

# The Sensationalist: #5

10/12/22

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



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# Sonnet I

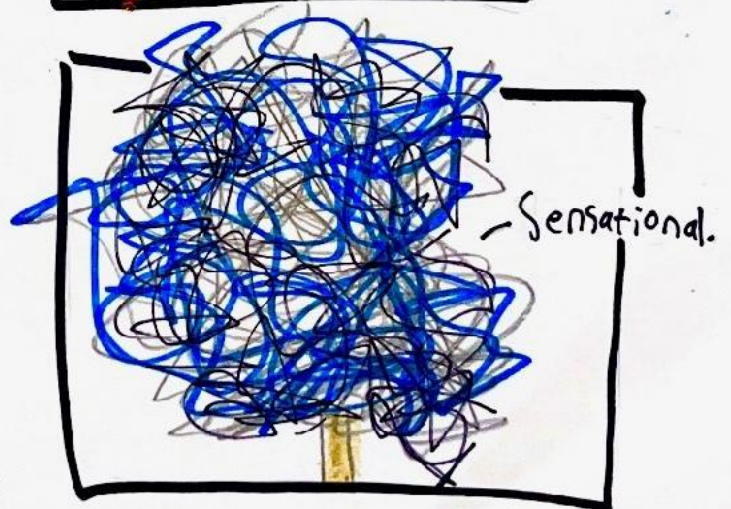
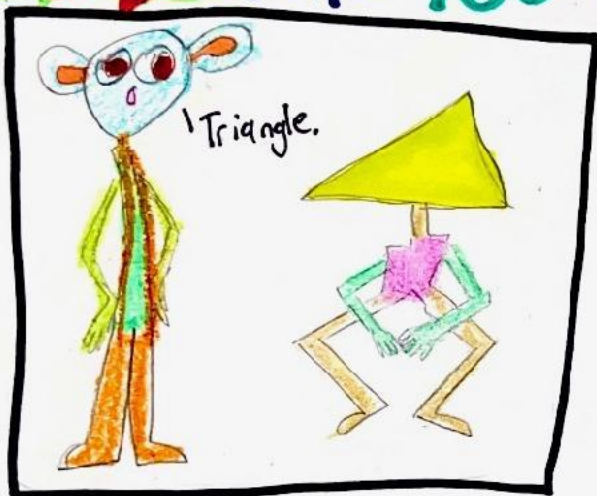
(The Wretched One)

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 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 Northeasterner'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.

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## 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,

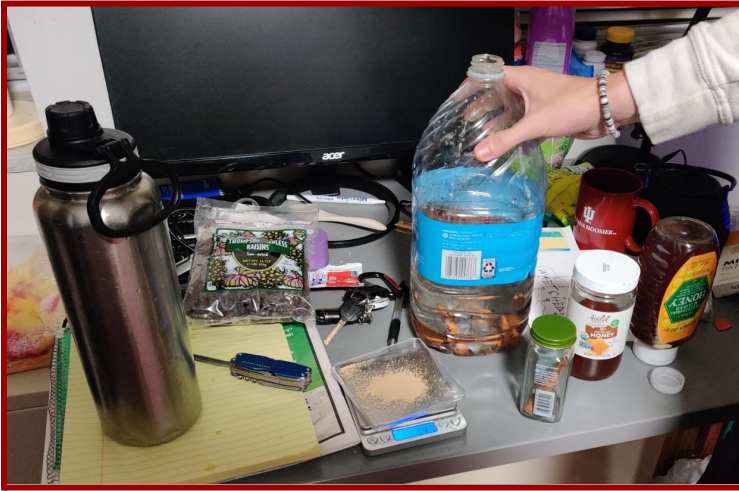
O' what nonsense we greet and know,  
Letting the past deliver the helm.  
Sniffing the professor's manifesto,  
And retiring to a different realm.

\*\*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.



# The Meadery

*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.*



**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.*

**2)** *In this image (right) you can observe my brewing assistant, Isaac, pouring 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.*



**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.*

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

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### 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

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## **This has been The Sensationalist: #5**

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