

Issue No. 22

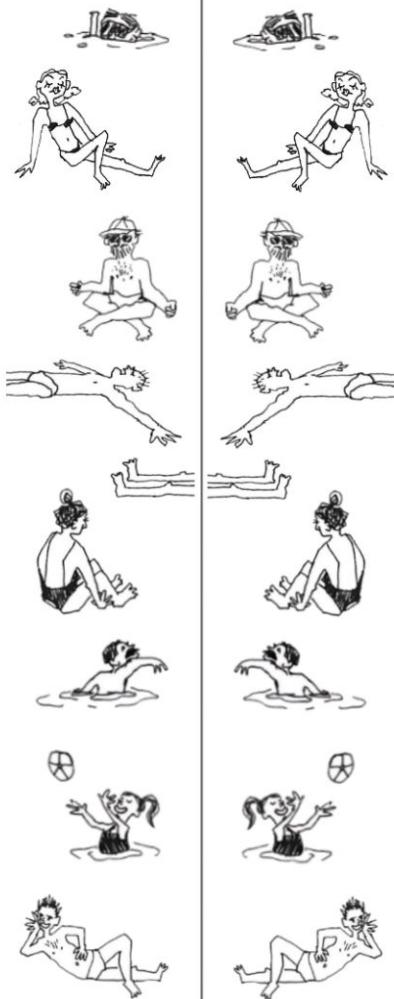


LANDARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 22: HERE'S TO
YOU, MEATLOAF
(SWIMSUIT EDITION) /
JANUARY 22, 2022

Introductions:*A Letter From The Editor***Tips For Looking Good In A Swimsuit:**

1. *False Confidence*
2. *Going Gremlin*
3. *A Wooing Smile*
4. *Kate Upton*
5. *The Selfie pt. I*
6. *A Little Evil Goes A Long Way*
7. *Get Fucked Up*
8. *Elegance, Grace, Lactose Intolerance*
9. *Smize And Strut*
10. *Be James Bond*
11. *The Selfie pt. II*
12. *Swimwear As A Lifestyle*
13. *Accessorizing The Uniform*
14. *Being A Little Cutie*
15. *The Selfie pt. III*
16. *Your Mom In The Seventies*
17. *The Final Product*



Yes, once again, mistakes were made. This issue was supposed to come out yesterday. It was supposed to be the 22nd issue appearing on the 22nd day of January in the year 2022. It was supposed to be a celebration of sorts. All of these things were supposed to happen. But this is what's happening. We are the people we are, waywardly dawdling through the improbable time slowly grown by our decisions, in a place that for no one is the place they most want to be. Deal with it, sports fans. Your team will lose, your lit mags will come out late, there will always be hotties hotter than you that have no idea that you're even real. Find solace in these pages, and...

Get amped, Lit fans! It's time for the most anticipated and least plagiarized issue of this well regarded literary hootenanny: THE SWIMSUIT EDITION! That's right, we kidnapped the entire team at Sports Illustrated, bound and gagged them, stuffed them in the linen closet, and went to work stealing their idea. Not just stealing it, making it better. Making it wise and helpful and not just for pubescent boys hiding in the bathroom. This is a Swimsuit Edition for the working man, for the single mother, for the down-on-their-luck family who can't bear to do another beach day. This issue is for you, my friends, my family, my fellow Public Transportation aficionados. Go get your swimsuit, put it on, and settle in for this rip roaring edition of Taint Dark Snit Snag.

All writings hereto held within come from our staff swimsuit expert and local Italian, Gianni Van Tooty. He will teach you how to look good in your swimsuit. His expertise and enthusiasm for the subject know no over the lines. I am sure you will all learn a lot from him.

Here we go! Swimsuit Edition #1! Get after it, slob!

– Ed.



1. False Confidence:

Ciao! Gianni, here. I will now commence telling you how to feel good and look beautiful in your swimsuit. I will do it all in 17 parts. We begin with part 1:

It's no secret that confidence is the key to feeling good in as little clothing as popular. You gotta love yourself before others can love you, duh. But I'm about to lay out an argument for why false confidence is even more important to a happy and healthy, almost naked lifestyle.

While any jamoke can strap on a thong and strut around like they're Fabio 2.0, it takes a true dynamo of nudity to look terrible, know you look terrible, and not just not care, but enjoy it. Everyone loves a jubilant self-deprecator, and, frankly, these are how new fads get started. How would the world get stuck with things like shoulder pads and skinny jeans if not for a little false confidence? I implore you to dress like shit, go to the beach, frolic amongst the beautiful, half naked people, and soak up their eyeballs as they wish they had what you've clearly not got.

As an example, here's comedy legend Jim Carrey wearing women's undergarments. See, false confidence isn't just for the beach. It comes in handy when trying to make the world laugh, as well. So it's no surprise that one of the greatest jesters of all time has no problem looking as cool and collected as a mob boss with a sandwich as he walks the beach in his girlfriend's singlet.

So if you feel sad, pathetic, unimportant, lame as hell, just put on something confusing and lie to yourself, hit the sunshine and lie to everybody else. The world is a brutal place, don't be so honest to its cruelty.

2. Going Gremlin

Looking good is all about contrast. If everyone looked good all the time, there would be no good looking, just an even layer of “that’s how everyone’s supposed to look”. Point being, you gotta look bad if you really wanna look good. Fashion aficionados call it “Going Gremlin”, and as far as phenomena go it’s better than crop circles but not quite on par with Stonehenge.

Pictured here is the remarkable poet Irvin Perkins, contributor emeritus to this publication and one of the greatest gremlins the world has ever seen. See how she contorts her body and squeezes her eyeballs to make a usually sexy outfit like underwear suddenly a gremlonic masterpiece. A true John Belushi. A real Paphnutius the Ascetic. Plus, the half-drunk jar of pickle juice is a daring yet brilliant touch. God bless you, Irvin, you sick, beautiful bastard.





3. A Wooing Smile



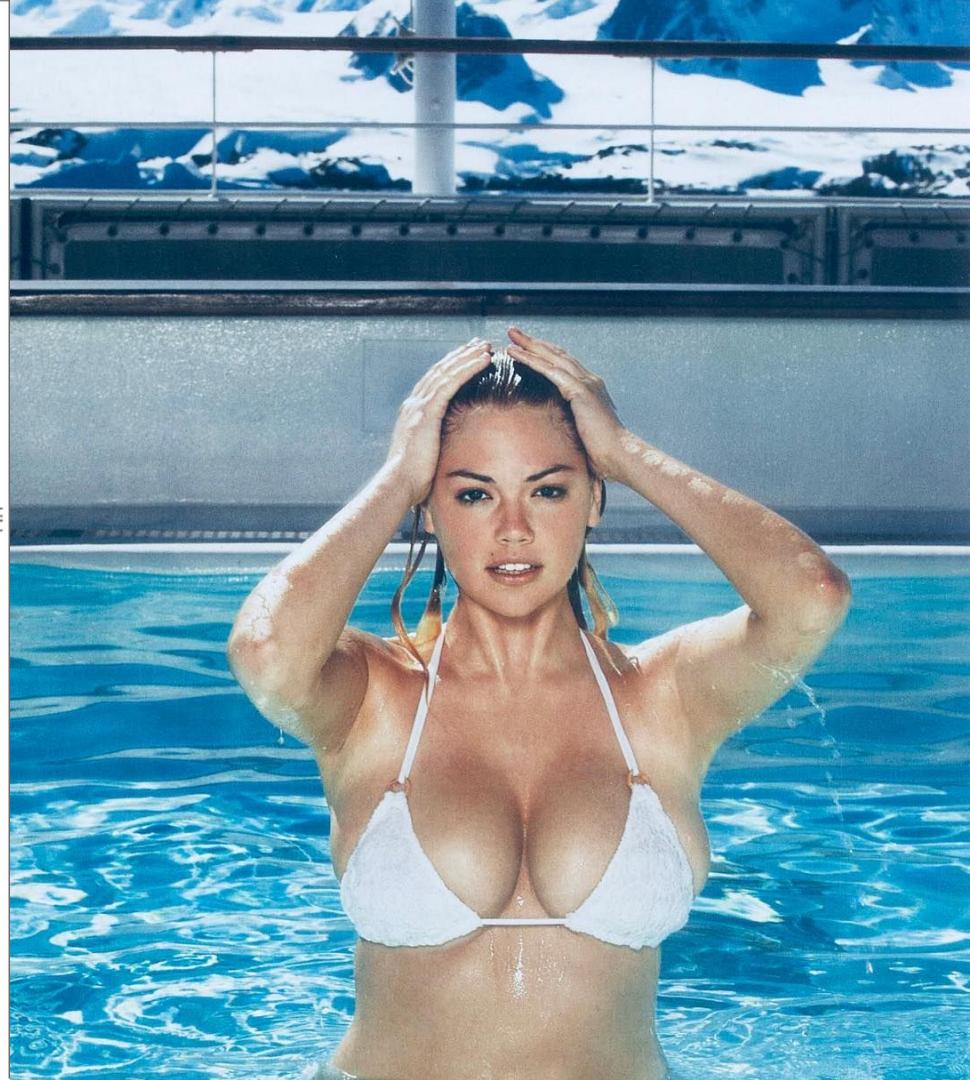
See here, as evidence is put forth that to look not just good in beach clothing but amazing in beach clothing, all one needs is a wooing smile and a straight back. This man crops out the competition. See how he is surrounded by seaweed, and yet you did not notice? You drool over the revelry of his gait. You aspire to the presumptiveness of his smile. The mustache makes your manhood melt and the balls of your womanhood drop. He is sincere, strong, handsome, mysterious and wearing a swimsuit. He carries his things sharply. He is going home. Will you be there waiting for him?

Back in the era of proper stuffiness and covered up grace, one was always strictly demanded to keep a straight back beneath the corsets and tails. As we have exposed ourselves more and more to a wandering eye, society's posture has suffered. We have become complacent in our bipedal status. Our conviction to be elegant has been overshadowed by beers and fingerbanging. Fear not, gentle lover! If you close your eyes and think delicately, this man is walking the beach of your dreams, casting a perfect shadow on the dewy sand. He is coming closer. To open your arms to him is to embrace looking good in a swimsuit.

4. Kate Upton

No secrets here, this booby lady is Kate Upton, Lord of the swimsuit. In regards to the aspiration to look good, Kate Upton is sort of a useless example. This part is closer to a Temple to Poseidon than a lesson in looks. While, yes, one cannot have a swimsuit edition without the presence of Kate Upton's lustful eyes and ridiculous knockers, there is not much that common folk like you or I can learn from her photographic self. Unless you have a heaving bosom and jumper cable eyes, her status is unattainable. She's absolutely incredible, and married to Justin Verlander, pitcher for the Houston Astros, who, though a capable arm in his own right, is no match for the throngs of masturbators who descend upon his wife's pictures every February. But Kate embraces it. Hero status.

Funny enough, a little anecdote before we move on, I was accused of having an affair with Kate Upton my junior year of high school. You see, I took quite a while off from school that year, and when I returned it was put to me that I had spent the time in the Hamptons, getting to know Ms. Upton's yardage, tilling her great tracts of land. Of course, this accusation was false, I was in fact in my room, memorizing Law and Order, getting laid to no one – so I was quite grateful to the boy who had spread the rumor. What his motivations were, I do not know. Perhaps a selfless act does exist.



5. The Selfie pt. I

One of the oft-overlooked key elements of sporting a jaw-dropping, beach-going “look” is as simple as the answer to Monday’s crossword:

Don’t go to the beach!

I won’t harp on the blah blah blah’s and who who who’s of the stay inside times we all know about, wink wink, nudge nudge. But it goes without saying that many of us had to stay in our rooms quite a lot. And that, on several occasions, many of us googled pictures of people in swimsuits (or birthday suits) on the internet. It’s a wonderful cure from the stay-inside-times blues. But were you aware, bathing suit acolyte, sexy-mama-to-be, that you can turn that frown upside down with your OWN body in a bathing suit? Yes sir.

I’m talking about the art of the Swimsuit Selfie.

In popular culture, the “Selfie” refers to an image taken of oneself. Sometimes with a front facing iPhone camera on portrait mode, sometimes with the regular camera of an iPhone utilizing the reflective surface of a mirror or dirty car window, sometimes with several disposable cameras bought at your local Walmart which will then be buried in the woods so nobody can ever see the photos of you. This is generally what we mean when we say “Selfie”. However, I want to suggest that a “Selfie” could also mean some gold, old fashioned navel gazing time, à la Narcissus at the pond. Put on your most wonderful beach adornment, and sit around your room, enthralled with your own reflection. I do it almost every day. There is no better way to look yummy as hell in a cute little swimmie than by feeling good about your bod in the safety of a place you know.



6. A Little Evil Goes A Long Way

The most common mistake one can make while wearing a swimsuit is trying to look welcoming to your audience, your audience being the world and welcoming being a lie, as how many would you truly be willing to welcome? I have found when fluttering through the camera roll that my best moments are when I'm sneering. I want children to weep at my gaze and shorebirds to fly to the opposite shore. I want lifeguards to fear me and sunbathers to wonder about me quietly to themselves. This is when I look my best.

Of course, this is sort of misanthropic and jaded. There's nothing wrong with being friendly. Right? I don't know. Maybe I'm a jerk. Everyone who's ever loved me I've pushed away. I'm so afraid of letting someone in and being vulnerable that I just make up a reason why I can't. More often than not I make it the fault of the person trying to get in, trying to make me happy. That's when I resort to drinking. Drinking heavily, of course, and violence doesn't follow that far behind. There's just this moment of darkness between when I'm dreaming of who I want to be, and when it becomes abundantly clear that not only am I not that person, but that person is 5,000 miles away and buried in sand. I will always be me, alone and terrified, strutting around the beach like I own the place and I'm ready to throw the rest of you out.

But, even so, I look pretty damn good in a swimsuit.





7. Get Fucked Up

Best way to look like Eva Longoria in Cabo on Christmas is to get absolutely obliterated on either superbly cheap or ridiculously expensive alcohol. Mid shelf is synonymous with bullshit. No one ever lived past 40 drinking mid shelf anything. So if you want go to the beach, impress the hell out of everyone in your duds and then get invited back, it's best to decide right here and right now if you're gonna bring the Georgi, or shock with the world with a bottle of '79 Veuve Clicquot Yellowboam Ostrich Limited. Both work perfectly.

Here is a prime example and human specimen: contributor to the publication and proud owner of a key to Rhode Island, Nosey Parker gets absolutely piss-eyed on RISD beach. Notice the travel mug from which the Two Buck Chuck is slobbered, the backwards hat no doubt stolen from the dorm room of last night's lax bro lay, and the half chewed cigarette, slowly and lungly turning into ocean air. Nosey has gone low class and is absolutely killing it, and when she gets home she will paint a masterpiece before passing out. Everyone say, "Goodbye, Ms. Parker". "Byeeeeee".

Enema Crackers!

***The cracker so good you
might just learn to love
shitting your britches!***

8. Elegance, Grace, Lactose Intolerance

Here is the Duchess of Cape Cod, Doolia Tompworth, as it were, showing us the meaning of elegance, grace, and look, not a dairy product in sight. Certainly if one is wise, one does not test their bowels before getting skimpy. History shows that public restrooms are less than generous, and the ocean returns all it is given. Best to keep it simple, numbnuts. Stick with a slice of toast and an apple. Save the crémé brûlée and anything prune based for when you get home. This is what we can learn from her elegance, her grace, Doolia Tompworth, it is.

I could regale the audience with tales of bygone diarrhea, stories of unassailable trajectory, but I will keep it less graphic than usual. Instead, also note, that if a slip up is made and there is no time to reach privacy, sand castle building tools are more than handy for hole-digging, and seaweed works well as a natural toilet paper. And don't be embarrassed, either. There's nothing wrong with what's wrong with you. Today it will be dairy products, tomorrow it will be food lazer beamed into your stomach that doesn't agree with you. Don't let progress and indigestion keep you from looking good!





Issue No. 22

9. Smize And Strut



If you also spent countless childhood hours wasting away in front of the monolith known as “America’s Next Top Model”, you’ll know exactly what I’m talking about. Three things I carry forward with me in my adult life which I credit Tyra with bringing to me: 1. The effortless allure of the smize. 2. Strut like you mean it. 3. Never let a television producer give you a makeover.

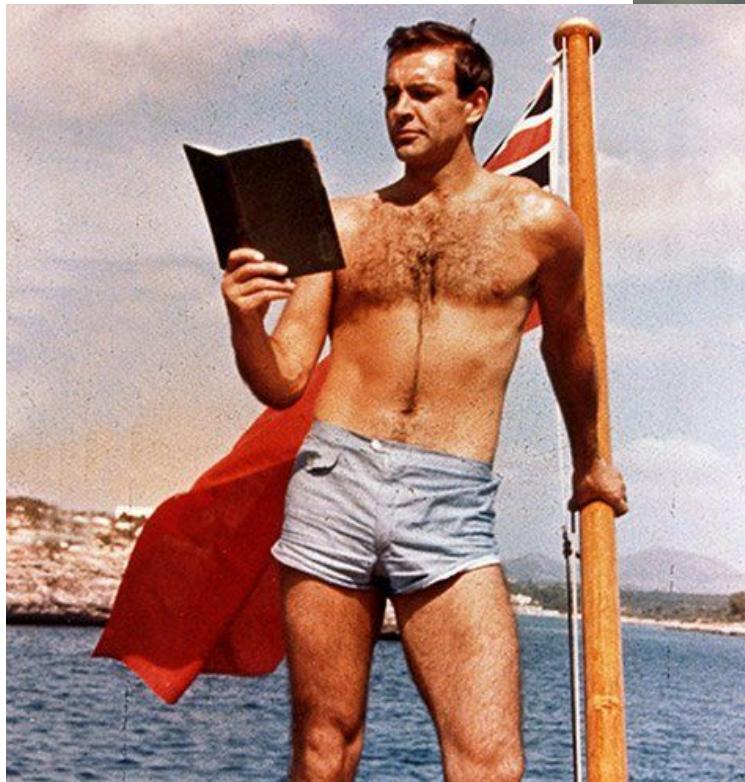
In lieu of unpacking #3, let’s zero in on #1 and #2. Smize and strut. Our model here is exhibiting both of these virtues quite gorgeously—the textbook example of the Tyra Method. See how she’s wearing sunglasses, and yet the smize reverberates from her face like nuclear energy. See how she walks on a straight and narrow line, *even in the sand*, with care to swing her hip out to the side with each thrust of the strut. This model has been trained, this model knows what she’s doing.

Now, if you find yourself in a situation where you have never been a model, nor have you ever seen any episodes of “America’s Next Top Model”, the Tyra Method will not work for you. Good luck with whatever useless knowledge you picked up from watching “Project Runway”.

10. Be James Bond

Can't hurt.

Ladies, as you were.



11. The Selfie pt. II

So you've elected to stay home? Spectacular. We're happy to have you. While you make yourself comfortable in the swimsuit of your choice and begin to meditate on the virtue of solitude, I want to whisper into your ear all of the reasons why you've made the right decision.

One, it could be winter. It certainly is right now, so if you're reading this magazine and taking our advice to heart, now is not the time to go to the beach. At least it isn't in many parts of the continental U.S. If you happen to live in Hawaii or Guam or Florida or certain parts of Southern California on certain sunny days, ignore this advice. But if you're stuck sequestered in the bitter Northeast right now, I want to commend you on your decision not to visit the seashore and instead enjoy your body alone in your room. It's cold out there.

Two, it's SANDY there! Think about the beach. Your main goal in visiting such a place is to look sexy in public, point blank. But what do you get from that experience, really? You have to look at water that tastes like the bottom of a jar of olives and looks like it, too. Nevermind that the gorgeous, whitewashed walls of this model's apartment are simply crawling with toxic mold. That's no biggie. At the beach, there's *sand*. Sand gets in your swimsuit and your crevices and all over your food. Then, when you think you've escaped the beach and all its sandy horrors, just when you think you're safe at home, suddenly there's sand *in your home too*. In your bed, all over the floor, getting in your crevices and your food all over again. Sand is a menace to the sexy. (And if it's really the exhibitionism you crave, you can always go hang out on your fire escape.)

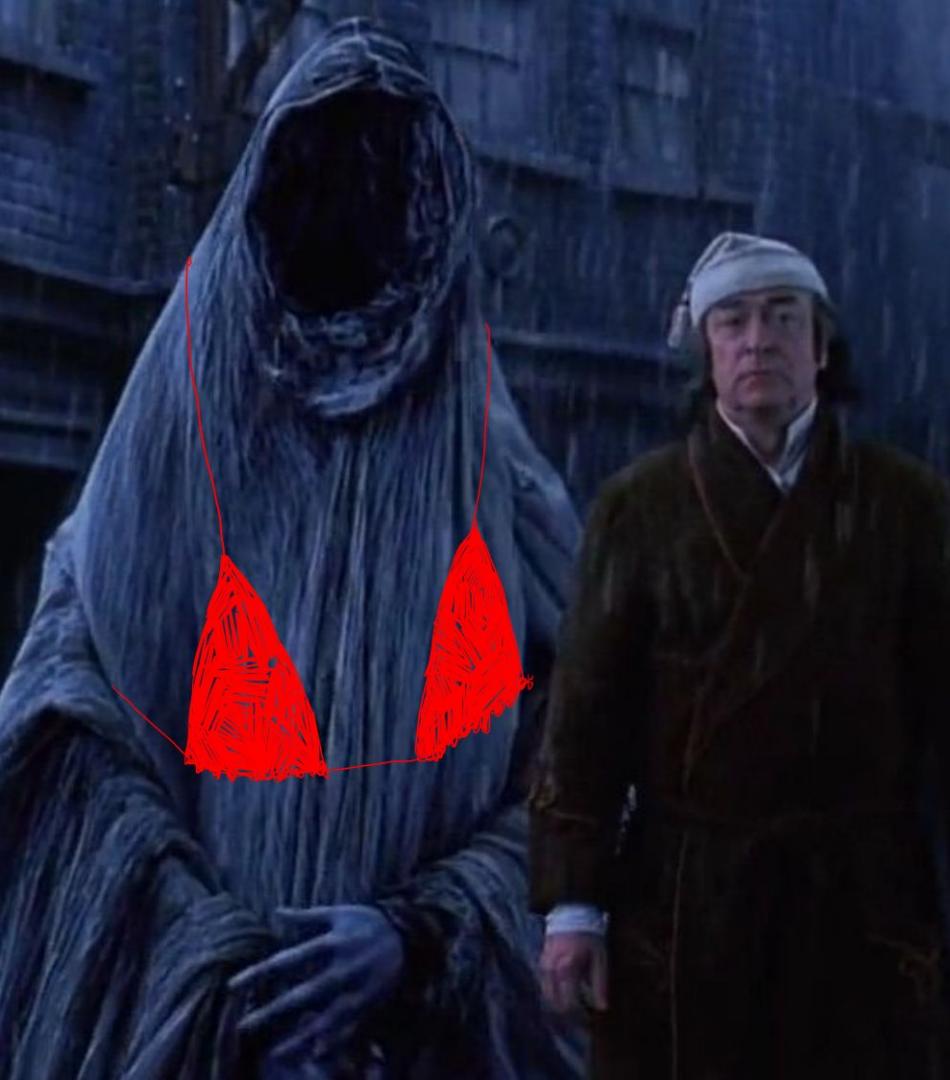


12. Swimwear As A Lifestyle

In many cases, sporting swim attire is not relegated to the realm of beach-goers and life guards and british spies. An oft-overlooked faction of those who wear bikinis and one pieces and banana hammocks are the population who actually dwell in the water. It would be simply remiss of Land Ark Lit Mag to pretend that swimsuits only belong to landlubbers.

What we have pictured here is the rare River-Dwelling-Meg, an aquatic creature who only surfaces once or twice a year to visit friends and family. To be a watery lass like Meg is to be unable to *not* look good in a bathing suit, because it is integral to the lifestyle of her species. Were Meg to not look good in a swimsuit, she would be banished from her river. Of course, this isn't particularly good advice to the common land dweller, because there is no secret tip or trick or "hack" to how the River-Dwelling-Meg can look so fetching in a pair of Tevas and a well patterned swimmie. If you live on land, the look cannot be replicated, it's a genetic impossibility. Sorry. Moving on.





13. Accessorizing the Uniform



There is a saying in the business which goes like this: *“Dress for the job you want, not the job you have.”* But many would agree this adage is a difficult one to implement when you have a dress code at work. It's even harder to dress like the babe lifeguard you know you *should* be when the job you want requires a swimsuit. But Land Ark Lit Mag is here to help.

We've chosen the model pictured to the left because he, like yourself, dreams of becoming a sexy babe lifeguard. We've also chosen him because the demands of his particular occupation require spooky shadowed robes as the uniform. That won't fly at all, of course. But what our friend here has done is simply *add* that little spark to his current outfit by wearing the swimsuit over his requisite work attire. We applaud his gall. Surely, soon, he will be transferred out of the Interdimensional Christmas Morality Ghoul Department and over to the Pool where he belongs.

Can't quite replicate this tactic at your own job? We recommend wearing your swimsuit *under* your clothing when all else fails. At least that way you'll maintain the confidence in your sexy lifeguard dreams and project the right energy out into the world. Who knows, your next customer might be looking for somebody with just the right sexy lifeguard attitude.

14. Being a Little Cutie

Okay – all jokes aside – the best way to look good in a bathing suit is to hop in a time machine, rewind twenty or so years, and reemerge as yourself on a fishing trip with your dad and best bud in a bangin pair of 90's trunks. Remember the handsome lad from #3? This is the very same guy. He took our advice and went straight back to [redacted] and we haven't seen him since. But this photo arrived in our fax machine a few days ago and we can only assume that he's happy, healthy, and looking great in his swimsuit.





15. The Selfie pt. III



Now that we've established we are not going outside, we are not going to the beach, and we are instead going to revel in the beauty of our own bodies in a private, indoor-sphere, it's time to do just that. Relish.

Our model here is renowned writer and elusive minx, Andy Quicksand, the relish on the hot dog of a generation. Look how he relishes. Some of Quicksand's more prominent prose has circulated the back halls and barnyards of New England in the form of handwritten pamphlets. You may recognize texts such as "Bob's Away" and "The Cylian Drickal Funeral Fiasco" and "Swifts: Always Extraordinary" from seeing them flutter by you on the streets of Cleveland Circle, where he resided for several years. But Quicksand's real influence is his strength of pure heart, and his commitment to relishing the heck out of himself, his loved ones, and his literature. Therein lies the key to Quicksand's fictional successes, the secret ingredient in his explosive charisma, and the final missing puzzle piece to why he looks so damn good in a bikini.

Quicksand is rare and elusive in his relishment. Not only has Quicksand never published in any of the major houses – preferring to circulate his work only in the form of anonymous notes thrown from his window and only within the most privileged of circles (that's you!) – but his preferred mode of selfie relish is a flip phone with limited storage, meaning that even this image is ephemeral, and all the more worthy of savoring.

16. Your Mom In The Seventies

You know you'll never measure up. So what if she was ten years old? She was still having more fun and wearing a more fun bathing suit. The photo was taken on 35mm, her tween friends with middle parts are all smiling in the background, you know that some young-girl-summer hijincks are about to ensue, she is on the cusp of womanhood and it is the *SEVENTIES BABY!!!!* Your coming of age story will never compare, and no matter how hard you try you will never be as groovy and carefree as you perceive your ten year old mother to have been in her yellow bikini in the seventies. The aughts and the tens and now the twenties have nothing on this. Bathing suit styles suck, nothing's made out of 100% nylon anymore, and the beaches are all full up with empty Mountain Dew bottles.

So, what do you do when faced with the ultimate conundrum of your generation being worse than the one that grew up in the seventies? Sorry – there's no cure. Just stay humble. Maybe you look good in a bathing suit now, but it sure isn't the same as it was back then, man.





Issue No. 22

17. The Final Product

If you've taken our advice to heart, if you've followed each of the sixteen steps to bathing suit badness, if you've been to the mountain and back, then you will have arrived here: at the final product.

Pictured to the left is famous Arizona sorority hottie Lola Hahaha and her clan of bad bitch boys. Lola Hahaha is a devoted acolyte of looking good in a swimsuit and it's totally paid off. Her bad bitch boys? Also huge look-good-in-a-swimsuit-devotees, get fucked, do SARMZ, get more fucked, leg day, beers, shots, blow, take the dick pic from under the shaft, beer die, die swiftly without pain, resurrect for body shots, cry into the mirror, text your ex, afternoon workout, Chipotle with the boys, hit the pool for a lil' Marco Polo and MSNBC, shower, shave the pits, back to the gym, stop at CVS for a fentanyl test kit, kill a dog tied up outside a cafe with your bare hands, tell your boys your straight A's are straight F's, celebrate with Bacardi, send a snap of you and the bottle of Bacardi to your boy Joey Bacardi, text the chicks, text your little, text your mom, sexy pics on the terrace, play drinking game when you take a shot everytime Lil Jon says "SHOTS" in the LMFAO song "Shots", call the Uber, say something about your ex that you regret, make a friend feel bad about themselves, punch a hole in the dry wall, say "what's up, dude?", smile when you see a bro you love, dance on a ho, tell her she's beautiful when you take her tits out in the bathroom, surprise her by going down on her, win the next 7 games of pong, tell the freshmen they're a bunch of pussies, fall asleep next to your day 1 homie, touch him under the sheets, reiterate your love of blacking out, never take your swimsuit off. Not for your wedding, not for your funeral. Never.



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.

