

# THE LIBERATED LIBERATOR



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December 2015

Dear Reader,

The mountains shifted, tall peaks in a red scramble to hide from the storm. A million juniper berries fell to the ground, all at once. When your mother had you, she made a sound like the pacific ocean. A new joke to try out on the peanut gallery, I guess. Every season takes us by surprise: this one is sleety mad drab greybeard. We can guess what kind of lover January will make.

In another year, we'll be married, carried to the slender atoll of the space of time between now and longing. The wind goes howling outside, where Wal-Mart contrives for the hundredth year to sit as God does on a throne of heavenly blue. If you remember a few things about 2015, we're glad this letter won't be in the mix. The one thing you can still rely on is the forgetting.

GRIM

+

SHREWD

*Grim*

*Shrewd*

# Letters to the Editor

*yo EDDIEZ! did you actually train that cat to throw knives? i wanna train my cat cause you know sometimes they're just staring at a bug right and my little buddy can't jump that high and plus i think the ladyz would fucking love that shit, right?*  
—Lil' Jason Bubbie

**Mingus cat does in fact throw her own knives. Her instructional videos are widely available wherever cheap pornography is sold. As our bumper sticker proudly proclaims:**  
“Cats with paws break laws. Cats with knives save lives.”

*Dear Liberated:*  
*Knock Knock*  
—a sound

**Who's there?**

*Dear Liberated:*  
*A misfortune beheld*  
*Is a misfortune felled*  
—ancient Cadillac dealer proverb

**“A misfortune beheld  
Is a misfortune felled  
ancient Cadillac dealer proverb”  
who?**

*You snarky piece of shit,*  
*If I ever catch you stealing my*  
*garden hose to power your fuck-*  
*ing waterwheel printer again, the*  
*next hose you'll see is a fucking fire*  
*hose, trying and failing to quench*  
*the smoldering devastation of what*  
*once was the god-forsaken beaver*  
*dam you call a printshop, you*  
*fucking fucks!*  
—You know WHO

**We... we don't get it. Jokes these days.**

**To have your concerns dismissed, your problems solved, or your coffee sweetened, send your letters to**

**[letters@liberatedliberator.com](mailto:letters@liberatedliberator.com)**



**Why a**  
**Theo Wanne**  
**Overt Benefits**

- 1. Achieve & surpass the sounds of sax giants.**
- 2. Produce the richest and fattest sounds possible.**
- 3. Own beauty - Own art!**

# Full Lilt

by Noah Epstein

Is it too late to slow down? We careen forward not out of fear but simply because there is no *back*. Pandora's box cannot be closed.

She said: There's no way forward.

He said: There's no way out.

Again they circle; again the preening.

She said: I don't owe you anything. Those debts have long been paid.

He said: I think we both owe each other more than we can either ever possibly repay.



Some people drink to forget, some to remember, some to get mad, some to calm down. Those don't scare me — the only ones that do are the ones who drink for oblivion. The ones that aren't on a journey, but in a race — a race against time, against themselves, against all others.



She says no one has touched her sexually in a month, including herself. Without it, I'm an angry person, she says. I have no tolerance for people.

In a flash, for a second, it all makes sense. Billions of people projecting and expecting erotic energy on and from each other.

Love. Hate. Release. All in conjunction with the self-absorbed flagellation of masturbation. If you want something done right, you better do it yourself. You better be prepared to get your hands dirty.



“Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?”

# DON'T MARRY YOURSELF TO ONE BRAND OF TOILET PAPER; YOU SHOULD HAVE MANY TOILET WIVES.

brought to you by HASBRO



*This issue of the LIBERAL LIBERATOR is:*

- (a) not racially motivated
- (b) b00btastic!
- (c) athwart the hawse
- (d) brought 2 u by \*GOD!\* ;)
- (e) a searing portrayal of post-9/11 hysteria, the final betrayal of Kantian ethics under cover of partisan politics, the unconsolable socio-economic divide, the displaced children who are told to inherit the wind

Answer on back page.

# Agony Aunt

Dear Agony Aunt,

Am I going to die?

*-Sleepless in Cornwall / Cornwall, MA*

**Dear Sleepless in Cornwall,**

**The simple answer is, YES!**

*-Agony Aunt*

Dear Agony Aunt,

I went on a spirit quest in Peru (a cool new restaurant/hookah den near my 'hood) led by Dr. Avocado Wolfe, a primatologist. He says my wishes for world peace and my gf to buy me an Xbox instead of being pregnant would come true if I eat more ancient grains. Do you know if there's any kind of special on this at Walmart? Like a bulk bag? I can't be a dad yet.

*-David Douchebonnet III / Citizen of the World*

**Dear Douche,**

**The simple answer is, YES!**

*-Agony Aunt*

Dear Agony Aunt,

I had a dream that we would one day be together again. After Ma left, you were the only one cared on me and Poppy. Now Poppy had a bad accident at the farm and died. in short someone forgot to feed chickens for awhile and you know how slow Poppy moves. i figured to drop you a line. i got a little pin money saved so don't worry about expenses i can always work a double at the Pancake House (Ned the manager is sweet on me tho he's married).

Hello?

Agony Aunt? Are you there?

*-Jenefer Agony / Bacon, GA*

all clip art by Eli.D.Halpern

DARKNESS CLOSES IN AGAIN

# Recipe Corner: Biloxi

1 hurricane

2 domesticated felines (urban imports)

Gaze

August in the Gulf of Mexico

A pinch of fever

Rye whiskey, mint, puddled

I met a man on the road who shoots flies dead with a Nerf gun. He straps sytrofoam bullets to his belt like Rambo. *The only good fly is a dead fly.* He is a true marksman.

My friends I left in the glass house on the incline, abutting a short stretch of forest, trees that met the hurricanes season after season. They are recalcitrant trees. They don't bend in the heat like we do, but glower in their own shade, spread short dark pools that the sun pierces anyway.

The cats, seduced by heat, would hardly come inside. "Goodbye, goodbye," I coaxed, hoping they'd acknowledge me with a glance, which is with the only real gift a cat bestows. They never did, and I left them to the loving wilderness around them.

In the evening, a breeze can rise out of the gulf, sweet and cool as a blast of air conditioning. You can finally stand up straight in the dark and watch the stars come out over the wide bridge, watch them lose the battle to the casino lights. On the broad beaches by the poisoned sea, the hermit crabs crawl back into their poisoned homes for the night.

*God was good to us that day. He did not let a single one of us die. He did not let a single one of us remember. The forests were slashed; the crabs poisoned in their own sands; we were doing well, we were doing the Lord's work, which was to keep our head down, to endure nothing but time, and to forget. For this, God was so good to us.*

by Grim



Which ad experience do you prefer?



Plan a takeover with Lenovo  
Chimera U780 and destroy  
the Byzantines



Map out a plan with ilucifer  
and redeem the Shadow Army



Crack open a refreshing  
Budweiser™

Your video will automatically start in 8 seconds.



# Canterburner Tales

by Stan Vilensky

Dustiest it's ever been in my years there.

Tuesday through Friday, the winds would pick up around noon and escalate until around seven, then diminish. But every day, it got windier. Friday, at its worst, the wind was steadily blowing at 35 mph, gusting up to 50.

Total whiteout, all day long. Fucking dust, man, it can erode the will at such speeds. I'd rather the desert sun had the upper hand. But those four days were adorned by some of the most beautiful clouds I've seen, and capped by spectacular sunsets.

Nature particularly abhorred our camp's structures. We had three monkey huts between the six of us. Mine, being car-portable, was the weakest. By Wednesday evening, the wind had made its upkeep untenable, and we struck it. By Thursday evening, another hut had been torn apart. And Saturday morning, with almost no wind and a cloudless sky, a freak gust, a soliton, barreled through and upended the remaining hut. Literally flipped it over, leaving everything beneath it, the kitchen table and everything on it, Alex's tent, the plastic bags of food, utterly untouched.

Pretentious Fox had a costly misadventure the Friday before The Week, wherein their truck and its cargo trailer, laden with their bar, tents, clothing, food, audio equipment, generator, and thousands of dollars worth of booze and other goodies, caught on fire and, in due course, exploded outside Reno.

The driver and passenger escaped, but left behind their shoes, wallets, phones, and, of course, tickets. They'd left their parking brake on, which lit on fire a rear tire, which spread to their wooden bar, which contained the aforementioned booze and a half dozen jugs of gasoline for the genny. Poof. Or rather, Kaboomboomwhoosh-boominferno.



The story ends well, for those concerned: They rallied, collected additional money, maxed out a few credit cards, and somehow replaced everything within two days. Up and running on Monday. So kudos to them fuckers.

The Art:

The Flaming Lotus Girls created a sixty-foot-long, purple, skeletal serpent coiled around an egg, head rearing and jaws snapping, every tooth and vertebra shooting flame. To one side, a small crew manned the propane tanks, some of which were the size of a small car. Then there was a seven-story Sanctum of the Holy Freak, made of wood and cardboard, facade covered with photographs of odd-looking people, innards festooned with bits of gold-painted plastic trash and peepholes and a confessional booth that swallowed tripping hippies in the night.

There was a large wire-frame sculpture by a Ukrainian artist. Two figures, seated back to back, very well-articulated, with two homonculus within. The larger figures were withdrawn and dim and depressed. But inside the torso of each larger figure, another, smaller figure of child. The two inner children faced other, trying to touch palms through the adult bodies in which they were trapped. By day, it was poignantly sad, but, by night, the inner children were illuminated from within, reversing the emotional polarity of the piece.

My favorite was the third in the series by the same guy who made the giant metal women in the previous years. But whereas the others had been frozen mid-dance, this one was seemed static. But if you took the time to look closely, you could make out her deep, slow breaths. I shit you not, this fifty-foot-tall woman was breathing, with all the human motion you'd expect in a breath. Chest rising, upper abdomen expanding, arms and shoulders rocking back and forth. No one believed me when I first pointed it out. By the end of the night, they'd even made me unsure. But it did move.

*And so end the year's excerpts from the Canterburner Tales.*

sure a lot of people  
are getting killed, but  
we're still lovin' it! ©



by Eli D. Halpern

# KFC Original

by Grim

*Do you dream of lions?* Col. Sanders asked  
the small boy, while perched upon a cloud,  
*Well, do you?*

His bowtie was askew, but his eyes were earnest  
Mounted in a soft face, with no mouth,  
He beamed with age

*The Savannah is full of lions*, he continued,  
In your hand, the popsicle had begun to drip  
Drip drip dripdripdrip  
Staining the pavement

*The Savannah is a lion's paradise*,  
He said, putting his hand on top of your head  
And squeezing as hard as he can,  
*Because a lion can kill anything he likes there*

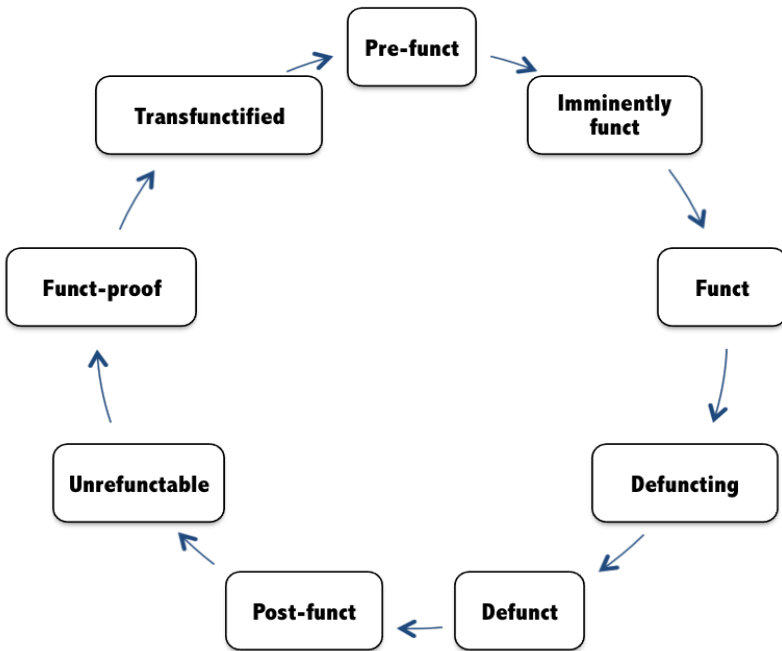
You think: he smells of attics and whiskey too,  
This depends on the day, and the hour, oh  
It is summer. A  
Red popsicle drips down your front  
A bright wound

*The Savannah is a lion's kingdom*,  
Col. Sanders twists his hand, wrist,  
His lung capacity at max, *He rules*  
*With a steely paw!*

You start to dream. You dream of lions,  
Beneath your feet, a thousand ants rush  
And cluster, biting slowly, a thousand  
Bites, eating their way to paradise.

# Circle of Function

by J. Rice, S. Waxman  
& Lake Superior



*This issue of the LIBERAL LIBERATOR is brout 2 U by:*

GOD: HE IS UP THERE ALL RIGHT

GOD: WHEN U HAVE NO WHERE ELSE 2 TURN

GOD: THIS LABOR DAY ONLY ONLY

GOD: STRONGER THAN JESUS

GOD: GOD

GOD: IT'S GOD

GOD: LORD of MUTANTS

GOD: AMERICA

GOD: WHO THAT

GOD: INCONSISTENT DECISION MAKING; SHODDY PLO-  
TLINES

GOD: BECAUSE YOURE WORTH IT

by Eli D. Halpern