ETC. ETC.. MOLECULAR BIOLOGY+BIOCHEMISTRY IN THE U.S. WAS SPECIFICALLY DEVELOPED BY EUGENISTS FOR EUGENICS PRIMARILY THROUGH RADICAL EMPHASIS OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY+PROTEIN CHEMISTRY.

COORDINATION COMPLEXES TO INORGANIC COMPONENTS WERE ONLY DEALT WITH IN ENZYMOLOGY (AGAIN, PROTEIN CHEMISTRY), WHICH OVERLOOK MUCH MORE EXOTIC BIOPHYSICS IN THE BODY.

FOR EXAMPLE, BONE IS A LIGHT-EMITTING DIODE OPERATING ON A COLLAGEN PROTON CONDUCTOR TRIPLE HELIX. THESE EXOTIC BIOPHYSICS WOULD TRULY SHOW HOW MANY DRUGS ACTUALLY WORK AND INDEED WOULD PROVIDE THE OPPORTUNITY FOR MUCH BETTER MEDICINE AS WELL AS CLEARLY DEFINING WHAT AND WHY INDUSTRIAL PROCESSES DESTROY HEALTH. IN THIS WAY, MEDICINE HAS TO BE CAPTURED IN ORDER FOR MONOPOLIES THAT ARE OPENLY KILLING PEOPLE TO SURVIVE. THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY CALTECH + ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY BASICALLY ALMOST SINGLE HANDEDLY SET NATIONAL GRADUATE SCHOOL STANDARDS FOR BIOCHEMISTRY AND MOLECULAR BIOLOGY.

CEREAL IS HUMAN DOG FOOD

IT'S AN OPEN QUESTION IF THESE MONOPOLIES ARE TRULY REQUIRED BY THE STATE.



PESKY PLUMBER'S STOLEN EYE-TALIAN PASTA WITH PINK SAUCE RECIPE

1. ACQUIRE OR CREATE RED SAUCE AND PASTA AND WATER AND WINE AND HEAVY CREAM

2. ADD RED SAUCE AND WINE AND SPICES AND SUCH. MEATBALLS PERHAPS, TO DESIRED QUANTITIES AND PROPORTIONS

3. ADD IN A SMALL MEASURE OF HEAVY WHIPPING CREAM. PERHAPS A 1/4 OF THE AMOUNT OF RED SAUCE YOU HAVE. THIS CAN BE EYE BALLED BUT YOU RUN THE RISK OF MAKING SAUCE THAT IS BOTH CURDLED MILK AND TOO SOUPY AND NOT SAUCY IF YOU FUCK IT UP

4. SERVE WITH SPAGHETTI AND GARLIC BREAD IF YOU DIDN'T ALREADY SERVE THAT AS AN APPETIZER

5. START ON YOUR NEXT SON WITH YOUR DARLING WIFE AFTER MAKING THIS FOR HER

6. SUBSCRIBE TO CARS AND WOMEN MAGAZINE

COOKING IS A HOBBY

FIND SOLACE IN THESE MOMENTS

THEY NEVER LAST.

IT ENDS.

DICK IN, GUYS



WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS A RED '56 CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE OWNED BY NICK DOVE'S UNCLE SOREN. HIS UNCLE IS AN AVID CAR COLLECTOR AND DROVE THIS VERY CORVETTE DURING HIS COLLEGE DAYS IN MIAMI TO PICK UP JEWISH SORORITY PRINCESSES. IN TRUE NEPHEW FASHION, NICK DOVE CAPTURED HIS UNCLE'S SEXUAL EXPLOITS WITH AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTO SHOOT FOR CARS & WOMEN MAGAZINE.

THERE WILL BE NO RETURN. NO GREAT CIVILIZATIONAL COMEUPPANCE. LONGING EYES FOR THE PAST ONLY LEAD TO HOPES DASHED. BE BRAVE. ACCEPT THE FUTURE -- YOU MIGHT JUST LIKE WHERE THINGS WILL GO.



Power Lives in Backs of Banks and Bars, Between Old Heads and sycophants, in restaurants and shift leaders, managerial cabals and individual operators...
I've seen where power lives but I've seldom been invited in, but only to receive warnings so as not to further trespass where I historically didn't belong

determined and mildly frustrated, even the sedentary or homeless are always working,

Everybody moving, doing their jobs, working

wet-works and networks

I have seen the potential of a weaponized profile

The author is an authoritarian, he dictates the narrative, the content and its form...

Discursive paranoia, the idea of the watcher and the watched as inverse positions on a non binary 4d spectrum—the best assets are always unwitting and the best agents hide in plain sight and seem to draw as much conspicuous attention to themselves as outside reason permits...

Every artist needs an agent or handler...someone give them direction, affirm their purpose, help them call their shots...steady their aim...reign in their more off- the- reservation investigative urges..

I am already beginning to sense the oncoming heat death—the energy diminishing before our very touch—the heat no longer feels as warm, the cold that much more severe, and numbing, dulling our receptors...the fuel sources are running low and desperation is beginning to take hold.

Then I Got Some Brain and Everything Seemed Fine

If ain't portion control its abortion control

Mystic Materialists and Magical Marxists, spiritual searchers in the deserts of the south west. Chrystal collectors and Transcendental Meditators, inviting in the entities and shifters of realities. Darsana by wifi, drinkers of the influential waters rich in minerals...

They scream top of lung for the coming end of Kali-Yuga, the dark age, they are mistaken in thinking

This is the only one...

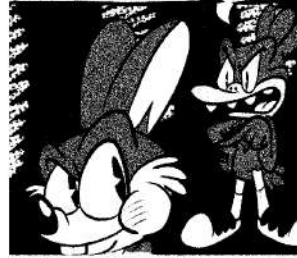
FROM THE DESK OF

STAINED HANES

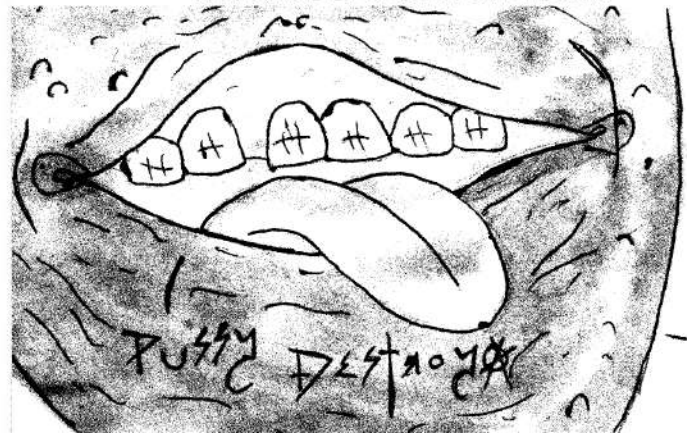
SPLAT RABBIT #138

YOU'RE A FRAUD SPLAT RABBIT.

YOU PRETEND TO BE ABOUT
FREEDOM, BUT YOU MAKE SURE PEOPLE
LIKE ME DON'T GET A PIECE OF THE PIE.



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THOSE WHO SAY THAT BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER NEVER SAW THE WORK OF JEAN HENRI. FROM THE BORING AND THE BULLSHITTING TO THE GRAZED AND THE DAMNED. THERE WAS SCARCELY A SOUL THAT COULD GAZE UPON HIS ART AND NOT FIND SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO INFLAME IT. SOME RECEIVED COMFORT, OTHERS JOY, STILL MORE RAGE OR REGRET OR SORROW, BUT EMOTIONAL ENRAPTURE WAS ALWAYS INEVITABLE. HENRI PIECES, THOUGH EVOKING CACOPHONOUS FEELINGS, WERE UNIFORM IN THEIR SUPREME CAPABILITY TO CAPTIVATE. POSTMODERNITY HAD BEEN CONQUERED, PLAYED, AND FUNNELED BY A CREATOR WHOSE LIKE HADN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE THE DAYS OF ADAM.

FROM ON HIGH IN HIS BROOKLYN TOWER, JEAN LIVED WITH HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS. THIN OF FRAME BUT THICK OF LUST, HE AWOKO AMONGST THE ACOLYTES HE'D PRIVILEGED TO LIE THE NIGHT, AND EMERGED FROM THE POLY PILE TO LIGHT HIS FIRST GALLUOISE. SPITTING SMOKE OUT HIS MOUTH, HE STARED INTO THE GRAY BEYOND, HIS VIEW FOGGY BUT HIS VISION VIBRANT AND ALIVE. TODAY HE'D DABBLE WITH LANDSCAPES AND EXPLORE THOREAUVIANISM. "ELENI!" HE CALLED, SIGNALING TO HIS FAVORITE MUSE, A GREEK SPITFIRE WHOSE EMBERS RAN NEARLY AS HOT AS HIS OWN. "BREAD, PAPER!"

"PRICK!" SHE SNAPPED BACK, SITTING HERSELF UP AND STAGGERING INTO THE KITCHEN. DUTIFULLY RETURNING WITH A PLATE OF BAGUETTES AND BUTTER BUT WEARING VINEGAR ON HER FACE. LEANING IN TO GIVE HER A KISS AS SHE LOOKED ON AND AWAY. JEAN NOTICED THE NEWS WAS ABSENT. "WHERE'S THE TIMES?" HE ASKED, NIBBLING ON HIS LOAF JUST ENOUGH TO SATIATE HIS STOMACH BUT KEEP HIS BODY HUNGRY AND MIND SHARP. "HAS IT NOT COME?"

**SOUNDS TOTALLY
TECHNOPHOBIC TO ME**

"NOT COME." ELENI SAID, COMBING HER HAIR AND LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE VOID OF THE MIRROR.

JEAN GROANED. "GO TELL ABBAS TO FETCH IT."

"HE CAN'T." SHE REPLIED. "STILL OUT."

"KLARA, THEN."

"THE SAME." SHE SAID, ANNOYANCE RADIATING FROM HER VOICE.

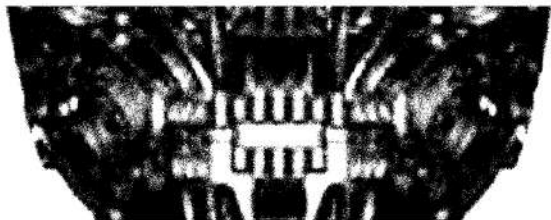
JEAN'S IRE ROSE WITH HERS. "FUCK, THEN YOU GO GET IT."

HER COMPOSURE, ALREADY SHAKY, BROKE. "NO. GET IT YOUR FUCKING SELF."

"BITCH." JEAN THREW HIS HANDS UP IN THE AIR. SHE WASN'T AS DEFERENTIAL AS THE OTHERS. BUT DEMURITY WAS SO BANAL. "MAKING ME GO OUT SO GHASTLY." HE CARPED, PUTTING ON A BLACK HOOD AND SUNGLASSES TO AVOID BEING MOBBED OR ROBBED AND LEAVING HIS LOFT'S SANCTITY. HE DESCENDED THE ELEVATOR AND DARTED ACROSS THE STREET. THE DOORMAN RECOGNIZING HIM BUT NO ONE ELSE. HANDING THE BODEGA BOY THREE SACAGAWEAS. HE RUSHED HOME, SHOOTING ELENI A LOOK AS HE SAT AND TURNED TO THE ARTS SECTION. HIS EYES SHARPENED FURTHER WHEN THEY GLANCED THE HEADLINE - "HENRI ART DEBUTS AT MOMA."



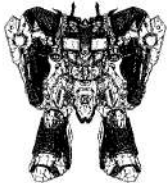
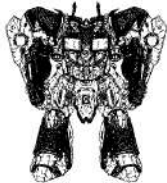
WHAT THE FUCK? HE HADN'T SIGNED OFF ON THAT. JEAN WAS FLOORED. MUTTERING CURSES AND INNER MONOLOGUING. TRANSCENDENTALISM WOULD HAVE TO WAIT. THIS TRANSGRESSION DEMANDED IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. HE GRABBED THE PHONE AND RANG TED DAWSON, THE MUSEUM'S DIRECTOR. LIKE MOST, HE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY.



"MR. HENRI. IT'S A PLEASURE TO HEAR FROM YOU." HE WHEEZED WITH THE REQUISITE REVERENCE. I'M SORRY TO HAVE MISSED YOU LAST MONTH AT THE GALA. YOU KNOW SUSAN. WELL, YOU KNOW. SHE WAS -"

JEAN CUT HIM OFF.
"QUIT YOUR SHIT. I SAW THE PAPER."

"I BEG YOUR PARDON?"
RESPONDED DAWSON.



"YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN SHOWCASE MY CREATIONS WITHOUT MY EXPRESS CLEARANCE?"

HE HEARD AN AUDIBLE SIGH ACROSS THE WIRE.
"SIR. I BELIEVE YOU ARE MISTAKEN."

"YOU'D BETTER HOPE MY SOLICITORS THINK SO."
JEAN RETORTED.

"SIR. SIR. IT IS NOT YOUR ART, HENRI ART." THE CURATOR PLEADED.
"BUT HENRI ART, CAPITALIZED AND BOLDED."

"WHAT'S THE FUCKING DIFFERENCE?"

"ER. WELL YOU, MR. HENRI. ARE. ARE. A MAN. AND ER. HENRI IS. IS. A MACHINE."



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"A ROBOT?" JEAN LET THE BREATH OUT HIS MOUTH AND TRIED TO STOP TAKING THE AIR OUT OF DAWSON'S. "A ROBOT THAT PAINTS?"

"AN AI. AN AI. SIR. AN AI THAT GENERATES."

"GENERATES?" JEAN ASKED, CONFUSED AND A LITTLE REMUSED.

"YES. YES. THAT'S RIGHT. HENRI IS A MOMA-CREATED APPLICATION TRAINED ON COMPLEX ALGORITHMIC PROTOCOLS TO RECEIVE AESTHETIC INPUT AND PRODUCE ARTISTIC OUTPUT."

JEAN'S EYEBROWS RAISED AND THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH WENT SIDeways. "SO YOU GIVE IT A PROMPT, AND IT PAINTS A PICTURE?"

"PRECISELY, SIR."

"AND WHY DOES IT HAVE MY NAME?"

"THE BOARD VOTED AND LANDED ON IT. WE FIND IT BOTH CHARMING AND COMFORTING."



"THAT'S MY LIKENESS. I CAN STILL SUE YOU."

"WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, THERE ARE MANY OTHER HENRIS... HENRI MATTISSE. HENRI ROUSSEAU..."

"OH. DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH." JEAN CHUCKLED, HIS EYE-ROLL APPARENT EVEN IF UNSEEN. "HAVE FUN WITH YOUR LITTLE TOY."

HE HUNG UP THE PHONE AND SLOUCHED BACK IN HIS RECLINER. DID MOMA GO BROKE. HE WONDERED, AND SIMPLY DECIDE TO PRODUCE ITS OWN ART RATHER THAN ACQUIRE FURTHER COLLECTIONS? IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. HOW COULD A MACHINE CREATE BEAUTY FROM ITS GOLD BINARY? IT WAS A GIMMICK. A FACADE. ANY WORK WOULD BE A HOLLOW FACSIMILE. BEREFT OF VISUAL PLEASURE OR ANY OBSERVABLE PURPOSE. HE PREDICTED IT WOULD BE A FAILED FAD THAT'D FADE AWAY. ITS PROGENITORS EMBARRASSED BUT RENDERED TOO IRRELEVANT FOR THAT TO EVEN BE A WORTHWHILE EMOTION.

HE WAS WRONG ON ALL COUNTS. AS THE MONTHS PASSED, HENRI WAS A BONAFIDE HIT. THE NEW CYNOSURE OF THE ART WORLD, DOMINATING CONVERSATIONS BIG AND SMALL AND MAKING SPELLBINDING WORKS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED. IT DIDN'T MATTER WHO YOU WERE; A DOWNTOWN SOPHISTICATE, A DOOMSCROLLING SHITPOSTER, A BIDEN SUPPORTER, OR A BREITBART MOURNER. EVERYBODY COULD BE AN ARTIST AND EVERYONE A LITTLE GOD. THE OLD CREATORS, THEIR HANDS EVER MORE OBSOLESCEANT AND THEIR DEIFICATION NEVER MORE CHALLENGED, FELL INTO DEEP DEPRESSIONS. EVEN WITH HIS AESTHETES HAVING ABANDONED HIM, JEAN COULD NOT BE COUNTED AMONGST THEM. HE WOULDN'T BE HOCKNEY OR RICHTER, OR ANY OTHER OF THESE SOON-TO-BE-DEAD SILENTS, SKILLFUL ENOUGH FOR A PASSING THOUGHT BUT NOT A PUBLIC FIXATION. HIS GREATNESS WAS UNDENIABLE, EVEN IF HIS GOODNESS SUSPECT, AND HE DEMANDED IT BE RECOGNIZED FOR NOW AND ALL TIME. HE ISSUED A CHALLENGE TO THE MOMA. IN THREE DAYS' TIME, HAVE THEIR HENRI READ AND SCAN AND ANALYZE HIS ENTIRE BODY OF WORK AND MAKE REPLICAS A THOUSAND TIMES OVER. IN THAT SAME SPAN, HE WOULD PAINT A MASTERPIECE WHOSE PRIMACY COULDN'T BE QUESTIONED, AND YET AGAIN SUBJUGATE THEIR SUBJECTIVE OPINIONS TO HIS OBJECTIVE BRILLIANCE. THEY ACCEPTED, AND FORMED A COMMITTEE TO PASS JUDGMENT.

JEAN SET TO WORK, TAKING HIS USUAL VITAMINS, A LITTLE E FOR SQUASHING UNCERTAINTY MIXED WITH SOME POWDERED K TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS AND SLOW THE FLOW OF THE CLOCK. HE FLURRIED ABOUT THE CANVAS, STROKING AND BRUSHING AND DABBING AND TABBING. FIVE HOURS LATER, HIS FIRST ATTEMPT WAS COMPLETE. EH, HE THOUGHT. INCREDIBLE. YES.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT WAS SIMILAR, TOO HEAVY-HANDED AND RAW. THE THIRD, TOO FINE-TUNED AND MANICURED. THE FOURTH AND FIFTH WERE MISERABLE WITH FLAWS NOT BEARING MENTION, OFF TO BURN THEY WENT. TIME TICKED AWAY. JEAN'S HOME WAS WARM, BUT HIS BODY WAS IN A COLD SWEAT, HIS HEART POUNDING AND HIS FACE MADE GRAY FROM SUPPLEMENTAL STARVATION. ELENI, THE ONLY DEVOTEE WHO HADN'T DISPERSED, GIBED HIM. "JEAN," SHE SAID, "YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT. COME TO BED."

"I CAN'T," HE REPLIED.
"I MUST KEEP WORKING."

"IT CAN WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW. I HAVEN'T FELT YOU IN AN ETERNITY." SHE MEWED, SHIFTING HER TONE.

"BE QUIET," HE SHUSHED.
"PROCRASTINATION IS THE ANTAGONIST OF PERFECTION. IF I FUCK YOU, I FUCK MYSELF, AND I FUCK THE HUMAN SPIRIT ALONG WITH IT."

"THE HUMAN SPIRIT?" SHE YAWNED.

ELENI DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. IF HE LOST, SO DID MAN'S CONTROL OVER HIS OWN INSPIRATION. THE INSTRUMENTS THEY'D USED FOR CULTURAL CONSTRUCTION SINCE THE DAWN OF SENTIENCE WOULD BE MADE USELESS AND TRUE ARTISTRY RELEGATED TO BEING A SCHLUBBY HIPSTER'S HOBBY. JEAN NEEDED TO WIN, FOR HIMSELF AND FOR HUMANITY. HE DIDN'T WANT IT TO COME TO THIS, BUT HE SUSPECTED HE WAS OUT OF OPTIONS. HE NEEDED HIS RINGER, HIS PED, HIS VITAMIN C. HE RAIDED HIS MEDICINE CABINET AND LINED AND SNORTED THE PSYCHOTIC RESIDUE.



HIS EYES GOT LIGHTER AND HIS HEART MOVED FASTER. HE HADN'T TAKEN IT SINCE THAT JAUNT IN MALLORCA. THE LETTERS ALL MINGLED WITH ONE ANOTHER AND LAUNCHED JEAN INTO ACTION. HE STROKED HIS BRUSH FURIOUSLY, CREATING AND DESTROYING HIS UNIVERSE ON LOOP AND WONDERING WHETHER THE LORD HAD EVER HAD AS MUCH FUN. THE SIXTH TRY WAS HIS FAVORITE THUS FAR, BUT STILL NOT TO HIS IDEAL. HE NEEDED MORE. MORE G. MORE E. MORE K. MORE HAPPINESS. MORE FEARLESSNESS. MORE DREAMINESS. MORE SIGNIFICANCE. TIME DILATED BUT JEAN'S MOVEMENTS QUICKENED AND REACHED A BREAKNECK PAGE. PAINT FLEW EVERYWHERE AS HIS SOUL GREW INCREASINGLY POSSESSED BY ASPIRATIONAL PARAMOUNTCY AND BECKONED HIM BEYOND HIS EARTHLY RESTRAINTS. FINALLY, ON THE SEVENTH ATTEMPT, HE'D DONE IT. HIS TOUR DE FORCE COMPLETED IN ALL ITS VAST ARRAY. JEAN DROPPED HIS BRUSH AND FINALLY RESTED. HE CALLED FOR HIS LOVER AND CLOSED HIS EYES. THIS WAS TO LAST THE AGES.

ELENI CAME AND CRIED. FIRST WHEN SHE SAW JEAN, AND THEN WHEN SHE SAW HERSELF. THE COMMITTEE WAS UNANIMOUS. THERE WOULD BE NO QUESTION THAT ANY ARTISTIC WORK EVER EXISTED AS POWERFUL OR AS PRIMAL AS JEAN HENRI'S FINAL MASTERPIECE.

"I CAN'T WAIT TO PUT IT IN THE HENRI," REMARKED DAWSON AT THE FUNERAL.



ANATOMY OF THE HEADS

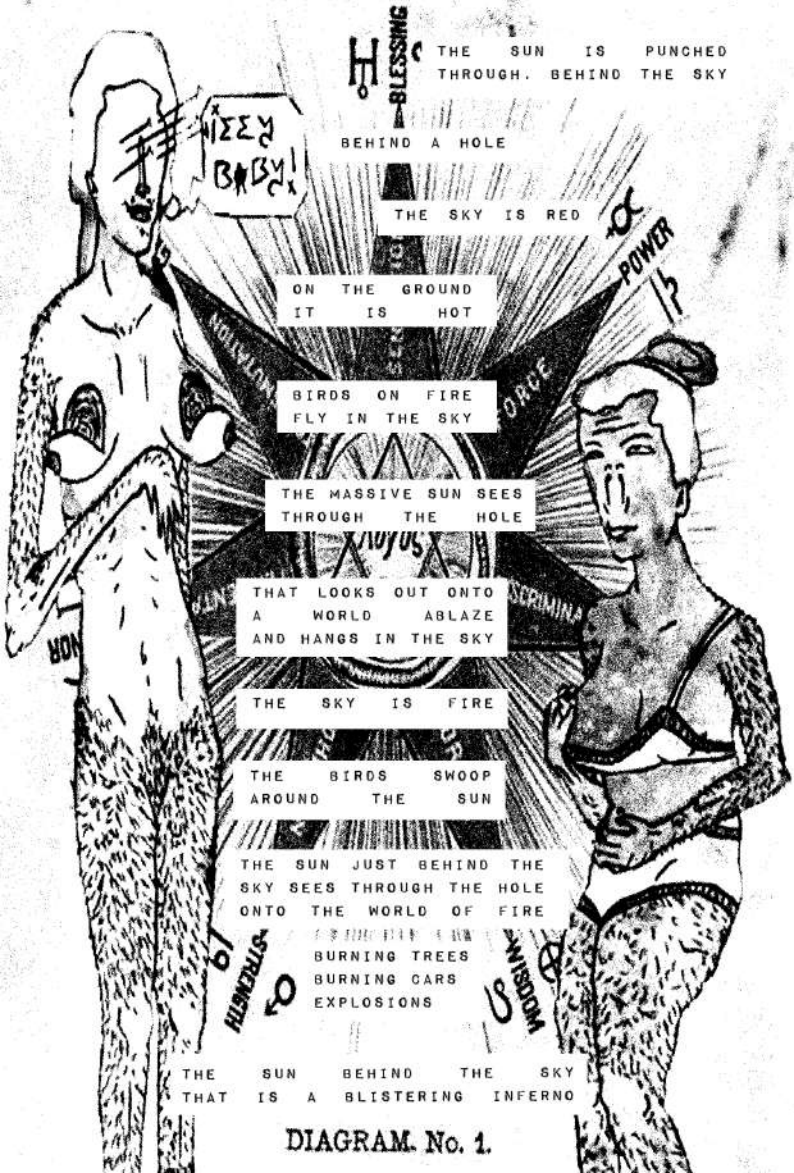


IN THE REALM OF ALLIED BARBARIANS AND TRIBUTARY LORDS



EXOTIC NOISE RITUALS

AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION MUSIC CASSETTE. STREAMING EVERYWHERE



WIZZY
BABY!

BLESSING
THE SUN IS PUNCHED
THROUGH. BEHIND THE SKY

BEHIND A HOLE

THE SKY IS RED
POWER

ON THE GROUND
IT IS HOT

BIRDS ON FIRE
FLY IN THE SKY

THE MASSIVE SUN SEES
THROUGH THE HOLE

THAT LOOKS OUT ONTO
A WORLD ABLAZE
AND HANGS IN THE SKY

THE SKY IS FIRE

THE BIRDS SWOOP
AROUND THE SUN

THE SUN JUST BEHIND THE
SKY SEES THROUGH THE HOLE
ONTO THE WORLD OF FIRE

BURNING TREES
BURNING CARS
EXPLOSIONS

THE SUN BEHIND THE SKY
THAT IS A BLISTERING INFERNO

DIAGRAM. No. 1.

IF YOU URINATE LOUDLY. DIRECTLY INTO THE TOILET WATER SO
YOU CAN ENJOY LISTENING TO IT. RATHER THAN LETTING IT
SILENTLY CASCADE DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BOWL

KNOW THAT YOU ARE SUBCONSCIOUSLY
AND DELIBERATELY DOING IT FOR
THE VERY REAL. SEMI-SEXUAL
MOTIVATION THAT DOGS HAVE FOR
SELF-INDULGENTLY. CURIOUSLY
SMELLING THEIR OWN SHIT.

YOU LIKE LISTENING TO
YOUR DIRTY PISS. A
DISGUSTING ANIMALISTIC
BODY FUNCTION. A
SHOULD-BE-OBSOLETE VESTIGE
OF MAN'S LOWER. BESTIAL
FORM.

JUST UNAWARE. UN-SELF-AWARE.
ANIMAL BEHAVIOR. LACK OF
AWARENESS. NO ABILITY TO
DISTINGUISH BETWEEN YOUR ID
AND YOUR SUPEREGO. LIKE THE
TYPE OF DISGUSTING.
UNEVOLVED SWINE WHO ARE
PSYCHOLOGICALLY CAPABLE OF
LISTENING TO AND ENJOYING
MUSIC WHILE ALSO EATING FOOD
AT THE SAME TIME.

YOU LIKE THAT SOUND. IT
GIVES YOU A GOOD FEELING.
DOESN'T IT. LITTLE PISSY
BOY? LITTLE PISS LOVER?
LITTLE PISS TOILET SLAVE?

JUST AN UNAWARE ANIMAL.
HUNGRY. THIRSTY. UNAWARE
OF ITS EMBARRASSING.
COMPROMISING OVERSIGHT.



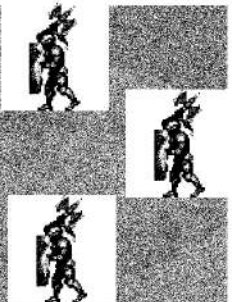
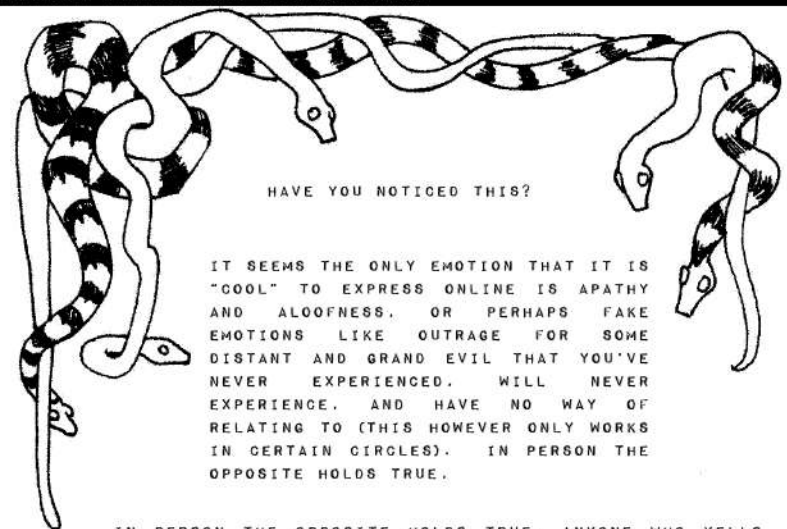
HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

IT SEEMS THE ONLY EMOTION THAT IT IS "COOL" TO EXPRESS ONLINE IS APATHY AND ALOOFNESS, OR PERHAPS FAKE EMOTIONS LIKE OUTRAGE FOR SOME DISTANT AND GRAND EVIL THAT YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED. WILL NEVER EXPERIENCE. AND HAVE NO WAY OF RELATING TO (THIS HOWEVER ONLY WORKS IN CERTAIN CIRCLES). IN PERSON THE OPPOSITE HOLDS TRUE.

IN PERSON THE OPPOSITE HOLDS TRUE. ANYONE WHO YELLS PASSIONATELY ABOUT SOMETHING GETS ATTENTION. THEY GET PEOPLE TO LISTEN AND CARE. EVEN IF THAT PERSON IS A FUCKING IDIOT WHO ISN'T BEING SENSIBLE. IF THEY HAVE THE PASSION AND AREN'T JUST SCREAMING NONSENSE WORDS THEY HAVE LISTENERS AND WILL PROBABLY GET MET WITH APPLAUSE TOO. IF THEY'RE DOING SOME RANT IN A RANDOM PUBLIC PLACE AND NOT AN ACTUAL VENUE FOR SPEAKING THE STAKES ARE MUCH HIGHER AND THEY HAVE TO ACTUALLY COMPORT THEMSELVES WITH SOME DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE TO GET A POSITIVE RESPONSE BUT THEY'LL GET LISTENERS EITHER WAY.



ONLINE ALL THE PASSIONATE AND SINCERELY EMOTIVE PEOPLE GET NOWHERE. AND THE PEOPLE WHO FEIGN ALOOFNESS OR ARE GENUINELY ALOOF GET FAR. SAYING "I DON'T CARE LOL" IS THE COOL AND MATURE THING TO SAY ONLINE AND ANYTHING ELSE WILL GET YOU MOCKED RELENTLESSLY. IT'S WHY THE SCREAMING WOJAK WEARING THE MASK OF COMPOSURE IS SUCH A COMMON MEME.



OF COURSE THERE'S SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO THIS CHANGE THOUGH. APATHY IS A SIGN OF A WEARY CONSCIENCE.



APATHETIC PEOPLE ARE EASIER TO FUCK WITH AND DRAG DOWN. THEY HAVE A NEGATIVE PERCEPTION OF THEIR OWN AGENCY AND CAPACITY AND JUST LET THINGS SLIDE THAT THEY ACTUALLY COULD CHANGE.

AN APATHETIC POPULACE WAS WHAT THE SOVIETS SOUGHT TO CREATE. AN APATHETIC POPULACE IS WHAT THE CHINESE SEEK TO CREATE. APATHY IS A GREAT TOOL FOR AUTHORITARIANS SINCE PEOPLE BECOME TIRED OF FEELING PASSION, TIRED OF FEELING POTENT FEELINGS, AND SO NOT ONLY ARE THEY EASIER TO DRAG DOWN BUT WHEN SOMEONE WITH PASSION LEFT MAKES AN IMPASSIONED DECRY, AT ANYTHING MIND YOU BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, AT THE ACTUAL SOCIAL CONDITIONS AROUND THEM.



THE APATHETIC POPULACE DOESN'T GET RALLIED BY THIS. NO. THEY GET UPSET. UPSET AT THE SPEAKER WHO REMINDS THEM OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS. THE GRUMPINESS OF SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE ROUSED FROM HIS SLUMBER EVEN WHEN HE'S LATE FOR WORK OR A DENTIST APPOINTMENT.

THE APATHETIC ARE TIRED OF FEELING. UNINTERESTED IN FEELING. AND THUS THE MOST EASILY COWED AND EASILY CONFINED POPULACE ANY TINPOT DICTATOR COULD HOPE FOR.

1.

SOMETIMES I WANT TO GET BACK ONLINE . . . BUT THEN I REMEMBER HOW PEOPLE WHO USE TWITTER LOVE TO POST ABOUT HOW IT'S SEXY TO HAVE IBS. I REMEMBER THAT THIS LEVEL OF DELUSION BOTHERED ME SO MUCH THAT IN 2019, I DECIDED TO MUTE THE TERM "IBS" ON TWITTER INDEFINITELY. WHEN I WENT INTO MY SETTINGS TO MUTE IT, I SAW THAT MY TWO OTHER PERMANENTLY MUTED TERMS WERE "CHRISSEY TEIGEN" AND "IHOB," AN ACRONYM WHICH WENT VIRAL IN 2018 WHEN IHOP, THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF PANCAKES, PRETENDED TO REBRAND AS THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF BURGERS. I SHOOK MY HEAD. WHAT WAS I DOING ON THIS WEBSITE? I DEACTIVATED MY ACCOUNT, AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.

2.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT WAS NOT A TRUE STORY. I CAVED AND REACTIVATED MY TWITTER ACCOUNT SHORTLY AFTER MUTING IBS FOREVER. I DEACTIVATED MY ACCOUNT FOR REAL AFTER THE POLICE MURDERED GEORGE FLOYD. BECAUSE I REALIZED THAT YELLING IN THE STREET FELT BETTER THAN LYING HORRIFIED IN BED. REFRESHING MY FEED COMPULSIVELY, AS IF THE DISCOURSE SOMEHOW HAD THE POWER TO BRING A MAN BACK TO LIFE.

3.

PERHAPS THAT WAS TOO EARNEST. EMOTION IS PASSÉ THESE DAYS. AS LONG AS YOU MANAGE TO MENTION BOTH A VINTAGE LACE DRESS AND A BIG SCARY GUN IN THE SAME POEM, YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH GUARANTEED PUBLICATION SOMEWHERE COOL. EVERY YOUNG WRITER IN NEW YORK IS JUST TRYING AND FAILING TO BE A 50/50 COMBINATION OF LANA DEL REY AND TAO LIN.

4.

THERE'S NO WAY WE ALL HAVE ADHD. WHAT WE HAVE ARE SMARTPHONES AND LAPTOPS AND REMOTE JOBS. OUR LACK OF ATTENTION IS A SYMPTOM OF CONTEMPORARY EXISTENCE, NOT A DISEASE.

5.

SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW TO GET CLOSE TO GOD. AT NIGHT, I LIKE TO LOOK OUT THE FROSTED WINDOW IN MY BOYFRIEND'S SHOWER AT THE UNTRACEABLE BLACK SKY AND IMAGINE IT'S GOD'S FACE. I RUN THE SHOWER ON HIGH AND FEEL HIS PRESENCE IN THE STEAM, WHICH EVAPORATES AND REPLENISHES ITSELF AD NAUSEAM. GOD IS NOTHING AND HE'S EVERYTHING. ALL AT ONCE.



OF COURSE IT'S GOOD FOR YOU! DRINK 300MG A DAY
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HAVING ANXIETY OR CRASHING
AND CORRELATING THAT WITH DEPRESSION!

CHILDREN SHOULD DRINK COFFEE! DRINK COFFEE
COFFEE IS GREAT FOR YOU! DON'T FUCKING TALK TO ME
UNTIL I'VE HAD MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE

OMG I CAN'T FUNCTION WITHOUT COFFEE
I LOVE COFFEE! I CAN'T SLEEP NO COFFEE
DOESN'T AFFECT MY SLEEP
I DRINK IT RIGHT BEFORE BED

OMG WHY AM I SO TIRED I NEED COFFEE!

WHY IS THERE A SNAKE-LEGGED
PAWG ON THE ROOF?

STRANGE THINGS FALL
OUT OF THE SKY IN
PAKISTAN ALL THE TIME

BALTIC POT POLISH

DIVERS DISCOVER FAULT
LINES PACKED WITH
THUMB BONES AND
BAILING WIRE A BARGE
DUMPS AN ELEVEN TON
BLANKET OF GRAVEL
OVER THE EVIDENCE OF
SURFACING

MICRO-DOSING MANAGEMENT
SUPPORT GROUP

CANDIDATES EXPLORE
EACH OTHERS
VULNERABILITIES
WITH FINGER PAINT
IN THE AFTER-HOURS
PIZZERIA

KITTY

VETERINARIANS THREAD
WIRING THRU GREY
MATTER ATTEMPT COSTLY
EMBASSY ACOUSTICS TOO
BAD YOU CAN'T TEACH A
CAT NOT TO JAY WALK



IN THE GUTTER

YOUR MIND IS BOTH THE
GEEK & THE FOWL



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

QUEERSTRASH.COM