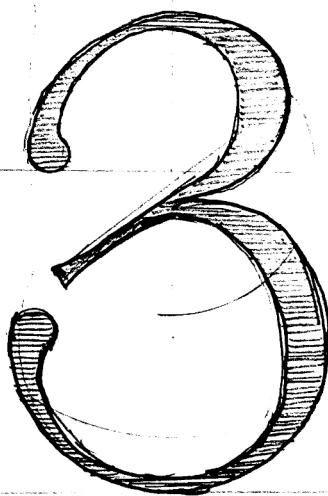
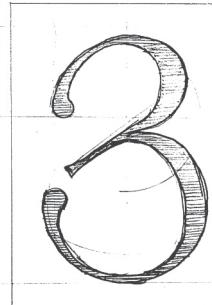
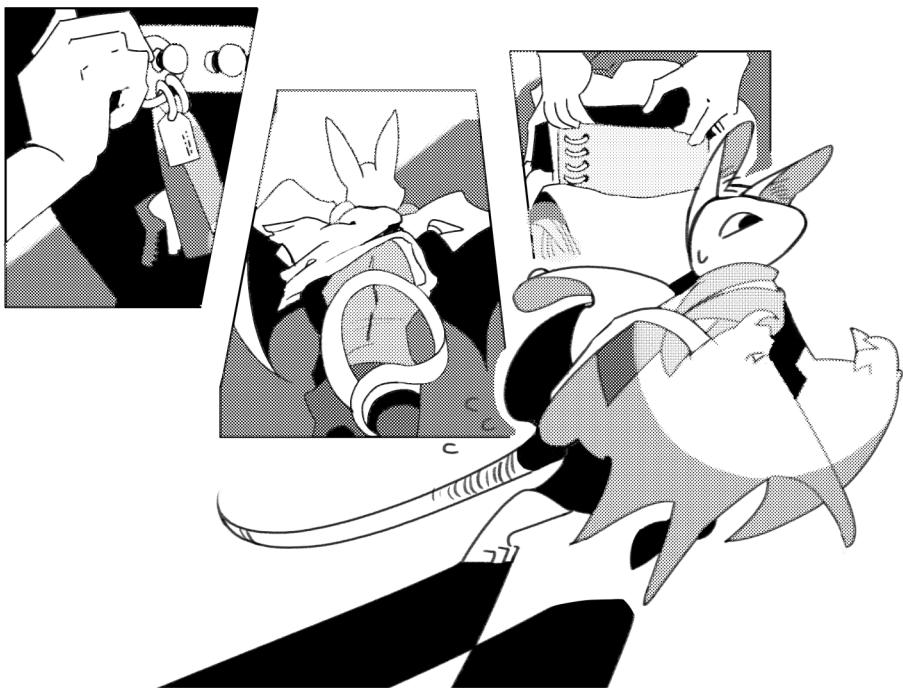
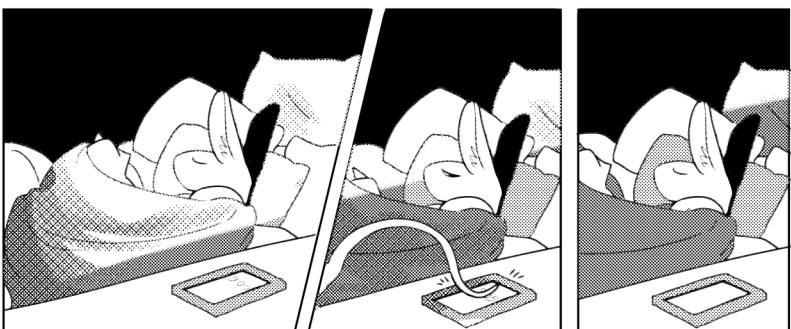


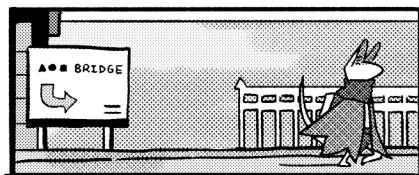
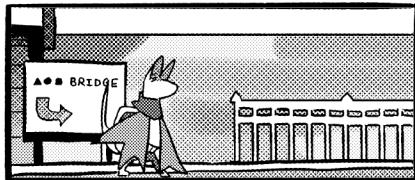
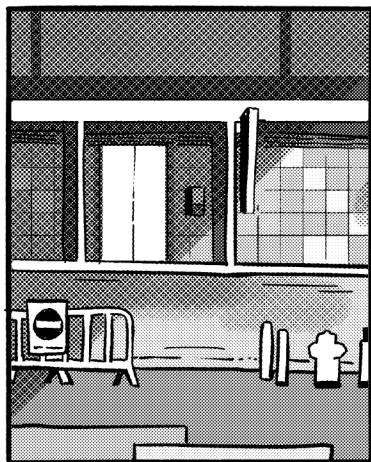
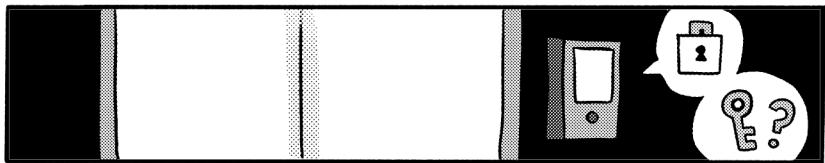
CORNERLIGHT

VOLUME 3

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
NEW YORK, NEW YORK









I WOKE UP
LATE TODAY.

HAPPENS.

AND I LOST
MY KEYS THIS
MORNING.

THAT'S
TOUGH.

WHICH MEANS
I ALSO LOST
MY ID...

IT'S REALLY
RIDICULOUS
HOW MUCH
THE WORLD
HATES ME.

I ENJOYED
THE WALK BACK.

...
BUT THE SKY WAS
BRILLIANT.

MINGUS IS HERE
WITH ME.

WE CAN STILL
CHAT LIKE THIS.



I GUESS I DO LOVE THIS WORLD STILL.



IRONY

1. "Irony" as it is often used in speech does not exist.
 - 1.0. There is no ironic enjoyment.
 - 1.0.0. What could this possibly mean? Hiding "true" enjoyment behind some vague and poorly defined layer of indirection? Liking something, but not for the reasons you believe the creator intended? These are both earnest enjoyments of the work.
 - 1.1 There are no ironic acts.
 - 1.1.0. What could an ironic act consist of? The material effects of performing so-called ironic actions are indistinguishable from those performed without reservation. The only difference is the way it is perceived by the agent. What could this difference be? If we are to believe those who claim to be acting ironically, they do these actions because they think them unworthy of doing, and somehow the mere label of irony is able to transmogrify the action into some negation of itself. This is incoherent.
2. Ironic detachment is impermissible, as the mindset that ironic detachment induces is nihilistic and anti-human.
 - 2.0. What makes us human? One component certainly must be the impulse to create and communicate.
 - 2.0.0. As such, the enemy of human nature is aloofness. To strive is to be human. Indifference and aloofness are the antithesis of this precious aspect of our existence.
 - 2.1. If you separate yourself from your environment and other people, via ironic detachment, you lose all stakes in your own life. Because there is no reason to try, no real attempts of any kind are made. In fact, any effort that doesn't yield perfect becomes embarrassing. Amateurish poetry, childish drawings, or any sort of imperfect art ceases to be, at worst, an earnest attempt and a step on the way to something better, but instead simply "Cringe."
 - 2.2. This is naturally a defense. Trying and failing hurts. Being open and vulnerable hurts. Levying ill-natured critiques and insults at the work of those who dared to try is easy. This way of thinking, taken to its conclusion, makes any type of caring embarrassing. It's easier to separate yourself from the field mentally and take potshots at people who try and don't perfectly succeed. The focus moves towards consumption, critical only insofar as it allows you to construct a joke. The ability to think about the world in the positive is lost. The ability to appreciate beauty is lost. It is all reduced to sneering.

- 2.3. Because nothing is important and nothing is "that serious," no attempt is worthwhile. Any analysis is unnecessary, and almost certainly pretentious. There is no way out. Life is a meaningless farce, so others who take their one human life seriously are just missing the joke. Attempting to make real connection with the possibility of being rejected is terrifying, so the desire is cut at the root before it can cause pain.
- 2.4. This attitude leads the poisoned to a pathetic status. Wasting one's life away "consuming content" is no more or less worthwhile than creating, learning, or engaging lovingly with other people. There is no reason to pursue a goal or cultivate your abilities when going to work, smoking weed, jerking off, and watching netflix is sufficient for being "happy." All standards are obliterated past base desires and instincts. All is reduced to mere input meant to fulfill the utilitarian purpose of pleasing the senses. Craft becomes meaningless. AI-generated garbage is just as worthwhile as something lovingly crafted, as long as it can satisfy your animal desires. There is no reason to care about human expression, so why not automate it away?
- 2.4.0. This is a, if not the, sickness of our times. Art has completed its transformation into mere product that began so long ago. We have not achieved a synthesis of utility and beauty, of design and art, but a negation of art from so much of what we experience. The expectation has become that what you view and experience is meant to provide some base amount of titillation and occupy your time. The gestalt no longer watches movies, nor views paintings, but instead consumes content. Not everything you experience has to be high art. It doesn't even have to be good! But the telos of the work has changed. So much of what is produced is meant to be consumed and thrown away like a plastic straw. After all, if it doesn't matter, if it's not serious, if it gets the job done, why should it be anything else?
3. The only way forward is to reject this framework entirely.
- 3.0. We can't and shouldn't throw away all tact for the sake of ridding ourselves of fear of embarrassment. But falling into detachment is unacceptable. Any fear of "being cringe" or thought that "it isn't that serious" that prevents action or deep appreciation must be thrown out.
- 3.1. The only way out is through. The only option is to be vulnerable and put yourself out there. You have to let yourself take yourself seriously. This is not a game of cards; this is your life and mine. If this isn't important, worth trying "too" hard at, or worth taking "too" seriously, what is?

Atkinson Hyperlegible Next

⚖️: SIL Open Font Licence 1.1

📄: Braille Institute, 2019-2025

Built around a grotesque *sans-serif* core, and developed with **low-vision readers** in mind, this font represents a ***high point in text accessibility***, but its disregard for traditional font rules has garnered criticism, with some calling it an **identity crisis**.

Anecdotally, this font has made nighttime computer use easier for those who suffer from **astigmatism**. Suitable for UI and digital media where readability is paramount.

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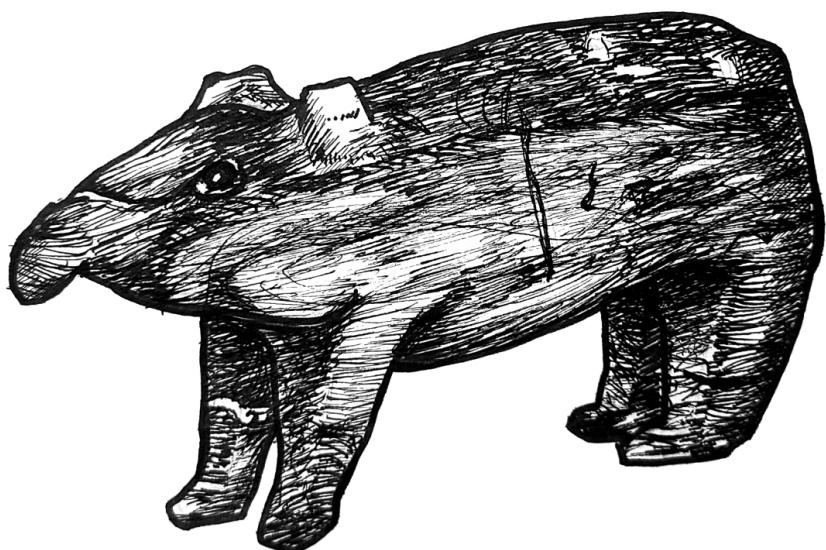
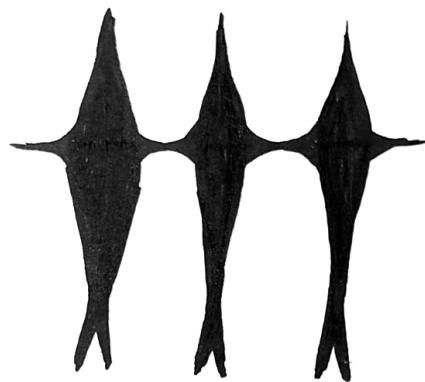
⚖: Free for Personal Use

✍: Adrian Frutiger, 1957

The advent of *phototypesetting* demanded a disciplined, precise approach from both maker and setter alike, and yet provided both an unparalleled level of **freedom**.

From Apple keycaps to Audi instrument clusters, this font is ubiquitous thanks to the Swiss-style typography movement as well as generous licensing terms. Those looking for uniqueness and identity might want to look elsewhere, however.

ALWAYS throw the second punch.
Sex is a battle where the victor
may be cums. The opp of my opp
is still my opp, and if I catch you
in my bed it's on sight. The cyclist and
the driver orbit in a koi ballet, each
wishing the other's death. My therapist
agreed drunk driving is fine for me alone.
I liked you better when you weren't happy.
You get to play with robots on the phone
for 5 minutes before a human can call you
'Sir'. Parents will use 'he' for a year and
a half until you threaten to quit game
night. Those hogs never stood a chance.
That donkey never stood a chance.
My cat is my personal phlebotomist. Oh
hey we were just talking shit about you
for 6 months what up beast? We can
all tell that you're high dude and
it's really killing the vibe + your
fabrics are gauche. In fact, I wish
I could poison you. We haven't seen
each other in a while but I guess
that's my decision too.



Sentimentality and Cruelty

I pad down the yellow-lit gallery, the first snowfall of the year resting quietly on the boughs. Ice forms on my eyelashes, frost forms on my beard. I stop in a crosswalk, in the middle of the road, though the light is green, because I can. It is four-fifteen in the morning, and scant few windows have lights in them. The intersection turns red, yet I linger. My eyes trace from light to point of light; windows, streetlights, a lonesome, gleaming car turning onto the road. I feel a wild love, a connection to this person, the one behind the wheel and windshield, I mean. This person who shares this world with me. They're here. They're human. How could we not be connected? The beauty of the moment brings tears to my eyes, and my breath catches. Thank God nobody can see me. As they near, they slow. I raise one hand—apology and salute—and hurry out of the road. My racing heart has slowed them down. Christ, I hope they forgive me.

I rest my hands in my coat pockets as I continue my stroll into the second stretch of the gallery. I pass by names, numbers, faces, quotes; maybe someday I'll read them. This quiet morning, my gaze is fixed skywards, eagerly awaiting those first stretching rays of dawn. Wind whistles off the Mississippi, nipping at my nose. The thought arises within me that thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands will awake to feel this wind, and I can't stop a great toothy grin from forming beneath my scarf. It's so, so lovely that we're all connected like this. How many others will feel the same? Enough to populate that apartment complex? The whole block? The whole city? They're here. They're human. The sheer joy of it all, knowing and being known, overflows through my eyes; fierce, and warm against the dancing frost.

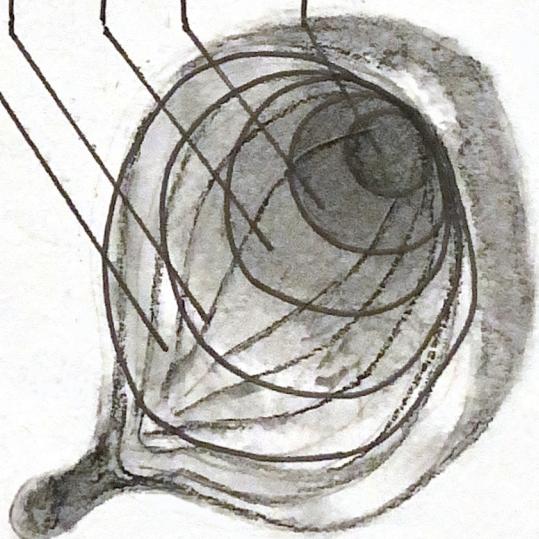
I sit at my computer. It is ten-oh-two in the evening. I know everything. I sit at my computer, enveloped in the bosom yellow light, and I know morality, pleasure, fear, and friendship, and I am connected to everyone. I stake my life on it. I know everything. I hold my knowledge in my right hand and cover one eye. I see a thousand moments throughout the day, laughing, smirking, a swagger in the stride, a door unheld, a tremble in the eyes, hesitation in speech, a look beneath eyelashes, a flick of the hair. I know everything. With nothing more than a passing glance, I see it all. I see the secret world within them, and I love them.

I take a shot of something strong, dark, and sweet. I knock it back, let it simmer as the music thrums through the floor. I cast a burning anchor in the bellowing waves of time. I breathe in, filling my mouth, throat, and lungs with acrid smoke. I open my mouth and watch the wisps of my stolen breath be pulled along by the currents of the night. I turn my head, scanning the room, my everloving gaze falling upon my friends. Cigarette in one hand, bottle in the other, a warm feeling blossoms in my chest as I see them enjoying each other's company on the couch, on the kitchen counter, against the wall. It must be love that pounds against the inside of my ribs.

I end the party myself, sending home the last guests, locking the door behind them, and turning off the music. I strip in the bathroom mirror. It's late, so I keep the lights off. I run my hands over my arms and chest, hugging myself, feeling my cuts and bruises. I lean forwards against the sink, meeting my own gray, uneven gaze until I can't see through the steam. I pull aside the curtain, step into the water, and turn the heat up just a little more, a little more. I rest my head on the cool tile and close my eyes.

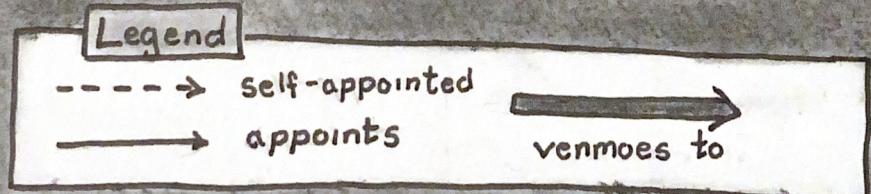
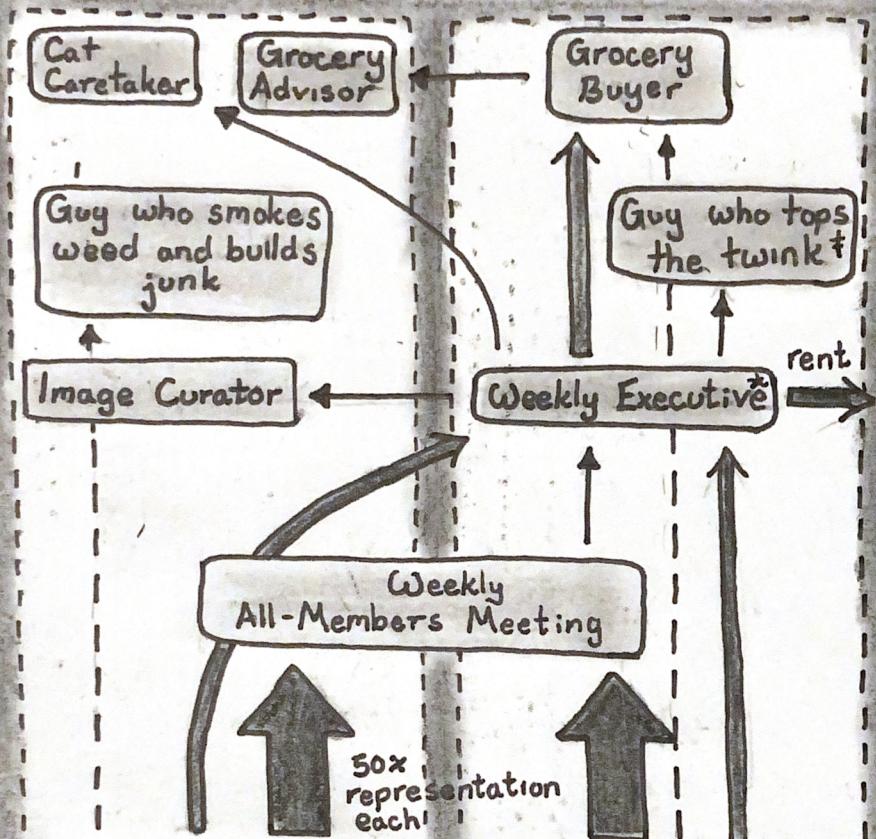
please consult the survivability onion.

- DO NOT FUCK.
- DO NOT FUCK IN RADON-FILLED BASEMENT.
- DO NOT FUCK AGAIN IN YOUR RADON-FILLED BASEMENT.
- DO NOT CLAIM TO BE A JOHN HOPKINS HOSPITAL ONCOLOGIST WHO 'knows a lot about this'.
- DO NOT GET TAKEN TO SMALL CLAIMS COURT.

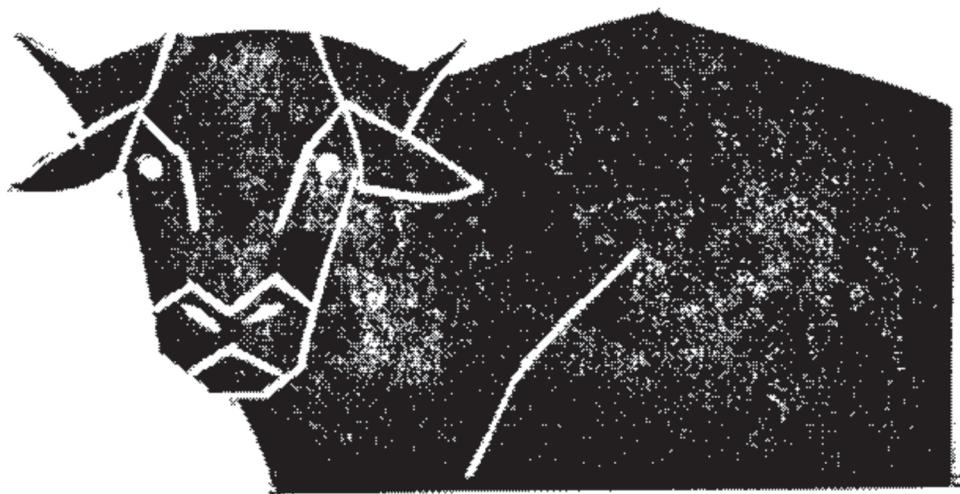
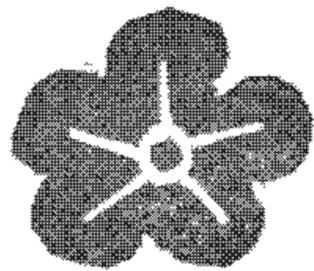


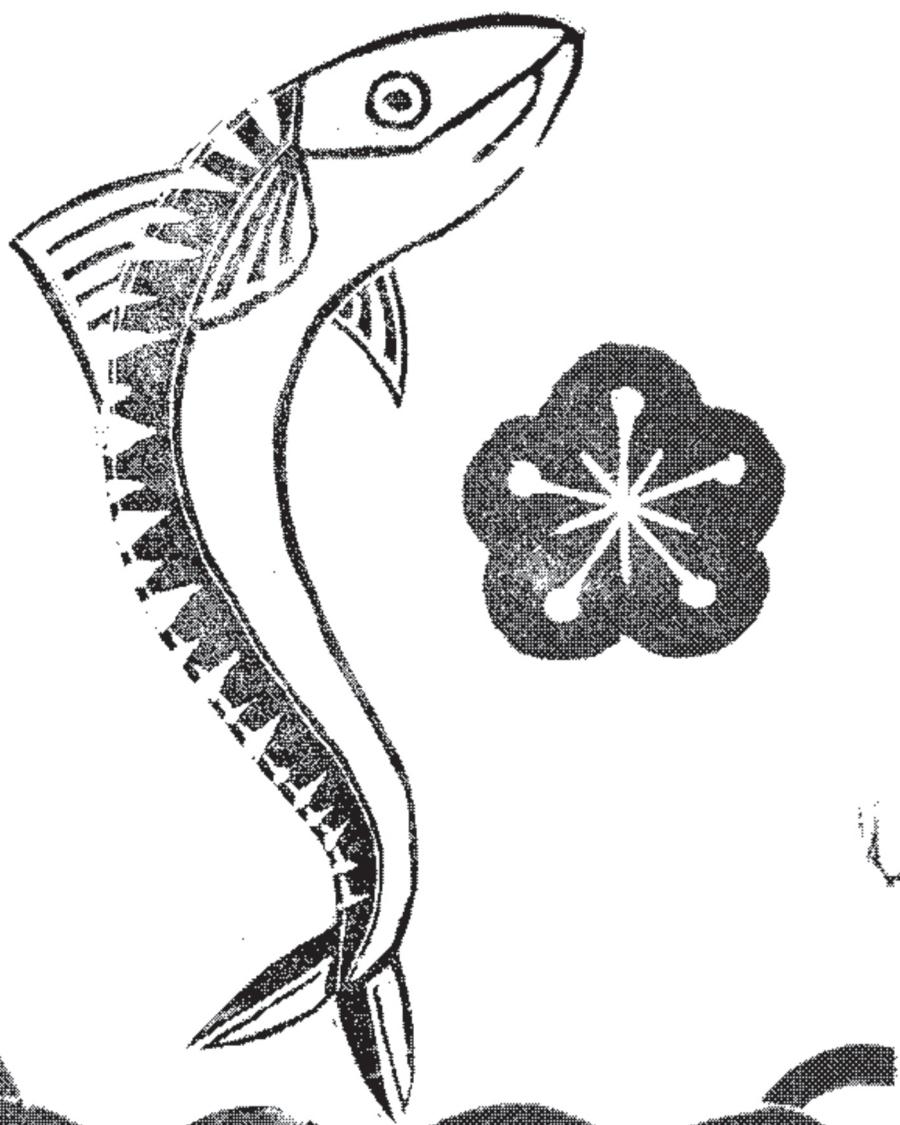
now read it again.

North Minneapolis T4T Polycule House Org. Chart



- * Wields the power of the father. Has sole authority over rice cooker, HDMI cable, and the house gun.
- # Since every twink in the house has transitioned, this role's job is mostly to replace the coffee filters.





11

BUT **MINI 1-5** WAS NOT IN THE WIND
AND AFTER **KELTON 6-7** EARTHQUAKE
BUT **RILEY 8-9** WAS NOT IN THE EARTHQUAKE
AND AFTER **EMILY 10-11** QUAKE A FIRE
BUT **GABE 12-13** WAS NOT IN THE FIRE
AND AFTER **LENA 14-15**
A SOUND OF **TOMAS 16-17** WIND