

LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 8:
AUG 7 2021



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT



Issue No. 8



LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 8: *WEEPING
BACKWARD DOWN AND
LAUGHING / AUGUST 7,
2021*

Introductions:

A Letter From The Editor

Fiction:

The Adventures of Gunkus Treehorne and Tappy

Montaigne Excerpt I of 1586

Dice World

Letter to Arty

Poetry:

-Poems From A Yellow Journal

The Alternative Is Alright As Well

For When You Break Up With Someone Other Than

Your Boyfriend

News Reporting:

Girl Who Was...

Follow Up On "Girl Who Was..."

Art and Illustration:

I Am Sad And In A Box

Hog Hag

Carole Kansas Writes to Arty Mellen



I've got this thing on my arm I don't know what it is. It could be just a skin tag but it could also be some kind of leftover from doing clinical trials between the ages of 28 and 17. Most people would be disappointed, but I'm actually quite pleased that whatever it is is still growing. Enlargement adds an excitement to life. And next week I have a hot date with a leaf blower enthusiast.

Unwanted wans et. al., Land Ark Lit Mag is expanding! New contributors are sending us their dark thoughts, and we've struck a deal with a Massachusetts vacation town newspaper, which should bring gossip between July 4th and Labor Day. Can you imagine growing up in a town that disappears? Having ascended in Visible City myself, I cannot. But I think I would've loved that feeling of being forgotten. So many people that work here want only to be seen. Wouldn't it be nice to be famous for never being famous? Think on that while I go out for a bag of mixed nuts.

Here's #8, literacy boners! A short lived travelogue, arson and defacement from an upstanding citizen, some kind of bizarre dairy future, breaking up when you were never allowed to be in love, how to be emotionally present in the split second present, and a treatise on Body Mass Index. Let out your laps and open your tops, it's time to read screen!

– Ed.

FICTION

THE ADVENTURES OF GUNKUS
TREEHORNE AND TAPPY MONTAIGNE
EXCERPT 1 OF 1586

Sigourney Weaver-Burns

He sat in the front passenger seat, shirtless, pants around his ankles, covered in a thin film of congealed sweat and dirt, and completely infatuated with his balding yet charismatic driver (who was also shirtless, covered in a day's grime, though not at all infatuated with his cross-country companion).

Somewhere outside of Franklin, West Virginia—a small pit-stop near spruce knob national forest—our soggy passenger nearly herniated whatever muscle in his brain supervises self-control in a ham-handed effort to inconspicuously observe the driver's 22 year-old and arousingly hairless chest.

“Gunky,” the driver began in a fabricated twang that let on he came from sour-dough rather than wonderbread, “I do believe we’re in corn-hole country.”

“Tappy, don’t stop for nuthin. I seen Deliverance and I don’t need to git learnt how to play pig this far from a pay phone or a brothel.”

Despite the excessively homoerotic and regionalist barb, the driver was neither gay nor named Tappy. He was a heterosexualist born in Cobble Hill—a neighborhood in Brooklyn mostly made out of ceramic—to a wealthy family originating from the coasts of Maine. Somehow he lacked almost all stereotypical pretensions of a New England trust-fund baby, except for the fact that he dressed like a blind lumberjack.

{fin}



NEWS REPORT

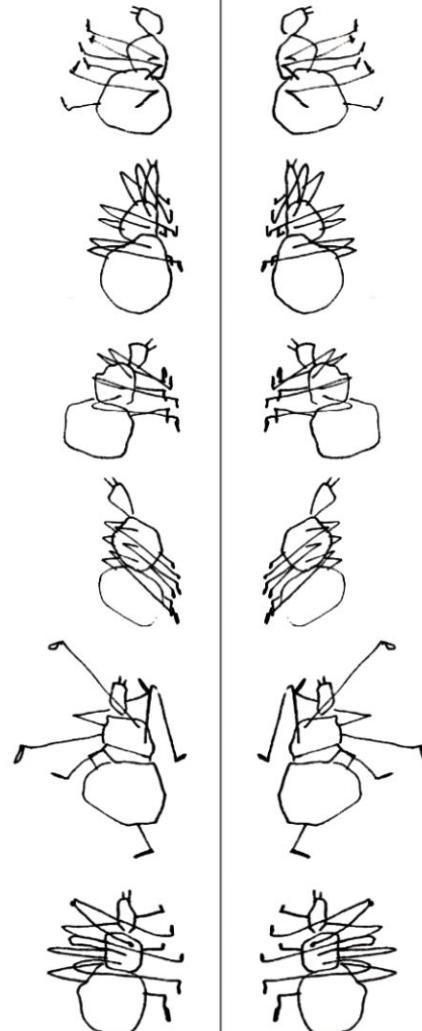
GIRL WHO WAS GOOD AT SCHOOL AND REASONABLY LIKED BY HER PEERS OR AT LEAST NOT WHOLLY DISLIKED BY TOO MANY HAS COMMITTED MANY ATROCITIES IN THE NAME OF LOVE AND BOREDOM

Clementine Signal
For the Callahassett Hometown News Journal Times

Late Thursday night, Amber Stromboni of Callahassett, Massachusetts, alumni of Callahassett Regional High School Academy and down on her luck matriculate of Lacwallis College, has robbed every single bank and lit the nearest church on fire with several illegal fireworks purchased across the border of New Hampshire with aforementioned bank cash. There were no injuries to any human or animal specimens, but a painting of Saint Andrew the Apostle was graffitied with hearts, kiss marks, and phallic symbols.

The suspect was found at the burning church with extra fireworks in her hands, dancing to no music in an unrecognizable style. She was taken immediately into custody by several burly policemen, one of whom was a high school classmate and only could say, "Amber? That girl? She was nice I guess. But such a nothing person. I mean, her main quality was being nice and answering questions in class when the teacher called on her. We had English class. I think she was partial to The Old Man And The Sea. But, man, she wasn't much of anything. I can't believe all these atrocities."

Following the instances of terror, Ms. Stromboni's

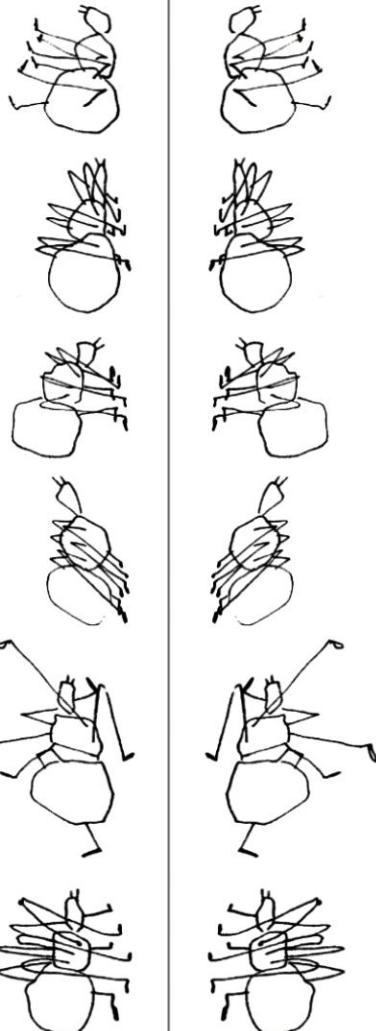
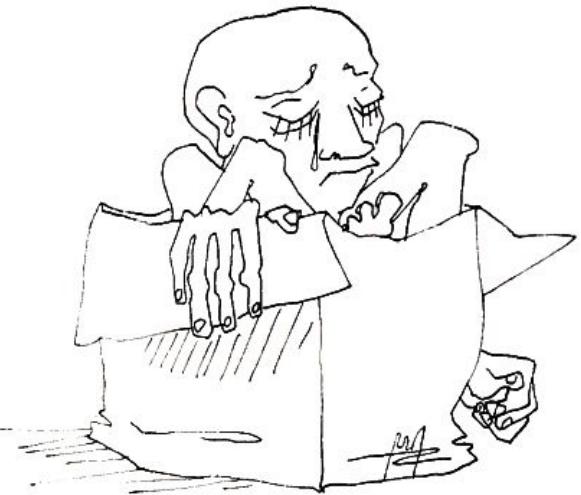


family was alerted and immediately requested to bail their daughter out, because, even though she's twenty five years old, she's been living in their home for the past few months. The bail was denied, and Ms. Stromboni will be held over the weekend. The Stromboni family neglects to comment at this time but did vehemently state that they had no idea their daughter was capable of such violence; however, she'd been whispering under her breath about flames and fishermen for several weeks.

Ms. Stromboni, in custody in the Callahassett Regional Holding Cell System, also neglected to comment, save for the one phrase: "I did it for love. I did it because I was bored."

The Hometown News Times Journal will be on the case as the story continues to unfold in the coming days and weeks.

{cont'd on page 19}



FICTION
DICE WORLD

Andy Quicksand

Wedding

WE danced on the dance floor and then on the sand at the wedding where no one got married. The groom was a repurposed plastic mannequin and the bride was an empty milk jug.

WE put the sand, and kept the sand, and for some of us the sand is still displayed.

The ocean was stained in MELT butter blue which also made it smell like cheese. Some silicone sailboats were out on the harbor when WE made the bride and groom kiss, laughing. The sailors were all drunk on vodka.

The wedding was a big deal for the area. Every neighbor wanted to look good for WE. Jama Ha and his gorgeous love Hans Ree dressed in pretty, long silk drapes, and the Youves who live on the hill all wore yellow. There was a large stage built on the sand that everyone helped out with, and a firebuilt was dug and lined with interstate rocks. The children of the area wanted to play in the hole before it was lined with the rocks. They wanted to be buried in it and pretend they were old coast people. But the people of the area put a stop to that kind of game and scolded the children for opening soon wounds.

“WE is coming,” said Jama, “Behave.”

The ceremonies went beautifully. The mannequin and jug didn’t fall in love. WE danced through the night. MELT butter evaporated the shore.

Sailors

This is my good time story about sailors lost at sea. At first they were terrified, but when they remembered none of them were ever happy on land, they opened up all the alcohol aboard and celebrated with drinking and hugging and cuddling up while the boat rocked gently and the sun went down in hot, red bursts.

Spilling Booze

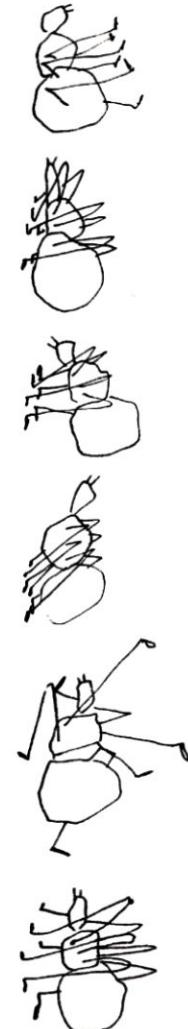
I used to be a good fisherman, but then I got too close to the fish.

Oh, The Argy

There is a big man with a large hammer standing like he was posing for his own statue. Like a front-facing mirror selfie, the big man's own statue suffers from a bad case of infinity. The posture and hammer are repeated until the image quality of reality can no longer depict the artwork. The big man holds the hammer high in the air, proudly, like a king presenting his first born son to throngs of spiteful supporters.

The big man's other hand holds his waist at an angle that accentuates his big muscles. There is hard hair on his arm. He wiggles his fingers around his skin imperceptibly, which gives him an arousing feeling. "I am the Golden Ratio," he buzzes without moving his lips. "art imitates me."

Laughing, where there was a need for self expression now sits a child in his PJs, with one foot under his butt, on the couch Saturday morning, watching Spongebob and eating a soggy bowl of Lucky Charms. The child's mother tussles his hair.



“It’s just that –” the child will say in 47 years, while being interviewed on the subject of his upcoming album “Dear Life”, which will be an unending autobiographical audio livestream to follow him until he dies, and then to follow his body as it is broken down into nutrients by the natural process of decomposition, “I’ve never really felt like anything more than a person. I think this is a great mistake geniuses make, to assume that by some batshit equation of acclaimed outcome you deserve a higher mythical reference point than your audience. But I’ve really never felt special or important. What happened to me was I had the money to be comfortable and a mother who owned a guitar. It really isn’t special, nor is ‘Dear Life’. What it is is that I’m so sick and tired of fans who love me asking me for a new album. This way they can always have one. You wanna hear something that you can attribute to me? Tune in. I might be asleep, but I also might be making love or taking a shit or having a wonderful conversation with a really interesting person or I might be masturbating and crying and screaming all at the same time, I might even be playing music. But the part I’m really looking forward to is when I’m alone and dead in the dirt and people can listen to me slowly become nutrients again. I think that track will really give more credit to what we all are. Anyway, I think it will be beautiful. I hope you all like it.”

"Why do you think it is," asks the Language teacher to the early morning class of sophomores, "that when you write the same word over and over again the spelling starts to look weird?"

“Does it?” asks Rinny Ha.

“Have you noticed that?” asks the Language teacher.

“You never noticed that?” says Michael Youve.

“Why do you think that is?” asks the Language teacher.

Some members of the class thought about it. Some others thought about nudity. Some others thought about what they were gonna do when they got home from school. Some others thought about the big man holding the hammer high, and the statue like front-facing mirror selfie, and that maybe the big man could be on a busy street trying to hail a cab, or trying to catch someone's eye, or he could be on a beach at sunset, or he could be laughing amongst friends, or he could be bored at a



board meeting, or he could be sad and in a box, all alone except for his shoes and a bouncy ball to throw against the wall, but he wouldn't do that because, holding the hammer high, he would not want to disturb his wall-sharing neighbors, he would not want to annoy them, he would not want them to know that he was here, he would not want to somehow affect their lives in any way because perhaps the affectation could lead to their own sadness, or he could be a figment of a commutative imagination, a work of art every audience considers but does admit to being there, big and with a hammer and shown in scaled infinity. Some others thought about nothing.

Instagram

The Elder Ha sat in the living room with his computer and checked Instagram. He then went to Nightly + and All Sports before going back to Instagram. He then went back to All Sports and looked at the Frisbee scores more closely. He then went back to Instagram and scrolled through his feed. He then went back to Nightly + and checked the Western section to see if there were any articles he was interested in. He then went back Instagram briefly before realizing there was a score he forgot he wanted to check on All Sports, so he went back to All Sports. He checked the score, but remembered he had already checked that score that morning. So he went back to Instagram before going to YouTube, but then also remembered that he had blocked himself from YouTube due to over consumption, so he went back to Instagram before finally settling on graphic pornography.

Rock

"What are you doing?" asked Gold Win

"I am remembering this exact rock," said Rinny Ha, "so that when we come back to this beach I can tell if it's still here."

MELT butter

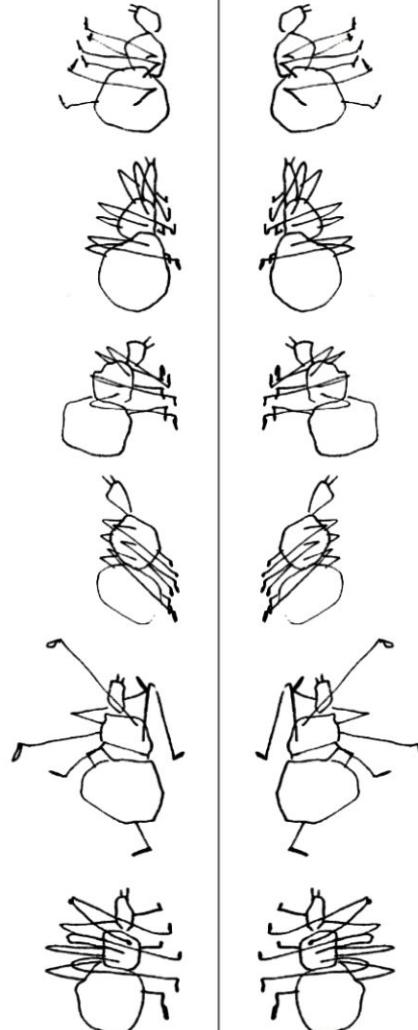
MELT butter is from diners. Remember diners? They were where travellers went to be full and in a community of lonely looking-out-of-dark-windowers. The Elder Ha became famous for writing about them. He was one of those creatives who explored the same subject over and over again until it was a clotted wound in a very visible place. He was the one who came up with the idea for MELT butter. This is why the Has have been able to stay one step ahead of the advancing ocean.

His most famous piece was called "SQUAW" about a lonely train car diner on a hill in Old Maine. It was a 1,000 page epic taking place between one scene of rain on the windows and an old toothless man, too poor to afford dentures, drinking a milkshake. It was both riveting and draining to read. The all-caps title is the inspiration for all-caps MELT.

The scientist who synthesized MELT butter was a huge fan of Elder Ha's work and a vivid lactose intolerant.

SQUAW

Rinny and the athletic Gold Win laid out in front of the crawling, rich blue ocean. It had been 133 years since the tide was going out. Gold thought about holding Rinny's hand. He thought she was



very beautiful the way her hair curled around her ear. Most people didn't have that anymore.

"Mmm," said Rinny.

"Yeah," Gold exhaled.

"I'm not ready to grow up," said Rinny.

"Yeah?"

She shook her head. Big, leathered gulls swooped over the waves, looking for dead, buoyant fish. The water inched millimeters closer like old, groveling hands.

"Let's not get back in time for dinner."

In Gold's head, he was in the curl. "They'll worry," he said.

Rinny shrugged, "So what?" she said, "I'm not worried."

She wrapped her hand around Gold's wrist.

On Behalf Of Scientific Experimentation

Michael Youve's father, Den, was a world renowned sculptor. He has one of the last remaining stationary sculptures in the world, a depiction of the St. Louis Cardinal's as tiny trumpet people which is in Omaha. He has the only transient sculpture in the world, a honking piece of metallic swish cheese inhabited by little trumpet people. Den Youve got into sculpture because he saw the word one day in "Buttered Bread" by the Elder Ha and he liked the way the l and p and t were all next to each other.

Ever since he read that book, the word was stuck in Den's head. So when he was 26 and strung out as a cocaine addicted fun head, lying on his back on the steps of Lincoln Center, he decided he needed to do a beautiful thing, and all he

could think about was sculpture, so he just did it, no big deal, and then he got really famous for it and admired as a figure or personal renaissance.

The idea for the trumpet people came from his ex-wife, Jonie, Michael's mom, who played the french horn for the New York Philharmonic. This sort of joke cracked Den up, even though no one else really knew it was a joke, and Jonie thought it was weird and it made her sad.

They met on the steps. Jonie was about to play her first show. She saw Den lying there and thought that would be nice to do.

They did it together later that night and conceived Michael on the steps. They got married three months later at Coney Island.

The transient swiss cheese sculpture is carried by a group of surviving grad students who each wrote their undergrad theses on Den's work. They shoulder the burden of the staggering artwork over ex-fields and past mountains. They started with it from the steps of Lincoln Center. They are now just outside of Old Columbus, Ohio.

Den and Jonie were both eaten by the ocean and melted by MELT butter.

Excerpt From "Buttered Bread"

"H, 1 t p

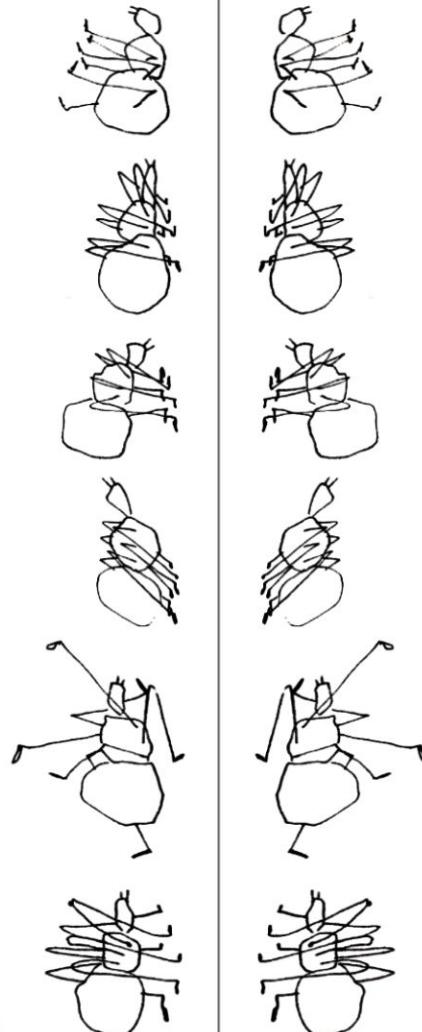
'Absolutely.'

like, T ruth, PURENESS

'I agree.'

The embedding deepened.

H ow do u



'With the latter.'

Your gif T

'Sculpture.'

The embedding took hold.

'Are you ready to order?"'

WE

The scientist who synthesized MELT butter put the book down in the sand and wriggled his toes. He crushed the sand in between his toes, drew a sip of beer through a straw, and leaned back in the beach chair, closing his eyes to the ear of the ocean. The scientist who synthesized MELT butter preferred "SQUAW" to "Buttered Bread". He thought that the latter's interpretation of the future was onomatopoeic and blinded by language. The former's was much luckier.

The surf writhed along the sand. It got its slow way to the sole of the scientist's foot. The salt water stung a splinter.

The scientist who synthesized MELT butter also introduced the humanity-saving technology for the angel "WE".

Dice World will continue in Land Ark Lit Mag Issue #9

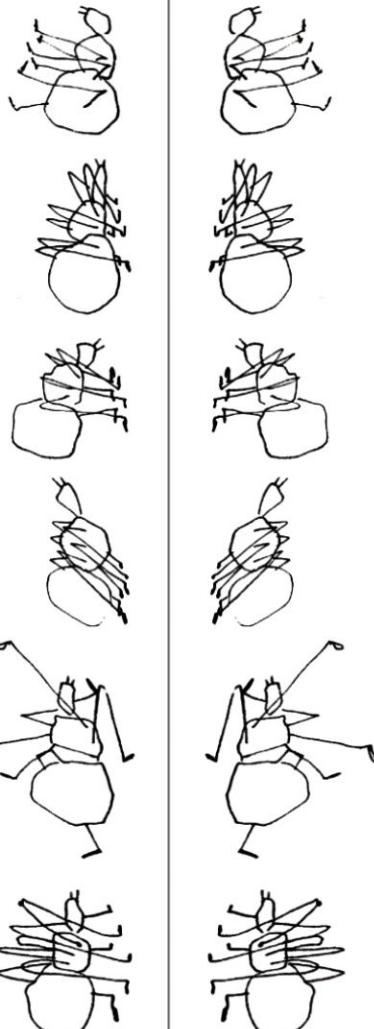
POETRY

-POEMS FROM A YELLOW JOURNAL

Moonsie O'Donnell

Nothing reminds me more of my belly
 Than when jam falls
 From a knife onto a plate.

{fin}



POETRY

THE ALTERNATIVE IS ALRIGHT AS WELL

Irvin Perkins

I am tired from lots of moving
 Through many scenes, unfamiliar and old
 In such a big place criss crossed
 By shallow lines and
 Populated by people I know from places I used to be.

There is this doing to be done and tiring to be had
 Because I will show you a place
 With waterways and nice trees to look at, with
 Late summer flower smells and
 Concrete with leaf shadows.

See, we will live here, in such a place we have known
 Full up of our good pictures
 With everybody we miss. There are
 Glass doorknobs and bath feet, already loved
 Blankets which are not rough.

This house is on a hill,
 It has more windows and doors propped open
 And we can see different views of the ocean
 Through each every glass pane.

{fin}

POETRY

*FOR WHEN YOU BREAK UP WITH
SOMEONE OTHER THAN YOUR BOYFRIEND*

Sigourney Weaver-Burns

There is a spider on your bookshelf with the requisite number of legs and eyes to be called a spider.

The spider spins its webs and turns over the concept of precarity like a stone in its mouth.

It jumps from page to page and lays eggs in between the passages you underlined.

At night, the spider retires to its silken bed, swaddled in the dim beat of a bee-wax candle.

In its dreams, the spider discovers everything on your bookshelf.

It learns all of your favorite passages and annotates with objections and propositions and counter-examples and affirmations.

The spider on your bookshelf was devoured by all the children born in between the millions of pages in your library.

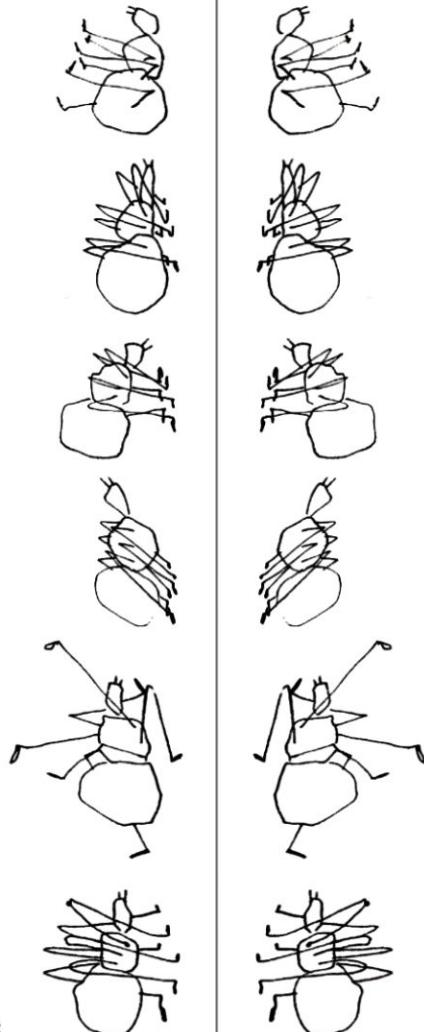
And those children also love to read and will be busied for months and

The spider on your bookshelf has become spiders on your bookshelf.

And none of these spiders have the requisite number of legs and eyes and they know little of what you mean

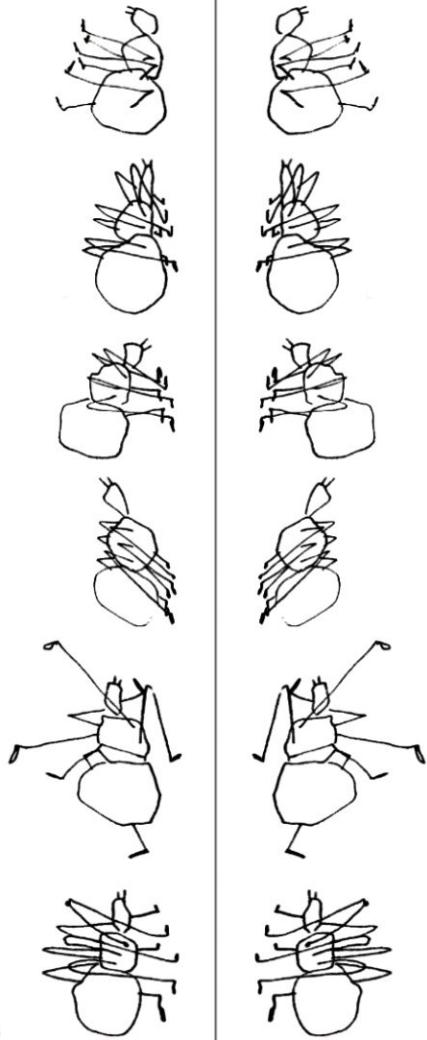
In the margins of this book and that book, but they do turn them over in their mouths nonetheless.

At some point these children will too lay eggs in between your favorite passages and their children will devour them



And your books will be covered in millions of carcasses and paper-like embryos that fly about your room
When you blow out that bee-wax candle and it will become too much and you will burn your books and think
I FUCKING HATE SPIDERS

{fin}



FICTION

LETTER TO ARTY

Irvin Perkins

Dear Arty,

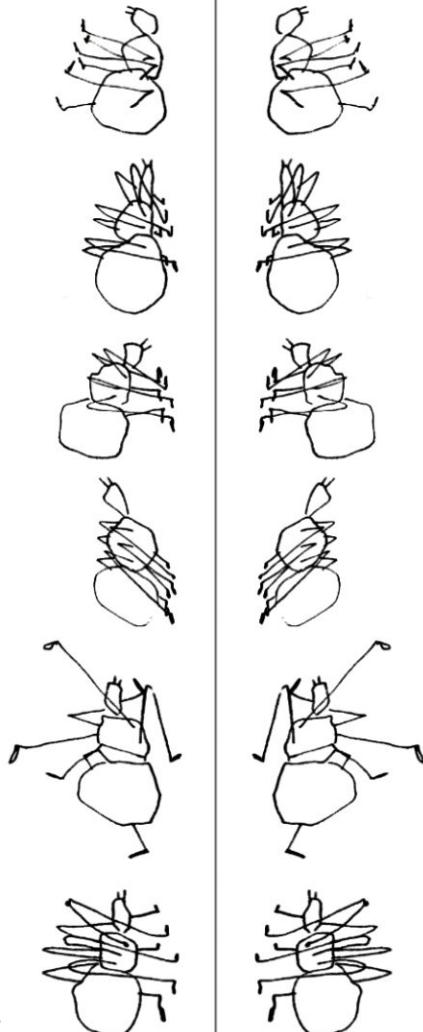
It is harder to revel in your insolitude when there are actually people who love you and it is lame to feel unfulfilled in front of someone who wants to give you an orgasm. I'm saying that because I am one of the actually people that loves you, and because I can't take the advice myself. It's not unfulfillment or a lack of tact, or even really is it stupidity. Most likely it's an inability to get at the small things that matter. Like running outside on the street every day in good shoes and smelling plants which remind you of that time by the pond with a different girl and some cold slices of pizza. Really, really, it's more to do with a willing resolve to complicate moments which don't mean very much, just for the sake of having a story. Which is to say, I think you're just lonely. I am too. She won't talk to me either. But I think the simple solution is to just be happy with Gretchen. Or dump her. Either way.

For me? I guess all that above doesn't alter the possibility that I'm just slightly unimpressed by the lately goings-ons. And if I were to spend all this time kicking my own behind for feeling less than I used to, maybe it would've made puberty all that much more worth it. Because it can't just be the birth control, can it? Or is a little pill even all that capable of turning my emotional sensitivity to less than quiet. What happened to all my screaming and crying? Why can't I get myself to care? Sorry, perhaps that doesn't apply to your

situation. Most of what I mean is that it can't all be chemical and it can't all be circumstantial, so it has to be something cosmic, right? I'm being facetious, if you can't tell.

I told Edie I was moving away, again, even though I'd already moved away the one time. This was over text, which was a mistake, and the most I could gather up was feeling bad because her responses were so short and I could tell she was upset. But it wasn't the same as real remorse. I found myself wishing I was still lying. The running theory is I'm self protecting from greater hurt, even if the hurt isn't mine. Or if the hurt is facing up to a hard line in the sand I've drawn, which is after all just as moveable whenever the tide comes up. Does that make sense?

Really I think I'm bored because I'm refusing to be anxious. Really I think I'm bored because I'm refusing to be happy. Really I think I'm bored because I'm refusing to make mistakes. Really I think I'm bored because I want to be happy too badly. Really I think I'm bored because I'm running too much and caring too much about it. I have shin splints, again. Really I think I'm bored because I'm unemployed. Really I'm bored because I'm refusing to get a grip. Really I think I'm bored because I'm refusing to see clearly what my problems are. Really I think I'm bored because I broke somebody's heart a long time ago and I broke somebody else's heart more recently and because I might have broken another somebody's heart the other day and all this long time I haven't been getting my heart broken at all and what's the use in that? Where's the material? What am I supposed to do with art if everything is just good all the time? What am I supposed to do if I cared about somebody so much I refused to hurt her? Am I bored because I'm refusing to freak out? Am I bored because I'm



finally healthy? Or am I bored because I'm very very very sick?

Maybe the real secret is love is not a balm for a wound but a pretty flower to decorate a room with. When I met Zyn I just thought of all the ways I could apply her, the many soothes she could satisfy, every terror she could calm. I looked at her like she was the consummate of every dread I'd ever faced alone, for now I never would be. I thought she was a solution or a reward, and that that was the true meaning of friendship and everything I'd been missing.

And maybe the real ploy of love was in time she made me forget I was ever alone and so frightened. Which caused a second loss, greater even than the loss which got me there, which was I missed that initial burnhole, the gaping scab now fixed by what Zyn brought to my life. The loss of the lonely self. And so she became something nice to look at, and rather than appreciating the companionship I felt angry that she'd lost her use, that she was no longer balm or medicine or quick stitches in a big scar. Because I've always been so obsessed with the finding of the thing rather than the actual having. I wonder if you're experiencing the same. Or if we're both just ingrates with nothing better to do than lounge around thinking masturbatorily about our problems.

Let me know? Come visit, or something? You don't have to bring Gretchen, if you don't want to. There was another shark attack last week. I think they're getting more common but we can still swim in the Little Harbor, I hear they're afraid of the rocks and seals don't want to risk getting stuck in at low tide.

All my love,
Carole

{fin}

NEWS REPORT

FOLLOW UP ON "GIRL WHO WAS"

Clementine Signal

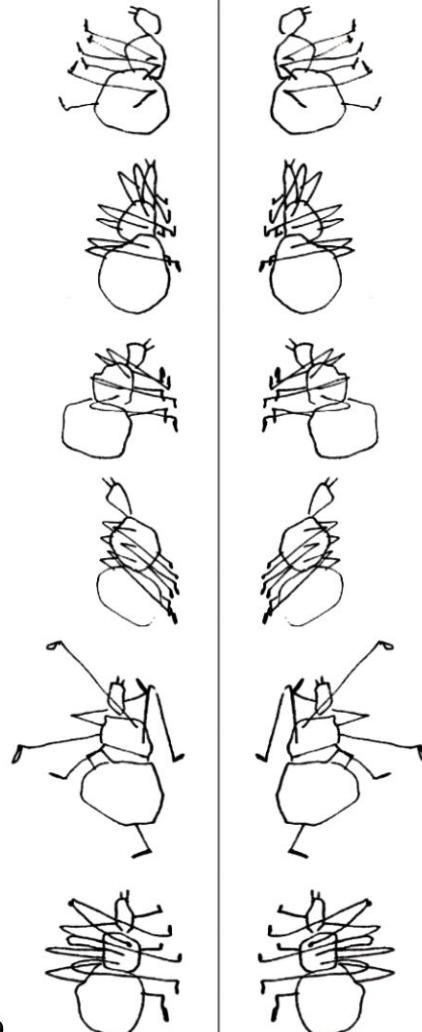
For the Callahassett Hometown News Journal Times

Amber Stromboni was released Monday following a weekend stay in the municipal holding cell at the Callahassett Police Station. She has been charged on twelve counts of armed robbery, one count of arson, and one count of heretical defacement. The third charge won't hold up in the district courts, but her family is facing severe embarrassment at the Callahassett Church of Saint Andrew the Apostle (relocated to the abandoned Marshall's on Quahog Avenue) and the charged has been instructed to attend confession (set up in the old changing rooms) every Sunday from here till forever. Ms. Stromboni's court date is set for November 3rd, agreed by all to be a very lucky day. Which way the luck will swing, in favor of justice, mercy, or highest punishment, we have yet to confirm.

The town and surrounding area is still recovering from the major shock of such a good young person's egregious errors. Many have chosen to paint Ms. Stromboni in the guise of a troubled young girl. Many others indicate that she's never had anything wrong with her, having been relatively well liked or at least not disliked, and therefore it's a little too late to believe her a "troubled child" at twenty five--the age most agree that a woman of privilege's mind should be developmentally sound.

So why did she do it? We sat down with Ms. Stromboni yesterday to get her singular perspective on the incident.

"I've been here too long. I've been percolating on all



Issue No. 8

the things in my life that have gone exactly according to plan and the only way out I could see was manual labor, so instead I settled on a good helping of severe community shock."

When asked about her initial statements on love and boredom, Ms. Stromboni waved a hand away. "I'm over the love thing. That lobster boat has set its sails for a different coast. If you ask me again, it was all straight boredom."

{fin}

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.

