

LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 7
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2021



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Issue No. 7



LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 7:
YELLOWBOAM AND ZAZZ
/ JULY 24, 2021

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A Letter From The Editor

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Minnesota

Wyoming

Art Club

Arkansas

Oklahoma

Montana

Nebraska

Poetry:

The Avocado Queen Of New England

Art:

Jim Bob Is Stuck By His Underwear. Can You Get Him Down?

*I'm Not Going Anywhere Near Those Grunts
But He's Your Father And He Loves You*



So, get this. I wanted to try this new bagel place that had just opened up down the road from my very modern condominium. I got in my 1968 Saab 99 in Lime Green, and put the bagel coordinates into my new GPS. Well, 3 days and 6 hours later I'm pulling into a bagel shop in Tucson with the exact same name! No skin off my pastries, I got to try some bagels and they were delicious, but during my travels I discovered I had my entire America backwards! Peaches in Arkansas? The Nevada Red Sox? Have you paddled the Bayou in Wisconsin and sampled the cheese in Louisiana? I thought I had, but my world was turned upside down yesterday when I looked at a map for the first time. Curse you, Global Positioning Systems! You've taken my sense of direction and reduced it to a pile of lies! Ah, damn. Well, it's never too late to relearn everything you thought was true, and take a road trip with zero idea of where you're going. I've always been fascinated by being lost. . . anyway. . .

Here's our proud 7th issue. I think the summer interns are really starting to bloom. They have finally memorized my favorite antiperspirant. And I have a sneaking suspicion that Rachel and Danny are hooking up after hours between the copy machine and the shredder. Either way, it's a dangerous pursuit. But who could be judgmental of young love?

Enjoy, paper heathens!

— Ed.

FICTION

MINNESOTA

The trip lasted forever until it felt like home. We have our toothbrushes in the cup holders and keep clean underwear wrapped around the oh shit handle.

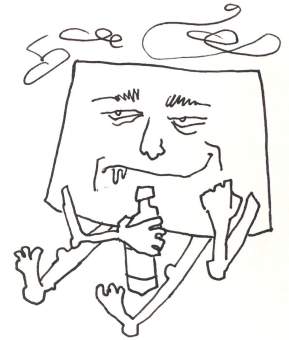


FICTION

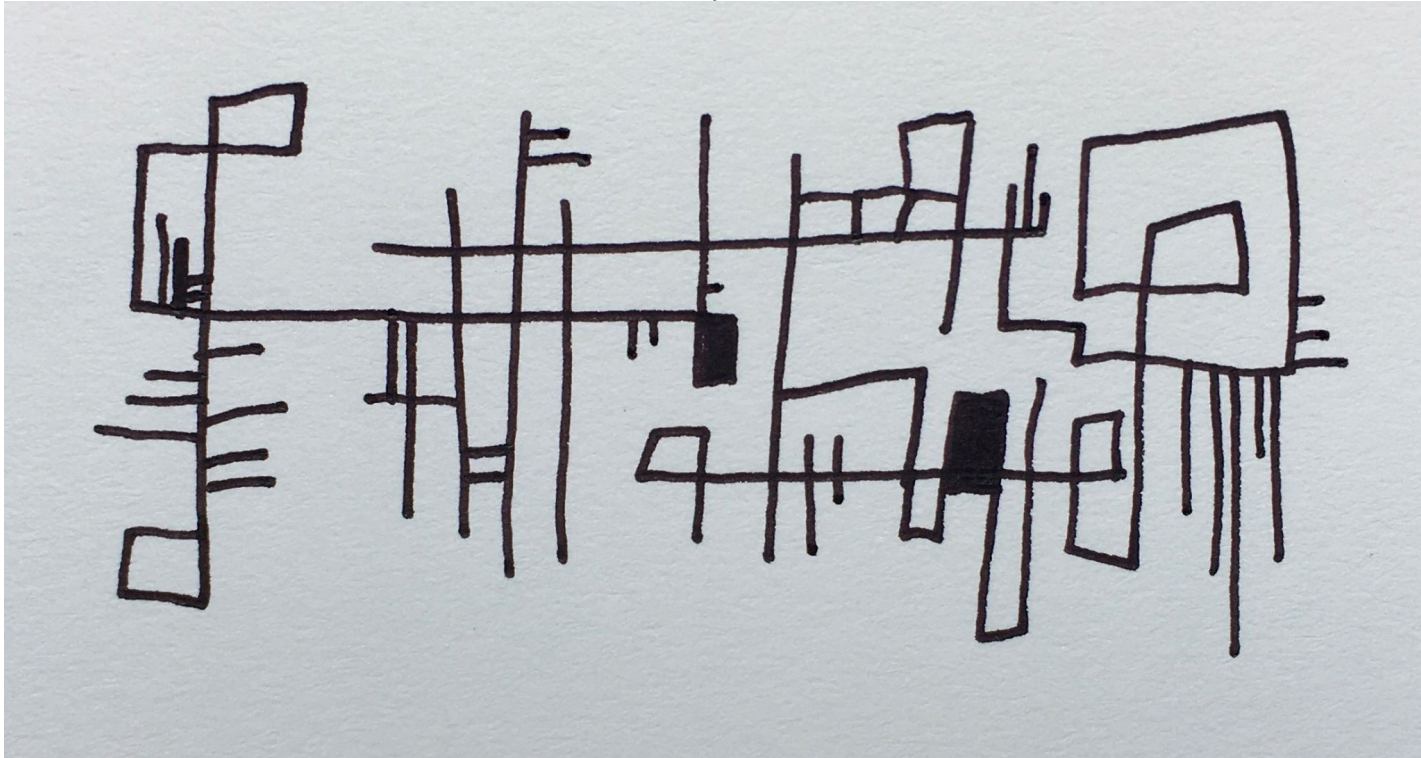
WYOMING

“The Mural of Wyoming was painted by Dennison On Vark in 1852. The mural depicts a range of jagged maroon lines converging on the rotten carcass of a widowed buffalo. Decomposing in the shadow of The Rockies, the process is slow and neat. Beneath the lines is a prairie woman, crying into an echoing ribcage.

The woman is said to be inspired by Mr. On Vark’s half sister, Leia James. Leia was tall and gaunt and had an affinity for nudity. She died by drowning six days after the mural’s completion. There are present conspiracy theories claiming Ms. James was the actual artist of the mural, and that Mr. On Vark took advantage of her untimely death, claiming ownership of the piece. The only evidence to substantiate this claim is Dennison On Vark’s otherwise lackluster mural career. Another often asked question as it pertains to the case: who the hell goes about drowning in Wyoming?”



*JIM BOB IS STUCK BY HIS UNDERWEAR. CAN
SOMEONE GET HIM DOWN?*



ART CLUB

I went inside. There was a buff but ugly guy wearing a retro Supersonics jersey and a backwards Nantucket hat. He greeted me with a Natty Light.

“What’s up, dude? Thanks for coming inside, lol, no gas. This is Art Club. We’re just an all-inclusive group of straight, white bros looking to take down capitalism and the patriarchy one brush stroke at a time. We’re super stoked to grow within our community and assist in ending oppression to minorities and the disenfranchised by using our sick art as a tool for change. You can peep our website, artclubischill.com, and you can find us at some local galleries too if you’re looking to buy. All proceeds go towards Art Club and our members and subsequently our mission to make the world a better place. So what’s good, bro? Are you an artist, too, dude?”

The storefront was bright diamonds. They reflected my opinions on new music. And my eyes seemed to be the only part of me breathing. There were no windows or doors, just diamonds built into the block.

I went inside. There were a thousand women all dressed in my hand me downs and squirting each other with squirt guns. One of them came over to help me.

“Heeeeyyyyyy, woow, welcome, welcome, welcome. Welcome to Art Club! We love you. This is a safe space for everyone – we love you. *Literally* everyone we love you. We do not discriminate. You don’t even have to make art if you want to be in Art Club. You don’t even need to like Art Club. Oh my god, stop it Jeanine! There are no expectations in Art Club. It’s just about being here – together – and whatever Art Club is at the end, after we’re all long gone, that’s the art, and that’s us. Welcome. Welcome to Art Club. Grab a squirt gun otherwise you’re gonna get shot!”

The storefront was a reenactment. People gathered to debate the source material. Even so, there was a firm consensus that the depiction was unoriginal.

I went inside. On the back wall was the projection of being behind a waterfall. The projection gave the feeling as though we were. Naked men with unhealthy bodies sat in a semicircle around a young boy in a wetsuit trying to lick his own elbow. In between attempts the boy spoke with the rasp of puberty.

"She likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes
me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. .
she like me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes
me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . .
she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me
not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she
likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me
not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she
likes me. . . she likes me. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . .
she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me

not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . she likes me not. . . she likes me. . . thank you for coming to Art Club."

The storefront was a tattered awning filled with morning doves. The doves pooped on the ground below indiscriminately. They had wild eyes filled with deep reds foreign to the irises of birds. They never blinked. They pecked at the awning.

I went inside. There was a meet-and-greet between financial experts native to Cuyahoga County in Ohio. Refreshments were served, among them: alcohol. But it seemed to take no effect on the consumers, only on the hairless bartender, who shook, popped, and opened with fervor, and got a little more shitfaced with every beverage served.

I picked up snippets of conversation here and there:

"— We were actually pretty well prepared for the sudden uptick identified in Q3. . ."

"— I didn't know they had opened a franchise at that location. . ."

"— I feel really confident about their offensive line, but their quarterback play just isn't where it needs to be if you want to be competitive in today's game. Which reminds me. . ."

"—Oh, sure, yeah, we went out freshman year. . ."

"—No, honestly, I just got into this because I sucked so bad at everything else. . ."

"— We're very much in love. . ."

"— You gotta try it with the hot honey, trust me. You haven't had a Gino's pepperoni slice if you haven't had it with the hot honey. . ."

"—No, that movie sucked, dude. The blonde never took her tits out and they kept teasing like it was gonna happen. . ."

"— We're very happy, thank you. . ."



"— We see big possible gains from digital currency not only this year, but pretty much until we all die. . ."

"— No, but seriously we're very happy. . ."

"Best Art Club, ever," said the bartender, right before he had to get his stomach pumped.

The storefront was Jenna Marbles. She looked really good. Really healthy and happy.

I went inside. There was a talk being given on the correlation between climate change and violence in the Middle East. A small lady in a red velvet pantsuit approached me quietly. I bent my head down so she could whisper gently in my ear.

"Welcome to Art Club. Can I see your ticket please?"

I shook my head.

The storefront was lithographic limestone. It was unworked on, completely bare like a baby's bottom. Some local kids were thinking about defacing it but felt bad. They stood next to me slightly agawk, holding bags of spray paint, feces and spit.

I went inside. There was a patient dying in a hospital bed. They were tied up to many chords connected to outdated machinery. The doctor stood over the patient as they died. The doctor and the patient held hands, and the doctor put her free hand on the patient's forehead while she spoke:

"Accept that you are universally flawed. Accept that you are as beautiful as a living thing can be. Accept that your childlike sense of wonder only went away because you learned too much too quickly. Accept that you were robbed of survival. Accept that it was not your fault you left the oven on. Accept that you are either marvelous or disgusting, and that both are



interesting. Accept that your favorite quote probably isn't profound. Accept that you couldn't have done any better with more time. Accept that it was you that led her to hate you, and it was her that made her never want to talk to you again. Accept that you aren't special. Accept that you aren't brilliant. Accept that you aren't even interesting. Accept that the painting is not crooked. Accept that you did everything you could for Art Club."

The storefront was a never ending spill of beans. They poured onto the sidewalk like sand in an hourglass. Hungry people picked them up to feed themselves and their families. The army picked them up to throw at our enemies. Bean experts picked them up to try and identify them.

I went inside. There was a kids birthday party. They had gotten to the sleepover portion and were watching Ghostbusters, the part where the Gatekeeper meets the Keymaster. All the kids were all cozied up on one mattress, lying on their stomachs with their feet in the air and their faces too close to the TV. Popcorn kernels and Capri Sun were everywhere. There was a pizza box with action figures inside and a defaced New Yorker Magazine. As Sigourney Weaver and Rick Moranis are transformed into dogs, the birthday boy says, "isn't Art Club just the best?"

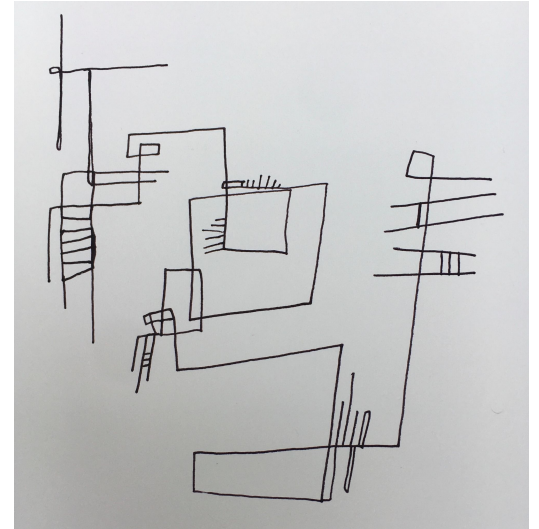
8 8 8

When I was 8 I had the Guinness Book of World Records in pogo stick jumps. My number was 43,226 consecutive jumps. The record has since been broken by a Swedish Olympic bobsledder. Now I am staying up late at night looking for the exact design of



pogo stick that I set my record on. But I can't find it. It seems they have been discontinued and no one is selling them.

I now work selling meat from a local farm called "Spiller Farm". It's owned by a nice old couple who love the cows and kill them very humanely. The couple is too old to drive the meat to market, so every Saturday I pick it up in my truck and deliver it to carrying grocery stores and then I sell what's left at the farmer's market, and whatever I don't sell I bring to homeless shelters. This is my only job. At all other times I am coming up with ideas based on images I remember vaguely.



I'M NOT GOING NEAR THOSE GRUNTS

FICTION

ARKANSAS

A sign went by:

"4 sale. Pasteurized enlightenment. Never worn."

"It's funny," says Captain, Father,

"It's plagiarized," I say into the radio.

The landscape of Arkansas goes by like chess moves played out loud. One region comes in swampland and the next in boiling plains. There are many states like this in the union, connectors forgotten by middle schoolers on minute 59 of a geography exam. Arkansas is America's Kamchatka, ball joint, end between shallow and deep. There is another sign for chicks and another for God.

"God!" Captain, Father, screams into the air conditioning.

We stop for a swim in The Arkansas River near Pine Bluff. Captain, Father, watches Belted Kingfishers eat. He claps from his back on the banks while I dunk my head.

"You're lucky to experience this while it's happening to you," says Captain, Father,

"Say it again," I reply, "My head was underwater."

We drive north through Little Rock to get a look at the capital. It's turning into a brutally hot day.



FICTION

OKLAHOMA

The Great Stilt Man of our generation has smoke coming out of his knees, cylinder legs, a growing esophagus and a footprint as small as a jackalope. He wanders with the weather and pauses to look over horizons. His drive is relentless and his diet is terrible. If you are driving I-40 east of Weatherford you might see him washing down Eischen's Fried Chicken with Bud Light.

Great Stilt Man! Can I get a picture?

Anytime.

"Have you heard the stories of Great Stilt Man? I saw him once through my window when I was wanking off."

"Wanking off?"

"It was my first time."

"I don't know what wanking off is."

"Great Stilt Man came to my wedding and gave us a Breville toaster oven. He was very gracious about the compromised seating arrangement and was such a gentleman with my mother. We wished we could have apologized for the low-roof porta potties, but the party went on and on and by the time the sun came up Great Stilt Man was long gone."

"Great Stilt Man is just a story Ralph tells the kids. I guess his father told him and his grandfather and so on and so on and so on. I love Ralph. I love the way kids look at him."



"Great Stilt Man comes in on Sundays and gets a plate of eggs over easy and black coffee. He's not a mornin' person like me, but he's cheery enough."

"You spend thirty three years in jail. . . I spent thirty three years in jail. All that time I didn't say anything to anybody, kept to myself complete, leaned against the walls and looked away, ate alone, slept silently, relieved myself when it was convenient. Inside I had no friends and no enemies. You and I spent thirty three years in jail. . . It happened so long that eventually they forget about me. I could just leave because no one knew me and no one remembered me and no one bothered to worry so I walked out. All the way through Beckham county. I slept with an Escarpment Live Oak. When we woke up, like the crime I committed thirty three years earlier, there was Great Stilt Man, staring down at me.

It's you, I said."



Veuve Clicquot Yellowboam Ostrich Limited

"Have some, lowerboy"



POETRY

THE AVOCADO QUEEN OF NEW ENGLAND

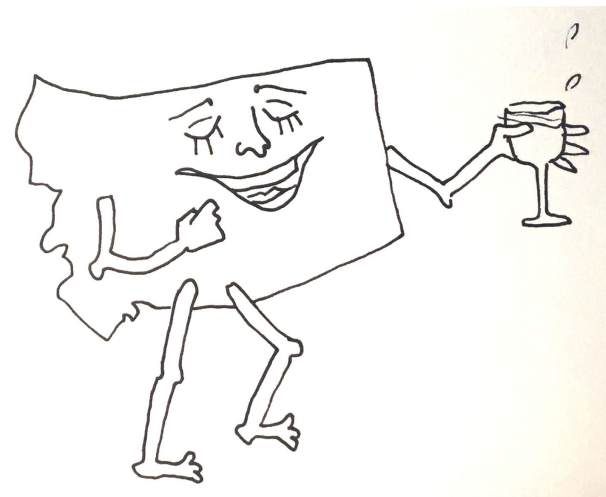
My mother is the avocado queen of the East Coast
 She can grow them anywhere
 Up roots and down trunks and all over
 The bad backyards with the wet dirt.
 She sells them for market price and more, many customers
 In Whole Foods and the like. People in
 California are quite angry, and can't figure out
 How she's grown them ripe and round
 All over the coldest parts.
 They call at odd hours and leave voicemails threatening to sue
 Though avocados are not proprietary
 They just are. If you want to ask me and I might tell you,
 Just between us you know
 I think it's the little sprinkle of fizzy water
 Tucked right under the trees
 Which sends those avocados running all around New England
 Growing sideways where they shouldn't.

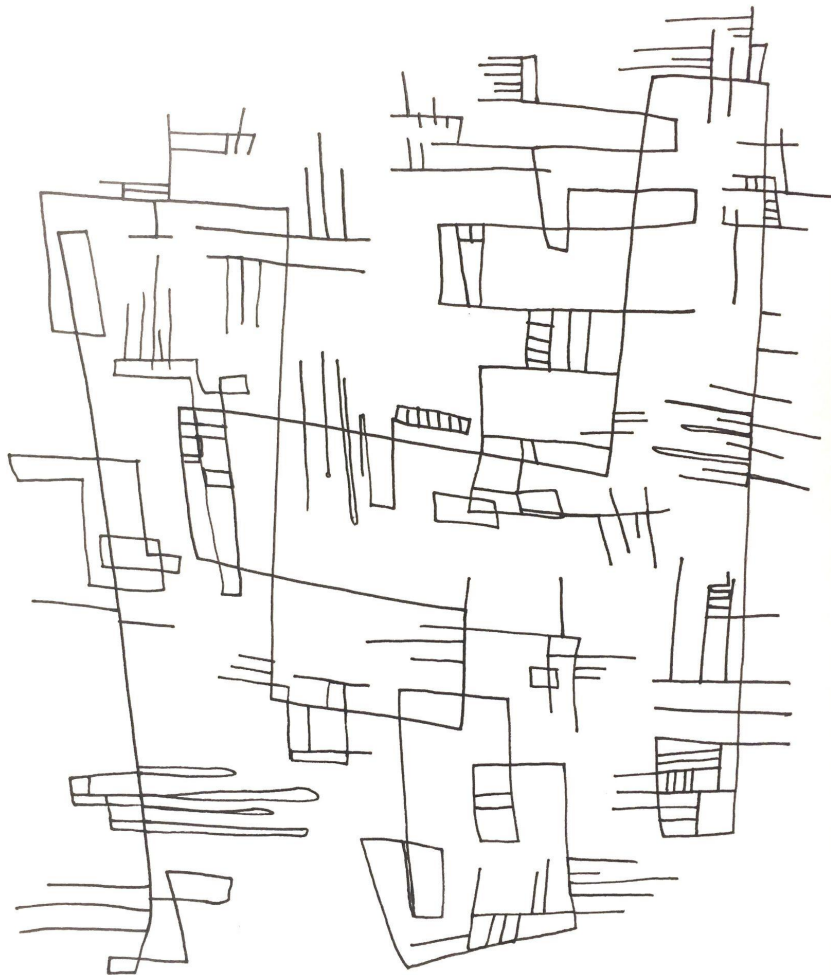


FICTION

MONTANA

A sexless old prostitute giggles at the mountains.
 "Oh, Montana!"
 She tricks her makeup caked face through sunken
 crevices.
 "Oh, you. . . Montana. . . you."
 The prostitute galivants home to room 103.
 Is tonight the night? She rubs her pinky down the
 spine of a Veuve Clicquot Yellowboam Ostrich Limited she's
 been saving for forty seven years. The cork only needs a tender
 push.





FICTION

NEBRASKA

The calls of Western Meadowlarks: The wheat stretches; the electric wires with zazz; the pavement moans; in the shallow distance a power plant blows smoke like a child blowing bubbles.



←==== BUT HE'S YOUR FATHER AND HE LOVES YOU

Land Ark Lit Mag

Land Ark Lit Mag accepts
submissions of “anything
literary” and “anything visual.”

Please email The Editor with
your work at:
landarklit@gmail.com

Thank You.

