

# The Sensationalist: #15

1/12/23

“Performance art is a vanishing art”



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# Step Out

Henry Levitt

Locked inside this concrete box, a mental paradigm of sorts, we watch our own lives pass by from the tiny window. The miniscule opening, the size of a piece of letter paper, sometimes as small as a postage stamp, and even if you're lucky, usually no larger than an unfurled hand towel, restricts what we see, what we experience, what we *feel*. Day in and day out we live vicariously through the figures we see dancing or feasting in the window, knowing that every joyous moment is a fleeting reminder of the existential drudgery that exists within our monotone, gray cube.

From inside our prisons, we all wish for a larger window; perhaps, we believe, that with a slightly wider opening we will absorb more of the sensations of those figures that we watch so closely. And so, we clamor to obtain files and hammers, electric saws and jackhammers, wrecking balls and bulldozers to expand that measly window.

We scramble over each other, miserable sunlight deprived bodies, fighting inside our self-created, contrived, constricting, constructs containing ideals for climbing hierarchies that exist so long as we yield them credence. It constitutes nothing short of mass hysteria--and we all know it.

And for those of us who are embarrassed to admit it out loud, our grand desire still burns an inferno in our souls: One day, we will be on the other side of that tiny opening, dancing, laughing, feasting, and loving. A parallel-structured manifesto: love to live, don't pay to live; do everything for its own sake alone.

Alas, such is easier said (and to say it is no easy feat when onlookers will grimace and turn their backs as if dreamers are some sort of societal pariah) than done. But to step out, to deny the existence of the prison, is wholly possible. Nothing beyond nature truly exists.

And when enough brave souls liberate their minds and exist for existence alone, I pray they take pity on us entrapped people and crumble the walls of every single concrete box.

**For a system can only be changed from the perspective of one who has stepped out.**

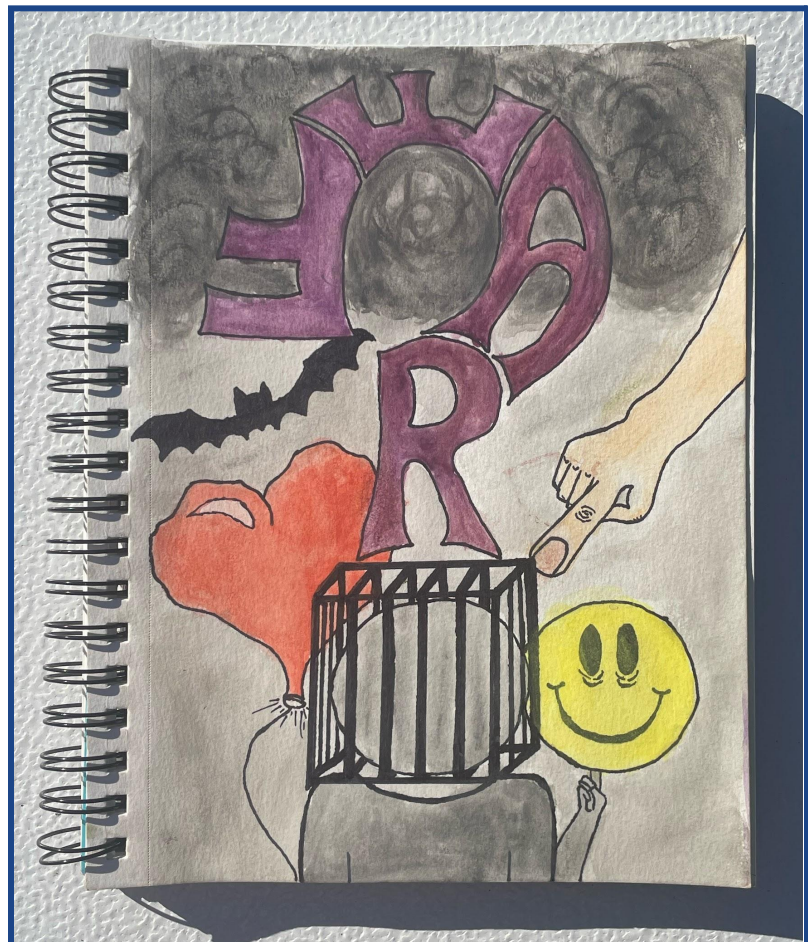


# Fun Facts About the Platypus (Video)

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## LOVE > FEAR

TEO SALAZAR



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Oh tell me, Nostradamus, will OJ ever admit to the murder of Nicole Brown Simpson?

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Frankie, Frankie, Frankie...I see into the future that on his deathbed, Mr. Simpson will reveal that it was he who stabbed his ex-wife to death!

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Evan Bellusci

# What Comes After the Steam Engine?

Henry Levitt

In 1698, though there is speculation as to whether the ancient Greeks were 2 millennium ahead of the British, the humble steam engine was invented. But humble it was not. The steam engine transformed the planet and the lives of all its inhabitants--both present and future. And even though the steam engine is over 324 years old (and counting!) it still remains the king of energy generation.

Practically all commercial-level electricity generation operations rely on substances with varying levels of environmental harm to heat steam in order to spin a turbine, which in turn creates electricity. One would think, with one being me, that we would have discovered a better method of energy generation. Maybe blasting ions through a membrane, or separating electrons from their respective atoms with anti-matter. Perhaps we can harness the power of prayer to a God of electricity. But it is disappointing, insulting even, that a piece of shit from sixteen-ninety-fucking-eight is the best we can do. If we are wreaking havoc on the Earth, can we at least do it in style? Or in a higher tech way?

So that begs the question, what comes after the steam engine? Because I know very little about cutting-edge energy generation methods, I will make a broader prediction that does not hinge on such knowledge. So what comes next? I predict three distinct outcomes.

- 1) We do not evolve technologically past the steam engine and humanity languishes in the stubborn foulness of stupidity while slowly circling the toilet bowl of demise until our virtual extinction before the year of 2500.
- 2) The second option is that we find a new energy generation method which will cause a subsequent technological revolution that will only further rip humanity out of our corporeal existence.
- 3) Option three is similar to the first in that we reached our technological pinnacle in 1698, but instead of circling the toilet bowl of demise, there is only a mass die-off and the remnants of this broken species will balance life in an abject wasteland.

While it is possible for humans to be Earth's steward and a shepherd of all its life, I do not hold enough faith in our species to believe that.

# The Fox and the Grapes

L.K. McDonald

The Fox and the grapes  
The golden apple  
The forbidden fruit  
Wanting what I can't have  
Has me always in pursuit

The faster I run  
The farther it gets  
Left in the smoke  
Of snubbed out cigarettes

Light me on fire  
Throw me a flame  
Turn me into a martyr  
I'll gladly take the blame

On my tiptoes to reach  
My greatest desire  
But little did I know  
That you were a liar

I keep trying to open up  
I keep trying to love hard  
But all it leaves me  
Is with a bunch of scars

Try to keep my head up  
Try to keep my hopes high  
But the longer I wait  
The more I cry

Scared to lose my emotions  
Scared to lose me  
If I am not a lover  
Who am I supposed to be?



# THE ENERGY DRINK EXPERIMENT

Regarding the energy drink experiment: I took pity on the little seedlings and pardoned them from this horrible fate of being doused in caffeine-steeped acidic beverages. It pains me to say that I also neglected the little plants and found them one day shriveled and brown--presumably from the lack of water they received. However, even from the worst catastrophes there is always something to learn.

I learned that plants need water to live. This likely means that we, too, need water to survive. And while it is unknown whether the energy drinks would have allowed the plants to thrive, I think it is safe to say that plain water is a vital source of life for basil plants. Though we are not basil plants, I think we can all take away from this experiment that if you forget to drink water for long enough, you too will shrivel up and turn brown.

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## THIS IS WHY THE WORLD IS ENDING



## **Pedestrian Shame**

Henry Levitt

On the thick gray sidewalk  
Where the concrete meets asphalt  
A man trips on the curb

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## **Getting to Know Yourself**

Henry Levitt

The only way  
to learn  
about  
yourself,

is by not being  
who you think  
you  
are.

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## **This has been The Sensationalist: #15**

“Half the fun of having things is giving them away”