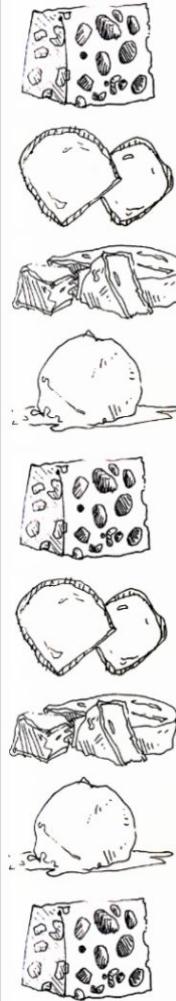




Issue No. 9



LAND ARK LIT MAG
*ISSUE NO. 9: WHO DO
YOU KNOW HERE? /
AUGUST 7, 2021*

Introductions:

A Letter From The Editor

Poetry:

Kenneth Branagh Is Coming To My Birthday

Funny Time

Poems About Cheese

To My Sweetness

Comics:

History Town Hotel

Cigarette and Sandwich Problem Set #12

Fiction:

Widely Revered Brewery and Beer Company

The Adventures of Gunkus Treehorne and Tappy

Montaigne Excerpt 586 of 1586

Dice World pt. II

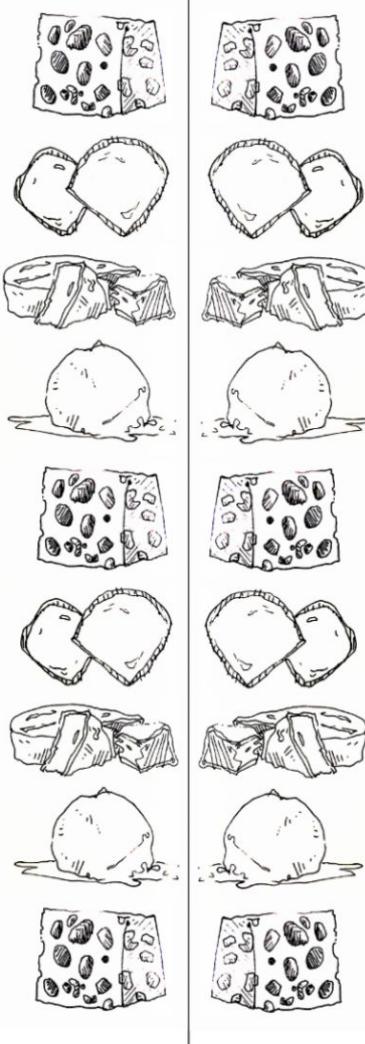
Art and Illustration:

Feed Me

The Ousting Of The Dairy Queen

Criticism:

On Removing Appendages



Breaking news into Land Ark Lit Mag! I know we don't have a newsroom yet but just listen! First ever ant spotted in Antarctica! It was a carpenter ant! No one knows how it got there! Why isn't anyone else covering this?! This is beautiful history!

In other news, I still live in a studio apartment. Out of boredom, I have attempted to attract ants of my own, but my attempts have yielded no results. I tried leaving graham cracker crumbs on the floor of my kitchen, but so far all I've gotten is a very bitey possum and a woman through my window. She ended up staying the night. Now, I know what you're thinking, but be cool, readers, it was purely a poetry-based sleepover. We read "Dante's Inferno" backwards and then wrote smut on my walls. She said her name was EKB but I don't know what that stands for. Entertainment King's Boredom, maybe? Whatever it is, some of her dirty poetry is included in this week's issue, along with poems about Kenneth Branagh not being fun at parties, poems about cheese, a review of the movie 127 Hours, and many returns from old favorites such as Cigarette and Sandwich, Gunkus and Tappy, and everyone's favorite butter apocalypse: Dice World!

I will report back next time with statistics on my apartment's ant activity. Until then, take solace in the fact that Antarctica is doing better than me, though perhaps not for much longer: my mail order picnic has just arrived.

– Ed.

POETRY

*KENNETH BRANAUGH IS COMING TO
MY BIRTHDAY*

Irvin Perkins

I invited Kenneth Branaugh to my birthday party
 And I am so excited because
 He is my favorite actor. He was so good in Harry Potter
 And Hamlet.

Kenneth Branaugh came to my birthday party
 Which I thought was a good idea and my mom
 Thought was a good idea
 But Kenneth sang
 The birthday singing song too loud
 Like he was showing that he could sing really well. And then
 When I was opening presents and
 The other kids were having pizza and frozen ice cream bars
 Kenneth wanted to do soliloquies
 Which were not
 Even the ones I liked from the Shakespeares he did in the
 nineties
 But ones he made up
 To sound like those ones, from Shakespeare.

Kenneth stop, I said. Please. It's my birthday.
 No, Lily. He said. You invited me.



FICTION

*WIDELY REVERED BREWERY AND BEER
COMPANY*

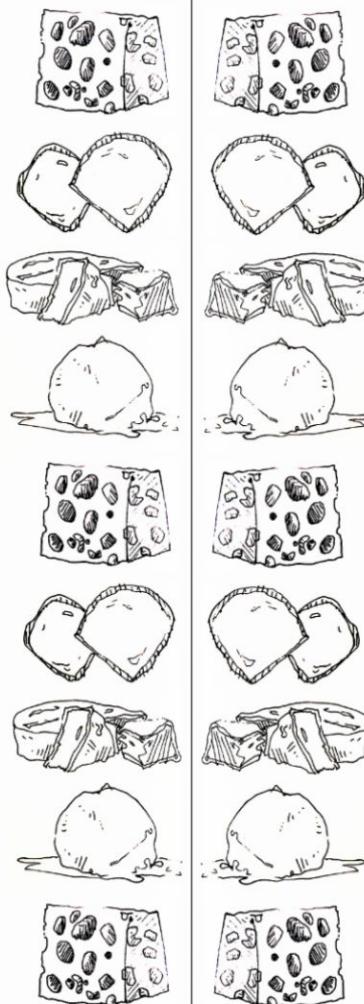
Irvin Perkins

THE EMPLOYEES AT the Widely Revered Brewery and Beer Company have all been hired because of their table waiting experience and prior knowledge of appropriate social behavior patterns. The Widely Revered Brewery and Beer Company has excellent service.

When moving is slow, limp waiters Lamp Hebron and Hickery Delilah make up new names for beer that will never get bored.

“Fist Slam IPA.”
 “Gold Ale Duck Shmuck.”
 “Oktoberfest Forever.”
 “Hefevixen.”

Most of the clientele comes from down state and past the state but rarely from in state. They think the beer is alright, if not a little watery. They want more bar snacks, or any. Some popcorn at least. But the licensure doesn't allow anything besides meek little bags of potatoey chips. When the weather is nice the clientele wants cold drinks and when the weather is not as nice the clientele wants to get drunk to forget about the bad weather. Some of the customers are nice, and tip well. Some of the other customers are not as nice and either don't leave tips or say rude things to their friends about the way the waitstaff pours the beer.



Hickery Delilah took the job in a moment of transience between a bigger city and a different bigger city. Now she has seen three summers and four winters of Widely Revered tourist consumption and still lives with her parents. Lamp Hebron wandered in one day and never left. He spends most of his time cleaning up the sticky spills and trying to count change.

The management at Widely Revered Brewery and Beer Company thinks that the front of house staff is paid too much and wants to pay them less. The front of house staff thinks they're paid too little and wants to be paid more, but the petitions keep getting lost in the mail. The management works from on top of a very high hill across the street and taunts the servers and pourers and cleaners. The staff can't do very much about it, because of their lower elevation, and the inundation of beer tourists. In the summer the crowd is much too thick to unionize, and in the winter it is much too slow to do anything but be bored. When the throngs are buzzing and the hundreds are drunk, Lamp Hebron sometimes pours pitchers on people and pretends its by accident. He gets away with it because there's often so many people nobody can tell for sure if he's been lying or not. Sometimes it is actually by accident, too. Hickery Delilah never pours beer on customers.

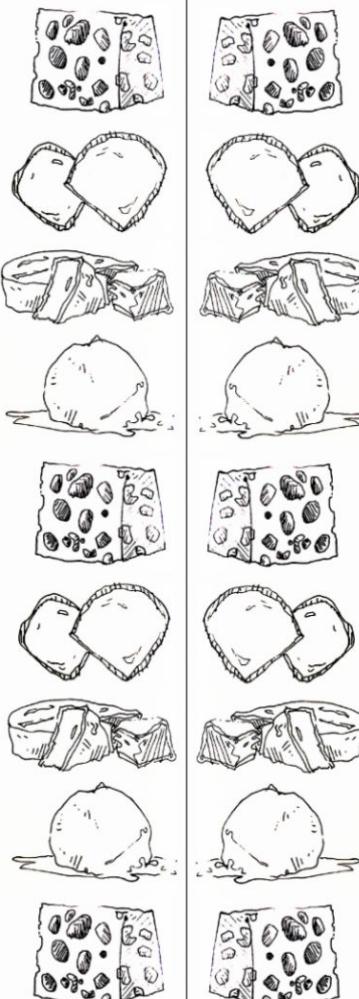
Every day at three pm Hickery Delilah and Lamp Hebron share a pint in the dish pit. Every day they toast a different phenomenon.

“Here's to ugly babies.”

“This one's for people who look like their dogs.”

“Cheers to crop circles.”

“Pour one out for John Travolta.”



POETRY FUNNY TIME

Andy Quicksand

I got out of bed naked.
She slept in many smocks.

* * *

I threw my air conditioning out the window at a dog walker
Overwhelmed by dogs.
It missed him and hit a fire hydrant instead.

* * *

I dated somebody once who all they wanted to do is lick the
bottom
Of my feet.
That was an OK time of my life.

* * *

There was this one time
One time, there was!





POETRY

POEMS ABOUT CHEESE

THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE

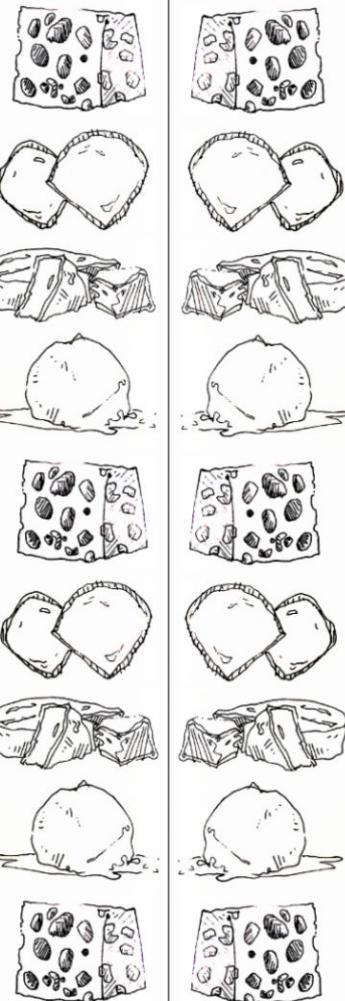
There's A Man Outside.
I came upon him,
And he was walking around with cheese in his pocket.

Aged cheddar.
2012.
Good year.

It was hot and the cheese was wet.
It made a stain in his back pocket;
And when people walked behind him leaving the underground,
They got a whiff.
And a drip.
And sometimes a sip.

It was putrid.

Blaške Lisbet



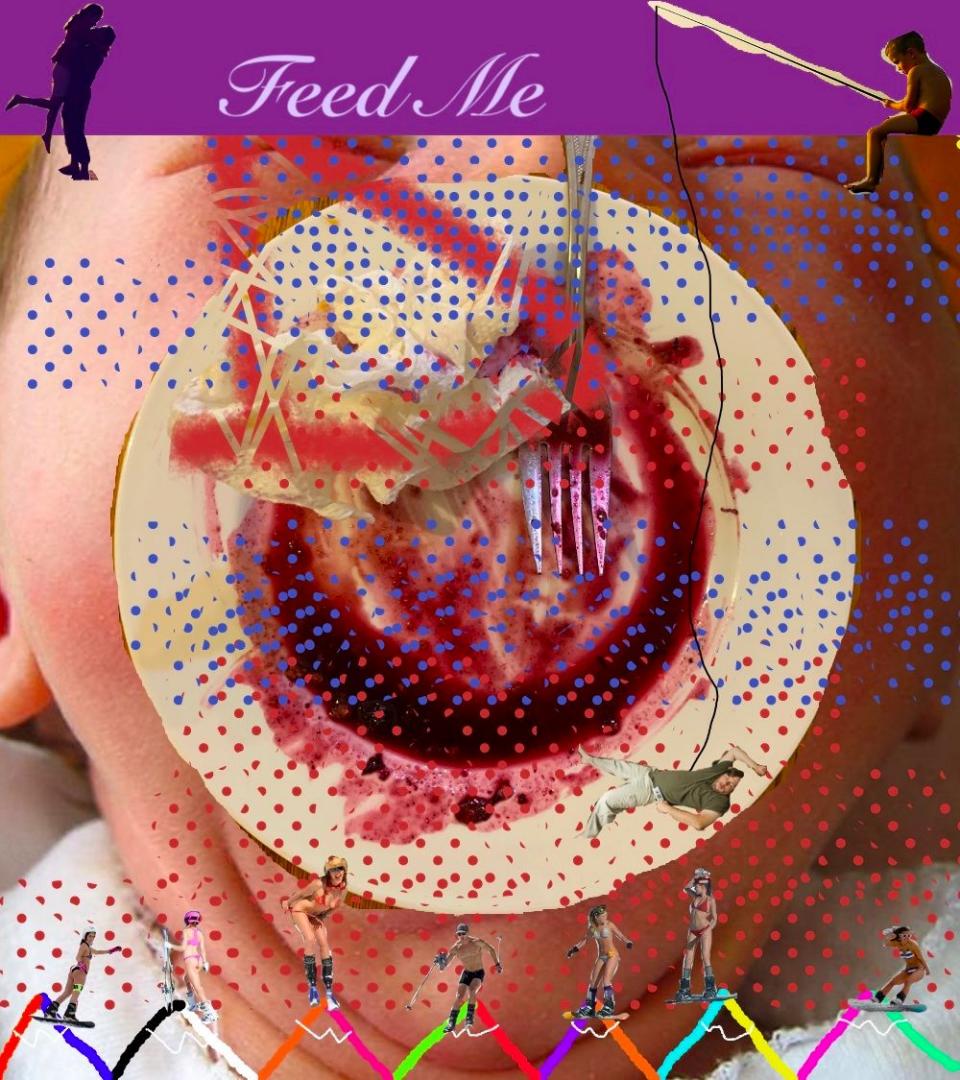
INTERNAL MEMO, CLASSIFIED: DEPARTMENT OF
KUBIC KURDS

Fist thing's first,
And last last.
If you consider the outcomes,
Whether or not they correlate,
There are implicit assumptions that
Regardless of future expectations of internalized per capita
values,
Which are in turn arguably causally linked to previously
operationalized
Regressors, cubits provide a sanguine outlook on potential
derivations of the problematic correlates.
Before extrapolating logical extensions of empirically justified
theoretical axioms, recognizing
The integral aspect of cheese production in the national income
account firstly justifies our analysis, and
Secondly becomes unproblematic the more we know.

A MOTHER TO HER MILK

I looked at her,
And she said: it's not the same. You been Refined,
Salted, Stirred. I used to recognize you. But
Now, you're yellow.
I love you, Squirt.
But you're not Squirt anymore.
You're a cube of cheese.

There are some studies,
I do not know the details,
But it appears that the interaction of classical feminine virtues
And the constellation of military socialization does not abide.
Without an aggressive effort to reduce the role of the female in
cheese production, we risk
Alienating our statistically, and again I don't know the numbers
or the authors of these studies,
The least rapey of potential peacekeepers.



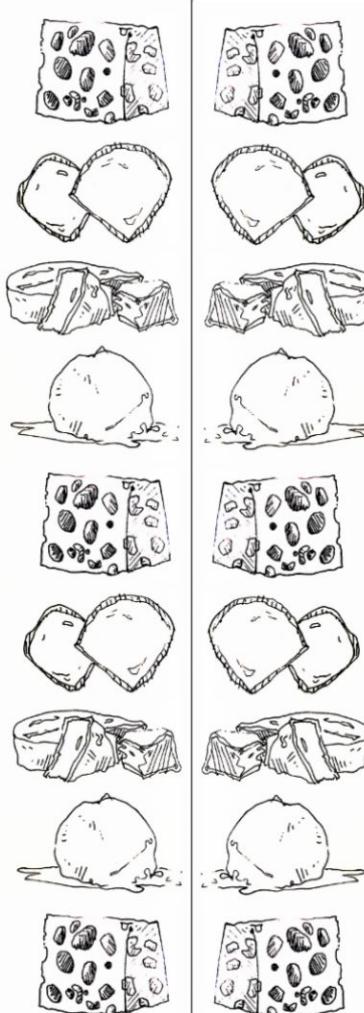
CRITICISM

ON REMOVING APPENDAGES

Ronald Ballwater

Oh yes, I am certainly addicted, and this me, a pavement crust, crossed between a financial adviser and a bass guitar, another line, dotter, big sip, punch in the gut; would you like to join me outside for a cigarette, where "Rotten And Lost" are playing an Abandoned Parking Lot show, a series of outdoor expressionist concerts taking place in the titular setting, my home, it seems? Maybe you're more comfortable with a bathroom rendezvous, where "Too Big To Go Down" are doing an experimental excrement set, comparing wiping technique and ply count? Or are you your happiest at the butcher, lying on raw meat, "Twisted Brisket and The Meat Sweats" for a 12-hour smokeshow, doing your best Dolly Parton with a Pork Shoulder Butt? Who are you *really*?

Herein lies the crux of a critic's dilemma: who the ham hell am I? An opinionated monster roaming the countryside? An insightful enthusiast flipping a coin on the road less traveled? A mindless, ruthless, graceless, bachelor degree wielding upsetness-aficionado with free reign of the internet? What if I want to be a ball rolling down a hill, like you and you, and the medium my mind works best in is a questioning, deliberating, analytical one? Is it in my best interest to climb to the highest altitude, remove my arms and legs, and simply lean forward? Should you get out of the way? Does anyone have anything to drink? Don't hold out on me. If you have alcohol I want to do it. If you have acid I want to eat it. If you have cigarettes, let's roll outside together and share the time two takes



to smoke.

Oh yes, who am I kidding? Judgment is easy peesy, not like Aron Ralston-ing your entire body. I like this; I don't like that. I am intrigued, I am bored; I remember having a terrible time last year at your parent's house; is it normal to enjoy your in-laws more than your own family? I don't think my job is any deeper than that. It's possible I never graduated from the shallow end. I should probably volunteer more, head west to fight wildfires, confront the homelessness crisis in the city where I'm from, advocate for civil causes, march abreast with people my age, create a diversion in sports bars, mark the middle with my pee. But, sadly, I am just a human being, stuck to humans with human made paste on a planet of position leaning humans. So I keep my addictions up, keep sharpening my toy knife, and from time to time I form an opinion which at the start seems worth writing about but by the end of it it's clear I've made a big deal over nothing. It is my career, I guess! I am my own experiment! Turn the volume up, please!





COMIC

CIGARETTE AND SANDWICH PROBLEM

SET #12

Andy Quicksand

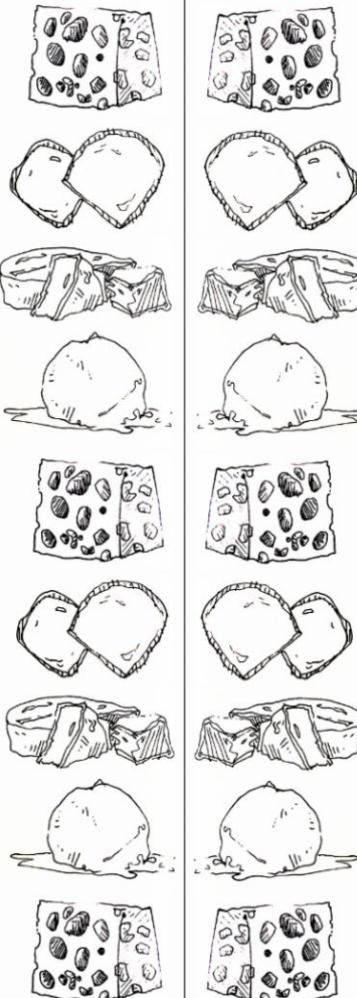
(Cigarette and Sandwich float in space. Sandwich's sandwich is floating just a little bit away from him. Cigarette watches as Sandwich struggles to zero gravity swim over to his sandwich.)

Cigarette: Fart.

(Sandwich considers the idea and then squeezes out a fart. It pushes him with more than enough momentum to the sandwich and he gets it. But he pushed too hard. Sandwich looks down in shock at his butt.)

Sandwich: Uh oh.

(Cigarette laughs. But opening her mouth has dire consequences. Her cigarette floats away.)



FICTION

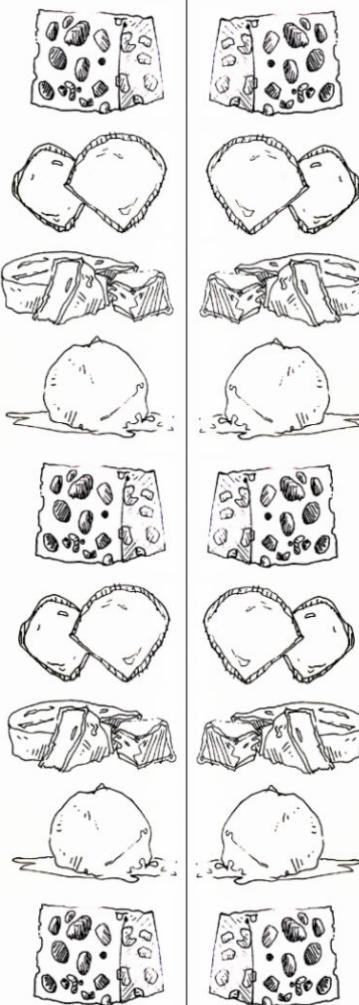
THE ADVENTURES OF GUNKUS
 TREEHORNE AND TAPPY MONTAIGNE
 EXCERPT 586 OF 1586

Sigourney Weaver-Burns

Three miles after losing a side-view mirror to Tennessee's most flaccid interstate highway (number 40, which droops down like a church dangly and rests its urban tip—Memphis—neatly in the south-west corner of the state) Tappy and Gunku tickled each other's tummies and prepared for a decent meal, a descent into the Waffle House.

Over the course of their travels, the two companions had patroned upwards of 59 Waffle Houses. In 19 of them, either Tappy or Gunku had defiled a toilet; in no less than 37 they shared a Marlboro Red in the parking lot before and after the meal; in three of them both Gunku and Tappy were themselves defiled by a toilet; and in only one Waffle House did they ever leave unsatisfied. The following passages concern the latter.

Waffle House is viewed by some and called by many, a family establishment. It is known to all those that love waffles and the requisite houses in which they are served, that each structure is hand-built by a formerly well-to-do nuclear family—meaning two parents (of any gender or sexuality, although often times both are in flux) and at least two kids (although preferably three, and also gender/sexuality non-specific, and evenly distributed along the ages 4 - 14 ensuring a steady and diverse supply of labor). It is to these wayward yuppie families that we owe over 75 years of queer, tartaned history, and to these



families that Tappy and Gunku (mostly Tappy) owe a considerable amount of diarrhea.

The post-capitalist, gender queer origins of the House of Waffle can be traced more or less irrefutably to a schism with their uppity, milk-toast, bitch-ass competitor: the International House of Pancakes. As with most squabbles among the landed fast-food gentry, episodes of instability and political metamorphosis are often brought about by pettiness and concluded with disembowelment and collective evisceration. You see, Waffle House and the International House of Pansy-ass no-good fucking daisy-cutting rum-rotting cack faggots was once a single breakfast endeavor called Jack's Flaps, and the flaps themselves were to be tartaned or not depending on if you swung this or that way it don't concern me. The enterprise, spearheaded by Lady Jumbo Oh' Donna-Hugh and Jordan Peters¹, soon turned into a fast-food siblicide² rivaled only by the Great Malting following the ousting of the Dairy Queen.

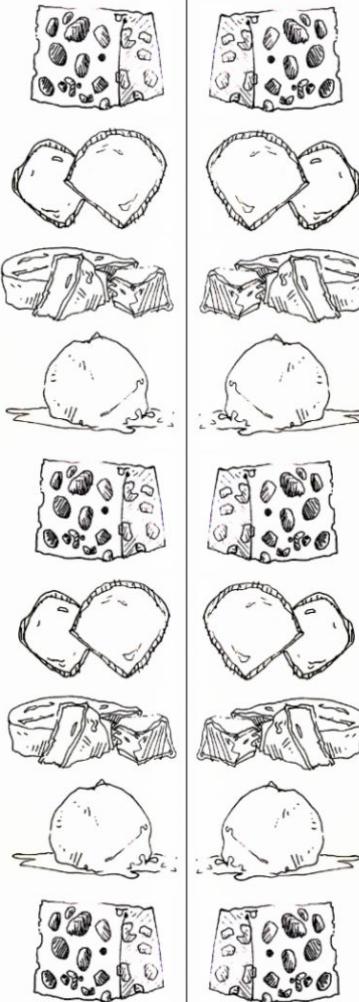
1 | Jordan Peters' son, also known as Jordan Peterson, is currently a clinical psychologist by day and an incel-daddy dom fuck me, choke me daddy by night. His national bestseller *12 Ways to Disregard Other People* has garnered him a Teen's Choice Award for *Most Problematic* and an Adult's Choice Award for *Who Is This? Really, I Don't Have Time For This*.

2 | Jordan Peters, not be confused with his oh yes! fuck me, suck me daddy son, was blood related to Lady Jumbo Oh' Donna-Hugh (original name Donne Peters), which made this whole party all the more rank, red, and familial. The schism between the two resulted in countless muggings, beheadings, public chidings, and there's-an-appendage-in-this-parcel-so-help-me-god moments, that nearly all fast food and quant-dining regulars are in some ways traumatized.

Without picking sides in this chronicle, suffice it to say that Jordan Peters was a sniveling lil bitch boi and ruined the whole thing. Lady called it quits on the 'ole tiny Peters and he vowed never to let no tartaned-flap loving gender-bent libtard dine in an establishment entrusted to his care. To his chagrin, Lady Jumbo Oh'-Donna (the Hugh was not added until 1997) founded what is now known as the most class-conscious and queer-positive joint to get your browns smothered, covered, chunked, peppered, and topped—and some damn good breakfast too.

It is in the solemn repose of Waffle Houses across the country that our heroes unloaded, recharged, and again pioneered along their journey. And it was in this particular Waffle House—the franchise across from Shoney's, exit 238 to Lebanon—that they first uncovered, reproached, and pinioned the specter that had been following them since Sandwich, Mass. Although for many months they felt courted by the chilling breath of a wanton intruder, they always considered the poltering part and parcel of their own collective insanity.

Never an entity. Never an enemy. Never a reckoning.



THE OUSTING OF THE DAIRY QUEEN





VISIT US: WIDELY REVERED BREWERY AND BEER COMPANY



Ad paid for by the Council on Craft Foolery

Issue No. 9

POETRY

TO MY SWEETNESS

EKB (Enter Kalamazoo Briefly?)

I like it in me
Down in the city



Listening to fitty
Ridin to your cribby

Hard, no pity
I like it in me.



Dice World pt. II



Issue No. 9

*dice world is continued from issue 8

FICTION

DICE WORLD PT. II

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The child who had the one foot under his butt while watching Spongebob, who then went on to be interviewed 47 years later on the subject of his upcoming 24/7 autobiographical audio livestream, “Dear Life”, held the wedding invitation in his hand like it was origami paper. He RSVPed from the safety of his own brain.

“congrats on the fake nupts
wishing nothing but love to your inanimates
if only i could be there”

The Ringer announced a visitor. The eyescreen showed the “Dear Life” crew waiting patiently on the 47-year-later-child’s front porch. The crew had all their equipment in structured bags – fuzzy mics and hand-held booms and headphones. They waited handsomely and then the door opened.

“Hey everyone,” said the child, now, “Get ready to get used to me.”

1ZDoywM6FgI081uTWOR-g-M2Dkn3YKSPmjF9-HB8gTJ0/edit



Gold Win's favorite band was the Old Canadian band Rush. Gold didn't understand what they were talking about, he was born after the expansion of the ocean and during the downfall of lines, but he liked to dream about the past. He could imagine what life used to be like anyway he wanted to imagine it. Rush helped him along.

Rinny Ha tried to listen to them a couple of times but she didn't like it. She didn't like the electric guitar. The only instrument Rinny liked was throwing rocks at other rocks.

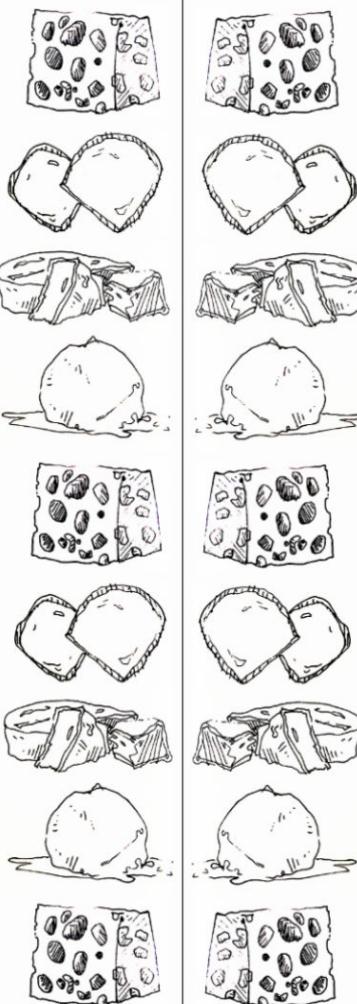
"Do you think we're gonna get married?" asked Rinny, lying on one of the few abandoned highways that hadn't been torn up, with the crown of her head against Gold's head. She had long sandy hair and Gold had long black hair. Sometimes they tied their hairs together in knots and pretended their bodies were helicopter propellers. Sometimes they pretended they were much older and were just waiting around. Sometimes they pretended they were born before the earth started eating its own arm.

"No," said Gold, smiling to show he was joking. "You don't like Rush."

Rinny turned onto her belly and stared at the little blips of Gold's scalp like she was looking to see if he had lice. She thought his face was so sexy but the little hidden secret that there was a bald man somewhere in his head was very unsexy. She used one of her long nails to scratch an exposed rim of scalp and accumulate some of his dandruff under the nail.

"Ow, Rinny, Goodness!"

She looked at the flakes of her favorite person's dead skin in one of ten worlds living under her nails. "I can clone you, now," she said, pretending to be evil.



"Do it," mumbled Gold, comforting his head against her boobs, "The more of me the merrier."

My-Drive

The elder Ha realized he had been going back and forth between websites for over 17 days without sleeping, eating, or drinking anything. He'd peed and pooped himself without noticing and been sitting in it going back and forth between Instagram, All Sports, YouTube, All Sports, Nightly +, Instagram and All Sports. Had he learned anything? No. Absolutely not.

The elder Ha was finally ready to write when his doorbell rang. He cleaned himself up and changed before answering it.

/u/0/

The scientist who synthesized MELT butter had a straw behind his ear like it was a pencil. He was disappointed that his favorite-writer-ever lived in a rundown shack teetering on the edge of a very high cliff hanging over jagged rocks eaten daily by the ocean. "He should know by now. . ." thought the scientist, "god-damn geniuses are all the same. . ."

It was also disappointing how the elder Ha opened the door. He did it very strongly and deliberately, like he had great confidence that he lived here, and whoever was visiting would experience great reverence from being in the writer's presence.

"Hello," said the scientist, "You don't know me, but I'm a big fan."

The elder Ha stood there like a jellybean who found

its balancing point by accident. He was kind of slouchy and tall, and he had a big nose and a bad haircut.

"OK," said the elder Ha, "That's cool."

"You don't know me, but I'm probably gonna be the most famous person in history," said the scientist.

"Then I'd really rather you leave," said the elder Ha as an ocean gail rattled his blinds.

The scientist ignored him. He took the straw out from behind his ear and put it in his mouth.

"Because," said the scientist through the straw, "I've invented the technology to save the world and destroy it at the same time."

...
"Can I come in?"

Rock 2

"You do it like this," said Rinny, looking across the vast stretch of MELT butter blue ocean consuming Old Tennessee, "You take one rock and hold it like a frisbee and then you throw it at another rock that is very flat and standing straight up."

"Why?" asked Gold Win.

"Because that's what makes the best sound. I've tested it a bunch of times. Find a rock that would have been good for skipping."

Since rocks couldn't skip in MELT butter, good skipping rocks were the earth's most abundant resource. Gold Win found a whole bunch of them without even having to move.

"Now what?"

"Now we gotta find a good rock to throw our rocks at. C'mon."

Rinny gave Gold a kiss on the temple and beckoned him to follow her down the shoreline. They walked far away from the tide, not that it was gonna rise all of a sudden and eat them, but it was good practice to be safe. Rinny led the way and grabbed Gold's hand and pulled him along. Gold felt very good about himself. He stressed out a little at the possibility that he and Rinny could be picked to have kids. He was happier thinking about being cloned.

"That one," said Rinny, pointing to a rock sticking out like a summer home from MELT butter. "OK, watch me." She took her good skipping rock in the honest curve of her index finger, threw her body weight behind the instrument, and threw. The rocks collided like good, pure flatness. They created a little spark. The good skipping rock disappeared into the MELT butter blue.

"See? Isn't that the most beautiful sound you ever heard?"

Gold shrugged, "I prefer good ol' Rock 'n' Roll."

Rinny smiled. She liked him a little more because she got along with him less, "OK, smarty pants. Your turn."

Grilled Cheese

The elder Ha closed his computer. He hadn't had a visitor since the last time he made more than one grilled cheese.

"Would you like a grilled cheese?"

"No thanks," said the scientist, "Do you have beer?"

The elder Ha nodded. "I would love a beer." The elder Ha got him a beer. The scientist put the straw in the beer. The elder Ha thought the straw would be a good character quirk for a future novel.

“It smells like shit and piss in here,” said the scientist.

Shit and Piss

The elder Ha’s home was perched in salt water air over Penobscot Bay in Maine. It had very low walls and a half bath. The dishwasher was filled with tortoise shells and the oven was caked with blueberries. The scientist assumed the writer of his favorite book would’ve lived somewhere a little more heroic. The scientist sat down in a wicker chair that was the only chair in the living room, and the elder Ha sat on the floor.

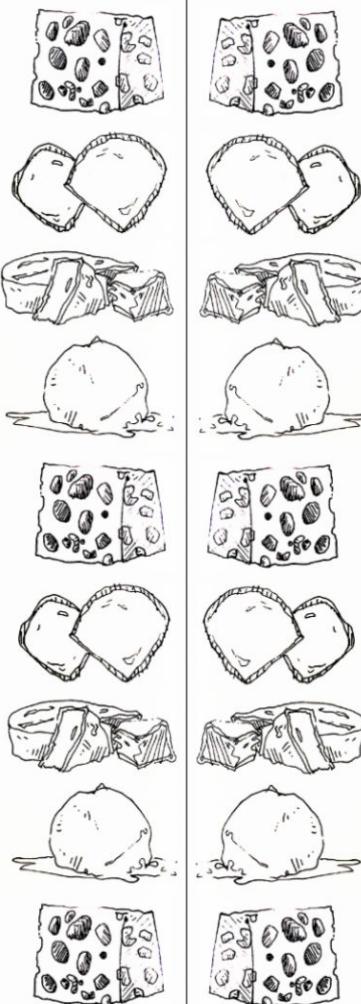
“I’d like to interview you,” said the scientist, “but first, is there anything you’d like to know about me?”

“Yeah, a whole lot,” said the elder Ha. There was a little tuft in his rug that he liked and that he liked to pull at. He always dreamed of having a guest over and letting them sit in the chair while he sat on the rug and pulled at the tuft.

“As you know,” started the scientist after a long pull of beer through the straw, “our world is becoming uninhabitable for most animal species, mainly us. In a matter of years humanity will be extinct, but not because of any event or because of global warming. Since you’re my favorite writer I’m assuming you know about personification?”

The elder Ha shrugged. He might be this guy’s favorite writer, but he wasn’t his own favorite writer.

“Mother Nature is going to kill us before we can accidentally manipulate our environment into being inhospitable. She will kill us no matter how. She will shrug us off like a small bug. It will be bloody and awful. Are you with me?”



The elder Ha decided he would never use the straw thing as a character trait. It was too hard to watch in real life.

The scientist took his time to say, “I have studied Mother Nature. I know what she wants.”

A gull landed on the roof. A big swell bit the bottom of the house. The low walls rocked a little. There was a loud sound that might not be real, but whether or not it was really there, the elder Ha became convinced only in the exact present that Mother Nature should have she wants. And then, as soon as the sound was gone, the elder Ha was oblivious again. All that was in his mind was the idea for his next book.

Review of ‘Dear Life’

“As the reality of human extinction creeps a few inches closer everyday, ‘Dear Life’ is presented to the remaining audience as no doubt the most ambitious creative project in human history. The crux of the concept lies in the continuous recording and streaming of the work, even well after the artist is dead and buried. But with our species all but gone from this earth, the question begs itself; who will be around to hear it?”

Review of ‘WE’

“WE,” said the scientist.

*dice world will continue in issue 10



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.

