

ルムナモ / ZINE, ISSUE 2

31st December 2022



COMFY CONTENT

C

FOR NIGHT OWLS
BY NIGHT OWLS

Visit us as [late.city/late/!](https://late.city/late/)

Letters from the Editor

Happy new year and welcome to the second issue of /late/-zine, aptly named /LATE/zine aka why you should never let me have weird ideas and get away with it. The first one caused pigs worldwide to sprout wings for no reason, what craziness will this release bring?!

The first issue was released a little /late/ ~~last year~~ back in 2018, but hopefully this time we got our acts together (yeah right(YEAH RIGHT)) and it's somehow found its way to you, and I hope you enjoy what /late/ has to offer.

Drop on by to /late/ at <https://8chan.net/late/index.html>— 8chan was **KILL by CIA**, we're now on <https://late.city/late/>, we're always around. Chances are, if you're the sort to enjoy the content of this zine, you'll love the community here.

See you, space cowboy.

PS: Damn I suck at designing zines. Once again, sorry for the searing white – but hey, at least it's a job well done, right?

- Yommy aka Pants Man.

Enjoy the zine!

- SFox

FANMAIL!! Told ya we'd get fanmail.

W-WHAH
There's even that one paragraph I wrote about Rilakkuma when I was drunk with 709 typos

- Kuma

IKR?! SEND MOAR STUFFZ.

- YC

WHERE IS THE ISSUE #2 OF THE ZINE YOMMY

IT'LL BE RELEASED NEXT YEAR.

YOU SAID THAT LAST YEAR

JUST BE PATIENT YOU.... YOU.... DOUBLE MORNING PERSON!

!!!!!!!

8chan is kill. What will you do now? Loved the first issue, always makes me feel sad when such a good community has to cease to be. Is this project on now that hotwheels was kill and Jim became a CIA spook?

[redacted]@protonmail.com

We set up a bunker in <https://late.city/late/>, and even though a good year's passed since Operation Latecity's done, it's holding together pretty well. Drop by soon!

- YC

Dear Editor,

Go find a train to jump in front of you sack of shit, you suck big cactus balls along with the rest of the fags on /late/. I hope that this shitty hipster zine fails. Like wow ahah we're so cool we talk to each other all night every night already lets make this autistic webzine for us to read while we pat each other's backs. Fucking disgraceful. It literally gives me pain in my abdominal region just thinking about /late/, like what the fuck, Discord? Only 17 year old MOBA addicted dipsticks use Discord.

I sincerely hope that the words contained within this Letter to the Editor last with you, and who knows you might learn a thing or two from me.

- Anonymous

Oh those tsunderes, lol

- YC

Well, the second edition is getting pretty late with 20XX rolling around, a far cry from the actual ETA projections you guys made and that's got me worried. What seems to be the trouble? Direction squabbles? Drama? Too many good projects like this usually die due to petty bullshit, so I've sent in an article. Hope that helps.

Don't give up.

[REDACTED]@gmail.com

-

Well, there's little to no drama over here. We just have something worse. Almost everyone working on the projects are now either working part-time or full-time.

Your literary input is much appreciated! If you'd like, you don't have to even restrict yourself to one; send as much as you like! IRL is a bitch to deal with. But don't worry, we'll get our act together for sure!

Get our act together...
Get our act together...
Get our act together...
Get our act together...
Get our act together...

-YC

Psst. Hey yommy...

Guess what I printed.

Still waiting for issue #2 so I can print that out too.

Take your time.

-

Honestly, this took way too long. Thanks for waiting all this time.

-YC

By the pronged head of many hewn steak-stabbers, it's fucking summer!

I don't know what it is, but sure as round grapefruits feel great in your face (try this at home, kids!) summer is a hot, sweaty bitch in heat waiting on all fours to feel that all beef weiner sizzle between toasty buns. I sure hope people are grilling this solar apogee, fire makes compounds that are essential to human diet but can't be made with other means of cooking. I own one pair of shorts and every weekend they get a little saltier as I perspire into them and then toss them into a corner because I don't fucking care anymore.

Or maybe you're on the wrong side of the world, the perigee side, where it's time for the christmas episode. Yes, because christmas happens in July when you're upside-down. Fuck your polar orientation if you love it so much. I don't have enough drugs in my system to something something.

Kuro-chan, you know, my computer? Yeah, that's the one. She's got new stuff! Like, loads of new stuff. She's happy again. This benefits everybunny. I fucking hate rabbits. I like that inner-thigh gap, the concave divet of an inner thigh when a girl stands just so, all kinds of angles where curves have fluidly changing arcs, just fleshy bits in general. It's been a dry summer (more like dry half-decade) even though every day (and night) I'm sweating like a dog (dogs can't sweat) fuck you other me (like a dog?) you sick fuck.

Oh shit, it's tomorrow and a half. I'd better proofread this and other verbs. Here's a joke about titties. Ha! "Titties."

- a fluffy one.

-

sniff

That was beautiful. Old Gods preserve you, fluffy one.

PS: Well, its winter now, so summer over down under?

-YC

Hey everyone!

I really enjoyed the theme of the zine, but what do you think about adding some sections on outdoor adventuring, urban exploring and such?

Looking forward to more good stuff. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DOING.

[REDACTED]

-

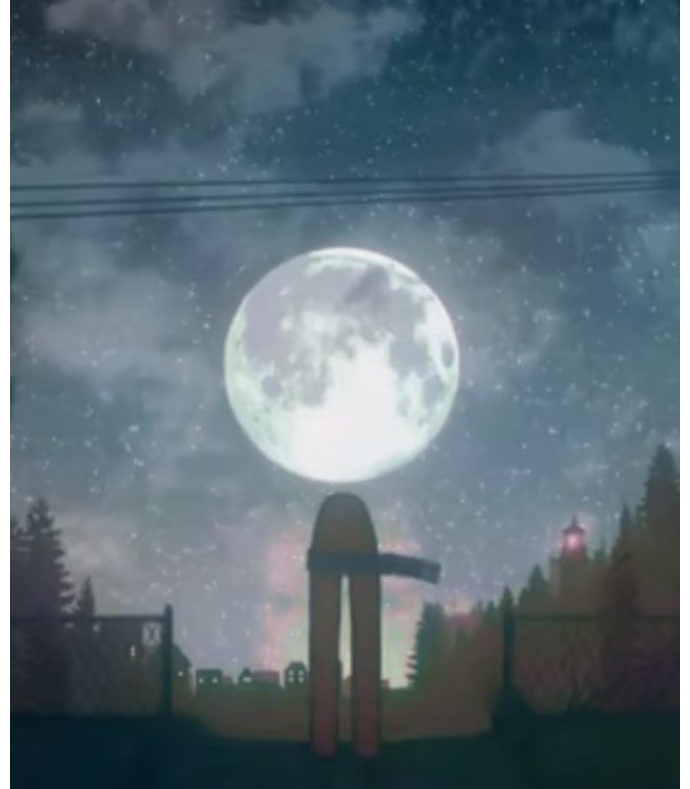
Real innawoods fan, aren't ya. While I admit we don't have much in the way of writers or experience when it comes to this subject; how's about this, you send in articles and we'll publish it riiiiiiiiight here?

That way, we get a new writer on the team, you get to pass on your knowledge and everyone's happy. Except for the evil reptilian tea soup aliens.

MOVE GOOD STUFF!

FOR GREAT JUSTICE.

-YC



Mailbox

Want to contribute to the next issue of /LATE/zine? If you want to send fanmail, hatemail, or even content submissions, feel free to sling'em to us at either

latezine@airmail.cc

or

#late-zine

@

<https://discord.gg/RuXQAUPBpk>

Privacy policy: We will not publish any email addresses from any contributors for any reason aside from the sender of the email requesting that their contributions be credited by the given email. If no instructions are given, we will automatically set your name in the credits to 'an anonymous contributor'.

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HOW TO, ER, GET FUCKING BORED OF ART AND MAKE LIKE ANOTHER WORTHLESS KID WHO FOUND THEMSELVES
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"When composing a verse let there not be a hair's breath separating your mind from what you write; composition of a poem must be done in an instant, like a woodcutter felling a huge tree or a swordsman leaping at a dangerous enemy."

How to hide your mental illness.

You might be going 'hell naw, this isn't the dark ages!'. Maybe you're right, but in this age where your privacy can be sold for a few cents by mainstream social media, being so damn open on the clearnet about your very real problems is a fucking stupid thing to do.

<http://archive.is/u8m18>

According to this article, 'researchers' have been combing the metadata of social media for the past 5 years trying hunt down the un-diagnosed mentally ill like animals. And you know what's worse?

Open the article.

Hit "CTRL+F". In the search box, type "consent".

BAM. Didn't see that one coming, did ya?

Part of social media agreements is that you agree to let them sell your data to whoever they feel are 'trusted third parties'. As far as we're concerned, it could be some scamming company. Or a drug cartel looking to make an example of a guy with a name similar to yours. Or even the second largest aggregators of involuntary captives behind the prison industrial complex - Yeah, those guys at the 'mental health research institutes'.

You know, the ones who lock up people who have committed no crime. Without due process, a trial, the right to presumed innocence, or the right to a lawyer? The ones who target the weak and vulnerable that have suffered the most in society because they lack the capacity to defend themselves? Yeah, those guys.

IE, THE FORCES OF PURE FUCKING EVIL.

You would think, what with rule #34 being a thing, and with how much other stupid life advice is available online, there'd be a database or two where you could look up tips on how to hide a mental illness.

If you looked at the old internet, there were plenty of anti-psych sites hosted by individuals who were not happy with how they'd been treated by psychiatric institutions.

However, and boy howdy have I been looking, there are no longer any good resources for someone who has experienced trauma or a mental illness to hide the signs of it. CoreCivic, the for-profit corporation behind for-profit prisons that have become the current political albatross, has been shifting it's investment portfolio focus from mass criminal incarceration to mass mental incarceration... and it shows.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that most people who were abused as kids would like to function, behave, and be accepted as normal in society if they so choose. However, thanks to the greedy mental health industry trying to market jailhouse junkie psych dope to free people, there's currently a powerfully motivated mob of witch hunters looking to catch and sedate suspected "damaged goods" for profit, in the name of "prevention."

Remember, birth control isn't free for "prevention" but yet they've got free jailhouse junkie dope all day, everyday, and for free if you can get on mental disability.

Since there's not really a good resource for this that can be accessible, I decided... what they hey, maybe we should make one. Let's start with some simple shit.

For example, to hide a thousand meter stare, sunglasses work great. Tell those normalfags that you have some kind of eye irritation or infection. Fuckers will leave you alone when they realize their own mediocre lives are at stake.

Also, avoiding drinking in public helps keep repressed memories from becoming public knowledge.

Furthermore, developing a high functioning skill in the arts makes a great distraction from your obvious psychological damage.

In addition, rigorous exercise can keep tire you out to fight insomnia and force you to sleep.

If you feel you have to self harm, instead of leaving bruises or permanent scars you have to look at for the rest of your life, run/jog/hike until your legs turn to jelly. It's both invisible and actually productive to fighting your problems.

If you suffer from detrimental parasomnia, don't rely on willpower to stay awake. Do things that will mechanically prevent you from falling asleep near people. Coffee, alertness pills, proper planning, naps during the day - all great tools... to force you to take a nap. Additionally, plan all of your important social interaction for the first 3 hours of the morning to mask the fog.

Anxiety? Practice talking to people. Start off with a mirror and yourself. Then to Virtual AIs. Move on up to waifus. Then step on up to text, then voice chat online. It's a lot easier to be natural through a mic to someone you can't see, and if you can get into the habit of doing it often, you'll gain a sort of real-life suspension of reality while talking to people. So you get to just feel like shit after you go home instead of during your conversations.

Depression: FIRST OFF, STOP READING THE FUCKING NEWS. Old media today is basically a memetic warfare campaign run by Big Pharma to sell more fentanyl to a panicking public. Next up, stop eating the blackpills and start doing things you enjoy on the internet.

Build a life that's separate from reality and start having fun. Videogames without the drama, mangoo without the bullshit. Get a hobby, build some goals and start doing stuff instead of vegetating away in a hole. Fuck it, start eating meat and working out - the endorphins will help somewhat with raping that depression in the eye socket.

Eye contact. Practice with a mirror first. Again. People will probably tell you that you have resting bitch face several times a day. It makes you look annoyed instead of listless. At least they'll know to leave you be.

REMEMBER: NORMALFAGS AREN'T REAL PEOPLE. THEY DONT DESERVE TO KNOW THE REAL YOU.

I'll write in more next time... if I live that long.

-an anonymous contributor.

Micro\$hit turns into a hot zone!

Better watch out if you are playing Xbox, get ticked, and cuss. Microsoft might ban you for the “offensive language.” If they do, then say bye-bye to your Xbox Gold Membership and any Microsoft account balances.

Or if you and a significant other are getting hot and heavy via Skype, you better watch your language and any nudity because that, too, can get you banned. The ban hammer could also fall if Cortana is listening at the wrong moment or if documents and files hosted on Microsoft services violate Microsoft’s amended terms.

"In the Code of Conduct section, we've clarified that use of offensive language and fraudulent activity is prohibited. We've also clarified that violation of the Code of Conduct through Xbox Services may result in suspensions or bans from participation in Xbox Services, including forfeiture of content licenses, Xbox Gold Membership time, and Microsoft account balances associated with the account."



Holy shit, right?

What qualifies as offensive language?

“Offensive language” is fairly vague. Offensive to whom? What my granny might find offensive and what I might find offensive could be vastly different. But how would Microsoft even know if you had truly been “offensive”? Well, that part falls under Code of Conduct Enforcement, which states, “When investigating alleged violations of these Terms, Microsoft reserves the right to review Your Content in order to resolve the issue.”

I’m not sure that will make you feel better, as another portion states that Microsoft “may also block delivery of a communication (like email, file sharing or instant message) to or from the Services in an effort to enforce these Terms or we may remove or refuse to publish Your Content for any reason.”

Check out this new addition to Micro\$oft’s TOS:

“Don’t publicly display or use the Services to share inappropriate content or material (involving, for example, nudity, bestiality, pornography, offensive language, graphic violence, or criminal activity).”

So I'm sure you're thinking "So wait a sec: I can't use Skype to have an adult video call with my girlfriend? I can't use OneDrive to back up a document that says "f*ck" in it? If I call someone a mean name in Xbox Live, not only will they cancel my account, but also confiscate any funds I've deposited in my account? (And are we no longer allowed to shoot people in Call of Duty? Animated violence doesn't really get any more "graphic" than this Microsoft-approved video game offers.)"

Some believe the changes in Microsoft’s terms may be related to Congress passing the Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act (FOSTA), which was combined with the Stop Enabling Sex-Trafficking Act (SESTA). FOSTA/SESTA would hold platforms responsible for users’ speech, illegally shared content, and anything that might be construed as trafficking. It has been called “the death of the open internet.”

"Sex trafficking" is essentially a thought-terminating synonym for sex work, the way it gets used by people supporting this sort of legislation. What they really want is to make it as difficult as possible to (safely) engage in consensual sex anywhere. Victims of trafficking (a very small portion of sex workers) are just being used as a cheap way to gain sympathy/support from the masses - opposing sex trafficking sounds like a noble cause... but the bill basically attempts to police every shade of 'sex' online... without bothering to go after actual sex traffickers.

The Department of Justice warned that the bill “raises a serious constitutional concern,” as it “shall apply regardless of whether the conduct alleged occurred , or is alleged to have occurred, before, on, or after such date of enactment.” In short, since it applies retroactively, it applies to trafficking that took place before the law passed — which the DoJ believes violates the Constitution’s Ex Post Facto Clause.

Simply put, if you live in the United States and you ever took even a high-school level civics class, you probably ran across the concept of an ex post facto law. This refers to a situation where, if I’m in government and you do something legal that I don’t like, I make a law against it, I make that law retroactive, and then I use it to prosecute you for what you already did. That’s not how law works, and it’s not allowed.

But FOSTA contains this little tidbit:

(b) EFFECTIVE DATE.—The amendments made by this section shall take effect on the date of the enactment of this Act, and the amendment made by subsection (a) shall apply regardless of whether the conduct alleged occurred, or is alleged to have occurred, before, on, or after such date of enactment.

That's pretty bad. What's worse? It makes scenarios like this become a very real threat.

- >call your gf on skype
- >show her your cock
- >skype shuts down
- <wtf
- >hear a knock on the door
- >5 armed men shout at you to freeze
- >they're arresting you for "disturbing public morals"
- >go to prison
- >get raped

These old faggots are still fighting irrelevant battles and have no idea what any new culture is talking about. most 60-80 y/os pay a "tech specialist" to come help them run their macafee scan and "optimize" their system by deleting cookies and emptying the recycle bin. This is what happens when America has these technologically illiterate dinosaurs passing laws on tech. All they see is "oh shit we must pass this to protect the babbys from 9001 benis!1!1!1!" and the moralfags and sjws are too happy to shit on everyone for some good citizen points.

Conservative Christians and feminists will be happy because the internet will be ruined solely to spite prostitutes and their customers and the far-left will be happy because the U.S. will be a few more steps closer to E.U. style technocracy and U.K. style dystopia.

It's not like much has changed. 50 years ago it was tech-illiterate senior citizens passing laws to try and destroy advancements they feared while using fake moralist excuses, and the same is true now.

Democrats, Republicans - they all belong to an out-of-touch generation too busy sucking corporate cock for \$\$\$ and child sex slaves on Epstein Island (Which is a real thing, by the way) to even realize that what they're doing is wrong. Just remember - the more degenerate they are, the more they put up a puritanical, moralistic facade.

The deeper their vice, the more they'll seek to hide it behind a front of religious purity and god-fearing morafaggotry and push their alleged morals on you. That pearl-clutching soccer mom? A dark-net pimp that sells her children for \$\$\$\$. That whining priest? A pedophile that needs to rape babby anuses and chew on bloody babby bits to literally go through the day without mentally breaking down. That morbidly obese 'male feminist' that's whining about fanservice in anime? He's probably got five counts or more of rape and murder under his belt. Never forget that.

Be careful out there!

- an anonymous contributor.



Survival Recipes #1

How to make basic survival bread!

Bread is an important part of living. Yet, we may not always have an oven available. Terrorists may strike or Mother Nature may wreak havoc. It's nice to know, you can still have bread.

And for those of you who like go innawoods, it's nice to be able to make bread at a campsite. Deep in the woods, bread is a welcome, filling commodity. Whether it's an extended power outage or leading a group of survivors through the woods, it's nice to know how to make bread without an oven.

Print this baby out for that sweet post-apocalyptic survival vibe!

You will need these ingredients to make this super-easy survival bread.

2 cup of fine whole wheat flour (buy from store or grind your own)

2 tbsp. of olive oil (optional, also regular vegetable oil works too)

2 tbsp. honey.

1 tsp. salt (optional, add more or less to taste)

1/2 cup of water

Mix all the ingredients in a bowl and scoop it together into a ball. Lightly dust a cookie sheet, rock, or other clean flat surface with flour. Pour the dough ball out and knead for 5 minutes. The consistency should be firm, but able to roll into shapes and such. Not too sticky, not too runny. Craft into the shape you need, square, bun, etc but be sure to make it half an inch thin (allowing the heat to properly cook the insides), and get cooking!

INNAWOODS TIP: Get a metal skewer and make some holes part-way in the dough before cooking; this allows the heat to get into the core.

Powers out? No oven? Put it in a dutch oven instead and cook it over a fire. No dutch oven? Throw it on a heated flat rock – or even in the ashes if you don't mind some grit and charcoal flavoring – and flip it a couple of times till lightly brown and firm.

This will serve about 3-4 people if eaten as a side with a meal, or make about 4 sandwiches. Survival bread, also known as hard tack, pilot bread, ship biscuit or sea bread, was used throughout history during wars, on long sea voyages and in other survival situations where an inexpensive food was needed that would keep indefinitely. Survival bread is still baked and eaten today by survivalists, hikers and campers who need a long-lasting food source that doesn't require refrigeration. Survival bread contains stable, non-perishable ingredients, and lasts for a year or longer when stored in an airtight container.

Bonus feature: Trail Syrup!

Pour two cups of sugar into a heavy duty plastic bag.

Form a depression in the sugar and drip in in 4 teaspoons of maple syrup. The sugar will absorb the liquid. Seal the bag and place inside a second container if necessary.

When ready to serve, pour the stuff from the plastic bag(s) into a pot, add in half a cup of boiling water and stir until the crystals are dissolved. Reheat if necessary.

(BONUSCEPTION: Add corn syrup for thicker syrup.)

Fun things are fun.



The first time I saw this show I just saw Yui spouting inane bullshit for comedy. It's only now I'm realizing how profoundly important this quote is. This is what happens when you try to express a deep-seated emotional concept that there simply aren't words for, and said concept is the balancing point on which the entire show rests.

The denial of objective truth is a core component of deconstructionism, which in turn spawned post modernism which is the centerpiece of the pathetic excuse for contemporary culture we have today. Like the other tenets of cultural Marxism, the denial of objective truth is a weapon by which to gain influence and power over others. After all... a society must have some way of making decisions about what is real and true.

When society abandons objective truth as its standard, it is left only with "the consensus" to determine what is true. Consensus is something that can be formed and shaped by experts controlling the narrative. Reality is replaced by wikiality, and those who control the wiki (the narrative, the consensus), control the truth.

Go ahead and look around wikipedia for info on anything that the mainstream does not want you to know about anymore. You'll find nothing.

Ultimately, deconstructionism is based on Saussurean linguistics, which purports to establish the meaning of words according to their relationship with other words, therefore establishing reality as a closed system where things always refer to other things and can never be true in an objective sense, only as interpretation. This inaugurated the era of critical theory, post-modernism, nihilism, etc.

K-ON! represents the closing of this era. When Yui says "Fun things are fun," she is saying that objective, non-referential truth exists, that fun things are fun because they are fun, and when you see K-ON!, you see that she speaks the truth—that, truly, fun things are fun. At this moment, the entire pillar of cultural Marxism, the entire work of the Frankfurt School, collapses like a house of cards.

-anonymous

On the Perfectibility of Man.

Excerpt from "An Essay on The Principle of Population" (1795) by Thomas Maltus)

The real perfectibility of man may be illustrated, as I have mentioned before, by the perfectibility of a plant. The object of the enterprising florist is, as I conceive, to unite size, symmetry, and beauty of colour. It would surely be presumptuous in the most successful improver to affirm, that he possessed a carnation in which these qualities existed in the greatest possible state of perfection. However beautiful his flower may be, other care, other soil, or other suns, might produce one still more beautiful.

Yet, although he may be aware of the absurdity of supposing that he has reached perfection, and though he may know by what means he attained that degree of beauty in the flower which he at present possesses, yet he cannot be sure that by pursuing similar means, rather increased in strength, he will obtain a more beautiful blossom. By endeavouring to improve one quality, he may impair the beauty of another. The richer mould which he would employ to increase the size of his plant would probably burst the calyx, and destroy at once its symmetry. In a similar manner, the forcing manure used to bring about the French Revolution, and to give a greater freedom and energy to the human mind, has burst the calyx of humanity, the restraining bond of all society; and, however large the separate petals have grown, however strongly, or even beautifully, a few of them have been marked, the whole is at present a loose, deformed, disjointed mass, without union, symmetry, or harmony of colouring.

Were it of consequence to improve pinks and carnations, though we could have no hope of raising them as large as cabbages, we might undoubtedly expect, by successive efforts, to obtain more beautiful specimens than we at present possess. No person can deny the importance of improving the happiness of the human species. Every the least advance in this respect is highly valuable. But an experiment with the human race is not like an experiment upon inanimate objects. The bursting of a flower may be a trifle. Another will soon succeed it. But the bursting of the bonds of society is such a separation of parts as cannot take place without giving the most acute pain to thousands: and a long time may elapse, and much misery may be endured, before the wound grows up again.

Supplied by Slouvaki.

Obituary.

One of Terry's convictions seemed to be a fundamental dissatisfaction with the ways in which modern software denies users direct access to the astonishing speed of modern CPUs. The operating systems and applications we use are constructed from a bewildering array of components, compromised by opaque corporate politics and ultimately only incidentally designed with the user's best interests in mind. When I think about how good and fast my computer could be versus how slow and shitty is often is, it makes me hair-singingly angry. But I'm a semi-competent scripter at best; I can't write my own app, let alone my own system.

Terry could, and did.

R.I.P., Terry. You built something wholly your own.



A screncap of TempleOS, with integrated programs.

Terry A. Davis, born Terrence Andrew Davis (December 15, 1969 – August 11, 2018) was an American programmer who created and designed the operating system TempleOS. He was goaded into suicide by a pack of goon faggots on IRC who pretended to be his friends and took advantage of his generosity despite the fact Terry was absolutely homeless in 2018. When Terry was unable to sate the demands of these CIA-owned goon niggers, they turned against him.

☰ **Anonymous** ID:N7HJIko+ Mon 30 Sep 2019 17:19:35 No.228331858 🇺🇸

Quoted By: >>228332126 >>228332494 >>228333777 >>228334159 >>228334494 >>228335363 >>228335585 >>228325396

There was a small group of dedicated trolls that started #temples on Rizon who ended up taking control of Terry's website and were pushing him to more and more ridiculous things, and to further and further alienate/isolate himself. They would heap huge amounts of praise on him when he did something fucked up, saying he was doing God's will, etc. The main ringleader went by multiple nicks: Nuclear/Christistheway/Atlantic/Jesus/etc.

Once he had cut himself off almost completely, they got bored with fucking with him and turned from heaping praise on him to hurling denigrations and insults totally out of the blue from 15-20 different nicks, making Terry think his whole adoring fanbase had turned on him seemingly for no reason. They told him things like he was a shockingly filthy character polluting a pure little town, that he was a strange man just walking back and forth and doing nothing for God, just really fucked up shit. He repeats a lot of the exact stuff they were saying to him in his last video. Anyway, they kept telling him to kill himself. So he did.

The fuckers are still on Rizon if you want to pester them about it. They're fucking sociopath Jew trolls who are basically serial killers that go around and get teenagers, mentally ill, etc. to commit suicide.

A rant on imageboard identity politics.

I was just thinking about how much I hate this. The reason I like imageboards is because they are pure discussion without any of the stupid bullshit like "my cool username" or "how many total posts I made". Anyone reading a thread can come in and post "You're all stupid retards here's why I'm right", which is a good thing because it means there's no prerequisites to making a good post except posting it. Since a post can come from anywhere all kinds of ideas can be shared, disagreed with, and learned from based solely on their own merit. It's great.

In come the normalfags and their obsession with identity. "Anonymous? Lame! I want to stand out and be special!" From this comes tripfags, namefags, and avatarfags who all want to point at their own posts and say "Look here! It is I, the cool man who made these posts!" and are thus hated by the rest of the populace because being an attention-seeking retard goes against the spirit of an anonymous imageboard. It has been rightfully acknowledged that the best way to deal with these fuckwits is to deny them the attention they desire, because even if you call them triplenigger dickfuck faggot cunts you're still acknowledging them as a special man and they will keep making shitty posts to get replies.

I'm bringing all of this up because I want to compare it to a different website: Something Awful. They have that paypal, and it is a terrible website because everyone on it thinks "Wow! I'm a cool special man because I paid real money to post on a forum" and they can never have any real discussion, because if the mod decides he doesn't like you he can ban your account so you have to pay more money before posting again. It is the antithesis of discussion, focused purely on identity, and mod-worship abounds because, again, if the mods don't like you they'll ban you.

So moot gets the fuck out and makes 4chan to discuss anime on something that isn't awful and discussion flourishes for reasons mentioned previously, but then a bunch of years later moot decides to be a fuckwit and ban a bunch of shit he doesn't like all of a sudden for no obvious reason. Anons move to 8chan while 4chan steadily gets worse over time. Currently, 4chan has a /vip/ board where you have to buy a 4chan pass before posting, which means 4chan is now as bad as SA.

In 8chan the free creation of threads and posts is expanded upon because now you can create entire boards, and each board has its own mods ("volunteers") so if you don't like the way a board is run you can make your own. For a while it seems like imageboard enlightenment, with so many boards for so many things making OC and having friendly competition with other boards with no worry of mods fucking them over. It's amazing, and then Josh can't code, Hotwheels leaves, and Jim ends up taking the website.

Because Jim is a faggot, to combat the amount of free speech on /n/ he adds /newsplus/, where only Verified Reporters are allowed to make threads. These threads are then plastered onto the front page, and every other ad on 8chan becomes a link to his terrible news website The Goldwater. I say /newsplus/ is the beginning of the downfall of 8chan and I think Jim's bullshit is what kickstarted this whole mess.

In come the normalfags and their obsession with identity. /leftypol/, /pol/, /antifa/, and more. And guess what happens next? MAXIMUM CLUSTERFUCK.

Now, the "nu/pol/" crowd is now calling itself "conservative" and "Republican" because of a huge influx of normalfaggot mouth-breathers identifying themselves using a political candidate. Simultaneously, the redditors swarm /pol/ like the vermin they are. Now these boards are just the same as every other politics forum on the internet. The locusts then move to other boards as well, spreading their maligned rhetoric and making horrible posts.

We now have a bunch of fuckwits who know nothing about imageboards taking shitty bait and making shittier replies. Ignoring shitty bait now doesn't work because some other fag will fall for it and you'll have two retards having a worthless shitpost argument until the thread is deleted. "Shitposting" means your post was terrible, but lulzworthy - but now normalfags shitpost with pride, making fuckawful threads like it was babby's first troll forum or some shit. They know nothing, and the only ideas they have to share are the ones they've heard from someone else.

I dream of a decentralized imageboard where no thread or post can be taken down if someone still has it, and ideas can flow and clash freely without fear.

I dream of an imageboard where everyone is their own moderator and can personally delete threads they hate from their own node without forcing it upon others.

Most of all, I dream of an imageboard ruled by its users and not its admins. Such a board would be free of normalfaggot trash, because they're too much of an NPC to make their own decisions. I dream of 8ch.

Thanks for reading.

- An anonymous contributor, whose entry to this zine has become a historical footnote with the destruction of 8ch.



In memoriam: 8ch (2013~2019)

It was where the dream was real for a fleeting moment, but in the end, the centralization was their downfall. Many boards lost, many anons lost, knowledge lost which may never be replaced. At least its downfall brought about the rise of the webring, flawed as it may be.

In Praise of Mediocrity

The pursuit of excellence has infiltrated and corrupted the world of leisure.

By Tim Wu

I'm a little surprised by how many people tell me they have no hobbies. It may seem a small thing, but — at the risk of sounding grandiose — I see it as a sign of a civilization in decline. The idea of leisure, after all, is a hard-won achievement; it presupposes that we have overcome the exigencies of brute survival. Yet here in the United States, the wealthiest country in history, we seem to have forgotten the importance of doing things solely because we enjoy them.

Yes, I know: We are all so very busy. Between work and family and social obligations, where are we supposed to find the time?

But there's a deeper reason, I've come to think, that so many people don't have hobbies: We're afraid of being bad at them. Or rather, we are intimidated by the expectation — itself a hallmark of our intensely public, performative age — that we must actually be skilled at what we do in our free time. Our "hobbies," if that's even the word for them anymore, have become too serious, too demanding, too much an occasion to become anxious about whether you are really the person you claim to be.

If you're a jogger, it is no longer enough to cruise around the block; you're training for the next marathon. If you're a painter, you are no longer passing a pleasant afternoon, just you, your watercolors and your water lilies; you are trying to land a gallery show or at least garner a respectable social media following. When your identity is linked to your hobby — you're a yogi, a surfer, a rock climber — you'd better be good at it, or else who are you?

Lost here is the gentle pursuit of a modest competence, the doing of something just because you enjoy it, not because you are good at it. Hobbies, let me remind you, are supposed to be something different from work. But alien values like "the pursuit of excellence" have crept into and corrupted what was once the realm of leisure, leaving little room for the true amateur. The population of our country now seems divided between the semipro hobbyists (some as devoted as Olympic athletes) and those who retreat into the passive, screeny leisure that is the signature of our technological moment.

I don't deny that you can derive a lot of meaning from pursuing an activity at the highest level. I would never begrudge someone a lifetime devotion to a passion or an inborn talent. There are depths of experience that come with mastery. But there is also a real and pure joy, a sweet, childlike delight, that comes from just learning and trying to get better. Looking back, you will find that the best years of, say, scuba-diving or doing carpentry were those you spent on the learning curve, when there was exaltation in the mere act of doing.

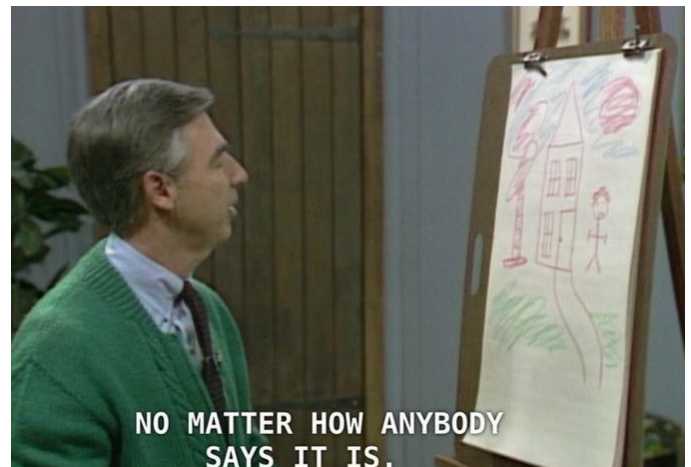
In a way that we rarely appreciate, the demands of excellence are at war with what we call freedom. For to permit yourself to do only that which you are good at is to be trapped in a cage whose bars are not steel but self-judgment. Especially when it comes to physical pursuits, but also with many other endeavors, most of us will be truly excellent only at whatever we started doing in our teens. What if you decide in your 40s, as I have, that you want to learn to surf? What if you decide in your 60s that you want to learn to speak Italian? The expectation of excellence can be stultifying.

Liberty and equality are supposed to make possible the pursuit of happiness. It would be unfortunate if we were to protect the means only to neglect the end. A democracy, when it is working correctly, allows men and women to develop into free people; but it falls to us as individuals to use that opportunity to find purpose, joy and contentment.

Lest this sound suspiciously like an elaborate plea for people to take more time off from work — well, yes. Though I'd like to put the suggestion more grandly: The promise of our civilization, the point of all our labor and technological progress, is to free us from the struggle for survival and to make room for higher pursuits. But demanding excellence in all that we do can undermine that; it can threaten and even destroy freedom. It steals from us one of life's greatest rewards — the simple pleasure of doing something you merely, but truly, enjoy.

Editor's note.

This article was printed on the new york times. I kinda thought about how people were worried about being 'perfect' doing stuff online and this came to mind.



Ah, Mister Fred Rogers. Now there's a zen master if I've ever seen one.

Ramblings of a Weirdo

Some may have seen Gab's latest outburst patronizingly decrying escapism. Or seen similar BS coming from the SocJus and right-wing lot smearing it and the notion of entertainment as mindless "consume product" capitalist slavery. Either way, it seems like not only escapism, but also fiction, hobbies and fun, is once more under fire, though now from the Left and Right in various degrees. In addition, there are also those trying to either do low-key "just starting a conversation" apologia or pull variations of "escapism isn't all good." The latter in particular cite the existence of recluses, NEETs and hikikomori as proof, and why people need to set standards or get out and socialize instead of locking in all day.

Never mind how that's kinda like using the existence of gamers who've died in Internet cafes or those who play for several hours as "proof" of video game addiction and rationale for restricting playtimes (as enforced by the PRC) and anti-addiction camps (as in the PRC and South Korea). Or using the proliferation of more explicit content as proof that the Comics Code Authority was right in basically stunting Anglophone comics for decades.

Or how treating NEETs as though they are a virtual default that has to be addressed on a social level is at once patronizing (whether to them or to those who are introverts)?. Or that "stop playing all the time" can be all too easily abused. all supposedly for our own good, and to "wake up" to reality. Have we really gone back in time? Or is this a case of the more things change...

The first major shift you want to look at is when the workforce changed until today it's pretty much 50/50 men and women. This is not to say "women shouldn't work! Be home makers!" It's to say a major dynamic of society changed and to look at the effects that change had on society. It helped with an economic boom - suddenly we had twice the workers we had previously. Economic prosperity became easier to achieve in part because of this. But, when women are working full time they have more economic freedom, they are less reliant on marriage and it's easier for them to be picky or avoid marriage all together due to economic prosperity. There are social factors here as well, when women are more autonomous it becomes harder to see the value of a man. It was a lot easier in the past, in genuineness, for a woman to look at a man in a positive light when he's the sole bread winner.

Today, this is no longer the case, at least in most Western societies. You might not be rich, but pretty much anyone can put in the effort and end up at a job that provides shelter, food and safety through a decent salary. That's neither all good nor all bad. It's good in that anyone can put in some time and effort and have relative freedom and safety. It's bad in that it messes with the social fabric - those who have more freedom, more money, have more choice. We can be choosy and picky, and we with that comes the fact that we often choose poorly (live outside our means, invest our time in things that are fleeting instead of lasting, etc) and those things have consequences (marry the wrong person, you can lose years of your life, or choose no one and find it harder to find someone later, etc).

This may be apocryphal, but I distinctly remember studies finding we are unhappy with too much choice, i.e: If you give someone a choice between one of five free toys vs one free toy, more people will be unhappy with their choice and want to change it vs those who are just happy they got a free toy).

I think this plays heavily into modern society - we have not found a balance between having very limited choice and having near unlimited choice.

That's where we are now. The things men and women rely on each other for have been reduced drastically, and their freedom is vastly increased to rely only on themselves. So we've got both sides just doing their own thing, ruling each other out. I think the analogy that works here is the woman who is alone, with cats, drinking wine, spending time with her friends and bemoaning the lack of decent men out there and the men who have checked out of society and spend hours in their hobbies, which today means lots and lots of video games. They're extra attractive to men: they often require lots of thought, strategizing, execution. They're designed to be fun, to generate bursts of contentment and happiness when you succeed and win, even if it's just a game. Toss in some good stories, some attractive narratives and attractive women, and they become the junk food of life.

So of course there's an attack on escapism, and gaming in particular. Women want relationships and children. They basically need men for that. We're at a point where a lot of men are checking out, the women aren't giving them much of a chance at all, the women have -a lot- more choice in partner selection than men and they have both significantly more options (and the resultant unhappiness with the range of choice they have) and they have the freedom to not choose at all, sure they might not get the relationship but they have all other necessities that used to come attached to men (shelter, protection, money). It's difficult to argue against men and women having more freedom, more choice to control their lives.

And that's where we find ourselves. Earlier eras lack of choice and the necessity of pairing up led to... well, more people pairing up, out of necessity. Sometimes it turned out good, sometimes it turned out worse, but marriage rates were significantly higher. Now, marriage is virtually always a choice - and the women aren't choosing it for whatever their personal reasons are but they still want it, as we all want love, attention, care, etc. Media is controlled overall by the left, by the social justice crowd, by feminism, and this is why we see the attack on escapism - it's saying "Stop fucking playing with escapism, there are no worthy men out there!!! Escapism is bad because of X, Y and Z!" While being so radically, and critically lacking in self awareness that they're legitimately 50% of the problem and they will endlessly reject viable men based on whatever their personal criteria is: appearance, finances, social status. The rate at which they reject men as potential partners is so drastic that completely decent, and viable, regular every day men are just going "Fuck this, I'm done trying, I get rejected before I've even tried - Didn't that new Dark Souls type game come out? I'm going to go play that."

There is a case, I believe you can find it on one of Bearing's or SugarTits videos, of Australian feminists in the 1800s getting angry at "lad culture" because the men were denying the women their right to be wives and mothers, and they better stop being lads and marry up right this minute! It's the same dynamic today almost. "Damn it men! I want the perfect guy! You've gotta hit that gym four days a week, and you better have that 60K a year salary because that means you've got an importantish job, and you better not be one of those types who expects sex just because we're married, and, and, and, and." It's the "Women can't find men to marry who makes as much them - women most affected!" We have progressed radically in terms of economics and freedoms, we have staggering amounts of choice in many areas and as a result we make our own choices - and a lot of us, female and male, are making poor choices and never changing. There's always escapism, isn't there? :)

- anonymous contributor

Mr. Moth vs the Meat Machine

by Watcherman

As night descends into late night the daylight world enters REM, but elsewhere in the city something miraculous is happening. Deep within his lair/1999 Subaru Legacy: The Chrysalis, Tim J. Moth undergoes a fantastic metamorphosis into the hero-like entity known to the city who tolerates him as Mr. Moth. As every night, he escapes Plato's cave by emerging triumphant from his backseat mountain of Burger King wrappers. Mr. Moth is burger king of all he surveys.

The ritual of Growth and Purification is next on his nightly agenda. This really just boils down to Mr. Moth doing jumping jacks until he throws up, then rehydrating with a 2-liter of Diet Dr. Shasta.

MR. MOTH



Returning to the Chrysalis, Mr. Moth knows tonight's mission. Mr. Moth must stop the Meat Machine. He heard it on his car radio picked up on waves out of Jupiter. The Meat Machine was vulnerable for tonight, thanks to a freak flare up on Alpha Leonis. The Meat Machine was a construct, he thought, created by the neolithic revolution. It tricks people into wanting to kill it in ways they can't, as it deepthroats a .45, dancing on the edge of the cosmic industrialization complex. Mr. Moth will teach it to pull the trigger.

Mr. Moth is deaf to the Meat Machine, so it can't deceive him, like it deceived mathematics professors in the past.

But first, a dark lunch. One cannot destroy physical manifestations of humanity's parapsychological fucking on an empty stomach.

"I'm Mr. Moth." said Mr. Moth pulling into the Burger King drive thru. While the title held power and the wrappers were part of

rituals, he really just ate at Burger King because he liked it.

The Burger King employee said "Hello, Mr. Moth. How may I help you?"

"By watching out for Ceres. That one's a bitch. Also, flame grilled double cheese burger. Milkshake. Half chocolate. Half strawberry. And don't you tell me you can't mix them. I know you can. Another guy did it."

"Okay. That will be 6.88 at the first window, sir."

Reaching into his Applewhite Nábrók, he started pulling out quarters, as he rolled up to the window. Tossing them in a solo cup. Tracking down the scrotum had been an adventure and a half, Mr. Moth remembered, but in the end the doctor in Mexico who did the castration job had kept it around, sensing its importance. When he handed it over, he taught Mr. Moth a thing or two about lasers.

28 quarters in a solo cup later, he handed it over.

"I'll need the cup back. Keep the change."

Mr. Moth sat in the parking lot, thinking to himself: "Meat Machine..." While he ate his cheeseburger. Mr. Moth groaned with disgust as the abomination, Yuggoth Baby, slurped up confidently to the window of the Chrysalis.

YUGGOTH BABY



"Yuggoth Baby." said Yuggoth Baby, muffled through the window. Mr. Moth rolled it down.

"I'm trying to eat, you spacenoid troglodyte. Your face makes me feel sick."

"One-thousand percent scum bitch." said Yuggoth Baby unintelligibly.

"Are you going to talk to me or just do this bullshit all night?"

Yuggoth Baby's head snapped sideways showing his other face.

"You gone do it?" The bastard from nowhere asked, in his slow methodical second voice that jerked from syllable to syllable, like a 90 degree turn on a theme park ride.

"Meat Machine?" Mr. Moth asked to make sure.

"Yeh."

"Yeah."

"Hot stuff. Let give." Yuggoth Baby drew an ampule full of a syrupy golden liquid.

"I don't do drugs. I'm high on life."

"You know what is, dumb fuck: Pretty."

"Hrhm." Mr. Moth admitted and took it from the bloated oil slick fingers.

"Don't ask how, but every one knows yer coming for Meat Machine. They've brought on security, and two spe-shal mercenaries. One for you. One for friend."

"My friend?"

"You don't know her yet. But she is cru-shal to the mission, baby."

"Where do I find her?"

"I don't know. Look for portents."

"What about the Meat Machine? Any leads?"

"No, but if I didn't I shouldn't tell."

"Uh-huh. I'll need tuneage. Got anything new?"

Yuggoth Baby unzipped the CD case he wore slung across his narrow shoulder.

"New discs straight from the burner." He flipped through the CDs.

"Just for you: ... Countdown Ecs-tacy? ... Mr. Gone for Mr. Moth? Mr. Bungle for Mr. Moth? Uhm... The Teammates...? MGMT? UCSDM? 1 hour of late night driving doomer jazz?"

"Uh, give me that one." Mr. Moth said, handing over an Obol from his coin purse.

Yuggoth Baby slurped away. Mr. Moth knew his appetite was finished for the night. He threw the rest of the burger into the parking lot and tossed the wrapper in the back seat. A raven picked up the burger. A good omen. Mr. Moth did the kind of driving he was best at: driving with purpose but without destination.

A long lonely cruise down dimly lit streets with little interruption, besides the rare company of the passing car or the echoing clamor of the last to leave a late to close bar, ended when a tarot card whipped in a gust of hot air from a subway grate and landed right on Mr. Moth's windshield. It was the Prince of Cups from the deck of Thoth.

"Portentous." Mr. Moth said to himself. Then there he saw a man sitting at a bus stop in a fish mask and a pickelhaube with a partially mummified crow impaled onto it.

Mr. Moth thought the resemblance was notable, and in general accordance with the rule that the most bizarre creatures on the fringes of reality always had an impeccable knack for running into each other. He pulled over and rolled down his window.

"Who are you?" Mr. Moth asked.

"This one best not say." This one said, in what Mr. Moth perceived to be a mildly condescending tone.

"I've got this mission to go on. You know about it?"

"Of course I do." This one said.

"Then get in my car. This is our chance to stick it to them."

The man came around to the passenger seat, and Mr. Moth started driving.

"So," Mr. Moth asked. "do you know where we're going?"

"How stupid do you think I am?"

"Uh-huh. Well, do you mind telling me?"

"This one best not say."

Around this time the stale air, petrified Burger King fumes, and Clinton-era car trees could no longer mask the scent that this one brought into the car. The stench was offensive, even to Mr. Moth. Like a dumpster filled with spoiled milk and fish guts. Mr. Moth stopped the car in the middle of the street, compelled to check that the mask this one wore wasn't a real fish head. He poked it with his finger. It was hard. He tapped it with his nail, as a lone car pulled on the sidewalk to pass them. It sounded like paper mache. The passenger said nothing during Mr. Moth's investigation. Mr. Moth started driving again.

"I guess fate will have to guide us to the Meat Machine, then." said Mr. Moth.

Mr. Moth flipped a coin at each crossroads, to decide where to go. After a fifth right turn, the passenger pulled a phone from a jacket pocket. Mr. Moth watched as several Prince of Cups Thoth tarot cards fell out with it. The passenger gathered them up and put them back in his pocket before launching Fortnite. Mr. Moth watched silently as the passenger purchased \$5000 worth of V-Bucks. Was this some sort of test? Mr. Moth thought, glancing out of the corner of his eye, back at his laser rifle leaning against the back seat.

Twelve more right turns, Mr. Moth finally started to get a few lefts. The passenger would open a mobile game, spend thousands of dollars on in-game currency, then close the game. Mr. Moth couldn't imagine that this one was anything more than an unwitting agent of the very powers he was sworn to destroy. Perhaps that was why he was crucial to the mission, Mr. Moth considered, checking a coin under his palm. Tails. Left. Then there was the matter of the portents. Any dickhead can just throw tarot cards on to the windshields of passing cars and call it fate. Maybe, he tried to justify it, that it was fate that he was throwing those tarot cards when and where he was.

This was about when they came upon a real life display of your tax dollars in action. A pipe had burst in an alley where an old hobo had been fighting a rat. He froze to death the night before. City workers had cut the block of ice with him in it out, and were hoisting it free with a small truck mounted crane. The old hobo still clutched the rat above the ice trying to choke the life out of it even now.

The chain holding the hobo ice cube snapped and cracked on the ground letting the dead man's grip slacken enough for the rat to escape. A mother had been watching this, when her son came out to show her a piece of toast he made that was miraculously emblazoned with the face of Ted Kaczynski. In its swashbuckling escape the rat grabbed the toast and ran down the sidewalk, right past an unusual looking young woman trying to maneuver a shopping cart full of groceries with a broken wheel.

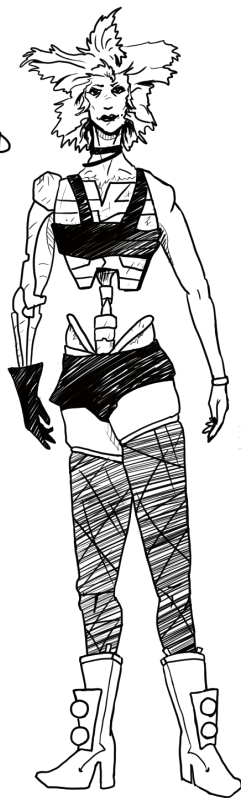
"Now that's portents!" Mr. Moth exclaimed with uncharacteristic excitement.

The passenger, still looking at his phone, asked "What?"

Mr. Moth said "Get the fuck out of my car."

Girdroid had been vivisected by a U-Haul. Scraped off the pavement and put back together by rat scientists underground, in a mistake of sudden genius. Now, she mostly spent her time talking to rats and watching videos online. Occasionally, she went shopping for food and Mountain Dew. Usually during those trips she ends up at odds with the Archons in some shit.

GIRLDROID



Mr. Moth pulled up and rolled down the passenger window.

"Hey, you. I'm Mr. Moth. Where are you going?"

"I'm Girdroid, but some people call me Roddy. I'm on my way to Dick's Food Free For All for groceries and preemptive revenge."

"I think that's where I'm going too. I'm on a mission to destroy a construct of the neolithic revolution."

"Cool." She said getting in with her groceries.

"Do you know how to get there?"

"Yeah." said Girdroid.

Mr. Moth followed Girdroid's directions. 1 Hour of Late Night Driving Doomer Jazz ended, and Mr. Moth dug in his center console to find Yuggoth Baby's Intelligent Drum & Bass Miscellania Vol. 7 and switched the discs as Girdroid pulled a Mountain Dew from a bag, cracked it open, and took a sip.

"What's the prevenge for?" asked Mr. Moth.

"I found out they're going to tear down the place where I live to build another store. So, I want a word with the manager." She brandished a brand new hammer from another bag, with the tag still on it.

"Anyways, they have a great special on bologna, and the rats love bologna. I just have to get this done before the ice cream melts."

They worked their way to the fissure where the heart of the city met the edge of the suburbs and stray flecks of the long outer ring of the industrial zone.

"Just a left up here, and we're there." Roddy said.

"Alright, but first I need to see a dog about a man." Mr. Moth told Roddy as he parked the Chrysalis on the side of the road and exited into a nearby alley. He pulled the ampule out of his coat, popped off the head, and inhaled. Mr. Moth left his body and journeyed to meet Pretty somewhere flying in the sky.

"Can I borrow some love? I need to teach the meat machine to pull the trigger."

The androgynous flying thing grinned and laughed.

"Sure. Mr. Moth." The smile widened.

"You might feel funny carrying something bright. Don't let it get in your eyes. You might cry." The smile giggled. "You might not want to let it go, but if I'm giving it to you it's supposed to be a present! That silly machine might not appreciate it, but people don't always like what's good for them. Like smiling." It pointed to the corners of its mouth.

PRETTY



"Uh-huh." Mr. Moth concurred.

The luminous hand reached out a finger and pushed it into Mr. Moth's chest.

"Okay. See you next time!"

Then he was back on the cold wet city street. The shock made him throw up. There was a perfectly round dark green watermelon laying on the pavement next to him. He picked it up, cradling it like a baby, and took it with him. Mr. Moth returned to the car. Roddy made no inquiries about Mr. Moth's newfound alley watermelon.

They arrived to the massive almost vacant parking lot of Dick's Food Free For All. Mr. Moth parked somewhere in the middle. Roddy took her groceries. She saw a nearby derelict shopping cart, went to it, and rolled it back and forth to test its action.

"This one's pretty nice." She whisper-shouted in Mr. Moth's general direction, before she tossed her bags in. Mr. Moth was scouting the front door through the scope of his laser rifle.

"Two guards outside..." said Mr. Moth. He rotated the dial to "Moderate - Temporary" and took aim at one of them. A purple flash and the man was grabbing his eyes and screaming. The other guard talked into his earpiece and scanned out into the darkness with a submachine gun. Another flash and he was down too.

Girdroid ran with the cart as fast as she could, jumping onto it as she went through the automatic doors and encountered two guards on their way to intercept her. She dived from the cart. It flew into one guard, and crashed into, and flipped the man over a cash register.

As she landed on the ground, she shoved her forearm into the throat of the other guard, using her other arm to strike him about the head and face with her hammer. He was wearing a helmet so it was okay. Mr. Moth entered, as the cash-register-flipped guard grabbed his weapon and emerged. A flash of light and he discharged six rounds into the ceiling with a shriek. Girdroid ran for the lotto counter. A guard sat there had thrown his rack borrowed copy of Good Housekeeping to reach for his submachine gun.

As he put his hand on it, Girdroid swung down on his knuckles. It would be 3 weeks before his whisking hand would be healed enough to try that recipe for Cranberry Fool. Another guard rushed down an aisle to regroup. Mr. Moth took aim, but didn't have a line of sight on his retinas yet. He tripped over a sunglasses rack and went straight through the plate glass window.

These threats were dealt with enough for Mr. Moth and Roddy. They were probably paid like \$25 an hour and that's not quite being-attacked-with-a-hammer-twice money. Roddy grabbed her cart and they headed for the back. She grabbed eight things of bologna, and two things of Oreos. At the back of the store they encountered their fork in the road. The path to the manager's office on one side and the meat department on the other.

"I guess this is where we part ways." said Roddy.

"There's some certain bastard they've hired to dispatch you who'll be in there. So watch out for that." Mr. Moth cautioned.

"Alright. Got it."

"Also, take this. It might come in handy later." Mr. Moth handed Roddy a crumpled paper fortune teller from one of his pockets.

"Answer its questions and it will tell you computer passwords."

Girdroid took the thing.

"Thanks, Mr. Moth."

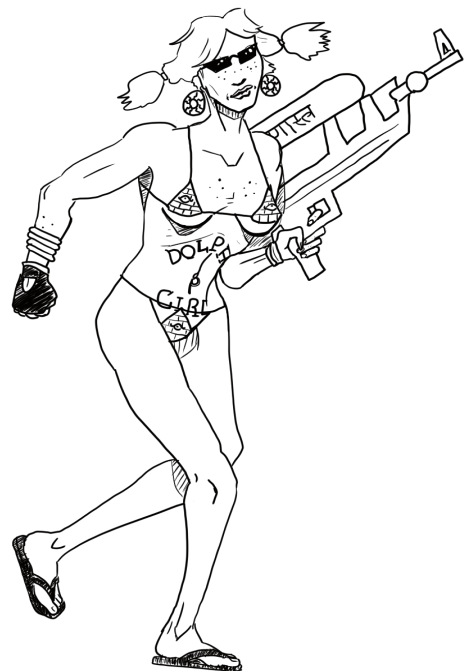
"Uh-huh."

They split. Girdroid entered the labyrinthine white halls to the manager's office. She journeyed through the random turns and passed pointless doors, until she heard the tick tack tick tack of cowboy boots walking from around the next corner. A shadow preceded the man, and Roddy readied her hammer.

...

Mr. Moth started to walk around the meat counter, before a smug female voice pierced through the store. "Not so fast, Mr. Moth."

Mr. Moth looked over to see this predetermined rival. Misty Trepan was the daughter of a man and a kelp holdfast, needless to say she was a Californian. She wore sunglasses, and a limited edition bikini she had bought with Illuminati Points, which were a lot like Pepsi Points, and in her hands held her bastard squirt gun of technicolor neon. Across the main tank was the Sanskrit for Varunastra.



MISTY TREPAN

The sunglasses meant the old laser rifle trick was off the menu, unless he could figure something out.

"I'm soaked to meet you. I've really been looking forward to it."

She aimed the squirt gun and fired. Mr. Moth ducked, and the glass cover of the meat counter exploded.

At 1100 feet per second, Varunastra's velocity was just short of a Glock 18. Mr. Moth made a mental note to buy a Glock 18.

"I'm sure you're aware, but I was selected to take you on for a reason. I'm a hydro. Moths are creatures of elemental fire. Pyros. Water and fire are natural opposites. Enemy forces. Fire may boil water, but water extinguishes fire. I can take the heat, but moths? They simply melt when wet."

Mr. Moth booked it. Misty chased after him. Mr. Moth had the lead. A shot went wide and blew a can of creamed corn to smithereens as he passed. He got down toiletries, a few seconds ahead, and hid behind the toilet paper. Misty stalked down the aisle.

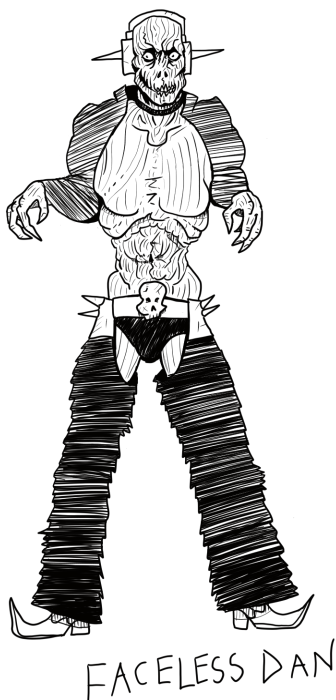
"I know you're the same. You're just like a moth. Just like a fire. You can be doused, and all you'll leave behind is ash that sticks to the floor."

As Misty passed him, Mr. Moth slipped out the other side of the aisle, into pet food. He laid with his back on the floor and put his slippers against the shelf, utilizing his bizarre level of quadricep power to leg press the shelf onto Misty. She saw it coming and breached through the paper towels as it came down on her.

Several shelves dominoed. Misty landed standing on that tipped shelf, while Mr. Moth was still getting to his feet. Misty aimed and fired.

The jet of water pierced clean through his left buttock and slid him 10 feet across the floor into the cheese cooler with a thud. Mr. Moth rolled behind a stacked soda display then vanished from Misty's sight. Misty surveyed the store. From her perch she had visual on the entire shopping area. She selected a sprinkler head on the ceiling at random, and shot it with a jet of water, shattering the detector bulb and activating it. She watched the area, as the water sprayed down. No movement. She fired on another sprinkler. And another. And another.

The figure rounded the corner. He was Faceless Dan. His muscles were swollen unrestricted by skin, his eyes bulged from his head, and Girdroid lunged at him. Faceless Dan dodged and the hammer glanced off of his shoulder. He rotated around her and leapt back. Girdroid prepared to swing again, but before she could Faceless Dan unleashed a flash of illusory confetti, a popular Clownscience technique he had picked up somehow somewhere. With Girdroid momentarily blinded, Faceless Dan had the upper hand. He sacked her, and they ricocheted off the wall. The hammer flew out of reach and they both tumbled to the ground. Faceless Dan locked his arms around her.



"I'm going to suck your life out, until there's nothing left of you but protoplasm!"

The purple vampiric ooze squirmed out between the striations of Faceless Dan's muscles, crept over her body, and started to feed. Roddy tried to escape, but Faceless Dan was too strong, so instead she slid herself, with him, across the ground. Only a couple inches and her head was against the wall. Then she started bashing the back of her skull against it. Faceless Dan felt energy surge into his muscles. He felt his blood ionize. His bones densify. Then as her strength waned, Roddy's head broke through. Faceless Dan barely noticed as she craned her neck around between the walls to reach for something she hoped to find.

There it was: a bundle of wires. She clamped down on them with her teeth and hit a live one. Faceless Dan jittered and smoked. His muscles blistered and his ooze boiled. He screamed.

"WAAAAYYYYOOOO!!!" as he leapt from Girdroid and ran in another direction, mostly dead and burnt to a crisp.

Girdroid stood up, hardly the worse for wear. Rat-Tek was sturdy, if nothing else. She ventured further, unimpeded by obstacle, into the administrative bowels of the Food Free For All to find that door that said "MANAGEMENT".

Misty had triggered 85% of the store's sprinklers by the time Mr. Moth got wet. He was lucky, but he hadn't done much with the spare time. Fairly enough, he was mostly preoccupied trying to not be detected as to avoid another liquid impalement. Although, he had also spent some of his time comparing and contrasting the Munsters and the Addams Family. He reached no conclusions worth committing to paper.

When the water came down on him, he had to move. Misty spotted him and leapt to action. Firing on him while in pursuit. Mr. Moth was getting drenched. Diving from blasts of Varunastra, and fleeing from the fire sprinklers, Mr. Moth scurried under a produce bin, clutching the watermelon of love, and his laser rifle under his arm.

Liquefied ash dripped off of Mr. Moth. He was saved from the water, if only for a moment. Misty approached. Mr. Moth remembered his nábrók, and started tossing quarters on the floor. While Misty was adept at walking on wet floors, she didn't see the coin before she stepped on it. She slipped. When she hit the ground her head bounced on the fake linoleum and her sunglasses flipped off of her face. She glanced concedingly at Mr. Moth with her pale blue like-clam eyes, and he blasted her with the laser rifle. She screamed obscenities for the next several minutes, as she clutched her face and flailed around on the floor.

The sprinklers eventually ran out of water, and Mr. Moth sloshed through the store, back to the meat department, and passed through the "EMPLOYEES ONLY" door. He navigated around butchery equipment, around a corner and through the "AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY" door, then down a set of stairs. Meat grew on chains. Sirloin sized flies with their wings plucked crawled around the floor cleaning pools of meat juice leaking from busted pipes in the ceiling. Jaws of metal on the floor and walls clamped open and shut for seemingly no reason. Mr. Moth reached a dead end.

He noticed light through a grate on the floor and stomped on the grate until it was loose enough for him to get his fingers under. He lifted it and saw a small room below. He jumped in. The floor was all made of metal grates. Here it was that you could first hear the humming of the Machine.

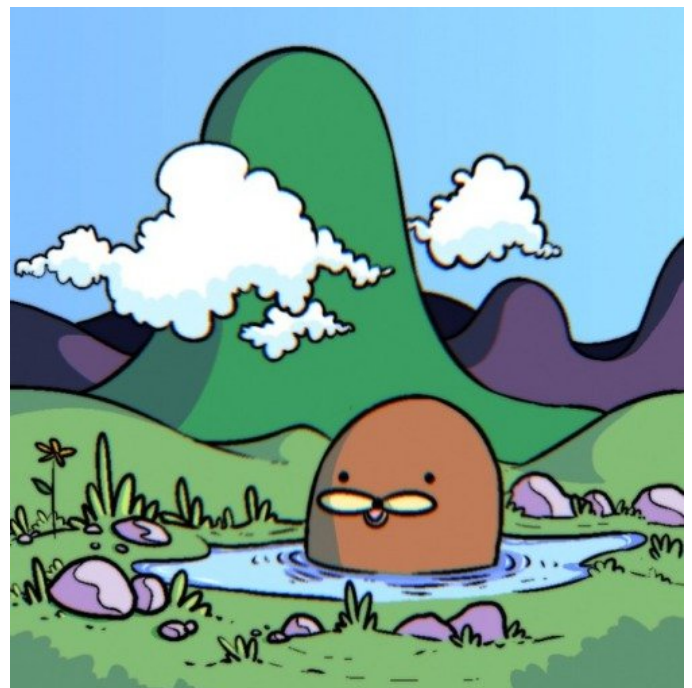
On the wall was an observation window into a chamber where meat girders slopped off of a conveyor belt and were alchemically transformed into steel, then slid away on another conveyor belt. He passed through another door. This one said "DO NOT ENTER" and led to a catwalk over boiling vats of acrid chemicals. Meat came through on hooks and was dipped into each vat, emerging with wildly different colors from every treatment, until the final one that made it look normal again. The humming was louder. On the other end was a flight of stairs to the floor, and from there was a door between a vat and the wall that said "DO NOT ENTER, MR. MOTH".

Mr. Moth entered.

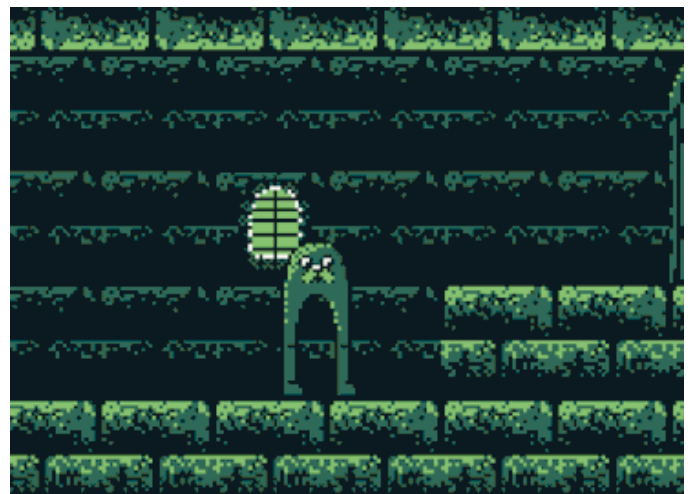
Before him he saw the Meat Machine, in all its sterilized putrescence and in all its artificial realness. He couldn't hear it, but he knew it would be screaming all sorts of horrible things at him if he could. Mr. Moth hucked the watermelon straight into the Meat Machine's consumption orifice. He felt something special leave him, but he also felt it was never his, so maybe it was okay. The Meat Machine's flesh computer was filled with beautiful songs and spectacular visions of plains and meadows. Warm summer days and cozy winter nights. The taste of fresh sweet watermelon and the tart of the rind. A hateful cylinder head cracked inside, and coolant overflowed. The ground rumbled and the Meat Machine sunk into the earth and vanished from sight.

Mr. Moth stumbled through a door that read "EXIT" and was out behind a grocery store with the cold night air, and the slight dampness, and the faint scent of garbage and a wood fire somewhere far away, and sirens softly wailing on the empty freeway across the back lot, a fence and some bushes. Mr. Moth steadied himself, walked around the side of the store, got into his car, and drove away.

Mr. Moth thought the static from Jupiter almost sounded like his own personal fanfare for a just moment. He smiled and shook his head. Mr. Moth parked at the pier and watched from the Chrysalis, as the sun broke over his sleeping world, he knew the city was safe, at least until night came around once again. So, Mr. Moth transformed back into the everyman-type person Tim J. Moth. Then he got in the back and settled down into the Burger King wrappers to get some sleep.



This was an inspiration to make something similar in the /late/ minecraft server haha...



The Pinecone

Just so we're clear: I've been waiting for the next recession for over a decade. I'm the one who talked about shorting stocks of the Fabian Socialist capital.

The mortgage industry is facing complete collapse. This is a result of most of the industry trying to focus on refinancing, rather than purchases. Now due to inflation, builders can't build homes. Prices are going up, and now interest rates are being cut.

What that means is that people are going to start struggling to even pay their mortgages. What that means is that the Mortgage Backed Securities are going to start becoming unprofitable. What that means is that everything that depends on those MBS to be profitable is going to fail. And what depends on those MBS's? Everything. Government bonds, pensions, treasuries, sovereign debt, retirement funds... everything.

There is a world wide cost of living crisis due to inflationary policy. The Fed is making signals that it's going to try and fight inflation, by basically tanking the entire stock market. Frankly, if they were to do this, it wouldn't even be wrong. They no longer have much of a choice because they put it off too long. More likely, they won't until it's too late and the whole world economy really does fall off a cliff and they won't be able to stop it.

Worse, the government backers of these mortgages are basically saying they won't be backing most mortgages anymore. Without that, no bank is willing to risk making a 30 year, hundred thousand dollar loan, to Joe Blow from Kokomo, who has a credit rating of 580. The mortgage industry is dead. That means the foundation of the entire debt system goes with it. That's what retirements, pensions, and sovereign debt rely on. If you keep all the lumberjacks home for a year, you will get a wood shortage the next year, and a furniture shortage after that. The mortgage industry works the same way; and the mortgage industry is financing everyone's stock market.

Fuck it, go onto a search engine of your choice, and search "mortgage layoffs". Every major mortgage company has been laying off people like mad for a couple months now. 10%, 20%, 30% of all staff. This is because there's not enough homes, not enough borrowers, not enough people who can pay the loans, and now very soon everyone's interest payments are going to jump. Foreclosures will start to increase, and then there's nothing that can stop the inevitable. The Perennial Gale of Creative Destruction will not be denied. A market of lies must correct to reality.

So how do you survive this?

- 1) Save your money instead of spending it on some shitty iphone and subscriber shit.
- 2) Invest in holding land, learn how to become self-sufficient.
- 3) Prep for hard times: get you're supply of food. Get your supply of heating items. Just get it now and put in storage however you can. Make arrangements for the winter, however you need to. I'm not saying it will turn into mad max, and it won't. But I am saying that 1 month of emergency rations will certainly help. It's going to be hard times for everyone, but you're NOT going to be the person caught with nothing.

Start pulling cash out of the bank now so you have it on the side, just in case someone gets the idea to restrict withdraw limits from your bank accounts. Gold, Silver, Crypto, I don't really care which one you do or don't like, you might as well have some of each. I rely on you to make the best decision for you on that front.

Grow through the collapse: this is a hard lesson. During collapse is the time where the most real growth will take place. Not through good times. The elites know this, and they are positioning themselves to be the beneficiaries of the largest transfer of wealth in human history. Hunkering down is good for a bit, but you are going to need to seize opportunities and take risks during the collapse.

You actually get rewarded the most at that time. If you have a skill, get paid for it, and prove you're indispensable. If you see an opportunity that's not being taken advantage of, seize on it. This is actually the time you need to streamline, become more efficient, and be more aggressive. If it's not making you money, influence, or career advancement, why are you doing it? Advance your career by as you need to, and take responsibility from others who aren't pulling their weight, or seem lost. Don't wait for them to self-correct. Become the pillar of your own little communities that people can trust and go to for advice.

The Great Collapse will burn away all the brush, and if we have prepared ourselves properly, we will open up from the heat of the fire, root in the ash, and we will rise again

Fuck the Black Pills. Everyone's called me crazy already. Maybe I'm deluded. Maybe I'm a lunatic. Hell, let's assume I am.

When we look back on our own histories, I don't want you to remember that you were the victim in this story. I want you to look back and see yourself as the hero.

When all this is over, I want you to remember what you accomplished when everyone, and everything, collapsed. I want you to remember that reading this article made you start thinking about how you would be the pillar of your friends and family, and we bore our crosses, and re-built our civilization on our backs.

Be the pinecone.

- an anonymous contributor



Cloudflare vs the Fediverse

No, no. Not THAT kind of Fed.

...Several people seem to use Cloudflare on their fedi server (how many? I dk, haven't counted). Personally I think this is a bad idea. At the very least, the reason why we build a decentralised network is because we see problems with centralised solutions. It doesn't even really matter what problem it is that you think is most important, the fact is that decentralisation is a fundamental part of the solution we try to build. Using cloudflare introduces centralisation again. The problems you try to solve may be very real, but bringing back centralisation really shouldn't be done lightly.

Typical reasons people use federated services:

- 1) Decentralization of Power (Not beholden to any single administration and its policies),
- 2) Privacy (Anti-Mass surveillance),
- 3) Interoperability (Anyone can run a node following the specification and expect it to work with the rest of the network),
- 4) No lock-in (If the instance you're on turns into a shithole, you can generally move without losing social contacts)

These have been, and remain, the appeals of federated networks for social networking.

However, the increasing and alarming trend of administrators in these federated networks to use CloudFlare threatens all three of these.

Besides introducing centralization, there are other problems that arise when using Cloudflare. Here I like to go over problems I see people wanting to solve and show the problems Cloudflare can bring that you may or may not have considered. I also want to provide possible alternatives to the best of my abilities.

Hide your IP

Often people want hide their IP. However, outgoing federation requests are still made from your own IP so using cloudflare won't help "hiding" you. If you want to know the IP of an instance behind Cloudflare and you have a fediverse server, then you can check your access logs and make them send you a message. For example, you can follow someone so they send an accept activity. When they send to your server, a line will pop up and you'll see their IP. Unless they did extra effort to hide it, this is their server's IP.

You can even add a line in `/etc/hosts` for this instance and try to federate with them over their real IP, bypassing Cloudflare completely. I've tried this, it worked.

An alternative to this is to tunnel through a vpn. Either from a vpn provider that gives you a fixed IP with open ports, or via a cheap VPS. For VPN's like this, there's an association in France of several associative ISP's of whom several provide such service.

For hiding outgoing traffic, you can also use TOR. In short, you install TOR and then set your instance software to proxy through localhost:9050 over SOCKS5. Note that you still need a way to get other instances to send posts to you and, although full federation over TOR is possible, most instances don't federate over TOR. For Pleroma, you can follow the Pleroma docs for setting up onion federation.

DDOS Mitigation

Cloudflare is widely known for it's DDOS protection. However, this only works when your IP is hidden and we already showed it's not! If just adding the real IP and host to your hosts file is enough to circumvent Cloudflare, then setting this up for a DDOS is pretty trivial too.

I'm not really well versed in protection against DDOS, so I can't really give much advice. Still, here's my current vision on it.

First there's the question of how likely a DDOS is going to happen and how bad the impact is for you. A company may loose millions of potential revenue, you won't.

Pleroma has a rate limiter per incoming IP, which could already help some.

From what I heard, some configuration tweaks to nginx and adding fail2ban can go a long way as well (although I personally have no idea how or what to do for this).

Some hosting providers also have their own DDOS protection (e.g. Hetzner)

Free \$L certificates

I've seen people say they use Cloudflare because it provides them free SSL certificates. This always struck me as a bit weird because you can already get free ssl certificates from letsencrypt.org. This is also how Pleroma, and I assume other fedi software's, installation guides tell you to do it.

Free DNS resolvers

Cloudflare also provides free DNS servers. There are many alternatives for this.

You can host your own, use the DNS resolvers from your registrar, you can use DNS resolvers from the OpenNIC project. This has the added advantage that you can connect to more TLD's.

You can also use DNS resolvers provided by one of the FFDN ISP's. Or from wherever else you may know.

Fixed IP

Another reason I've seen, is people hosting from home and they need a fixed IP.

For this you could obviously use a VPN or reverse proxy from a server.

But the thing is, you don't actually need a fixed IP in the first place. All you need is that your DNS records need to be updated when your IP address changes. For this you can use DynDNS. Basically this is a service where you get a domain which points to your IP. Then you set something up so ping the the DynDNS provider from your server.

If they see the IP that's pinging them changes, they will update the DNS record. Some registrars allow you to set this up on your domain directly. If yours doesn't, you can get whatever provider who gives you a subdomain with DynDNS and add a CNAME or ALIAS record so your domain will point to the DynDNS domain. For DynDNS I know DuckDNS exists. If you happen to run Yunohost, then you can get a subdomain with DynDNS out-of-the-box from there.

So, why still use Cloudflare?

BECAUSE NORMIES ARE STUPID.

Some general problems when using Cloudflare

As said in the beginning, some problems that come with centralization are introduced back by using Cloudflare. Here are some:

- 1) They intercept everything you do if you use their proxy. Basically you're giving up on privacy altogether.
- 2) It's also another dependency/single point of failure.
- 3) They can throw you off for whatever reason.

BUT WAIT. THERE'S MORE.

The fundamental issue with CloudFlare.

A couple of years ago, the web started becoming incredibly bloated with redundant technologies, adverts, trackers, and such which all went beyond displaying the content the user asked for using open, standardized technologies.

As a result of this, CDNs (Content Delivery Networks), which had previously been relegated to hosting media content like videos and images which they can cache and serve faster for larger audiences began hosting javascript frameworks and applets embedded in webpages along with various forms of tracking and social media connections.

Once this started happening, and web design stopped being about how to make your content compatible with as many browsers as possible using the features from web standards (HTML+CSS),

and more about unnecessarily mimicking much of that functionality with javascript frameworks (which take quadruple the time to load and create a bottleneck for the user's browsing experience).

It was inevitable that a lazy solution would come presenting itself as the solution to a lazy problem (relevant talk and relevant article). Nowadays CloudFlare is far more, its the ultimate laziness bundle for web administrators who won't properly configure a server to use caching, retain a valid TLS certificate, perform load balancing, and more.

Its the reverse proxy for people too lazy to know what that even means plus a bunch of shiny bits on top. It is common to hear CloudFlare being used for the purpose of "DDOS protection", sure, making all your traffic go through foreign servers does have that as a side effect, but it seems like most hosting services these days offer that regardless, and self-hosters probably only need to setup some basic DDOS mitigation on a private server. But enough of reviewing what CloudFlare already is with my extremely sarcastic tone, what's the problem here with CloudFlare in particular?

Aside from the web becoming a bloated mess and needing all this stuff in the first place, one way or another, CloudFlare represents a model web-service which negates all the privacy and security benefits of independent hosting.

User connections to sites configured with CloudFlare are decrypted not at the site itself, but at CloudFlare's servers, allowing them to snoop like teenagers fiddling around with Wireshark in 2004 before HTTPS was being used by most websites. Even worse, traffic passed between two servers each configured to use CloudFlare is owned by CloudFlare at both ends. This comes with extreme privacy and security implications which are at least partially explored here, but have otherwise not received any attention whatsoever.

As services like CloudFlare become more and more "Comprehensive", and more and more security responsibilities are passed off to them by administrators, the purpose for these privacy and security features to begin with is being negated. I'm not the type who is interested in doing a full security analysis, but there is definitely one that deserves to be done concerning services like CloudFlare and I think I have made clear the fundamental issue at the very least.

I urge administrators to take back the responsibilities of their jobs and quit handing off their duties to companies like CloudFlare or else we are in for serious trouble in the future.

In closing: Fuck CloudFlare.

- an anonymous contributor



HELP REBUILD /COMFY/

Recently, one of /late/'s comfy friend boards, /comfy/ was wiped by some numbnut loser. Backups from June 2022 have been acquired and work is continuing to recreate the archives and threads.

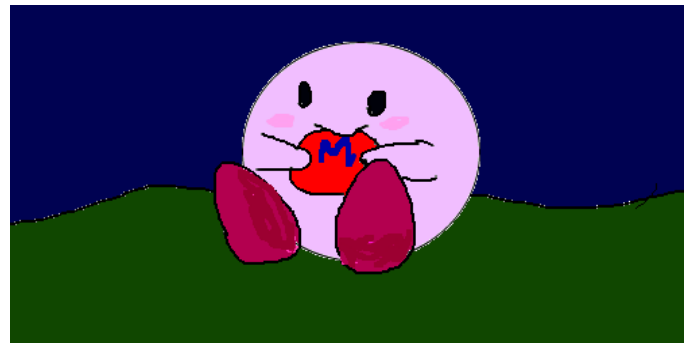
Got bandwidth and time to spare?

Go here:
<https://anon.cafe/comfy/res/34.html>



A bear with no arms has appeared from the woods. It seems to be simply observing you from afar...

Memories of /late/



Discord shift to /early/

Some stuff happened on the /late/ discord, so the remainder moved on to a new server, renaming the old discord /early/. As the night ends and a new day begins, somewhere in the world, night falls yet again.

Nothing really changes in the big scheme of things, but it's understandable if the administration wants to quietly leave discord behind. The platform's been waaaaaaaayyy too seedy as of late.

What is new, however is that this opens the new /late/ server to content updates, properly functional invite codes and more. Hell, emotes uploaded in around 2017 finally got a much-needed update.

Whether night or day, don't forget to stay comfy.

-YC



The Tao of /early/

To be fair, you have to wake up very early to understand /EARLY/. The humour is extremely subtle, and without a solid grasp of sunny mornings most of the jokes will go over a typical anon's head. There's also /EARLY/'s optimistic outlook, which is deftly woven into funposting- its board philosophy draws heavily from waking up early, for instance.

Morningpersons understand this stuff; they have the early-rising capacity to truly appreciate the depths of these jokes, to realize that they're not just funny- they say something deep about LIFE. As a consequence people who dislike /EARLY/ truly ARE nightowls- of course they wouldn't appreciate, for instance, the humor in /EARLY/'s existential catchphrase "It's early." which itself is a cryptic reference to eating a balanced breakfast. I'm smirking right now just imagining one of those sleepy insomniacs scratching their heads in confusion as an /EARLY/ poster's alarms wake them up for the sunrise. What snoozers.. how I pity them.

And yes, by the way, i DO have a smiling sun tattoo. And no, you cannot see it. It's for morningperson eyes only- and even then they have to demonstrate that they wake up within 5 minutes of my own wake up time (preferably earlier) beforehand.

Nothin personnel kid

- a random /early/poster.

WHORE-O-SCOPE 2023!

I got good news and bad news. What'll it be?

Right. So, bad news; the usual writer of the annual Whoreoscopes has been kidnapped by ninjas and is probably being held in some seekret megacorp Black Site being tortured because he had connections to the legendary PANTSU DOUJIN group of yore. A rescue mission has been commenced, and while we wait, lets hear the good news; I, Emperor Dootums II will be writing this issue's whoer-o-scopes! This means that you should take everything I say here with a ~~pinch~~ gallon metric tonne of salt, fresh from our salt mines.

Okay, let's go!

Aries: Date range: March 21 - April 19

Bad news, ese! Some sick fuck called Jupiter (y'know, the 'by Jupiter!' guy from them Asterix comics...) has been seen sneaking around your house. This is your cue to grab a heavy caliber shotgun and jump the fucker while he's not looking! Shotgun blasts to these sick stalkers ALWAYS convinces them to BACK THE FUCK OFF.

Expect lots of drama to be brought up by that sleazy slimeball trying to ruin any relationships and friendships you have. But you're better than that, right? Or, if you're feeling particularly lucky, you could try digging dirt up on him and blackmailing him right back! His wife is one murderous bitch, right up there with Zombie Ex-GF in sheer scale of murderclown fury!

Alternatively, you could roll with a crew that you can trust and pull a heist on him. He might not look it, being dressed in some ratty fratboy gear, but he's rich as fuck. This is your chance to score some nice cash for the coming days!

All this activity might wear you out, though. So be sure to watch your HP meters, exercise and stay /fit! No one got to the big time by being a lazy slob! And if you're not careful, that Jupiter guy might bamboozle you!

Taurus: Date range: April 20 - May 20

You've been knocking down those red bulls lately, haven't you? You might have been feeling hyper parapara waka laka, and that's the best way to get shit done. ... no?

Well, what are you waiting for? To get old and feeble? You're the man now, dawg! Bitchslap some star into bringing you more beer! You ain't got time to laze around! If you've got shit that needs doing, now's a good time to motor your way through! Become the best like no one ever was! Motor! Motorboat! TITTIES! BONKLER! **WOHOO! Nonstop! Topless! AIUEO! BASUGASUBAKUHATSU! WHOOAAAA!!!***

Not that it'll be an easy ride - the sun, moon and some guy in an ambulance are running around in your workplace, and it'll be upto you to clamber up and be the king of the hill after beating the fuck out of them with a random blunt weapon! It won't be easy, but as Cartman once said "nothing worth having is."

All this extra work is gonna strain your mind as well as your body, so now's a good time to pick up a good habit like going for a walk, but if it's dangerous out there, it's up to you to handle self-defense. Nothing like shooting a mugger in the lower spine, having a conversation with your assailant entirely in memes and then finishing it off with a clean headshot, right?

*If you know where this phrase comes from, email us at latezine@airmail.cc.

Gemini: Date range: May 21 - June 20

Have you been fucking around like rabbits on the ashes of a disaster? You'll find that having sex with a partner in a barely-hidden public place to be a thrill at this time of the year because that weirdo friend of yours, Venuswhatshername has been following you around, nightvision goggles and a 9001 megapixel camera, upgraded from generic sick-fuck to fully-fledged stalker.

Don't have a fuckbuddy? Guess you'll have to make do with a date with Rosie Palms...

Just be careful not to get blackmailed into something just because you couldn't control your impulses, though. You're the sort to easily get swept up by impulse and do stupid shit you're gonna regret later. Especially so when you have that snotty half-pint brat Mercury rummaging through your laundry. She's the sort to egg you on to write embarrassing slashfiction, too. So be careful!

By the way, your lucky dish is Paragon-kun's Fighting Soup. Try it out.

Cancer: Date range: June 21 - July 22

I got good news and I got bad news. What'll it be?

Bad news? You've got crabs. Better go fix that shit right now or else your groin is gonna turn into the Krusty Krab an' shit.



The good news? That memetic mousetrap you've set up around the house has hauled in the big one. You're going to eat like a king... assuming you did set up them mousetraps like last year's fortune told you to. You did that, right?

We trust you.

Regarding your personal life, it seems that the goddess of war has put out a bounty on your head either because you've done something particularly perverted or you just got plain framed! Be ready for a fight from the elite storm-troopers she sends after you! Will you prove your innocence like a warrior - or just curl on the floor and take it like a bitch? Your choice.

A tip on making it harder for the enemy to find you: STOP UPLOADING SO MANY FUCKING SELFIES!

If shit gets too tough, you should hire some moon bunnies to back you up = but just remember, liaising with the Moon Princess has a dreadful price... one that you may be unable to truly pay. If you really want to impress them, learn to rely on yourself and power through anything that stands in your way. They like that sort of thing, you see.

Maybe you might score a hot date with Kaguya-hime...

Leo: Date range: July 23 - August 22

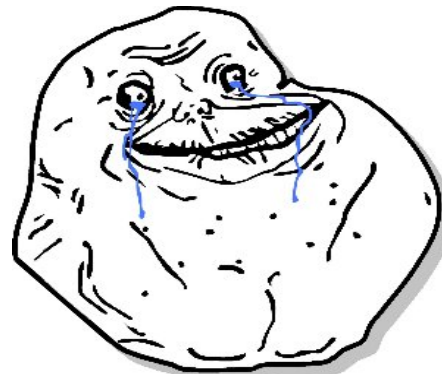
Attention [Yourname]. This is an important announcement: **STOP BEING AN OVERBEARING FAGGOT.**

Because if you are, you're on the highway to get fucked zone. For some reason, some time or another, you may have wronged someone while being said overbearing faggot from and s/he might be out to fuck your shit up.

You don't want that karmic firebomb up your ass, do ya?

Moving onto financial matters, now's a good time to plan on paying off your mortgages if you have any. And no, you're not going to take a loan either. Bad juju, ese. Last, but not least, this is a good time to be a bad credit card customer. You might have been getting calls from telemarketers trying to cash in on your chunks o' change, but NOPE - you've got more important shit to do. By the way, don't go into an auction for antiques either.

Good news, everyleon! Time to take your happy times at hand, and go on a fapathon! Since the sun is pretty chillax at this time of the year, you're brimming with GENKI motherfucking ENERGY!. Time to put on a 6 hour hentai heaven marathon and just take it easy - you've earned it!



Virgo: Date range: August 23 ~ September 22FOREVER ALOOOOOOOOOONE! Right?

So lets start you off with some dating advice.

You're desperate to travel for love or meet someone who'll mean a lot to you, right? But this might mean you're running right into a trap (obligatory Admiral Ackbar voice: "It's a trap!"): You could fall prey to false promises, get catfished or you might talk yourself into a corner and out yourself as a liar. Shut that trap of yours when you're talking to potential romantic interests and keep your feet on the ground!

And one more thing: you shouldn't mix money and love life early on. It makes you look insecure as fuck and your date might think you've got no personality and are trying to cover for it with a display of monetary wealth. OR WORSE, YOU COULD GET A GOLD DIGGER ON YOUR CASE! FUCK THAT SHIT!

So your best chance to avoid either getting catfished, looking like a dumbass or getting mined is to avoid the dating scene and go learn something useful instead. Learn a language, lift some weights, build a website, mine some bitcoins. You might be alone, but you're in fucking COCOON MODE!

Look that up, you moron.

**Libra: Date range:
September 23 - October 22**

Life's been good to you, hasn't it? Do you like watching idiots bicker? How about cringe videos? This month promises to be a corny-uh, cornhole-err I mean CORNUCOPIA of amusing shenanigans! Still, try to keep shit under control - you have things to do, places to go and people to see, so be sure to pay attention to things like your job or your education, or else you might get fucked later!



One of these days, you might get a jealous ex trying to rope you into legal proceedings that a smart fella like you were able to dropkick 'em in the face with. DO A BARREL ROLL! Be sure to avoid helping people who have stabbed you in the back before - not just this months but all day everyday! This is also the perfect excuse to go on a roadtrip, I quote "As far away from here as possible".

Try not to catch a cold while roughing it in the countryside, though...

Your lucky application is Libreoffice.

**Scorpio: Date range:
October 23 - November 21**

Word on the street is that Jupiter (some sick fuck who lives across the street)'s been eyeing your turf as of late. This is a good time to invest in burglar-proofing your home if you haven't - and in case you have, time to invest in motion-sensing lights that fuck up sneaking efforts! Or you could go full cataclysmdda and mount machine guns on your wall and pepper those thieving fucks with hot 5.56 lead.

Speaking of hot shit, have you been paying attention to your finances and cash flow? Now's a great time to start off being a bad credit card customer. But seriously, use your credit card like it was cash. Simple, right? But it's something that flies over the head of most people on this fucking planet and caused a globe-spanning economic crisis.

HOLY SHIT! What timeline IS this?

Back to this month's horoscope reading, have you been keeping fit? Because if not, now's a good time to start with Schizophrenic Hisao's Insane Adventure or something. Rumor has it that somewhere, there's a "Emi's couch to 4k" guide in there somewhere; it's up to you to dig it up and put it to good use otherwise you're gonna be a lazy slob for the rest of your pathetic life! **AND YOU DONT WANT THAT.**

**Sagittarius:
Date range: November 22 - December 21**

Rough days ahead for ya, bozo. There's gonna be a shitton of things for you to do, so I hope you've got some skill when it comes to management and finances. No? Well, better start getting good at managing your time and money, or else you're gonna get burned out with nothing to show for it!

Now that you're done with life at home, it's time for your Win Train to hit the tracks. Start doing something new, if you haven't considered higher education, now's the time to look around and attend some entrance fairs. Watch it, though - you're gonna need practical skills and a college that focuses on sociology and gender studies will just waste your time and put you in lifelong debt with nothing to your name but a generic certificate that a competent forger can print out in a few minutes.



Your best bet is to learn something with practical applications, like welding, mechanics, web development and good stuff like that! Working freelance is perfect for a mercenary/travel-loving reader like yourself goes extra! Live the dream and work as you like! **BE YOUR OWN BOSS!**

**Capricorn:
Date range: December 22 - January 19**

Cheer up, emo duck!

The depths of human suffering is no stranger to you, and you may have even contemplated breaking your habit. Regardless, that's a really stupid thing to do since you'd be kicking the bucket for no reason whatsoever. So buck up and go do something you can have fun doing instead of trying to please the inscrutable demons of society, you suckup!

No? Your loss.

Moving on, since old man time's been giving you stupid situations, now would be a good time to take up stand-up comedy and manzai and turn the situation around. He's obviously trying to peepcam you for his shitty youtube channel. Don't fall for that low quality bait of his! Instead, sucker the old fart with nonsensical comedy that hajike's the fuck out of his brain! Your turn to upload his "REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE" wiggin' out on the net will score you that sweet revenge for all the bullshit he's put you throughout the year.

Long story short - stop being so angry at everything. You'll turn out like a goddamn lolcow if you don't.

Aquarius:
Date range: January 20 - February 18

Hey you. Stop touching uranus. Done? Good, lets move on to your horoscope!

Sure, uranus is the foremost thought on your heads these days - and with good reason. Several triple-alphabet agencies and old man time's been keeping a close eye on uranus. Invest in some claymore mines so next time a spook tries to sneak a peek... KABOOM! DREKKED!

Good thing you know exactly what you wanna do to those sick fucks. Let your imagination run wild as you come up with spectacular new execution methods and artistic performances. With that said, you should avoid being bored and being too much of a splurge on online games as well, since your passion may SEXUALLY rape your bank account. And we all know those banks are eyeing uranus to rape your finances AGAIN with xbox hueg settlement fees an' shit.

Stay with free games. Fuck those microtransactions! IN THE ANAL.

On the personal side of life, don't be a bitch. If the urge comes up, quash it and go do something on your own, because some speedy Gonzalez sort of guy called Mercury's been stalking uranus trying to get pics of your sperging out for his shitty gossip rag. Later this month, you'll get the chance to really clobber mercury at the Maria Mercurial concert. Bring an aluminum baseball bat for maximum clobber-age.

Pisces: Date range: February 19 - March 20

It's time for your.... OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE, STOP HIDING FROM YOUR OWN SHADOW.



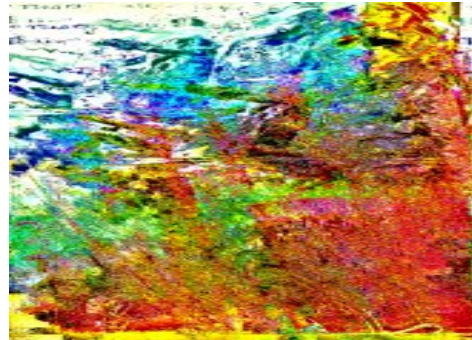
Okay, so you're a big chicken IRL. Recognizing the problem is the first step to solving it, so let's get to that, shall we?

Your first problem, the root of everything is that you're naive and got into a hairy situation, and now you can't help but freak the fuck out every time something happens, or not happens. Making mountains out of molehills is what you've been doing to cope with the fact you've gotten bamboozled.

Stop that. Instead, learn to judge the intents of people. 'Is this asshat trying to shit me?' - heck, question this entire article of you want. It's a good start. A careful attitude with serve as a long-term defense against situations that can scar you for life.

...OH GODDAMNIT, DID YOU JUST HADOUKEN YOUR TV?! FUCKING LOL WAT!

Just so you know, this entry was written from October 7 to December 10th, and none of it really matters aside from how you take this advice and improve(maybe) your life. **MINDFUCK!**



HOW TO, ER, GET FUCKING BORED OF ART AND MAKE LIKE ANOTHER WORTHLESS KID WHO FOUND THEMSELVES ON ONE OF THOSE 'PROFESSIONAL' ART SITES LMAO!!!! EXCEPT THIS TIME IT'S A BIT WORSE THAN THAT HAHA PUNKS

It's not hard to see the same crap being spouted over and over again, however much the petite-bourgeois arseholes who make these 'creative' endeavours try to pass them off as being different. And yes, their content is being monetised for clicks and whatnot while influencing social discourse in meaningful ways (rather than FUCKING HELL HE MENTIONED SOMETHING WHICH HAS POTENTIAL CONNECTIONS TO MY FAVOURITE RAPIST). The half-zombie crap is already on its journey towards become another assortment of cogs in a gigantic ideological machine of spectacle and half-arseness. Totally not as if some bored teenagers could explore the same shit if they had the knack for using the same tools LOOOOOL

So if you reaaaaaalllllyyyy wish to become a fucking genius overnight when it comes to art, why not try this: *be the art yourself!*

That's right, become a walking piece of ostentatious shit and spew out your children in front of people! Add new dimensions to yourself in a relentless fashion, even if it makes you ever-so-slightly schizophrenic! you'll be doing it right no matter what you're trying. Ruin the works of other people in front of them and make them shittier; barge your way into 'private' spaces like a crackhead salesman and ejaculate your shit everywhere; even take an abstract journey through this intellectual equivalent of faecal matter that you've shat out! whittle down your hours, you'll be dead anyway.

Oh and remember to wail to people who would rather see your severed head in a pit. This has been a message from some shithead who wants to feel important but fucks up every time and I really think that you should know my backstory you giant arse. Give it two years, you'll put my fucking mindset in your VR waifu and feel the wrath of Silicuck Valley!!!

enjoy your surprise you fAT FLAPPING CUNT >>>>:::DDDDDD

- someidiot128

RANDOM POETRY FROM /LATE/

When looking to the ranks
of the stalwart hearts of anons lost;
I cannot know their number.
Still, I lived interestingly,
in a cold, uninteresting world.
Goodbye, eight chan.

The fucking sun
is so damn envious
of these glows

-YC

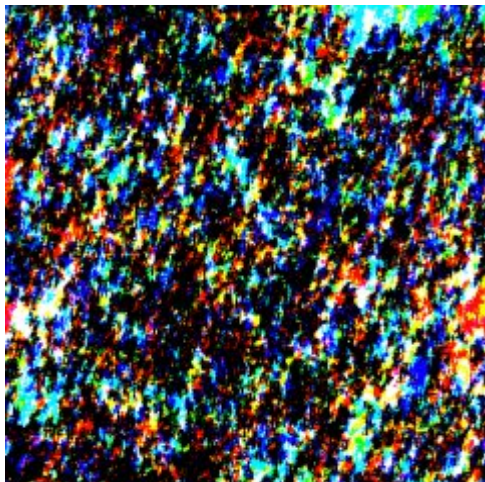
A dark stone had render us something
We wished would characterize
That Myst between physical resolve
And The Idea! That,
Which his ancestor had so fiercely fought over.

A dark stone!
A mirror darkly!
Slate plate, slight of weight!
Diviner, fate!

Over turn that stone,
And return to your throne.
Boredom awaits.

- deerman

The finest wine,
takes time to brew.
Mogami gawa.



All-pervading cold,
The blankets provide shelter.
Just a little bit.

- anonymous

Glad that I beheld
such supreme magnificence.
A river of blood,
from my nose heralds my end.
I regret nothing.

- YC

Everything hurts.
Mind on hyperdrive.
I want to sleep.

-anonymous

you have a waifu?
she's a nicegril, for u.
mogami gawa.

-

tried making pancakes
Ah, but they were too dry
mogami gawa

-YC

Wide awake.
When sleep calls,
motivation.

- anonymous contributor

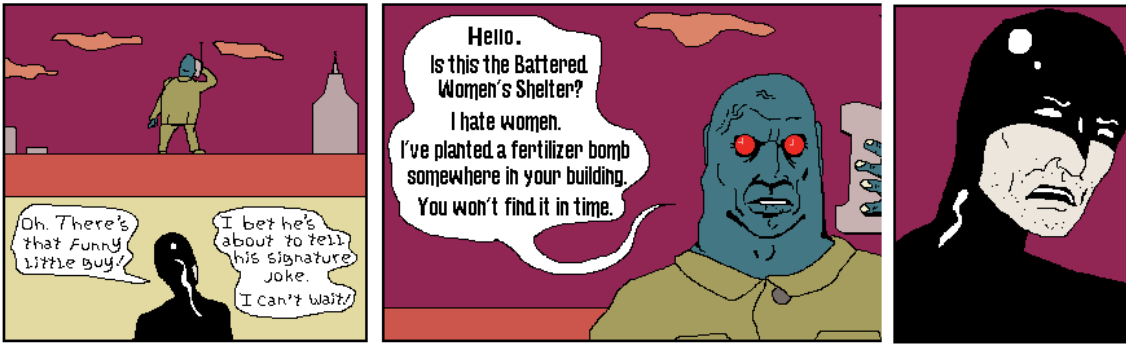
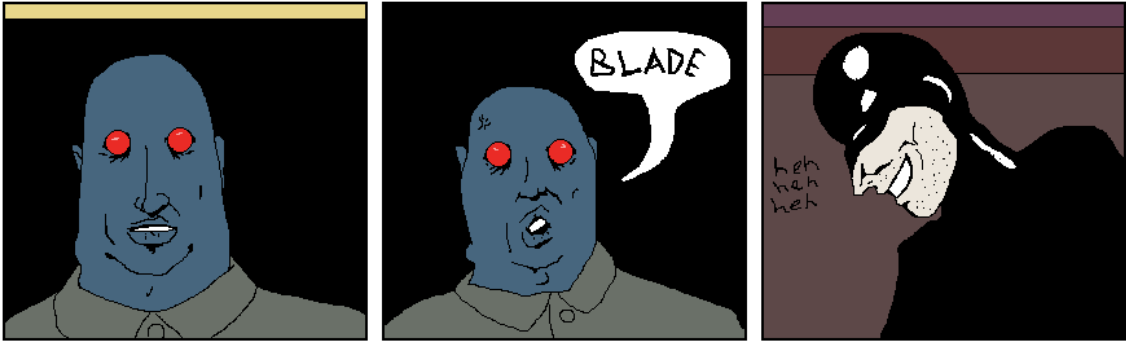
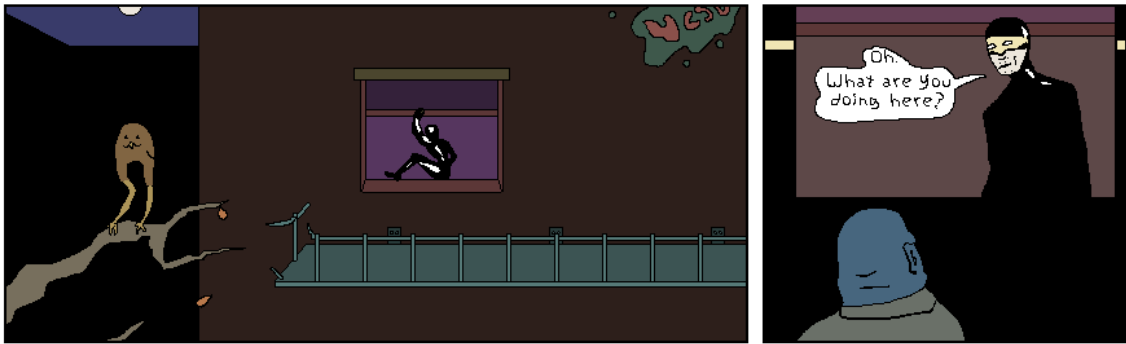
Random Comics.

The Saintking meets a Glow.

LATEzine Special
By Pantsman.



BLADE *by: Watchman*



Photography



Some beautiful works of art right here from Radda. I wanted to use the one over there

<--

for the cover page for the zine. Maybe I will in issue #3?



More photography from the /late/ board.



Colophon

(That's fancy talk for credits, in case you were wondering.)

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Open Office ([link](#))
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Notepad++ ([link](#))



Bonus Content.





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