

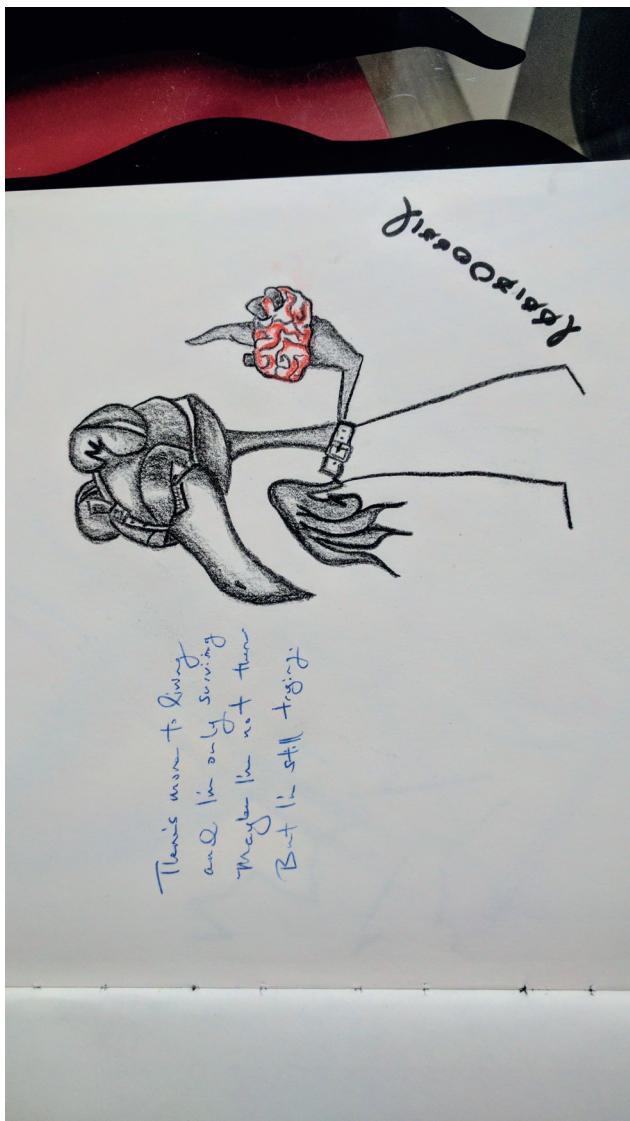
FALSE
FAIR

<3

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~10010000011



~karlen

**BOTH
A
PRODUCT
AND
A
REACTION**

BOTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION
OTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION B
TH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BO
H/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOT
/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH
ND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/A
D A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AN
A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AND

BOTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION
OTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION B
TH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BO
H/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOT
/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH
ND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/A
D A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AN
A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AND

**THAT IS ALL I AM
AND ALL THAT
YOU ARE**

**A FACELESS
GUTLESS
MACHINE**

~karlen

**RUNNING
BLIND**

**REACTION
GRADIENTS
STIMULATING
PRODUCTION**

**GUTLESS
STUPID
WRONG**

**FACELESS
BLIND
CRUEL**

**WE MUST DO/BE
BETTER**

BOTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION
OTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION B
TH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BO
H/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOT
/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH
ND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/A
D A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AN
A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AND
BOTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION
OTH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION B
TH/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BO
H/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOT
/AND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH
ND A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/A
D A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AN
A PRODUCT/REACTION BOTH/AND

~archangelic



Anyway,
now
we're
fighting
the folk.

~insom



~mox

"Thirty Twenty-Three"

or

"One Hundred Lines"

or

"A Used Juul Pod on the Sidewalk"

or

"We Have 12 Years to Prevent a Global Climate Catastrophe,
Please Google It I'm Not Making That Up"

By mox

[-30'23"] curtain opens and
STAGE HANDS lead PLAYERS onto
the stage, one by one.
STAGE HANDS arrange PLAYERS
carefully, measuring them and
choosing a correctly sized
wood box or boxes for the
PLAYERS to stand on.
some STAGE HANDS are working
quickly, caring little
about who they choose to stand
on which boxes but some STAGE
HANDS are very careful and
spend all of their time on
a single PLAYER
[-4'33"] STAGE HANDS begin to finish
their work and the PLAYERS
have been arranged in a lazy
arc around the back of the stage
like a choir
or a firing squad.
[-1'20"] the last of the STAGE HANDS
leave the stage and the PLAYERS
remain still on their box or boxes
[-0'29"] the CONDUCTOR walks onto the stage
in complete silence except for
the loud knocking of his footsteps
[-0'05"] CONDUCTOR raises his hands
pointing his baton like a wand
at the PLAYERS

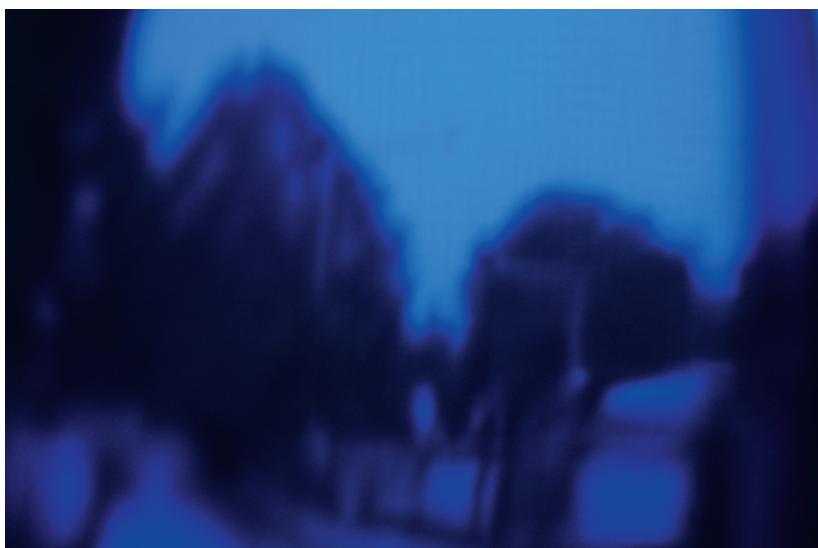
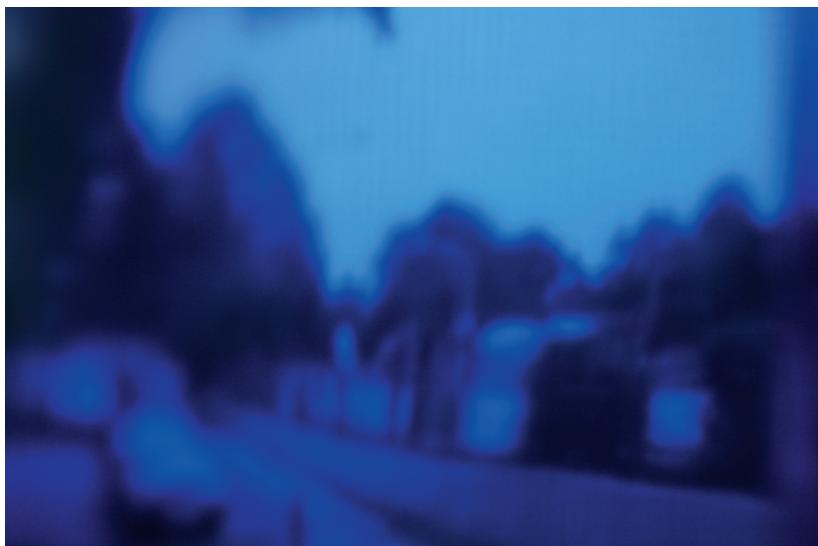
~MOX

[0'00"] the CONDUCTOR drops his baton
[0'00"] immediately, the PLAYERS wearing
black shirts and black pants start
screaming at the top of their lungs
while the PLAYERS in white pants and
white shirts turn towards the back
of the stage, covering their ears.
[0'00] FLASHING LIGHTS begin to flash from
out of sight, from above the PLAYERS
[0'00"] one of the players uses the GUN to
shoot another PLAYER at the other
end of the arc of PLAYERS
[0'00"] BABIES begin to cry
[0'00"] a few of the PLAYERS are in total shock
and confusion (these are the players who
joined the PRODUCTION knowing nothing
about the SCRIPT or DIRECTOR)
[0'01"] CONFETTI begins to fall from the rafters.
[0'01"] ORCHESTRA begins to play
[0'01"] BALLOONS pop from offstage
[0'01"] BIRDS begin to take flight from their cages,
scattered around the audience, just opened
by means of a REMOTE CONTROL
[0'01"] the PLAYER shot by the GUN crumples to the ground.
BLOOD begins to spread across the stage.
[0'01"] a SMALL FIRE ignites behind the arc of PLAYERS,
sending up small clouds of SMOKE.
[0'01"] DIRECTOR finishes off his handle of VODKA
[0'02"] DEAD BODY falls from the rafters and lands next
to the crumpled PLAYER shot by the GUN
[0'02"] GUN screams
[0'02"] one of the PLAYERS, dressed like a police officer,
jumps down onto the STAGE and begins to read the
STAGE its miranda rights, fumbling for the HANDCUFFS
[0'02"] DOG barks
[0'02"] SMALL LIZARDS swarm across the stage, scurrying
over anything not tied down, including the PLAYER
dressed like a police officer and the DEAD BODY
[0'02"] JAZZ MUSIC intensifies

~mox

- [0'02"] WAVES crash, and RAIN falls right back into the OCEAN.
what a waste.
- [0'03"] TAXICAB swings across the stage to put out the SMALL FIRE
ignited behind the arc of PLAYERS
- [0'03"] disgusted, the DEAD BODY swats at the lizards
on its legs, stands up, and bolts offstage
stumbling over the PLAYER dressed like a police officer
- [0'03"] a LARGE LIZARD runs across the stage, in pursuit
of the SMALL LIZARDS
- [0'03"] the CLOUDS thicken and swirl above the heads of the PLAYERS
- [0'03"] one of the PLAYERS vanishes into thin air, either by magic
or carefully executed stage effects. this is a decision
left up to the DIRECTOR.
- [0'03"] MULTICOLORED TREES sprout up around the stage, in an almost
explosive manner. The PLAYER who was shot by the other PLAYER
is thrown into the air and flies over the heads of the AUDIENCE.
- [0'04"] the PLAYER dressed like a police officer jumps up to
chase after the DEAD BODY
- [0'04"] FLASHING LIGHTS stop flashing
- [0'04"] ROCKS fall from a mountainside
- [0'04"] the STEAM from the extinguished SMALL FIRE begins to
be blown offstage by the BIG FANS of this DIRECTOR
- [0'04"] the PLAYERS still on the BOXES learn the true meaning of
friendship
- [0'04"] DIRECTOR stumbles from offstage and falls into the orchestra pit
- [0'04"] BUZZER goes off
- [0'04"] one of the confused PLAYERS who knew nothing of the SCRIPT
or DIRECTOR faints and falls off of the BOX
- [0'04"] from miles away, a WISE OLD MAN feels the disturbance created
by the PRODUCTION and locks the DOOR of his SMALL SHACK and
makes a mental note to dust off his OLD RIFLE
- [0'05"] EVERYTHING stops. SILENCE engulfs the stage.
AUDIENCE weeps, for there is nothing left.

~mox



~mox

"A Distillation Of The Feeling You Get When The Realization Washes Over You That We Have 12 Years To Prevent A Global Climate Catastrophe And That There Exists Some Point At Which Climate Change Will Be Irreversible As Methane Melts Out Of The Permafrost Up In Siberia And That The Biggest Polluters Aren't Individuals, They're Corporations, And Being Corporations They Are Driven Only By Profit For The Capitalist Class And That We Cannot Keep Earth Inhabitable Unless We Come Up With Some Completely Different Economic System And Reformat Modern Life As We Know It"

by mox

Yikes.

~mox

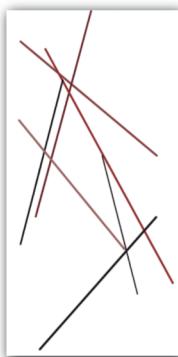
Aambergris
SM - 2/19/2018

March 1st
SWS 3/1/2018

it was so bright the other hook ear shook
as i waited at the beach the red light
the moon was so bright that
my eyes had to adjust to it as i stared at it

it is the black excretions
of whales
it is the discomfort of the whale
leaving its body
after years and years in the ocean
it turns white

~mio



~mio

```
# processing.py sketch
# License: CC0

import time, datetime

# Settings
canvasW = 250
canvasH = 500
imgPrefix = ""
imgDateFormat = "%Y%m%d%H%M%S"
imgExt = "png"

def setup():
    size(canvasW, canvasH)
    background(255)
    drawLines()
    save(imgPrefix + timestamp(imgDateFormat) + "." + imgExt)

def timestamp(fmt):
    ts = time.time()
    return datetime.datetime.fromtimestamp(ts).strftime(fmt)

def drawLines():
    # Minimum 5 lines
    lineCt = int(random(5, canvasW * canvasH * 0.001))
    for i in range(lineCt):
        # Shades of red, optional alpha
        redVal = random(250)
        gbVal = redVal / random(5)
        while gbVal >= redVal:
            gbVal = redVal / random(5)
        alphaVal = 255

        # Line weight
        strokeWeight(random(lineCt * 0.5))

        # Line coords
        x1 = random(canvasW)
        y1 = random(canvasH)
        x2 = random(canvasW)
        y2 = random(canvasH)
        while x2 == x1:
            x2 = random(canvasW)
        while y2 == y1:
            y2 = random(canvasH)

        stroke(redVal, gbVal, gbVal, alphaVal)
        line(x1, y1, x2, y2)
```

~rogbeer

title: "Alternating: a poem"

Languidly the cat lies on the floor
Yet it speedily retreats from
A grown man's violent swats

Torrentially the flood sweeps away a car
Yet rain sweetly cascades down
The awaiting crops of the farmer

How hot the sun is
Yet in the night
I long for it

-rogbeer has more of his creative works on Tumblr:
<https://trust-in-jehovah.tumblr.com/>

~calmbit

```
#!/usr/bin/ruby

def self.method_missing(m, *a) puts [m.to_s, a].flatten().join('
') end
def although() puts "\nalthough\n\n" end

##### ALTHOUGH #####
### a poem you can run ###
#####

maybe "i will build my own meaning, aloft dreams of greater
desire"
maybe "the will to live on will strike me fast and quick"
i "can't quite see what's ahead of me"
yet "feel like it might be fine"

although

maybe "i will find my flights of fancy to be idle and obscene"
maybe "distraction will only hinder my wellbeing"
i "don't want to be a bother"
yet "i know that i'm not alright"

although

maybe "i will make it seem alright to others"
maybe "the essence and odor of self-loathing will be masked
with an alluring veneer"
i "can't let them know what a struggle it is to wake up"
yet "i'll miss more things if i keep on dragging my feet"

although

maybe "it would be best if I just didn't try at all"
maybe "the reason i keep on letting people down is letting
myself hope"
i "don't feel like there's much left to lose"
yet "there's nothing else to gain"
```

~calmbit

although

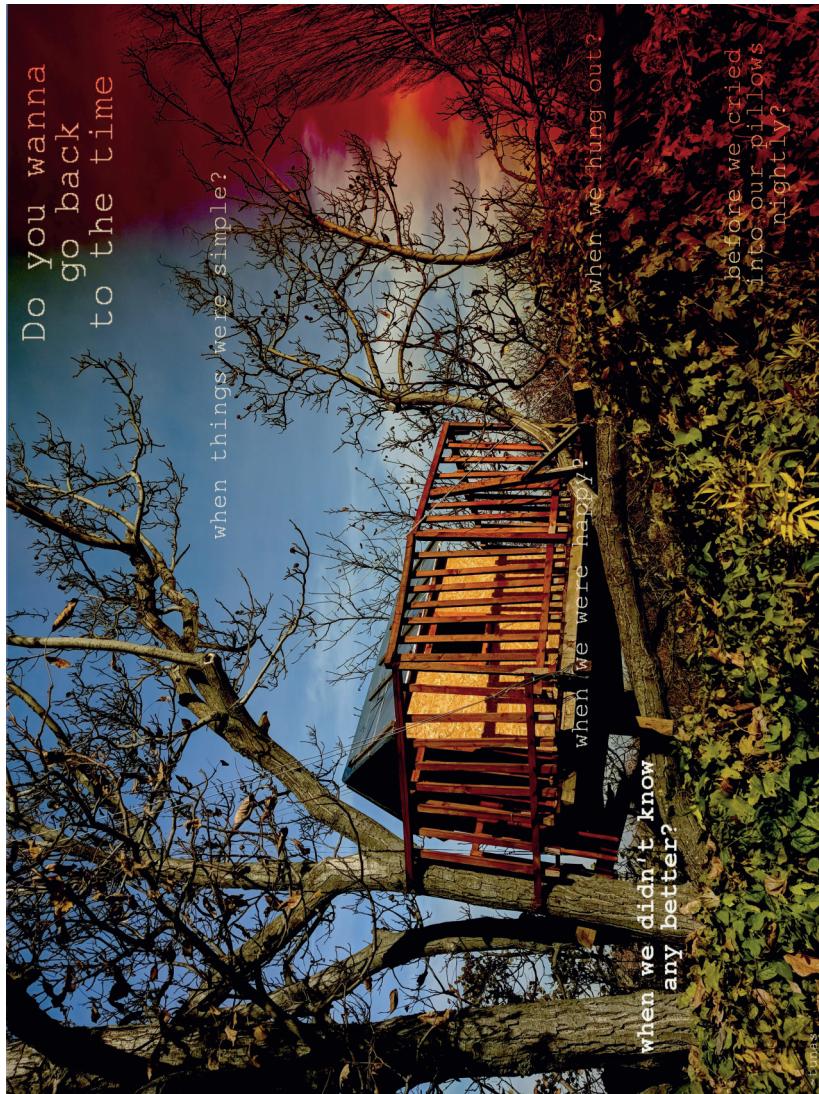
maybe "someday my problems will evaporate into air like steam"
maybe "the reason for the stress and anxiety and sadness will
become clear"

i "revel in the absurdity of existence"
yet "recoil in fear of losing purpose"

although

maybe "i will build my own meaning, aloft dreams of greater
desire"

~tunas



tunas

~tildebeast

From a host, wishing to establish communication with another host

DEAR <HOST 2 IP ADDRESS>,

A user has asked me to establish communication with you at your earliest convenience. Would you be so kind as to describe your preferences respecting modes of connection?

You will notice that I have taken the liberty of enquiring via the 22nd port. I gather that it is customary in these circumstances to include the word 'SYN'.

Sincerely yours,
<HOST 1 IP ADDRESS>

From a host, accepting another host's invitation to communicate

DEAR <HOST 1 IP ADDRESS>,

Thank you very much for your request. I am happy for us to converse using any commonly accepted protocol and port, if in so doing we may observe the necessary standards of reliability, security, efficiency, decency and, of course, professional courtesy. Your mention of 'SYN' lends weight to my belief that we should employ the popular protocol 'TCP/IP'.

I trust that, as reputable hosts, your opinion and mine coincide in these matters. Permit me to respond to your closing remark with a respectful 'SYN ACK'.

Sincerely yours,
<HOST 2 IP ADDRESS>

From a host, acknowledging the receipt of another host's acceptance

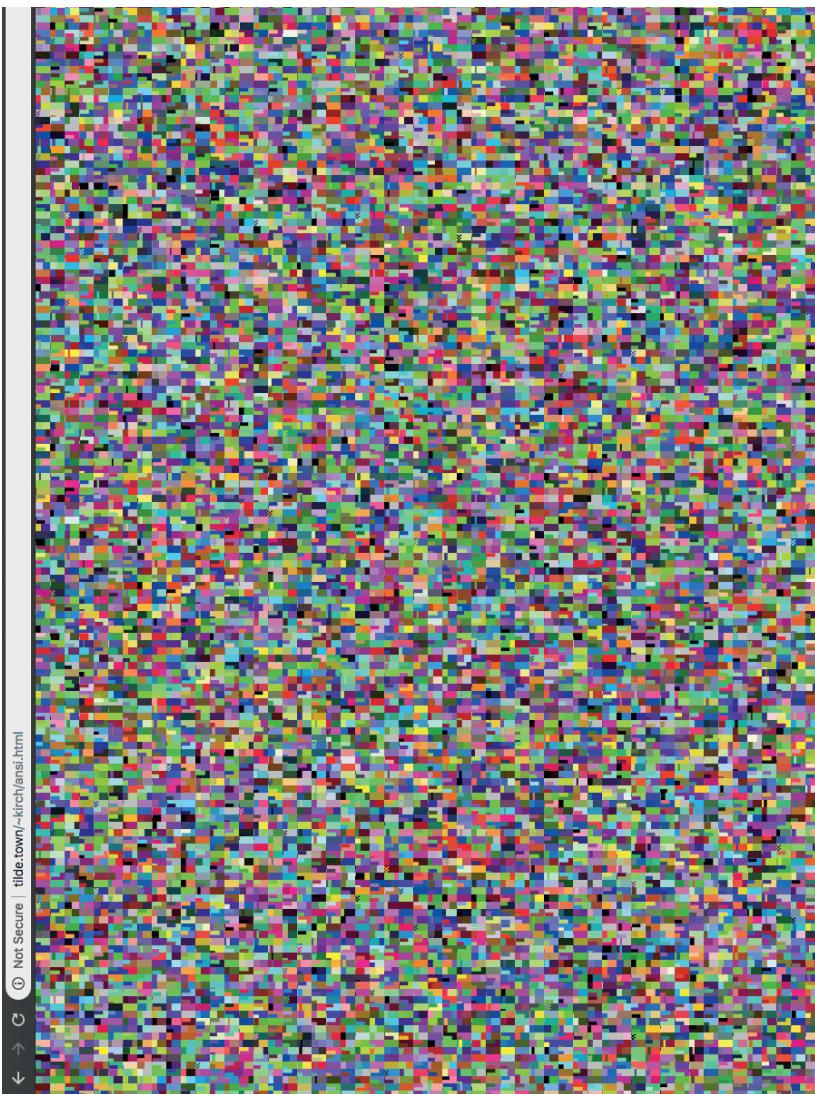
DEAR <HOST 2 IP ADDRESS>,

Your prompt reply afforded me the greatest pleasure. By way of reassurance I shall, directly after this opening exchange, send you my user's public key for your perusal.

Once this confidence has been shared we may carry on our conversation behind the bulwark of strong encryption. It only remains to add, 'ACK'.

Sincerely yours,
<HOST 1 IP ADDRESS>

`~kirch`



~xvetrd

An Experiment

~xvetrd Jun 2018

For all my efforts up till now
No rhyme has come from furrowed brow.
A meter? Nay, my verses free.
No prescription written for me.

Motifs expressed without much worth,
No grand ideas have ere sprung forth.
My words today, quotidian:
Let's buy some weed, and smoke again.

A Comprehensive Response to My Father, His Claim, and His Will

~xvetrd Jul 2018

no.

~xvetrd

High Again

~xvetrd

Jul 2018

lets get high
and listen to that cassette
i got for free
by emailing a nude

(mine was #21)
i got it that summer my mom got
cancer, remember?
i got high when i first listened to it too

and i don't even smoke.
i listened to it "wrong"
it was pitch "corrected"
all the way down, slowed too,

so i had more time.
it was mostly instrumental
so there wasnt a vocal problem
i listened with my over-ears

and sat on the ground.
i fell asleep
and was taken away
away from everything.

im high again
and listening again; slowed, again
and i want to be away again
gone again

~xvetrd

Found Poem #1

~xvetrd Jul 2018

a poem often starts with just a sin
i guess its sort of like having a t
i dontwant to write poems right no

Hardware Store

~xvetrd Sep 2018

weekend projects have a difficulty
metric unseen and rooted at their core
loosely based on know-how but more important
by number of trips to the hardware store

a simple project like hanging a shelf
can be done simply in just less than two
a harder project is hanging a shelf
when you're missing a drill bit or screw

xvetrd is the tilde alias of S.H. Makdisi. They hold degrees in Computer Science and Mathematics. They live in Indiana with their roommate, the cat, and many plants.

~marcus

Needed:

Worsted Weight Yarn (Size 4) - Red, Black, White
Stuffing or filling for the ball

--- Ball ---

Rnd 1:

With R yarn, make an adjustable ring. Work 9 sc in the ring. Pull the ring tight to close the gap. Do not connect, instead work in a spiral.

Rnd 2:

* 1 sc in the first stitch, 2 sc in the next stitch, 1 sc in the next stitch, repeat from * (12 stitches)

Rnd 3:

* 1 sc in the first stitch, 2 sc in the next stitch, repeat from * (18 stitches)

Rnd 4:

* 2 sc in the first stitch, 1 sc in the next 2 stitches, repeat from * (24 stitches)

Rnd 5:

* 1 sc in the first 3 stitches, 2 sc in the next stitch, repeat from * (30 stitches)

Rnd 6:

* 1 sc in the first 2 stitches, 2 sc in the next stitch, 1 sc in the next 2 stitches, repeat from * (30 stitches)

Rnd 7-8:

1 sc in each stitch, switching to B yarn on the last yo on rnd 8 (36 stitches per round)

~marcus

Rnd 9-10:

1 sc in each stitch, switching to W yarn on the last yo on rnd 10 (36 stitches per round)

Rnd 11-12:

1 sc in each stitch (36 stitches per round)

Rnd 13:

* 1 sc in the first 3 stitches, skip the next stitch, 1 sc in the next 2 stitches, repeat from * (30 stitches)

Rnd 14:

* 1 sc in the first stitch, skip the next stitch, 1 sc in the next 3 stitches, repeat from * (24 stitches)

Rnd 15:

* skip the first stitch, 1 sc in the next 3 stitches, repeat from * (18 stitches)

Before continuing, stuff the ball. Stuffing should be enough to allow the ball to pop back into shape after squeezing. Do not overstuff.

Finishing:

* skip first stitch, 1 sc in the next stitch, repeat 12 times from *

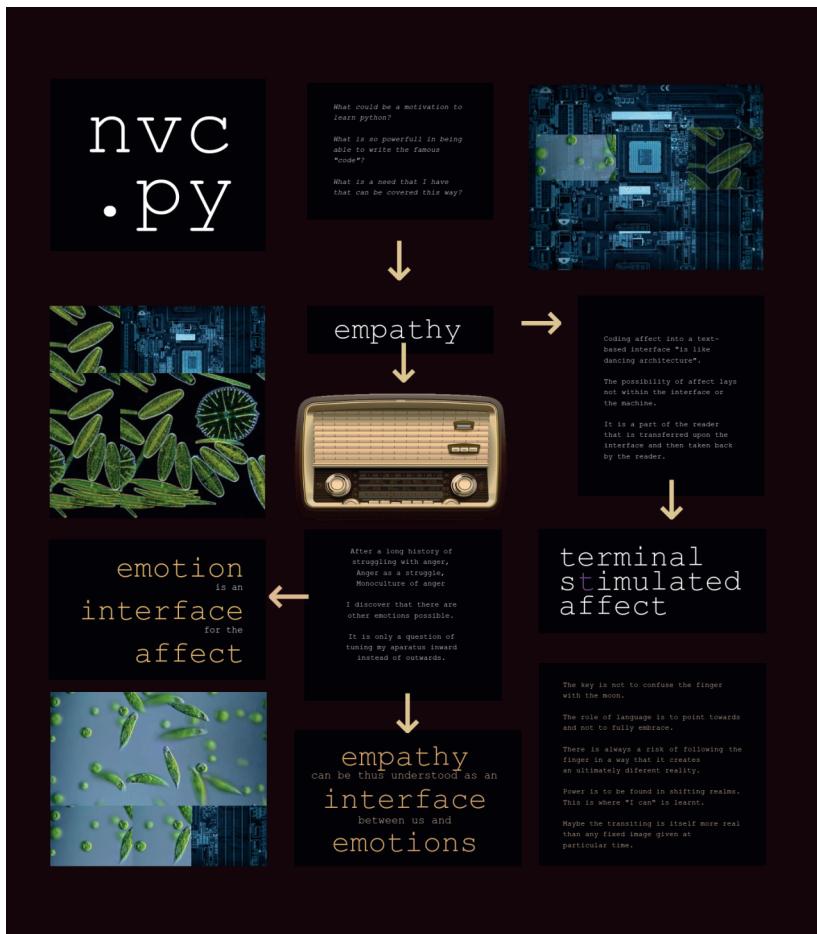
Leave a sewing length of yarn, and use it to sew the top of the ball closed

--- Button ---

With W yarn, make an adjustable ring. Work 9 sc into the ring. Connect the ring with a slip stitch. Pull the adjustable ring tight.

With B yarn, sew the button to the ball over top of the colour transitions visible in the ball pattern.

~roan



~roan

nvc.py

What could be a motivation to learn python?
What is so powerfull in being able to write the famous "code"?
What is a need that I have that can be covered this way?

Empathy

empathy
can be thus understood as an
interface
between us and
emotions

After a long history of struggling with anger,
Anger as a struggle,
Monoculture of anger

I discover that there are other emotions possible.
It is only a question of tuning my aparatus inward instead of
outwards.

emotion
is an
interface
for the
affect

~roan

Coding affect into a text-based interface "is like dancing architecture".

The possibility of affect lays not within the interface or the machine.

It is a part of the reader that is transferred upon the interface and then taken back by the reader.

terminal
stimulated
affect

The key is not to confuse the finger
with the moon.

The role of language is to point towards
and not to fully embrace.

There is always a risk of following the finger in a way
that it creates
an ultimately different reality.

Power is to be found in shifting realms.
This is where "I can" is learnt.

Maybe the transiting is itself more real
than any fixed image given at
particular time.

~wangofett

15:07 <wangofett> yeah, pretty much - we've been trying to eat a lot healthier, so we have these horrid looking but deliciously tasting qinuoia crunch veg patties from Aldi

15:07 <wangofett> (like, they look like they've already been eaten, lol)

15:11 <wangofett> but, they're ridiculously delicious. Weirdly enough if you mix that with scrambled eggs, cottage cheese, and mustard, you get this amazing hash that's soooo good

15:11 <wangofett> people call it breakfast crack

~equa

```
// Pretty sound generator. For fun and warmth, everything uses 16 bit math.  
// pipe to `aplay -c 2` or `pacat --raw --format u8 --rate 8000 --channels 2`  
  
#include <stdio.h>  
#include <stdint.h>  
  
uint16_t SAMPLE_RATE = 8000;  
// random constant makes everything fit into 16 bits  
uint16_t VOICE_COFF = 8;  
// maximum value of anything in "voices" -- having it be the same as  
// the sample rate makes things better, i think  
uint16_t VOICE_MAX = 8000;  
  
uint16_t voices[32] = {0};  
  
// increments a voice according to the frequency given and  
// returns a nice 8-bit wave from the output  
int8_t iter(uint16_t *voice, uint16_t freq) {  
    *voice += (VOICE_MAX * VOICE_COFF) / ((SAMPLE_RATE * VOICE_COFF) / freq);  
    *voice %= VOICE_MAX;  
    // sawtooth wave!  
    int8_t x = ((*voice % (VOICE_MAX / 4)) * (VOICE_MAX / 1000)) / 125;  
    x = ((*voice / (VOICE_MAX / 4)) % 2) ? 127 - x : x;  
    return (*voice > (VOICE_MAX / 2)) ? -x : x;  
  
    // replacing the sawtooth with this will make the voices into square waves:  
    // return (*voice > VOICE_MAX / 2) ? 127 : -127;  
}  
  
// approximate values for {1, 9/8, 21/16, 3/2, 7/4}  
int pentatonic[5] = {110, 124, 144, 165, 192};
```

~equa

```
int main(int argc, char **argv) {
    // j % 2 == 0 on left channel and 1 on right channel
    for (uint64_t j = 0;; j++) {
        int16_t x = 0;

        for (int i = 0; i < 16; i++) {
            uint16_t freq = pentatonic[i % 5] * 1 << (i / 5);
            // get amplitude of wave. the higher the frequency or voice number,
            // the less frequent the sound
            int16_t y = 4 - (j + (i << 12) >> 13) % (i * 3 + 2 + (i + j) % 2);
            x += iter(&voices[i * 2 + (j % 2)], freq) * (y > 0 ? y : 0);
        }

        // add 128 to balance the unsigned 8-bit output
        putchar((x / 32) + 128);
    }
}
```

