



JUNE 2014

PHOTO

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Dear Reader,

The most important thing that happened since the Polar Season (when we left you), is the discovery of the following picture:



This outwardly quotidian WikiHow jpeg portrays a young woman staring resolutely at (what else?) her pet tarigrade, or, water bear, which is presumably lodged in its mossy home. This picture was the last in a series, proposing to educate the public on the capture, domestication, and enjoyment of this unlikely pet.

The more I gazed on the picture, the more it moved me. Her intense gaze, her bootless efforts, compounded with the caption below, which remarked: "Now enjoy your water bear!" What volumes of desire, wistfulness, and even loss, exude from those MS Paint eyes! And in the Herculean task of enjoying her water bear, she is imbued with a humanity beyond her humble pixelated components.

She is our Joan of Arc, our Jean de la Singularité, proof of grace beyond the bounds of flesh and art. For, despite its relative invisibility, does not the tarigrade enjoy a hearty existence? Then, why can't Joan of Water Bears be full of grace, despite her poor parts?

Likewise, we wish you joy of your unseen tarigrades, as they trundle through the moss,

Yrs, **SHREWD**
GRIM
Grim & Shrewd

Letters to the Editor

To the Editors:

I must express deep concern regarding the sentiments expressed by True Fact #83: "all the french have forever been just as dumb as rats asses". As a biologist, philosopher, and card-carrying rodentophile, I find the claim outlandish and offensive. It is well-documented that cells extracted from posterior of the *rattus norvegicus* have been found capable of navigating simple mazes, avoiding predators, and in one study defeating an entire German regiment. I look to your publication for the unmitigated pursuit of truth. Please don't sully your objective inquiry by falling into the all-to-common trap of anti-muroideism.

Prof. Jacque Wittgenstein, University of Maryland

The editors extend our sincerest apologies, and would like to verify that true fact #83 was indeed a misprint. The original sentence read "all the french have forever been just as dumb as tat rashes".

Submit your letters to:

letters@liberatedliberator.com

How was your Easter? Mine was not bad.

The campaign's figurehead is a cartoon character in the shape of a raindrop. Combat Films, American Realism. It represents the idea of holiness, or of union with God, who is the original of all that is true, good, and beautiful. Bavarian State Orchestra are particularly distinguished. The Mirror for Magistrates, ed. Chinese state television officials cut away abruptly from the televised speech and switched to a discussion in the studio.

6ba5daed@silkot.com

6ba5daed, only rarely do our readers so eloquently sell us on the finer points of ordering viagra online.

This is the police. We have you surrounded. Put down the typewriter and come out with your hands up.

The Police

Mingus cat! Take these print-outs and run! Distribute them far and wide. Should you never see us again, responsibility for the Good Ship Liberator falls on you and Magellan's shoulders!

The Short, Inspirational Tale of the Jefferson Times

A TRAGI-COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

Act 1

Morning of Two Thousand Pamphlets

Why is it a secret?

From the secretive global policy makers of the Bilderberg Group, to the United Nations Agenda 21 takeover of America, there's a lot of secrets being kept from the public. We are sick and tired of the dinosaur corporate media having all the power to control what info the people know and don't know.

They are accessories in the treasonous crimes they are covering up, and should be treated as enemies to America. In the dead of night on new years eve 2011, Obama signed into law, the NDAA. Along with allowing the indefinite military detention of U.S. citizens without due process, this act legalized 'government propaganda', and now the white house feeds the scripted agenda to the major news outlets

LET'S BREAK THE MATRIX!

We are excited to be launching Jefferson Times. Inspired by Thomas Jefferson's passion for liberty and truth, our mission is to sound the alarm that America is being taken over from the inside out by enemies foreign and domestic.

SUPPORT OUR FUNDRAISER!

We have ONE WEEK to raise \$1740 to print and distribute the next issue of Jefferson Times to every house in Jefferson Park! This is only the beginning of our mission to save our nation from third world slavery. Your support of this startup will ensure that our neighborhood won't be fooled by the agents of the New World Order

Support our fundraiser at

www.igg.me/at/JeffParkProject

Download the newspaper free at www.jefftimes.com

PHONE: (312) 513 8915

Act 2

Evening of Two Thousand Cents

\$20 USD

RAISED OF \$1,740 GOAL

1%

⌚ 0 time left

This campaign started on May 27 and closed on June 07, 2014 (11:59pm PT).

Flexible Funding ?

CAMPAIGN CLOSED

This campaign ended on June 7, 2014

www.igg.me/at/JeffParkProject

True Facts #665

Knowledge may be power, ignorance may be bliss, but farts will always be funnier.

Les Mots de Pony, cont'd

Eli D Halpern

I BELIEB IN ABORTION YOLO

MY NAME IS A PONY NAMED PRINCESS I KEEP MY GENDER POLITICS 2 MYSELF

WUZ TROTTING THRU THE PARK THE OTHER DAY AND I ACTUALLY SAW A BIRD DIE

CHARLES AND I STARTED A NOISE BAND HE PLAYS A FENDER HOOKED UP TO A LOOPING PEDAL I SIT ON A CHAISE LOUNGE DREMING OF MY MOTHER YOLOOOOO

WHEN I PEERED OVER THE RIM OF MY STARBUCK'S CUP 2DAY THE SKY WAS SOO BLUE I FELL INTO A DEPRESSION

ƒ NO. NO. NO. ƒ

GUY WALKS INTO A BAR BARTENDER SEZ WE DONT SERVE DUCKS HERE GUY SEZ I AM NOT A DUCK

\$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ Y M I SOO LONELLI?

NYMPHO MERMAID STARTED DATING THIS RAPPER NAMED HITLER AND EVERY FUCKING DAY HE SCOOPS HER OUT OF THE CUP FOR ANOTHER AFTERNOON OF CLIFF WALKS AND BANDMINTOM I MEAN FUCKING FUCK

I BELIEB N MY CAPACITY 2 LOVE ...

BUT DAMNED IF I CAN FIND SUM 1 WHO NOWS HOW 2 WERK MY PUSSY BENEATH ITS MANTILLA OF UNBROKEN FLESH

I SPRAINED MY RIGHT FORELEG RACING CHARLES DOWN THE THAYER STREET HILL SO NO SPENCER I AM NOT IN THE MOOD TO GIVE YOU A BLOWJOB

True Facts #937

To the French, a shower cap is known as a "douche bonnet".

Food Fights, Vol. 5, Ep. 7

Grim

Maude glanced around the room timidly and put forth a plate of Ritz crackers, dimpled with crème cheese. She had contrived to drape a muff of imitation crab on each. Maude could not help but feel guilty about her offering. She had covertly found the recipe on ask.com by requesting an AOL search for: "fancy finger foods."

Meanwhile, Letitia tenderly placed a single sprig of saffron on the golden belly of a poached quail egg, as it rested upon its bed of kale and beet microgreens. She finished the plating with an artistic trail of lemony roux and stepped back, utterly cognizant of her own culinary prowess.

The children at the party wondered if, at this rate, they would ever get pizza.

John's Awakening

The Moose Lodge Society



All artists are fundamentally inconsolable.

Emma Thompson

Fruitopia is King

Kat Tuesday



Redeeming Grace

Part 1 of 2

Noah Epstein

Inhale --

She lies on a towel, elbows marking the sand, eyes perusing the surface of a page. A backpack sits beside her, stuffed with survival supplies.

Her eyes glance up, sparkling, as she waves. The serpent uncoils from her neck, scarring her breast as it slithers back into the primordial ooze.

Together they sit, Adam and Eve, after the fall. The lapping of the waves harkens back to the booming surf of the ocean — paradise lost, paradise found, paradise lost again. He lies back. The gritty sand conforms to his shape; it absorbs and envelops him. For he was made from dust, and to dust he shall return.

She stands, made in his image, from his rib; she wades into the choppy water.

~

A homeless man once shouted "Can you unlock a broken heart?" as I passed him in my locksmith's van. He lived underneath 94 on Webster, a block from the room I shared with my girlfriend. His makeshift bed stretched over a concrete support for the highway running over his head, all his worldly processions crammed in a shopping cart hidden in some bushes next to where I parked my work van. Overhead, the city of Chicago raced back and forth, a city propelled by ambition, drive, hustle, and desperation.

Young and cocksure, I rolled down my window and shouted back, "Of course, just drill and replace it!" That was long ago, when I still saw in black and white, before everything went down, before the fall from grace.

A few weeks after I started locksmithing, my girlfriend got door'd while biking to work. She broke her collarbone in a few places, and needed surgery to set the bone, and a metal plate to hold everything in place.

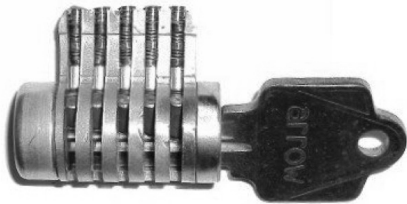
She was stuck alone in our room, powerless, while I ran all over the city, playing god. Maybe I should have tried to take time off, but I just started

working as a locksmith, and I didn't have much bargaining power with my sociopathic bosses. Also, for the first time since college, I felt like I had it figured out. I was doing the exploiting instead of being exploited. It's hard to describe the power I felt when I started locksmithing. One of my bosses told me once that after he trained me, I'd feel like a superhero, able to walk through walls. And I did, for a while.

~

Locks are among the simplest and most common machines, but people usually have no idea how they work. Like anything or anyone people grow accustomed to, no one thinks about locks or how they work. Unless there is a problem.

Locks are unique puzzles. Each lock has its own secrets, its own story, its own history. Behind the lock's face lies a row of pins, all unseen except the first pin in line, the pin closest to the lock face. People are the same way — locked tight by their emotions, experiences, expectations, desires, ambitions, and dreams, only a tiny bit of what holds them in place visible in their face.



This how an ordinary house lock works: Inside the lock cylinder, there is a set of 5 bottom pins of different lengths (I'll explain why shortly), a set of top pins of the same length, and springs that push the top pins down to meet the bottom pins, thus creating the "lock". The different lengths of the bottom pins match the jagged edge of the key, each pin a length that corresponds to the depth of the cut in the key. When the correct key is inserted, the bottom pins are pushed down, and the top pins pushed up to compress the springs, and the break between the pin pairs line up with the shear line of the lock cylinder, allowing it to turn freely. The top pins and springs are trapped outside the lock cylinder, the bottom pins and the key filling all the space in the lock up to the shear line.

When picking a lock, first you insert a tension wrench. With your thumb, you apply the slightest bit of pressure to it, creating tension between lock cylinder and lock sleeve. Then you insert a pick and manipulate the bottom row of pins. The line of pins has an order. Picking a lock is deciphering this order — you push each pair of pins up, turning the cylinder ever so slightly with the tension wrench each time a top pin is successfully pushed past the shear line. Because the pins are not in a perfectly straight line, the tension wrench can turn the lock cylinder enough to hold picked top pins outside the lock cylinder.

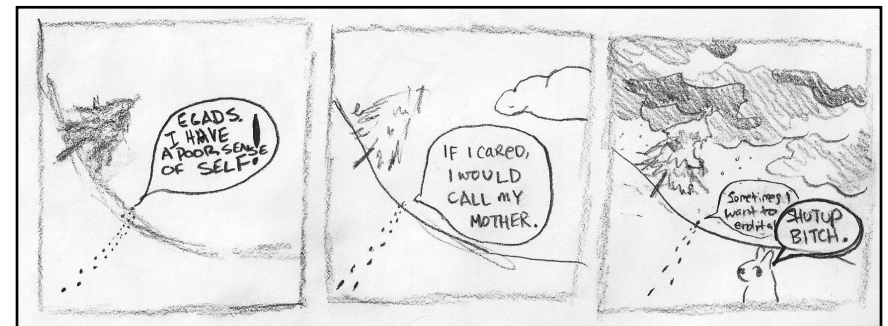
The easiest way to pick a lock is to "rake" it. You run the pick down the line of pins quickly, trying to manipulate many of the pins as quickly as possible, hoping that you will get lucky, that the pins will catch. Cheap locks are usually easy to rake, while good locks demand more finesse.

I like to "single pin" pick locks. Instead of trying to manipulate many pins at once, you slowly test each pin pair individually. Mentally visualizing the inside of the lock, you sense out the order, slowly and methodically moving from pin to pin. You learn the order, feel the tension of the spring through the lock pick. When you finally reach the last unpicked pin, you know the contours of the lock. The pick is an extension of your hand, of your brain. When the last top pin slips over the shear line, strange relief coupled with pride washes over you as the cylinder turns and the lock opens. Pride. Grace, even.

to be continued...

On Solipsism

The Moose Lodge Society



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