

VOLUME
CORNER 02
LIGHT



RING

"STRUGGLE MEALS"

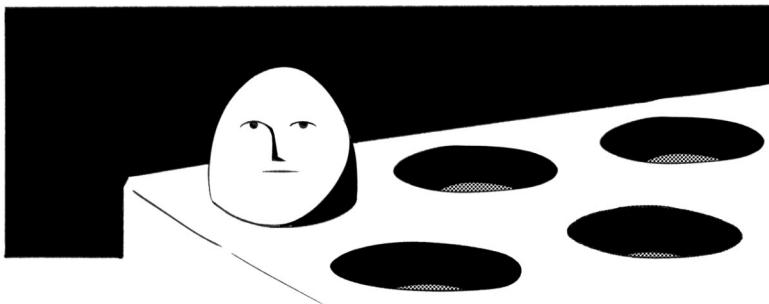
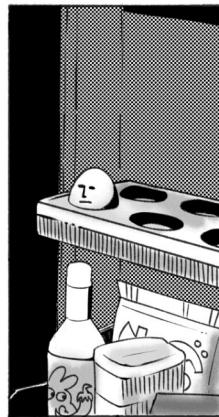
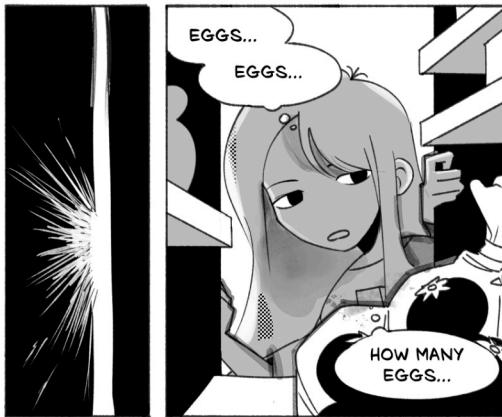
HOME MEALS THAT ARE CHEAP TO COOK AND REQUIRE LOW EFFORT.



RING

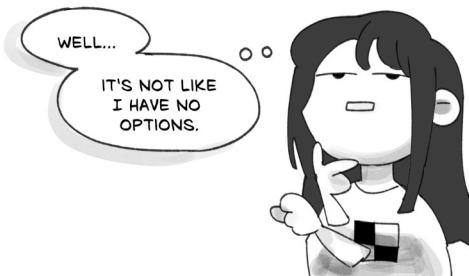
BEANS...?

NO, IT'LL TAKE TOO LONG TO SOAK.

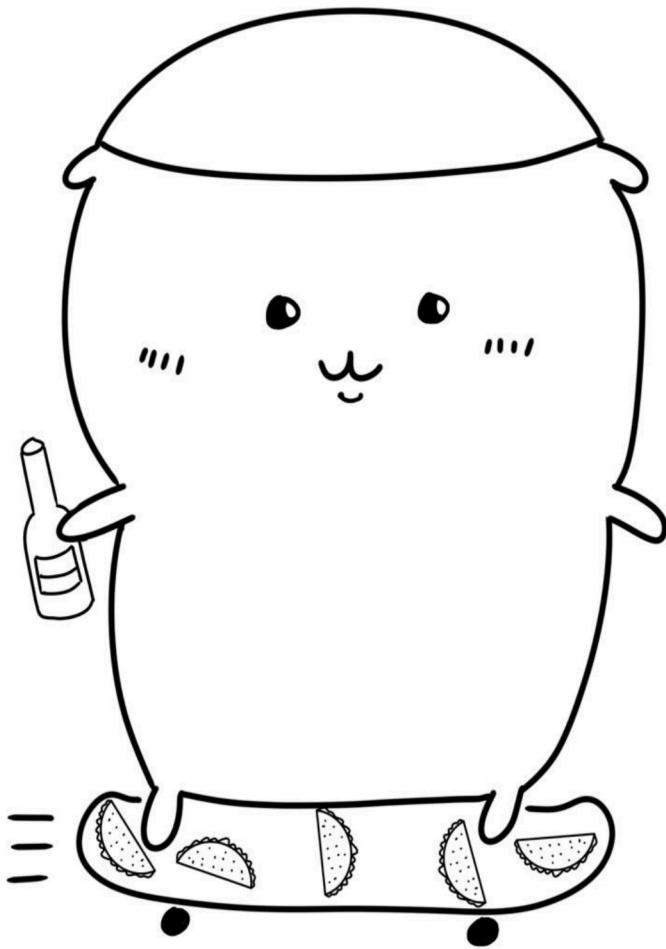




WTF AM I SUPPOSED TO MAKE...



FIN



This volume of Cornerlight took much longer to produce than the first. We brought in old friends as new collaborators and everyone has had a lot on their plate lately. As the person who stitches the zine together once everybody has crossed the finish line, I really enjoy getting the first look at the zine's gestalt. There's so much of my friends in every page. To everyone who worked on this volume, I hope that putting a bit more of yourself into this zine helped you get a bit more out of life. I look forward to working wth you again soon.

入口
Entrance
入口

1
判子

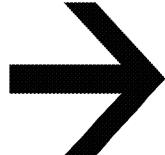


2-4
この他

2

Stamps

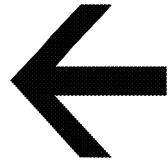




1

What I Like

3

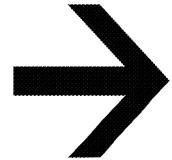


2

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4

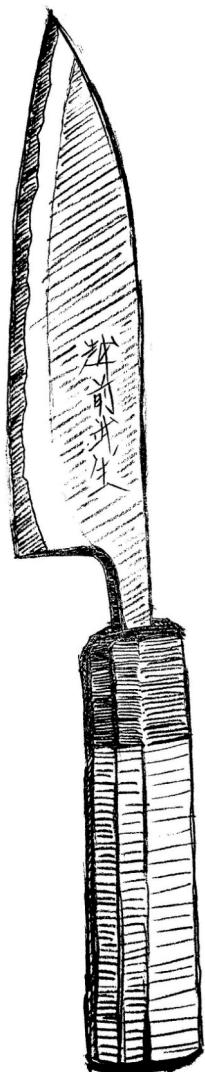
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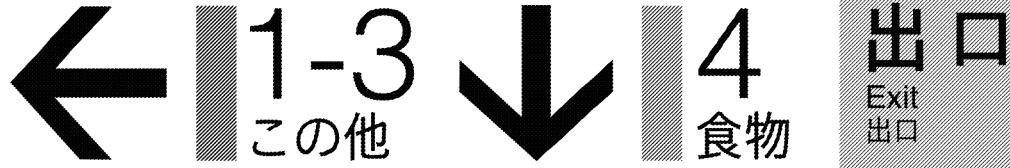


(2)

Observation

(4)





(3)

Food Lately



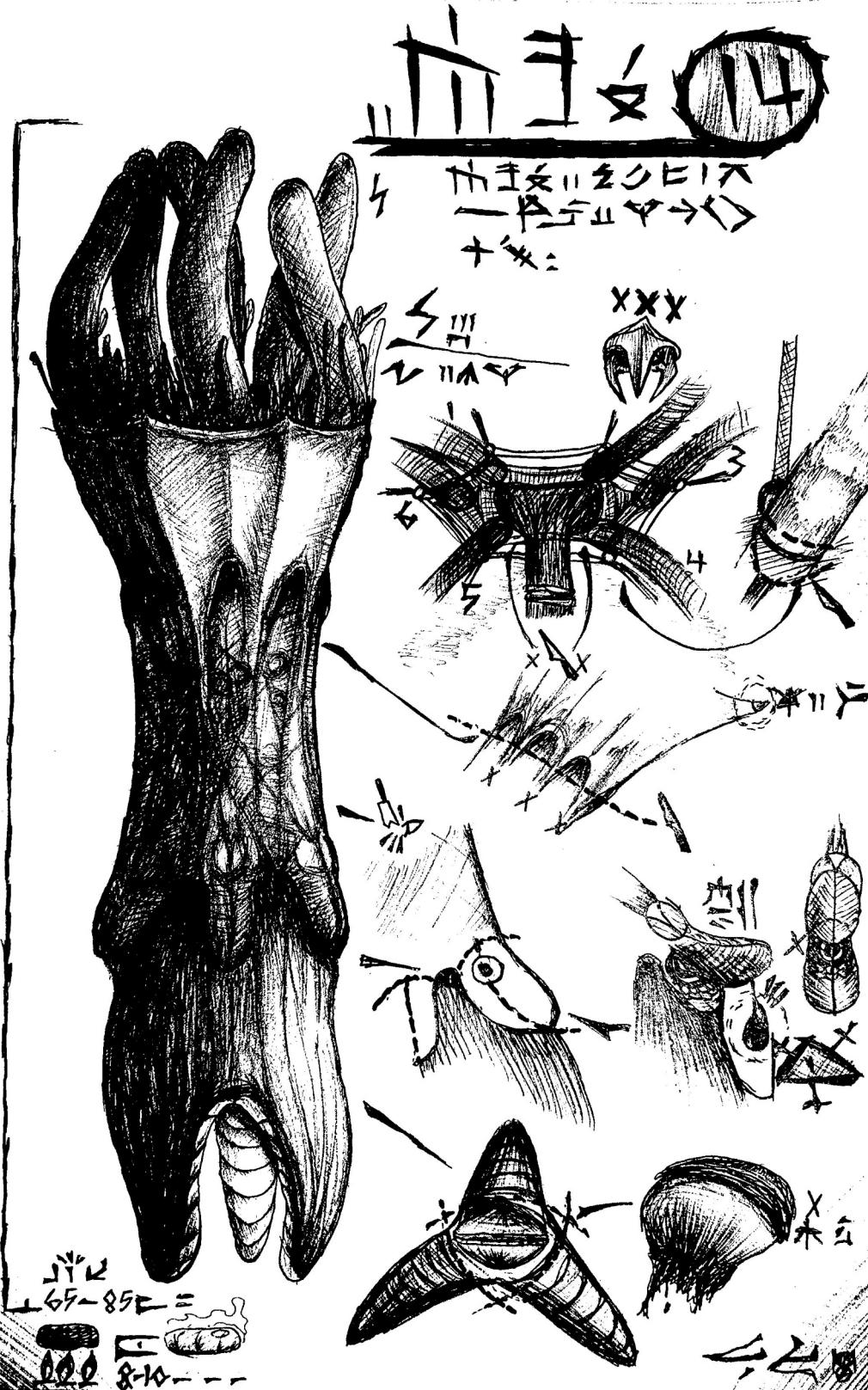
Hey Mom

When I was in first grade, my two best friends in the whole wide world made a fat joke at my expense. In an effort to push myself out of the line of fire, I replied, "if you think I'm fat, you should see my mom!" There are reasons, excuses I could give for what I said, but it was simple, unadulterated—how could it be otherwise—self-preservation. I have been, in my way, carrying the guilt of this for nearly twenty years. How could I ever confess that to you, with all you have done for me? But there it is. I once apologized for lying about the catharsis of pulling weeds, and you seemed embarrassed for me, that I had remembered a years-passed transgression. I hope this is something like that. I am sorry.

I love food, and I fear and hate my body. The more I inhabit myself, physical sensations of hunger and thirst returned to me by modern alchemy, the more aware I become of myself. I hate and fear the way my body feels. I have always been aware of my fatness, from the taunts of my classmates and the comments of my great-grandparents, to the disdain of boys and girls in adolescence, to the way that some, now, desire me for it. I fear and hate my body being seen. I went to a pool party, my first pool party, two years ago, and almost collapsed when I returned home, my tensioned strings slack without snapping.

But I love food. I know you do too. I see it in your many and worn cookbooks. I hear it in the way you call us for dinner. I taste it in everything you make, and everything you have ever made for me. Even when I complained, it is clear, abundantly, radiantly, in retrospect. Feeding myself since moving out, choosing and purchasing and cooking for myself, has been such a challenge; I can't put into words how much I appreciate the work that you have done. All I can say is thank you. I am alive because of you. I love you.





A Love Letter to Shitty Diner Coffee

I used to think that acquired tastes were fake. That it either wouldn't happen, or that if it did happen, I would just be deluding myself that bad things are good. That there is a real, underlying sense of aesthetics that we all actually know about, and that in the back of our heads is calling to us. And that, of course, the people who claimed to like things that repulsed me were all just lying. People only said they like beer and coffee because they felt like they must, but couldn't admit this to themselves. But there are no objective aesthetic judgments. People mean what they say almost all of the time. Judgments of quality must be made according to a metric that is inevitably totally arbitrary. One can try to establish objectivity by appealing to "how well the object does what it was created to do," but failure in intent is not failure. The object has only the purpose it is given by the user. Appreciation for "bad" things is not mistaken. Good taste is usually reducible to the ability to appreciate complexity and skill. Yet of course there is an appeal to the amateurish and simple. There is genuine beauty in a child's drawing.

And so I love shitty coffee. I love that it tastes bad. I love that it has one flavor note (burnt). I love that it can be so bitter that it hurts to drink.

The world is a better place to live in when you can enjoy things that suck.



The image consists of a circular arrangement of text. At the top, it says "MINNEAPOLIS. MINNESOTA". Below that, in a larger circle, are the words "MEGABITS MINI GABE TOMAS AMINO". This is followed by "AND ANDREW!" and "FEATURING: KELTON, EMLY, RILEY, AND ANDREW!". Another circle of text below that says "TOMAS MINI GABE TOMAS AMINO MEGABITS". At the bottom, it says "NEW YORK, NEW YORK". The text is in a bold, sans-serif font, with some words like "MEGABITS" and "AMINO" appearing multiple times in different contexts.