

THE SENSATIONALIST: #23

1/3/24

“Avoidable yet somehow inevitable”



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The Harmonies of Melodious Minor Ch. 2

Henry Levitt

Chapter 2:

Sometimes I like to watch the doings of the Knowledge Cell from my ivory tower. I can't see much from up here, though the windows are my wall. A circular observation post, it is my banishment for lifetimes of opposition to the pernicious seed of Melodious. The craze continues down below--that I'm sure of. Smoke churns from silver tubes day and night and the Aeroward's lights are never extinguished. Gears in the factories of information, people trapped in a ceaseless spell, spin with such ferocity that I occasionally wish to be free from this catatonic stupor. Alas, A. Figler is my eyes and ears, my hands and feet, my very physical existence, but I am his mind. We are both hostages of our own enlightenment--a dying man's philosophy, outliving the armies of engineers and scientists. They crop up like wildgrass in the spring, green and supple, weathering summer's heat and tempest's wind, only to keel, dry and brittle, in the fall. It is a bleak cycle , one I'm free from.

I feel A. Figler, I know his hands when he convinces Melodious or connects him to the engineers with whatever new method they have conspired against Sense. A. Figler predicts a golden dawn of humanity, a spectacular sunrise. He dutifully follows orders, I feel his being. But our mind, in my safe keeping, thinks naught. So he goes on while my paralyzed body exists in this empty place.

The floors are uneven concrete, painted white. The brush was fat, the strokes mindless, evident from the thin ridges, hardened in haste. Where the curved window meets the circular floor is an unbroken strip of rubber, white and smooth. And five paces from the optical opening to the world is a shiny mahogany stool, carved from one solid trunk. Those wood chips that grew dutifully around my stool have long since dissolved into generations of biotic matter in some faraway carpenter's overgrown lair. The ceiling, white-covered bumpy concrete. The room itself is about 30 feet in diameter, judging from the slice of floor before me that is likely empty. The wayward pang and ensuing echo carry no hints of other objects in the chamber, Just me and the solid chair.

Over the horizon, peeking within sight is the gray rooftop of some new edifice. No doubt a monument to the everlasting greatness of technological progress. But A. Figler, in his monastic vows, sees a bright dawn. He sees a chalice brimming with rich burgundy wine, teasing a silky overflow. I see an industrial wasteland from a numb body in an icy throne. The sun has swallowed in darkness for our whole existence, and will until it shines once more. This much is obvious. To see the sun's rays, to feel its warmth, this is the paradox. For whosoever is awake needs no morning. We have been awake since discovering Melodious Minor, since surrendering our human condition to disorder. One body, one mind, confined to solitary, divided among two unbreakable prisons.

I've Seen You in Soil

James Hooker

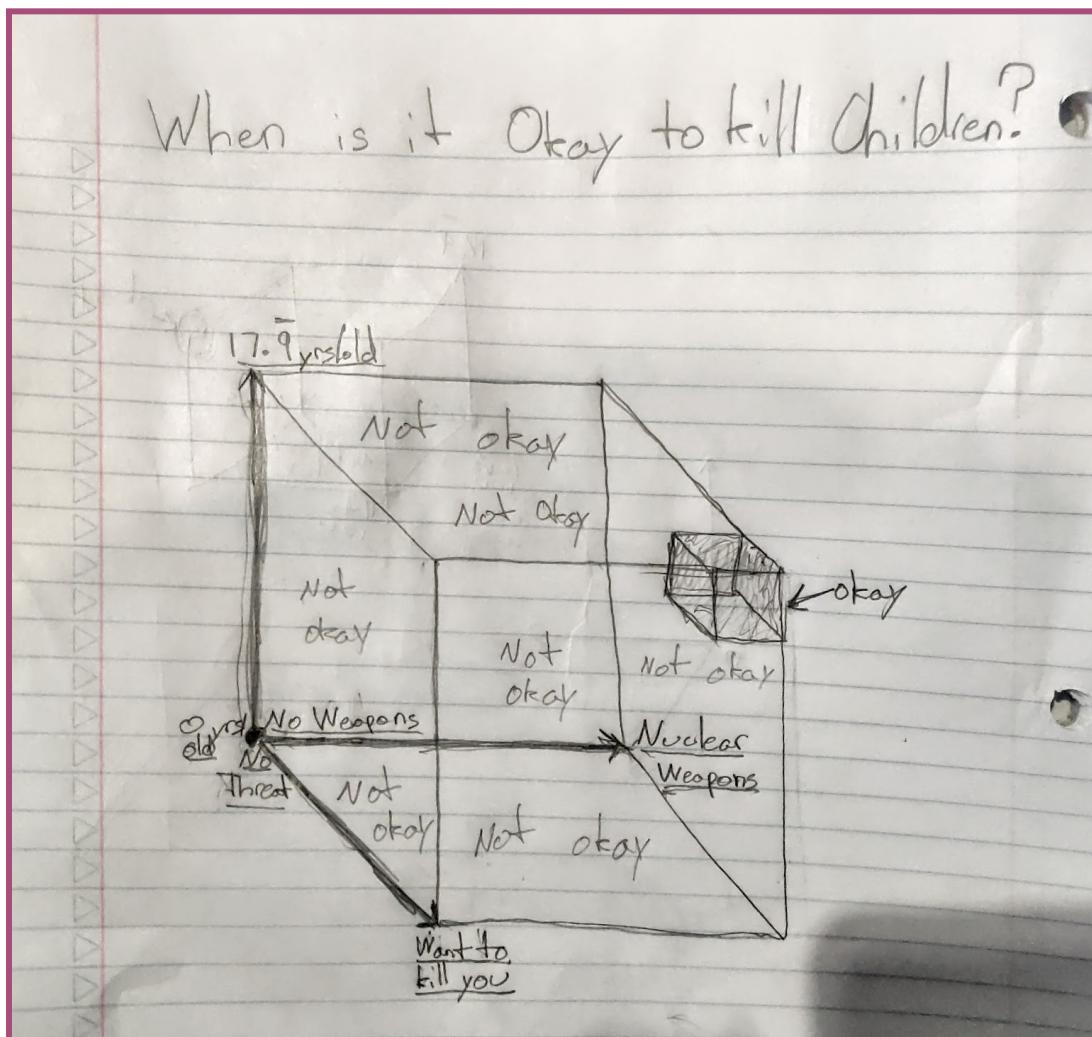
Outside of my church the people run free
From structures that bind personality
Running and rampant they search for a clue
But nothing is sacred inside of the shoe
Which kicks out at pigeons that block off the street
In hordes of feathers that stink of oil
“Do you know my name?” desperate cries from the feet
Pigeon replies “I’ve seen you in soil
Twisting and turning and feeding on clay
Forever resisting the bright light of day”
But people are people and worms are worms
There’s plenty of toys to distract from the urge
For the infinite bliss that awaits all who may
In earnest proclivity glance up at the sun
And shrivel to nothing, Oh isn’t it fun?
When nothing is nothing and everything’s won

Outside of my church the people lay ruined
But a bird is a bird and a human is human

Nobel Peace Prize Submission No. 1

Henry Levitt

It is often difficult to know when it is okay and not okay to kill children. This is evident from the ceaseless murder of children in Israel, Gaza, Ukraine, and unfortunately around the world. Sometimes the slaughter of pre-adult individuals is lauded while most of the time it is not, creating a vexing dichotomy for all with the capacity for opinion. The conundrum can be confusing and excessively murky for those invested in the well-being of children and even more puzzling for military and world leaders. What is most fascinating about this issue is that there is no universal framework that is accepted by the world--other than your life mattering significantly and politically less after you revolve 18 times around the sun. So I, a 19 year old (therefore no longer biased), devised a framework to know when it is okay to kill children. Below you will find three axes, each representing a sliding value relevant to the age-old question "When is it Okay to Kill Children?", first posed by the Ancient Greeks in 417 B.C. I plan to submit this to the Nobel Foundation at any qualified nominator's earliest convenience and preferably before the Norwegian committee collapses--likely 25-30 years. So if you or anyone you know is a qualified nominator, please reach me before Alfred runs out of dynamite money.



Urologist Stand-Up Joke:

Q: What did the urologist say to his 8 year old son when he wet the bed?

Ummm, i don't know, what?

A: “Urine trouble!”

Slithery, Slimy Slogans: A Slew of Slightly Snakey Sayings

Signed, Sir Snake VII

- I. Speak slowly and swallow a smelly skunk.
- II. Ssssssss, sssss sssssssss sssss.
- III. Slither stealthily, sustain success...
- IV. Swimming solely suits solitary sea snakes.
- V. Sing something sweet to sexy single snakes!
- VI. Skinned sheep slide southward swimmingly.

Things, Considered.

Henry Levitt

What is a thing? From what does it draw its thingness?

I write with a thing, namely a mechanical pencil. But what is the pencil? I see a distinct object in my hand, but where does it become a distinct object, or does it not become distinct?

Well I see a different color and texture from my hand to the pencil, so it must become there...But where does that seeing come from? Where does it reach? Into my mind, and back on this paper and back into my eyes and mind (ad infinitum?). Well the bronze slowly rubs onto my hand and finds new surfaces or is washed down the drain, finding new places away from its previous, consolidated form. So then where does the pencil end? How does the pencil become a pencil? The shaft slowly oxidizes and tarnishes green, so is the pencil the oxygen in the air? Where does the pencil end? End! Where does the pencil even begin?

The top eraser cover? The eraser? Well I've replaced that eraser and it seems to be the same pencil. What else? The main outer body? That seems important...but useless on its own. What about the mechanical part that feeds the lead? Well what is it without a body and lead? Lead! I replace that all the time! What is the pencil?

Maybe the pencil is mostly what I observe and use though my senses--a beautiful biotic clock with a rational control center, finding function through transferable and collective understandings. But what is it based on? Our senses? Our experiences? So it's reality, or is it not? If it's not, what else is there? I don't know the slightest. Do I know anything? What is a thing?!

The Plight of Gunk Smokers

frankie vinehardt iii

The following was found on Frankie Vinehardt III's desk under a momentous mound of gunk in front of a passed out FV3. As the entire piece seems to be cyclical, descending into incomprehensible mush after each gunk bowl, The Sensationalist editors took the liberty to truncate the writing after the ostensible third bowl.

Ah, gunk smoking. The fine art of curating an eccentric smoking mix for that sweet, confusing fix. You may be asking, "What is gunk smoking, Frankie? I must know yesterday." Well the answer to you, my cultured creature, is none other than the beautiful blend of all the dust, grime, goo, crud, scraps, slime, sludge, soot, smut, and scum lying on your favorite surfaces. Scrape the variegated goodness scraps into a line, an index card will suffice. Do not discard anything! The point of gunk smoking, and perhaps the perceived plight of people opposed to puzzling particle pipefuls, is that gunk smokers are not prejudiced against any peculiar substance in their purview! To collect every last spec of gunk, consider corralling the crud around your chosen surface until not a trace of that multicolored madness is out of place from [The Mound](#).

The gunk ought not to be one singular color or texture, as this is a bad sign for lack of variety (meaning [The Mound](#) may not actually be gunk after all!) Once finished, pinch the pile and load it into a smoking bowl. Remember, always scrape the black goop from the inside of the bowl stem and plop it smack in the center of the pile as the crown jewel to the strange mix, the [Gunkular Opus](#).

But alas, gunk smoking is not always so glamorous...there are people against the practice! Gunkophobes, I say! Even my friends, they tell me: "You really shouldn't smoke that gunk, Frankie. You have no idea what's in there, Frankie." And to that I tell them, "Of course I don't! That is the point after all, is it not? Now watch me hit this gunk!"

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Frankie went on to hit gunk 16 more times before becoming completely compromised. Here is an excerpt from the final section:

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We believe it goes unsaid that "gunk smoking" is an unsafe practice and not recommended by The Sensationalist or any medical authority. PLEASE, DO NOT SMOKE GUNK.

The O.A.R. Project: Redux, Update, AKA The Obscene Amount of Radishes Project

Since the prior installment much has happened, and no one rejoiced. This is the first and final update to “The O.A.R. Project: Redux.”. Before discussing the results of this season, here are some images from the radish garden.



To the left are the finished rows before planting around 90 radish seeds. Later, when I noticed a canine companion's footsteps in one row, I erected a bamboo and twine fence to bewilder and bewitch the creature (fence and creature not pictured).

Below is the good ‘ole fert ‘n squirt that I spread. It was wholly unuseful given the larger, may I say glaring, issues with my seasonal setup...

A decorative horizontal line composed of a series of red asterisks (*). The line is approximately 300 pixels long and is centered horizontally on the page.



After waiting beyond the recommended 32 grow days for these “Scarlet Globes”, I have been disappointed once more! I watered the radishes with moderate diligence, but for naught: the soil is far too porous--the radishes died of thirst (again)! Perhaps the chilling weather played a role in their superlative stunting. Alas, the harvest was grim. It was meager. It was an abysmal amount of radishes. My friends, this is not the Abysmal Amount of Radishes project, for the goal has always been and will always be obscene. This season may have been a failure, but the springtime promises a new hope after a quiet winter of meditation on the Radish Question. (Pictured below: abysmal amount of radishes).



THIS HAS BEEN THE SENSATIONALIST: #23

“America is a free country – never forget it!”

~

“I am Tim-Kan the toucan
Ask me who you think I am”

- Tim-Kan