

Horoscopes by Lady Macbeth

Rat: a close friend may conspire to murder your family and take the crown

Ox: Free fish friday is just around the corner. Prepare to ruminate.

Tiger: You will be un-sexed by an anachronistic surgical procedure and you will LOVE IT

Rabbit: Rabbits are stupid suck my dick

Dragon: You may feel extra flirty this week, but don't commit to that guy or gal in your eyesights. Someday they might let you down by and expose themselves as a weak, toothless, balding partner, leaving you better the family by any means possible.

Snake: Your roots are becoming entangled. You feel like you're an honest person, but you just can't help lying to everyone you meet. Express yourself creatively to take your mind off it, dabble a bit in the dark arts, or take up line dancing.

Horse: You may want to look into divorce lawyers.

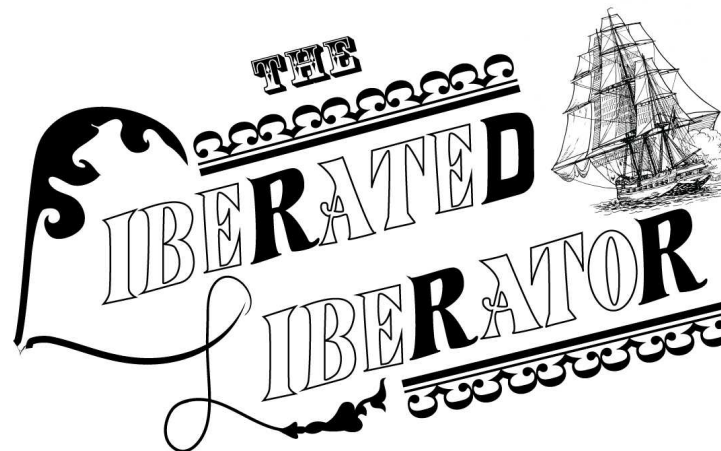
Goat: Boundless energy and optimism are coming your way! Seize the day by sprucing up your home and turning it into a castle, or maybe several castles. The world is your oyster!

Monkey: Do not pass go, or I will murder you.

Rooster: The moon has entered the house of the phoenix. Stock up on soap!

Dog: An unexpected event will catch you off guard. With Venus in mid-transit until the end of the week, watch the forest outside your window closely. Invest in a flamethrower.

Pig: Exciting things are in store for you! An opportunity you have been waiting for will finally come. At the same time, it will lead to great danger. Keep salt on you at all times, and also a dagger. Look on the bright side.



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November 2017

Dear Reader,

If there is a greater joy than bellowing these lonely missives to you on this pale autumn morn, I am innocent to its charms. Tell me, gentle dork, would you raise a toast to another year, gone swimmingly to the holy ghost of perpetual crisis? Here we find ourselves on the muddy banks of the recalcitrant Chicago River, which flows wrong-ways, bass-ackwards, in a vulgar stroke of marvellous engineering and political spite. Here we find ourselves in the year 2018, still beguiled by the carrot, deterred by stick. But, do not mourn, friend, we have collected here the finest in prose, the best in poetry, the most succulent in line and shade. Revel and 'roose with us as we settle the last bet made by Archie Billingsworth, Sports Editor, that "this damn infernal hedge-blitz of a 'zine has totted its last and I'm back to Manchester, got a job as a payroll specialist, no mistake!" We get it, Archie, but we stand firm. There is no greater sadness than the mewing of an infirm former outfielder!

Unrelatedly, I must overcome the natural humility of the Liberated, and confess that this issue is our best work yet, now that we are no longer encumbered by the weedy, thin railing of sportsmen.

Yr vEds,

Grim & Shrewd

Letters to the Editor

Why do we persist?
—Depleted oxytocin

Have you thought of NOT persisting? Simply, science will not allow for infinitely empty vesicles. Bon Voyage and Apetit!

Dance! Dance! Dance! Dance!
Dance! Dance, motherfucker!
—Zombo

Might does not make right, but the right might might make right despite. Hail Zombo!

If androids do indeed dream of electric coconuts, what do hippopotamuses dreams of?
—Eternally Constipated and Copacetic

We need all the juice we can get, for dark days lengthen and while the Hippopotami dream of hippo harems and vanishing mangrove marshes, we toads must hearken to our resolve.



Despite several empathy transfusions, my solipsism rate remains stubbornly high. In lieu of accepting forces powers greater than my meager existence can appreciate, what off label medications would you recommend I self-medicate with?
—Engorged ID

The editorial staff was deeply sorry hear about your inefficient empathy transfusions. Empathy and transfusions are, after all, the 5th and 13th tenets of Good Journalism, respectively. The staff recommends despair and antipsychotics to blunt your affect and stoke your apathy.

HOW DARE YOU BLARP?! I SHALL NO LONGER SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR BLIFFITY BLAFF.
—BLUFFARNAGLE III, Esq

Blorp or bluff be damned; take heart, and blizzle dear Blarff.

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

letters@liberatedliberator.com

worth. I don't really like the idea of giving her full medical reimbursement either. The number I want to know is her total out-of-pocket expenses from this "ordeal". We have copies of her bills, but they are what her insurance was charged for, not her out-of-pocket? So I think we should give her reimbursement for her out of pocket medical expenses, along with two cents for pain and suffering, and two cents for lifestyle.

ONE: Are you trying to be funny? It's insurance company's money. Let's just give her the benefit of the doubt, pay her medical bills, give her a little something extra, and call it a day.

EIGHT: Come on, this is silly, let's just agree on some numbers. Do you want to add all the numbers together and divide to get an average?

TWO: Lord! I gotta get outta here, it's late, I gotta get home. Fine, we can pay her bills. Let's go.

TWELVE: If I am the only holdout, I'll cave so we don't have to come back here again.

ONE: Let's say her full medical expenses, \$8,434.17...Plus, how about, \$1,500 for her inconvenience, and \$2,500 for her pain. Is that okay with everyone?

Agreement amongst the jurors.

TWELVE: We have met the enemy, he is us.

ONE: Okay, wise ass, grow up, and get with the program.

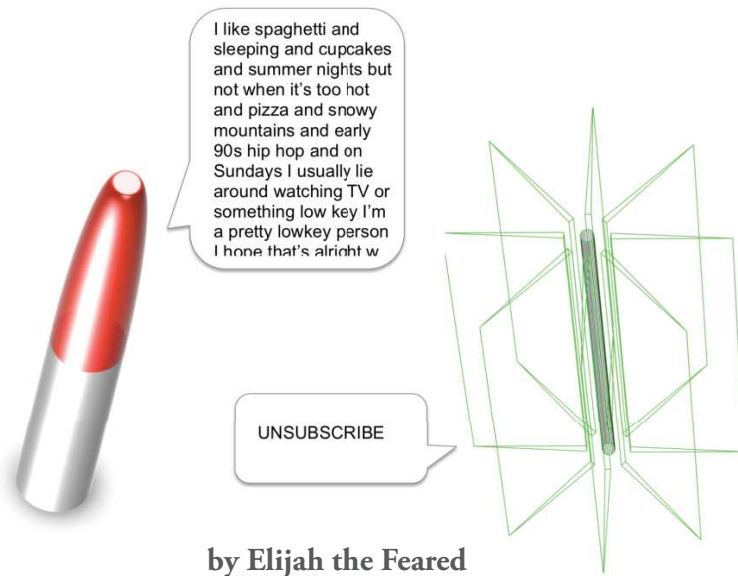
The Pulse of America

No Longer Cool:

- Even numbers
- Mortgages
- The sound of guitar in pop music
- The neocortex

Now Cool:

- Odd numbers
- Hemorrhages
- The sight of guitar in pop music
- The limbic brain



by Elijah the Feared

ONE: Who else voted to give her money for pain and for her inconvenience?

FOUR: I did.

ONE: How much did you say...\$20,000?! And another \$10,000 for inconvenience!?

FOUR: That doctor was getting seven grand for just lookin' at some files. I just wanna move this along, I can't come back for no more of this shit.

TEN: Oh, that doctor was awful, what an ass. But the performance she put on, man. Everything, how she was dressed, her whole phony act.

TWO: Some people ain't got no shame.

ONE: We're getting off track, did anyone else want to give her extra money beyond her medical expenses?

TWELVE: I did. I said two cents for pain and suffering, and two cents for lifestyle changes.

EIGHT: Why two cents?

TWELVE: That's what I thought her pain and suffering were

To Entangle

by Jessica Zhang

you are a face
full of eyes
round orbs fixed
in clear laminate

you are a sound
caught midair
bending always upwards

you are a touch
sable grazing skin
each strand
pushing
pulling

you are a space
behind closed doors
soft and waiting

you are a thought
thrown out and left
to decompose

an orchestra
dismantled



Katfish, by Kat Tuesday

Chicago, My Hinterland

Episode CVII

by Shrewd

My palms still feel vibrant and numb typing this.

An old friend had me taking buses down to Hyde Park. An apartment I distantly recall, a slew of faces, a moment's attempt to make conversation.

She, like most everyone there was in books. The business of books. I asked her the favorite work she had published in the last year—some work of subtle fiction, the name I can't recall. She asked me what I'd read in as much time.

I confessed: I haven't been able to read fiction in years. And often struggle with non-fiction. It's those dangerous waters between that beckon: religion and superstition and myth and the story of story.

And maybe it was the generous tumbler of scotch I'd been poured, but I remembered a curious story in a curious book I'd read some years before. The writer was recounting their private spiritual practice; they worshipped Loki.

They would fill a flask with whiskey and find a park bench, middle of the city, middle of nowhere, middle of the night. Empty a pack of cigarettes, sip, and listen... listen to the voice of the city surrounding them. Every tire screech, dog bark, headlight a subtle message from the mouth of god himself. If you're listening, how could it be any other way?

I tried, I did, but not very hard. To be present, to engage. An empty glass, can, and two puffs of a fine Seattle cigar, and tendrils had pulled me to the empty, unlit room, with its glitchy speakers and bookshelf. Maybe I'd allow myself just a moment's reprieve.

A cigarette turned into a walk, turned into a wander, turned into an unlit bus stop. And the cold, and the sativa, and the tension, and the oncoming holiday had me restless buzzed. I do what I do when I'm alone and weird: I dance. I shadowbox, beatbox, stutter a song, plan a life and forget it. I make noise, I watch the traffic, spin on the stop signs, I sing, I wait. I wonder if any passing cars took notice.

The 6 bus shows up some I-don't-know-how-long later.

I have a song in my head I want to record. I forget it.

I have a dance I want to try. I forget it.

I think about the people around me. I forget them.

come back tomorrow. They're only paying us \$17.20, and I got a wife and kids to feed.

SIX: I think she's trying to game the system.

SEVEN: I was a football player in high school, and I loved it. I tore my ACL, but I came back and kept playing because I loved it. If you love it, you keep doing it.

EIGHT: She might have exaggerated a little bit, but both sides did, it's the nature of a trial. I think she was hurt in the accident, not that much, but she was hurt, and he admitted it was his fault.

NINE: I think we should pay all her bills and give her some money for her pain and all the inconvenience. It wasn't her fault, she was hurt and that's scary.

TEN: I definitely don't think we should give her money for pain and suffering or inconvenience or whatever. People don't take any personal responsibility.

TWELVE: It seems crazy to me that an accident with that little damage to vehicles could have caused such lasting damage to her. The orthopedic surgeon testified that nearly all patients with similar damage recovered in 12 weeks, not three years.

ONE: Let's each write down a number for each class of damages and see how far off everyone is from each other. It doesn't make sense to talk about this for very long if we're all pretty close. It's all the insurance company's money anyways.

Each juror tears off a piece of paper from the stack of small legal pads provided. A minute passes as people write.

ONE: So it looks like nearly everybody thought we should give her money to cover her medical expenses. Three people thought she should get money for her pain and suffering and some money for her inconvenience and effect on her lifestyle. Would the three people like to explain why?

EIGHT: I wrote \$5,000 for pain and suffering and \$2,500 for the effects on her life.

She was hurt in the accident, and her life was affected by it.

BAILIFF: Okay, call fast. Here are the verdict forms.

ONE: Let's just go around the room and give each of our impressions so we can get an idea of where we stand. It is already 4:30! If we're all close, we can get out of here pretty quickly.

EIGHT: I like that idea, do you want to start?

ONE: Sure. I thought there were a lot of holes in her story. If she was in so much pain, what was she doing prancing all over Instagram?

NINE: Look, she was a personal trainer, she had to maintain her brand. I work in digital branding and marketing--you have to project a lifestyle, market your brand. I don't think we should fault her that or put much stock in it.

TWO: Three years later? Her car wasn't even scratched. Some people ain't got no shame.

THREE: I guess I also don't think she hurt herself that badly, but boy, let me tell you, medical procedures are expensive. I don't think we should give her money for pain and suffering, but we should give her all her medical expenses.

FOUR: I don't care what we decide as long as we do it soon. I can't

Downtown, I transfer to the blue line. Train car has maybe a dozen people in it, but one flame. He's wearing a navy blue hoodie, his eyes are sunk, but his body is charged.

And he's dancing. He's shadowboxing, drumming on chairs, stuttering songs, starting a thought and forgetting it. He's a maniac, clearly. Is he homeless? Is he on drugs? Is he psychotic?

Those programmed reactions, obligatory calculations. Really, there's only two really genuine emotions: there is fascination and there is fear. I fight to hide my smile. His dance is goofy but earnest, his rhythm is rough but passionate, his activity indecisive but enduring.

I don't know shit about this man's life. Maybe it's good, maybe it's hard, I won't ever know. But, in that moment, he was flooded. Flooded sloppy, flooded half-sunk, but flooded.

He's crazy. He's doing exactly what I was just doing 30 minutes ago.

I'm too self-conscious to behave that way in front of others.

He's too oblivious to care.

His life is on the other side of so many differences I can only guess.

But he's kindred. He has to be.

By Irving Park, the train car had emptied out. Just me and him, and weirdly I found myself more relaxed. Even when he started striking at the air, open-palmed, almost praying-mantis, I just... staring at my reflection in muddy waters.

And so, when he started again drumming on the walls, I joined him. He half-heard, or didn't hear. When he stopped drumming and started dancing, he was keeping my beat. But he never looked up.

Danced right on down the aisle and I slammed my fist into the train car's aluminum walls, that mighty bass drum, and he stopped. Leaned in. "I like that!" he shouted with eager, foul breath.

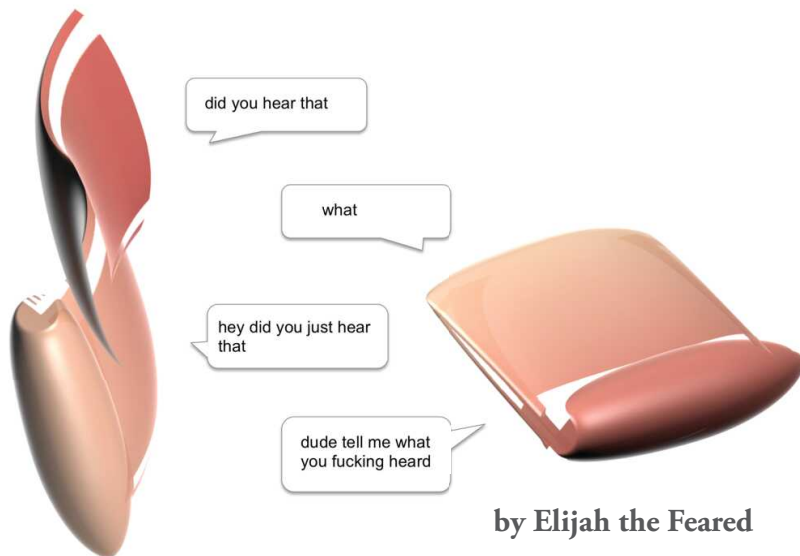
So I slammed on.

"Yeah, I like that alot."

And he bends over the two seats in front of me, and begins playing them with his fists, while I bang on the train car's side. His face is focus, flow.

My stop. We shake, hug, Merry Christmas, goodbye.

Every tire screech, dog bark, headlight... how could it be any other way?



by Elijah the Feared

The Moose Stutters

by the Fraternal Order of the Moose

hello. i am not a flower. i am a cacophAny of sound erupting among the puzzle pieces of men that litter the room like hats on a chandelier. And suggestly there were only two drummers left. But no worry, magical dresser producing entity showed up and everyone was pleasantly surprised. kljkl;ffexcuse me. I have pleurisy.fffff uck.Three times have i dreamt of a resolution to this unending asdiop assaassssssss. Suddenly, Dimitry walked through the door with a boyish smile. He revealed in that instant both his power and his victimhood. He would never know.

Two days latetr,the phone rang. It was Titus. He demandedmy head on a pike. I told him to call my agent, and then my lawyer. Sid Barnes a well-meaning agent of the bar with a predilection for boozy ladies and transvestitism. I also suspected he was a vampire, but I never gained immortality no matter how many times he sucked my blood/This is only a test. Do not--this is--/Happiness is a function of the amount of grandiose refunds that on4 receives in the due course of huyman interaction. having no frame ofreferenceI proceded to interact.

No, wait. THAT is a trap. The only true form of interaction is masturbatoiry interaction. Introspect to your heart's content. Feed your aorta directly into your vena cava. Bypass even the pulmonary circulation. Breathingis for suckers in need of gills. Air is a figment of your suffocating imagination. Let the waves of integrative awareness wash oiver you as molasses, slowly seeping a syrup-thick coat of slcik sweetness. At once inhale and ingest it. Mmm. This would go well with a stack of pillow pancakes. And butter, like a shit tone of butter. A semi trailer full of butter churned from the milk of grass-fed, cage-free, college-educated Buddhist cows. They know Om better than you or any of your children will.

'Children, though, have very little spunk.the amount of spunk must be increassede at least two, of not three fold. Coming to bear on the current situatiojn o fhte nonsensical typescrabble coming out of the slappojng ofhte inkpads/beepboop zeepzort. Greetings, human. I, your fellow human, wish to express my joy at your continuing insistence upon living. This moment is unique. Go fly a kite or invent a more effective mircoprocessor architecture. Then go home and kiss your wife/husband/life partner/genderqueer soul mate. Talka bout politics and how much you hate Tuesdays. Yes, even more than Mondays. Take a bath while you Amazon-shop. Get a new tablet. Your old one is slow. I can sell you a fast shiny implement which will decentralizze your desires. More intesity. More power! More throb, if you know what I mean.

We have a saying around New Orleans. "If you want to shut a Frenchman up, tie his hands together."

from Space Coonass, in YouTube comment on a post-war Italian jazz song

The Liberation Room

by Noah Epstein

to be read aloud

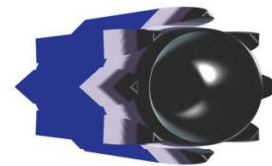
JUDGE: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I will now read your Jury Instructions.

The defendant, Frank Jones, has admitted he was negligent, and that he caused the accident. If you decide for the plaintiff, Vira Shumovskiy, you must then fix the amount of money which will reasonably and fairly compensate her for any of the elements of damages.

The verdict must represent the considered judgment of each juror. In order to return a verdict, it is necessary that each juror agree to it. In the course of your deliberations, do not hesitate to re-examine your own views and change your opinion if convinced it is erroneous. But, do not surrender your honest conviction solely because of the opinion of your fellow jurors or for the mere purpose of returning a verdict.

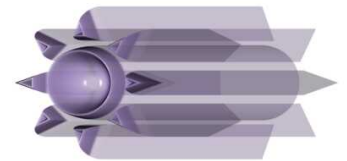
You are not partisans. Your sole interest is to ascertain the truth. We people decide. It has been working pretty good since 1776, when we got rid of kings.

TWO: I need to make a phone call. I gotta call my car pickup service.



Fuck you bill

Fuck you janet



by Elijah the Feared

How to Holiday Without Desiring Collapse in a Gravy Tureen

by Grim

Truth be told, is this possible? The tureen waits for us all, patiently, ear cocked to the side, waiting for the first whimper of demoralized moaning. But, anyhow, now you're reading!

Issue: Too much family.

Resolved: In the weeks leading up to November develop aphasia. Email the family about this, and declare that the doctors have you in treatment, and you should be better by late January. However, in the interim, you have strict orders to remain in quiet, dark rooms, preferably before a wood fire and mysteries novels at hand, that on no account should Uncle Wassit ask you about: your shit job/financial encumbrances/waistline/why Crooked Hillary hasn't done anything about terrorists, the environment, the men?/when you plan to expel small humans from your genitals. Instead, all through December, creeping ivy will begin to grow over you, starting at your feet, and encroaching upwards, upwards, over your groin, chest, neck, and nose, until you are blanketed in a patch of silent, loving greenery. The children might want to decorate you, but this is deemed a fire hazard, and you'll be left out near the garage to wait for spring.

Issue: Not enough family.

Resolved: Read Issue 1.

Issue: Too many friends.

Resolved: Order back copies of the Liberated Liberator and pass around at parties, etc.

Issue: Not enough friends.

Resolved: Order back copies of the Liberated Liberator. We are easy.

Issue: Inability to stop eating continuously for three months.

Resolved: Duct tape over your mouth right around November 20th. When feeling peckish and irresolute, try dry humping your armchair.

Issue: Consumerism.

Resolved: Dedicate yourself to buying anything labelled "FREE TRADE" with the goal of eventually spending the better part of \$40 dollars on crocheted earrings that look like miniature vaginas.

True Facts #∞-1

Humans see humans as humans, spirits as spirits and animals as animals.

Animals see humans as spirits, spirits as humans, and other animals as humans.

Spirits see humans as animals and animals as humans or spirits.

Animals and spirits see themselves as humans.

dutifully proved by Eduardo Batalha Viveiros de Castro

hello. i am not a flower. i am a cacophAny of sound erupting among the puzzle pieces of men that litter the room like hats on a chandelier. And suggestly there were only two drummers left. But no worry, magical dresser producing entity showed up and everyone was pleasantly surprised. kljkl;ffexcuse me. I have pleurisy.ffffffuck.Three times have i dreamt of a resolution to this unending asdiop assssaassssssss. Suddenly, Dimitry walked through the door with a boyish smile. He revealed in that instant both his power and his victimhood. He would never know.

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Infinas, Nov '17

by Doodlemoose

an infinitely detailed canvas, lovingly ruined by 72dpi printing

