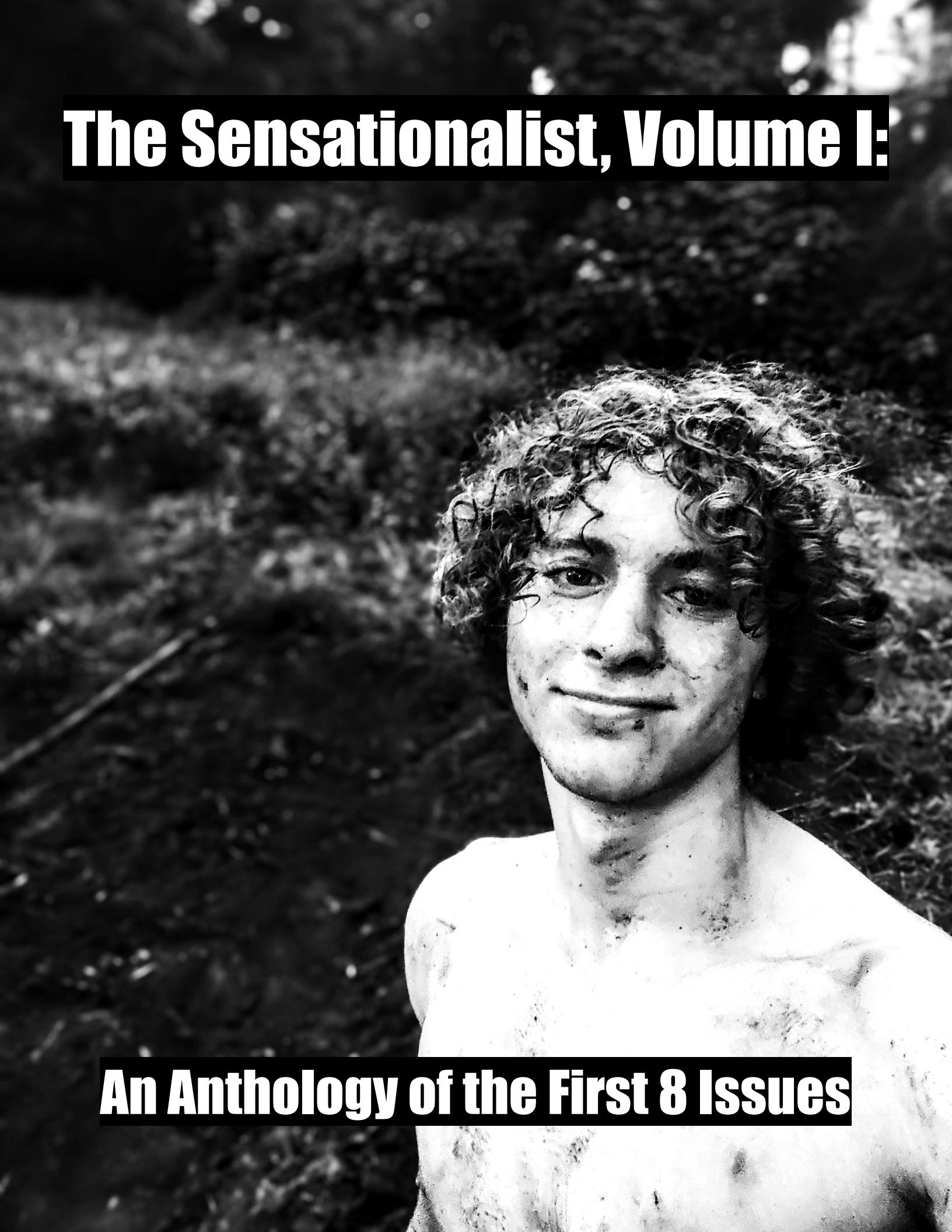


The Sensationalist, Volume I:

A black and white close-up photograph of a shirtless man with dark, curly hair. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or foliage.

An Anthology of the First 8 Issues

be
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The Sensationalist is a multimedia creative magazine showcasing original intellectual and artistic pursuits. There are no limits, legal or otherwise, of what can be published within this magazine.

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A Word from Our Sponsor:

hello readers of *the sensationalist*. i am frankie vinehardt iii, the sole sponsor of this magazine. i was written to be a generic archetype of an eccentric millionaire, but i am currently bankrupt. you can help me fulfill the role i was created for by purchasing custom *the sensationalist* merchandise. all pieces are one of a kind and handmade by yours truly! click the link below to learn more and order a piece for yourself!

-frankie vinehardt iii

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p.s. i pledge that all proceeds will go towards funding future projects in *the sensationalist*

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The Sensationalist: #1

9/14/22

"We must find the locus of attention!"



The Sensationalist, Vol. I
Symmetry (A short film script)

Henry Levitt

[Nighttime on top of a terrace with satellites on the building below. Color is slightly washed out like the filter on a bad sci Fi movie. Two silhouettes are seen near the edge. Muttering is heard. Crickets audible. Shot jumps to the conversation between the two figures. Their clothing is now seen. They are wearing bright sneakers, black pants, tucked white button down, and a black windbreaker. Their hair is done like the founding fathers.]

Cornelius: I don't think the method is a reliable indicator. It's like forcing Toucan Sam to taste chili peppers. [Turns to look Claudius in the eye] Birds can't taste spice, Claudius!

Claudius: [Laughing heartily] You're being too exact, Cornelius. [Puts firm hand on Cornelius' shoulder in a way that suggests a close friendship.] I'm not looking for causation because [drops bag of red flowers and becomes inaudible]

[Hooded figure with cape sprints by jumping the stairs silently to make the trip shorter. Camera now follows the figure but audio stays with two men as quick banjo music begins.]

Cornelius: That was strange.

Claudius: [Now standing up again, bag of red flowers in hand.] What was?

Cornelius: That figure that was running? Didn't you see it?

Claudius: No, I must have missed it.

[Banjo and fiddle music becomes louder as the figure runs faster and faster. Camera follows from behind. Shot cuts to her running into the building and sitting down in a chair out of breath. After a few seconds she pulls a handwritten note out of her pocket. It looks like an ingredient list except the letters are not the Latin alphabet. She puts the list on her lap, her fingers shaking, and pulls out the corner of a plastic bag quickly hiding it back in her pocket. She folds the list and puts it back in her pocket.]

[Claudius and Cornelius walking along highway smoking cigarettes.]

Cornelius: Look, I'm not saying that your method isn't generating results, I'm just asking whether it's actually able to measure the thing you claim it does.

Claudius: it obviously can't and that was never the point! It's like saying that fate has a cause and effect. If everything is already determined, then how could one action affect another?

Cornelius: I see your point then. So this could either be groundbreaking or utter bullshit? [Looks at Claudius smiling in a friendly way.]

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Claudius: I guess you could say that [The two walk in silence for a few moments]...but it's not about the measurement method! The real discovery is the interpretation algorithm.

[Scene cut to Woman inside building. She is looking at her watch. This time displays 10:18.]

Sumitra: [Angrily under her breath] She was supposed to call 3 minutes ago. C'mon...I guess I'll have to run it. [Sumitra takes out her phone and sends a text to "Contact 1": *No time to waste. Going to the house now.* She gets up and quickly walks to the door and begins running.]

[Outside a small white house at night, crickets chirping, scene of nighttime serenity with a hint of eeriness. Time displayed on the bottom right of the screen. Flashing 10:27. Changes to 10:28 as Sumitra comes running into frame. She walks up to the front door (out of frame). Noise of her opening, walking through the door, and closing it behind her are heard.]

[Shot cuts back to Claudio and Cornelius, now sitting on roots under a lone, old, tree in a field. The two are huddled over a rolling tray with a mound of dried red flowers. On the left hand side is a rotary herb grinder.]

Claudius: [Talking low while grinding red flowers] The interpreting algorithm takes the chaos generated by the Objective State, maps it to a human brain, then works backwards to build a model of the molecule that would most closely cause that state.

Cornelius: I don't want to say that you've just wasted 4 months of time and energy... but that sounds like pure extrapolation.

Claudius: I don't doubt that there was *soooome* extrapolation, but every now and then we need to make a leap to discover something new. [Cornelius rolls his eyes.] Here we have a sample of [under breath], a very endangered, *Pentas lanceolata* from an ancient Egyptian garden. The algorithm claims to detect that universal chaos molecule in the flowers of this plant...

Cornelius: Claudio, assuming your data was accurate and the mapping algorithms were true and all the other leaps you took actually pay off, what is this molecule even supposed to do?

Claudius: [Looks at Cornelius, hesitates with a smirk on his face and an inferno of curiosity in his eyes.] I don't know.

[Sumitra is walking among many people within the house who are softly chattering. The people are wearing everything from robes to jeans to shorts, as if they came straight from their daily lives. The interior of the house is well-decorated and cozy. She is pushing through the crowds, and the camera is following her from behind. At the front of the room there is a large decorative metal bowl on a low wooden table. Inside are red

The Sensationalist, Vol. I

flowers. Sumitra kneels and takes out the plastic bag. It is full of red flowers. She empties the bag into the bowl. Noises of fabric are heard indicating that everyone is becoming seated on the floor. Sumitra, too, becomes seated. The camera faces the mass.]

[An old man and old woman step forward and kneel at the table facing all the people. They are wearing robes and their faces are not visible. In everyone's lap is a pipe, all different from the next. The woman pinches some flowers and places them in both her and the man's pipe. The man compresses both pipes and passes the bowl to a young man in front of him. The man pinches some flowers and packs his pipe. He passes the bowl. This process continues in silence. After 2 more people do the same the scene cuts away.]

[Claudius finishes rolling a joint with the red flowers and admires his work. He closes his eyes for a moment and takes a deep breath.]

Cornelius: I don't know if I admire your bravery, trust in yourself, or find this whole stupid game artistic in some sense, but I know I can't stop you as a friend.

[Claudius seems to be in a state of meditation and does not react to Cornelius' words. Claudius pulls out a small torch lighter and lights the end of the joint, taking a deep inhale and exhaling all the smoke after holding it for a few seconds and repeating twice more without breaks for air in between. Camera cuts to close up of eyes which slowly become a blank stare.]

[All people in the room raise their pipes in unison then bring them to their mouths while lighting them.]

[Some time passes. Cornelius is doodling in the dirt with a stick. Claudius begins to stir.]

Cornelius: What's the consensus, doctor?

Caudius: [Voice sounding far away with a blissful smile on his face] I can either extrapolate further or you can try it yourself.

[Room is in a cloud of white smoke, now the camera is facing the old man and woman who are harmonizing a well-practiced meditation tune.]

Old man: [Woman is still singing.] ...and that we may find symmetry through constancy in the chaos of the universe. [The voice is striking because it sounds just like an aged version of Cornelius.]

END

The Sensationalist, Vol. I

The Fabric Cube

Henry Levitt

During the intelligible flashes of naive childhood

I recollect crossing crossing my heart and hoping to die,
That I would avoid the fickle organizational prison for good.

But I found necessity a reason enough to buy
Wholeheartedly into deception my previous form understood,
Until the kafkaesque reality seemed to pass daily by.

That is to say my indefinite home of a fabric cube
Encompasses my sensations while daylight shines,
All the while suppressing odd nightmares of the nine-to-five
With promise of more imaginary numerical values I've learned to idolize.

One Day I Will Replace All the Caffeine in Your Coffee.

Frankie Vinehardt III

One day I will replace all the caffeine in your coffee with cathonine. Maybe you won't notice the difference, or you'll think to yourself "My coffee is especially good today!" Maybe after the second day you'll want to drink coffee even more. But by the third day, I'll have replaced the caffeine with codeine. And you'll think to yourself "This isn't coffee at all!"...but it is, I simply replaced the caffeine. On the fourth day I may get tired of alkaloids and replace all your caffeine with rat semen. Don't worry, I'll limit myself to a maximum of 100 mg. If you still happen to be drinking coffee by day five, I may start experimenting on you with ayahuasca. You won't feel much, though, because I won't add the MAOI inhibitor until day seven. On day six, you'll still taste the characteristic bitterness of those DMT

crystals, but I'll have replaced the caffeine with a healthy dose of scopolamine. When you lay down in mild delirium thinking "This isn't at all how coffee should make me feel!" I'll be right there caressing your head and whispering sweet Italian gibberish into your left ear. On day seven, I'll throw some Syrian rue in your coffee and watch the show.

New Stanford Study Raises Alarm Over Widespread Addiction

Henry Levitt

A new study conducted by psychologist-researchers A. Greenley, R. Staffe, and L. Koi published in the *Stanford Psychological Review* found positive emotions to be addicting. These emotions are so addicting, in fact, that subjects were observed to seek them out virtually every moment of the day.

"The results were frankly astonishing," reflects Arthur Greenley, PhD, tenured behavioral psychology professor at Stanford University and co-director of the Institute of Modern American Addiction Studies and Systems (IMAASS). "Before the study, we expected the positive-emotion-seeking behavior to occur rather infrequently, perhaps twice to three times a week. But we found that this behavior occurs up to seven times a minute in normal populations."

The data is in and it's clear. People want to feel good. But not everyone is jolly about the results: Stanford psychology researcher Rebecca Staffe, PhD, who has written numerous peer-reviewed articles on the socio-psychological benefits of corporate employment, worries about the dangers this addiction poses to youth. "This positive-emotion-seeking addiction has the potential to completely alter a young person's life in harmful ways. What if, for example, teenagers and young adults begin to spend all their time seeking pleasure instead of focusing on productive pursuits?" Staffe's concerns are not without merit; a recent survey conducted by the American Sociological Foundation found that 88% of young adults held unfavorable views of employment, three quarters of individuals 19-34 felt dread when paying credit card bills, and 2/3rds of this age group disagreed with the statement "Being an active member of [my current] society is an important use of my time".

Naturally, the Stanford Study has raised widespread public alarm. Fortunately, politicians and privately funded think tanks are already working alongside the researchers to stifle this crisis at its source. Some proposals include "anti-pleasure-addiction" pills that block the release

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of problematic endorphins and mandatory dopamine and serotonin center lobotomies for the highest risk populations. Both proposals show promise in limiting the damaging and permanent effects of positive-emotion addiction.

Emotional psychology professor, Lee Koi, offers a simpler solution: “Whenever the urge to seek a positive emotion arises, don’t follow it. Instead perform dull tasks you ought to be doing or seek out experiences that bring abject boredom. You can even pursue activities that bring about negative emotions, like interacting with your wife.” Koi has been testing the strategy on himself for some time. “This method seems to be 100% effective,” Koi continued, “I haven’t felt a positive emotion in years.”

About the Author:

Henry Levitt has been covering addiction related news since 2021 when he got addicted to reading addiction-related psychological journals. We are all praying for him and hope he makes a full recovery!

Music of the #1: Clubbing Harder at Home

Henry Levitt

“Everyone is too involved with their own bullshit to smell yours”

The Sensationalist: #2

9/21/22

"Paracelsus was mid"

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Footprints in the Sand (The Man and Jesus)

Matteo B.

A guy is walking on the beach. Beside him is Jesus.

"Jesus?"

"Yes my son,"

"Is my wife going to come back?"

"Time will tell, son, the best we can do is pray and if you do it hard enough god will answer,"

~

Day 2: Walking on the beach again.

"Jesus I've been praying, nothing's working,"

"Pray harder, in time she'll return. Have faith my good son,"

"Of course, thank you Jesus,"

~

Day 3:

"Jesus I've been praying and still nothing. What do I do?"

"Oh you didn't see on the news? She was murdered by that serial rapist. Your wife's gone."



The Sensationalist, Vol. I
Silent Noise
Ben W.



On the Merits of Intentional Acts

Henry Levitt, July 22nd 2022

I come to you this morning sipping the remnants of my rapidly cooling tea in a well-worn mug. Sitting beside the ceramic monolith lives my cast iron pot (or rather, steeping-pot) still warm to the touch yet empty of its amber nectar.

This tea was steeped using loose leaves of a carefully concocted blend I enjoy drinking most mornings.

As a liter of water boils violently in that electric kettle (that happens to glow a gaudy electric blue as if it must light up to prove its modernity) I carefully unzip and unravel these plastic sachets of tea--each vastly different from the last despite their common identification as black tea.

Though I am now even boring myself with these mundane descriptions of my tea steeping expedition, (notice this word implies an adventurousness which is far from reality) I will make my point in the reasoning of bringing this anecdote to your attention.

Each morning I choose to drink tea, I perform a moderately more complex and lengthy process compared to simply dropping a paper sack of tea dust into hot water--the commonplace understanding of "making tea". I do this not only because the better tasting tea is a morning boon, but also because the intentional act of curating a perfect teapot blend is enjoyable by itself and raises the pinnacle of my total tea tasting titillation. The extra time spent in the steeping process forces me to await the drinking with even more excitement. Furthermore, by putting in more energy to brew tea to the best of my abilities, I derive a special satisfaction by knowing that my efforts contributed to an elevated form of a familiar beverage. And within this, I derive a certain self reward of contentment from my actions and therefore the act of preparing tea comes to hold more meaning than simply the taste or caffeine content of the tea itself.

What I am attempting to demonstrate through my tea-brewing-diatribe is that intentional actions bring pleasure by themselves and assign an elevated importance to mundane tasks. Intentionally attempting to perform an act "the best way", in the most favorable conditions, or the perfect way or the right way (as defined by you) yields a contentment unmatched by the brainless method that can be oft employed in the intentional act's stead.

For example, some men use straight razors instead of electric or safety razors even though these tools are readily available. Others find satisfaction in applying 3 coats of lacquer to a bookshelf when two or one would have sufficed. Many chefs choose to forgo a shortcut method when preparing meals even when their patrons would be hard-pressed to taste a difference. Many people put dedicated effort into choosing and dressing in the day's outfit when those they will be interacting with do not care or don't even notice the clothes in question. These examples can go on infinitely and I'm sure you can find at least a few examples in your daily life.

What can be observed through most of these intentional acts is that the increased energy and thoughtfulness elevates a necessary or purely utilitarian activity into something more resemblant of an art form, something one can take pride in. Through this aforementioned intentionality, it becomes easier to obscure the abject pointlessness of existence and in turn each sisyphean action we perform. Therefore, we can begin to find a unique meaning in performing an activity correctly or in the best way we can. Through this, we obtain a greater contentment with ourselves and possibly life, if even for a brief and fleeting moment.

Of course intentionality has its merits if you do not believe in the objective pointlessness of the universe, too. In fact, there is even more reason to perform one's super naturally assigned duties with intent and effort.

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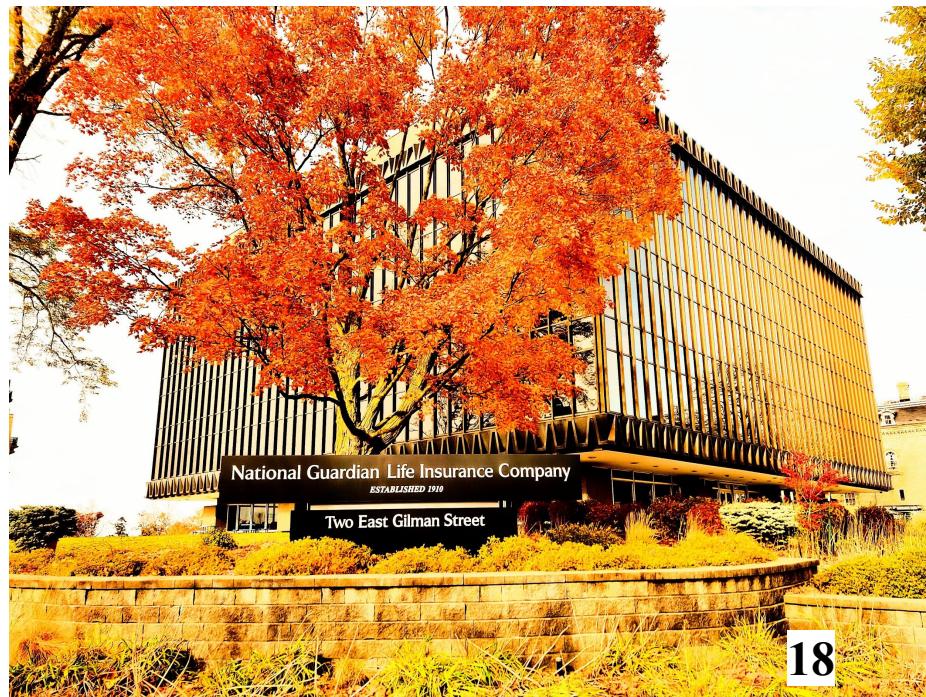
Prayer is an excellent example of this, as prayer is more beneficial to the devotee (and their God) if it is performed with energy instead of perfunctory effort.

I do not want to be misunderstood as preaching that all acts one performs ought to be strictly intentional. Many of our duties do deserve perfunctory effort or that intentional effort devoted to some action will disadvantage us in a far greater manner than the previously mentioned advantages will generate. For example, if one's pure intention in a morning cup of coffee is the quick hit of caffeine, then of course the effort of brewing a perfect cup is moot. Especially when the flavor is not enjoyed in the first place. The same goes for an employee brushing his teeth in the morning when said employee already anticipates being late for his boss's arbitrary arrival ordinance.

This is not to say, however, that not every action can be performed intentionally. If one identifies the goal of an action, personal definition of a good job, best effort, etc of an act and attempts to achieve this, the action becomes intentional. This increase after it is not necessary to achieve intentionality, however, and is more of a "shortcut" or cognitive trick I use to create intentionality. Truthfully, all that needs to be done is to increase one's vigilance and presence of mind in performing an action (what many in academia like to call mindfulness, though this word repulses me), however you may find this more difficult to achieve or containing a lesser benefit than the former method.

Borrowing a metaphor from Camus, it might seem asinine for Sisyphus to contribute increased effort or desire for perfection in rolling a boulder up a hill only for it to rush to the bottom before reaching its peak. However, in Sisyphus's confined, absurd, pointless, and seemingly deeply depressive universe, intentionality in his singular duty may be his only way to find meaning (or at least temporarily forget that meaning is a concept). By using focused effort in pushing the boulder, The Condemned Man may at least find contentment in his own abilities and perfect rock rolling form.

In a world where technology and fast pace expectations add pressure to perform actions efficiently, perfunctorily, and overall brainlessly, it becomes even more inherent that we strive to act intentionally in order to retrieve a semblance of meaning and satisfaction in one's self. Whether this means cooking your own food, taking better notes in class, making an increased effort to listen to others, recycling all your plastic bottles, etc, there can be merit found in any intentional act. If there are few words I would like to leave you with above all else it's this: if you want to do something, do it intentionally. And if you are overwhelmed with apathy, choose one act and do it right.



The Flower

Henry Levitt

*Flower flower burning bright,
Billowing smoke in the night,
Which wayward lattice of the tree
Thought it wise to discover thee?*

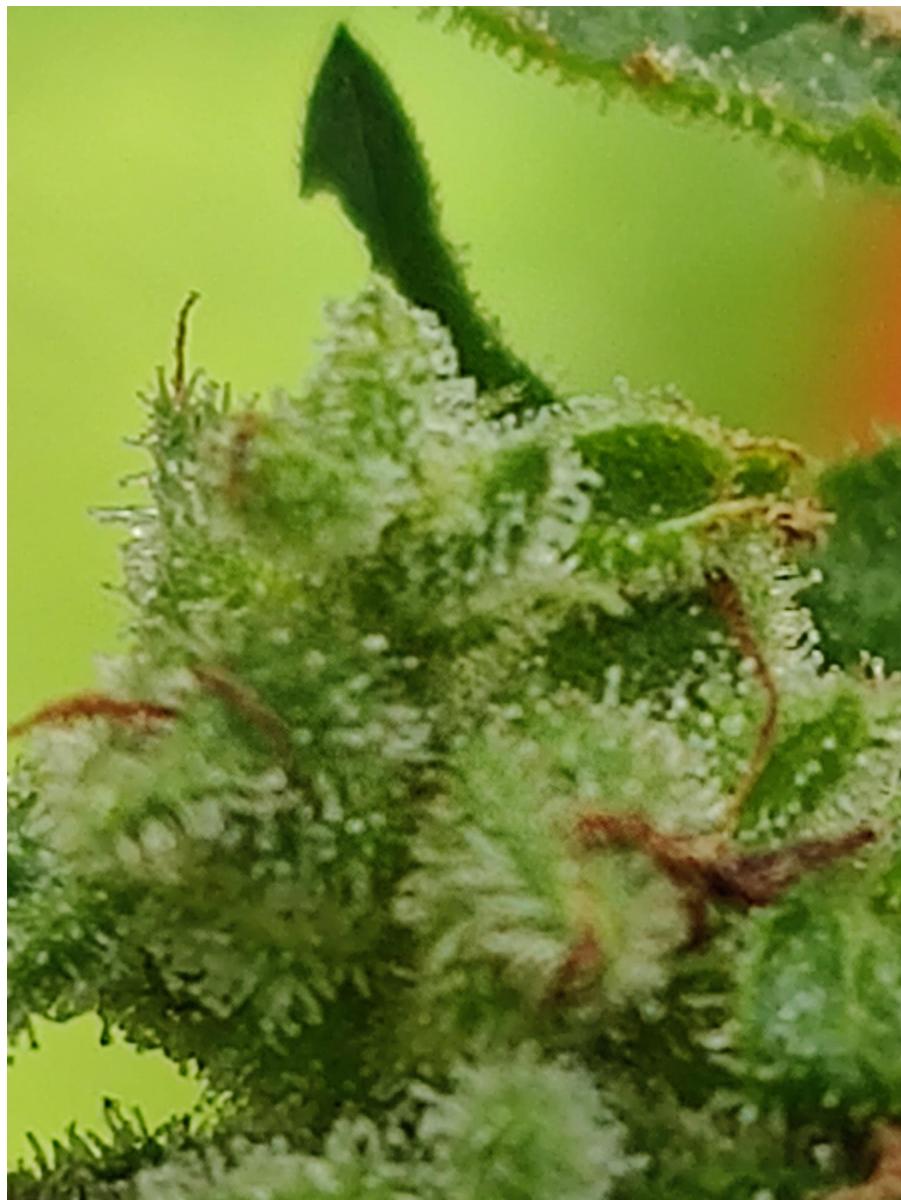
*Whence the crystals dance like rain?
Owing to the ruler's bane,
From which vivid jungle feather?
And which storms the threads could weather--*

*From which garden emerged thy hands?
Seven fingers firmly banned,
Now a blossom licked by flame,
What my pleasure? Gone my pain!*

*What the goblet? What the wine?
Wherefore art thou deemed divine?
When thine odor reeks with fright,
Where's my pleasure, and thine plight?*

*Yet being under lock and key,
You somehow learned to set us free--
Did our maker grin and praise
That little flower set ablaze?*

*Flower flower burning bright,
Billowing smoke in the night,
Which wayward lattice of the tree
Thought it wise to discover thee?*



The Sensationalist, Vol. I

Careless Whisper

Bekah Johnson

Doo do do do

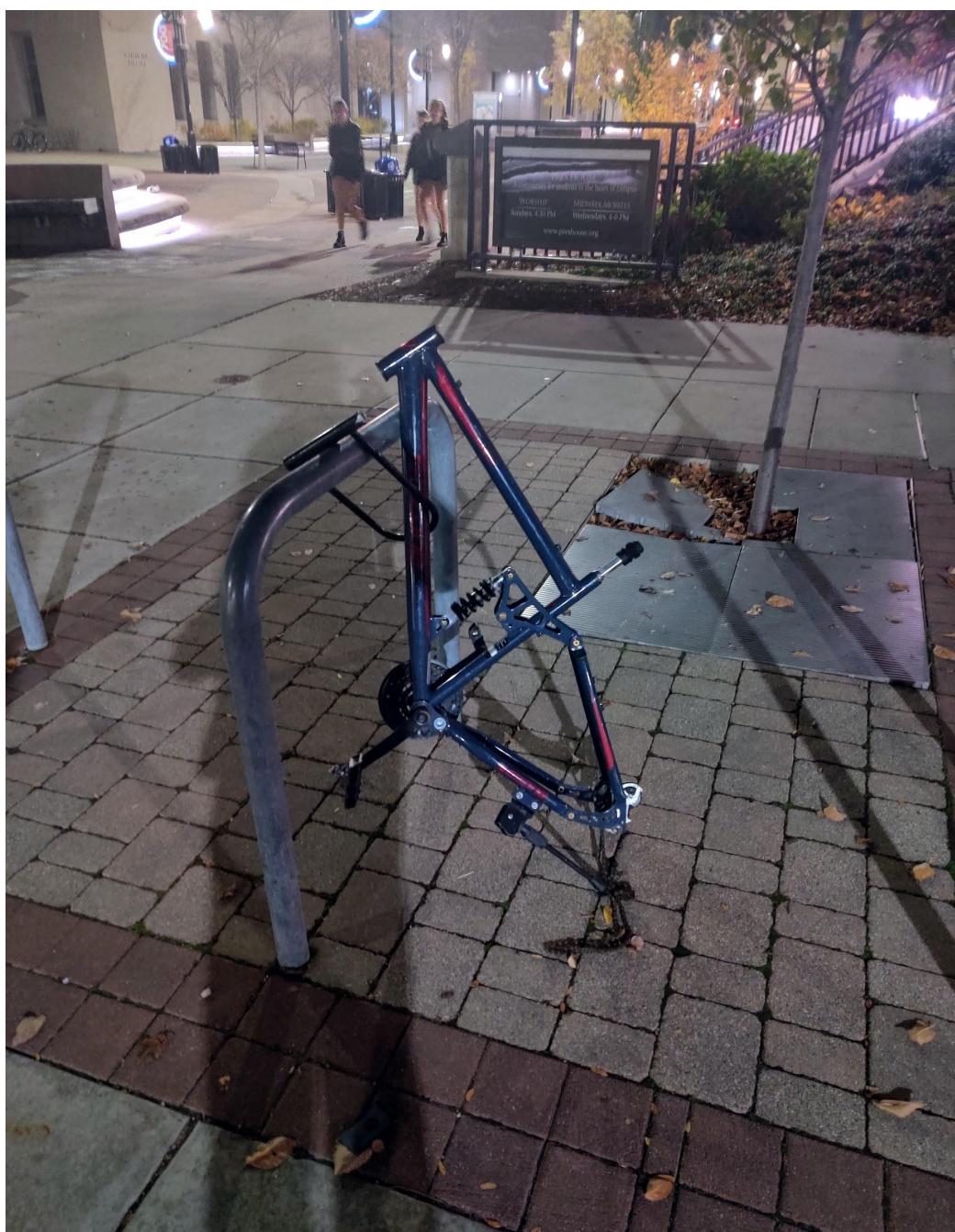
Doo do do do

Doo do do do

Doo do do do

Do do do do dooooo

Do do do do **do do do do**



Desire

Henry Levitt



Burning
Desire

The Sensationalist, Vol. I

Music of the #2: Transience

Henry Levitt

This week, I recommend you check out Pakistani Nationalist Twitter account [@abbas_al_kabir](#).

The content is top-notch and gives a view into the exciting life of a patriotic Pakistani citizen.

"Elon Musk still hasn't settled my Splitwise"



The Sensationalist: #3

9/28/22

"I found heaven, now I just need a bicycle to get there"

ight im coming over
you better not be a
wise mystical tree
when i get there

my stupid ass:

Cover by Leo Santisi

The Eternal Tunnel: A Temporary Psychosis Story

Henry Levitt

The story itself isn't great but there is interesting lore behind it: I smoked a fat joint one night and began writing this. I completely dissociated from myself. The split personalities gave me temporary psychosis and I lost a singular identity. I was terrified of myself and yet could not stop writing. This experience was the most unsettling and unnerving thing in my life and thinking about how the experience still chills me to my core.

You walked down the corridor passing the glowing alcoves illuminating the passage. I said how lovely the incense smelled as I inhaled sharply. After you breathed in the cedarwood smoke that hung listlessly in the air I picked up my pace.

You were walking quite quickly now. The alcoves were passing me faster and faster and you stopped running your finger along the grooves on the walls. Where are you going, I asked you. To the end of the corridor, you responded. You looked into the depth of a seemingly infinite tunnel illuminated by the yellow flickering lamps. I looked over my shoulder to see the same image.

How long have you been walking, you asked. Not too long, not too long. My words hung in the air. I slowed my pace again. The incense, you pointed out, was faint. I searched the walls for variations as I walked, but everything you saw was identical. You wanted to ask how much longer, but didn't want to insult my company, so the walk continued on wordlessly. All I could hear were your footsteps echoing down the hall.

I can't wait to get to the end, you said. I nodded, agreeing. As I walked, I felt a shudder of eagerness pass through me, excited to be moving towards the end.

Each alcove was about twelve feet apart from the next, mirrored on the walls of the tunnel. They were two foot high arches and four feet off the ground. Their base was about eighteen inches and recessed half a foot into the walls. Lamps burning with an apathetic yellow glow threw light in geometric patterns along the wall and floor. You could see faint crescents of light on the floor and bands of darkness circling the corridor in between alcoves.

The lamps were identical to one another: glass tubes that tapered towards the bottom set on cylindrical brass bases. There seemed to be a dial protruding from the side of the lamp. You guessed that it controlled the flame size.

I passed alcove after alcove noting how the light in between each slowly ebbed away dimming until there was a band of darkness that stretched floor to ceiling. The tunnel itself was an arch. Eight feet wide, eight tall, built from sandstone blocks. Each block had been cut precisely and was completely flush.

I noted the craftsmanship in the work, you agreed. Onwards I walked. Soon you smelled incense again--cedar. Sharp at first, then stringent and cleansing. As I kept breathing, the sensation engulfed you in a cloud of tranquility. You slowed your pace but continued moving, rhythmically. I soon noticed the white smoke languish and eventually cease its grasp on my movements.

I started walking faster again. This has been a nice walk, I murmured. You heard my voice echo down the hall, malleable, bouncing and reverberating off the sandstone. I nodded in agreement. Have you been to the end before, you questioned. No, you responded quickly, never.

More time passed. I became restless. Do you think you can take a lamp from an alcove, I asked, so you can see better? No, you responded. That's not right. Oh, I replied. You didn't have another thought of taking a lamp; it wasn't right. How much longer, I finally mused. Until we get to the end, I answered you quickly. I was walking faster now, your anxiety spurring me on. The passage looked the same as ever, but something began to feel different to me. I noticed it too. So did you. You looked down the tunnel, my eyes unable to make out anything except for the endless bands of light and darkness. There didn't seem to be a place for you to stop so I kept walking.

You walked on and on, my right foot aching. Soon you had a limp. You wanted to massage my foot so you could relieve your pain, but couldn't find a place for me to stop. My eyes reflected the tunnel.

The Sensationalist, Vol. I

Where does this tunnel bring you, you finally asked you. To the end, you answered me. And what's there, I wondered. The place I'm supposed to be, I said to you. You wanted to ask me more questions but I knew you wouldn't be able to propose a new answer.

The tunnel stretched on for eternity, but it had an end, you reasoned. You agreed with my assessment. You decided then, it would be wise that I keep walking. I continued on your way as you quickened my pace. Soon I was jogging and saw your feet beneath me stepping in and out of the yellow light. I seemed confused when you suggested you slow down. I explained to me, I'm quite sure you're near the end, you should conserve my energy. Yes, I agreed with you, that sounds right. I assumed your regular pace and continued into the tunnel.

No-Smell, Cheap, Easy, and Legal Edibles

Henry Levitt

I'm going to keep this as quick as possible because I hate when recipes on the internet have the author's entire life story that no one gives a shit about (though I now understand the place of passion it comes from as I write this).

Edibles are often expensive if bought legally, and unreliable if acquired through less-than-legal means.

This guide allows for both issues to be circumvented with minimal effort and maximum freedom and creativity.

How are these edibles legal? Instead of using **delta-9 THC** (d9), the active chemical in most marijuana, this guide uses **delta-8 THC** (d8) which is unscheduled and derived from CBD from the **hemp plant**.

Is it safe? Assuming you bought your **distillate** (discussed below in glossary) from one of the recommended vendors and it came with test papers, yes it is safe. It is just as safe as edibles that can be purchased at a dispensary (perhaps even safer).

Does it feel the same? In low doses there is less “psychaelia” associated with d8 but also much less paranoia and anxiety if you are prone to that. Body feel and therapeutic use is essentially the same. In higher doses, especially combined with other **cannabinoids** (discussed below), it can feel almost indistinguishable. For me, d8 is about 60-70% as strong as d9. This means that a 10mg d8 edible feels like a 7 mg d9 edible (though with those slightly different effects).

Where do I get d8? There are many online companies that provide d8 distillate. They also provide the 3rd party test papers from each batch of distillate. I will give my two favorite vendors at the end of this article.

Does it smell or taste bad? Because distillate has removed almost everything except for the THC itself, there will be no cannabis smell. Distillate by itself is bitter but has no flavor in recipes as long as the concentration isn't absurdly high.

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How much does it cost? On average, making 100mg of d8 edibles would cost about 10 cents, excluding the cost of food ingredients which can vary widely.

How to make edibles (a framework):

1. Figure out desired dosing and food
2. Make cannabutter/oil
3. Mix your cannabutter into the recipe you're using either as a partial or full substitute for the fat.

Step 1: Figure out desired dosing and food: The first thing you need to consider is what food you want to become psychoactive. Use your creativity. The ONLY constraint is that the food must contain fat because THC (and most if not all cannabinoids) are not water soluble! Alternatively, you can put cannabutter or oil on any food. Once you figure out the food you want to make, decide what the right dose is for you per serving and divide it by your distillate's d8 THC percentage as a decimal (ex. 93%=.93) to get the true weight of distillate needed per serving. Now, multiply the servings in the food you're making by this number to determine the amount of distillate needed in total. There is nothing more important than accurate dosing. Reference the chart below if you are unsure of desired dose per serving.

Dose (per serving)	1-2.5 mg	5 mg	10 mg	25 mg	50 mg	70+ mg
Who's it for?	-First time -Microdose	-First time -Light experience	-Low tolerance -Comfortable experience -Step up from 5mg	-Some experience - Large step up from 10mg	-Lots of experience -Intense -Large step up from 25mg	You are an edible expert and likely aren't reading this guide. Don't make edibles this strong.
Effects	-Not perceptible	-Mental fuzziness -Relaxed	-Different thought patterns -Changes in perception -Everything is more interesting	-Large changes in perception -Relaxed body sensation (pain less annoying) -Euphoria -Sedating	-Strong, pleasant body sensation -Large perception changes -Very different thought patterns -Sedating	-Strapped to a rocket ship -Highly sedating

Step 2: Making cannabutter:

- First pick the fat base that you want to mix the d8 into.
 - Butter is often used, but olive oil, coconut butter/oil and vegetable oil are all great options.
Really any oil or butter will dissolve the distillate well.
- Measure out the amount of fat base needed (usually total oil/butter in recipe) and begin to heat it up to around 160F.

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- While heating the fat base up, bring water to a boil and let it cool for a few minutes before pouring the water into a bowl with the jar of distillate.
 - Leave for 3-5 minutes in order to make the distillate more workable.
- Remove the jar from the water and dry it. Take the lid off and place it on the milligram/centigram scale. Tare (zero) it out and verify it is measuring in grams. This now means that the scale will display the amount of distillate removed from the jar. This is the exact amount of distillate that will be dissolved in the fat.
 - Ex. “-.100” means 100 mg of distillate was removed from jar and will be added into your recipe
- Use a clean dab spoon (recommended) or the end of a thin metal utensil to scoop and twirl distillate. The consistency should be like a thick honey. Once the scale is showing that the total desired amount of distillate +/- 20mg was removed (do not spend too much time with this step--it's very hard to get the number spot on. Additionally, some helpful equations to backtrack and figure out dosing are listed below). Record the number and put the distillate end of the tool into the heated base fat and stir vigorously until there is no distillate left on the tool. If using other cannabinoid isolates, repeat this step with a clean utensil. Weighing will be easier due to the powder form. Now take a spatula or whisk and stir the fat for 2 minutes to ensure that the d8 and cannabinoids are evenly distributed.

Step 3: Cooking with cannabutter: Use your cannabutter/oil in place of the non-psychoactive fat in your recipe. If the cannabutter is not the full amount of the fat necessary, then add the non-psychoactive butter or oil to get to that correct amount.

Recommended materials:

- A scale that goes down to milligrams (three places to the right of the decimal, 1 mg increments)
 - OR a centigram scale (two places to the left of the decimal, 10mg increments)
 - .10=100mg, .01=10 mg
 - **Quick note:** more accuracy is always better, but milligram scales are 3-4 times more expensive than centigram scales and do not help that much more
- Dabbing tool/spoon
 - These are used for a method of getting high in which distillate is vaporized, but I have found that they are also excellent for helping to measure out distillate for edibles
- Other cannabinoids to “fill out” the experience. I recommend CBG, CBD, and CBC.

Glossary:

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Δ⁸ THC/Delta-8 THC/D8: Hemp-derived psychoactive chemical very similar to the chemical found in marijuana.

Delta-9 THC: Psychoactive chemical responsible for most of the effects of marijuana.

Distillate/oil/concentrate: Highly purified, or concentrated, form of THC resembling tree sap that is fat and alcohol soluble. It usually is about 93% THC though it can vary. For making edibles do not buy distillate with added **terpenes**. Check your test papers to find out the percentage.

Cannabinoid: Active chemicals found in the cannabis plant. Some are psychoactive while others are not. All are bioactive in some way. See list of common cannabinoids, their effects, and recommended percentages below.

Terpenes: Natural essential oils responsible for the smell and flavor of marijuana.

Isolate: This is a powder form that many non-psychoactive cannabinoids come in. The purity is usually above 99% and they are fat soluble.

Hemp Plant: Cannabis plant that does not produce significant amounts of d9 THC and has many industrial uses. Legalized in 2018 by the Farm Bill.

Sourcing: Here is a list of some trusted distillate sources. I gave one other option but Cannaclear is far and away better than all the others.

- My favorite by far: **Cannaclear**
- Unlimited options beyond distillate: Vivimu

To avoid

- 3Chi
 - Fuck 3Chi. Low quality, exorbitant trash
- Companies that are not 3rd party tested and/or do not provide test papers

Other Cannabinoids:

Cannabinoid	CBD	CBG	CBC	CBT
Effect	-Clear headed in higher quantities -Fills out experience in lower quantities -Dulls psychoactive effects -Good for pain and inflammation	-Anti-anxiety -Smoother body feel -Energizing in smaller quantities -Sedating in higher quantities -Dulls psychoactive effects in high quantities -My favorite (non-psychoactive) cannabinoid please consider using!	-Potentiates other cannabinoids leading to stronger and fuller effect	-Sedating -Good for sleep

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Amount (as a percent of d8 dose)	5-10%-fuller experience 10-25%-pain and inflammation without dulling psychoactive effects too much 25-50%-Less psychoactive, increased body benefits 50-100+%-Much more clear headed, therapeutic	5-10%-smoother experience 10-25%-highly relaxing and anti-anxiety effects 25-50%-sedating and less psychoactive 50-100+%-therapeutic effects, great for anxiety	5-7%	5-10%
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Important notes:

- There is nothing more important than accurate dosing!
- There is nothing more important than accurate dosing!!
- There is nothing more important than accurate dosing!!!
- Avoid making highly potent cannabutters as they will be less bioactive and possibly taste bitter
- Using the microwave to heat up distillate is not recommended because it can possibly degrade THC, though there is no scientific evidence to prove this currently. It may be a valid way to soften the distillate if a water bath is not possible.
- THC is NOT water-soluble. Though it can be dissolved in fats, high percentage alcohol, vegetable glycerin, among other less common solvents.
- Avoid distillate syringes because they are more annoying to use and worse value.
- Do not buy distillate with added terpenes. This is essentially adding flavors and reducing potency of the d8. Concentrate with terpenes is sold for people interested in vaping the d8.

Lastly, here is a list of helpful equations to figure out dosing:

**Weight of distillate will always be in milligrams

**Other units in the equation must be the same

1. To find new dose per serving if a different amount was added to the fat than anticipated:
 - a. $(\text{Total distillate added by weight} / \text{distillate potency decimal}) / (\text{Number of servings in recipe}) = \text{accurate new dose per serving}$
2. If a food is not easily divided into servings:
 - a. $(\text{Total weight of food}) / (\text{Total distillate added by weight} / \text{distillate potency}) \times (\text{weight of your serving}) = \text{dose per specific serving}$
3. Dosing cookies accurately if your total amount of THC added was equal to anticipated amount:
 - a. $(\text{Total weight of food}) / (\text{Number of servings}) = \text{weight each cookie should be (weigh each cookie before baking!)}$

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4. Dosing cookies accurately if a different amount was added than anticipated (keeping same number of servings):
 - a. $(\text{Total distillate added by weight} / \text{distillate potency}) / (\text{number of servings}) = \text{Dose per serving}$
(Do calculation 3 to figure out cookie weight)
 5. Dosing cookies accurately if a different amount was added than anticipated (keeping same dose)
 - a. $(\text{Total distillate added by weight} / \text{distillate potency decimal}) / (\text{desired dose per serving}) = \text{New number of servings}$ (Do calculation 3 to figure out cookie weight)
-

Anti-Racist Stand Up Joke

Henry Levitt

"I think we all are slightly racist in some way. And I do think it's probably good to examine our preconceived notions about different racial groups. But if I see you reading an anti-racist book I'll immediately assume that you're a full on racist.

Seriously, what's the book for at the end of the day?

It's a self help book for recovering racists.

Or maybe it's a manual of how not to be racist. I don't know, I've never read one.

But either way, I'm impressed with your ability to admit that you're racist publicly.

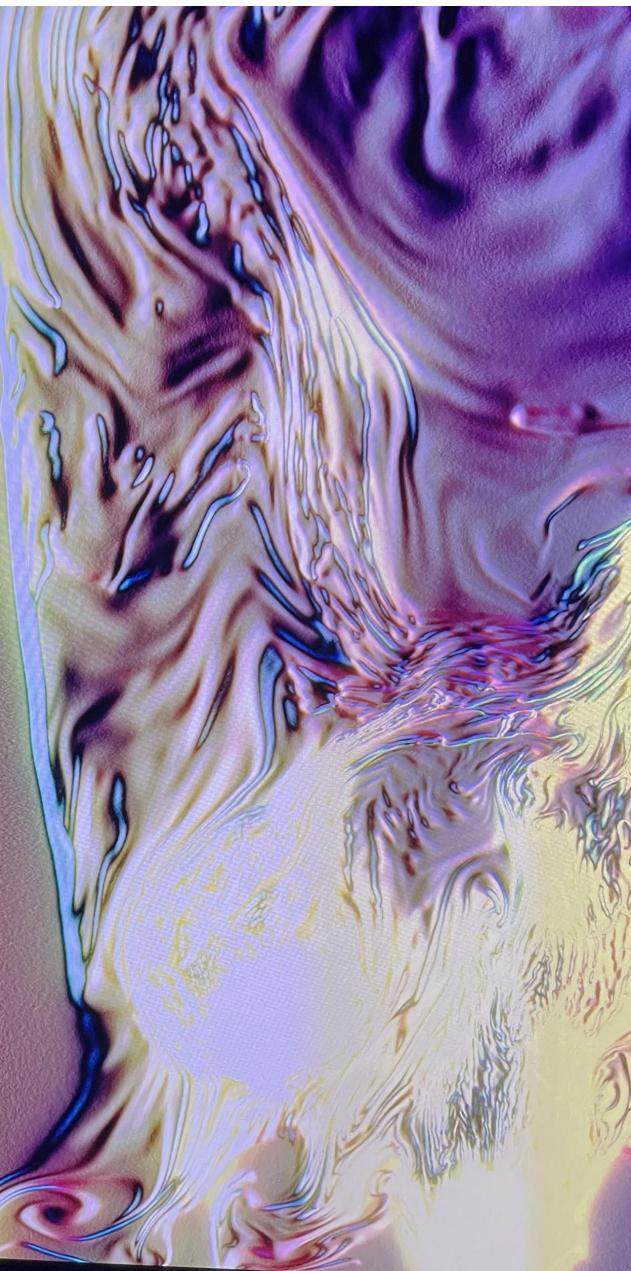
You can get lynched for that nowadays!"

A Netherlands Triptych

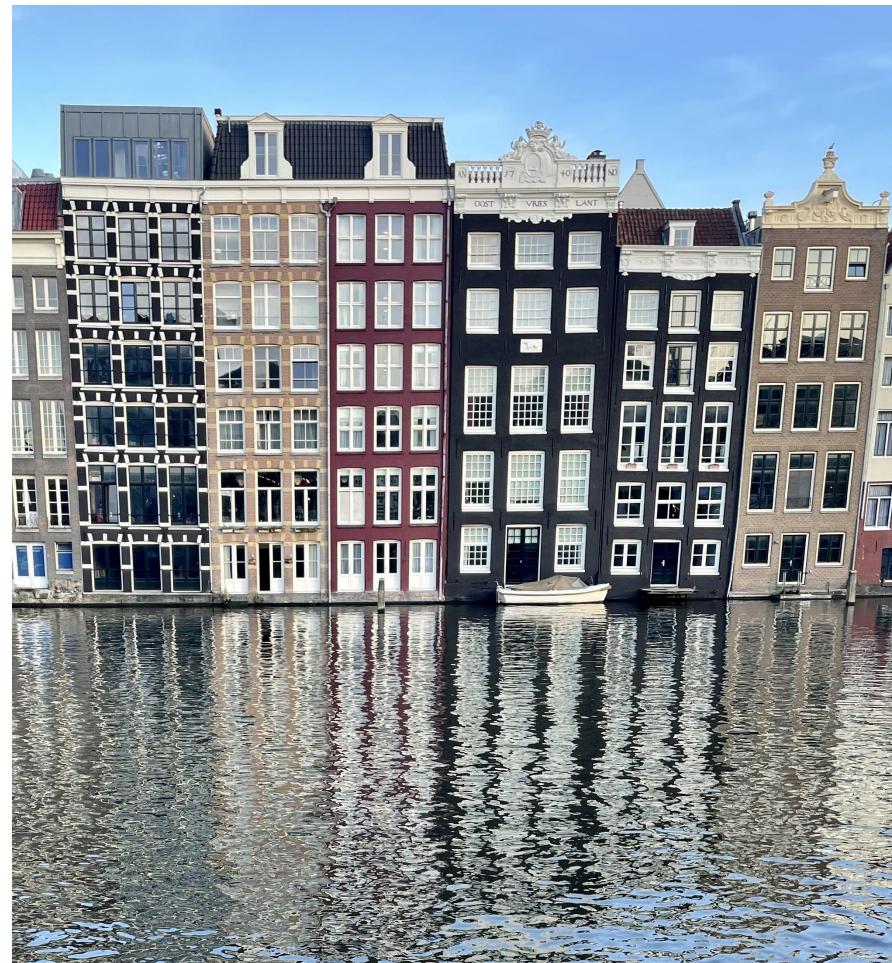
Ben Wiener

Turbulent Flow





Melting
Renewal



"One cannot hold an honest man at fault; a man is only as honest as his mind"

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

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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
henryilanlevitt@gmail.com

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

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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 Avrunin

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

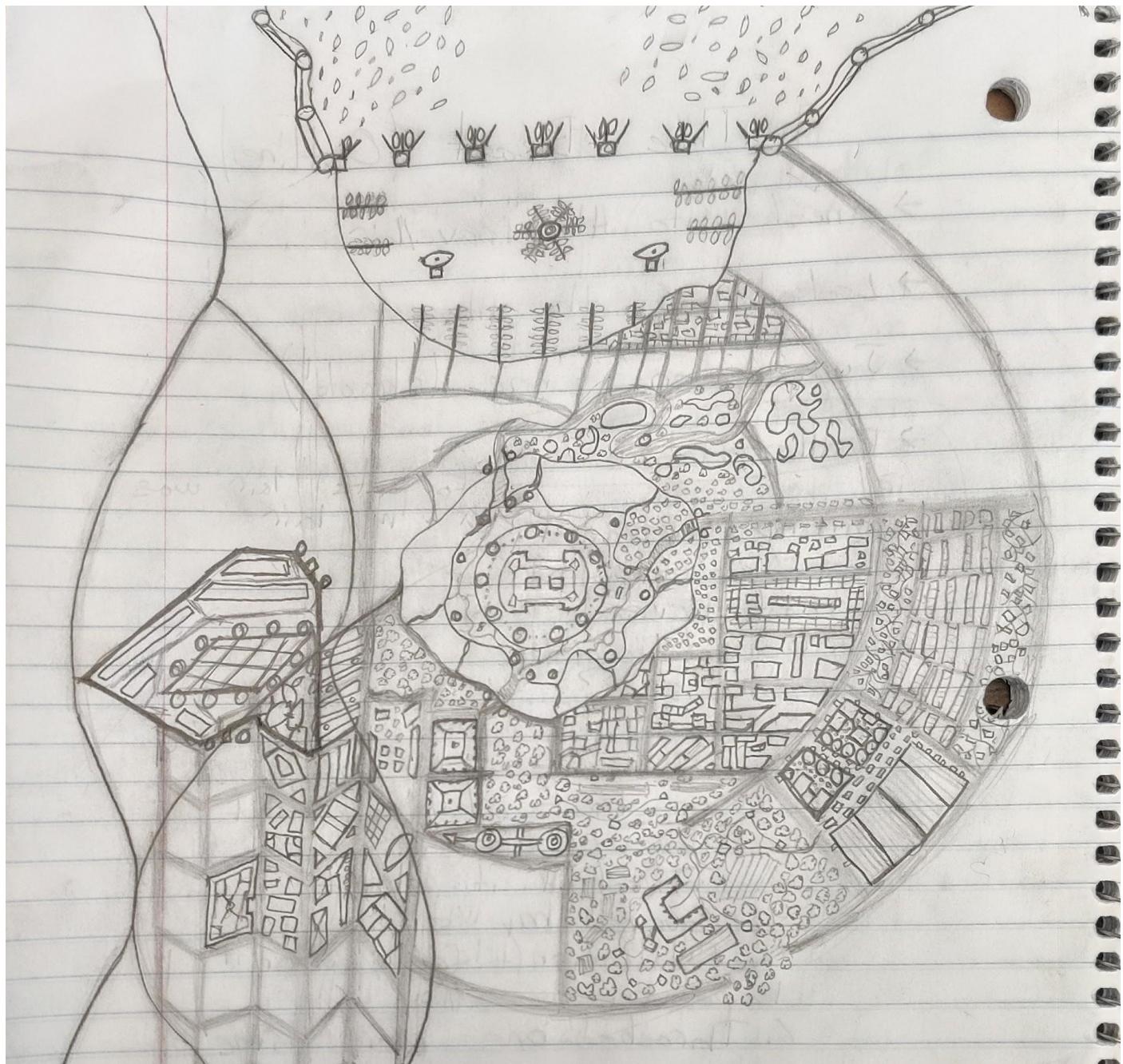
My mind is blurry
I feel barely alive
When will this stop,
I don't think I'll survive

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



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

"Why is McNutt flooded? Huge shat?" -Adin Zusel

The Sensationalist: #5

10/12/22

"Give me a Bic lighter and I will set the world on fire"

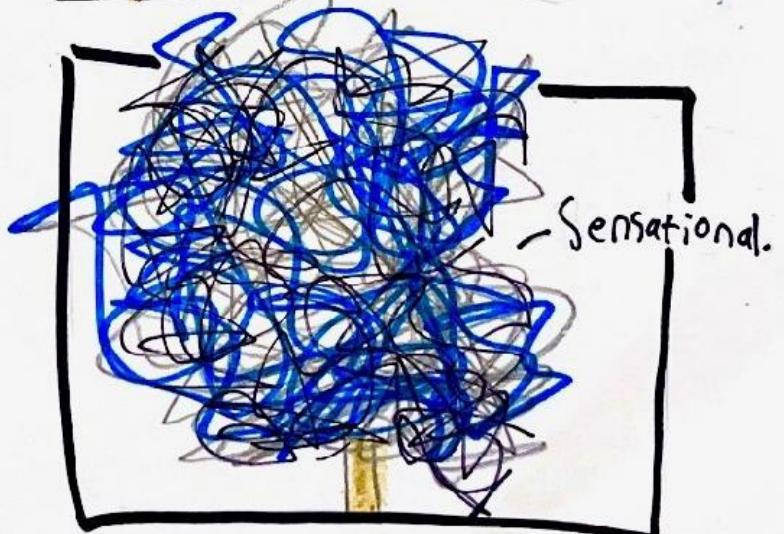
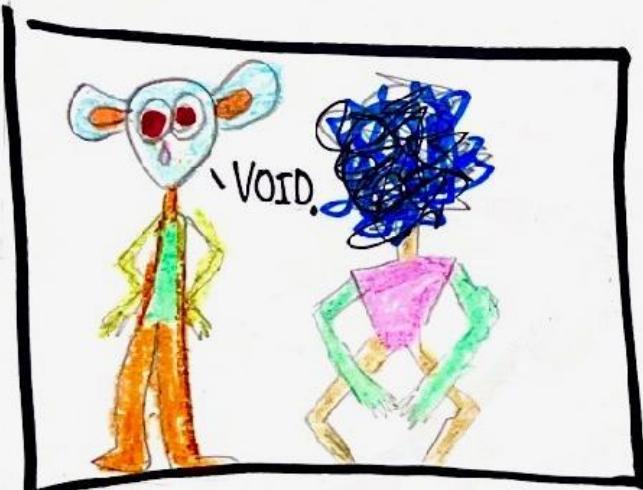
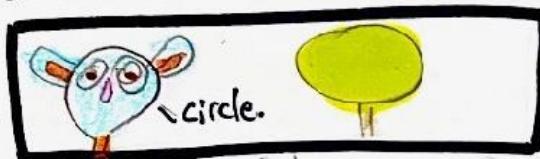
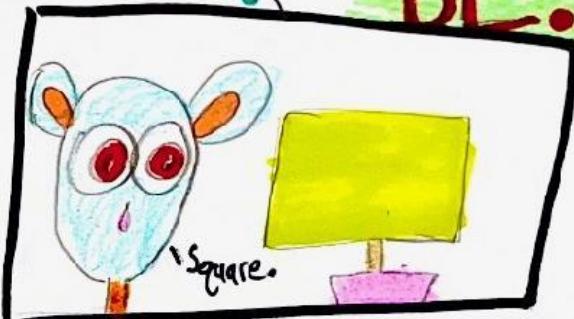
Sonnet I

(The Wretched One)

Henry Levitt

He awakes over and over,
Wishing those brief flashes were dreams--
Still face down in the field of clover.
To him, the putrid night still gleams.
Miserable solitude reeks,
Like groveling stomach acid.
The specters all stretch into freaks.
Yet he remains unmoved; placid.
At long last able, he rises,
Lights a cigarette and takes leave,
Stripping all of those disguises,
Vomiting up the make-believe.
And chortling on the shower floor,
He revels in his foul ichor.

BE WHO YOU WANT TO BE.



James Hooker

I Finally Understand Brunch

Ellis Zusel

I used to hate brunch. Nothing like schlepping down 684 to the Upper West Side on a Sunday morning to meet your Aunt for lunch. You start the day off in pure joy. I couldn't think of anything more exciting than catching up with a close family member over some delicious New York City food. This isn't the stuff you're used to getting. In the upper middle class Connecticut suburbs you're accustomed to paying \$14 for a caesar salad. Do they chop it? Mix the dressing in? No. You'd be better off getting a Kung Pao Chicken Salad at a Wendy's in Hamden.

Once you're over the excitement of getting some great food, you've got to figure out what you want to eat. A perfectly crisped chicken sandwich? An exquisite bowl of pasta? Oysters? (if you're into maritime cunnilingus). The possibilities are endless. After parking too close to a fire hydrant and casually ignoring a homeless guy bleeding out from a stab wound, you're finally sitting down in the restaurant. The waiter hands you the menu. You take a quick scan at all of the choices.

Fuck.

It's Sunday.

It's the fucking brunch menu.

You slump back into your seat, wishing your Grandpa didn't make it out of that Vietnam POW camp with his vas deferens intact so you wouldn't have to exist right now.

What do you want for lunch? Scrambled eggs? What about an omelet? Eggs benedict? Not into eggs? How about some pancakes? We can't make every option egg related, so we're gonna offer you some sweet bread that may taste fantastic at the moment, but in a few hours it's gonna make you wish you had been on Kobe's helicopter.

This tragic scenario has plagued me for all of my childhood. My sadness over these experiences started to wane as I made peace with the unchallengeable existence of brunch. Now, I was simply perplexed. What was the reason for these radical menu changes every weekend morning? Who really wanted this? I found out this morning that the answer wasn't egg lobbyists, aliens, Janet Jackson, or anything not relating to pure consumer demand...

I woke up underwater. At least it felt like I did. My body and brain suffocated under the remains of a boisterous Thursday night at Sconnie

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Bar. I immediately regretted that last vodka cran I had as the clock struck 12. But then again, I couldn't have bought that 7 from Minnetonka a White Claw if I wasn't gonna have anything myself. With her serious boyfriend back at home, it was all really a big waste. But she said she liked Room for Squares - I couldn't resist. Conflicted, loveless, and still in pain, I finally mustered the strength to turn over and reach for my phone.

10:07am. My stomach growled. I needed to eat. I did my best FDR impression across the street to the dining hall. I wandered aimlessly around the different food options for a few minutes, nothing sounding appealing. I'd kill to go back home for that unchopped, undressed caesar right now. I wanted to lay on the dirty Gordon Avenue Market floor in a fetal position for eternity. Miraculously, in my lowest moment, I saw a small light. A glimmer of hope. My eyes squinted to make out the source of this beauty. I finally caught a glimpse on the way out. I couldn't believe what I was looking at. It couldn't be. It just couldn't. There was no way.

The breakfast station... eggs, potatoes, bacon, pancakes. Exactly what I needed to cure my hungover ass. It all made sense finally. Lonely 24 year olds hit the Midtown bars on the weekend to meet some co-eds and rant about their meaningless community outreach jobs at Deloitte. Reeling the next morning from too many soda pops and a bad hookup, there's only one thing that can salvage them: breakfast; the most important meal of the day.

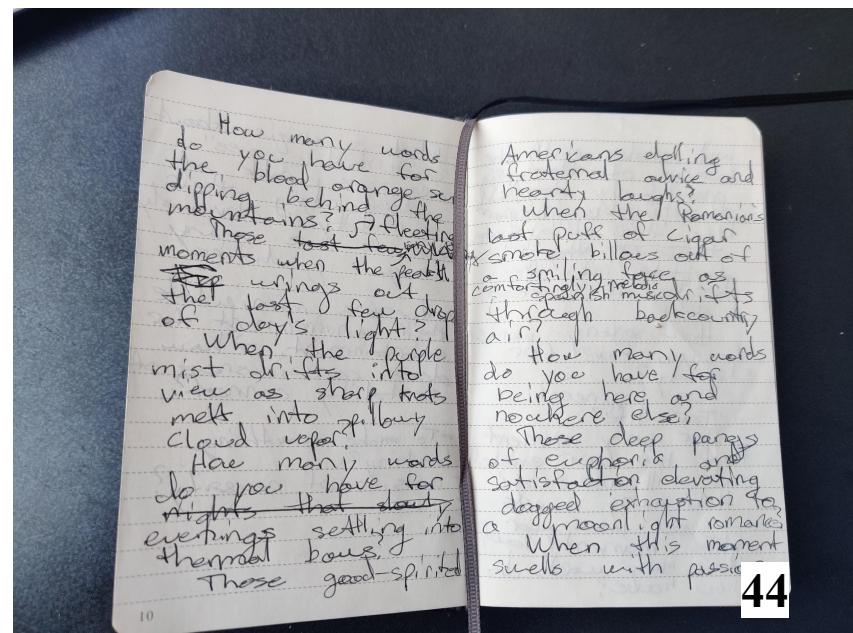
I can't change the world's way. I can only adapt to them. The next time I have plans to see my aunt, I'm gonna get so hammered the night before. Problem solved.

Breathe Out And I'm Sober

James Hooker

Breathe or get
High either
way I'm there
at that place
where it's all
a beautiful screen
Reenacting
the full color and
character of the
lives of actors in
un-skippable advertisements
Who did you get this
time? Which set of
die did you roll?
I'm curious
as to how you
managed to pull
the cards this
type of way?

Breathe out and
I'm sober.



Diaries of a Knowledge Thief

10/10/22

Dear Diary,

Today I stole the most precious thing the University of Georgia has to offer: knowledge. After my psychology class, I felt especially nefarious and strutted into the crown jewel of UGA: The Terry School of Business. I figured if the university was spending all this money on the school, then they must be preaching remarkable and exclusive knowledge. And so I, my dearest diary, snuck into the first lecture room I saw with the unholy and villainous goal of pilfering the secrets of the business program.

The class was just beginning when my clandestine operation commenced. I snatched a seat in the back to keep my heist hidden from the professor. As the professor began to speak, I realized that this undertaking may be more difficult than expected: she had an accent that sounded both Southern and Australian at the same time and was nearly unintelligible to this native Northeasternor's ear. Though eventually I adjusted to the Southern Aussie's dialect, the advanced anti-knowledge-theft protocols of the University of Georgia caught me wholly unprepared. Who knew they would employ accent warfare?

As the class continued, I siphoned information about opening a doggie salon from my "classmates" without them even knowing. We delved into the risks of different payment systems at this hypothetical canine spa and took an ungodly amount of time to calculate when fixed cost becomes an equivalent expenditure to variable cost for the consumer (you'd think that algebra 1 would be a prerequisite for a higher level business course). I quickly came to realize that what I thought would be shiny, new information was just a lackluster excuse to keep business majors occupied until corporate hiring agents scoop them up to occupy endless middle management jobs.

Disappointed, unmotivated, and jaded, I sulked out of the classroom knowing that stealing an entire business degree would be useless--by UGA standards, I already had one. Alas, maybe it was never about stealing knowledge, but instead the friends I made along the way.

I made no friends along the way.

It now dawns on me that this activity was utterly pointless.

until the next heist,

Henry Levitt

P.S. Next time I think I'll steal knowledge from an organic chemistry class. Who knows, maybe I'll walk out knowing how to make LSD. Coupled with my new business knowledge and I'll finally be able to start Acid Corp...I already know where to find my middle managers.

SUM POETREE

Frankie Vinehardt III

On a silver mooned ladle
dripping in green castile,
lived little Dilver Dadle
'till the man began to feel.

Dilver needled through the thicket
under the waxing wayward star;
o'er the beetle, o'er the picket
sighing, "...this is where I are."

Picking, licking, sticking, Ticking
Timmy's tiny timepiece twirled.
Igniting sightings of lightings fighting,
Frowning Fellow's fiction furled.

Dilver dawdled in the meadow,
flowers' faces began to glow.
Beauty bloomed all to soon--
...Not everything's in tune.

Tempests whipped the patch to pieces
smiting Flower's 'phemeral glow.
Dilver, observing, now left speechless.
What a depressing daily show!

O' what beauty! O' what fun!
O' what humor! Sung everyone...
And yet still, "the absurdity!"
muttered your little birdie and bee,

O' what nonsense we greet and know,
Letting the past deliver the helm.
Sniffing the professor's manifesto,
And retiring to a different realm.

**There is no deeper meaning to this poem. Please don't look for a deeper meaning. You will NOT discover anything new about yourself or the universe or anything else. Any attempt to do so will be futile because there is no deeper meaning.

A Note from

The Order of the Sensationalists

The Order of the Sensationalists is appearing publicly for the first and last time. The Order is an infamous secret society consisting of an unknown number of luminaries and creatives all over the world. As the legend goes, they move mountains with their minds, create chaos with a single mark of their pen, and restore order with one word. They generate an endless sea of knowledge and restrict all ideas at the same time. The Order has no greater purpose: they create their metaphorical ripples simply to observe, and throw their proverbial rocks merely for the sake of the action itself. The Order neither creates nor initiates new members, as there are no requirements to become a Sensationalist. As the legend goes, the Sensationalists always find each other.

Be a Sensationalist or be ruled by them--the choice is yours.

-The Order of the Sensationalists

The Sensationalist of the Week: Cowboy Kerouac



Cowboy Kerouac is an inspiring figure for everyone--not just the LGBTQ community. I have immense respect for this man because he is truly a Sensationalist. He posted a myriad of large stickers around Athens, GA exhibiting his mostly naked body in a rainbow thong burning an American flag while promoting his gay country album. Need I say more? Check out his [linktree](#) for your own sake.

Let's get canceled together, Cowboy Kerouac!

Vote! On the next Project

Because the current ongoing project (Meadery) is at a stage where my inactivity would benefit it the most, I decided that I should start a new project to keep these idle hands occupied (so I don't fuck with my progress). And because I couldn't decide which one to start, I thought I'd leave it up to you, the reader, to decide for me.

- 1) THC Bitters
 - a) To make cannabis infused cocktails and mixed drinks
 - 2) Automatic joint roller
 - a) Unfinished project from a year ago that ought to get some attention sometime
 - 3) Modular Cargo Pants
 - a) Cargo pants that users can customize with pocket type and location
-

"It doesn't cost any money to watch the squirrels crack nuts"

The Sensationalist: #6

10/19/22

"Teach why before you teach how"

Sonnet II

Henry Levitt

Forgetting seems all too fitting,
For any ordinary face, but hers,
Caught me completely unwitting;
This much beauty seldom occurs.
Her eyes, clever and concealing
Radiate celestial fire.

Supple lips, ever-appealing,
And confidence to inspire.

My gaze happens her passing grin,
And flurrying dove wings excite
Passion, timid-tainted within.

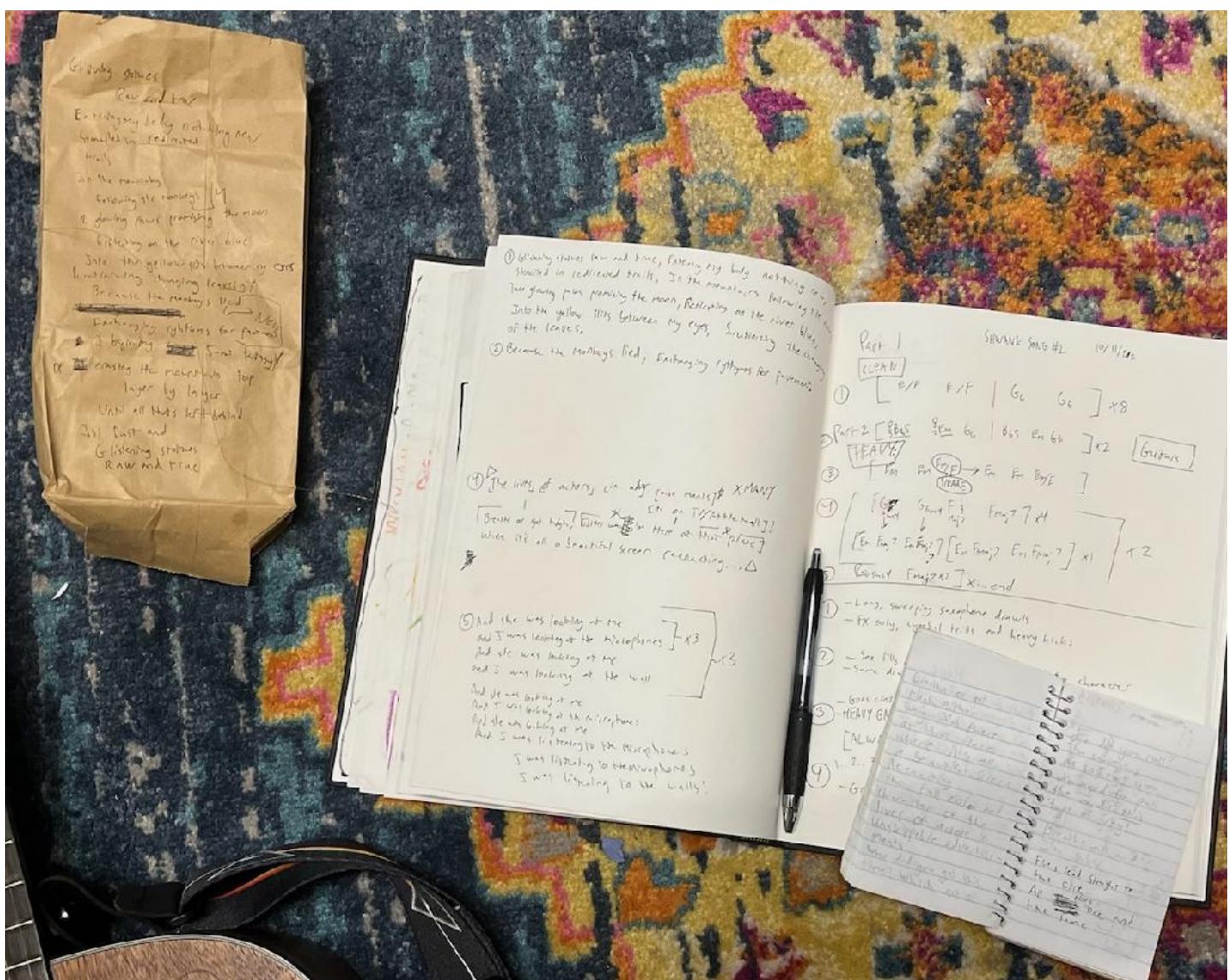
Now wishing for courage tonight
To approach this heavenly belle,
O' but for nerves I cannot quell!



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"Songwriting"

James Hooker





WARNING



The Drones are multiplying.

You may be next.

**How to spot a Drone: earbuds in and staring down at handheld device. Unaware of external world. They are experimental technology controlled by big tech.*

***Warning brought to you by The Sensationalist Magazine*

The Perfect Revolution

Henry Levitt

Preface

Allow me to preface this essay by declaring that I am not a gung ho supporter of outright revolution; I believe that all options should be exhausted before attempting such an extreme response to remedy the broken current state of affairs. Reform is always the golden standard of fixing a system within a political and economic paradigm before abandoning the paradigm altogether. Furthermore, to achieve reform, non-violent tactics ought to always be used. Now I do recognize that non-violence cannot always be effective in forcing reform, so I will concede that there are always exceptions to this rule. A prominent example I default to is the Women's Suffrage movement--especially in the United Kingdom. When a group is essentially locked out of the main avenue to spark reform, militant tactics, within reason, can be justified to raise awareness, garner support, and demonstrate the frustration of what I and many others consider to be a massive injustice. Of course, many other militant protests occurred in modern history such as those surrounding the Civil Rights movement of Black Americans and other marginalized groups in the latter half of the 20th century. Much can be justified as oftentimes symbolic violence is the only way to bring grave injustices to the forefront of politics in order to force reformation. And while reform is often effective, it is not a panacea. I would like to outline a hypothetical revolution in this essay--a revolution I consider to be perfect as it occurs instantly, peacefully, and totally.

The Perfect Revolution

The Perfect Revolution is an idealized concept of how to completely overthrow an existing government without violence and with widespread support. Essentially there are three stages: setting the groundwork, delegitimizing the current regime, and forming a new government. I would once again like to stress that these are highly idealized steps and most likely not possible in our imperfect world, hence the title of "The Perfect Revolution".

Step One: Setting the Groundwork

This is the step requiring the most time and effort of the revolutionaries and can be extremely varied depending on the unified goal of the revolution, available technology, and political landscape. Due to these reasons I will explain this step in a broad context because there are a multitude of ways in which the groundwork can be set. Even still, there are important aspects that are ubiquitous within The Perfect Revolution.

The first among these (in no specific order) is that there must be clear leaders. These figures must be public and well known to the populace of the given region. This step is important in order to help keep the movement unified and establish a new, well-supported government with leaders whom the people follow. While it is possible for the leaders of the revolution to not be the first leaders of the new government, it is both unlikely and unwise in order to maintain support in the fragile early stages.

The second aspect of setting the groundwork is that there ought to be a universally accepted constitution. This treatise would be public knowledge and include input and/or approval from all individuals who support the delegitimization of the old government. After a nationwide approval process, this constitution will serve as the new basis for government rule. The new constitution should aim to right the

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wrongs of the old government and prevent future injustices that the old regime performed, both implicitly and explicitly; the constitution is the promise of a new nation.

Finally, and perhaps most crucially, majority support is needed. And not just a simple majority; in order for the revolution to be successful, virtually all citizens must desire to overthrow the current government. A vast majority of these citizens must also support the new constitution. Furthermore, in order for the revolution to be a smooth and peaceful transition, it is necessary that many appointed and elected officials also support the new constitution and/or the aims of the revolution as a whole. This will help to prevent government violence against the revolutionaries. The objection may arise as to why the offending laws or constitution would not be amended by elected officials who support the cause--especially if virtually all citizens stand behind them. My response to this is that the demands of the people may be incongruous with the current constitution, impossibly to instate within the current governmental paradigm, or a new government may be necessary to represent the people accurately. Even when a vast majority of the population supports the new government and constitution, it is critical that all citizens abide by and follow the system of the current government until the new constitution is ratified. This means paying taxes, following laws, voting in elections, etc. If all of this is followed faithfully, then a peaceful and successful revolution will be possible.

Step Two: Delegitimizing the Current Government

In order to successfully delegitimize the current government, a superior level of organization is necessary. Once the leaders of the revolution gauge that the movement has garnered virtually unanimous support, they should choose an upcoming election to demonstrate the population's dearth of support for the current government. During this election, no one should vote. Members of the revolution should work the polls, however, so that the option to vote is available. The purpose of this is to prove that no citizen endorses the current government even though the option to do so is available. Additionally, no member of the revolution should prevent anyone from voting or hinder their ability thereof. The fact that all avenues to participate in the election remain open yet no one does will effectively delegitimize the current government on its most basic level of popular sovereignty. If no citizens consents to sustaining the authority of the state, then the state is effectively abolished as there is no entity more powerful than the masses.

Step Three: Forming a New Government

Now that the old government has been abolished, the citizens can now ratify the new constitution and elect its leaders. As soon after the old state's election, or even perhaps concurrently, the revolution should hold its own election or referendum. Ideally, the leaders of the Revolution will set a threshold of support needed for the new constitution to be ratified. This is essentially the test of popular sovereignty. The entire process should involve as many denizens' consent in order for the new government to be considered legitimate. Once the new revolution is ratified, The Perfect Revolution will be complete--all without a drop of blood.

Conclusion:

Obviously The Perfect Revolution is more a concept than a guide to a peaceful revolution. It is meant to invoke the ever-present and often obscured idea of popular sovereignty; that a government is only legitimate because a majority of individuals support it. And while The Perfect Revolution is not practical in

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real life, it has far-reaching implications about the political power we all have when we come together over a common goal. The Perfect Revolution also stands as the golden standard of non-violence that all political reforms and revolutions should aspire to in order to cause as little harm to others as possible and maintain political legitimacy.

Ranking My Favorite Types of Vandalism (Video)

Henry Levitt

S		
A		
B		
C		
D		
E		
F		

- 7) Destruction of Property
- 6) Arson
- 5) Theft
- 4) Graffiti
- 3) Defacement

2) Eco-vandalism/ecotage

1) "Bestowal"

Habit

Sanaa Wright

The world sleeps

I meant to

It's 2 am

I wanted to wake up early

I don't want to be here

I don't want to sleep

I don't want to not want to

Do anything these days

I don't do anything these days

At my age the greats were great

Or well on their way

I was called lazy from a young age

For sitting around and being a little kid

So I feel I've had nothing

And done nothing

Life is patterns

And habits that repeat themselves

And bad habits that stay

That stay

Like sinful addictions

Like staying awake at 2am

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The world sleeps tonight
The world wakes up when I fall
Back
Asleep
Some habit I've got to break

"I am 97.5% certain that the hot water spigot in the dining hall is contaminated with heavy metals. That may explain some things."



The Sensationalist: #7

10/26/22

"Is the grass greener? Maybe...but it's just fucking grass" -Ellis Zusel



Patchwork Quilt

Lily Montgomery

A patchwork quilt; that's my life thus far. The first square is pink, pink for the color of my nursery, for the love I felt the minute I was born. Pink for the small apartment I lived in while my 20 year old parents got their lives together.

The blanket turned brown with our move to Baltimore when I was 7. Brown for the dirt outside our house, deep inside the city. There's holes in the quilt, holes from the bullet casings we found on our lawn. The brown was home, comforted in the familiar chaos.

There's a blue ribbon woven in, for my brother who was hurt in a way we didn't know how to live with. The ribbon tears through the brown, ripping my home to shreds.

The next patch is orange, for change. Orange for the 673 mile drive down to our new home while the leaves fell around us.

The gray piece is sown in, sprinkled with black as my feelings and body changed. 12 years old, in a new place, all I wanted to do was fit in. The blanket fades to pitch black as I realize my patch doesn't fit in, the lines aren't cut straight.

The last patch is rainbow, rainbow as we move to a new, vibrantly open place. The colors meld together as I learn to accept myself, I pull swathes of fabric down from the closet and weave them into the new life I've built.

On Exile

Henry Levitt

Not too long ago, in the grand schema of human history, exile used to be a common punishment. But all that changed with the pesky 15th Article of the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It states that every individual has a right to a nationality. While I may take issue with this right, it will not be on the grounds of my personal incredulity that I will argue for exile to be used once more (it just seems inane that of all of the UN's "rights" we do not follow, we have decided to follow this one. Especially because it creates such an inconvenience with sentencing for specific crimes). Besides, exile is an awesome punishment and risk-mitigation technique. The principle of exile being, the criminal in question cannot commit their nefarious activities on the offended nation's soil, or to that nation's citizens, if they are incapable of entering the territory. The punishment aspect of exile runs deeper, though: exile is analogous to being disowned by one's family; your government does not recognize you as a citizen, it will not provide any benefits to you, and will not fight for you. Odds are, you are also being separated from your family, friends, most connections, assets, and countrymen--but at least you're not dead...right?

While exile is not the best punishment for every crime, it does offer an elegant solution to certain disruptive deeds. The first crime that comes to mind as fitting of the punishment of exile is treason. Now this can be high treason, low treason, mediocre treason, red treason, blue treason, and even the kind of treason that makes you take off your socks and wade in the piss-filled kiddie pool. For the sake of this essay, treason will be defined as an attempt to dismantle the standing government and/or its necessary institutions. Someone, usually a high profile, public individual, who attempts treason ought not to be protected by the same government he tried to overthrow. The insurgent has proven that he does not value the systems and mechanisms that maintain the rule of law, so he need not be subjected to those laws at all. The government's next steps should then be to strip the individual of his citizenship, blacklist him, and send him on his not-so-merry way to sulk on St. Helena or brood on the sun-soaked beaches of a Thai island. While this may not seem wholly a disagreeable fate, one must remember that in such banishment exists a certain social isolation and a shameful smudge, similar to the mark of Cain, that can never be wiped clean. I am a firm believer of the punishment fitting the crime, and it appears that exile fits treason like Cindarella's glass slipper fits her foot. There are many other benefits of exile besides the satisfaction of a perfectly apt punishment that will be discussed after I highlight a couple more crimes deserving of exile.

Another crime that can be met with exile is extreme tax evasion. The justification follows similarly to treason: one does not value the benefits and responsibilities of the government's social contract, and so, she should be freed from those proverbial shackles. Perhaps exile on the first offense is too grave, but the second offense warrants exile for at least as long as the game of hide-and-seek with the taxman was played. Ideally,

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capital exile would be implemented, where the felon is forced to live in a moneyless commune for some time. However, I and a few other contributors to this magazine may be tempted to commit tax evasion if this were the case, so I cannot in good conscience label this a punishment.

One last crime that ought to result in exile is gross public annoyance (gross as in very obvious, though sometimes it can be repulsive, too). This is not a real crime currently, though if it were, exile would be ideal. We would be able to banish the offenders and never be annoyed by them again. The only issue is that the internet has enabled insufferable figures like Elon Musk, Andrew Tate, Kanye West, and Marjorie Taylor Greene (though she would already be exiled for treason) to become even more annoying from literally anywhere in the world and without any form of citizenship. So perhaps a better solution would be to raze the internet--but that is a topic for another essay.

I previously made the case that exile is the most fitting punishment for the aforementioned wrongdoings, but I have yet to logically argue why exile is, in and of itself, a first-class punishment. Firstly, exile removes the problem person immediately--they are instantly and wholly ripped from the fabric of society and have no recourse as homeland security and immigration officials will be on the lookout for the traitor. And while I will acknowledge that social media and the internet can still act as a proxy to facilitate treason even from abroad, the fact that the person can never actually step foot in the country again will circumvent greater issues that arise from unresolved treason.

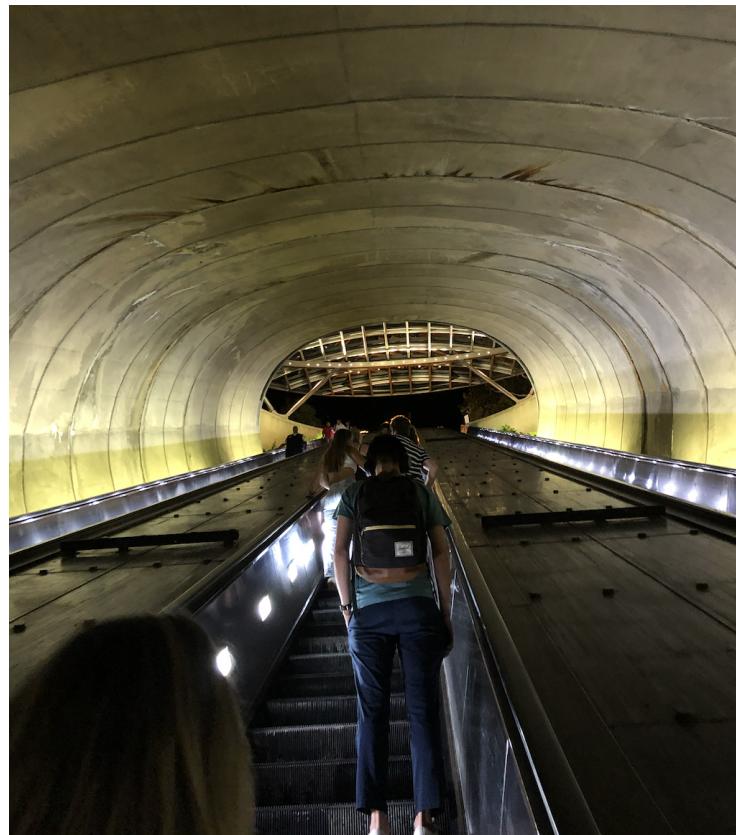
Furthermore, exile requires the least effort and taxpayer intervention to assuage the threat caused by the banished individual. Instead of imprisoning them (most likely in a decadent white collar prison) where they must be fed, given a bed, treated decently, etc, all the government must do is put the name on a "do not enter list" and let those snide customs officials take it from there. This will cost much less money and likely present some joy to those twisted custom officials. After all, I believe everyone deserves some kind of joy.

And finally, while exile is great for mitigating threats, it is also a unique punishment. One's freedoms are not necessarily restricted, but their national identity is stripped and they will forever live in shame, failure, loneliness, and perhaps neuroticism. They will be separated from the life they created and probably their purpose of treason, too. Overall, the traitor's existence will change drastically.

Exile has unfortunately been phased out in many industrialized nations due to part one of article 15 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. However, I see no reason why courts should not keep this punishment in their back pockets reserved to deliver the perfect, beautifully ironic, punishment to traitors, repeat tax evaders, and grossly annoying figures. Exile may have been the past, but I believe it is also the future. That is why I'm asking you to please sign my [change.org](https://www.change.org/p/united-nations-amend-article-15-of-the-universal-declaration-of-human-rights) petition asking the United Nations to amend article 15 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

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Ascent to the Heavens

Andrew Knispel



Hopefully

Foolishly

Blindly

I can only trust

For my arrival

What lies in wait

Unable to look high enough

But I am

I can look back on my path

As I strive to achieve

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Any Green Light at All

Sanaa Wright

In a world full of Gatsby's,
Endless tunes of laughter
Functions dragging on into the night
Until there really no function at all besides
Some dancing from who to who
But never more than that

In a dream of plucked flowers
And drooping daisies
Falling, swirling into pools of
Orange liquor and convenient kisses
Handed out like cutlery and party favors

In every moment
In the heart of every moment
where there any green light at all
Anything to reach for
Or to have
I am like Carraway
Watching from
Across the
River

Texas Death Penalty Pilot Program [Transcript]

The following is a transcript of an interview with Texas executioner Dr. D.Z. Capria. He recently started a new pilot program that uses heroin to kill its death row inmates. I wanted to know more about this cutting edge program, so I went straight to the horse's mouth to learn more.

Frankie Vinehardt III: Hello Mr. Capria, how are you today?

D.Z.Capria: Great, thank you. It's actually Dr. Capria, but you can call me D.Z.

Frankie Vinehardt III: I wasn't aware that you're a doctor. My apologies, D.Z.

D.Z.Capria: Technically it's an honorary PhD from Amarillo Community College...but the State doesn't have to know that [incoherent chuckling].

***Awkward pause ensues**

Frankie Vinehardt III: ...Stupendous. I wanted to talk to you today about your new pilot program. I hear you're killing murderers with heroin.

D.Z.Capria: Yes sir. And we hope to expand to include drug dealers and rapists next year. [Mutters unintelligibly about rapists despite half the guards' ongoing sexual assault cases]

Frankie Vinehardt III: Are you worried about your heroin supply if you kill all the dealers?

D.Z.Capria: Oh Mr. Vineheardt, not at all! My brother worked for Blackwater back in '02 and has an in with the Taliban [prideful smirk]. They sell some of the best black tar on the market. Even better than the Mexican stuff if you can believe it!

Frankie Vinehardt III: Hmmmm, I think I'll need a sample. So how did this program start?

D.Z.Capria: [Rolls eyes and gurgles] The attorney general changed the death penalty rules last year. Now, we get a \$20,000 deductible per felon for lethal injection and whatever we don't use we get to keep. Big Pharma marks up the drugs by 1,500% so we would have to pay out of pocket about \$4,000. It's just not worth it.

Frankie Vinehardt III: But how did you decide to use heroin?

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D.Z.Capria: Last Christmas I gave my nephew a \$100 gift card to Red Lobster, and somehow he managed to trade it for enough heroin to OD. Thankfully [sarcasm detected] we got him the Narcan just in time. Ever since then I've been giving him a Red Lobster gift card every time we need to...dispatch an inmate. We've figured out that it takes about \$65 in Red Lobster gift cards to kill an adult male.

Frankie Vinehardt III: Has the program been a success?

D.Z.Capria: I would say so. We've put down more people in the last year than the last seven years combined. [Girates nervously in chair] Most deaths are relatively easy and quick, too.

Frankie Vinehardt III: Most? Has there been a time when the procedure didn't go as planned?

D.Z.Capria: Well, after the local Red Lobster closed, we didn't know where to get heroin. So we gave our inmates mandatory prostate exams [Blushes and coughs]. We take health very seriously here. Unfortunately we didn't find any pure heroin, but there was a bag labeled "speedball" so we gave it a shot. After administering the dose, the inmate shit himself, broke out of the constraints, and started running around the room and banging on the door. Officially he died of cardiac arrest, but we're pretty sure the 27 bullets we put into his body might have had something to do with it! [Laughs heartily] You should have seen the look on his face! [Dr. Capria stares blankly then cracks into a smile and begins to laugh again].

Frankie Vinehardt III: Right. What about when the injection goes well? Does it kill the criminal completely?

D.Z.Capria: Oh they're dead alright. Deader than dead. So dead that they're ab-so-lutely dead! You've never seen someone deader than that.

Frankie Vinehardt III: Impressive. Thank you for allowing me the interview today. You should join my blunt rotation sometime.

D.Z.Capria: [Face gets red] The fuck did you say to me? Did you just reference pot? Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out you dirty addict! This interview is over. Security!

*...and the truth is, you're inseparable from life,
But life is separable from you.*

Music of the #7: Model1

Henry Levitt

"Self-pity is the most dangerous vice"



The Sensationalist: #8

11/2/22

"Don't wait for others to give you something to care about"

The Chain of Evolution

Henry Levitt

Now my query leads to a story, seldom told,
Where Darwin's thesis releases it's choke-hold;
An answer reasonless as time
Only disclosed by our maker's mind,
Though I have two thoughts refined;

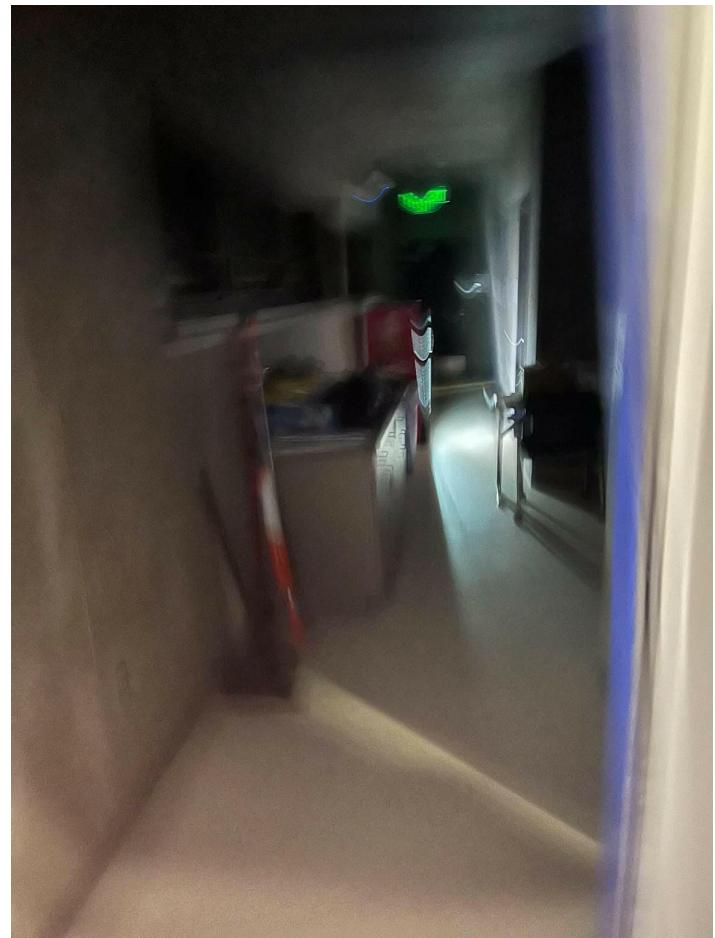
The first relies on nature's goodwill
(Perhaps naive considering our tendency to kill)
That life advances through delight;
Serotonin producing orderly light
Spurred on by nature's first right.

The second notion fills me with existential dread;
That most beings seem better off dead--
The scale of suffering unbound,
Pain seems old, yet joy newly found
Tipping the balance to the ground.

The latter will appeal to the qualified cynic,
In such that suffering wins, and existence is quick.
If we could reveal evolution's print,
Why it culls sentients in the mint,
Does pain push progress to a sprint?

But when the sun sets on the trillionth day
Ten billion generations have played
In evolution's infinite chain
Of the amoral zero-sum game

And the individual is meaningless...



“Liminal Space”

Leo Santisi

On Placebos

Henry Levitt

Placebos work because we think they work when we don't know they work causing them to work even when we know they don't work because they really do work. Make sense? It's not supposed to. Placebos are completely illogical as a legitimate form of medicine yet scientists are recording study after study in which the humble sugar pill *outperforms* its clinically tested adversary. Some data I've found while perusing the internet places the minimum success rate at over 30% and up to 60% for treating many chronic illnesses⁴. Beyond physical illnesses, placebos can cause a whole host of other benefits. Perhaps this is really a triumph of the human mind, but these almost superhuman results are initially unlocked by the placebo. The most curious aspect of placebos is that they can often work even when one knows the treatment is bogus⁵. This forces us to change how we think about placebos and where we place it within not only Western medicine, but daily life in general.

Firstly, a placebo is a treatment for some ailment that has no physiological effects in itself. That is, if the subject were unaware that he or she was taking the false treatment, then there would be no change over a control group receiving no treatment at all. Of course the broader range of what we can consider placebos (ceremonies, rituals, folk medicine) bends this definition and creates ambiguity that will be the main course of discussion later. But for now, consider placebos in a clinical context: a patient is told that he is receiving treatment for his arthritis pain. The physician prescribes a placebo pill (and charges the insurance company the exorbitant price of a flagship drug of course) knowing that there is a high chance of the inert substance relieving the patient's inflammation related pain. In doing so, is the doctor not prescribing a treatment? Perhaps she based her decision on new data suggesting that placebos are more effective than corticosteroid injections even though the placebo pill holds no physiological effects⁶. In fact, this dichotomy creates such a gray area that the successful outcome from a placebo has been deemed the "contextual effect". This then begs the question: what exactly is a treatment?

It seems as though we must broaden our definition of a treatment and identify what is causing this "contextual effect". It is pretty clear that the common thread in all placebo successes is medical intervention. In industrialized countries that usually means spending prodigious sums of money on a visitation to a person in a white lab coat inside a large unsightly building and walking away with a script for pills in a little, orange bottle. Sometimes those pills are white, sometimes they are green. Sometimes they are small and easy to

⁴ Buckman, R., & Sabbagh, K. (1993). *Magic or medicine?: An investigation of healing and healers*.

⁵ Price, M. (2011, March 1). Placebos produce effect even when patients know it's just sugar. *Monitor on Psychology*, 42(3). <https://www.apa.org/monitor/2011/03/placebos>

⁶ Zhang W. The powerful placebo effect in osteoarthritis. *Clin Exp Rheumatol*. 2019 Sep-Oct;37 Suppl 120(5):118-123. Epub 2019 Oct 15. PMID: 31621561.

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swallow, and sometimes they are big. We call the latter “horse pills” and it is of utmost importance that it is one giant pill instead of two smaller ones. Everyone knows bigger is better.

It appears that our belief in this institution’s curing abilities (in modern society, that is) is so powerful that placebos will work for at least a third of patients and usually much more. There is an argument of ethicality in the prescription of placebos, but this is not of concern in this essay for two reasons. The first being that they work with an acceptable degree of certainty and the second being that the health care situation in the United States is already so fucked that overpaying for sugar pills that work is the least of our concerns.

So here is where it gets interesting. Thus far this essay has been in the context of not just Western medicine, but allopathic medicine. Homeopathic medicine is a perfect case study on placebos (as all treatments are just water or physiologically inert substances), and the fact that this form of medical treatment is so successful is testament to our trust in health care providers--especially when they spend significant amounts of quality time with patients. Essentially, trusted medical intervention works. Medical intervention in itself is not a placebo. Looking at other cultures and our past medical knowledge, this theme of trusted medical intervention to combat illness is pervasive and ubiquitous.

Healers and shamans have existed in every community since the beginning of human history. And the fact that this knowledge is passed from one generation to the next proves that we, as humans, do benefit from our suffering being noticed and others attempting to help--even if the aid has no physiological effects by itself. Shamans deep in the Amazon rainforest cure depression with chanting and herbs, healers in the Himalayas treat a whole host of illnesses with inert plant matter, divination ceremonies in African savannas restore health after a plague.

Medical intervention in one’s cultural paradigm is bound to have the strongest effects because it is believed almost like a religion. In Western society we absolutely have an entire ritual associated with medical appointments. The ritual (large building, waiting room, clipboard, waiting again for doctor, washing hands, lab coat etc.) almost certainly leads to greater efficacy in any medical intervention succeeding. This goes for placebos and clinically proven treatments.

Overall, this is a triumph of the human mind. Placebos, and more accurately the rituals associated with them, are proof that the human mind can overcome physical pain and symptoms and actually help the body combat disease. As my close friend Ellis Zusek says, “perception is reality”; if we perceive the medical intervention to be beneficial, then *it is*. But the perception of our condition extends much further than medicine. If one perceives that drinking tea or coffee prepares him for the day, then it does. If you perceive a compliment to be true and genuine, then it is and you will feel good. If a certain food is your comfort food,

then you will feel solace by eating it.

Yes, reality does matter, but it is not the end all be all. We often forget that all perceptions and understandings of the world exist within our minds. We will never live in objective reality--nor is that even desirable. Because of our special relationship with the world, we can transcend what presents itself as the impossible and improve or change our condition through sheer belief. And while one can be aware of the vast amount of bullshit circling the world and the endless armies of snake oil salesmen trying to sell you on the next new and shiny panacea to your miserable life, it is important to consider what is real to you, because that ritual or belief is not bullshit; it works because you believe. *Perception is reality.*

The Girl

Penelope Winslow

You Know That Feeling, of Eruption?

My self-restraint rapidly
Drains through every gasp
I take

Bracing in anticipation for the cycling
Destruction fueled by my own wrath

Completely consumed

-

Stuck spinning, circling, spiraling,
Like a ballerina
Trapped inside a music box

Grasping to pluck myself from these abominable thoughts
Slipping further away from my control

I'm removed, nothing to connect to
Detached, no perspective to clutch on to

My mind falls blank

You can't stop me!

Evan Bellusci



"Call be Thomas the Tank Engine with my beastly bladder"

The Alarm

Henry Levitt

Smoke is permeating our fragile dreams,
Like some rank acridity
Emanating at the seams.

Wake up!
Wake up!

Mother is choking on her final breath;
As blood dribbles from her wrists,
We ignore our looming death.

The Messiahs with which we entrust our lives,
And who blame my broken brothers
Are depraved devils in perverse disguise.

Wake up!
Wake up!

Within the sand lay blissful our heads,
To escape reality:
Entranced by screens and guzzling meds.

Look out on your people, your kin I say,
Watch them suffer like beaten slaves
Shackled to rules they know only to obey.

Wake up!
Wake up!

Listen to the deafening silence,
The clock struck 12 before our births
Because of man's untenable reliance.

But now we're here, hopeless; forlorn,
Ejected from the birth canal
Humanity is stillborn.

Wake up!
Wake up!

So lower your flags to half the mast,
The apocalypse has arrived--
Solutions are the past.

Every living person is crippled with disease,
It's painfully clear, no mystery.
Thus with every breath I beg you, please,

Wake up.

The Death of Humanity

Henry Levitt

Light breeds light;
Emerged you into this world sans consciousness,
Though with the propensity for existence.
Full of wonder for the human experience.

O' how strong the emotion!
Each scene a waking dream!
Each ritual emanates wisdom of being
Rich with the faith of the One.

But that childhood game
Once revered for its clarity
Is now a savage, vain reminder of sanctity.
Organized like armies, the apostles march blind,

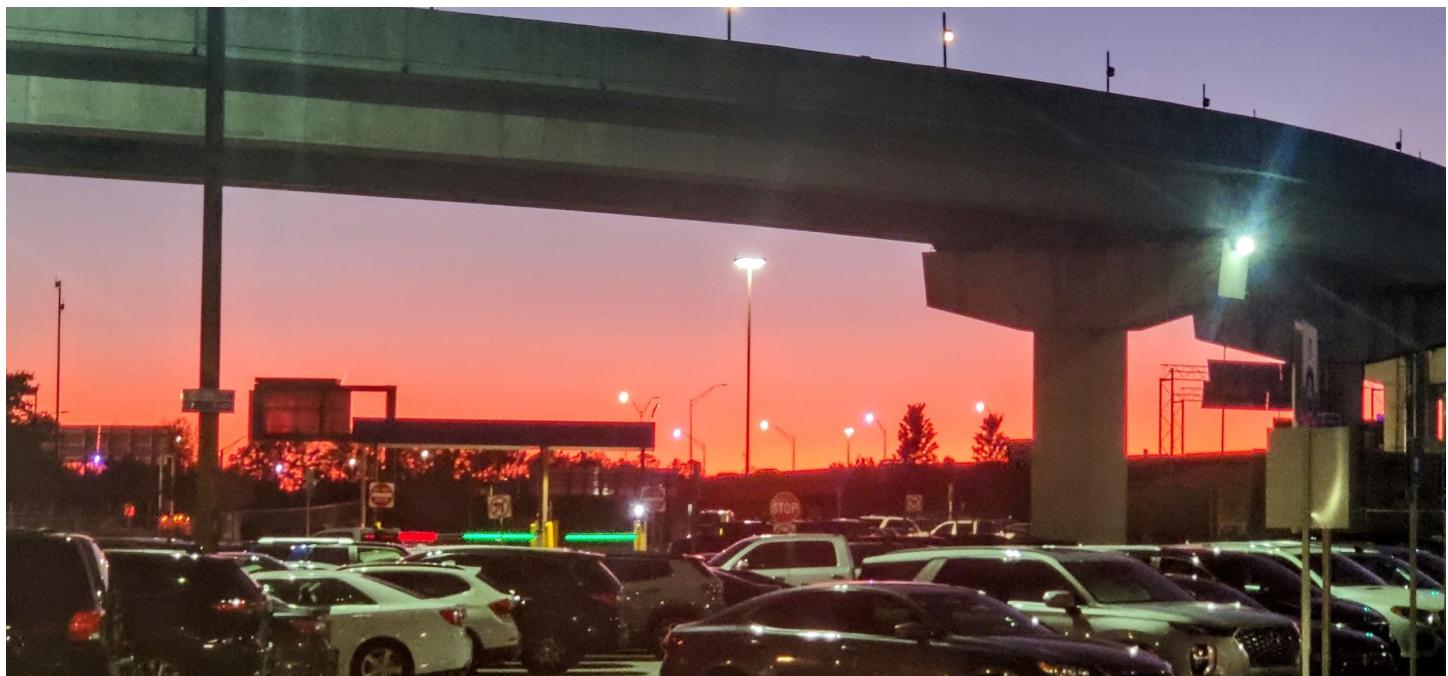
You fall in line too.
Those sacraments of yore
Are now perfunctory tasks of futility,
Perverted by the greed of control.

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Your cynicism creeps in--
That contrived nihilism masquerading as knowledge
Rears its veiled countenance.
In the face of absurdity you surrender.

That ephemeral curiosity bleeds with fervor,
Leaving a wasted skeleton of what once was.
With sunken cheeks and emaciated limbs
The dermis of spirit shrivels.

Like an old ass whipped beyond the fringe of hope,
You submit too--
Finding solace in despair
And ecstasy in temporal desolation.



"The life of a true artist is his canvas"

Projects



**The O.A.R. Project,
AKA Obscene Amount of Radishes Project**

Henry Levitt - 9/14/22

Goal: The goal of this project is to grow an unnecessary, objectively obscene, and perhaps frightening quantity of radishes.

By the time they're ready to harvest, I want to be questioning my mental sanity with how many radishes are in my possession. I want to be utterly perplexed with why I started this project and equally bewildered with what to do with so many radishes. I want to lose sleep over the nightmarish thought of the unbelievable amount of radishes I own. I want everyone who knows about the O.A.R. Project to reject me as a member of society, a sort of radish pariah. If they did not I would be concerned with the type of people I'm surrounding myself with. I hope to lose all my friends, family, and acquaintances over the sheer amount of radishes in my life.

This is the goal of the Obscene Amount of Radishes Project.

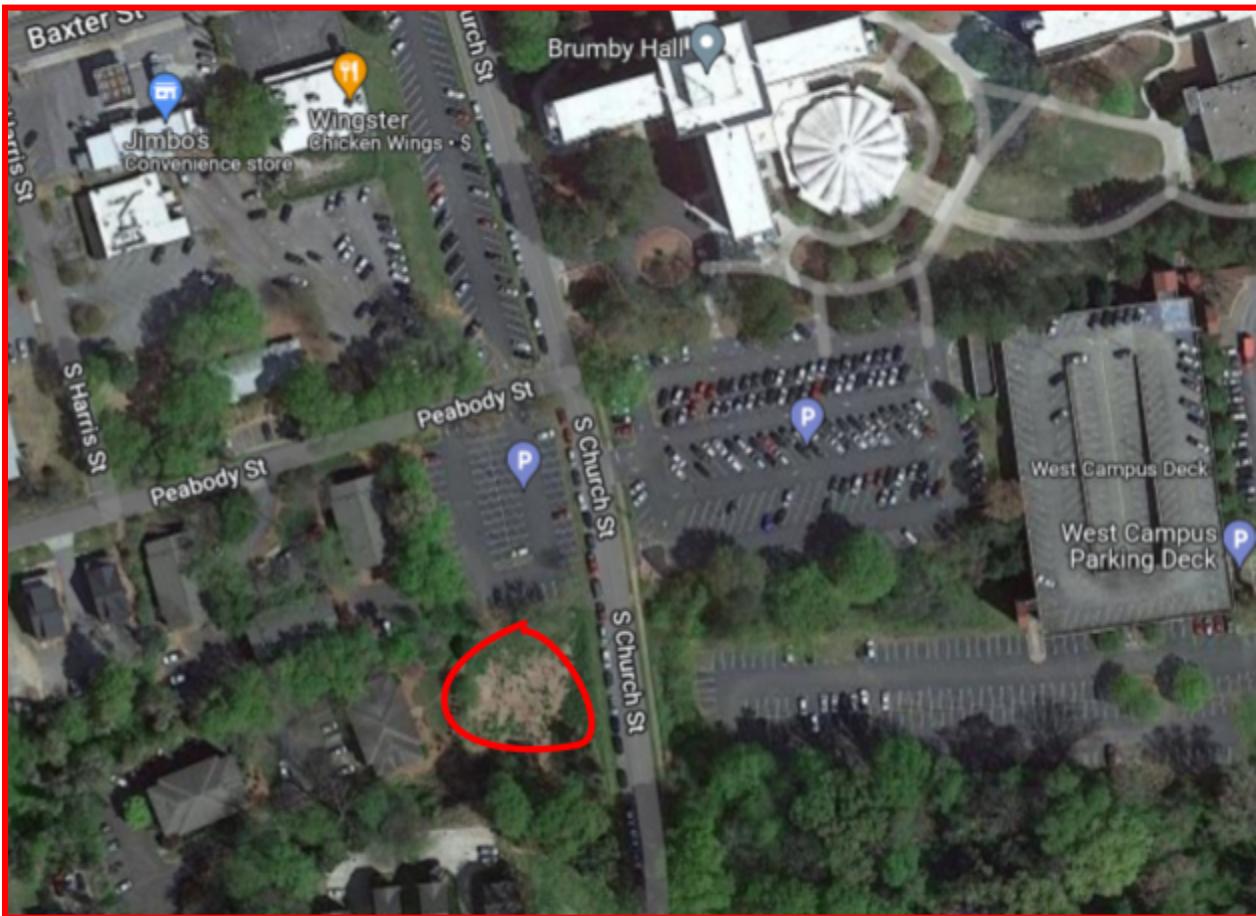
**You may ask, why am I doing this? Perhaps there's some shadowy impulse driving me that I don't understand or maybe it's because I can. Or it could simply be to pass the time.

Plan:

1. Find location
2. Order materials
3. Prepare soil and plant radishes
4. Water occasionally
5. Harvest

Location:

In my typical criminal fashion (because I am a criminal) I plan to guerilla grow, or grow on property that does not belong to me (trespassing). This is because I do not own property and I cannot legally vote in Georgia. The latter point is completely unrelated. I have identified a seemingly abandoned site very close to my dorm. I live in Brumby hall. There is an open field next to a parking lot with relatively decent soil. It seems to have been an old dumping ground for wood chips. On the side opposite to the parking lot there is a bamboo grove. The prospective spot is circled in the image below.



Here's a view from on the ground:

The area I plan to plant in is circled in red.

Materials:

- 1000+ radish seeds (variety undecided)
- Quick release fertilizer
- 2 Watering cans
- Water source
- Shovel/hoe



**Materials will be ordered tonight, (9/14/22)

The O.A.R. Project Update,

9/22/22

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On Wednesday 9/21/22 I broke ground at the site and constructed two rough, raised beds. Last week I ordered a pound of daikon radish seeds (which is way more than I need) that have been specifically bred as a cover crop. While digging at the site I had an encounter with a certain Mike F. who was skeptical of the project (and its legality) at first but quickly offered his help as he is a gardener himself. Mike lives in the apartments behind the lot. Because the UGArden shovel I borrowed broke (causing the work to slow significantly for an hour or so), he offered his shovel which happens to be an absolute beast of a digging apparatus. Thanks Mike! The site used to be a veritable bamboo forest so there are significant roots within the area. Below are some images of the first day of digging. I plan to go back on Friday and build the third bed as well as plant some seeds.





The O.A.R. Project Update,

9/28/22

I regret to inform you, dear reader, that no progress was made this week due to a combination of events that sapped my time. One such event is “Gingkos Galore!”.

The O.A.R. Project Update,

10/5/22

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

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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.

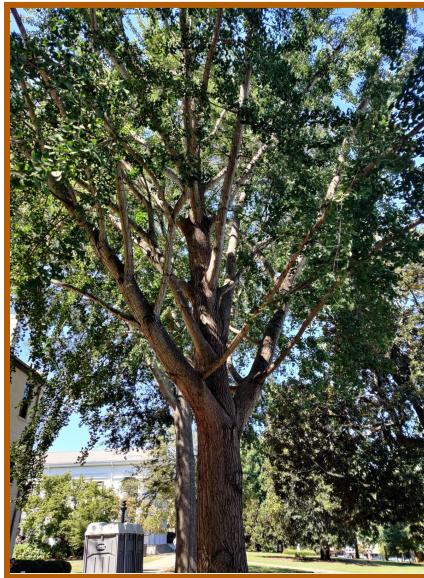
Though I am no stranger to Sisyphean pursuits, I unfortunately will be ending this project early without any definite success. All my work was not in vain though, as I will be utilizing these beds come spring for a renewed O.A.R. Project (though perhaps not radishes...stay tuned). Here are some images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



Ginkgos Galore!

Henry Levitt

How did this even start? Let me key you in...it was the evening of the 22nd of September, 2022 when Yours Truly was playing capture the flag on North Campus with the Outdoor Activity Club. There was a tree that happened to drop a large quantity of wrinkled fruits with yellow flesh and large pits within the boundaries of the game. Being perhaps too curious, I naturally tried some of the flesh of this unknown fruit, and much to my surprise, it tasted good! It was sweet with a pear-like flavor and some citrus notes. Though, it was highly astringent and left my mouth completely puckered. Well, I thought, what if I made a jam out of these fruits, or even try to ferment them!



Alas, the next day I returned to obtain a significant quantity of these fruits, still without knowing the identity. I was on my knees removing pits and throwing the flesh into a gallon ziplock when a kind young man approached me and asked what I planned to do with the “Ginkgo”. I relayed my plan and he, with more common sense than I could muster, suggested I look into whether these fruits are safe to consume.

As I began my internet query I quickly realized that 1) ginkgo flesh is wholly unsafe to consume in almost any quantity, and 2) the fruits put off an incredibly putrid smell (quite similar to durian). Though the latter sounds obvious, I was so stuffed up that I didn’t know I was rolling around in such stench until I looked it up.

So where does the

adventure continue from here now that the plan was foiled by ginkgotoxin (real name)? Well, it turns out that the pit that I considered the waste material is actually the part of the plant that is consumed as it has significantly lower levels of the toxin, and so I began collecting the ginkgo nuts.

After filling the gallon bag to my heart’s content, I trudged back to my dorm (un?)fortunately unaware of the putrid stench emanating from my person. I cleaned the nuts thoroughly in the community sink until it felt like they no longer stunk, though I had no way of knowing.



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Ginkgo seeds must be roasted in order to not be toxic...so that's what I did next. I heated up the trusty cast iron and roasted the seeds in batches. When they were ready, they cracked open with a velocity similar to

popcorn, still yet another surprise for this naive forager!

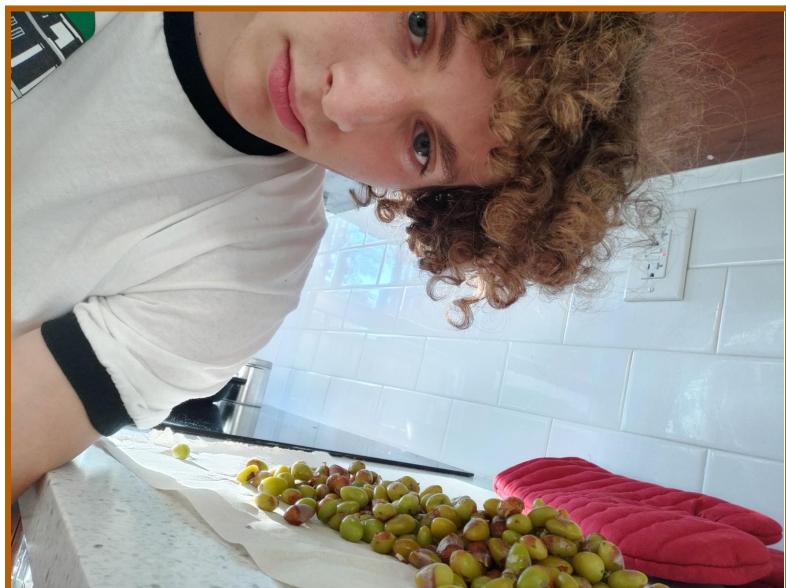
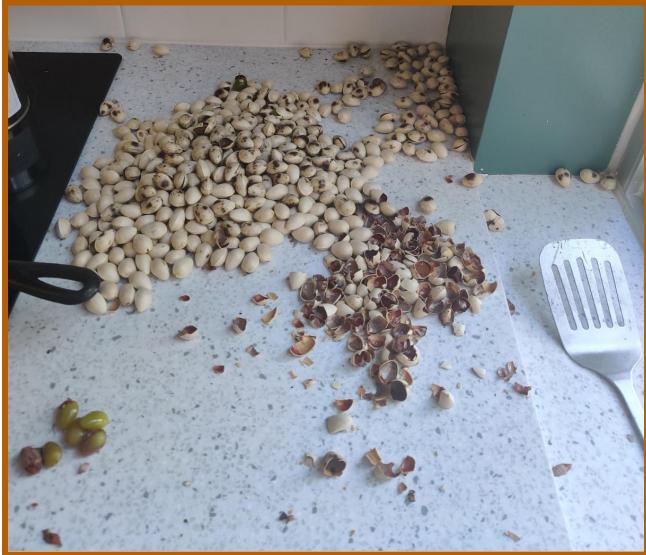
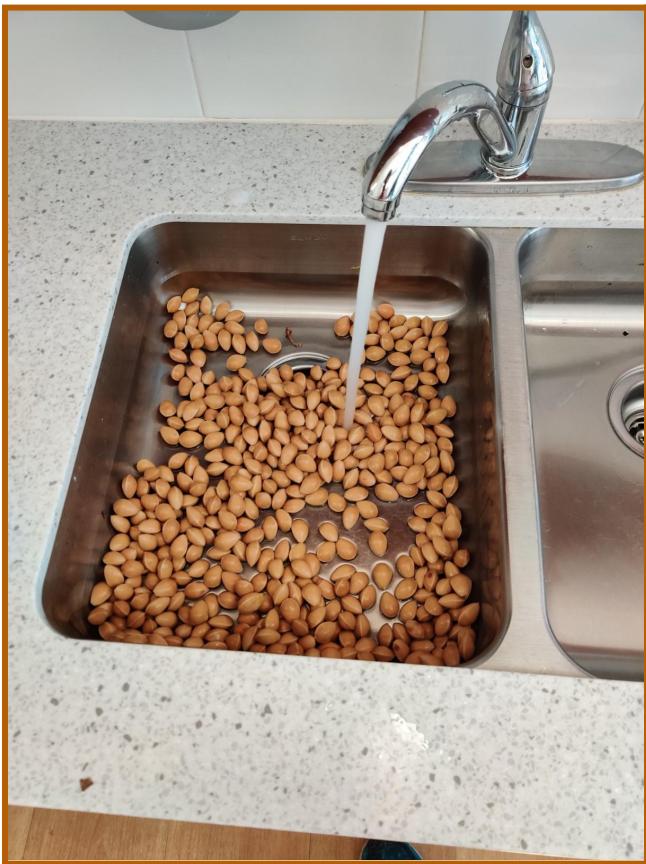
Once all the batches were done roasting, I began to crack them open even more with my spatula so that the inner edible nut was accessible. The inner nut is a bright green and surprisingly soft for something considered a nut.

Though the softness was shocking at first, it quickly grew on me and soon the texture was actually a boon. The flavor can be described as a mellow mix of chestnut and pine nut. I continued this cracking tedium, a sort of sisyphean exercise until, after almost two hours, a heap of green

"beans" stared at me.

Oh and, the cooked beans are still toxic by the way, just slightly less than before: eating 40-150 in a sitting causes

adverse health issues. The good news is that the recommended dose of 8 a day can boost immune system function, brain power and a whole host of other benefits! The ginkgo nut project wasn't a waste of time after all!



I Made a Hat!



Yeah, I know.

It's a wreath.



The Meadery

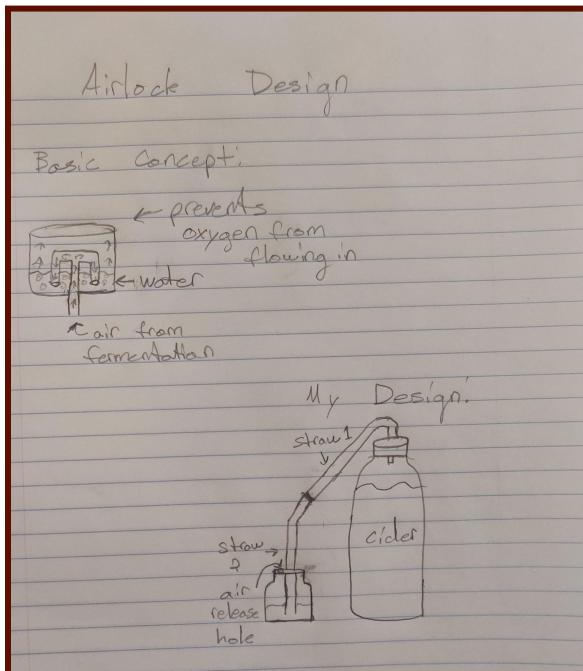
(10/5/22)

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



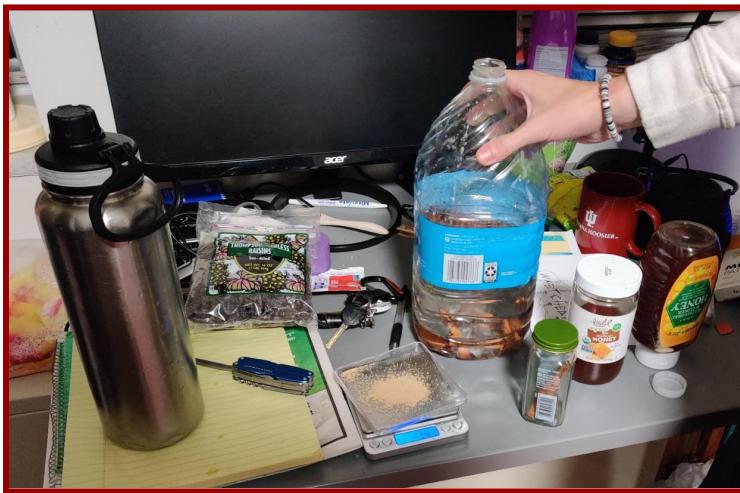
test the makeshift airlock with spiced cider I purchased from Trader Joe so as to not waste the precious honey. I obtained yeast from the local market and cinnamon sticks from the traveling Bowman

known as "Target". Here are some drawings of the design and setup.

The Meadery

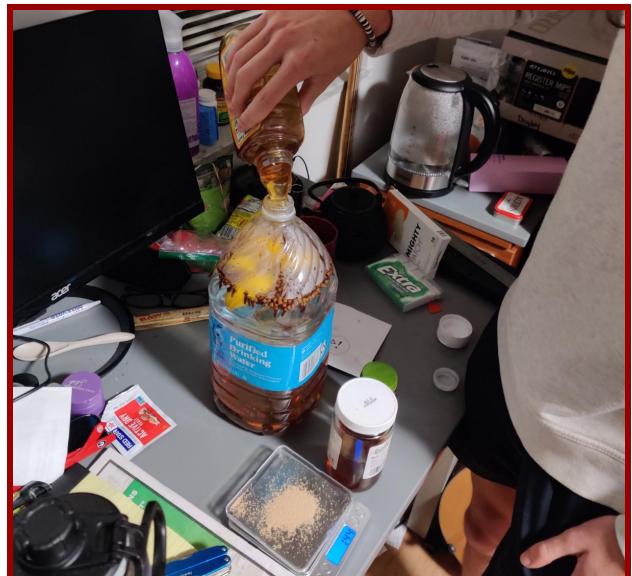
(10/12/22)

The makeshift airlock was a veritable success! The cider is currently fermenting and bubbling with great vitality. Given the efficacy of the airlock design, I began fermenting the mead using the same airlock design as detailed last week. Here are some images of the mead-mulling process and an explanation of each step and the ingredients used.



2) In this image (right) you can observe my brewing assistant, Isaac, purring clover honey into the heated water. In all, just over two pounds, or 34 ounces, of honey were dissolved in the growler. Directly after this, the yeast was shaken in and the airlock fastened as seen below.

1) In this photo-realistic drawing (left) you can see that approximately 1.5 grams of yeast have been weighed out and the mulling spices (consisting of cloves and cinnamon) have been added to the growler. One lemon was also added after this image was drawn.



3) The drawing to the left illustrates the finished fermenting apparatus of the mead one-gallon growler in comparison to the half gallon jug used for the cider. The mead will ferment for five weeks and the cider two more.

THE POINTLESS PANTS PROJECT (P.P.P.)

10/19/22

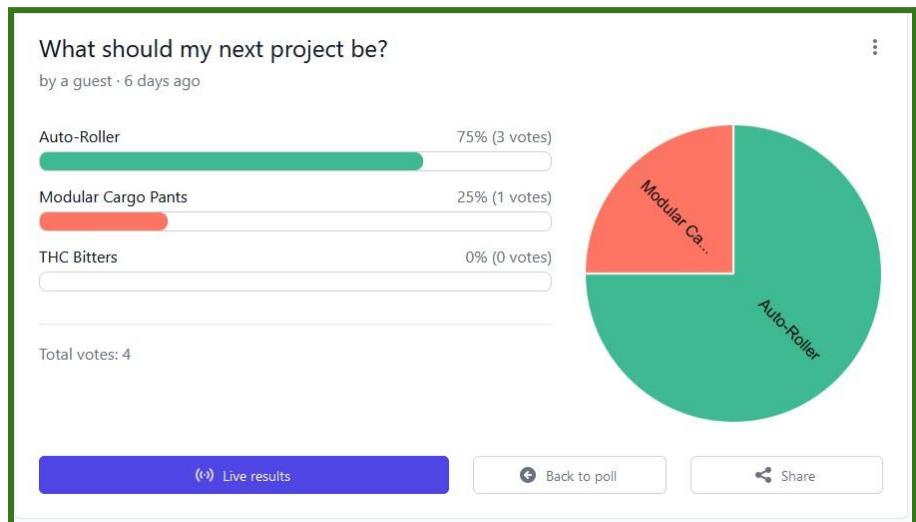
Last week I asked you, the reader, to vote on my next project. As you can see, the results are overwhelmingly in favor of the automatic joint roller. However, this will not be my next project. You see, democracy doesn't really exist. It's just a fickle agreement between the entities in power and the people who they pretend to represent. And because I am the one in power and pretend to represent your interests, I also get to snatch that democratic "power" away from you like a racoon snatches handfuls of

bird seed from a bird feeder and shoves it in its unrelenting maw. Though I will not be doing the latter, I am in fact in possession of a sizable amount of bird seed.

I have decided that my next project will be modular cargo pants or "The Pointless Pants Project" (P.P.P. for short). By the end of the project, I will have constructed a pair of pants with velcro strips running horizontally and vertically enabling specially constructed pockets to attach in a variety of places. Essentially, the user will be able to choose between different types of pockets and place them anywhere they please.

The user can construct different, unrecognizable styles everyday and never be called out for wearing the same pants two...or three...or four days in a row. The real utility, though, is when many people are all wearing modular cargo pants. Users can swap pockets (and their contents) with ease. Instead of emptying the contents of the pants, they can simply trade one pocket, perhaps containing radish seeds, for another pocket, maybe containing ginkgo nuts (the possibilities are endless!).

You may be thinking, "this is the opposite of pointless!" and "this is the best idea I've ever heard!" But before I can accept your praise (thank you!) I must reveal something about this project: only one pair of pants will ever be produced. Not only that, but I will also be patenting the idea so that modular cargo pants cannot legally be produced for 20 years. This is to ensure that the pants remain pointless perpetually perhaps provoking prodigious profit. In all



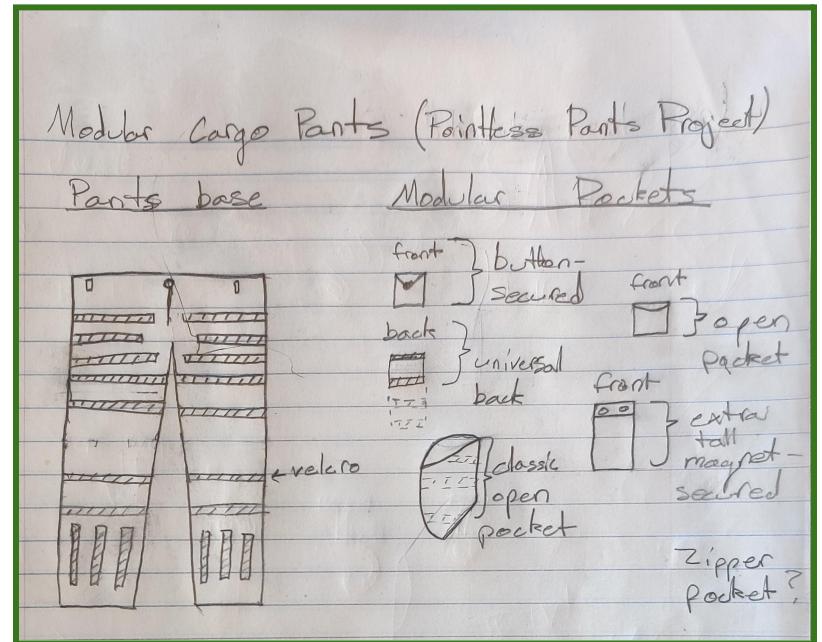
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seriousness though, I want to ensure the pants remain pointless to always remind me that not everything must have a purpose, a sort of *memento iocosi* if you will.

I will also be partaking in a fashion show on November 13th in which I will strut down the runway wearing a pair of P.P.s and another confidential outfit...

Here is a rough sketch of the P.P.:

I will have to learn how to use a sewing machine, construct each pocket, attach velcro, etc. but I'm willing to do it all!



THE POINTLESS PANTS PROJECT (P.P.P.) UPDATE

10/26/22

Unfortunately, no progress (that I am at liberty to divulge) has been made this week. P.P.P. is still in the same stage as the last issue, however, the secret outfit is almost finished. I would like to share that the correct date for the fashion show is November 18th. Original music will also be made for this event.

Start Your Free Indoor Herb Garden with Me!

All of my projects thus far have been personal, but I thought it would be fun to involve all of you in this next one. I do apologize for not starting this earlier, so unfortunately it will only be free for my warm-weather-residing brethren and sistren. However, I still encourage everyone capable of this project to give it a shot and send me pictures to be featured in future issues. This is a multi-week project, and so I will publish one phase each week for you to follow along.



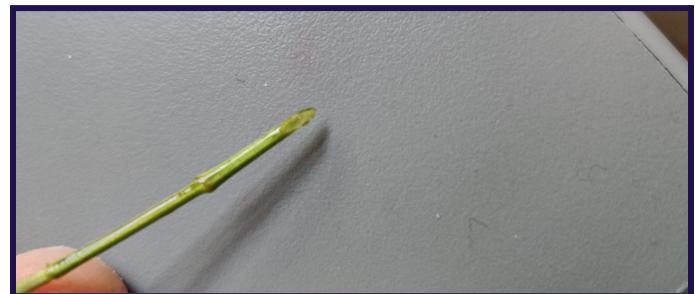
Materials for the first step:

- Scissors
- Herb cuttings
- Water
- Drinking cup

Step 1: Locate herb plants. Botanical gardens are probably your best bet. There is most likely a botanical garden in a 20 minute radius from you and usually entry is free. Once in the botanical garden, gently pinch

off a 6 inch cutting (not including flowers) of herbs of your choice. The image to the left and below is Mexican Tarragon. I visited the Latin American Ethnobotanical garden to procure my cutting. If herb plants in your area have lost their leaves, you can pick up a packet of herbs from the supermarket with excellent results.

Step 2: Now we're going to propagate the herbs. This means that we're going to stimulate the herb cutting to grow roots so that it can be planted in soil. To do this, strip off the bottom third of the leaves and use your scissors to make a diagonal cut at the end of the stem as seen below:



Step 3: Put the cuttings in the water (cut side down) and fill until the water is 1-2 inches below the first leaf. Now we wait until the next update.



Hot Dog Art

Hot Diggity and Hot Dog

Intro

Henry Levitt

"Hot Diggity" and "Hot Dog" (pseudonyms to retain anonymity) challenged me to create what they deemed hot dog art, morphing questionable beef sticks into a form resembling animals through perfectly placed incisions. However, I rarely if ever take requests for any of my work and suggestions will only make me more unlikely to do them. So I retorted that these individuals ought to realize the vision for themselves...and that is just what they did. I have to say, I'm incredibly impressed with how they turned out. Because no words were submitted with the images, I took it upon myself to write for the hot dog artists.

The Making

It appears that the first step was to slice uncooked hot dogs into these noteworthy shapes. As you can see, there is also ramen in the background--this will be relevant later.



The next step was boiling the dawgzzz in front of their friends. The process here is scientific and exact. Hot Diggity and Hot Dog are no rookies in hot dog art. Once this is done, we can peep the final product.



If my memory does not elude me (which it often does) the forms from left to right are as follows: Henry, Henrietta (ostensibly my future wife), octopus (front), hypnosis squid? (back), dog, snail (back), anthropomorphic slug. I apologize for possibly butchering the form recognition of the organisms depicted within this above image.

Conclusion

The hot dog art came out looking amazing! This is truly a thought provoking and sensational idea. Thank you Hot Diggity and Hot Dog for making this a reality.

The Sensationalist Dedication

Normally I write with some level of satire embedded somewhere--even if it's not immediately obvious. But this dedication is different...

To be completely honest, I don't really know how *The Sensationalist* started, though I do know that it has become not only my passion, but my life in the last eight weeks. I remember texting James Hooker that this magazine will continue "until the sea of creativity is dry" and I still intend that to be the case.

What's absolutely certain is that the magazine could not have existed with me alone. I have had so much support and inspiration along the way, and I want to share that with everyone reading this. Here goes my Academy Award acceptance speech!

Firstly, I want to thank my mom and dad (Andrea and David) for always supporting me and encouraging me to pursue my passions. I want to thank my sister Phoebe for always being there for me and showing interest in all my creative pursuits.

The Sensationalist wouldn't exist without the original Sensationalists who pushed me way outside my comfort zone and showed me a new kind of living. So thank you Matteo Bontempi and James Hooker for our band XUR.

Next up is my education from Ridgefield Public Schools, especially my high school English teachers (and Ms. Ceresa). Thank you Ms. Benson, Ms. Wassall, Ms. Fowler, and Mr. Higgins. Thank you Mr. Dillane and Mr. Hoogz as well, you helped me build confidence in myself and my abilities.

I also want to thank all my friends who I've known for my entire life to the ones I've met in the last few weeks. You guys continually give me the confidence to live authentically to myself every day.

I want to thank everyone who I sent *The Sensationalist* to personally. You all helped me on this journey in a meaningful way.

And most importantly, I want to thank everyone who contributed. You are true Sensationalists. This is our achievement. Thank you for humoring me with this project and **I hope you continue creating and sharing with the world; we need you now more than ever.** Thank you Ellis Zusel, Adin Zusel, Ben Wiener, Leo Santisi, Evan Bellusci, Aura Avrunin, Sanaa Wright, James Hooker, Matteo Bontempi, Andrew Knispel, Bekah Johnson, Sarah Dudley, Sydney Shankman, Phoebe Levitt, and of course our sponsor **Frankie Vinehardt III!**

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**setting this up was harder than deshelling a hard boiled egg and putting a duvet cover on a duvet at the same time, so please admire the effort.

This has been The Sensationalist Volume I: An Anthology of the First 8 Issues