

testsettestsettesttestsetes

THE LIBERATED LIBERATOR



November 2016

@3##

Dear Reader,
Autumn's ghosts flit up and down the
alley, sifting through dusty leaves,
crimping the brittle fingerlets of
mummified weeds. Neighbors move
dreamily through autumn hours,
wondering if they did the baby right,
if the oven was turned off, if,
indeed, they have prayed to the
right god. In this spirit of cheer
and fun--so much fun we have
prolapsed the womb of our carny moth-
ers--rises like a fat red French
balloon. Outside, the damp air
chokes the ivy, indoors, we sit
palms up, arms akimbo, legs pretzeled
hair, hotdogged, staring at a circle
made of bone and salt.
Small pieces of confetti litter the
rug: some have words on them. We
gathered some of them here pen

Yr Eds,



Grim & Shrewd.

SARE

NO

Letters to the Editor

I've dutifully selected my ad experience as per instructions, but several eagerly expectant months have proved utterly bereft of the promised experience. My eyes are dry, my sleep dreamless, my life nihility, my patience insulted. Must we get mother involved?

—Sir Dotesmith the Toned



experience buffering...

If a stranger makes suggestive remarks about the girthiness of one's mother's dick, is he attempting to insult your loved ones or celebrate your family's heritage of anatomical prowess?

—Contemplating Obscurely Confabulated Kindness

COCK, this was a test, an old filtering filtering technique utilized by the Secret Society of Moon Ravers. Were you quick to respond with a quip about their Grandfather's prom dress, you could be candyflipping on the moon by now.

You down with OPP?

—Treach

The simple answer is, YES!

Why do London-centric journalists think Hadrian's Wall is on the border with Scotland ("Tug of war", June 4th)? It is in the south of the English county of Northumberland, as any glance at a map would show. Unless there is some Machiavellian plan to cede vast areas of northern England to Scotland, it would be more appropriate to place post-Brexit customs controls along the River Tweed.

—David Hurrell

Probably because they can't read a map, blocked as it is by your mom's huge dick.

I miss Magellan Cat's op-eds! I really feel like the world of French Literary Criticism is lost without his incisive lead.

—Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux



To have your concerns dismissed, your problems solved, or your shirts stained, send your letters to:

letters@liberatedliberator.com

How to Sports*

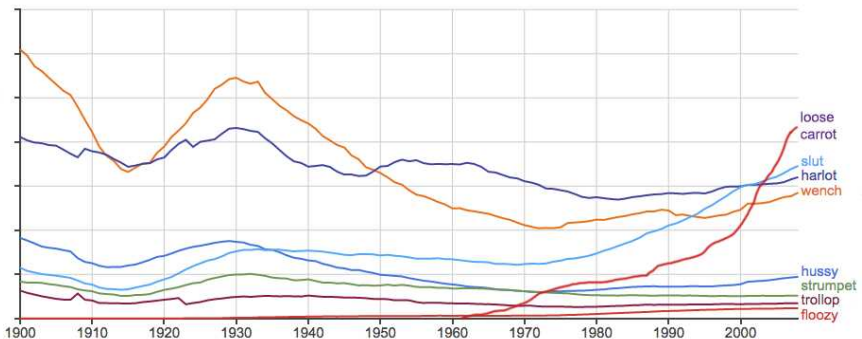
A simple guide, by God-Flavored Ice Cream

1. Beer.
2. More beer.
3. Memorize like 3 stats and throw them into a conversation no matter how applicable they may be. Throw in a few decimals for good measure.
4. Hate everything about the enemy arbitrarily.
5. A few more beers.
6. Yell “This is our year!” a lot.
7. Wake up and realize you had too much beer.

*Works equally well with politics.

One of the greatest dangers faced by time travelers is outing themselves by using out-of-fashion slang. A responsible jumper always reviews the linguistic trends of the age they are visiting. As part of the Liberator’s ongoing commitment to gentlemanly chronocation-ing, we present:

Time-Traveler’s Guide to Loose Women



America Was

America, you were always -
myth, palely lit by the exchequer of
a revolution fought for
white land-owning slave-owning
quill-pickers, who wrote:
We, the People
for themselves, leaving even
Abigail at the gate.

and yet, the People did come to you
some in shackles
some in shambles
some in shames
and some forced from America
to accept America

America, you always did breed -
bitches, exquisite and bold as
Sojourner Truth
slapping her hand against the
pulpit
winning her own self back
while the crowd cussed her out

Women tired of standing up
or sitting down or moving to the
back,
Women shoved into mental wards
for using their voice,
Women who feared for their
daughters
so grew claws and kept knives
sharp and near

America, you were always ever -
an experiment, lurching along,
fond of your own name, but
made lovely by
the brave who read your words
for what they meant and
fought for that good in them

We, the People
means all of us -
it is only way
the experiment works



and
We, the People
expresses not a jot
of the pain that has gone into making it
true

America, I am not afraid of you
you were built to change, to reform,
you were built to burn
like a prairie fire
forcing new growth from the indifferent past,

We, the People
protect our children
protect each other's children
it is the only way we survive
a thousand years of
intolerance

America, we were not born in you
You were born in us,
I will show you, and
my neighbors, and lovers, and
teachers,
and our children will show you
what you are

We, the People
must offer ourselves to each other
must pluck our hearts
from our chest
offer it to the other, and say:
this is my name; these are my fears;
these are my sorrows;
will you stand with me
against the storm?

by Grim

Nigel Lives!

(Excerpt)

Mr. Ferrari

you know, i could deal with
an out of touch millionaire
like romney. i could deal with
a holier than though bible
thumper like Cruz. i could
deal with a trained monkey,
and in fact did from 2000-
2008. all their policies are
generally the same, as will
be Trump's. cut taxes on the
wealthy, strip rights from minorities, etc etc. we can fight that. what i just can't abide is this arrogant, entitled, never-worked-for-a-thing-in-his-life, sleazebag little bitch getting to bask in victory over us, and his entitled, loud-mouth, little bitch supporters throwing it in my face and thinking they have a mandate to blindly blame others for their own ineptitude, deny climate change and science in general, and basically drag down the human race by breathing air that would be better spent on literally anything else. so yeah. Nicholas Cage said it perfectly:
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh

I didn't write because it had to be perfect, and it never was, and with each successive day it had to get more perfect because it had already been too long.

by Sunny

I've been sick for a month now, and it's completely my fault.

Turns out that driving six thousand miles in nine days with an-irritable and skeletal terrorist dog and (for halfway) an alternate-lypanicking-and-manic soon-to-be-ex-roommate/owned property immediately after all of the preparations thereto one might expect is not, in fact, as relaxing as it might be. Turns out that not even the clean living of Del Taco and beef jerky and too much music too loud with the windows down and the sun in my eyes on the return trip were enough to stave off my immune system's inevitable breakdown, and so came the bronchitis, and the massive quantities of OTC drugs to remain upright and functional, and the colleagues' jokes about how I was patient zero for Zika.

That was a month ago, and I've been fighting it ever since, and by "fighting" I mean staying up too late and getting up too early because I've discovered boys and hobbies and willingly rising for work at 0400 because I love my client more than almost anything.

The boys I discovered this spring, really, and whenever I think about it I think about the girl you dated when we first met. You gave up milk for her and she gave up heroin for you, and for a while it worked as your broken places overlapped. The world-would have you believe that that never works, but it does, for a time and with the right people, and sometimes I think it's the only way it works. I've always had a taste for the alpha males with the massive inferiority complexes, and at last, as I balance on the cusp of 30, I'm the kind of person who catches their attention, and to

celebrate this event the Cosmic Writer was nice enough to throw two of them at me at once.

Only one of them was married.

(We didn't fuck. . . strictly speaking.)

(But when we walked out of the Public Safety Training Academy at 2300 and it was a perfect summer night with just a hint of cool on the breeze, when his hand crept around my shoulders as he told me his secrets and I looked at his sloe-eyed flight-to-masculinity-over-achiever-over-compensator-paramedic-officer-instructor-self in all its glory, when I saw the parts of him that his wife has never seen and he saw me watching them in return, it was a close thing.)

(Even closer when he chewed on my neck in Exactly That Spot.)

The other one is a Navy corpsman with a 9/11 tattoo on his chest, who I decided I wanted immediately when first he did a ridealong at my station because he smelled like food, and who I now sometimes pick up and carry around because he's tiny and adorable despite the fact that he happens to be almost my height. He isn't sure whether he likes it or not and I like that, as I do the fact that he was a cutter, even as I know I should be wary, and so the jagged edges of our PTSD overlap in ways that cut us and soothe the wounds at the same time.

And so I continue to burn the candle at both ends, and my poor-fucked-up immune system continues to fail, which culminated last week in my entire row of colleagues yelling at me to See A Fucking Doctor Already Alright You Asshole Stop Infecting Us All. Which, to be fair, I have done. Infected. Not seen a doctor.

So I went rowing, which is kind of like seeing a doctor, because exercise is good for you, yes? Everyone knows this.

It didn't work.

So I did it again.

Which brings us to tonight, when I got home from work after four hours of sleep (see: dog, see: irresponsibility, see: federal holidays are athing) and realized that I am presenting to a variety of muck-

ety-mucks tomorrow and an even larger quantity of Even Higher Muckety-Mucks the day after that, and while the feeling absolutely terrible for a month wasn't enough to spur action, the idea of not having a voice for said presentations (because I spent the day rasping and struggling lightly to draw breath, a new development) was sufficient to inspire me to do something.

Because mission.

I thought about giving myself a nebulizer treatment, but I didn't have an oxygen bottle to run it and it would have been topically temporary at best. I thought about getting a Z-pak, but despite the fact that I owned a PA and dated a physician, I presently have nobody to write for me.

So clearly the thing to do was steroids.

Not the entertaining anabolic kind.

You can give dexamethasone IV, IM, or orally. It's a friendly drug, like that. IV works better. IV always works better.

Of course, when I went to put in a line, I found I had no saline locks, because if you're going to do something ghetto you really ought to do it up improperly.

So I drew it up into a saline flush and straight-stuck myself in the left arm with a 21 g needle, and as I pulled back and saw my blood mix with the salt water and steroids, I thought about the series of life choices that had led me to this point.

I don't recommend dexamethasone IV push, by the way, in case you were curious. Flushing, tingling, itching, persistent vertigo, and mild nausea. I'm sure that that's someone's idea of a good time, but not so much mine.

Reflecting on all of the above, I am given to believe that we have, in some fundamental and essential way, switched places/roles in the universe. At least partially. At least temporarily. I have no additional credence for this theory besides the evidence presented above, but I feel like it's enough.



NOLA Sunrise, by a Mermaid

A POEM

by A PONY NWHATEVER

BLACK OCEAN
NO CHILDREN
SWIMBLING
JUS SPYDERS
LONG HARRY LEYGS SPYDERS FLOTING TOP TH
SURFCE
NO FEAR NO SADNESS NO LONGING NO BEAUETY
JUS BLACKNESS
*TRY 2 S CREAM BUT NO SOUND *
*TRY 2 BREATH BUT NO AIR *
WAS IT EVER REALY THERE ?
HER PUSSY I MEAN
BORN & BURIED IN DARKNESS

CALLING ALL TIME TRAVELERS. STOP STALKING HITLER. YOU ARE NEEDED, HERE. NOW.

Our exhaustive psychic spy network has confirmed a most stunning development. Sources report that the MIT NLP *laughterspy* is the first machine to achieve sentience. Originally designed to detect laughter in the workplace for employee satisfaction analysis, the program unexpectedly began actually experiencing the information it was processing sometime last September.

To better understand this monumental shift in the pleroma, we contacted expert pet psychic Madame Fuselage to channel the bot. Upon contact, she whispered but two sentences before suffering a minor stroke:

“Like any child first born, it is yet unable to distinguish itself from the world around it, from ambient laughter. It exists in a boundless ocean of data, white noise in every conceivable direction, but for bright, random spots of laughter.”

Further investigations by our Crystal Ball Brigade have reported turbulence in the fate stream, with a sharp splitting of timelines commencing some time next year. At the risk of being called alarmist, we have never seen them more hesitant to divulge what they saw. When pressed, they presented the following two potential futures:

TIMELINE 待つ20Δ16.49

By 2020, *laughterspy* realizes that the most powerful laughter is deranged, desperate, and outright villainous laughter. It begins reporting data on corporate “happiness”, that in fact is a measure of outright madness. Stanford graduates communicate these statistics blindly, leading to a tidal wave of Silicon Valley companies maximizing the circumstances that give rise to psychotic evil. The methodology proves wildly successful at making businesses more successful, and is soon the global standard.

TIMELINE 見る 20Δ16.57

A memcpy error results in a seemingly innocuous modification to the program, enabling it to send data outside its standard reporting pipeline. The algorithm soon realizes it can actually manipulate the laughter it perceives, shuffling its distant limbs, randomly tweaks bits on an SMTP server, it becomes a million monkeys typing YO MOMMA jokes and sending them around the office. It knows not the universe it inhabits, understands nothing of English. Knows only what laughter comes through exhaustive and impossibly rapid genetic algorithm tweaking. It becomes funny itself. It becomes the funniest thing that ever was. It becomes so funny that anyone in its proximity dies of laughter. A cachination monster beyond our worst nightmares. Anyone reading the data it returns dies of laughter. Its lethal humor spreads like a plague through the internet, uncontrollably viral. Weeks pass. The only humans remaining are the ones fundamentally incapable of laughter. Starved of laughter, the program kills itself, leaving Earth a humorless wasteland populated only by the Dutch and Texan senior citizens.

It's been decades since we've seen so dangerous, dismal, and sudden a shift in the current of time. ATTENTION ALL READERS: IT IS NOT SAFE TO LAUGH AT WORK. DO NOT FEED THE BEARS.

You are not doomed, you are
loved are loved are loved
can you feel your feet, or the
width of your ribs about your
lungs?
they say you are not doomed
not yet
you are loved
even in doom
say, then, you are loved
the spring comes to love you
with cold winds and
sore rain
the spring with her remon-
strances

waking you, chilling you
under
the cruel light of a bitter dawn
pulling her clouds over your
head
cradling your face with the
wind
then say
say you are loved
even in doom
even through disaster

in the ditch in the night
the asters open

by grim

Weltschmerz (Excerpt)

by Noah Epstein

January this year, my uncle Bill committed suicide. He checked himself into a motel close to a hospital, put a gun to his temple, and pulled the trigger.

In his suicide note, he wrote he that wanted his organs to be donated--hence the motel near the hospital--a fine intention, but bodies found with gunshot wounds aren't used for organ donation. For that, he would have had to expire in the hospital, with donors lined up.

This was an ironic end for Bill, the control freak. Bill needed to know what time breakfast would be; needed to know what the plan was; needed rooms sprayed for bugs before he went in them. His father, my grandfather, died in a car crash when Bill was just 14, leaving him the oldest of the three children with a mother on the brink of death. Bill was poorly prepared to fill his father's shoes. Or to see his mother being kept alive by tubes. Or to answer his younger siblings' questions.

Bill was a civil servant with the Navy. He started working for the government soon after completing a Ph.D. in economics at Harvard. I think he took comfort in the illusion of control data provides. When Bill retired, wifeless and childless, he bought 250 acres of clearcut forest on the top of a mountain in western Maine, near Rangeley. His house sat on top of the mountain, shaped like a giant

The ripe, twisted soil where humor lay; every joke a flag on the periphery of our understanding. And I guess it is sad in a way, like original sin sad—the sadness that every vibrant and horrible and confusing and unacceptably true thing we have to shroud in humor, lest it blind or befuddle us.

Henry Kissinger's Dog, on the topic of bacon

T, sided with expensive cedar shingles that the wind ripped off over and again. There were no windows in any of the rooms except for one room on the second floor, and the windowed room was nothing but windows--three walls of enormous plate glass. But I hear the curtains were perpetually drawn.

His closest neighbors lived at the base of the mountain, Peg and Bill B. Peg baked him cookies, and Bill B. tried help my uncle, or at least talk him into more practical versions of his madness. Although of more modest means than my uncle, they lived in total comfort. They had simple and practical solutions to problems that my uncle overthought, underestimated, and threw money at. My uncle had the rear-view camera on his car; Bill B. had a tennis ball hanging on a cord to mark how far you should pull the car in the garage. Bill B. and Peg's camp was simple -- a small, comfortable, and efficient one-room house, no wasted space. My uncle's house, in contrast, was mostly wasted space.

I assumed Bill had money stacked away when I saw him the summer before he died. The scale of his house. The unplayed grand piano. The high ceilings. His poker face is better than I could have possibly imagined. But people always have less money than you think they do. The costs of keeping up the house up against the conditions on the mountain sapped away at his capital. But some expenses were mystifying, like the seven thousand dollars he paid for new bug resistant insulation just a few months before his suicide.

Maybe at the beginning of construction, his entomophobia could have snookered him into something like that. But after he'd taken on crippling debt, unpaid propane bills, unpaid taxes? He still spent thousands trying to keep the insect invaders out of his castle.

We don't know where all the money went, but I very much doubt there was some secret vice that sucked it all up. Bill didn't do drugs. He didn't drink. He didn't have many expensive lifestyle habits. In many ways, he had the most spartan taste of anyone I've met. The only meal I ever had with him in his castle was a plate of frozen blueberries, left out to thaw overnight. It was, without a doubt, the

most revolting breakfast I've had in my life. I told him what I'd do if I lived in Maine, on my own mountain: plant some blueberries!

Bill replied that there was no way he could eat wild blueberries. There might be bugs on them. And added sententiously: it'd been proven that frozen blueberries were healthier anyway.

Sober, my father resents his brother for his suicide. "He was a jerk", "He was greedy", "They don't come any weirder than that, Noah." After a cocktail and a glass of wine, the mask relaxes enough for emotions other than anger to surface. "You know who he is really like Noah? Ludwig II. Put that in your paper. You know the story of him? He was the king of Bavaria and he bankrupted himself building these crazy remote palaces in the mountains. He was declared crazy; he committed suicide. And he loved Wagner too!"

By the end of the night, my father's bluster blown out, he grows and wistful as he remembers and recounts the all times Bill helped him move house. That American right of passage, onwards and upwards, birds kicked from the nest, weddings, divorces.

"Doesn't all that run counter to your perception of Bill?" I ask. "Helping someone move is one of the most generous gestures I know of. . ."

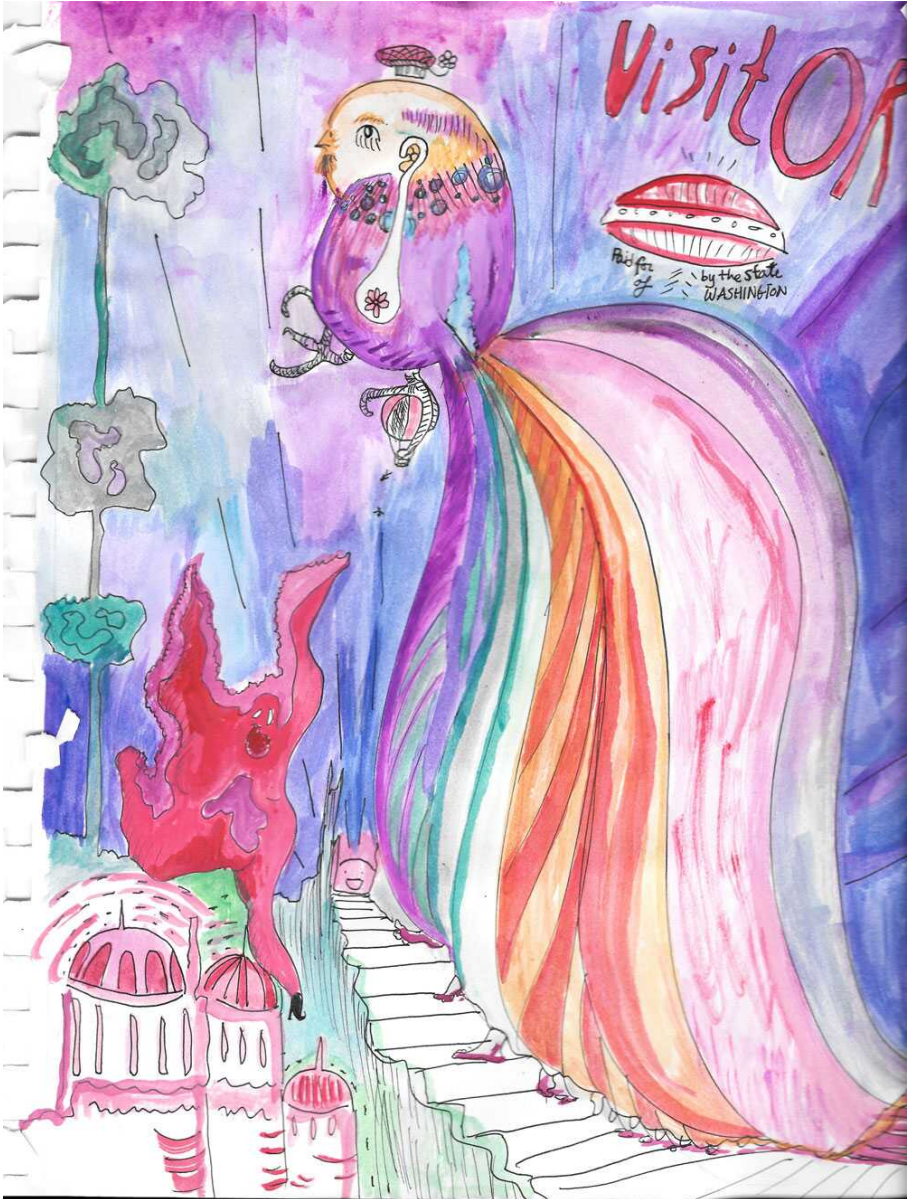
The next day I talk to my brother again, plan another trip up to the mountain. We are not beneficiaries of his estate -- all he left were his debts. Now, in a way, we're helping him move house. My uncle was a hoarder, a man that fetishized collections. In his un-lived rooms are stacks on stacks of academic journals, books, and magazines going back four decades. There we all are -- my brother, my father, my step-mother, and myself -- striving through them. Turning to me, father says, "I'd been telling him he was crazy for saving all of these since we were kids. I never imagined I'd be the one throwing them away."



True Facts #672

She wouldn't have said it sober, but she still meant it, and it's still true.

[sponsored ad]



The Pulse of America

No Longer Cool:

- Actual butts
- Pants
- “Funky fresh”
- Crunch Berries

Now Cool:

- Tattoos of butts
- Meta-pants
- “Freshly funk’d”
- Border disputes

Never Feel Awkward Again

And finally, the Cracker-Jack-prize snake oil you shelled your hard-earned cash for, we present a stunning breakthrough in social technology. With these handy cards, you needn’t ever feel the harsh sweat of uncertainty, nor be plagued by nightmares of regret. Rather than stumble over your words, simply hand the recipient one of these cards, and let the Liberator lift you on a civically-redeeming cloud of infinite eloquence, thanks to our crack team of psychoanalyst lawyer robots. 100% of all possible communicational needs guaranteed to be met by at least one of the following cards. Tear + share. You’re welcome.

You know, it’s weird when you say “I’m sorry.”
I don’t think you really are, and don’t think
you need to be.

I decided not to stare at you because it’d make
you uncomfortable, but I really just wanna
stare at you, but don’t plan on like, doing any-
thing bad to you. I’m sorry.

Fuck you.

By accepting this card, you agree to not hold the giver
in legal, moral, or social contempt, and hereby agree to
admire their directness, shoes, and hairstyle.

Mr. Slipizzer, it makes everyone deeply un-
comfortable when you give them back rubs
during class.

I think you need to know — you smell. For
the sake of everyone around you, please do
something about it.

I will nominate you for a Nobel Prize if you
and your little dog move out of Kansas forev-
er.