



thankies to our hard
working angels <3

geli

editorial work + Sabines

flanny j

Esther + editorial work

gracie

dithered art + watermarks

kelly

Sabines

if you like this zine and want to submit something, check out
<https://plsandthx.net/> where you can do whatever

hal

seeking shepard

Special Thanks

frankie & alex <3

Essays Forthcoming in Please and Thank You Quarterly, Vol. 1, Issue 4, the first entrant in our *Let 100 Flowers Bloom* [百家爭鳴] series.

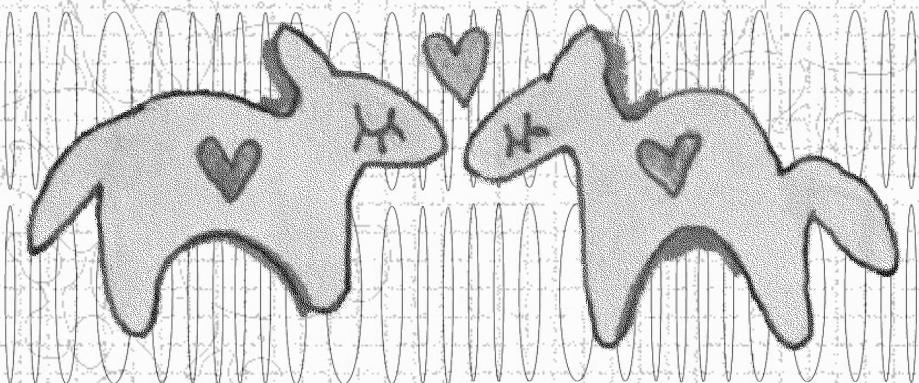
Why Indie Rock is Good: Authority, Ideology, and the Production of Patriarchal Agents in Other Genres of Music

DJ's vs. Guitar Guys: Open Warfare or Rapprochement?

Guided by Voices: A Critical Engagement

please and
[REDACTED]
thank you

Issue Three



SABINE's DREAM [a] e3

When we got to Lis's house it was pretty well kept. She had some dvd's and comics and like, stuff. A kitchen, TV. But it was also the type of thing where clearly she just accumulated, and wasn't trying to have a curated experience or something. I used to try to make my space an experience but it ended up being just all plastic shit just different shapes of plastic so now I just have the stuff that I either use or think is nice and the rest is thrown away. So I guess we're similar.

"Does someone want to put something on the TV while I make us drinks?"

"Wow, your place is so nice!"

"Aw, thanks. This is actually on my parent's property."

House out the window.

"They live over there, but I still pay rent and stuff."

"Are these paintings yours?"

"Yeah... I used to paint a lot more but I just stopped buying canvases at some point."

"that's really cool... i'd love to paint.. i kinda minmaxed the wrong skills when i was younger. i don't think i can really see things good in my brain..."

"What?"

"yeah like i can't see an apple"

"Sabine, you make any art stuff?"

"uh"

"Or what do you, like, like?"

"books.. movies.. but i'm trying to get better i used to have unpalatable taste.. i'd love to do something someday."

Lis brought out some kinda mixed drink with blue in it.

"Were you a bartender, Lis?"

"My ex-roommate bartended and I have some of his stuff lying around here. I have like, a notes app list where I keep cocktails I like."

I had put on this movie where at this point there was a really long bit where a guy's strangling a woman and it was of course rather off-putting.

Later in conversation they brought up a mini golf place I knew about where over the arcade was a mural depicting the kid's birthday room as Fort Meade.

"did you guys ever see this?"

A squat gremlin or hobgoblin pictured guarding admissions to the "Fort Meade" Party Palace and requesting papers from other mini golf mascots lined up outside.

"No way."

"That's crazyyy."

I watch Miri's engrossed eyes scroll through the search results off my phone display. She's pretty in an old way. Puffy eyes and short hair. If she had round cheeks it'd be more of a recognizable look. I think she's probably hotter than Lis.

"did you know like, all the housing still has asbestos"

"Dude, I believe it. Based on every encounter I've had with a, Meade-dweller."

"military bases are all fucked though uh from what I've heard. they got in trouble there too for like, they have a golf course, and they wanted to build two more."

"Do they do evil stuff there?"

"uhhh probably yeah but i don't know"

"You could be like, a local historian."

"haha no just, i half remember stuff i google in, fits of rage."

WRITING THIS GOT ME A VERBAL WARNING FOR BEING ON MY PHONE AT WORK

He is nervous. The things running through his mind disturb and trouble him always. He knows if he tells anyone The Truth, as he has glimpsed it, he'll be: driven out of the village, beheaded, chopped to bits, stomped, stoned, strung up, hanged, made to drink his own blood, made to drink poison, etc... Which would be bad for him.

After weeks of such torment, The Prophet Mani came to his friend's door late one August day and asked if he'd like to take a walk along the Tigris together. And so they did. As they walked Mani told everything, he explained how he came to this Truth, he explained all his listless nights spent in fear, fear that someone might learn of his vision and want him for dead.

"Ok. So what did the vision say?"

The Enlightened Lord and Consoler, after a moment of intense deliberation, uttered The Truth that proclaimed the liberation of Man's divine spark and the total salvation of being.

"Basically everything is either made of good stuff or bad stuff"

SEEKING SHEPARD

recently acquired six sheep. i'm at a crossroads and could appreciate assistance. you- heavy steps nimble fingers empathetic and resilient it won't be everyone but it'll be you

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

[the first reporting from our Please and Thank You's GUIDE TO MIDDLE EAST POLITICS series]

THE REGION AS IT STANDS

kurds always good

qatar= wildcard

turkey= wildcard

THE GOLDEN RULE

IF YOU DON'T KNOW SOMETHING-LIE AND DOUBLE DOWN

FLASH FICTION

The next time Dracula saw the Swamp Man he knew there was something wrong. His Swamp Man Smile had turned to a frown, his Swamp Man Songs were sang all upside down, his Swamp Man Sleep turned to tossing every night, and his Swamp Man Stories lacked a single fright. Dracula asked and asked "What's got you down in the muck, Swamp Man?" But Swamp Man would just shrug.

For The Mummy, the jealous Mummy, there was an almost sick pleasure in seeing the once boastful bogful Swamp Man knocked down a peg.... [TO BE CONTINUED]

PREQUEL TO BEER

And, even after all that time, we never did find Pabst's blue ribbon. Hell, maybe Pabst was fooling us around. Maybe there never was no blue ribbon. But part of me wants it to be true, part of me still believes it's out there... Somewhere. (The camera zooms in slowly on the blue ribbon, sitting in the corner of Pabst's old bedroom, the very place we started our long and winding journey.)

MOD BOY'S DREAM

I'm so excited. Today is my 12th birthday and Dad has given me a pistol. I don't think I want to kill, but I'd be lying if I said it wasn't a curious thing to me...

Tomorrow I'll take my gun and point it straight up and hope I hit a bird. Maybe I shouldn't hope. I won't hope. But if I hit the bird, I hit it. All natural, circle of life and all that. Someday someone else can do it to me and it'll all even out. Surely, it'll all even out!

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

When I was 11, entering middle school, I said to myself "Flanny, this is no time for playing around. You're practically an adult now, it's time to put your childish whims behind you" and so I went to the store with my mother and convinced her to buy me a messenger bag. I wish she had advised me against it, but I was set on it. I was 5 feet tall and bright red from my burning up in the summertime and the bag was the same hue as me and almost the same size. It dwarfed me and I knew it, but something about it felt proper. I stayed loyal to it for a good two years before I realized "effete fat messenger bag kid" occupied a low position on the social ladder. Confoundingly, I opted to start wearing boat shoes and hawaiian shirts and capri jeans in an effort to combat my former image, and move up the social ranks. Even today I still have lots of learning left to do.

PLEASE AND THANK YOU SOBRIQUET SECTION FOR THOSE IN NEED OF A MARVELOUS MONIKER!

The polish pinoy
The perfidious pole
The final polack
Return of the polack
Pole Porter [for the music fans]
Ornette Poleman [for the hepcats]

PRANKZ

- a good prank if you were an astronaut would be to make your head vacuum proof so you could take off your helmet and tell your friend "would you look at that... there's air here after all!" so he takes off his helmet

- a good prank if you were an astronaut would be to bring a fake dog turd with you and then put it on the floor of the spaceship

- a good prank if you were an ant could be to tell your friend he has a crumb on his face, because he'd get excited about it

TRUE STORY

Two boys talked on the playground about who was stronger: a kitten or a puppy. "For the sake of fairness, let's say they're both the size of a pea," one boy said. "Agreed," said the other boy. "It's only fair."

"i got mad one time cuz i was fulfilling a doordash order and they didn't tell me the address was in meade and i only realized at the checkpoint where they like, pop your hood to look for bombs and stuff. they wanted my license which i didn't have cuz the dmv fucked up and it was too covided to get fixed, so i just left and ate the food."

"What kind of food was it?"
"uh, like a family-value amount of sushi"

"Oh, so like, meat and stuff"
Miri I realized around this time is some kind of veg-thing probably-an. "yeah. but i justified it as like, i didn't pay for it and whatever. idk if that's 'bloodmouth' shit or not..."

Miri starts to frown. "Well, it's not a thing I like to talk about too much, I just get sad."

Lis was snoring on the couch.
"I'll wake her." Miri pulled on Lis's toes til she rolled her head over and opened her eyes.

"Oh, my bad..."
"No it's ok, where did you want us to sleep? We decided to turn in."

"Well, there's room in my bed. It's kinda sizable..."

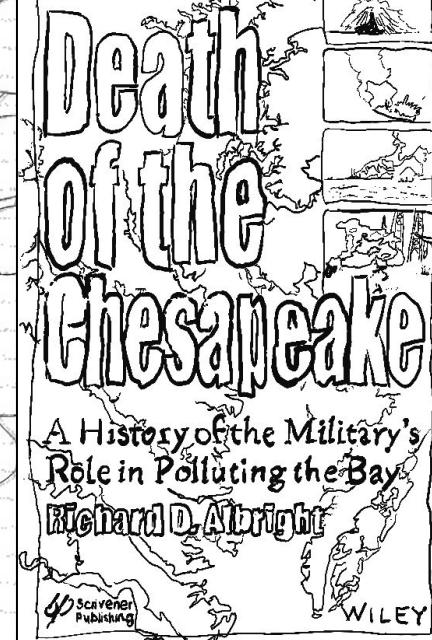
"Cute. I'll stick to my side of the bed."

"Oh I'm not really worried about it."

"uhhh i'll just sleep down here
"We can all fit, are you sure?"
"yeah, there's already a blanket and everything..."

"Alright man. 'Night."
"Night Sabine, sleep tight"
"hehe"

I stared into darkness for a couple seconds not really thinking much. I paw around for my phone and drink.



Death of the Chesapeake: A History of the Military's Role in Polluting the Bay
By Richard Albright

meade

Go

Page	Showing 4 results in this book for meade -
Chapter 4: Artillery Shells in the Bay	4.1 Bloodsworth Island Range
	4.2 Seacoast Artillery
	4.3 Fort Meade
	4.4 Naval Research Laboratory -Chesapeake Bay Detachment

Munitions, artillery testing in watershed and stuff.. All deaths too slow to really add up to anything anyone cares about. upstairs I hear both voices talking and giggling. I'm drunk so I don't even care they're probably talking about me.

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

In my dream that night, I was running through the 'chemical plant' à la the COD MW3 map Rust. I hear a command from the cops to "blow it" and there's gunfire everywhere and right before I reach the exit a juggernaut comes through the door and sprays LMG fire in a fan and when I duck under it then he aims lower and hits me and I start to bleed out.

When I wake up my phone's half stuck in the couch cushion and there's drool. I fell asleep sitting up/fully clothed. Miri and Lis and talking in the kitchen. They probably had sex last night and were trying to have sex with me also! ↗

I duck into the kitchen and weave between them to get myself coffee.

"where's your mugs"
"There. How'd you sleep?"
"oh, fine."

I pull out a mug where the handle is a ceramic ps2 controller. It almost doesn't fit under the Keurig but I hold it at an angle.

"lis, can i use some of your bathroom stuff.. moisturizer mostly.."

"Yeah, and there's an unopened toothbrush in the cabinet if you want it."

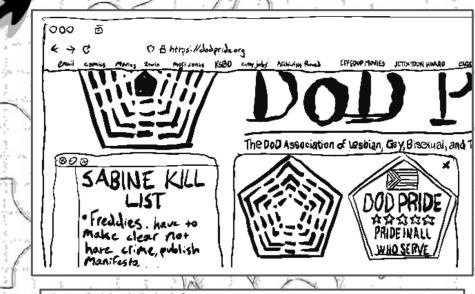
I hear them talking while I brush my teeth and try to clean up my mascara stains. Mostly about music and stuff, I actually don't know any of the shit they like.

On the way to work in her car I tune things out again so i can talk to my server friends.

"im gonna buy an airgun-"

-"with my employee discount"
I wait for a response and tap on the backseat a lot while staring at the back of Miri's polyester headrest.

"just get a real gun"
"i don't wanna pick one out"
"what would you use a gun for"
"get one that looks cool"
"i just think it'd be personally fulfilling"
"Lol"
"dude walmart sells crossbow pistols for 50."
"I'm looking at the Bear X Desire."
"i want that shit they killed kennedy with.
"Fireball. Firebird. Bolt action."



"these are all actually good. get some kinda kit too and i'll help with accessories later"
"then we'll like, go to a range or something when you're in town"
"^^^^"

En Célébrant Des Porcs!

We treat pig latin like a joke but it's honestly remarkable pigs have any language at all

BETRAYED AND BEFUDDLED

I was upset when I learned Weird Al was skinny because I thought those songs came from a real place.

BREAKING !

Scientists are blowing up rats and shit in a lab trying to figure out how to make an even more refreshing mint, and they're starting to get there.

INDIE INSIGHTS

Did you know Bob Pollard of Guided by Voices fame was born on October 31st?¹ This track listing was released to promote a new Guided by Voices album celebrating this cool fact.

1. 13 Fearfeeler Frightfront
2. A Big Fan of the Cauldron
3. The Cold-Heart Frightentop Ghoul Cemetery
4. Poison Tart for Little Boy
5. Vampires They Frighten-us
6. "EEE!" thousand
7. Demons Aren't Real (Sike)
8. Queen of Newts in Jars
9. I am a Nazi Scientist

Endnotes:

1. Halloween.

SERIOUS SERIES SCHOLARSHIP

The following is an excerpt from a forthcoming essay intended to appear in *Please and Thank You's* sister journal halisca.bandcamp.net Quarterly

With the conception of Frasier (1993-2004) a great fissure would come to divide Television watching communities the world over. During the course of the relatively short 11 year run of Frasier, the beliefs of the Grammerians, so named for their affinity for wali Kelsey Grammer, quickly (and to many, shockingly) became hegemonic. Later, those who would ardently champion the Dao of Cheers, known to modern scholars as the Dansonites, would come to challenge this discursive domination following the events of the so-called "Doyle Debates."

LETTER IN A BOTTLE

Vera my phone is in my friends' car I don't have access to it i know u read my zine sometimes i wanted u to know I started Joyce the dead today like u said i should

JUST A TASTE OF THE KIND OF THINGS I THINK

i'd have a bear skin rug only if the bear laid down and offered.

MY SLIDE WHISTLE DIARY

december 25th: someone broke it again had to buy a new one

december 30th: hospital again

SABINE's DREAM [b] e2 contd.

Casino Gunroom Bar Theatre,
Miri, Lis, my online friends...
All guilty of crimes sadistic or
suicidal... Hidden in the base of a
deep state riverboat this
whole time...

She goes moping on out the
door, party raging behind her,
beer bottles shattering
on her head without her even
lifting her eyes from the floor.

And so on... boohooing into
the basement of things til
* thunk * tripping over herself,
chin banging the ground sets her
teeth rattling. Her eyes pan up...

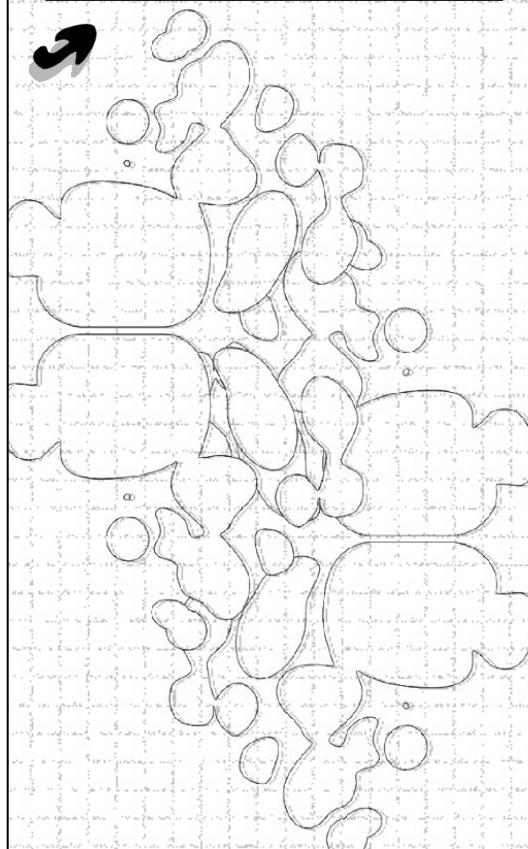
A dark, bluecast room, an
indoor pool with a single
imponderable depth set to
host every spark, so far
uncollected. Someone sensorily
undefined, paid an hourly rate
to depress a forever depressed
lever, locking the world in
"Imprisoned Divinity." She
knows that behind it is that
which will align creation in
cycle undevouring, sustaining all
without cannibalizing any. There
was a button the whole time, to
fix a crime at the beginning of
things, that we again witness
anytime something bad happens.
Signs of it in every moment of my
life... We proceed from it, it
conditioned our embraces... An
archon and amphorae... Something to
kill and break...

BANGBANGBANGBANGBANG

Topples now- springs and gears
creakily foisting things up above
the firmament...

Shattered, their souls not
scattering or ascending apart,
but gathering together of united
volition. Sabine watches light
swarm, everyone released,
unbonded, dissolved, wearing
new heaven costumes, shaking
hands on their way together to a
world condescended to a single
point, infinitely faceted.

□ □ □ □ □ □



Work goes by fast because all
day I'm scheming on what I could
steal. What I could do with uh
trail camera's, fishing sonar, a
home weather station... I wish
there was a heist, a clear A->B
to orient around, to make this
not klepto. I find my manager
Mia.

"i'm gonna go out for Starbucks
on my lunch, did uh you want
anything."

"Oh, yes!" She fishes a twenty
out of her purse and passes it to
me. "Get me Almond Honey Flat
White and the rest is for
whatever you're getting :)" She
smiles coyly. She's probably late
forties. I notice greys in places
where her undercut is
growing back in. The rest is
archaeological strata of home
dye-jobs. I know from my
sources in the wagie community
that she is the victim of a foul
poly disaster, because in
high school I worked with this
wiccan lesbian primary partner
whose third was double
duty as Mia's husband's third.
And Mia's now-husband/my boss (I
like him) who manages the
franchise location had to move
said third to another store 2
hours away but still sends that
third flowers (she was always
weird and bitchy to me). So I
really pity Mia and I feel bad
that she's nice to me cuz I'm a)
a secret bitch b) a stealer.
But I take her twenty. "can i get
training on inventory.. i get
really nervous talking to
people but i really like when you
guys have me count stock."
"Oh totally!!! Yeah man, when you
get back-" She claps her hands.
"We'll get right on that!"

"thank you Mia!"

I get in my car and then start
my 30 minute break timer cuz that
was a work conversation.
In line at Starbucks.

"lis- when are you off wanna
movie tonight"

"Alright, 6:00?"

"cool"

"What did you wanna see?"

"ill get back to you"

I still go 15 over but nobody
notices. When I get back and
Trish brings me to the
warehouse for training I see so
much extra stuff I never knew I
could wanna take not
counting like, hats. 'Range
finders.' I text Lis again when
Trish leaves.

"i checked the showings and
honestly we've seen everything.
wanna go home and marathon like,
JCVD."

"That'd be cool. Mine or
yours."

"uhhh whichever"

"I'm tryna see your place.
Only if you have a TV though,
let's not laptop it."

"yeah sure... ok so no making
fun. address's 7380 coca cola
drive, suite 102"

"Hahahaha"

I drive home wasted anxious. I
feel like I'm gonna throw up.
When I get to my room I just
crawl into my bed with my phone.
If I make 13 an hour and my
shifts 10-7 that means I make
like.. 100 a day. 6 days a week
that's 1200 a paycheck..? I could
buy a gun next monday if I don't
get anymore groceries for a while
and swap out beer for vodka. When
Lis gets here I'm cold sweaty and
racked with fear and dread. Did I
smoke weed slash am I currently
high and remembering it only now
that I'm clawing to find my
"cool"?

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

"how was your shift?"
"Oh it was fine, I dunno."
"anything crazy?"
"Not really"
"you guys sell drinks now right"

"Mhm." mid-nail bite, hooking her jaw to wrest it off.

"are you gonna be a, mixologist."

"Haha, doubt it. The ginger guy is the only one with, whatever license you need. It costs 10\$ and takes like, 5 seconds to get but, no pay raise."

"sah, sah"

"Hm?"

"oh, like, true."

"Yeah, true." She finishes the rest of her Bang, "Where's your trash can?"

"oh uh, here in the kitchen," stumbling to my feet half-mummified by the blankets and wires coiled around my couch.

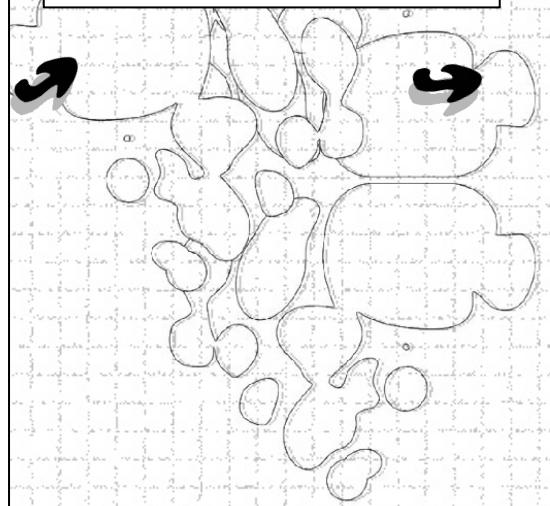
"did you eat already?"

"No, wanna order something?"

"uh, yeah just, no delivery apps, i feel too bad for them" I open my cupboards to pull out a bottle of cheap-y red wine I bought yesterday, and with the other hand twine two mugs through my fingers. We drink chateau di and alternate our movie picks. We eat at some point and within the first third of our night together my room has run out of surface space and we're just entombing each other more in wires adaptors cups bags til we're pulled together out of convenience and touch is half-welcomed but mostly doomed, only intimate as an uncomfortable, fated inevitability as someone's arm goes over someone..."

Her hand on my neck locking me into a pushing of lips, apparently a kiss but only two surfaces meeting, sliding past each other in friction without an interlocking. My hand sliding under her shirt trying to make something move, slip into some space away from self-aware into 'consciousness-unsupported,' but nothing transcendent- just a cause-effect of touch-response touch. Everything done with meta-commentary, self-reflexivity and so always missing, always passing whiffing or posturing aggression to force into place some intangible release...

When she starts to undo my fly I encourage her hand down to my ass but when she puts it inside I cry out and wince and she stops and we give up, partially because her hands are probably all gross from me now. She gracefully falls asleep. I stay awake reading on my phone.



Long, rubberhose steps over this earth that spins only to receive Sabine's movement, she spots peeking out from behind bushes, oh, what's that?

Masonic symbol. Revolver stabbed into his mouth, punching out two teeth and lodging in between the canines, BLAM, bullet pings, ricochetting painfully but rupturelessly down his throat, into his lungs where it lies dormant, til another bullet follows suit, blasting both apart a very painful interior explosion of shrapnel. Goons start pouring out around this time, since they're onto each other, the archons and Sabine here. Out from cardboard trees, out from turf trapdoors in the green, out of the fog falling, drifting down off moonbeams, emerging out of wolves' bats and plague, all wearing the uniforms of every uniformed force sans the Red Army.

Whipping underhand a knife into the Moonbeam squad-commander's head, she jumps Tsui-Hark style onto the blades-edge, and as her weight drives his twitching corpse into the well-manicured grass of hole nine, she hammer-fans out eight rounds to meet his remaining unit in the descending alphabetical order of their secret names. The platoon's stiff corpses, thunk-thunk-thunk domino into the blood soaked green as Sabine whips her bandolier off the shoulder, and throws it into the air over the heads of the crowd.

Quick-drawing, she lets off a single rapturous shot into the airborne ammunition, setting off an initial explosion that unmasks the nearest antagonists, revealing pink flabby NYPD faces. The remaining shells, most of them buckshot, encouraged by revelation, fly from the enlarging field of heat and light to find rest in the brain tissue of everyone who raped Sabine or the people she knows.

Over bodies, down the ninth hole... Past shutter doors swinging she strides slinking, leaning on every inch of the wall, scent-marking it. A right death, a right pain, applied in places that never knew that end of it... would the world be made right? No, But-

A dim light at the end of the hall, as she reenters (?) the Harpers Ferry CGBT Commercial Center. I thought it'd be more Manichean, an evil one here and the other one there... But every fallen soul she understood as "like me" here looks "like them." Their novel prison not even inverted, bond villain tables flipping out from the floor (separated, blissfully) but recast in a slight different light that reveals translucently and darkly, a complicity and interconnectedness forced into conspiracy by a structure only capable of producing relations as such. Down here, no light and no spark, only an assembly of self-devouration concentrated until constituting something eschatological and still, infinitely continuous.

SABINE's DREAM [b] e2 contd.

A paddle-wheel riverboat ahead proceeds on a set of tracks that runs from shadow DC, under the secret pentagon, up and out the Chesapeake through the Patapsco and Patuxent, to all the evil places that can be reached. Towering gigantic atop the baleful barge is a fortress, a monolith that proceeds glacially while corpses plummet from its heights and explode on the surface of the water, the churning order of things. Sabine hoists herself up over the bow, lent cover by the roiling exhaust of departing F-35; which explodes horrifically against the cavern walls seconds after departure from the carrier with no clear objective... A salvage party is sent out to collect the corpse for disemboweling and re-emboweling with contraband, but this crew fares no better, as dismembered operators, instant amputees, join their brothers-in-death. Thus, engaged in their own games, Sabine slips under the ship's deck unnoticed.

On entering she is confronted by a procession of doors. Behind the first, a girl being lowered into a tank filled with goo, presumably to be drowned in goo. Furrowed brow scientists take furious notes on clipboards, next door, hm, another girl drowned in different color goo, another door more goo but this time the tank bursts and dissolves screaming the adjacent lab coats. Monsters strapped to gurneys, not very impressive looking monsters, gross, yucky, but not super-soldier material.

Some of the ones in the deep-sea tanks seem to exist only as an experiment in making a maximally weird thing.

Some sentient disease here, some kind of new cancer gun... A party of goons in the next room she shoots dead just like that with her new cancer gun just to test it, it was take-your-daughter-to-work day she's crying WahWah but you get the feeling this has some sinister human shield function that undermines the piteous effect it should've had.

Massive fog clouds rise, then strobe in and out of vision, flashing over an indoor golf course which encompasses an entire human field of vision and serves as the hidden ruler's turf plastic palace garden. There's a couple holes here with some politically charged "warzone" themes, at first Sabine thinks it could be funny in a kinda détournement way, like what if this was a gallery installation somewhere, but it's actually only cruel. The combat casualty-caddy uniforms the hired help's wearing doesn't add much dignity to the situation, but oh!

It turns out these aren't caddies but demons occupying sh-sh-shells!, leering forward, red hooded form towering, a myriad of inscribed codes on their "person"... National Endowment for Democracy lanyard, studied abroad with USAID affiliated fellowships, Georgetown educated. On realizing that bad guys wear uniforms or at least transparent disguises, Sabine is thrilled with the green light she's just been handed to kill 'baddies' with impunity.

WITHIN THE HOUR, AT THE STATE CAPITOL,
THE GOVERNOR DECLARIES AN EMERGENCY AND
ORDERS MARTIAL LAW...

...USE PLANES, ALL
STATE TROOPERS!
WHATEVER THIS
MENACE IS...IT'S
TOTAL WAR!

I'LL TRY TO GET
THE SCIENTIST, DON
BLANT...COMPLAINTS
ALL COMING FROM HIS
AREA!

YOU'RE AN AUTHORITY
ON THE OCCULT! WHAT
ARE THOSE "THINGS"?
BLANT, CAN YOU HELP
US?

I'VE GOT TO
HELP, SIR! THEY'RE
OOZING INTO MY
LAB NOW!

NOW THEY'RE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK!
THEY FADE AND ALMOST DISAPPEAR...
JUST LIKE GHOSTS!

DON BLANT CLOSES
HIS EYES AND CALLS FOR
HELP FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD OF THE DEAD!

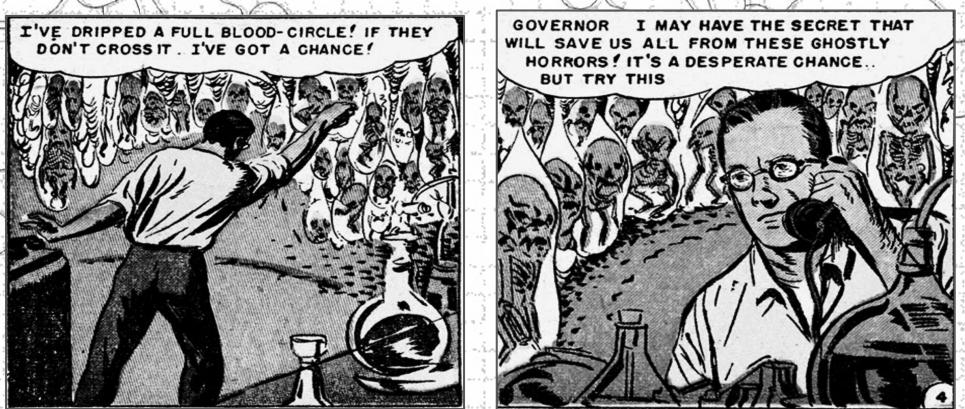
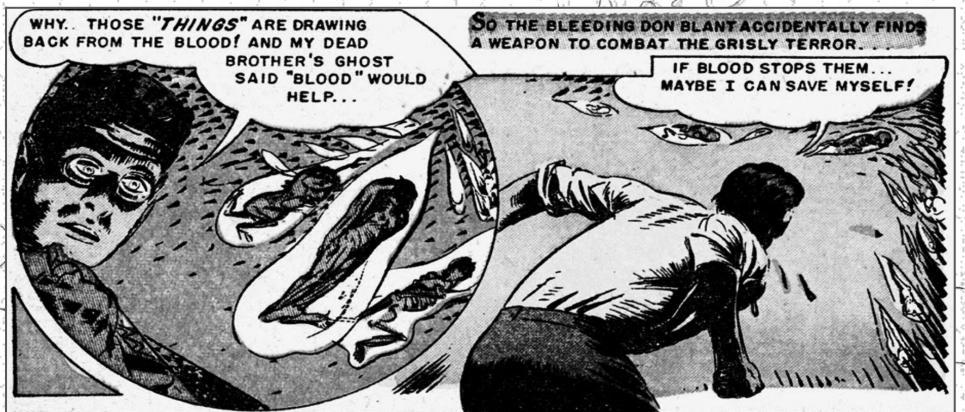
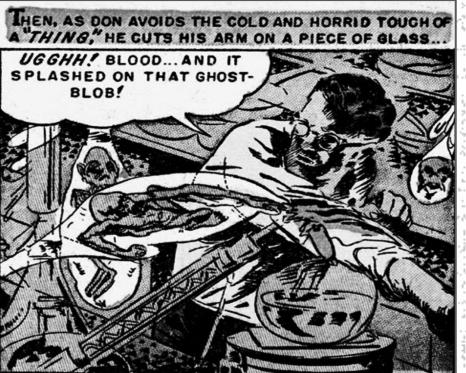
ALLEN... MY LONG-DEAD BROTHER! YOU'VE
OFTEN ADVISED ME... HELP ME NOW!

IS THIS THE PHANTOM "FORM" OF DEAD ALLEN
BLANT TAKING SHAPE OUT OF NOTHING?
THESE "THINGS" ARE GHOSTS,
AS I AM! BUT THEY ARE GHOSTS
OF DEAD MARS-MEN! FIGHT
THEM WITH BLOOD...BLOOD...

1. Figure 1- i stay awake reading on my phone.

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

2. Figure 2- i stay awake reading on my phone



At the unhappy basement level of the bar, films are projected onto a killing ash that fills the air, the unfurnished cavern walls split by entombed plaster replicas of Anubis, Thoth, and Horus, "Ancient Pottery Brown" paint chipping. Pillars roll up to the ceiling, where every disagreeable fluid leaks through the wood floorboard and down onto the tiled linoleum floor. The people down here are divided only by whether they are today purchasing or selling Xanax, and Sabine, who's just moseyed on downstairs, is in the process of speaking to such a pardner...

"Hey Lis, what's good?"

"Uh not much... stuff's been slow today and everything we're playing sucks."

"You don't fuck with Parallax view?"

"no... that's not it.. It's Mind = Blown! Brainwashing On Film"

"haha"

Sabine flicks her cigarette down to the floor, where it BOING leaving her sight, flies across the room, and lands in an unseen victim's remaining good eye.

"Listen Sabine, you gotta do something."

"about what haha. btw I'm over 3HO but if you ever get 2CB again PLEASE let me know. me and molly had a falling out also, but I'm still good with bees."

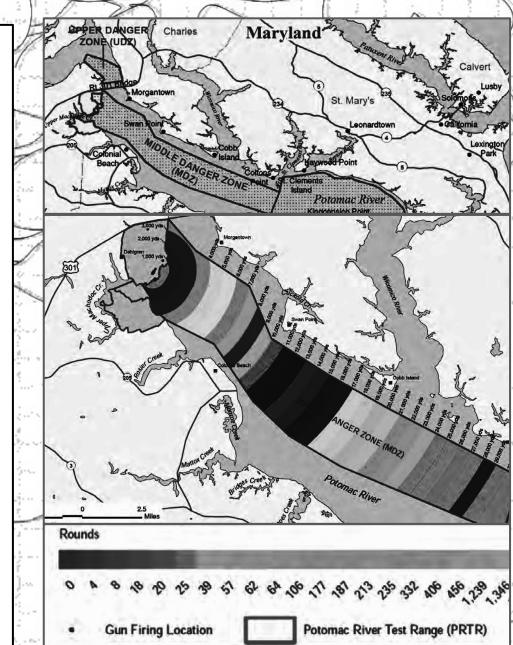
"Have you heard about Meedritch? Down river from here?"

"yeah why"

"Something is happening there."

"Hm. Like, uh, normal military stuff?"

"not really..."



Mission-charged now, Sabine continues deeper into the great Appalachian DUMBS network, knife between the teeth, floating lazy river style on a salt mirror current that won't let her sink; producing an effect that she's gliding over the surface of it like ice, barely rippling the coagulate that perfectly inverts what's above, providing an illusion of equilibrium, equivalency, counterbalance, a false unity, disguising a mirror world you can't penetrate much less return from. Not speaking of death here but rather the infrastructure of death, the conspiracy of suicide which manifests itself in ways clearly visible, but unrealizable until you're knee-deep in the acids of it's inside, 'deep in the realm of the dead.' What is offered is dissolution and oblivion or union with the thing that dissolves and obliterates. Fate and the Fate-Machine...

SABINE's DREAM [b] e2

The only industry for miles into the Summit of Maryland Cliffside/CASINO GUNSHOP BAR THEATRE rail tunnel is cadaver processing. Down-on-their-luck Victorian surgeons lurking with gas lamps while wage slaves dismember and drain, ostensibly splaying the gore for bats and bugs to fulfill sustainability quotas, but to a discerning eye, it's clearly a scheme to get company hires to internalize the "Hurt self/hurt Others" program.

Bored into the walls are two joining right angles made with special industry drills for just such a thing. Horizontally aligned, giving pairs a surface appearance of un-united points, separate and apart. To preserve this image the openings were all sealed and locked, contents obscured. With x-ray vision insight she could make out, in sprawling rows dulling glinting not as light but as its potential, fossilized and stratified, recorded names of high school classmates, former coworkers, anyone she ever encountered on a forum or half-entertained fantasies of. "An uncanny mine of souls,"

Through a swinging portal, backlit by her lighting crew, strides Sabine. She drops into the nearest seat, fumbling around a bit since this place's kept real dark, dragging on her rollie, the brazen little oxygenated glow setting off a chain reaction of similarly red similarly carcinogenic lamps that light the whole place up now, swelling and falling, eclipsing 'n gliding past each other, a system of spheres but no paradisiacal mirrors.

In fact, everything that comes into contact, don't merge a bit! [when two lights meet, it's said to result either in the destruction of one or the averted course of the other..] Slot machines line every wall, stacked on top of each other, some systems delicately balanced tilting forward, to be accessed by the several load-bearing spiral staircases looking a bit rickety, leaning, never collapsing but often bucking a player off, who will then bounce a few feet forward with a mug of beer stuck over their head.

Little artisan stands are an established presence, with their collapsible awnings tented on the bar to protect from thrown bottles and arcs of piss sent down, the accompanying giggle 'oft only heard too, too late. The ceiling, far above is made of glass and steel, illuminating a stark, wet, lime ceiling, whose previously impressive geological features have been erased to a sheer oppressive imminence. Ah, well, that would explain the piles of dripstone and flowstone outside, the delicate forms of which include once wholly intact draperies crushed under haphazardly tossed calcite, all buoyantly bobbing in an azure pool by the establishment's side entrance. One would hope the whole thing would hope would remain in some, albeit decreased, splendor, at least something resembling it, just by the fact of its prior inarguable majesty something must remain, but hélas! The geological realization is rendered indistinguishable from decades-worth of trash bags dumped on top of it.

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

When I wake up it's cold in my room. My roommates yelling for me, and when I respond then return to the bedroom she's awake and it's like we got in a spat the night before. Any hope that lay under our friendship of some secret potential thing is gone I guess and it's bottomed out where it is, how long the retraction takes could be a day or years but the depth of things is established as forever shallow...

"i'm gonna go make us breakfast, do you uh, want coffee"

"Nah, I don't."

I move to the kitchen and start washing rice and put my teflon(fuck) pan to heat on the stove. I read in bed while Lis scrolls, and I hear her audio blaring/cutting. Something in me scratches at something and I write on the post-it I use for a bookmark:

I'm on this side of it... I occupy this rung of the order.. I eat little guys and get eaten by small-medium guys... then there's the sea and the water and it's the current I need to change and it's the ocean I need to change...

My rice cooker blares and pulls me into the kitchen. I bring Lis a dish others have derided as a "poverty meal". We eat dual-scrolling and then she leaves much earlier than I think other people would.

I worked 7 straight days the next week and street parked twice. When I did it was 150 steps-ish to my apartment. Anything I did was net zero, stalling, wasted. I want to huff exhaust and get dizzy. I want a brain that can think "construction guys made this.. someone made a frame and poured in the drywall painted it, people lived here before and after me..."

I bought my gun. I bought things to use it. I climbed the fence to get into the landfill and I shot bottles people left there. I stopped when I thought about glass flying back at me. I looked for cans and there were none. I went home with my gun. I don't think I can kill anyone because I'm not 'solipsistic'. And there's nothing I can do with a gun to make things better for after I'm dead.

- Proton Mail Q
Inbox
Drafts
• P ★ Proton Official
• P ★ Proton Official
• P ★ Proton Official
• P ★ Proton Official

Service: I will do anything with a gun...
Alexei Hillel- 18 days ago- Confidential

Replies: 0 18 days ago
Views: 22 Alexei-Hillel

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

"the undercover wagie thing didn't go anywhere. i need new moves."

"Like what"

"Did you buy a gun"

"i think i wanna conduct interviews, cuz like they already did the stuff. maybe talk to like, clean up crews... make a documentary.."

"Lol 'and then something strange happened..."'

"i'm starting a new film project." Miri and Lis turn their eyes but not their heads.

"Oh, that's cool."

"yeah. i think it'll be like, half documentary or something. do something with all my research."

"Research?"

"yeah, like my local history stuff."

"That's cool."

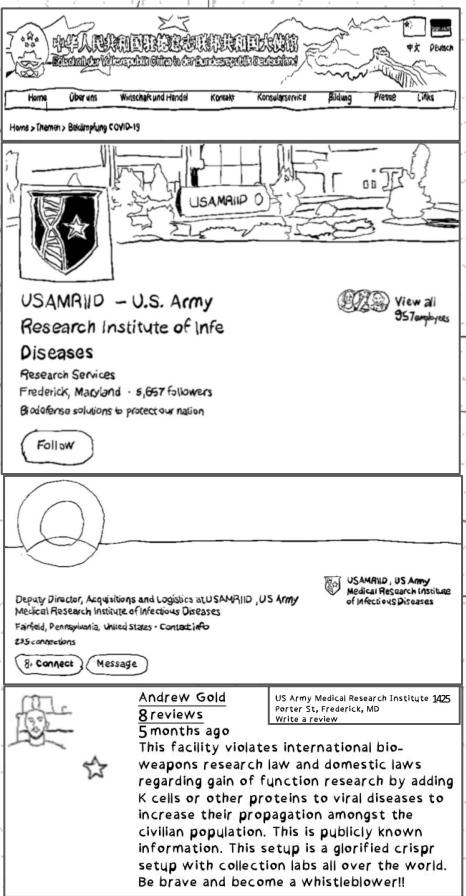
"yeah if you guys ever wanna 'location scout' with me, go to calvert cliffs or something. i think that'd be a good spot."

"Like a field trip?"

"haha"

There's a glass temple with golden angel statues near my house for some cult where they use light energy from the sun and it's channeled into the healers hands and directed into the healee's body and they have a pretty good presence on youtube. The angel is positioned between two spiral staircases but the place is just that, not even an office in the back. One time I see a guy beating the door mat outside.

There's a family nudist club next to the pool my neighbors took me to that does eyes wide shut themed new year parties. The National Cryptologic Museum where I went on field trips as a kid they bring school buses into the NSA and have bad histories of WW1 on placards. People lived here and had to shower after leaving work at the Anthrax Tower. They had Kill Tanks. There's mass graves on my dad's favorite bike trail and next to my elementary school and they mention it in the Wire. They had Nazis working in buildings I drove past on my prom night. But there were highways and trees I passed too.



Lawrence Grimes

3 reviews

Anti human creations, poisoning the water and sky yet never faces accountability



Theun Knownxtter

Local Guide

27 reviews · 8 photos
Pure Excitement...Science, Research, Medical
, US Army

Dear ,

My name is Sabine Oswaldovich, I am a current student at John Hopkins pursuing a BS in Chemistry, and a former graduate of the UMBC Film program. I am extremely interested in the opportunity to study with practitioners in the field, and the opportunity to learn more about the craft. My studies have led me to formulate a documentary film project on the way the COVID-19 virus has affected the field of epidemiology. I hope to be someone who can perform valuable research towards the ends of public information, either in the creation of public directories that can be used for research, or in generating accessible material which can stand to challenge the assumed narratives that rule the past. Your work came to my attention through my Professor and I would like to reach out to ask if you'd allow me the opportunity to conduct an informational interview as I prepare my research. Your participation would greatly benefit my studies, and the general interested public. Thank you for your time and consideration, Sabine Oswaldovich

That week I got a call from an unknown number. I didn't pick it up and I didn't listen to the voicemail. Then another from the same number. I listened to the voicemail. "Hi, this is Scott Cleer from the Department of Defence Counterintelligence and Security Agency, I'm trying to reach a uh Sabine Ady, give me a call back, thanks." When I called back he was asking me about some ex I was on bad terms with apparently because she had disclosed as part of her background check for an upgraded security clearance that I had given her amyl once and that was the only time she had ever done drugs which I don't even remember. I should've sabotaged her stupid career thing and said she loved enemies of the state and consorting with them when he asked but I didn't. scott hung up and I felt retarded.

"yeah, I actually did an interview, recently."

"Oh?"

"yeah. Do you guys wanna um, do something with me?"

"What's up? Now?"

"whenever, I guess. I gotta do, uh, I don't know what you wanna call it, like, field research, but even saying that just feels weird but there's a place I wanna check out." They look at me like i'm a kid and they're both very knowledgeable and very patient parents.

We drive to the Crownsville Veterans cemetery. I figure through some semi-synchronomystic miracle that what I want will be here. It hardly matters what because if I found it it would only be another item on my big list.

The now divorced O'neill family lived behind this cemetery. The swinger police detective and his dumb kid lived here too. Group 731 soldiers were ratlined to work nearby. I walked through this neighborhood barefoot twice and parked here for car sex twice.

They trail me, chattering. At first I read the name of every grave, left to right, front to back. It's night and my cars parked at the soccer field. When my eyes start to blur I trust my intuition to see through, to dowse. It's all unassuming and it's all always unassuming.

One day I'd like to go somewhere and see only things I already know the significance of.

