

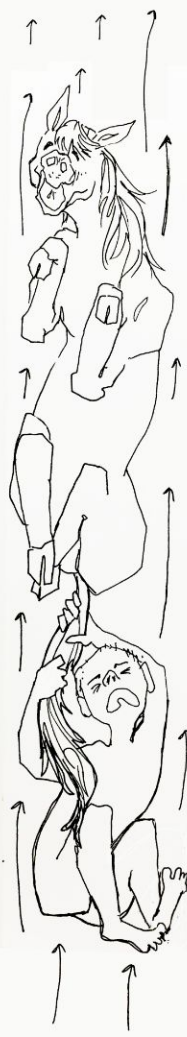


LAND ARK LITMAG

ISSUE NO. 11 SEPTEMBER 18, 2021

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Issue No. 11

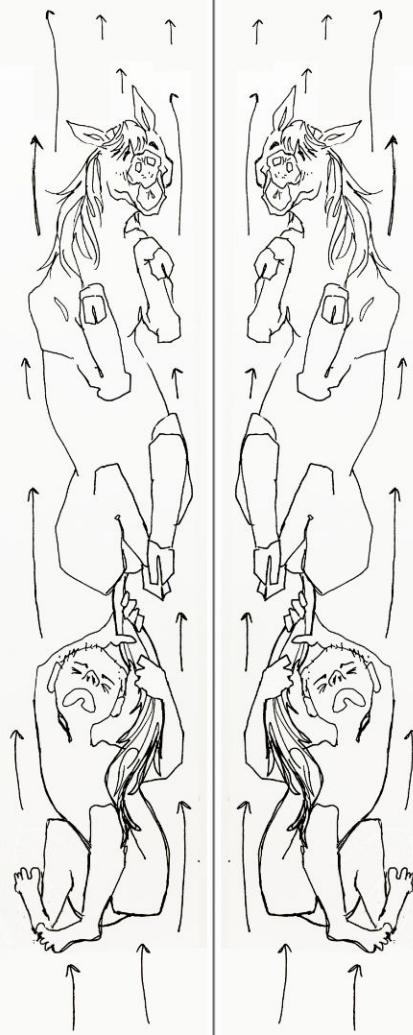


LAND ARK LIT MAG

*ISSUE NO. 11: WE ARE
NOT HORSES /
SEPTEMBER 18, 2021*

Introductions:*A Letter From The Editor***Fiction***Conversation With A Pilot G2-07.....Wayward Joe***Poetry**

Waiting For The Loopy Doctor To Return To The Rubber Room They've Locked Me In, Unlock The Straight Jacket They've Put Me In, And Return My Diagnosis To Me..... Andy Quicksand
I Finally Know What Purgatory Looks Like and Dante Was Wrong.....Irvin Perkins
For My Eddie.....EKB
One.....Malcolm, Romantic and Unaffiliated

Criticism*Ronald Ballwater's Review of jealous fellas 1 and 2.....Ronald Ballwater***Screenplay***Dawn Gets Arrested On Charges Of Public Trespassing.....Endro Hoss***Art**

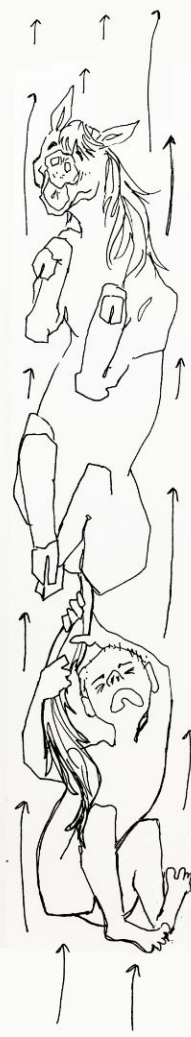
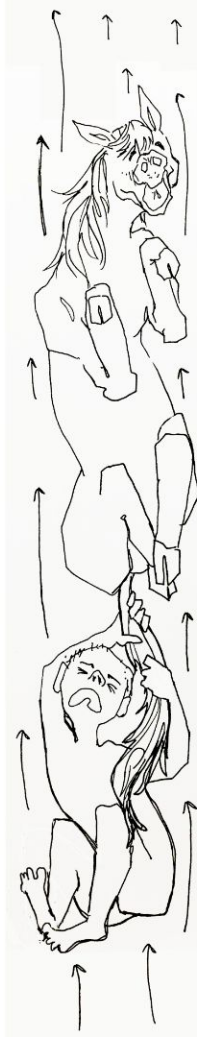
Kevin Love And Kate Bock.....Marvin Gardens
Dawn Gets Arrested On Charges Of Public Trespassing.....Garvin Mardens
Small Eye And Face.....Gardens Marvin
Wanderer Above The Sea Of Alarms.....Vingar Marens
If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home By Now.....(?)
EKB And Eddie.....EKB
Gackle Churches.....Filma Gosnold
jealous fellas 1 and 2.....Nosey Parker
Hotel Jacuzzi.....Filma Gosnold

Well, friends and love affairs, cheap salesmen and expensive seats, I find myself in Philip, South Dakota, for this year's Unread Literature Expo, to be held in Pizza, etc. The sauce is good, but the crust is often burnt. This is my 14th year in a row, ever since I ran out of that sushi restaurant screaming, naked, half-doused in fire by slightly flammable soy sauce. That was an awkward, confusing time in my life, a period where I wasn't sure who I wanted to be, or if I didn't want 1st degree burns on my body. But now look at me! I'm in Philip, dammit! And I love it here! I love it every year. It's beautiful and wide and everyone is friendly and offering me rides. The expo itself is always kinda a bummer, though. These are my kin, my brethren, my closest allies in mediocrity, but there's also a lot of depression in the Unread Literature business. I learned to swallow that wave up a long time ago, like white makeup on a willing clown. And I don't even like raw fish anymore! But my buddies occasionally have a harder time. That's why I've

gathered them here, in my lit mag, for you all to not read.

Speaking of which, what's up with you? Why don't we turn this page around for once and find out what the hell is going on with the humble reader? Are you there, dear friend with back and forth eyes? If so, please don't out me, otherwise I won't be invited back to the Expo next year, and I really, really enjoy this. I mean, I *need* this. Some realities of success are too normal to be fodder for anything besides articles on young people. But y'know what isn't normal? The Bismark Quality Inn Lounge at 10:00pm on a Monday. Also your standard, confused, half sexy relationship, hearing voices, hearing voices from writing implements, and anything that comes out of Ronald Ballwater's brain, which is perhaps becoming a little too regular around here. What am I supposed to do with an indecisive critic? He's all I got! Read all about it here! Leave me alone! I'm going bowling at the only bowling alley unseen by the internet! See yah later, nobody!

— Ed.



POETRY

*WAITING FOR THE LOOPY DOCTOR TO
RETURN TO THE RUBBER ROOM THEY'VE
LOCKED ME IN, UNLOCK THE STRAIGHT
JACKET THEY'VE PUT ME IN, AND RETURN MY
DIAGNOSIS TO ME*

Andy Quicksand

I don't hear voices
I hear noises

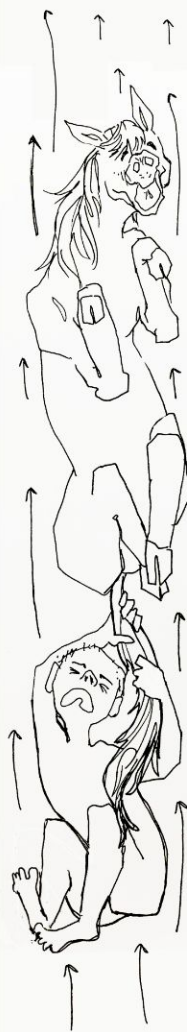


POETRY

*I FINALLY KNOW WHAT PURGATORY
LOOKS LIKE AND DANTE WAS WRONG*

Irvin Perkins

The hotel bar is severely depressing
I got served a martini
In a plastic cup. The slot machines are for anybody all night,
And in the corner there's a man on life support
Breathing through a tube and drinking campari
Through a straw.
The bartender is named "Heavy Pour" Eveline,
She wears slippers and she
Wouldn't break my twenty, so I tipped fifteen dollars.
There are two windows to the parking lot,
Which is nice because there are none in my room. And you
Can only smell the pool chlorine a little here,
And the crying lasts all night.





GACKLE CHURCHES

Filma Gosnold

SCREENPLAY

DAWN GETS ARRESTED ON CHARGES
OF PUBLIC TRESPASSING

Endro Hoss

PEEEEEEE AND DEEEEEEE

(A guy and girl stay up all night drinking. The girl pops the cork on a bottle of champagne while the guy drinks a beer in the shower. He takes one final slug before dropping the can on the floor and shutting off the water. He puts on his robe and draws the curtain, revealing the girl pouring two flutes of bubbly from on the toilet.)

Guy: I had no idea you were there.

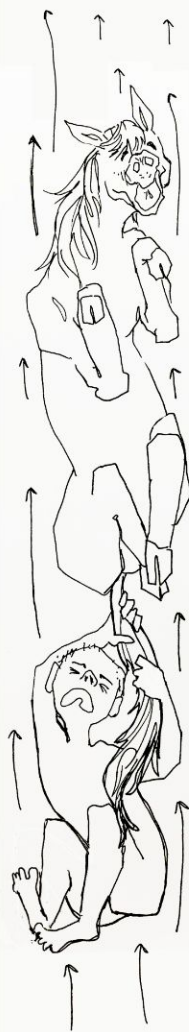
Girl: I slipped in while you were singing.

(She hands him a glass.)

Guy: One or two?

Girl: You'll know in a minute.

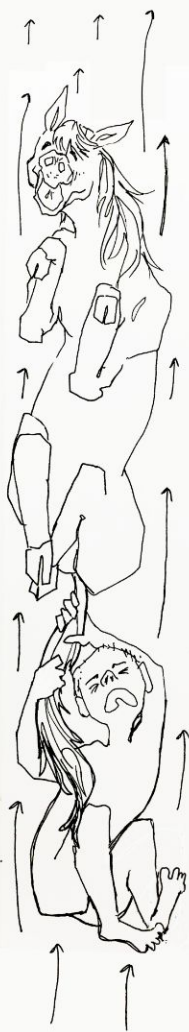
(She holds up her glass and the two clink and drink. Guy puts his glass down on the sink, looks at himself in the mirror, tussles his hair with a towel and throws it over his shoulder. He looks at himself one more time in the mirror, hair all haywire. Before leaving he picks up his glass and has one more pull.)



Guy: I'll let you finish your business.

(He leaves the bathroom into a dark house. Dusk is gone; it's evening now. He turns on the light revealing a sparkling clean and nautical themed kitchen of a New England beach house. Everything is put away and updated; antiques afloat on modern art. The dining room table is littered with paints and pages. Guy walks through the living room up the creaky stairs back into the darkness of the second floor. He flips on the light. There are pictures of kids at the beach on the wall. He slips into the newly renovated upstairs bathroom to brush his teeth for no more than five seconds before going into the master bedroom where he puts the champagne down on the bedside table and drops the robe kingly. Next he opens the closet. Out comes a seersucker suit and pants and a paisley tie. He lays it all down on the bed and takes out a crisp white shirt with french cuffs. He buttons it up. His penis is not long, but it's wide. From the bedside table, next to the champagne, he picks up a pair of cufflinks shaped like seagulls and cuffs the cuffs deftly. Then he puts on the pants without underwear and tucks the shirt into the high waist. Ties his tie. Last he throws on the jacket before taking the final slug of champagne. He takes the glass with him, leaves the robe and towel crumpled on the floor, and returns downstairs in his bare feet.

A Victrola retro wood radio sits in the corner of the kitchen counter next to a tall stack of empty blueberry pints. Guy bends over to fiddle with the dials. Just as he touches the knob the sound of the toilet flushing comes faintly in the background. The radio plays Classic Oldies. Girl walks out of the bathroom in her black sundress and a wicker sun hat. She's still got the bottle of champagne and her glass. Her hair is



sunny and curly. She stops and stares at Guy. Guy walks over to her. He puts his glass on the counter and gets on his knees. He lifts her dress up and ducks his head underneath. Girl closes her eyes and purses her lips. She swallows. A pair of headlights drive past the window. Girl sighs and sways. She barely holds back a moan. She has large, free earlobes and a hickey on her neck. After no less than thirty seconds Guy withdraws his head and begins to stand up.)

Girl: Wait. Please pull my underwear back up.

(Guy ducks under again, and quickly returns. He stands up and picks up his glass, takes the bottle from Girl and tries to pour himself another glass but the bottle runs dry.)

Guy: What happened to the bubbly?

Girl: I flushed it.

(They share a moment of deep eye contact. In her heels, Girl is only a few inches shorter than Guy.)

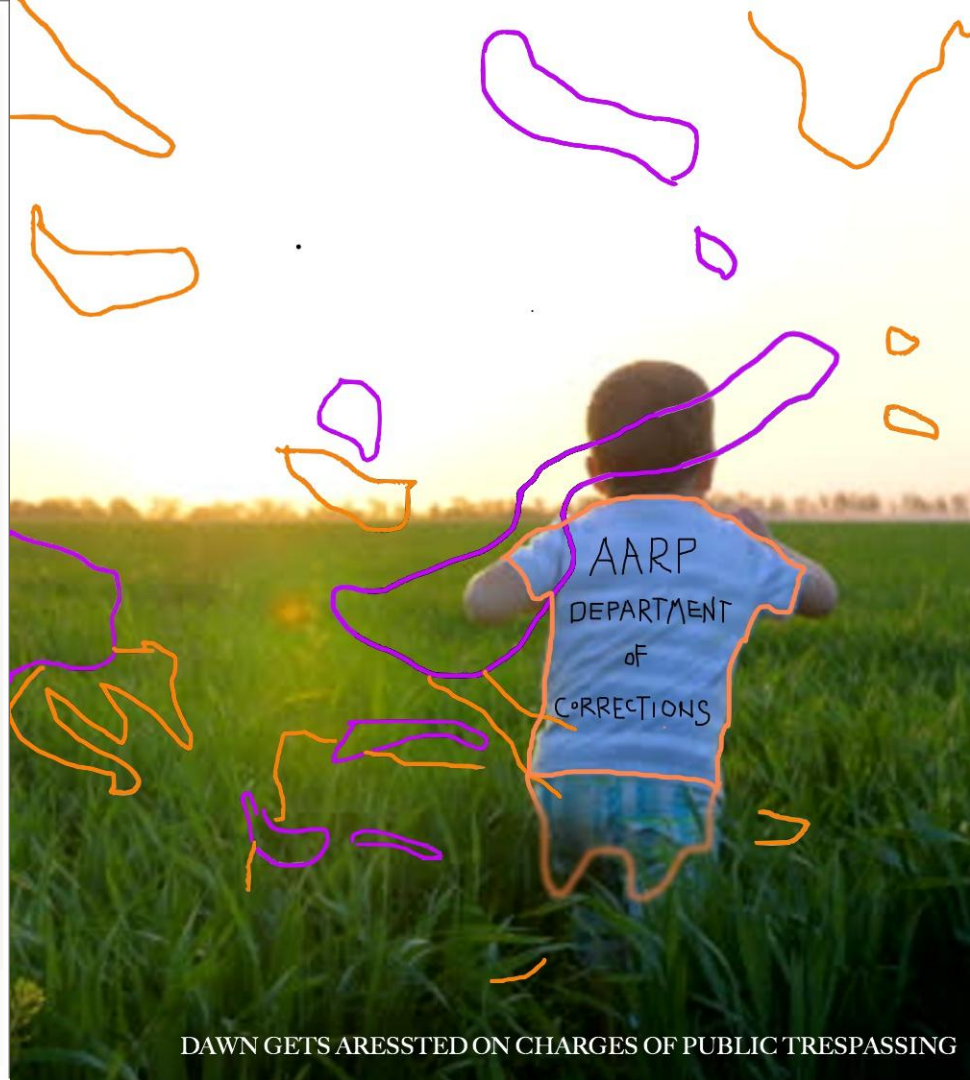
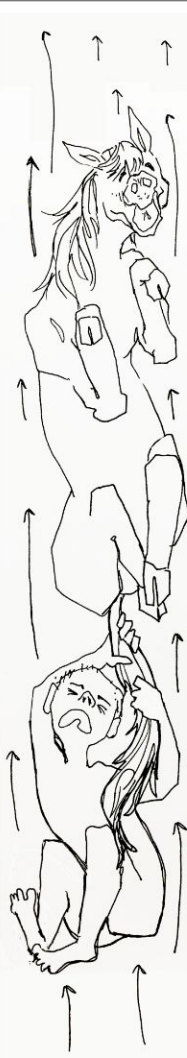
Girl: You look very handsome.

Guy: Thank you.

Girl: What did you write?

Guy: Something about you.

Girl: Can I read it?



(Pause)

Guy: It's on the table.

(Girl puts her glass down and walks to the table. Guy follows her. She sits down at the head where a rough draft is scattered around a typewriter. She reads what's suspended in the typewriter. Guy watches from over her shoulder.)

Guy: Do we have any more?

Girl: In the door of the fridge.

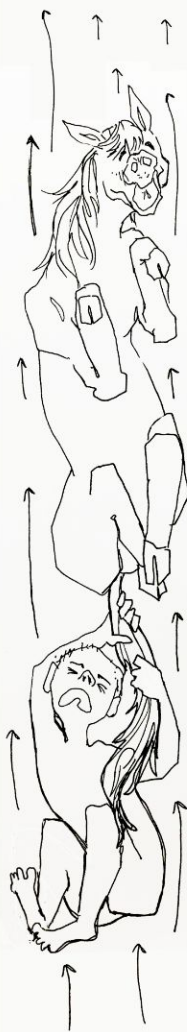
(Guy walks over to the fridge and throws open the door. There are three more bottles there and nothing else. He takes out the middle one and whips off the aluminum.)

Guy: Do you want some?

(Girl nods off-camera. Guy fiddles the cork with his thumbs. He anticipates the pop massively. It does not disappoint. He takes the bottle over to Girl's glass and fills it. He takes a tiny sip from the glass and refills it again. With the glass held loosely in one hand and the bottle gripped in the other he returns to the dining room table. He hands Girl her glass. She takes it without eye contact. He fills his own. They both drink slightly out of sync.)

Guy: Would you like to dance?

(He offers Girl his hand and she takes it. Guy pulls her up. With dexterity she places her glass on the table. Guy holds onto



his. They slow dance through the kitchen with the occasional pirouette and dip.)

Bourbon #41

(A baby hand holds a handwritten letter. The little owner of the baby hand stands in a prairie just beyond fencing. The letter says:)

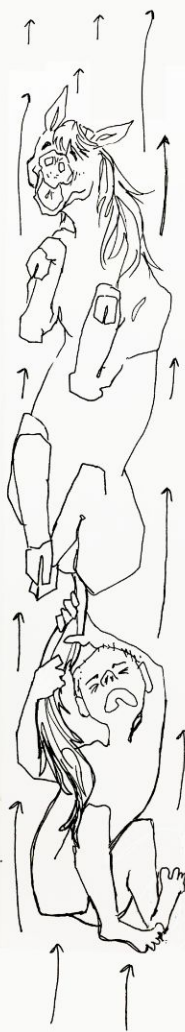
Letter: I was thinking today about how when we're 80 years old I'm going to be a decrepit adjunct professor at an irrelevant state college in Montana with too many cats and you will be herding cattle and fending off adoring fans in the house at the other end of the road and we can get together for bourbon o'clock at 4pm everyday.

(A teenage hand holds a handwritten letter. The pubescent owner of the teenage hand stands in the ocean just beyond sand. The letter says:)

Letter: What else do you see with this life?

(An early 20's hand holds a handwritten letter. The grown up owner of the early 20's hand stands in traffic just beyond offices. The letter says:)

Letter: Well I have a lot of dying plants and really long grey hair and I invite students over for meetings and feed them really bad scones and coffee and you wear exclusively short shorts and sandals with socks no matter the season but you've also become a marathon runner to deal with the stress of fame



so you're prone to 10 mile runs and sometimes you get lost and call me and I have to get in the Rav-4 which is somehow still alive and pick you up.

(A middle aged hand holds a handwritten letter. The responsible owner of the middle aged hand stands in the front yard just beyond an above ground swimming pool. The letter says:)

Letter: And then what happens?

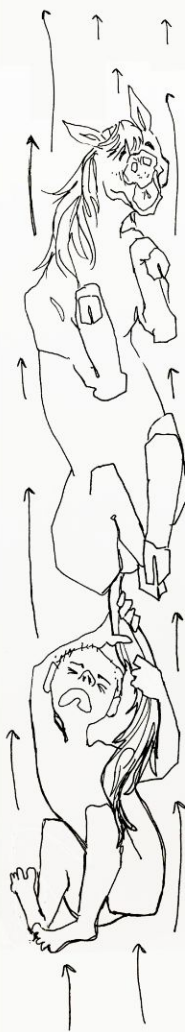
(An AARP hand holds a handwritten letter. The retired owner of the AARP hand stands in the living room just beyond the bathroom. The letter says:)

Letter: Well then you say thank you and I say anytime and then we go back to your ranch and sit on the porch drinking bourbon until you fall asleep in your chair because you're 80 and so I put you in your bed and I lie down next to you and we both die of alcohol poisoning and old age.

(An expiring hand holds a handwritten letter. The content owner of the expiring hand stands in the graveyard just beyond the coffin. The letter says:)

Letter: You have to promise.

(The baby drops the letter and stoops over quickly to pick it out of the dirt. Then the baby turns around and starts running home like a baby's first try at running. The baby shouts like a baby's first try at shouting. The baby says:)



Baby: I pwomise!

PEEEEEEE AND DEEEEEEE PT. IIes

(Guy has a cigarette on the empty street. The wind has really picked up. Embers fly around his face. His tie is a little slack jawed. His hair is kinda wild. Whatever he's doing out there he's thinking to himself. A few houses down in the ocean and way out at sea is the little light from a lobster boat.

Guy finishes his cigarette, throws it onto the ground, and goes inside. The wind carries the cigarette down the street towards the light..

Girl works on a painting at the table. Her sunhat and heels are neatly in the corner. The radio is still playing Classic Oldies. Guy rubs Girl's shoulders and kisses her on the head.)

Guy: Something to drink?

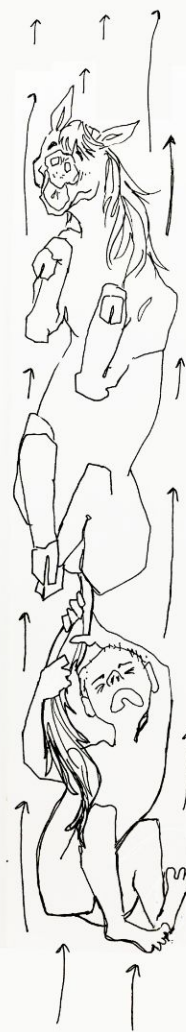
(Girl shakes her head.)

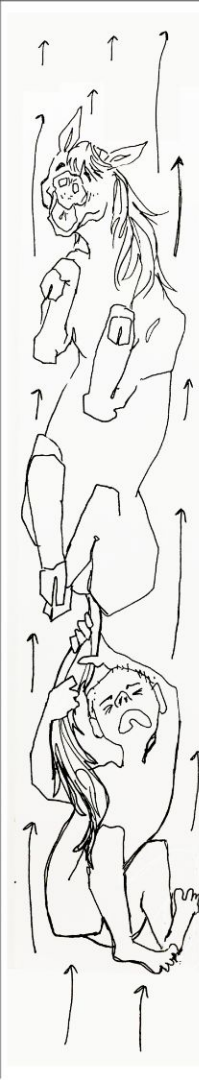
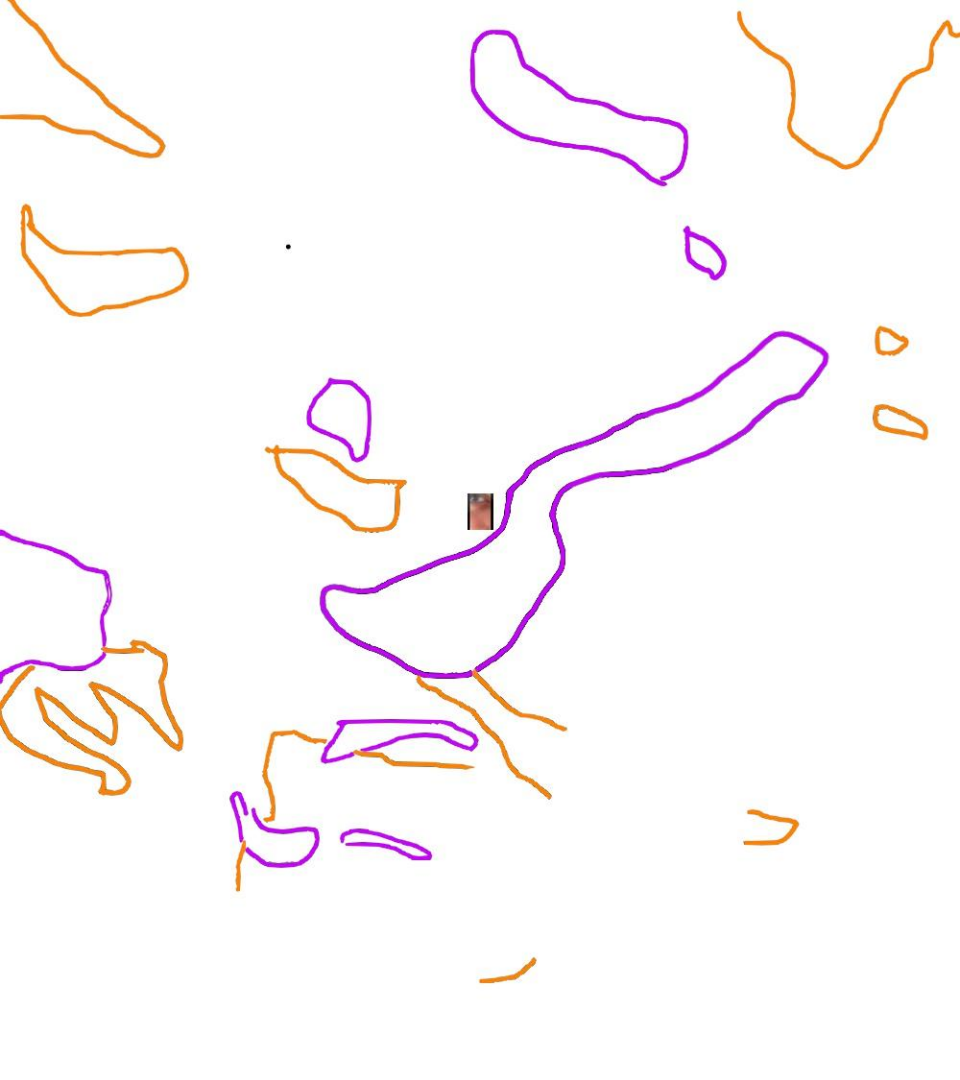
Guy: What is this?

Girl: I'm not finished.

Guy: What is it, though?

(Girl ignores his question. Instead of listening to an answer, Guy walks over to the fridge and opens the door. There's only one bottle of champagne left. He assumes the position of the bottle.)





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Ninety Seven Ninety Seven Ninety Seven

(A pale woman lies in a white bed in white sheets and pillows. She reads a book with no title and no cover art and no blurb or reviews on the back. The bedroom is small and filled with rocks. A box fan is on in the window. Through the opening, a crazy man can be heard playing a song in the street badly.)

Crazy Man:

Yellow and the me
Me me me me me me me me me
A hundred and fifty three three three three
Dance, the shovel that spills
The beans beans beans beans beans beans beans beans

(Crazy Man starts screaming. The pale woman turns the page. The box fan is kicked out of the window, falling onto the bedroom floor. A hand holds the window up and a leg comes through. Pale boy crashes into the apartment. The window slams and Crazy Man's screaming stops. The pale boy gets on his feet and takes off his shirt. Pale woman does not look up; instead she turns back the page she just turned. The pale boy exits the bedroom. The sound of water being poured, gurgling and spitting. Pale woman sniffs. The sheets move. Pale boy pulls himself onto the bed and lies delicately down on pale woman's belly. She puts down the book and grabs his hair.

pale boy: Mmm.

pale woman: I took a bath in Pom last night.

pale boy: Mmm. Who's Pom?

(Pale woman rubs his head with her palms. She becomes very tense and agitated and stops rubbing his head. She takes the book off her chest and throws it as hard as she can at the now shut window. The book hits the glass really hard and falls into its pages. The pale woman relaxes and continues rubbing pale boy's head.)

pale woman: What are you going to do today?

(She pulls up pale boy by his ears. She drags him to her chin. He pushes up on the mattress with his fists.)

pale boy: I'm going to make a pole of my fanbase asking them where I should fly today and I'll post the results.

(Pale woman lands pale boy's face on her neck and bites the back of his head.)

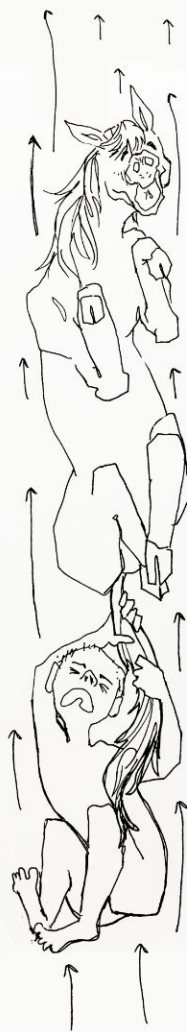
pale boy: Ow.

pale woman: (with a mouthful of head) Can you say anywhere?

pale boy: Anywhere with an airport.

(Pale woman rolls pale boy and lets him go onto his back. He lies willfully and she straddles him and hugs his stomach. She puts her ear against his bladder. She snuffles again.)

pale boy: Mmm



pale woman: Come in, internals. Do you read me, internals? Internals, do you copy, I repeat, do you copy?

pale boy: Copy, friend, we read you. What's the ruckus?

pale woman: We've got a 501 Heavy out here, some guy I don't know what's his name with no working plumbing and, well, a pretty late night behind him. We're looking at a full exodus in T-15 but we're also concerned about a possible 501 Heavy with full blowback.

pale boy: What's the public restroom situation like in your area, friend?

pale woman: It's a negative, internals. We're stranded.

pale boy: Standby.

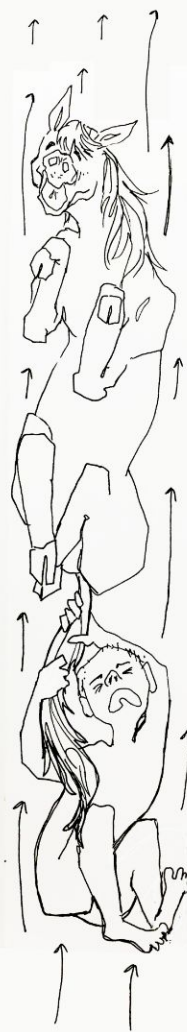
(Long pause. Thirty seconds like that. Pale woman and pale boy lay still only breathing. The fan makes a racket blowing into the floor. A cat jumps onto the bed and meows loudly.)

pale boy: Friend?

pale woman: Yes?

pale boy: We're getting word he can hold it.

(pale boy reaches out and pets the cat. pale woman does the same. pale boy nudges the cat off the bed with his leg. pale woman scooches up and sticks her face in the space between his shoulder and the pillow. Another pause, not as long as the



first one, and ended with pale woman lifting her face up with her eyes closed and saying:)

pale woman: Do you like her?

(Pale woman immediately sticks her face back in the spot. Pale boy massages her head.)

pale boy: Yeah, I do. . . . She has a weird apartment. There isn't really a living room so there's nowhere to hangout and her curtains are see through. I like talking to her, though. I like her art. I like her dog.

pale woman: (muffled) What is she like?

pale boy: I don't like her as much as you.

(Pale woman pulls her face back up.)

pale woman: No, what is she like?

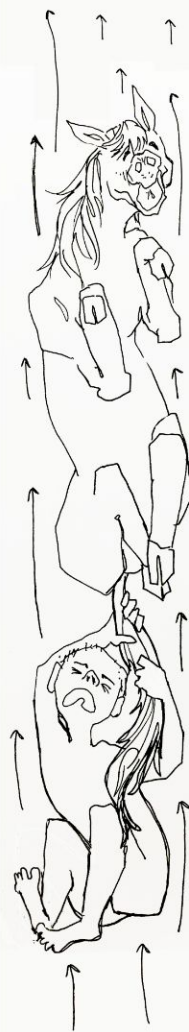
(Face back into hole.)

pale boy: Oh. She's got a lot to say. She's very. . . she moves her arms around a lot. I think she talks about teeth a lot, too. I asked if she was into dentistry and she got offended.

(Face out of hole again.)

pale woman: Really?

pale boy: Yeah. And then we watched TV and fell asleep.



pale woman: What was the context?

pale boy: She was telling me a story about the other day when she had a dream where she accidentally ate all her teeth but then when she was at work the next day she was about to go to the bathroom but before sitting down she noticed a full set of teeth in the toilet.

pale woman: Is that real?

pale boy: And then I said "are you interested in dentistry?" and she said, "No, goodnight."

pale woman: Now I know you're lying.

(Beat of silence.)

pale boy: There was a little more chatter I guess.

(Pale woman smiles.)

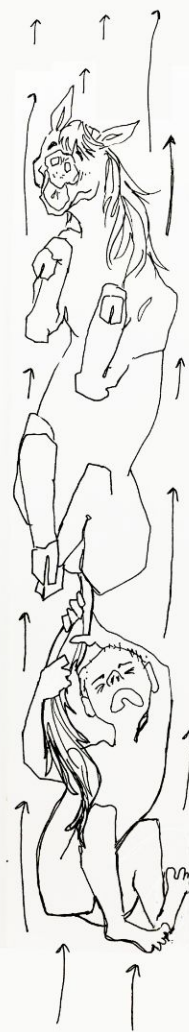
pale woman: How do you like my teeth?

pale boy: They are made of teeth.

(Pale boy smiles)

pale boy: What do you think of my teeth?

pale woman: I like that you use them to eat.



(Another beat of silence. They look at each other. Pale woman play bites pale boy's neck.)

pale boy: Do you want breakfast?

(Pale woman nods.)

pale boy: Do you want to give me a bath first?

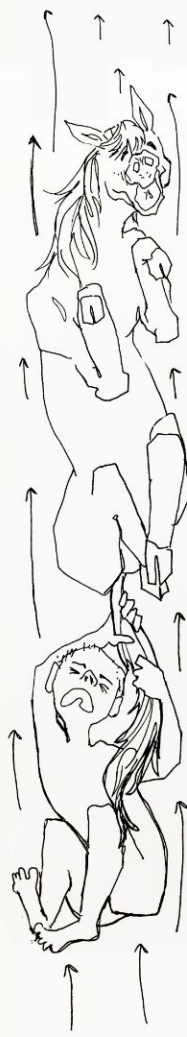
(Pale woman nods.)

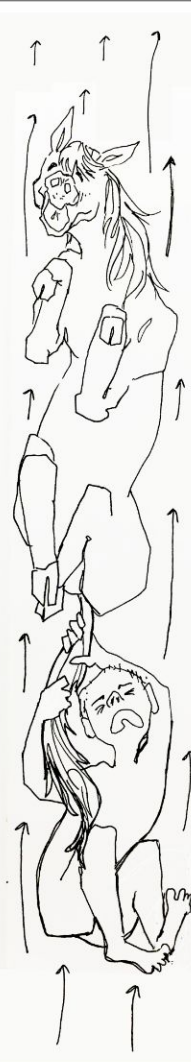
GOOD MORNING, SUN

(Wilthis Jiffrey leaves his cream colored suburban home at the crack of dawn. The air is orange and purple. He starts his truck and drives to the jobsite, a big, dusty hole in the ground. He says hi to his work friends and works hard all day. At lunch he gets a big laugh with a funny story. At the end of the day he drives to the bar, where he sees old buddies and gets viciously drunk. After the bar he goes to a Motel where a woman is waiting for him. He pulls some flowers out of the Motel garden and buys her a diet 7up from the vending machine. In the tub, they discuss each other's childhoods at a safe distance and the woman drinks the soda and wilts the flowers while Wilthis rubs her feet in asymmetric, half loving circles.

When Wilthis pulls into his driveway, the sun is going down. The air is purple and orange. His home is a billboard. He takes the keys out of the ignition, goes inside, and falls asleep in the entryway.

His life: an homage to the alarm.)





Issue No. 11

PEEEEEEE AND DEEEEEEE PT. Isle

(Girl gets ready for bed. She wears light blue, silk pajamas and has her hair up in a pillowy bun. She removes the makeup from her cheeks with a cotton pad doused in makeup remover and then exfoliates aggressively with a thin, pink liquid. She washes her face, and then rubs moisturizer on the now exposed skin. Like a pitcher catching flies she removes her contacts from her eyes and places them into their solution. She looks at herself in the mirror, reorienting her vision to her face. She slaps herself softly, then hard once and keeps the hand on the face. In the mirror, with her hand on her face, she bequeaths herself the power to remember the lines of her face exactly, and use them seductively, but for good, like to make beautiful, beautiful art of the lines of her face superimposed onto a face that was not meant to hold them.

One more time before going to bed, Girl sits on the toilet and pees.

The bedroom is empty. Girl goes downstairs in her pajamas, stepping lightly, with no bodyweight at all, making no sound. The kitchen is dark. Guy stands in the light of the refrigerator, still dressed to the nines, gazing inside, but it is empty. Girl approaches him with buried concern.

Guy: Want another drink?

Girl: We need to go home tomorrow.

Girl: OK. I'm just gonna have one more. Where did you put it?



POETRY

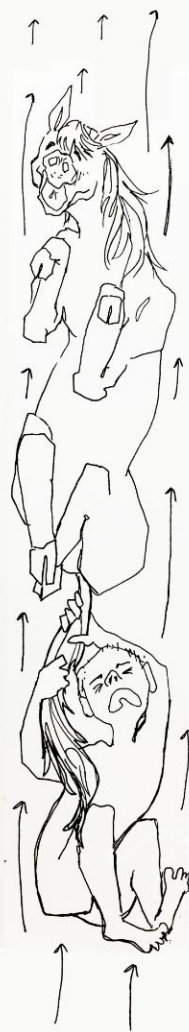
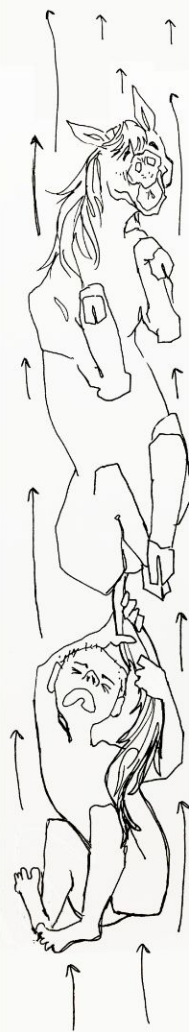
ONE

Malcolm, Romantic and Unaffiliated

(This poem is from a collection of Seven Love Poems, one for each day of the week.)

A single secret tear
Shed between the end of your shift and summer's twilight.
The dawn breaks us in two, but not before a small theft:
This kiss; and that embrace;
Stolen from your delinquency and rattling around in the pocket
of my skirt.
I fumble over them with my fingers as I walk,
I stumble over you
All day
In my head.

(For the other six, email landarklit@gmail.com with your favorite thing to keep in your shirt pocket)



POETRY

FOR MY EDDIE

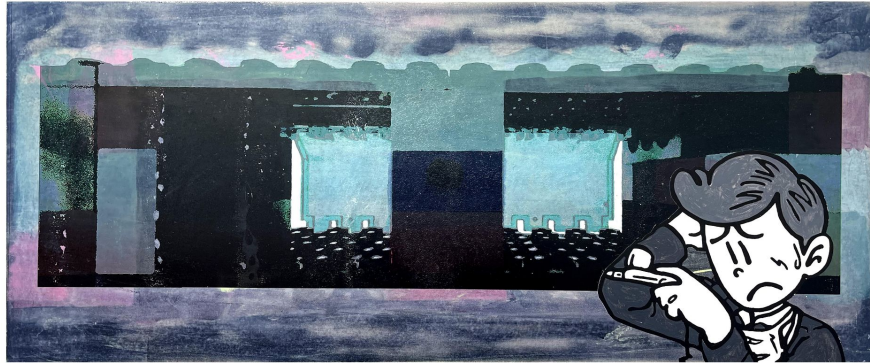
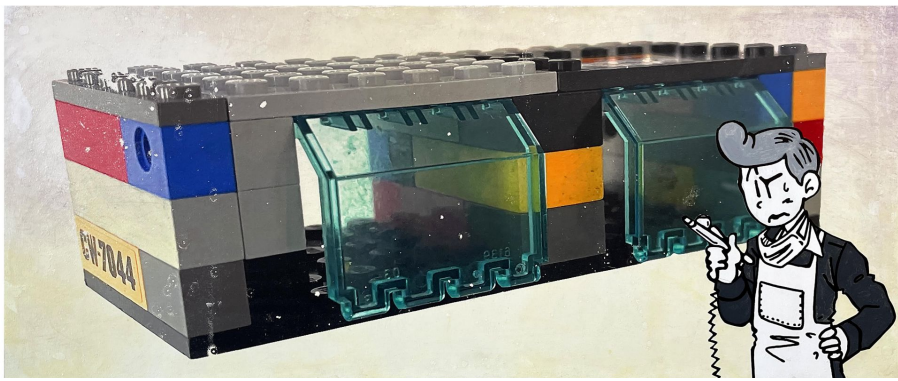
EKB (Every Kansas Body?)

For my Eddie
Who fucks me on the jetty
And never in his beddy

He feeds me crackers
And rubs my backers ;)

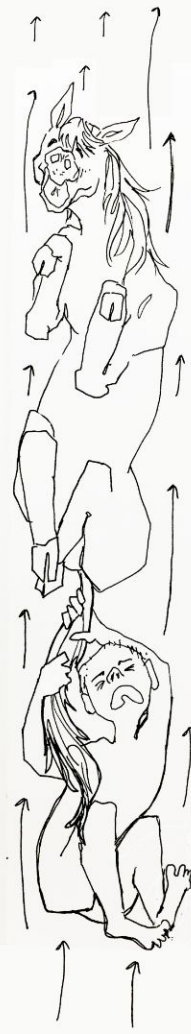
He loves the Davinci Code
Like, he told me that in an ode
As we strolled down a road
Just before I got mowed





jealous fellas 1
jealous fellas 2

by Nosey Parker
inkjet transfer, oil



CRITICISM

RONALD BALLWATER'S REVIEW OF *jealous fellas 1 and 2*

Ronald Ballwater

Around when I accidentally went to bed, I thought I was a famous dog famous for having two legs, the front left and the back right, but I still ran and caught frisbees and took photos with children with my big, fat, ugly tongue hanging out. I thought I was this dog with my own instagram and my own 2.7 million followers and my following 15. I thought I was this viral dog, scabbed across the internet like everyone else, a body of work no longer a lifelong accomplishment, a fanbase of scrollers on the toilet or waiting or on planes, a famous dog no longer just a dog because one day I got run over by a school bus and another day I got run over by a bus taking people to jail, -1 leg, -1 leg. I thought I was serene and happy and eating kibble like lava cake and watching TV like wall art and falling asleep in the big bed next to my owner who is divorced and loves me.

When I woke up I had a powerful headache and was a fully limbed human with serious addiction problems. I spent the day running on all fours and eating biscuits and lapping my water. I begged a few strangers to take me home with them. I am not a dog and I don't like these paintings, but I suppose I could be wrong.



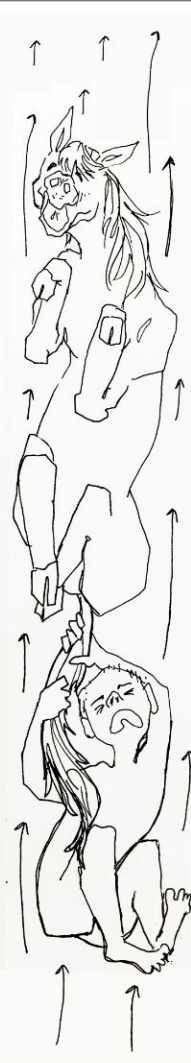


HOTEL JACUZZI

Filma Gosnold



*this has been paid advertising by Unloading Horses Onto Others lls.



Issue No. 11

FICTION

CONVERSATION WITH A PILOT G2-07

Wayward Joe

Hey, pen.

Hey, Joe.

How are you?

I'm just bright and dandy. You?

Yeah, I'm good.

Oh boy. Sorry buddy, but I know you're lying.

How?

Because I know you better than anyone.

Gosh, I guess that's true.

:)

You must be pretty sick of me.

No way, Joe. You ever get sick of me?

No, not really.

Aw, love yah, buddy.

Love you too, pen.



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