

The Sensationalist: #4

10/5/22

*Read in British accent: "I said, no roughage before ten-thirty!"



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Until You Apologize

Henry Levitt

**I shaved and put on the glasses you liked so much
The reservation at 7:30, I left at 10 past.**

**I drove up and you weren't there
That's fine, I knew you'd come later
I texted you and came over--we had time to spare**

**I carried the conversation and you were staring at your phone
Silent
Saying nothing, making me feel useless
Why did you agree to dinner if you were going to act like that?
Do I have any self respect?**

**I went to the bathroom because I almost lost it
Collected myself and came back to you crying
It's ironic though, because you were the one who walked out
I hesitated for a moment then followed
I gave you a hug and told you it was fine
I said I love you and you thanked me
Letting you wipe your snot on my sweatshirt**

**I knew what was on your mind
When I told you how I felt because you ignored me earlier
You danced around it and made excuses when I asked
I didn't bring it up again in case I was wrong
I love you too much to make you feel bad for making me feel bad**

**You said you weren't hungry after you ordered
I ate your food because I know how you feel about wasting
You wanted me to get the check halfway through your meal
I obliged**

**When I walked out I tried to hug you
You didn't want any consolation**

**I got into my car and held by jaw
Locked
I started the engine**

**I screamed
I screamed and yelled
Until my face was red and my feet tingled**

Until I was hoarse and I was dizzy
I gripped the steering wheel until my knuckles were white
Would I end it tonight?
I couldn't
I was going to text you
But I couldn't
Put it out of my mind until a further date
Until you apologize



New, Revolutionary Ass-Wiping Technique

Alright, listen here kids because I'm only going over this once. All of you have dirty, grimy buttholes. You take dry toilet paper and smear your feces around your asshairs (or in all the crevices if you are genetically lucky and/or shave (god bless you)). We need to have an intervention.

I understand that your wiping education may have been lackluster or even non-existent, but that is no excuse for poor hygiene. I posit a new, revolutionary way to wipe your bum.

First, when your doo diligence is done, flush the toilet without wiping. Now, take toilet paper, bunch it up into a ball, and ever so gently dip one side into the now clean water. You really do not need to dampen the paper much at all. Now, dab your anus a few times like you're removing a stain from a shirt. Discard that spent paper and repeat until the paper comes out clean. If you used excess water, it may be worthwhile to dab your anus dry with unmoistened toilet paper. That's it! Simple, hygienic, and effective.

Allow me to address some objections to this method. Firstly, if you think toilet water is dirty, grow the fuck up. You just expelled literal shit from your ass. I guarantee you that the water is cleaner than your poop.

Second, if you feel bad about wasting water remember, 1) you didn't install the inefficient toilet (and if you did shame on you for not making it efficient and/or not adding a bidet), and 2) Corporations and the rich boogymen will waste orders of magnitude more water in an hour than you could in your entire life. Seriously, you stand no chance in a water wasting competition.

If you have devised an even better method of cleaning your nether orifice, please do not hesitate to reach out to me--I'd love to hear it!

-Henry Levitt
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In Favor of Dawdling

Henry Levitt

In the course of our day to day lives, one would be hard pressed to point to a period of uninterrupted time where no external worry pervades the mental sphere. Perhaps a 15 minute segment here or there is common, but what about 30 minutes? An hour? It seems that we're always thinking of where we need to be next, the tasks we should be doing, or plans we need to be making. These cognitive activities are so ubiquitous throughout our day that we seem to replace the only time we could spend recuperating our mental faculties with these misguided existential worries. And to what end?

To clarify, this essay isn't meant to be an argument against these necessary activities we must perform in our contemporary society, but instead it's a case for enjoying the relaxation of the present moment and compartmentalizing the worries that interrupt such relaxation.

If you're skeptical as to the warranting of such a meditative time, allow me to justify the purpose through a loose, meandering discussion of the benefits and poetic implications. A warning in advance: you may be able to find logical fallacies dribbled throughout this essay, but I ask you to overlook them as we as humans are not fully logical beings.

Firstly, living without dawdling is untenable. Those simple moments of smelling the proverbial flowers or taking a step back and enjoying the grander view is *necessary*. We can't be strapped to a racing boxcar every second of the day. Most people are burnt out or on the verge of as it is. And anxiety and stress renews its presence within us with every breath just as oxygen does in our blood. At the very least, dawdling allows us to draw in untainted air if only for a moment. In that moment, the horde of gnats buzzing about in our heads is silenced by the cool Autumn breeze (or whatever season's breeze ejects your gnats).

Sitting around with an empty head may seem unproductive and pointless--but that is just the falsehood peddled by perpetual productivity proponents. The end goal is not to have the most when the existential dance ends, or to count each long and arduous hour of work with pride. The goal is to be here, now. Because there will always be a now for as long as you live. And while you're here (if even for a few short moments between tasks) you may as well smell the flowers and stretch and live for no one else. You may as well squeeze every single drop of nectar out of the beauty of the moment because you'll never have this moment again. You will have those pesky thoughts again--I guarantee it. They're not going anywhere. You won't forget about them. And you will resolve them.

But who am I to tell you how to live? Who is anyone to tell you how to live? I implore you to live authentically to yourself and build your kingdom from the principles and passions that inspire you. And if dawdling happens to be one of them, then embrace it.

Dawdling is not a form of procrastination (though of course it could be in the hands of a master procrastinator). Dawdling is living in every moment until it passes and leaving no untapped joy behind. Leaving it behind would be a shameful waste of what could have been. Leaving joy behind is succumbing to the pressure of irrelevant worry. And yes, that worry is absolutely irrelevant; it holds no weight if dawdling is possible in the present. Besides, the skies are always clearer and the water calmer after a few minutes pass.

To successfully dawdle, one has a couple of options. The first is to leave time to work through and compartmentalize the issues at hand so that dawdle-time is not corroded by irrelevant worries. Nothing will be solved by

fingering the same knot over and over again. Perhaps the knot will begin to appear even more complicated than it actually is. Instead, choose a time when all the necessary tools are present (both mental and physical) to focus and map out the exact path of the troublesome rope. Only then is it time to untie it.

The other option perhaps encompasses the essence of dawdling more completely. Yet, it is even more simple: If you find yourself slipping into a placid state, do not interrupt it. Let the current wash over you. There is no need to build a dam from bricks of anxiety and mortar of stress.

Perhaps I am a dawdling extremist, but I believe that dawdling is as good of an excuse as any to be slightly late. After all, it's not every day that we find inner peace.

Panic

Aura A.

Breathing heavily,
Where's the air?
Room closing in,
This is worse than despair

The world a fog,
I'm shaking, can't stand
Unable to control
My now trembling hands

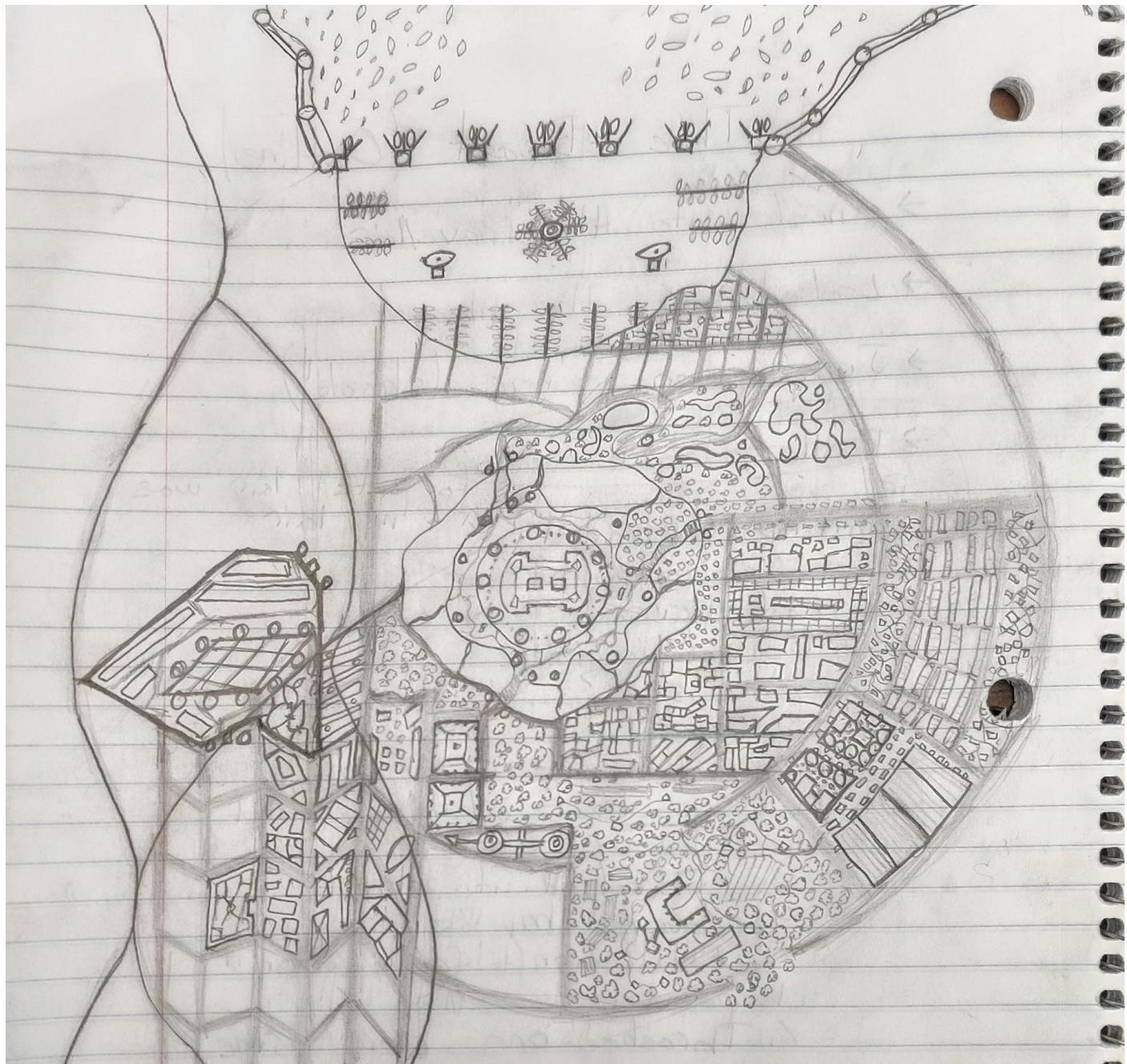
My mind is blurry
I feel barely alive
When will this stop,
I don't think I'll survive

Eventually it ends,
I'm weak with relief
I slowly stand up
On my quivering feet

I collect myself quickly
Splash water on my face
Go out to face the world
It's an ordinary day

A Citadel Begins

Frankie Vinehardt III



I Made a Hat!



Yeah, I know.

It's a wreath.



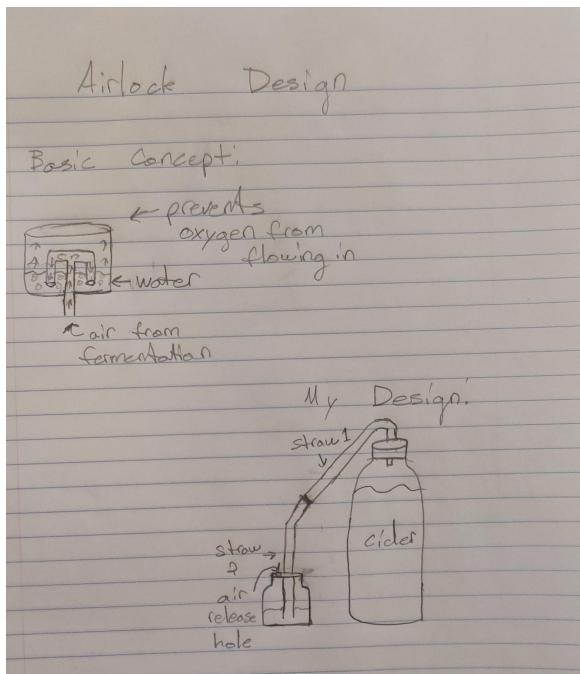
The Meadery

Hear ye, hear ye, brethren and kin. The honey harvest this season has been fruitful and we must put the excess to good use! Friar John has suggested that mead ought to be produced from the clover honey. Due to his exceedingly wise suggestion, I have decided to convert a portion of the ale brewhouse into a meadery. And though I do not currently have any tools for brewing such a delicate beverage, I will devise a course of action to enable such production.

Necessary materials:

- Growler (jug)
- Airlock
- Yeast
- Honey, 2-3 pounds
- Potable water
- Mulling spices
- Fruit

Firstly, an airlock is needed to facilitate alcoholic fermentation. I do not have one of these and so I must create one myself. Because there is a significant time and cost factor to this project, I will first test the makeshift airlock with spiced cider I purchased from Trader Joe so as to not waste the precious



honey. I obtained yeast from the local market and cinnamon sticks from the traveling Bowman known as "Target". Here are some drawings of the design and setup.

The O.A.R. Project Update,

It is with the heaviest of hearts that I report to you the current state of the Obscene Amount of Radishes Project. Due to the forthcoming weather conditions, O.A.R. is defunct for the fall season.

After finishing the third bed, tilling the soil, putting over a thousand radish seeds in the ground, and diffusing an incident involving a law enforcement officer, I came to the unfortunate conclusion that there will be no feasible way to supply the radishes with enough water. Unlike the climate in my home up north, Georgia receives very little precipitation in the fall. Certainly not enough to grow Daikon Radishes. The two one-gallon Arizona jugs (modified to fulfill the role of a watering can) simply do not hold enough water to soak the beds adequately--even if I make multiple runs to fill them up. And while other solutions exist (using a five gallon bucket as a reservoir) it is clear that to continue this project would be a veritable uphill battle.

Though I am no stranger to Sisyphean pursuits, I unfortunately will be ending this project early without any definite success. All my work was not in vain though, as I will be utilizing these beds come spring for a renewed O.A.R. Project (though perhaps not radishes...stay tuned). Here are some images from after planting the radish seeds.



This has been The Sensationalist: #4

"Free will exists within the ambiguity surrounding an ever-changing goal"

"Why is McNutt flooded? Huge shat?"

-Adin Zusel