

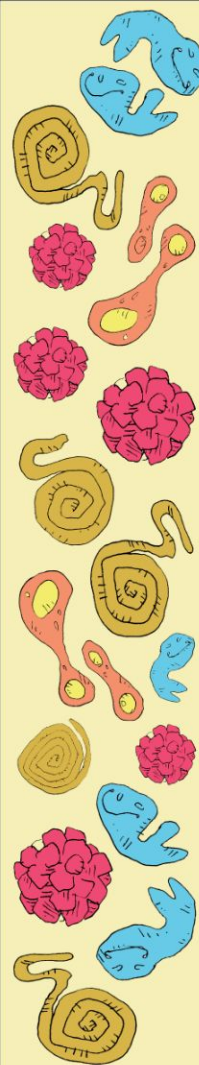
# LAND ARK



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# LIT MAG

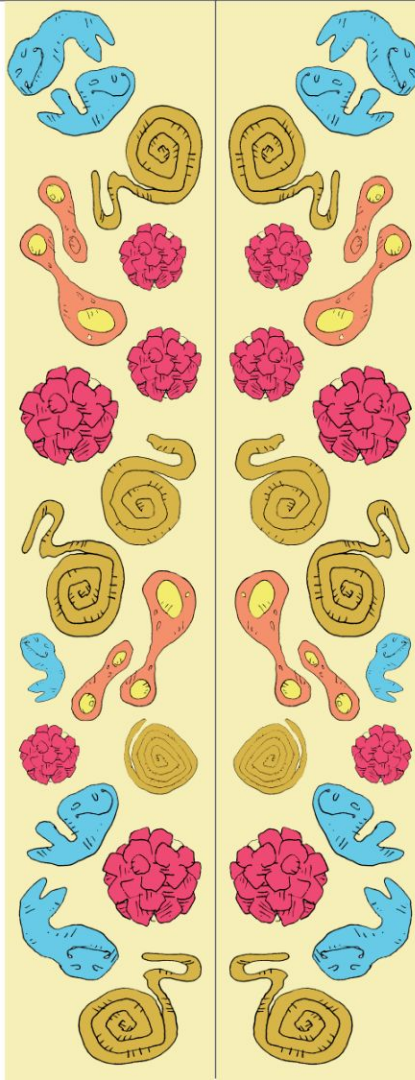
NO. 10  
SEP 4, 21



Issue No. 10

## LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 10: MIKE'S  
BIRTHDAY PARTY /  
SEPTEMBER 4, 2021

**Introductions:***A Letter From The Editor***Fiction:***America's Greatest Vacation*.....Andy Quicksand*Fringus For Breakfast*.....Irvin Perkins*The Adventures Of Gunkus Treehorne And Tappy**Montaigne Excerpt 2 Of 1586*.....Sigourney Weaver-Burns**Poetry***Traveling Salesmen Of The Earth*.....Irvin Perkins*Olde Wallows Prosper*.....Renny J. Hicks*Ode To Me*.....Andy Quicksand**Criticism***Review Of Right On Red*.....Ronald Ballwater**Art & Illustration***Traveling Salesman*.....Marvin Gardens*Stop, light*.....Marvin Gardens*Gunky & Tappy*.....Filma Gosnold*Brad Pitt Is Old Now*.....Marvin Gardens*Oklahoma Plastic Castle*.....Filma Gosnold*Batty Boy*.....Anonymous Donation By A Great Benefactor

As was promised in last week's issue: 1 ant, a lovely lady who stayed for dinner. If you're looking for an exterior architect, call this ant.

I've been feeling visually lately. I guess you could say I've been doing a lot of seeing. This issue reflects. . . oh shit. . . I just looked up from my desk and saw through the window that my Toyota Echo is getting towed. . . goddamnit, I knew that was too close to the hydrant. This kinda nonsense keeps getting pulled on me. The other day I bent over to tie my shoe, and as soon as I finished a man running a marathon in a tuxedo undid the other lace. Has that ever happened to any of you? Could that have been a Lunesta side effect? Do I have egg on my face? Should I move back in with my parents? Thank you for asking – I've been living on my own ever since my 33rd birthday. The food is worse and way more expensive, but I find the individuality helps my creativity, sort of like a starting point to reset my – shit, the car. I almost forgot. I have to go beg that Triple A behemoth for forgiveness. Real quick – visuals dominant issue featuring our visual pros Marvin and Filma, a visit from Oklahoma natives Gunkus Treehorne and Brad Pitt, Andy Quicksand takes time off, A certain Traveling Salesman takes time *on*, conspiracy candy, self-destructive stoplight, and Mike turns 50something. Happy Birthday, Mike. OK! Gotta go! WAAAAAIIIIIIIT!!!!

– Ed.

AMERICA'S

# GREATEST VACATION



Issue No. 10

FICTION

## AMERICA'S GREATEST VACATION

Andy Quicksand

*vacation i*

But what do people *do*? I am not sure. There are always the famous and successful – and then the everydayers. The inbetweeners are easily identifiable smiling types. And then again there are some who find briefcases full of money abandoned on the street. Do people do what they are good at? Or do people just do what pays for the vacation? The broke, homeless vagabonds don't mind a little gravel stuck in their hair.

"Give it up, Gerald. You're sad boy nonsense isn't flattering or profound."

She grabs this paper from the desk and balls it up. She throws it into the trash. I put the pencil down and am sad. I get this paper out of the trash and smooth it out on the desk. The basic cable isn't working. The TV is a snowstorm.

"Go get us some ice, Gerald. And some sodas. Forget this literature crap."

"Sigh. . . ok."

I grab the little plastic-bag-lined bucket and the room key and walk out. It's a heavy Florida night. I stand against the railing and look out onto the parking lot. Most of the spots are unoccupied. One heroin addict is half-asleep under the busted out neon "T" in "BUDGET MOTEL". I walk to the ice machine. "It's what we can afford," I keep saying over and



over again. "It's not much but it's what we can afford, and that's something."

Passing argument after flashing bedroom lights after silhouette sex after sad sack eating too much cheap food after serial killer crying over pictures of mom after empty room after empty room after empty room.

In the post-people world, motels will be museums.

A piece of printer paper scotch taped to the ice machine reads "BROKEN". All the good sodas are "SOLD OUT".

*vacation ii*

Dear Jane,

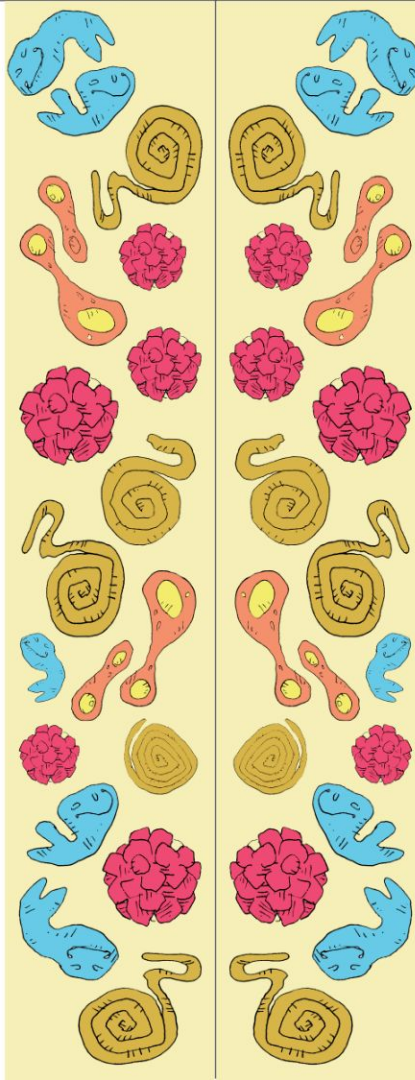
Thank you for the letter, and for saying all those horrible things about me, chiefly of which that I'm not funny, which of course isn't true, dummy, just ask the Taj Mahal.

Obviously, I am still in love with you, you swine. Give me a holler if you ever wanna shag. I'm at Laurie Hanny's B&B in Rockland.

Love,  
Tom

*vacation iii*

After playing the game where you decide where to go on your honeymoon by spinning a globe and stopping the globe by putting your finger down on a random country, whichever one is spinning by at the time that's the country you go to, Larry



and Martha Marshall found themselves smack dab in the middle of the Taliban takeover of Kabul and the overthrow of the Afghan government. They watched from their balcony at the Kabul Star Hotel over a breakfast of sheer chai, paneer, khajur and eggs as pandemonium broke out through the streets like if you stabbed a hole in a gas line, lit a match, and said "what's the big deal?".

"I swear to God my finger was on Pakistan," said Larry.

"We're here, we might as well enjoy it," said Martha, leafing through a travel brochure, "The Babur Gardens look nice."

"We're never gonna get out of here alive, dear."

"Are you gonna be like this the entire time?"

Larry started to doubt if he was ready for marriage.

*vacation iv*

This summer me and my family went to Italy. We saw a lot of cool stuff. A lot of it was really old like the colosseum. I made a friend named Pierre. He wasn't italian either. i really liked the food and the streets, me and my sister invented a game where we jumped from cobblestone to cobblestone and if you fell you lost. I was really good at it. that was my favorite part.

*vacation v*

The wildly in love, like a water buffalo and an orangutan, roll each other around the bed, their genitals like 1 and 2; their eyes like growing eyes.

"Let's go to France and make love in front of the Eiffel Tower."

"OK."

"Let's go to Australia and fuck like dogs in the desert sun and get all sweaty and sandy."

"OK."

"Let's go to Antarctica and be so cold that we literally can't take our clothes off or else we'll die which makes it even hotter because in order to survive we can't be naked which makes me want you even more."

"OK."

"Let's go to Iceland where there's all that sulfur so it smells like farts and let's do butt stuff in the farty smell."

"OK."

"Let's go to India and do the Kama Sutra from cover to cover and let's do it all on public transportation."

"OK."

"Let's get the most expensive hotel room in Dubai and never leave."

"OK."

"Let's go to China and double the population."

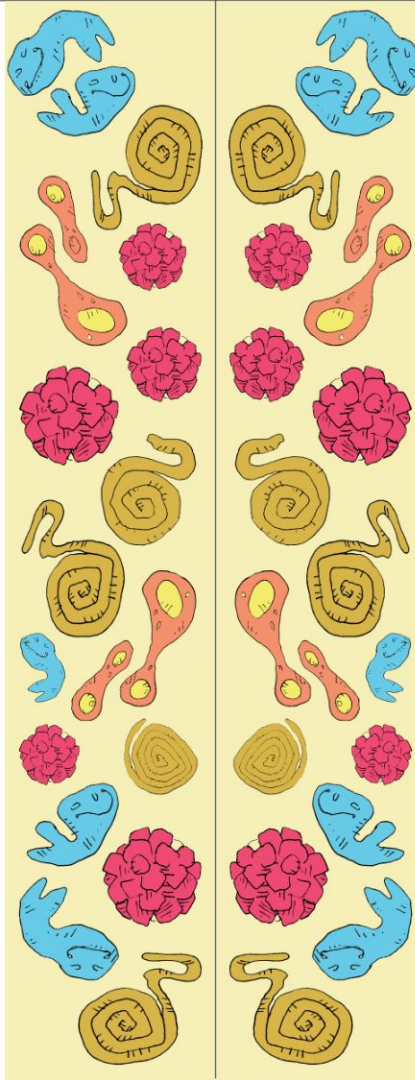
"OK."

"Let's go to the Congo and reenact the entire events of Heart of Darkness but this time *I* get to be Mr. Kurtz."

"No. *I'm* Kurtz."

#### *vacation vii*

Frank had two groups of friends: his friends from childhood and his friends from being an adult. His adult friends all knew him as someone who remembers everything, but when he hung out with his childhood friends, Frank always got the feeling he had forgotten most of his life.



#### *vacation vii*

After winning Olympic Gold in Archery, Eve Wobbly and her husband How decided to get away for a while with a trip to the Irish Poconos. It was generally considered best to arrive at the Irish Poconos just in time for pre-dinner drinks, and to leave without saying goodbye.

"I'm so excited," said Eve, on the plane, "I've always wanted to go to the Irish Poconos."

"Me too, honey," said How, rubbing her arm. He kissed her on the cheek. She pulled his chin and gently made his lips into beautiful, perfect lips.

"I love you," said Eve.

"I love you," said How.

Halfway through the flight, a fellow passenger recognized Eve. They got to talking because the passenger happened to be a die-hard competitive archery fan, and thought Eve's performance at the games was nothing short of historic. She made his day when she pulled the Gold medal out of her carry on. The passenger became a kid again. Eve handed him the medal. He held it like it was space dust in a public swimming pool. One of the stewardesses noticed the medal and got pretty excited, too. Soon, the captain was privy, and with Eve's permission got on the intercom and informed the other passenger's that a Gold medal would be coming around if anyone was interested in holding it, courtesy of Eve Wobbly, greatest archer of all time and fellow traveler to the Irish Poconos. There was a great jubilee onboard. People love the Olympics, all the countries getting together to civilly compete. It's really beautiful. A great idea for the advancement of an open world. Congratulations to everyone.



POETRY

*TRAVELING SALESMEN OF THE EARTH*

Irvin Perkins

In the treetop people's world, we are all bugs  
And floating lights with eyes attached

In the ocean land, I would instead be a swimmy fish  
With glowing teeth and flippers like fans

In the dirt kingdom, though, you and I are  
Worm king and queen of the little pebbles and each day  
We dance wiggly dances for all the other dirt things  
Who fall at our stub feet and kiss our many hearts



# FRINGUS FOR BREAKFAST

9

Lorr comes in the living room and hands Carey the bag of candy.

“Stephanie didn’t have to pay for the bottles she broke last week, I just don’t know why my boss made me today.” Carey is a little bit drunk. He’s eating the Fringus now,



Lorr brought the bag to the pizza place so they could see if any of the candy tastes better with cheese and beer. "This tastes like licorice, but chocolatey-er."

"Mr. Brittles said that it's made in Denmark."

"That's probably why, they like licorice and chocolate there." Hector has been to Europe, but his friends haven't. Lorr and Carey nod.

"Do you think that your boss likes Stephanie more than you?"

"I don't know. But he watches me more." Carey eats another piece of Fringus.

"Hm." Lorr pokes at a Slingshot but doesn't eat it.

Hector's manager calls him over then to the dish pit, and he gets up from the table. When Carey and Lorr finish most of the pizza except a little bit, they ask for a take out box and tell Hector they're going home. He says he'll see them at the apartment, he'll be home in a few.

Lorr and Carey walk back across the street and Carey's cat is waiting inside the door and not scared now of either Carey or Lorr picking her up. She rubs her little fat body against Carey's leg and he leans down to pat her head.

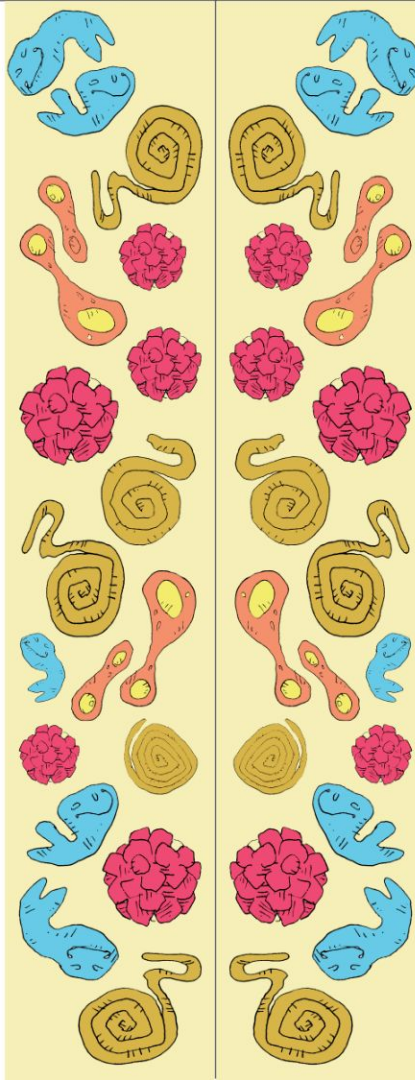
"I'm gonna go to bed I think," Lorr says. He sleeps early and lots, usually. He's better rested than Carey.

"Okay, sounds good."

Lorr leaves the room and Carey goes over to the couch. He sits down with his cat and turns on the TV, thinking he will watch for a while. The cat curls up next to him and Carey thinks about a poem he'd like to write, if he could write poems. The poem goes:

"When I look at my cat, and

At her little paper ears and furry feet



With the small poky nails,  
I start to salivate."

There's a weird taste in his mouth. One of the candies from earlier? Something sticky beyond the pizza taste. Maybe he should have more later.

Carey looks at his cat. The cat doesn't look at him because she's curled up like a small croissant and her nose is in her own fur. If he wanted to, he could eat her. On the TV somebody is advertising Fringus Pops. Carey's cat looks up then, at him. And he thinks maybe she's sensed his thoughts. She looks at his face and blinks once. She licks her own nose and he wonders if she has too much fat to taste good. He pats her small head, she purrs. She doesn't know that he's thinking about eating her. She's just a cat. He doesn't want to eat her, he thinks, but he could. If he wanted to. He doesn't want to eat her. He loves her, and he isn't hungry. But he could, if he wanted to.

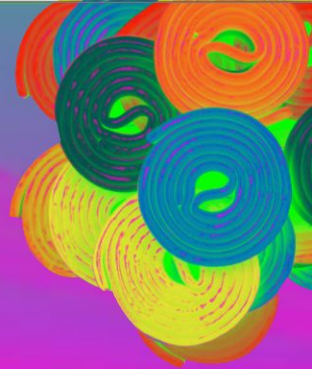
When Hector comes home a bit later, Carey is asleep in front of flashing television lights and images. Carey's cat is sitting on top of him, and Hector can see the cat rise and fall with Carey's stomach breathing.





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POETRY

*OLDE WALLOWS PROSPER*

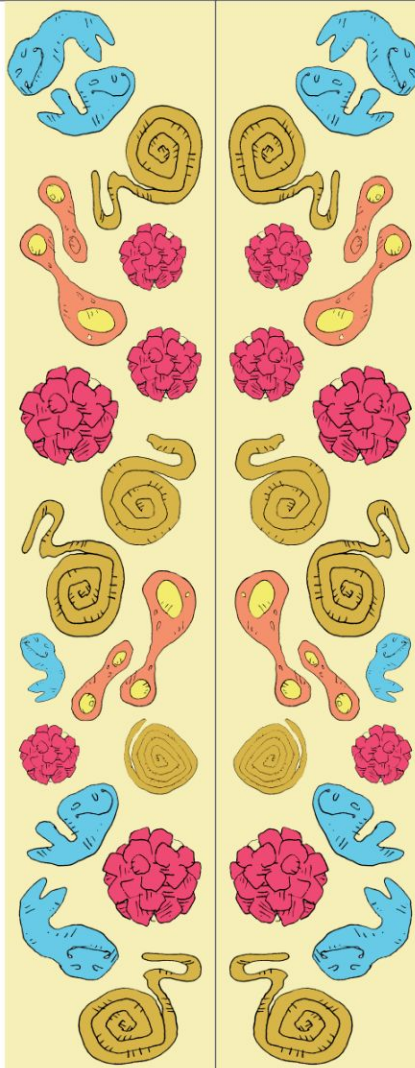
Renny J. Hicks

Good gold and sunshine oil,  
For company and keeps. Chester  
Took to the army, while  
Nelson held the streets.

Without a hand or nervous  
Fighting, down the swords he lay  
Of rotten boats and leather coats  
No rain since middle May.

The road had waned in cracking  
And now the war was due, when  
Chester came back walking  
And Nelson saw him too

In bright red swaths of clicky  
Tongues, the boys ran tip  
And heel. To see the sun and  
Break with one,  
What might he fall but kneel?

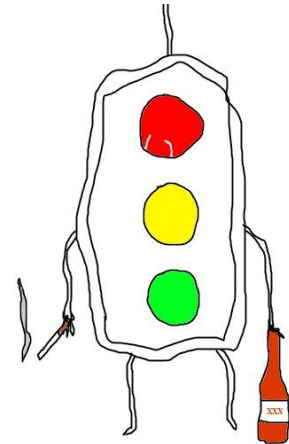


CRITICISM

*REVIEW OF RIGHT ON RED*

Ronald Ballwater

I like life better when I can. I enjoy dubious confidence, when yah kinda know what you got going isn't good enough, but you do it anyway because you're on enough and you're already looking forward to your next cigarette. I grew up in New York City so they didn't allow this in a commuter way. I only got to know when I got lost in New England, and whenever I had to go anywhere I travelled in a circle of rights, and everytime I made record time.





## FICTION

*THE ADVENTURES OF GUNKUS  
TREEHORNE AND TAPPY MONTAIGNE  
EXCERPT 2 OF 1586*

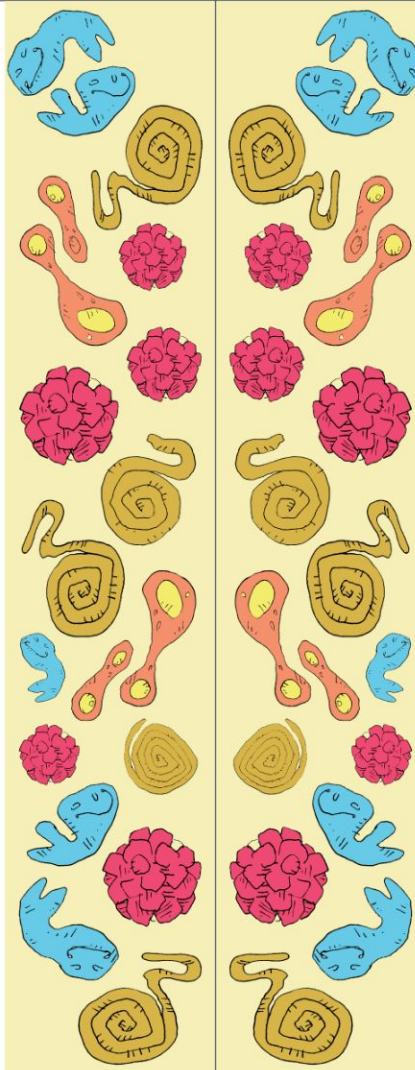
Sigourney Weaver-Burns

Gunky, off-handedly, came from Oklahoma—needless to say he was very familiar with wonderbread, and even preferred it caked around some baby dills, a couple-a-onions, and little chunks of deep-fried okra... All dipped in generic brand ketchup.

While his hankerings came from an honest place, he held a certain dishonest view of himself. That he came from Oklahoma was one thing; that he in very few ways resembled or could actively identify with whatever someone like Tappy or the ceramic inhabitants of Cobble Hill<sup>1</sup> would expect of someone from Oklahoma, was—well, another. It was simultaneously a measure of his uniqueness that he always received those, Oh really? Oklahoma? I never would have guessed, while also a secret burn because he certainly wished that he came from somewhere. Just somewhere other than a town made of ceramic, or a town with lots of money and no water.

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1| That is not to say that Tappy is made of ceramic. No. To the befuddlement of many a Brooklyn doctor, Tappy is a predominantly gaseous entity encased in a fragile membrane of mashed green peas.



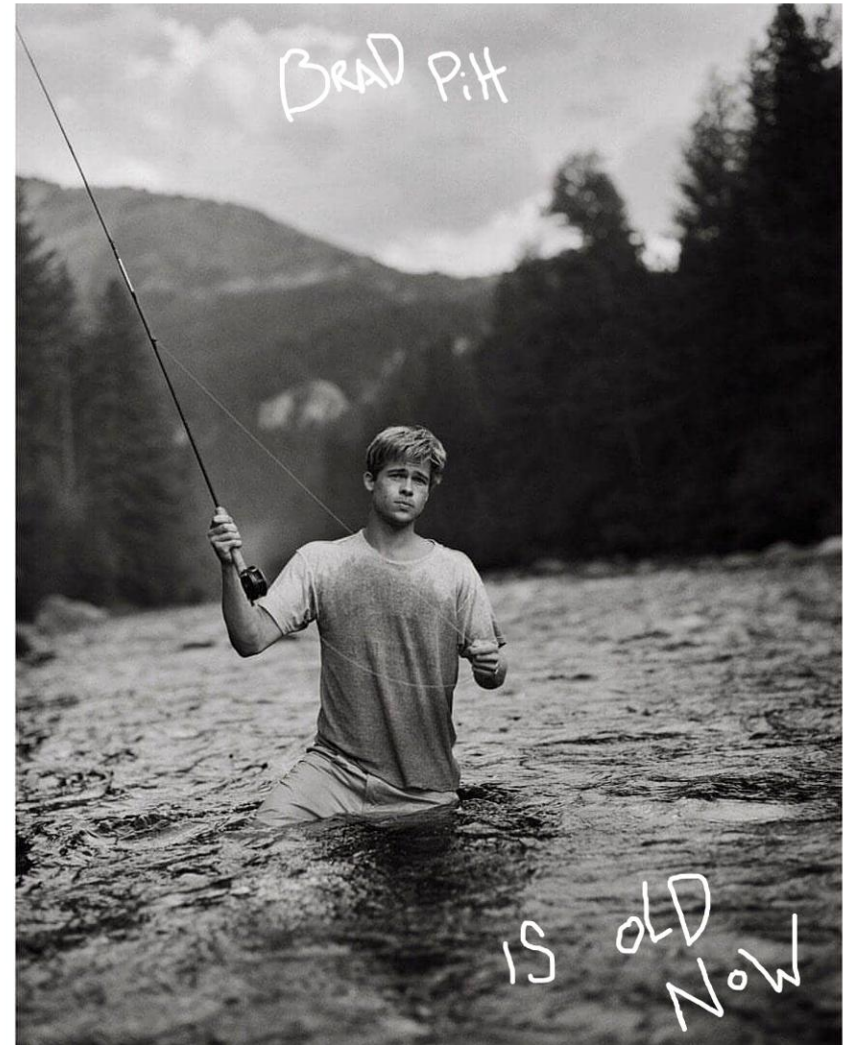


It was almost an unconscious effort to dig deep, pull up his memory's *mula bandha*<sup>2</sup> and channel whatever was left of his experience of a middle class Oklahoma boy—which in his young adult circle was quite out there.

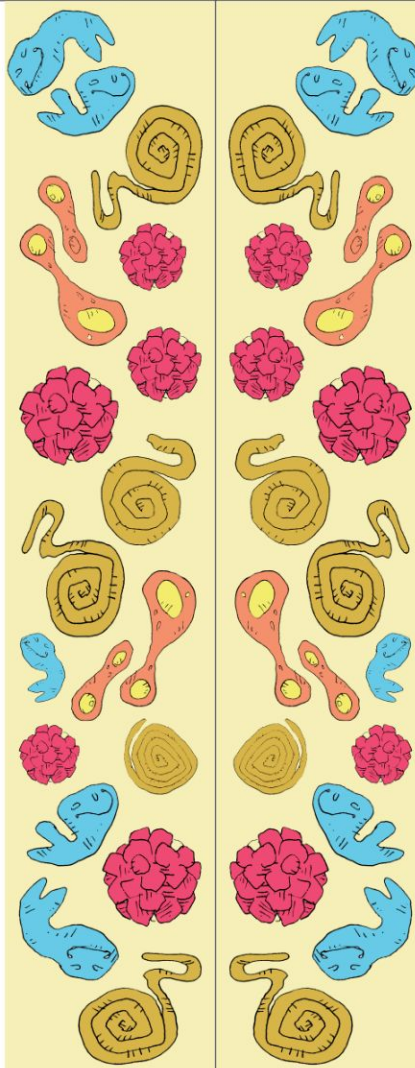
His upbringing, he thought, were it made from any specific material, would probably be light plastic. Red cups, dish-washable babyware, and a refrigerator stocked with a very specific brand of water bottle. Flip-flops and dog-crates, Capri-Suns and friends at school, frozen dinners both wrapped in and most likely made of... You guessed it, light plastic. That isn't to say everything deserved to be thrown away; some of it could have been reused. He always thought it odd that such an impervious material could be treated so casually. And it wasn't until he learned various laws of economics that he began to understand that things that are impervious last, things that last accumulate, things that accumulate become cheap, things that are cheap become expendable, and things that become expendable are thrown away, shoved below the consciousness of respectable people, and intentionally forgotten until they pile up on their shores. And because Oklahoma didn't have any—shores, that is, not respectable people—it seemed they'd never really care.

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2 | The Mula Bandha, as Gunky learned in that one week when he went to a yoga course, is the muscle group cradling the pelvic region between the butt pussy and front butt, responsible for preventing an avalanche of guts, yuks, and stuff from falling out onto the earth.



Gunky always wanted to make a palace out them. Those expendable things. He thought it would never biodegrade. He thought it would never vanish. All those ruins everywhere around the world, and no one would have jack shit to say about a million-year-old plastic palace in the middle of Guthrie, Oklahoma.



POETRY

*ODE TO ME*

Andy Quicksand

I am in a bored life

And starting to wonder if maybe one day it will come back to  
bite me in the ass

Like a little batty boy in silhouette wings  
Looking for a soft landing.



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

Please email The Editor with  
your work at:  
[landarklit@gmail.com](mailto:landarklit@gmail.com)

Thank You.

