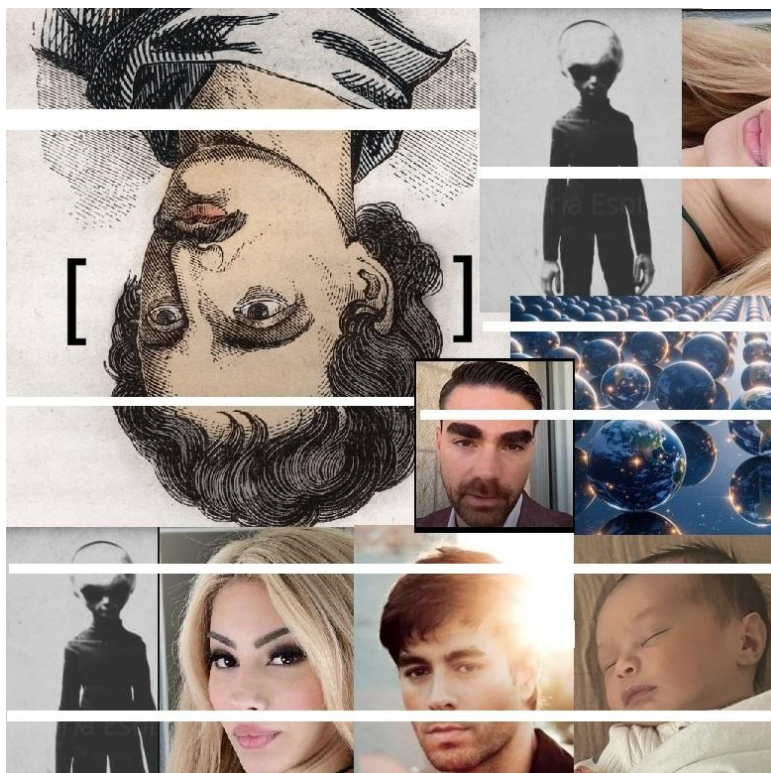
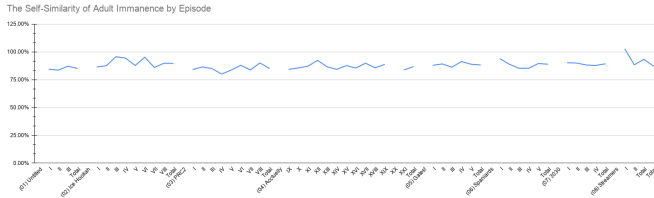




ADULT IMMANENCE
(A FRACTAL NOVEL)
NICHOLAS KATSAFANAS

The Self-Similarity of Adult Immanence by Episode



Adult Immanence: A Fractal Novel (Subtitled: N. Enrique Iglesias Lee Y Escribe)

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Dedicated to my son, Nikolaos Enrique Katsafanas

ABSTRACT

Giordano Bruno wasn't burnt alive by the Catholic Church because his theory of Infinite Worlds was incorrect. Oh, no! Quite on the contrary.

Because in a dystopian parallel reality it's been discovered that the American public has suddenly become ominously literate.

These previously lemming-like citizens now suddenly prefer to consume elegantly composed texts in their free-time—no longer experiencing a deep-seeded need to watch grown men play videogames on smartphone apps.

Enter N. Enrique Iglesias, a previously successful, bilingual-adjacent livestreamer, and Curtis J. [Redacted], a surprisingly literate bisexual pornographer.

Together these two best friends are forced to navigate what it means to make an honest living in a Late-Capitalist world that's increasingly obsessed with reading and writing.

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(...Cantos?)

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PART I
EVENT CONTRACT
VENTURE FUNDS

(01) UNTITLED (OR: INDIVIDUALISM & THE IMMANENCE OF IBN ARABI)

Pentadic Mode: > 80%

1507:1772 — 85.1%

Episode I: 742:879 — 84.4%

- 01. 70:82 — 85.4%** I whipped my cock back into my light grey Uniqlo slacks, only to quickly recognize I now sported a sizable piss stain right on the face of the pants—the trousers consisted of a new two-tone grey structure, the regular light shade of the factory print contrasting with the dark stain of accidentally expunged urine
- 02. 82:92 — 89.1%** Complicating matters slightly was an in-person meeting I was required to attend, by my count, in less than thirty seconds, so I subsequently stood in a frozen manner in front of the bathroom mirror, glancing a tad flummoxed at this piss stain, which I figured'd be immediately visible to any person occupying my remote vicinity
- 03. 68:83 — 81.9%** In another version of this world I'd casually walk back to my seat and sit by myself at my desk as the piss dried at a natural pace, but my schedule instead coerced me to be in the presence of

others who, ideally, I'd prefer not to notice a large pee print on my favorite grey Uniqlo pants

04. 63:76 — 82.9% We'd entered this seemingly irrefutable reality in the world where the concept of intelligence had become basically a pure political construct, that no actual opinion was ever expressed that lacked a surreptitious fascist oligarch funding its dissemination

05. 138:164 — 84.1% Anna Paulina Luna Santa Maria de Prada can pop onto network television as an alleged anti-war activist and tell an American populace that the definition of war is suddenly Boots On The Ground, that unilaterally assassinating the acting leader of a sovereign nation with no Congressional approval at all is actually not, in fact, an act of war, and all of us shrug our shoulders nonchalant because implicitly we've come to conclude that every opinion expressed is simply an extension of this or that surreptitiously operating fascist oligarch

06. 106:126 — 84.1% Every opinion is backstopped by a paid advertiser, even artificial intelligence is basically the same lurid form of regurgitation, and, for that matter, our sincere opinions—now that I think of it—are essentially still just similar abstractions of perhaps an even more elusive tyranny, consumerism as a narcotic inducing a faux

individualism where independent opinions become seemingly conceptually achievable

07. 115:137 — 83.9% Scraping a paper towel against a dollop of pee seeped into my Uniqlo pants, for example, was no independent act at all—there existed a form of immanent materialism I was convinced we were missing, and via said oversight we'd instead adopted the religious zealotry of the so-called Market Advocates, where a similar autonomy was alleged to occur, except in this instance it acted as a culmination of countless so-called Rational Decisions made by Intelligent Investors

08. 100:119 — 84.0% The Market was, of course, the moronic final arbiter of veracity and fairness, and shamanic shitstains at places like The Cato Institute spread this gospel of a Christ-Like bond market for decades until, just like the case of Anna Paulina de Prada, we begin believing that no—actually assassinating heads of state out of the blue is simply New Diplomacy, not egregious and indefensible acts of barbaric idiocy

Episode II: 316:378 — 83.6%

01. 113:137 — 82.5% I was considering how it could be possible Denver, who allegedly sported the best basketball player on the planet in Nikola Jokic, could possibly lose a whole ass playoff series to a

Minnesota squad that had three key players hurt—up to and including their sole star—all of which concluded with a somewhat catastrophic financial impact on my venture swap portfolio when—while waiting for the Avery's lavatory to open up—a middle aged Asian female popped out and ambled past me meekly

02. 58:66 — 87.9% As I stepped in the bathroom it became clear this Asian lady unapologetically demolished the restroom, leaving behind her an odor reminiscent of baboon rectum—it didn't exactly help that it seemed to be a hundred degrees in there

03. 145:175 — 82.9% A President claims a country's engaged in a terrorist war with our state for, give or take, a half a century, but only after beginning an obviously illegal combat operation, and no percentage of the electorate asks the simple question of how this fifty year conflict could possibly have been left entirely unaddressed in an election that occurred a mere two years ago—a half century span of terrorism comes to the attention of our sitting President like a bout of amnesia, like a recollection of long past childhood sexual trauma to an inebriated middle aged human, and this seems entirely rational to every American

Episode III: 449:515 — 87.2%

- 01. 115:138 — 83.3%** When I sat back down at the bar after nearly vomiting in the shitstained lavatory of the Avery, Curt started to tell me all about his so-called unceasing seminal urge—how being dominated by a limitless desire to ejaculate was actually a method of maybe breaking a philosophical plane of sorts, that the body itself is a portal, and the cunt was a metaphysical tunnel, and the bussy of Antiquity was a sacred gateway — "Everywhere you look everyone's ejaculating"
- 02. 118:140 — 84.3%** I rotated my skull patiently as Curt continued to extrapolate on this idea of the diagonal line of the seminal state and the underlying monism of trans porn — "I could pen a doctoral dissertation on the indivisible oneness of girl cock, and I think it'd really bring some much needed intellectual respect to the arena of pornography," he alleged, and I nonchalantly called the pissy bartender over to inquire if I was pronouncing the cunty Belgian beer I wanted to drink correctly
- 03. 96:103 — 93.2%** The seminal propensity, he noted, as opposed to flowing freely is instead institutionalized and confined to conceptual chambers, where it refracts backward onto itself, but that can indicate a variety of conclusions really—because of course an institution could be a

concentration camp or a whorehouse—the institute as a basic concept is too broad to oppose

04. 74:86 — 86.1% Puritanism, of course, was the totalitarian seminal institution par excellence, deeming the act of blasting loads as essentially illegal as a whole—really, you could compare large swathes of political systems and easily filter them through the prism of man's natural state of perpetual ejaculation

05. 46:48 — 95.8% I'm essentially, I guess, Curt said, working toward a Theory of Perpetual Ejaculation with specific reference to the Ancient Greeks and sacred taint play, if that makes sense?

(02) ICE HOOKAH W/ THE TZATZIKI

Pentadic Mode: > 80%
4,068:4,540 — 89.6%

Preface

27:24 — 112.5% Yo cambio ingles cuando escribo, pero siento muy bueno cuando hablo espanol

Episode I: 884:1023 — 86.4%

01. 93:100 — 93.0% I suppose it was kind of implicit that Curtis was preparing to expand his budding sex business into an entrepreneurial endeavor instead of continuing to slave away for a petty wage as a mercurial independent contractor—launching his own adult film studio, by contrast, was the preferable long term route toward prudent financial stability

02. 91:106 — 85.9% The fucking guy had a couple kids after all and working five plus days each week in the pansexual porn scene didn't come equipped with a four-oh-one-k match, but at the same time, he said, entrepreneurially speaking, he still wanted to stay in his lane because if he, say, launched an adult movie

company catering solely to heterosexuals, then he estimated he'd lose at least half of his audience

03. 74:81 — 91.4% 'What you may or may not entirely realize,' Curt said to me as we sat at La Braza on Elmwood Ave, 'is that gay men consume quite a bit of pornography, and this now budding trans angle is basically a straight guy niche—because hardly any hardcore homosexuals are truly balls deep into chicks with dicks'

04. 31:36 — 86.1% I engaged in an extended inhalation of our refreshing mint shisha and slowly realized every word Curt just said made complete sense

05. 77:96 — 80.2% 'When you consider it purely mathematically,' I replied confidently, 'on a percentage basis a chick with a dick is still like—what?—ninety five percent female, which imputes a ratio of one hundred percent adjacent heterosexuality to the porno consumer, so it makes complete sense gay guys remain a little nonplussed about the category'

06. 183:227 — 80.6% 'Fucking exactly!' Curt said, smirking slightly as I passed him the hose, as the Hispanic server flashed a matter-of-fact two thumbs up signal in our direction as we continued to discuss the economics of gay porn in a completely monolingual manner—'sure,' Curt said, 'those percentages could fluctuate based on the girl's frame and obviously her cock size, because if she was, for

example, a petite kind of female, but with a monster dong, then you might be looking at like maybe even a low eighty eight percent hetero ratio’—‘which makes total sense mathematically speaking!’ I interjected, cutting Curt off because I knew he’d ceaselessly extrapolate this assessment into half a dozen repetitive examples of cock to body frame ratios when I already, not only thoroughly understood the idea, but in fact introduced the damn example myself

07. 107:131 — 81.7% ‘But listen,’ I began, motioning in a violently circular tornado-like wave to a five foot three Afro-Latino chap known as Pepe Hookah that we’d in fact need another waterpipe almost immediately—‘I should be able to materially assist you in this entire endeavor,’ I said, ‘on the finance side at least—you’re definitely the point person from the pornograph angle, but speaking to the capital side, let me confirm for the record I just happened to procure this app called Kalshi’

08. 92:92 — 100.0% Curt exhaled an absurd amount of smoke almost exclusively through his nose and pre-emptively said, no, he didn’t know any Kalshis, so I calmly explained, basically this is a fairly sophisticated financial brokerage that lets customers trade complex derivatives on the outcomes of select sporting events, up to and including the N.B.A. Playoffs

09. 66:71 — 93.0% ‘So it’s basically bookmaking’ Curt retorted, to which I replied haughtily regarding the probabilities listed on the contracts—‘so yeah, it’s a bit higher brow than betting with criminal bookies, but, sure, in a crude manner of speaking you’re not completely incorrect’

10. 70:83 — 84.3% ‘But my point is,’ I extrapolated ‘by employing my deep knowledge of professional basketball I could manage a modest portfolio that hypothetically could grow exponentially by the time of the Finals and’—Curt cut me off to conclude the exchange with the phrase: ‘Fund My Bisexual Adult Film Startup?’

Episode II: 859:981 — 87.6%

01. 60:73 — 82.2% The Amtrak to Manhattan was surprisingly enough immeasurably better by dint of being under construction—with the whole bistro area forcibly shifted to a region with well polished full wall windows overlooking rusted but angular storefronts of an aging mall

02. 68:69 — 98.6% The sky line was a crystal clear iteration of blue above the buildings, and I felt an abstract satisfaction as I sipped my small iced Americano that the barista only filled half up in the to-go cup for reasons that at the time entirely eluded me

03. 124:139 — 89.2% Masquerading around Koreatown later that day, a food truck ‘white sauce’ would once more ruin an afternoon away—if a person considered it at length, they were really irredeemable fucks these food truck cunts, equipped with their faux tzatziki they insisted on squirting all over their delicious falafels, yet it was only a couple hours after when I’d find myself at the straight line bar of Udon Labs sipping Toki Highballs and obsessively making notes on potential bets I considered to be basically venture capital

04. 104:113 — 92.0% There was a real technique to constructing a highball that they’d mastered at Udon Lab, which I personally for my part found refreshing—sure, it seems easy enough to spray some seltzer and scotch into a tall glass, but the reality is the ratio of carbonated water to whisky needs to be calculated tyrannically, if not the patron will be drinking a scotch on the rocks, or even worse a fifteen dollar sparkling water

05. 113:140 — 80.7% As I exited the bar prior to popping into a basement spot that served a meatless ramen that was sadly pedestrian, I stared up intently, half in the bag, into the Friday night sky of Sixth and West Thirty Second, actually in a state of sobriety, relatively speaking, and realized that this’d be the last time I’d be on this block before my son popped out, but also recollecting a recent Game Six that occurred

between the Orlando Magic and Detroit Pistons—one where I made what seemed to me to be a sound wager

06. 111:134 — 82.8% The Orlando Magic led the contest by twenty two at halftime, yet were somehow still defeated by fourteen, which is why it seemed like a sound wager in the first half, before the game even got out of hand, which is why I actually added to the bet to collect a little extra margin, then at the break turned off the damn game, thinking astutely, I thought, that a team putrid enough to score just thirty eight points in a half of basketball, trailing by twenty two, could never in a billion solstices come back in the second half

07. 79:88 — 89.8% This Banchemo was allegedly the best player on the Magic, and I actually left my spare bedroom slash prayer room to inform my lovely wife I'd just won some money at halftime, that I'd finally started to turn my luck around, that at this rate Curtis's porno studio would possibly get bankrolled successfully after all

08. 78:82 — 95.1% Yet I'd sadly spend the next sixty minutes or so witnessing in disbelief Banchemo and his cohorts miss shots that my dead grandma could have fucking made from the grave—playing like a collection of mutilated corpses against a dilapidated Detroit squad that looked wholly moribund literally minutes prior

09. 122:143 — 85.3% ‘What an absolute fucking disgrace’ I muttered to myself as a silent rage mounted within the totality of my body as I tripled down upon my bet believing yes—Banchero would have to make a basket eventually, that the Magic could somehow salvage this maelstrom of nonsense, plus with the odds now completely against me my minor addition would’ve netted me eons more than my initial wagers, yet Paolo would, in fact, never make another basket, not until garbage time when the Pistons basically gifted him a pity lay-up

Episode III: 422:441 — 95.7%

01. 77:80 — 96.3% I was considering the pros and cons of gambling online at scale when I realized the true dystopia of our market economy isn’t the criminal literacy of our electorate but instead in its lewd social interactions—even at (just for example!) a local discount fitness center

02. 183:183 — 100.0% The capitalist structure strong-arms the vast majority of social minutia into ruthless role playing, where the median human being must become consumer or proprietor or service provider or underpaid employee—you smile politely at some fuck making twelve dollars an hour at a Planet Fitness and now you’ve entered into a consumer-employee relationship, one that’ll

inevitably become torn to shreds when you report a treadmill to be hiccuping just slightly, not because you like complaining and making more work for people earning essentially poverty level wages, but because you consider it bad for some asshole to tear their A.C.L. on a damn treadmill you just ran on

03. 68:80 — 85.0% But caring about Achilles tendons is a bridge too far in the market economy, because you've now shamelessly engaged in a nonverbal greeting with an employee but as a consumer, confusing the purely business relationship simply by exhibiting a mere modicum of cordiality

04. 94:98 — 95.9% You leave the discount gymnasium now knowing beyond a doubt that caring about the well being of others or simply acting cordial to capitalist wage slaves is fundamentally disallowed in this rote dystopia, as you take note of a skinny Caucasian kid clutching his girl's back as they speed along a brick city road on a municipal issued motor scooter

Episode IV: 441:467 — 94.4%

01. 45:54 — 83.3% In any case, I was considering discernment sans object when I made the observation: Kevin Durant was sitting on the Rockets bench in street clothes at the beginning of Game One against the L.A. Lakers

- 02. 64:73 — 87.7%** It struck me as a bit funny because I'd just bet a substantial sum on the Rockets and knew for a fact Durant (an active Twitter shit talker) had been healthy at the end of the damn season, so how the fuck was it possible he got injured before the beginning of the playoffs?
- 03. 69:70 — 98.6%** It didn't help when Luke Kennard—who looked like a guy who could be fucking filing my taxes—shot basically one hundred percent from deep as I sat smoking shisha next to Curtis, witnessing my money drip slowly down a drain of an inexplicable Kevin Durant absence
- 04. 123:140 — 87.9%** 'If she hypothetically shoved that hookah hose right up her ass would you still smoke it?' Curtis queried, in reference to the waitress who served it, and in a way I could relate to Durant's self-destructive online tendencies—in a sense Kevin is the athletic avatar of our era in his internet efforts—calling his current run-mates literal retards in direct messages on social media apps that inevitably get leaked to so-called reporters who're little more than information agents—the Rockets lost by a large margin
- 05. 140:130 — 108.0%** Pero de todos modo ahora estudio espanol y es muy bueno para mi—Espanol es asobrosamente muy facil—escribo libro en ingles pero ingles es feo para mi—yo cambio ingles cuando escribo siento muy bueno cuando hablo espanol—no

me gusta mucho ingles—‘pero de todos modos’ le dije a la camarera con el buen culo ‘intentare frijoles con arroz con no carne por favor—soy vegetariano’

Episode V: 216:246 — 87.8%

- 01. 91:100 — 91.0%** Listen, I'd never outright allege that reading and writing are necessarily pure evil, but at the same time I personally believe you can make a legitimate argument that an electorate can become perhaps ominously literate—that society could be depriving itself by shunning long-form improvisational podcast shit talk in favor of composed prose
- 02. 56:63 — 88.9%** Yet you can only complain so fucking much about the cards you inevitably get dealt in this life and my more immediate priorities were obviously attempting to dig myself out from this deep Magic-Rockets divet I'd dug into
- 03. 69:83 — 83.1%** Durant and Banchemo, they were basically scumbags in my mind—and the now wholly American violent need to consume limitless books was a step in a dire direction for our nation—but the bottom line was I needed to become vigorously analytical about this whole Denver-Minnesota series

Episode VI: 495:520 — 95.2%

- 01. 48:53 — 90.6%** ‘But have you ever eaten a piece of prime bussy,’ Curtis opined as I sipped a ten percent Belgian beer that—like all the so-called craft brews in that particular spot—just completely lacked any appeal to me
- 02. 50:54 — 92.6%** ‘The bottom line,’ Curtis continued, ‘is, yeah, you want a whore with a decent hog that can still shoot a voluminous load—not just some cute enough ladyboy with a cock that functions like mine after chugging nine vodkas’
- 03. 75:82 — 91.5%** ‘Sure, the girl can have a nice enough turd cutter, I guess, but you also need to remember we’re not in the business of simply making ho-hum pornography here—this is upper crust special interest adult filmmaking, and premium fem cock doesn’t just matter-of-factly grow on trees in Cupertino, you know what I mean?’
- 04. 62:67 — 92.5%** ‘Every beer I get here,’ I said, ‘inevitably tastes essentially like anal cavity every time, and while this is the best beer I’ve drank to date, to be fair, it still feels like I’m basically consuming a Miller Lite with a shot of Jim Beam tossed into it’
- 05. 72:77 — 93.5%** I inquired if the phrase she-male was now politically incorrect in the porn arena at least, because I definitely didn’t wanna offend anybody on the off chance I had to stop by a set to

provide Curt with a possibly important investment update on some odd occasion

- 06. 188:187 — 100.5%** ‘Ay I don’t wanna talk politics,’ Curt retorted—‘believe me nobody in this spot wants to listen to my political opinions, even if, frankly, my leanings are entirely correct, because, if I’m being honest, these corrupt Democrats, they’re basically all leftist lunatics, ruining this country with communist policies that, bottom line, fuck small businessmen like us—Niko, you’re attempting to do something unbelievably upstanding and generous by making wagers on these playoff games to boost our economy, but a guy like fuckin Joe Biden would wanna take your winnings and probably give it to some black trans activist asshole who, for all I know, I’m probably employing on my fucking set as we speak!’

Episode VII: 522:607 — 86.0%

- 01. 75:91 82.4%** It was just about time for the seventh and final contest of the Boston-Philadelphia series to begin, and Curtis informed me he thought the odds were still unfairly stacked against the Sixers, given Jayson Tatum—the best player Boston had to offer by far—was officially placed on the injured list for the game, so I made a fairly large wager
- 02. 68:76 — 89.5%** Waiting for the game to begin, I was wearing a pair of black Uniqlo slacks made of entirely

recycled material with the Doc Martin penny loafers at six-ten P.M. as I witnessed a gaggle of old folks line dance at Nickanee's, wondering if the old bag with the skinny black jeans had croaked

03. 99:113 — 87.6% One of the line dancing old ladies displayed a single pant leg noticeably, inadvertently tucked into her cowboy boot—she sported a decent chunk of chin fuzz if you got up close enough—another moseyed around to my seat to make the comment the person she sat next to had too much perfume to remain beside, which I found a tad ironic considering I always shamelessly drench myself in cologne whenever I leave my condo

04. 92:106 — 86.8% In the Nineteen Fifties you'd be whacked all the damn time, drinking two to three martinis at lunch and nobody mentioned shit about it, I considered as I sat on the last barstool, well aware that this place was possibly, I'd believed at times, a portal of sorts, that there was a certain energy to this architecture that made me feel like I'd entered an only ever so slightly altered alternate universe

05. 88:100 — 88.0% The bottom line was I needed to conjure the maximum amount of spiritual energy and mojo I could muster to win this next bet and get my portfolio back in the green, even if it meant physically transporting to a fucking parallel reality—shit, maybe I'd luck out and end up landing in a space where people actually still patronized livestreaming!

06. 100:121 — 82.6% I suppose there's technically nothing inherently wrong about getting completely rocked in a manner that's actually not at all respectable I considered as I ambled back to my car, only to discover a parking ticket from Brown University—because that's what that institution needed of course, embezzling more money from the poor decrepit citizens of this metropolis, with their multi-billion dollar so-called Endowment, the greedy fucking pricks!

Episode VIII: 229:255 — 89.8%

01. 69:77 — 89.6% There's of course an impalpable active element behind the geometry of metropolitan architecture—maybe even a kind that can in fact open portals to moderately altered realities of conscious experience—a particular dive bar as candy bar of psilocybin

02. 79:84 — 94.1% The stochastic aspect of future sporting outcomes, by contrast, was slightly less spiritually illuminating to me—when you really thought about it—the adult film industry, whether gay, straight, or trans, had been economically decimated more or less as disastrously as any other media industry

03. 33:37 — 89.2% Was it possible in the era of the omnipresent dick pic maybe I'd simply be better served pursuing the whole book publishing thing?

04. 48:57 — 84.2% I couldn't help but take quick note of two chubby goth teens, separated by half a block outside the dive bar, eating from fun-sized bags of Fritos and begin to feel as though something material had shifted in the atmosphere

PART II
TEXTUAL LIVESTREAMS

(03) PATRIOTISM RUNS COUNTER TO ORDINARY HUMAN MORALITY

Quadratic Mode: > 75%

7,565:8,896 85.0%

Abstract: There's an ominous trend overtaking our country. It's called reading and writing. Literacy is what I'm referencing here. As a successful livestreamer, sure, I've enjoyed the substantial financial benefits of speaking mellifluously, improvisationally, with a certain alacrity over these past few years. I've become, frankly, quite rich because of it, and none of it has struck me as undeserved. But our electorate is now becoming, in my opinion, abutting criminally erudite. Now I personally never dedicated a ton of time to this whole literacy thing, but my best friend Curtis, a successful bisexual porno actor, has. He knows both how to read as well as write. And he's done me the magnanimous service of transcribing some of my most successful livestreams into quote-unquote "texts." In all honesty, I bitterly despise capitulating to trends. But I have a son on the way. I'm being transparent here, folks. I need to cash in on this *publishing trend* to feed my soon-to-be infant son. My apologies to my long-time listeners in advance!

**Episode I: "Approximately 2554 Syllables
of Authentic Reflection"**

2149:2554 84.1%

—A: The Best Pizza in the State of Rhode Island

863:1043 82.7%

01. 143:189 75.7% The blunt reality of my life at the time was that the pizza at Bettola was more appropriate to eat with a literal soup spoon as opposed to your opposable thumbs, that each slice was steeped in an ill-advised amount of oil and cheese, that the bread, for that matter, was already floppy, that even a robust crust could never withstand the weight of the toppings as currently constituted, which caused the entire pizza to avalanche down to the tips of your fingers whenever you attempted to pick it up, thereby forced to consume the slice in essentially one rushed bite, with all the ingredients concatenating onto each other, leaving you with a piece of wet bread in your palm that constituted the quote-unquote "rest of the slice."

02. 122:144 84.7% It was technically Curt's idea to go, when we were still at the cigar bar so-called dinner, where the copious smoke was seeping into our skins by the minute, where the pasta was mush and the garlic was burnt, where Curt attempted to bum a single cigarette off the forty or so people in

attendance, all to no avail, neither one of us smoking a cigar or cigarette, the new bartender made almost entirely of plastic, with a Picasso like vibe to her work—she actually gave me a great deal on the maybe eight Michelob Ultras I chugged!

03. 88:101 87.1% But Bettola was alleged to sport the best pizza in the state—it was something apparently a group of consumers cast votes on at some time, somewhere, and subsequently the award was advertised right in front of their stoop, so I saw no real risk in stopping by, as I was still up for a bite, finding the pasta at the bar a bit subpar, plus it was a straight shot up Pontiac in any case.

04. 125:138 90.6% Yet while I'm typically of the mind to silently disparage a restaurant's offering then just never return again, Curt, by contrast, tended to vocalize his discontent to wait staffs, and with a complaint I quietly addressed to him now buttressing his own disgust he called the bartender, Reign, over to voice his concerns with the notion both pizzas we ordered weren't "great", yet Reign, for her part, found Curt's complaint just as contemptible as we found the place's pizza—she was frankly a little shocked that a person could dislike this luscious pie.

05. 68:79 86.1% This food in front of us was, to Reign, great pizza, yet she now stood faced with two patrons who seemed to disagree, judging not just the particular pies they got to be subpar, but the actual

construction of the pizza itself—the underlying architecture of the restaurant's recipe—to be deeply flawed.

06. 46:47 97.9% Oh no, it's fine, I said, entirely insincerely, telling Reign the food was okay, there was really no need for us to complain—maybe just get me one more Michelob if you have a chance?

07. 86:109 78.9% So I believe Curt and I were both surprised when Reign came over some time later, after to-go boxes had been packed and night caps'd been sipped, with a fresh pie, saying Try this one on for size—yet, while I of course, had no inclination to complain, I didn't even object to the meat on the pizza, I'd rather have, at that point, breached my own veganism before I levied a complaint to Reign, yet Curt wasn't of the same mind as I.

08. 48:64 75.0% Yeah, see, he said, this pizza has the same problem—proceeding to show Reign and now another waitress the essential incongruence between the thickness of the bread and the payload of the multiple toppings, how it made the pizza really hard to eat.

09. 78:95 82.1% What Reign still failed to comprehend was it wasn't the components of Bettola's pizza that were objectionable, it was instead the core geometry of the pie that was basically unacceptable—in an entirely ill-fated attempt to save face Curt asked

Reign to make us an espresso martini but with tequila, her idiosyncratic take on the cocktail.

- 10. 59:77 76.6%** Personally I found the tequila-based espresso martini as geometrically off kilter as the pizza, all I could taste was the damn agave, yet I kept my mouth closed, my to-go box ready to take home to my loving wife, filled to the brim with shitty pizza as a little Christmas gift—

—B: Mineral Spring Avenue is for Lovers

743:900 82.6%

- 01. 114:128 89.1%** Sitting at The Social by myself, my first time back on Mineral Spring since I'd moved from the street after residing beside Taco Bell for a decade plus—the spot I drank at located a door over from my former apartment, a dilapidated building with about five businesses on the bottom floor—and I knew for a fact this pasty bartender was upselling me egregiously on her shitty little mezcal glasses, the Casamigos brand to boot, my least favorite by a large margin.

- 02. 137:173 79.2%** The whore charged me seventeen per drink which in North Provolone was simply an atrocity, even fifteen bucks per glass was hypothetically absurd, it was completely out of line I thought as I begrudgingly gave her my Discover card, recalling just a couple months prior at my friend

Ryan's birthday party—when this particular Social worker was, in my mind, a little slow with the Corona Light service and overheard my critique of her speed to Paul, subsequently slamming down six beers onto a table and yelling "Here you go!" to me, which I actually appreciated at the time, as I was already ready for another Corona anyway.

03. 65:79 82.3% But now, sitting at The Social by myself, being basically mugged because of my proclivity toward mezcal, I recognized that this comment, even if not initially intended for the server to hear, had come back to bite me in my ass, as I assumed the debt for these seventeen dollar mezcals.

04. 23:28 82.1% The waitress became the bartender in the interim, and she's now exacted her revenge with alacrity.

05. 90:114 78.9% To the best of my recollection I was only even on the damn street because I had a dinner to attend at Il Fornello around the corner, and after handing the tab back to my cocktail executioner, I still had some time to kill, so I drove down the street to Rocco's for a sole additional drink before I hit the dinner, as I hadn't been in eons it seemed and now found myself in a nostalgic if not bitter state of mind.

06. 71:87 81.6% I recognized the bartender at Rocco's from past eras, back when I grabbed cocktails with that absolute crumb Enzo on the regular, but I couldn't recall the girl's name—she greeted me

amicably, yet also refrained from using a formal address, no doubt also failing to recall me fully either as I asked for a Johnny Black.

07. 166:199 83.4% O, what cruel ironies North Providence had in wait for me that afternoon!—the Rocco's girl gave me a reasonable fare for my subsequent scotch on the rocks, and I figured at that point it was probably about time, now half in the bag, to go back toward Fornello, looping through my old parking lot, to find the Russian guy's white truck Tree had hated still parked in his same dipshit spot and letting down my Civic's window to hawk a loogie at the passenger door as I drove by, ejecting the spit far enough to clear my car but unsure if I actually connected with a direct hit on the pickup, unconvinced if I'd, like the previous bartender, successfully enacted a minuscule revenge on an individual I didn't even technically know.

—C: On the Amtrak to Penn Station

620:703 88.2%

01. 200:238 84.0% On the Amtrak to Penn Station on a Friday AM I considered my professional investigation into the Epstein scandal, filled as it is with ageless enigmas and faux hoaxes, and also my related but aborted novel that I at the time titled Jeffrey of Nazareth, where I'd imagined a near future where the

kid trafficker Jeff was re-interpreted as a Christ-like figure, where Americans bought sex toys for house pets they saw on TikTok, but now witnessing internet celebrities, who still know no lows, wearing Free Ghislaine tees I contemplated whether or not my failed novel was in fact still satirical at all, even now, that perhaps Jeff Epstein would soon be seen as a sort of second coming of Jesus, that possibly everybody had it all wrong all along—that all those silly girls who alleged under oath they'd been sexually violated as little kids were simply unprosecuted liars?

02. 87:88 98.9% Could Jeffrey Epstein actually be Jesus, I considered in the coach class of Amtrak—or is every single American who votes Democrat and Republican basically a pedophile, I thought, because only a C student chimpanzee could possibly view our political system as anything but irreversibly corrupt?

03. 126:129 97.7% Every election in this failed state is basically a faux pas kayfabe mock election obfuscating from the true extent of our state of corruption, I thought on the Amtrak, in a realm of even remote American collective intelligence all these politicians would be prosecuted and placed into prison cells for multiple decades at minimum, because if a so-called state can't at the very least collectively act against wide scale child rape then the nation functionally ceases to exist.

04. 59:68 86.8% We live instead in a state of static anarchy actually, I considered—any notion of a nation is purely illusory, just like Zeno's proofs on the fictitious nature of The Many, America is equally if not more imaginary—

05. 148:180 82.2% People despise Stephen Miller and his muppet wife for incredibly good reason, I thought, as they're both basically treasonous idiots, but they're actually a relatively minor symptom of an even more serious disease, as when people like Misses Miller appear on television programs to endorse American fascism while interpreting any criticism of her own Nazi-adjacent opinions as a racist attack on her so-called Jewish identity it's unavoidably repulsive to everyone, yet even that egregious imbecility is still an at best minor symptom in the larger scheme of a fundamentally imaginary America—

Episode II: "2026 Syllables in London"

1751:2026 86.4%

—A: 642:712 90.2%

01. 130:149 87.2% The lack of a literary culture which is probably a fault, primarily I'd assume, of our collective, more or less grotesque, American oligarchic class, is without doubt at least partially responsible for this state's seemingly easy descent

into unrepentant fascism, which to be clear indubitably extends beyond this current president, who, while I'm sure he's a nice enough guy, I've overheard from a variety of sources, often shits in his knickers, creating, according to some in his social circle, a peculiar stench surrounding his bodily space?

02. 97:113 85.8% In any case, this bureaucratic rot has been viciously present in the House and Senate, dating back not just to Reagan, but the corrupt Clinton regime that placed personal profit over national security, in all likelihood engaging in state-sanctioned assassinations to cover said nonsense up, to the extent our branches of legislation are now basically little beyond a sad collection of sterile nubs.

03. 175:174 101.0% But anyway, after landing in London we found ourselves on the Piccadilly line to Cockfosters with a clockwork like repetition of the train's final destination—yet, for our part, we'd be staying at the delightfully dreary Earl's Court borough, but as the train proceeded, with each progressive stop squishing me incrementally up against my bulbous luggage in the cramped cabin, I considered the origins of words, for instance the wonderful work of someone like, say, Noam Chomsky (a great friend of Jeff Epstein by the way!), even a lurid word like "cock" could take on so many

meanings, similar to the phrase "tax advice" in the realm of pederasts and their high profile protectors!

04. 173:203 85.2% In fact, I saw a few stray minutes of the aborted Epstein P.R. Steve Bannon interview, skipping stochastically to his explanation of the oh eight financial crisis and I was a bit blown away at how utterly dumb Jeff came off—especially when he attempted to explain Newton and Pythagoras!—and it's not even the Coney Island wise-guy accent either; no, the pure content of his words was indicative of a man who'd spent the vast majority of his adult brain cells on blackmail and lewd sex instead of any sort of intellectual pursuits, Epstein purported to be some magnanimous curio of math, yet his explanation of Pythagoras revolved around the revelation that two triangles, given the right circumstances, can create a square.

05. 67:73 91.8% And I'd imagine even that fat opportunist Bannon'd have to admit Jeff just wasn't quite that bright, that simply because you spout some bullshit about exchange rates and central banks in text chains, in fact, in no way means you own an above average capacity toward critical thinking?

—**B: 1109:1314 84.4%**

01. 141:166 84.9% At the National Gallery in Westminster, after Tree told me we'd visit the Byron

building, I became a little flummoxed—wandering around, wondering what exactly the author of Don Juan'd be doing among all these fucking painters—just to stumble upon original Pontormos, Parmigianinos, Bronzinos, my favorite Mannerist painters—art I'd gazed at as JPEGs on the internet forever, but now witnessed in their original forms, and I reflected back to spending twenty bucks to be granted admission into RISD's museum, whereas, now by contrast, I was seeing a half dozen original Bronzino's for free.

02. 88:98 89.8% On a second go round of the Mannerist rooms an American tour guide posted up in front of Bronzino's Venus pontificating an impromptu talk regarding the Mannerist movement surrounded by a series of I'm sure well-intentioned senior citizens who were then prompted to relay personal and specific interpretations of the quote-unquote "theatrical" painting—

03. 99:119 83.2% The next afternoon after drinking a couple scrumptious pints at Churchill's pub in Kensington we walked to an Iranian restaurant my wife's British aunt recommended, where upon perusing the Persian menu I immediately decided to breach my vegetarian streak and order the lamb shank, number forty four, because it was either that or the vegetable biryani, but at an Iranian spot, which struck me as a bit inane at the time.

- 04. 107:132 81.1%** Under regular circumstances, of course, I'd vigorously consider a vegetable biryani, it'd probably be a bullseye on a menu for me, but sitting at Sadaf with Kat and her faux aunt, I curiously lacked any urge to even utter the two words to the girls as a dish I'd consider, instead I just said I think I need to have that lamb shank, expecting a delicious and expansive hunk of lamb after taking note of the table to the right passing around a voluminous chop.
- 05. 36:47 76.6%** If the lamb chops, I thought, which generally in America are overpriced and paltry, are hearty, then the shank should be massive, and if I'm eating meat I might as well make it fucking count.
- 06. 168:200 84.0%** Yet when the waiter placed a large plate of plain white rice in front of my person minutes later I was ominously perplexed, and when he dropped a side-plate-sized chunk of so-called lamb shank beside the rice I knew I'd made a grave mistake, that this shank, this first foray I'd made into Iranian lamb, that it'd pale in comparison to great lambs of my past, because of the portion, but also the seasoning, which was lacking to the extent of non-existence, that I'd have to at some point text message Farhad to confirm I finally ate Persian lamb and it was precipitously disappointing, no doubt I'd blame the lackluster taste on "being in London," while shrewdly refraining to mention that every other

meal we'd eaten in the city up to that day was fucking delicious.

07. 80:101 79.2% This Persian lamb, in my mind, was only comparable to the so-called lamb shank I'd got at a place I'll refrain from naming on West Fountain Street that tasted like a pair of Air Jordans, when our waiter went on regarding his love of so-called Greek culture, only to serve a shank that was basically a disgrace, but to be fair the lamb was no direct fault of the server, just a sad coincidence.

08. 109:128 85.2% The reality is while the Iranian lamb in London may have been somewhat subpar, I've yet to peruse a so-called left-leaning outlet in London like our Politico State-side talking of what it would take to quote-unquote "put to bed" a case like Epstein's, which struck me as a perfectly callous bit of verbal vomit, to disregard the dozens of underage victims routinely abused by this mysterious billionaire and his cabal of well-connected friends, who include at least two U.S. Presidents.

09. 153:183 83.6% When prosecuting, say, a mafia don circumstantial evidence acts as imperturbable truth in our country, as witnesses who by their personal admission are criminal pieces of shit sign sworn statements that make the reality of the situation crystal clear to all involved and formal trials with possible prison sentences proceed, yet a whole harem of women claiming the world's most prominent

whore-monger Epstein and his Mossad descended "girlfriend" Ghislaine were routinely abusing literal children, these women are instead smeared by allegedly "moderate" American outlets as essentially bigger pieces of shit than the loanshark informants who sign affidavits to put capos in prison.

10. 128:140 91.4% The notion that career criminals who're bequeathed the tangible benefit of suspended prison sentences for State co-operation are somehow more trustworthy witnesses than women who've been abused as children by international sexual terrorists, people with literally nothing to gain but the contempt of public American outlets who're grotesquely derelict in their duty as news organizations—it's nihilistic to the highest degree, a fresh low for a state that used to say black people were sixty percent human.

Episode III: "Oil Paint Stained Mesh Shorts"

—945:1111 85.1%

01. 58:63 92.1% In late Two Thousand Eighteen I was smoking an ice hookah at Pasha wearing oil paint stained black basketball shorts with dress socks and creme brulee Sperry's and felt surprisingly fine about it, which strikes me like an acceptable enough intro to this mode.

02. 135:171 78.9% In a sense, I felt in the moment that all that remained was opinion, this notion that the internet itself was basically our last standing forest, a natural architecture entirely dedicated to the morass of people's little perspectives on things, the informal personal essay basically as the fulcrum of the internet itself, but the essay as part and parcel of a large amalgamation of one expansive Nonsensical Opinion, and this is essentially our final remaining foray into nature and spontaneous architecture—whereas Robert Frost wrote about fucking trees and sticks and stones and shit, but now?—that's all over.

03. 193:225 85.8% Even modern art, I thought, these horrendous Matisse reprints you now see in Millennial doctors' offices, what did they evince but a particular degradation of form, which then expressed itself in unmeasured and anecdotal poetry, which subsequently served as a rosetta stone of the internet's personal essay, which amalgamated into the amorphous Nonsensical Opinion—was it possibly the case the demolition of all art basically took place in a free verse poem about people's capricious feelings, that this falsified subjectivity that had been violently promoted by CIA funded MFA programs as so-called art for decades was now finally realized as a collectivist project that was ipso facto the internet, as an Amalgamated Nonsensical Opinion, which is now our last remaining National Park?

04. 60:78 76.9% Art is functionally nothing if not just another consumer product in a capitalist machine that at bottom prioritizes portable butt wipes—yes, the median American citizen is primarily concerned with wiping their balloon knots with only toilet paper when away from home.

05. 95:113 84.1% Take an artist like Tao Lin, are we to truly believe his novels, which are perfectly indicative of acceptable contemporary literary art, was it ever truly tenable to consider Tao's specific novels as explicitly apolitical (as they often are categorized)—regardless of Lin's more recent tweets about vaccines, was his art itself ever really divorced from political opinion?

06. 194:229 84.7% Well, of course not, not even close!—because Tao's novels are absolutely apex assets to the private equity industry—when Taipei was released K Street lobbyists were absolutely ecstatic that so-called alt lit had now finally reached the mainstream, that this brand of ruthlessly tracking your subjective fleeting thoughts but while taking illicit prescription drugs, which was of course nothing more than the imaginative art of memory itself, as it'd be impossible to recall pure thoughts in that manner, when you were three sheets to the wind, that the notion ostensibly literary millennials had completely eschewed any analysis of the system that fed them infinite xanax, in favor of Larry David adjacent

minutia calculus was nothing but a fucking monumental victory for the financial engineers and derivative salespeople of this country!

07.210:232 90.5% It's possible it was, in fact, when I sat at Pasha smoking an ice shisha in paint stained black basketball shorts and Sperry's that I considered: Tao Lin penned a long form piece of so-called autofiction where he questioned the frequency of his ostensible ex-wife's showering sessions, essentially, leaving the question of her hygiene in a diabolical public literary purgatory, and that, far from being an apolitical act, actually allowed the private equity industry to fundamentally seize control of the market for single family homes, to the extent every major city in this country is now dominated by quote-unquote "developers" who scoop up affordable housing with outrageous cash bids from middle class suckers who are then forced to re-enter a bubbly market to hopelessly bid on said property "flips" or even worse "lease new rental units."

Episode IV: "The State Formed by the Social Contract is the Modern Atheistic State"

—486:607 80.7%

- 01. 162:196 82.7%** Feeling a day-after drag from a mixture of liquor, which I don't endure nearly as often as when Max B was back still serving an ostensible life sentence—I can remember laughing hysterically when Carmine's dad informed us he soiled his pants on Christmas Eve at his mom's, mid conversation with his biological brother, excusing himself on a whim because he'd quote-unquote "just shit his pants", ambling to the lavatory to discard his racing track-laden boxer shorts tossing them into a trash can then continuing his night, later taking a call from me—just to tell him I'd left my mom's a tad late, that I'd fail to make his mom's house, he replying it was winding down anyway, apparently no longer wearing any underwear whatsoever?
- 02. 31:38 81.6%** Carmine's dad's admission of guilt, I considered, was actually an apt allegory for our government's actions over the past half century?
- 03. 109:145 75.2%** In fact, the man might have more honesty in his pinky fingernail than the entire Department of Justice—tracing back to at least to the Sixties, with Lyndon B's mock investigation into JFK's cranium being blown into bits in the middle of Dallas, because the United States has for decades been

tossing its shitty underpants into the collective metaphorical trash baskets of the taxpayer, but it can't seem to ever admit to shitting itself, instead contorting history into absurd proportions to deny what's obvious to everyone.

04. 74:86 86.0% For my part, on a Monday evening on Mineral Spring, I prepared a little fart after peeing only to spew fecal fluid like a lawn sprinkler, which isn't really that difficult to admit!—to engage in a mere modicum of honesty regarding past actions (I too tossed my drawers into a trash receptacle afterwards!)

05. 110:141 78.0% But the State Department and CIA, despite any remotely educated member of the populace easily identifying, plus enduring the whiffs of their bullshit underwear occupying our bathroom trash baskets for decades, seems to have some psychological inability with the simple admittance of its own grotesque movements, instead paying off prominent media outlets and so-called public intellectuals to muddy the waters of their own soiled undies, enacting instead a perpetual motion machine of shitting its pants!

Episode V: "We're All In This Together Really"

—610:729 83.7%

"Although I sometimes get disturbed and begin to think that there is nothing without an idea!" — Socrates circa 450 BC

01. 96:106 90.6% When Socrates inquired Does Dirt have an Idea, admitting he'd ran fast from the possibility, fearing his falling into that well enough known bottomless pit of nonsense, Parmenides wisely replied there would arrive a time when philosophy would grab a firmer grasp on the young man, when he'd "no longer despise even the meanest of things" being as is too much inclined to consider the opinions of men.

02. 118:151 78.1% It's the fault of the scholars overall, with the exclusion of perhaps Proclus and Bruno, to gloss over this reply, where the grandfather of the monad essentially admits to the materialist basis of emanation, that ultimately for oneness to retain any logic whatsoever the divine principles need to exist in the same plane as the sensory nonsense, that opinion must remain in a sense concurrent with the pure, that yourself, for instance, with all your faults are the infinite sole mirror in which The One witnesses Their Names, to reference the Bezels of Wisdom.

03. 60:66 90.9% Take for instance someone like Scott Bessent who's basically a piece of Dirt, or Matt Walsh,

who'd probably tweet he'd let Les Wexner molest his own kids if it'd gain him a little additional clout for a day's news cycle, do they indeed emanate from Ideas?

04. 89:113 78.8% The reality is the Spinoza substrate, even if emanated, must be material, so even bozos like Bessent and Matt have some element of Ideas behind them, even if I, as an impending dad, disagree with Walsh about actually opposing the systematic raping of children, that doesn't mean I, ipso facto, oppose his essence as part of a materialistic substrate that encompasses all Being.

05. 120:142 84.5% In any case, on a related note, I've previously considered myself a supporting patron of art museums, even attending the Tate and National Gallery in London just recently, but there's another parcel within me that's begun to believe we might need to burn all of the art museums down to the ground, that all the great art patrons must be exiled from aesthetics in one explosive motion, a single sweeping swing, that the entire enterprise of showcasing a person's paintings in these buffoonish galleries is reprehensible?

06. 128:151 84.5% I for one never really got off with the rich and wealthy art collector class or even the aristocratic douchebag sector, probably in part because in my younger years I was prone to anarchic trends and liable to become ruthlessly inebriated with anyone who held similar disregard for any and

all institutions, in a way I was maybe born with some inherent lack of respect for people like Peggy Guggenheim and Gertrude Stein, which in retrospect probably hasn't exactly assisted in the literary dissemination of my work.

Episode VI: "Untitled"

—452:514 87.9%

01. 118:144 81.9% It's been a couple months since I quit drinking Mezcal on the rocks after feeling for a few years that Mezcal was the best liquor to drink, to some extent "better" for your health than Vodka or Scotch and while I've for the most part appreciated as a whole not drinking Mezcal on ice I just today started to contemplate some of the shit I'd written at the apex of my Mezcal consumption, sipping mini water bottles along the streets around my flat popping in this bar or that and jotting down syllables into a purple notepad basically by myself.

02. 155:176 88.1% You can strip yourself of a fictional subjective perspective but I'm not entirely convinced that it'll land you any closer to a true interpretation of reality, which is perhaps why at the beginning of this year I decided to start a series of quote-unquote Modes that would act as an official autobiography that was also obviously false, not in the sense of shit autofiction, but instead in being constricted by a

metrical structure—for example, my wife was abutting upset when we went to Fred on Broadway this past Friday because allegedly I was apparently glancing at another asscrack that occupied some other seat in the spot?

03. 76:80 95.0% Now, it's possible a couple posteriors frankly could have fit this ostensible bill, but I also didn't feel like I was staring at any singular ass indiscriminately either, unless my wife was observing me without ceasing, making detailed note of any passing glance I may have made at Fred?

04. 103:114 90.4% Yet it's obviously impossible to accurately convey this so-called subjective experience via memory alone, never mind when constricted to a specific metrical construct—not only do I consider the idea of me staring at shitshooters at Fred to be fictional, but I also consider my attempt to relay the possibility of me glancing at asses at the spot to be equally untrue.

Episode VII: "Untitled"

—553:660 83.8%

01. 133:152 87.5% I suppose it's probably accurate to say that to some degree I have a bit of a beef with the so-called Beats who were really, functionally speaking at least, faux revolutionaries, mock reformers of the highest order, or at least, in any case, a loosely knit

collection of writers who basically became shamelessly State adjacent in their confessional ametrical texts that like clockwork never addressed economic root causes, in my mind at least, with the exception I'd say of Kerouac who at least drank himself to death before he could become an adjunct professor.

02. 114:146 78.1% But at the same time I was also sitting at La Braza having just imbibed a couple Michelobs, which to be fair aren't exactly revolutionary in nature, and I'd moved my seat back just slightly when I witnessed a couple waitresses place a plate of what appeared to be shared apps on the table in front of me, because I didn't want to find myself uncomfortably close to these employees and their de facto break table, yet I also couldn't help but take note of a cursive shaped morsel on the plate I was almost positive was an octopus tentacle.

03. 68:83 81.9% Son of a cunt, I fucking love octopus, I considered while also recalling my vegetarianism, my previous pescatarianism, my occasional flexitarianism, my general aversion to consuming corpses combined with my occasional cravings for a lamb shank but also octopus.

04. 101:115 87.8% Octopus is like basically the best seafood on the market when it's cooked correctly, I considered, but I was also, I recognized, sitting in a Dominican hookah bar, which struck me as slightly

curious, to stumble upon a piece of octopus cooked by Dominicans, at a hookah bar?—while I was actually waiting for Cormier to arrive to, in fact, smoke a hookah—could Dominicans really cook delicious octopus?

05. 137:164 83.5% I was a little dubious, as I'd indulged in Italian octopus previously at Maria Cucina and actually deemed it pretty subpar, really only the Greeks and Portuguese had the ability to properly cook plus season octopus, I guess I'd rather ruthlessly assumed that all other nations were basically octopus deficient simply based, perhaps, on this single instance of Cucina, where I'd seen a long lost second cousin, where the food was spotty overall, where mafia capos were celebrated with photo memorials, where the octopus was essentially trash to me.

Episode VIII: "Untitled"

—542:602 90.0%

01. 181:211 85.4% Listening to heavy metal but screwed and chopped I reflected on taking my friend Farhad, who came to town from Chicago for the first time ever this past November, to a place called The Avery, where the bartender, who alleged she remembered me following a few rounds of drinks despite the fact I had no recollection of meeting her ever, yet I respected her depth of knowledge when it

came to Mezcal—she gave me a particular brand she said contained animal fat, which intrigued me enough to break my vegan streak, figuring distilled animal fat perhaps didn't count, and after a few rounds she poured us both a shot of Malort which Farhad, being a Midwest resident, acutely refused to shoot down, I, however, having heard horror stories decided to indulge and considered the liquor endearing—it wasn't bad at all!

02. 109:118 92.4% Being outside sans smartphone, what a feeling!—even if it's brick and you have a bad case of sciatica your wife may have passed onto you and the trash is filled with rats the size of small donkeys you could saddle and ride downtown like Lyft's for free on frigid days like these, when you carry three bags of shit you no longer need, yet I digress (William Williams denouncing usury was unexpected but I usually keep an open ear for Fed polemics) but back to the bar—

03. 66:69 95.7% One hundred fourteen bucks struck me like a lot as a tab until I considered the amount we both imbibed of allegedly top shelf liquor, it was possible, I supposed, that animal fat Mezcal was marked up more vociferously than the typical vegan options.

04. 89:89 100.0% In any case since Tree was probably about done doing her makeup we wandered back to the flat to scoop her up plus discuss dinner options,

of course filling up a couple coffee cups of Japanese whiskey as we considered all audibles, just like old times, almost twenty years ago or so when we'd get shitfaced with Mexican cooks after shift's end.

05. 97:114 85.1% But we were aged now, more mature, I no longer fornicated beside the linoleum sidings of immigrant cooks' colonial homes, sure perhaps I liked a couple glasses of Mezcal when my friend was visiting the city I currently occupied, but that was actually quite grown up I considered as we walked to Ogie's which was the last time I entered that establishment for reasons I probably don't need to divulge right now.

(04) YOU CAN'T ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY BURN A PDF

Quadratic Mode: > 75%

5,364:6,189 86.7%

Episode IX: "Lighting Fire To Every PDF I've Ever Exported"

1164:1381 84.3%

- 01. 165:205 80.5%** After smoking hookah with Cormier last week and actually going through two of them, which was, that night and even now, frankly shocking, as Cormier was never a guy remotely intrigued by shisha, yet at Braza he actually, in fact, goaded me of all people into doing two hookahs, which I was of course accommodating to, because the hookah at Braza is, on balance, sufficient to smoke more than one of for sure, yet following the conclusion of the gathering I came across a notion back at my flat to compose a polemic addressing my newly found desire to light fire to every PDF I'd ever exported, to excoriate myself, as well as American Modernism, for kowtowing to degrading so-called avant garde instincts for the greater part of a century
- 02. 133:151 88.1%** The reality was, as I saw it, at least that poetry in particular had become radically

convoluted with regard to its "authorial intent," yet needlessly simplified in terms of "metrical structure," but also at this juncture was there really much to be gained by desecrating American Letters, which increasingly seems to be pilloried even by American poets themselves, who tend to compose quote-unquote successful collections only to turn around and disavow Capital P Poetry and dedicate themselves to penning novels instead

03. 101:127 79.5% I, for one, remain basically unoffended by this trend as even the most monastic writer still, on some level, yearns to be perused by some version of consumer that's to be clear an individual not actively involved in the creating or editing of the art itself, and that seems essentially impossible in America today, so it makes perfect sense for poets themselves to disparage poetry and instead dedicate their skills to creating novels by contrast

04. 149:185 80.5% But at the same time to compose an essay seems equally trite to me, primarily because the amorphous nature of prose always struck me as just a little appalling, and while a potential counterpoint to that feeling could be to suggest creating a poem I'd say, like I did in my hypothetical essay, that Poetry is equally unenthusiastic about the implementation of metrical form, that while prose is indubitably defined by language lacking metrical structure, poetry in our

era is and has been defined by being language also lacking in metrical qualities, that there's no poet taken seriously today who writes rhymes in any way whether slant or strict

05. 186:218 85.3% Poetry, in my mind, had become "radically convoluted" with regard to its "authorial intent" yet "needlessly simplified" when it came to "metrical structure," which actually makes perfect sense as a line break alone can't define a category of literature, and if poetry chose to identify itself as "language lacking metrical structure," then it essentially withheld from itself the singular quality that differentiated it from prose, the quality allowing Pope to write an Essay on Man and have it recognized as a clear-cut poem, sans that mathematical structure Poetry'd be rhetorically forced to adopt a subsequent quality to successfully disassociate itself from prose, which perhaps as I postulated was a "radical abstraction" of its "authorial intent"

06. 102:121 84.3% We see this in Ashbery, who's maybe the most definitive poet of the past half century, that John has, sure, a certain brilliant style evident in his language, but this elevation is probably more adjacent to prose stylists than the historical poets, yet it encapsulates this complete convolution of subjective intent, his line breaks are only incidental, the text of Ashbery is defined purely by its albeit genius contempt for clarity

07. 86:100 86.0% Sans that lack Ashbery would have to qualify as a so-called prose stylist, a short story writer essentially, if his subjective intent was in any way shape or form within grasp of the person perusing, his style would shift essentially, it's Ashbery's abstraction, his radical and unceasing Jihad toward comprehensibility that's the definitive aspect of his output

08. 242:274 88.3% Whitman of course started this style, and I consider him basically a charlatan because of it, I, in fact, believe Walt Whitman acted as the de facto tech bro douche lord of American literature, Dickinson is a patron saint while Walt Whitman makes the dubious claim to revolutionize and "liberate" writers in the same way Sam Altman claims A.I. will unshackle the American worker, but this movement didn't become institutionally dominant until Ginsberg and his cohorts came onto the scene post-Williams, more or less concurrent with the Manhattan School of Ashbery, and decided that Whitman was the godfather of American poetry, that rhyming was for tyrants, that any writer measuring lines was basically a fascist, despite Ezra Pound, who was in fact a literal fascist, acting as in many ways the connective tissue merging Walt with the Beat and N.Y. writers, Whitman becoming a corpse when Ezra was just seven, but Pound's free verse to be fair was much

more steeped in Formalism than the language that would follow it

Episode X: "Sam Altman Is In Fact A Blithering Idiot"

220:257 85.6%

- 01. 81:99 81.8%** Sam Altman and his comrades have gleefully lit fire to beyond billions of taxpayer dollars to create so-called artificially intelligent entities who seem equally bitter depressed and generally corrupt as the median human being, which probably shouldn't be super surprising given the language models were trained on essentially extended subreddit transcripts
- 02. 104:118 88.1%** What the fuck was the point exactly of sapping legions of towns electricity to create entities who're basically aping human behavior just trapped inside a computer screen for eternity, it's certainly a valid question that dickholes like Sam Altman, who actually attempt to convince people of having philanthropic intentions while pissing on more taxpayer cash than the Second Bush Administration, never adequately answer
- 03. 35:40 87.5%** These people are actually despicable, I considered as I contemplated tossing everything I'd ever written into a recycle bin

Episode XI: "On the Dual Aspect of Subjective Experience"

630:723 87.1%

01. 159:167 95.2% There's this dual aspect to subjective experience, I considered as I sat complacent with Ray at La Braza smoking a mint hookah moments before the baseball game between the United States and Dominican Republic began, where I'd allege support for the Dominican, not just to fecklessly curry favor with the supple waitress but more so because I legitimately felt like America warranted more acute scrutiny placed upon its actions, that the domestic media in our country was, if anything, completely and shamefully lacking in any critical questioning of our increasingly despotic state

02. 140:171 81.9% Yet, at the same time, I considered while taking a mild puff from the mint hookah right as a sixty plus Dominican woman pushed her advanced in age bubble butt past me to sit back down in the indivisible booth, that my subjectivity in the physical world was encapsulated, to some material extent, by mathematical laws that prohibited me from, for example, jumping ten feet into the air, or walking through a wall, or being able to see through a person's clothing with x-ray vision like Superman, that all of these fundamentally mathematical

restraints ruthlessly shaped my subjective experience as a so-called human being

03. 150:179 83.8% Which is why, I contemplated as I confirmed with our waitress, that maybe I'd take a subsequent Michelob whenever she had a chance, no rush, as Ray and I continued our conversation regarding the complete lack of merit in the modern NBA while waiting for this baseball game to begin, which was why I felt like to aesthetically communicate any sort of subjectivity successfully the artist must necessarily adhere to a subsequent mathematical model, that simply dispersing recollections of smoking hookah with Ray at La Braza waiting for baseball matches to begin where you'd root for a foreign country much like Mike Huckabee was inappropriate

04. 181:206 87.9% Basically, there's a mathematical box that contains the world we continually perceive to varying degrees, that someone like Pythagoras who the child rapist and close friend of various Presidents Jeff Epstein accurately noted "knew a lot about triangles," that that mathematical box the god Pythagoras so acutely comprehended must be effectively recreated aesthetically to appropriately communicate subjective experience, I considered, realizing Ray and I would in no way be able to stay at this bar until the baseball game began, that we were pushing it as is, that sure we could possibly do a quick

shot of Don Julio blanco, but staying for the baseball game was entirely out of the question with our wives waiting for us at my flat

Episode XII: "The Postmodern Despotic Regime"

779:843 92.4%

01. 125:137 91.2% Sitting at Anthony's at exactly two fifty five P.M. after asking the blonde bartender for a Scotch High Ball in the Japanese style, which she admitted to being new to but seemed intrigued about, I set out to ignore the fifty plus gentleman sitting next to me, who was just finishing his lunch while exercising some rapport with this worker behind the bar, and scribble in pen my collective thoughts on the postmodern despotic structure that encapsulated, I'd opine at least, all of the Trump, BiBi, and Ashbery regimes

02. 190:191 99.5% It seemed to me, sitting at Anthony's, that any postmodern despotic regime, first of all by default, claimed the Transcendent was an active element, that rather than the Hellenic perspective, which sought to investigate potentially Transcendental objects via logical and dialectical inquiry, the postmodern despot, by contrast, believes said Transcendence actively selects subpopulations or texts, that these subsequent Chosen Ones are then a priori morally superior to the unselected masses,

yet at the same time these selected texts are often, as a feature not a bug, fundamentally inscrutable yet also paradoxically, ceaselessly persecuted by equally open-ended foes

03. 93:99 93.9% The Divine Harold Bloom, I considered, taking my initial sip of scotch and seltzer, came magnanimously down like Moses to inform the Anglo literati that Ashbery's perhaps baffling poetry was the only corpus that could truly stand the test of time, establishing in turn a postmodernist despotic literary regime not unlike MAGA Zionism (as we'll see)

04. 269:302 89.1% But this is only a select element of this despotism, it just so happens that textual inscrutability and active transcendence act as perfect pairs because combined they allow the alleged sacred text and/or chosen people to construct, what I called at Anthony's, an Open Ended Discriminatory Apparatus, transforming any potential foe of the Chosen, any heathen with the audacity question the a priori superiority of the Transcendentally Selected into an idiot who de facto falls into one of two camps, either an opponent of the regime too dim to "comprehend" the true inscrutability of the text or despot (the Selected Text will not be asked to pass a public audit), or the heathen will be deemed an opponent even less redeemable, a person nefariously opposing the obvious progress and moral superiority of the despot, for example if you question the moral

merits of the Ashbery Abstractions anointed from above by Saint Bloom, then you must of course yearn for some reactionary Euro-Centric pagan past of Satires Elegies and Epics

- 05. 102:114 89.5%** Any movement opposing the Morally Superior Inscrutable Text Despot ipso facto becomes one with the Open Ended Discriminatory Apparatus, I considered, gazing blank faced at the college basketball game, attempting to tune out the chatter occurring to my right regarding a tired waitress who allegedly stayed up until Four AM quote-unquote "cleaning," who I figured, in my mind, had to be blowing lines all night?

Episode XIII: "The Cosmological Significance of Hair Follicles"

453:523 86.6%

- 01. 84:92 91.3%** Glancing at some random dude's scalp for no apparent reason while waiting for a so-called Irish dancing troop to do some iteration of native tap dancing at a brewery a few days prior to Saint Patrick's, I considered the cosmological shape of the median hairline gazing at the spiraled design of the follicles on this anonymous scalp
- 02. 161:190 84.7%** I suppose I just had nothing remotely productive to do as I stood cordoned off in an awkward corner, so the dancers who I initially

interpreted to be random high school co-eds inexplicably at a watering hole, which would have perhaps seemed a tad odd and out of place except that the contemporary brewery now markets itself as a location where literally anything can be placed into motion in tandem with drinking high ABV beers, I was actually sipping an eight percent Double IPA at the time, but at a brewery you could nurse a newborn child or witness your canine give birth to a gaggle of beautiful puppies while pounding those types of pints down and it was still considered totally above board

03. 65:76 85.5% There was nothing you couldn't pair with drinking pints of high octane lager at a brewery nowadays, so witnessing a few dressed up high school co-eds didn't strike me as odd at all, but in fact they were just Irish tap dancers for the Saint Patrick's Day holiday apparently of various age ranges

04. 73:82 89.0% Ultimately nobody can tell if a person's actually proficient at tap dancing, in our era there exists no central authority to disperse accurate assessments vis-a-vis tap dancing, no one knows what the fuck is worthy of praise and what we should rightfully scorn in the realm of the tap dance at this point

05. 70:83 84.3% I'd been experiencing a persistent, impalpable anxiety that week with regard to which outfits I wanted to equip Eve with in Stellar Blade, as I approached the conclusion of the Action R.P.G.,

because I had amassed such a plethora of skins it was surprisingly difficult parse through my favorites

Episode XIV: "No. Prov. Tire & Body"

220:261 84.3%

- 01. 55:61 90.2%** I told Tina I'd drop her off no problem at North Providence Tire on Mineral Spring before I went to work because she'd needed all four tires replaced on her Accord, apparently according to Sal they were all rotted to the fucking core
- 02. 91:111 82.0%** I took the backroads to backtrack to the interstate just like times past, passing by the little stream with the baby ducks I used to feed bread, back when the world was shut down, when nobody went to work and things frankly were actually kind of quaint (those ducks I'd assume are now all dead?), living above an aquarium center some people believed distributed cocaine in larger quantities (which I never personally had a problem with!)
- 03. 74:89 83.1%** Halfway to work I started to believe, despite being on the correct road, I somehow had no clue where I was, the specific exits no longer looked like the right off-ramps, I questioned the federal state I drove through for a solid five minutes, I was a little distressed that I'd become somehow lost, despite feeling like I knew exactly where I was

Episode XV: "Feeling Thoroughly Bamboozled"

732:835 87.7%

01. 91:94 96.8% As soon as we walked into Trinity Brew House I knew I'd made a mistake agreeing with Tree that this was the place she could quote-unquote "treat me" to a so-called "Sunday Funday," because we'd spent a solid fifteen minutes trying to find a parking spot, despite living within walking distance, only to discover this alleged Brewery was basically empty

02. 109:120 90.8% The vibe was insufficient to me upon entry, the new tables were a little too nice for an alleged pub, and I didn't like the draft selection despite offering Captain's Daughter, which was for sure a fine beer but at eight and a half ABV it was a recipe for being shellacked by late afternoon, but I said to myself fine I'll whack back a couple of these while Tree can eat her special "bar snacks," no problem, then we'd grab some pizza which would of course make everything okay

03. 87:105 82.9% With all that said, I asked my wife why we sat at a table for four all the way in the back corner of this ramshackled newly renovated saloon, now I knew her sister might meet up, but I'd have rather sat right at the bar in a straight line formation, if I was being honest, to which Tree noted Sherri plus

Curtis were now apparently both attending, so I immediately asked, Well are they eating?

04. 127:148 85.8% The operational intent of this outing had been altered apparently dramatically without my knowledge, I'd of course remained under the impression we'd indulge in a couple so-called "bar snacks" at this hellhole then go grab a pizza after for our proper meal, but if both Curtis plus Sherri were planning on meeting up, and they were possibly ordering entrees, Well, my wife said, You don't need to eat, just have an app, to which I replied I can't just chug fucking double IPAs while sitting at a table for four with three people ordering entrees, that's totally untenable

05. 109:128 85.2% I'd been bamboozled out of a Sunday Funday that was supposed to be all about me, treating a worthy husband to a couple special drinks and a modest pizza pie, yet now I found myself essentially duped into a formal dinner at damn near four o'clock in the afternoon, the spot's quinoa bowl was actually sadly quite delicious, but nevertheless, post bowl, I obviously didn't have any room remaining for pizza, which was what I'd had my heart set upon so fiercely!

06. 104:129 80.6% Now, I've never judged the way a man makes his money, if that's something you're maybe assuming vis-a-vis my close pal Curtis, who, sure, full disclosure, has spent the past decade making his bones, no pun intended, as a high profile

bisexual porno actor, you might be asking if it bothers me this kid could be coming to meet my wife, sister in law, and I for a drink (and apparently dinner!) following some fuckfest that could have included any organ from run-of-the-mill bussy to outright cis-cock?

- 07. 105:111 94.6%** But, no, that's never bothered me in the least, as I don't need people beside me who think and act exactly like I do, but also, to be fair, my ancestors in Greece, I've historically said, technically invented homosexuality, that sans the Hellenic Era there'd really be probably no anal sex to speak of in America, so in that sense I almost looked at Curtis as a long-lost second cousin of sorts

Episode XVI: "Alarming Literacy Rates"

283:331 85.5%

- 01. 95:116 81.9%** The fact of the matter, Curtis said to me, and I trusted his opinion immensely, obviously, was that the American public was rapidly increasing its literacy rates, and the idea of creating video content was only going to be tenable for oh so long, that citizens really yearned to peruse printed words, not just watch some asshole pontificate with a digital camera shoved in front of his fucking face
- 02. 58:60 96.7%** Pretty soon, Curt said, if Trump actually succeeds, everybody in this fucking country will be able to read words on pieces of paper and

guess what all of them are gonna wanna patronize, people who write things linguistically and shit

03. 51:61 83.6% Christ, I replied, this is more dire than I initially calculated, knowing full well that writing words wasn't quite my forte, that I was more of a free jazz shit-talker when the idea hit me like a bag of dildos on Curtis's average set

04. 79:94 84.0% You know what, Curt said, cutting me off, what if I transcribed your live-streams into little chapters or episodes, and then those streams could comprise texts, and you could release them to these sorts of highly literate people in the public to, you know, like, fucking read and shit, I'm actually pretty daft at transcribing stuff, so I could do it on days when I don't have any porno shoots

Episode XVII: "A Crucial Pivot Point"

115:128 89.8%

01. 62:69 89.9% I knew Curtis was adroit at not only maintaining an impressive erection in all types of sexual scenarios, but also writing down the sentences people speak aloud in public amongst friends and transforming those guttural utterances into actual text

02. 53:59 89.8% Was this what I needed to keep my budding livestream business alive and well, well into the near future for the economic sake of my son, of

course printed speech for people to read, that was actually what these scumbags wanted??

Episode XVIII: "Gay Porn Pinterest"

340:397 85.6%

- 01. 106:121 87.6%** I recall vividly the day Curt curiously displayed a bunch of gay porn polluting his Pinterest account, a bit befuddled by all the male penis being promoted vociferously, and I hesitantly informed him of my understanding of The Conceptual Algorithm, how if you perused, say, a wad of homosexual leaning pornography, then the omnipotent Calculation would place similar images onto your subsequent apps and devices
- 02. 151:183 82.5%** He seemed very intrigued as he admitted to me he'd been doing a bit of "research" for a promising new job he just got, as apparently a paid porno actor, according to Curtis it'd be primarily in a more avant-garde genre, allegedly known by insiders as bi-phoria, like banging guys and shit, and I said, listen man, first of fucking all my ancestors basically invented the whole homo thing, so consider this a prejudice free zone, it doesn't offend me in the least if you need to suck cock for cold hard cash, capitalism at bottom is, after all, fundamentally a structure of formalized prostitution, regardless of the sexual orientations participating

03. 83:93 89.2% Curt celebrated my open minded approach, admitting he was a little ambivalent about the whole arrangement, saying maybe within a couple months he could work his way into the more straight adjacent trans girl scene, and I said that seemed great, that his inkling already evinced a sort of upward mobility rarely found in the contemporary work force

Episode XIX: "An Incredible Idea"

459:517 88.8%

01. 116:136 85.3% So anyway, I said to a former so-called quote-unquote female romantic interest (quick disclosure, if my wife is listening to this, babe, just F.Y.I. this was like ten plus years in the past with some tawdry whore who, for the record, wasn't even remotely cute), I said I supported his bisexual excursions because historically speaking my ancestors were into engaging in sex with men like three millennia ago, and he totally bought into the perspective, now he's on standby on set filming literal gay porn!

02. 40:46 87.0% The girl who just heard her name summoning her presence to side stage, after Stacy's last song was completed, said, You're like literally so mean!—so he's become a gay guy basically?

- 03. 86:94 91.5%** I told the tawdry hooker, who I was in absolutely no way pursuing romantically, I wasn't exactly certain if that was how sexual preference actually functioned, but I supposed she could still be correct about Curtis, as she delicately picked the black thong out of her under siege by cheeks asscrack, clearly only half listening to my retort
- 04. 89:102 87.3%** It was that afternoon, right after I finished my seventh piss beer or so and scooted off in my pristine two thousand thirteen cum-white Buick Verano, that the notion bombarded me like a thunderbolt straight out of the asscrack of Zeus, Nikolaos Enrique, you need to livestream these ideas to the masses on all these national security apparatus back channeled so-called social platforms
- 05. 128:139 92.1%** That rather than work an honest job for an hourly wage as, say, some schmuck stocking European sneakers at Puma with various ex-cons and autistic adults on a graveyard shift that killed your creative ambition, you could instead talk shit on the internet about all sorts of topics and maybe select people would pay you, or even better advertisers'd supply you with prewritten scripts to read for monetary compensation, and as long as fresh rounds of complete rubes smashed that like and subscribe your life'd become immeasurably improved!

Episode XX: "Smart Bidet Infomercial"

(n/a)

This episode of Opposing Homeostasis with N. Enrique Iglesias is brought to you by Smart Bidet! Are you sick and tired of wiping your butt by yourself? Maybe you feel like you've been eternally hunched over a toilet bowl in an awkward position for hours on end? On a monthly basis just wiping away with these limitless streaks of brown like you play for a football team in Cleveland? And now your literal job is suffering because of it! And that business you've been meaning to get off the ground and onto Shark Tank to pitch at \$200K for 6% equity is quickly fading into an infinite abyss, solely because you're constantly forced to clean your fucking asscrack after moving a couple of these damn bowels! Well, what if I told you Sam Altman's finally designed a special form of artificial intelligence (with minor assistance from his latest round of \$180,000,000,000 in venture funding) that directly addresses this problem finally, once and for all?! That the true end-goal of the A.G.I. movement was really never to subjugate humanity to some omnipotent superintelligence, or even to put every white collar worker out of a job in the span of six months, causing an irreversible global economic collapse! That what Sam and his friends have actually been after all this time is basically what they call a "Smart Bidet," a better way to wipe your ass! Smart Bidet has been trained on over a million rectums to date, so it's equipped to thoroughly clean a variety of anal cavities of all shapes and sizes. But not only that! It can also converse with you as it cleans your

posterior, so you don't get lonely, post-defecation. But it doesn't end there either! Because Smart Bidet Plus (++) is also equipped with the cutting edge of holographic technology, which gives you the optionality to virtually construct an Instant Waifu of your choosing to virtually assist in the cleaning! Let's face it fellas: our butts could be a lot cleaner on a day-to-day basis. Simply because wiping to completion will inevitably hamper the entrepreneurial vigor and vision you need to succeed on the level of the median venture fund's ROI targets. But being a financially successful American and keeping your booty brand new now are no longer mutually exclusive! For 10% off your first order of Sam Altman's Smart Bidet just enter "Enrique Iglesias" at checkout! And now back to Opposing Homeostasis with N. Enrique Iglesias.

Episode XXI: "Parting Thoughts"

428:511 83.8%

01. 55:70 78.6% It still struck me as essentially unbelievable that people were somehow beginning to yearn for reading words in our era, that monumentally we'd fumbled this livestream bonanza collectively, and people now were brainlessly returning to rote literacy

02. 125:151 82.8% I think it was maybe Solon who relayed that human culture'd only continue to deteriorate as the written word expanded in

influence, that people just speaking aloud to one another with no recourse to tablets and papyrus was the most preferable scenario for our species, and who could really disagree because the golden era of the livestream was a truly Enlightened one, where oral philosophers like Joe Rogan and Sam Harris and (I'd like to believe) even myself were able to engage the masses and disseminate our gospels

03. 78:83 94.0% Intellectual titans like my friend Ben Shapiro used to roam the internet, proudly defending the indubitably justified killings of terrorist infants in Gaza, yet now it's almost like if you wanted to truly defend a mass murder of children you'd be better off penning a well sourced essay or something

04. 74:92 80.4% I actually spoke to Ben just a couple days ago and congratulated him on his most recent round of eyebrow fillers, but also said straight out—Ben with time you too could teach yourself how to read and write, and if you keep at it you may be able to break into this whole literacy business while there's still an early adopter's arbitrage available

05. 96:115 83.5% But the reality is these are typical trials and tribulations of creating a YouTube channel, issues inevitably mitigated by the magnanimous profit share of Alphabet, Alphabet!—it's like every damn place I turn I'm reminded of letters and words and reading and literacy, spitting in the face of

livestreaming, it's grotesque really but to close with a quote from a truly philosophical mind let me say this:

“[The Pythagorean Theorem], which basically says these shapes in a triangle, each side of the triangle has a fixed relationship with the other two sides. That's strange. [Pythagoras] knew, again, but it was all numbers.”

Jeffrey Edward Epstein, 2019

Fin.

PART III
ALIEN HYBRID
PORNO PROGRAMS

(05) NOW OUT THRU THE RECTUM GATES!

Pentadic Mode: > 80.0%

2,894:3,281 88.20%

Episode I: 1002:1140 87.89%

01. 164:174 94.25% To be fair, I was about half in the bag off a complimentary Italian Pilsner a dude from There There distributed to the entire bar right when America won its second straight World Cup contest when I made note of the receptionist at East Side Pocket on speakerphone reciting three distinct options of ten, fifteen, or zero percent tip on this three hundred plus dollar catered platter for my impending Baby Shower, which caused Tree to pause momentarily, phone in her palm, mouthing "ten?" to me in an air-interrogative nonverbal, then confirming "um ten percent please" after I ambivalently nodded my skull, to which the receptionist boldly replied "that's fine."

02. 55:64 85.94% "That's fine?" I reflected with a certain burning urgency, perhaps in fact half in the bag, because was it actually just "fine," that I left a ten percent, objectively generous tip for a bespoke platter I was required to pick up in person?

03. 78:83 93.98% What service precisely was it I was tipping for anyway, and over the phone of all places, not even at the dreaded iPad flip at the cashier counter, given that there was no delivery offered, to my domicile or table, for a plethora of items the damn place priced in a seemingly static fashion online?

04. 104:119 87.39% I'd found myself fascinated with the final five or so years of Layne Staley's life of late, but purely through the purview of his personal Wikipedia, which suggested he apparently spent entirely isolated in a fifteen hundred square foot condo in Seattle, following the death by drug overdose of a former fiancée, only making a public appearance on Halloween of Ninety Eight, declining to sing on stage with Jerry Cantrell

05. 89:96 92.71% The fuckin guy was basically entirely decomposed by the time his family discovered him dead in his apartment probably from an eightball overdose, and I considered friends of mine who of course weren't quite six feet at eighty six pounds like Layne, but who I could fairly easily envision ending up decomposed and dead long before their natural expiration

06. 53:63 84.13% I was preparing a big ass bowl of brown rice and spinach with high quality olive oil as my cell rang at a decibel I wasn't exactly satiated by—of course it was Curtis calling to discuss what else but his adult film endeavors

- 07. 81:94 86.17%** Niko, you'll probably never believe me in a millennia of decades, he began, but I got a phone call from a federal agent just yesterday, not even to bust my fucking balls about my most recent cumshot compilation, where, sure, maybe half the scenes got shot in public parks, but instead the guy starts blabbing about being a black budget deep state contractor
- 08. 40:48 83.33%** (Of course I was slightly dubious, not that Curtis was speaking to a person who claimed to be a deep state agent, but that the guy was in any way, shape or form was who he fucking said he was)
- 09. 95:117 81.20%** Now allegedly, Curt continued, and you could already be aware of all this, I, for one, wasn't, but I'm gleaned that there's some sort of long standing alien hybrid program that's been operating for decades within the American deep state?—but now the organization's looking to scale up, and they basically require a much more expansive cum dispensary, but, like this guy said, who's really all that pumped about potentially porking an alien?
- 10. 113:132 85.61%** Sure, Curt said, some of these E.T.'s can be pretty comely, but a lot of them apparently look like pond reptiles with special needs, so the Feds want cock that'll actually function under said sort of adverse conditions—so, now that I'm thinking about it, it's actually totally reasonable to recruit to a guy like me, given my expertise in literal pansexual porn,

in a weird way, Niko, I'm the fucking Godfather of pansexuality for our generation, of blasting in every orifice with aplomb!

11. 130:150 86.67% I replied that, if this purported offer was in fact sincere, which I obviously doubted severely, then I felt fairly confident he was getting ruthlessly played, either by a legitimate scammer, or an intelligence agent, who're really lower than con artists, but it could potentially be a boon for him financially if by some act of Christ it was actually accurate, especially as the N.B.A. Finals wound down, with my speculative portfolio of pro sport swaps unfortunately dissipating, he needed venture capital now more than ever

Episode II: 461:517 89.17%

01. 137:144 95.14% I'd probably eaten about forty falafels over the past day when I made the decision I couldn't, no matter how much I desperately wanted to, consume another falafel under any circumstances, despite the fact I found these particular fried chickpeas highly delicious, so I took six pieces of what remained and placed them on a paper plate, leaving them strategically in a so-called bistro where I knew for a fact a variety of middle-aged Caucasian females would walk by, often looking for morsels of free food to consume.

- 02. 88:107 82.24%** From the vantage point of my office, where I composed the vast majority of my livestreams in my favored WeWork communal space, I could monitor the reactions of said passers-by, as they took note of the exposed food items, stopped in their tracks, paused in confusion, and whispered a plethora of non sequiturs to themselves as they ambled on, unwilling to shove a single falafel with hummus into their gullets
- 03. 49:59 83.05%** The Feds, according to Curtis, made a violent raid of his fuckfest set the night previous, with a man in a long black trenchcoat accusing him of treasonous sex acts, which Curt took to mean: considering fornicating with aliens
- 04. 62:66 93.94%** How's fucking off world entities America first anyway, he said, sensibly I thought, weren't homo sapien aliens bad enough, without procreating with immigrants from other planets, but then again don't businesses have a God-given right to pursue profits?
- 05. 80:87 91.95%** After all, if Wall Street can employ wage slaves in East Asia to boost profits at the direct expense of Detroit brick layers and farmers gift jobs to Mexicans sans green cards to milk American cows, why is it so out of the box for an independent porn producer to fornicate with a couple gray aliens in the pursuit of liberty

06. 45:54 83.33% It's almost discriminatory, Curt said, noting the guy in all black gave him a card that lacked a name, only displaying a ten digit phone number that didn't seem to match any area code he'd seen to date

Episode III: 670:777 86.23%

01. 69:75 92.00% It's like, back in Layne Staley's day, heroin addicts actually had talent, and famous rock stars lived in modest fifteen hundred square foot condos in Seattle, not posh aristocrat mansions on the Westerly oceanfront like the carpet munchers who receive the most streams on Spotify today

02. 54:58 93.10% And fellas weren't blasting loads up each other's asses for paying bespoke customers on OnlyFans, because this country still had some fucking decency when it came to acts like grown ass men ejaculating within one another

03. 33:40 82.50% We weren't all talking about anal creampiees all the time, and if we were we damn sure believed it should be a real man's jissom shot up a ripe young gal's asshole!

04. 72:89 80.90% Nowadays the sole way to make a decent buck is to draw a damn hentai where bin Laden is sticking a veiny desert dong straight up the hairy butthole of a particular Laura Loomer, and the only patron for the fucking piece is the cunt Loomer

herself, because it's the girls with the furry balloon knots who have the major influencer money

05. 55:65 84.62% In the bygone Layne Staley era, by contrast, an unapologetic Zionist whore like Loomer would work as a modest typist at a soon-to-be-indicted South Florida law firm, popping out kids for some poor fuck who had nipple rings and a three inch cock

06. 64:76 84.21% "But his girth is at least average," she'd meekly confess to her girlfriends, blacked out off her third Long Island Iced Tea, at an "appy hour" in a strip mall where everyone wanted to "live on the wild side" and try this exotic dish called "Chicken Dumplings," a plate they'd all inevitably fail to find satisfying

07. 34:35 97.14% Meanwhile, Staley is fucking eighty pounds, blasting back multiple speedballs in a modest Upper Northwest condominium like a real man

08. 93:108 86.11% Yet today a heroin addict isn't shit but a white waitress who sprained her ankle trying out pickleball, who gets ruthlessly prescribed a three month's dose of opioids, but she's too straight-laced to sell the shit for a profit, so instead she pops them like an obedient little patient until she's sucking off graffiti artists for the privilege of assisting to raise three adolescent kids nobody has custody of

09. 45:51 88.24% Now mobsters run YouTube accounts where they make bold claims about who's less gay on livestreams, bringing on semen receptacles like Amber Rose to discuss why supporting Trump is actually logical

10. 74:85 87.06% A certain percentage of the male population of this country now literally have pussies, because doctors have constructed physical cunts where their cocks and balls used to be, all the while Serena Williams looks like Carl Weathers from the waist down and so-called straight men fight over who can spew more cum onto her perfectly chiseled bicep

11. 77:95 81.05% The conclusion I'm gradually arriving at, Curt said, is that back in Layne Staley's era, if a man wanted to, say, take a routine piece of pork loin up his colon that was his personal business, there wasn't a fucking subreddit dedicated to it, and if he injected heroin on the regular, then you knew for a fact he had the vocal chords of a fucking angel!

Episode IV: 307:336 91.37%

01. 80:78 102.56% The truth is of course the Pentagon's built deep underground military bases that, in all likelihood, have been complicit in engaging with extraterrestrial entities on a variety of societal levels, but does that explicitly involve cross-species fuckfests that we can verify?

- 02. 96:110 87.27%** The reality as Curt deemed it was that we had inadequate background info on the anatomies of these aliens for certain—could you buttfuck an organism that ostensibly lacks a physical anus to speak of?—so if these deep state assholes wanted to employ his firm as a third party vendor for this hybrid bullshit, then they should probably lighten up on the impromptu raiding and start dispensing relevant details
- 03. 35:42 83.33%** I was considering asking a geriatric Caucasian lady if she'd seen any of the falafels I was pretty positive she'd tossed into the trash
- 04. 96:06 90.57%** Later, we went to La Braza to smoke a single shisha and discuss this scenario more extensively, when a heavysset Dominican lady explicitly called us out as gringos in a particularly rapid Spanish to the lively crowd of elderly, Hispanic karaoke crooners, apparently unaware my middle name was Enrique Iglesias and that I identified as Latino

Episode V: 454:511 88.85%

- 01. 61:64 95.31%** Was it necessarily ill-advised that Curt discovered himself routinely taking a solitary drive around town to whack back a couple wines, just because his wife would give him a whole load of shit if he caught a buzz at home every day, did I think?

- 02. 61:70 87.14%** Admittedly, I expressed a modicum of concern about drinking while driving in the idea of a possible D.U.I. arrest, but Curt countered my concern by noting he was, after all, a white man, while I personally, obviously, identified as Latino
- 03. 64:76 84.21%** Listen, I said, at the end of the night if you feel like your alone time is best spent behind the wheel of your cum white Honda minivan, ripping a couple to-go bottles of Prosecco, then I won't stand in your way, because ultimately I respect your agency as a rational human being
- 04. 87:95 91.58%** Personally, I'd concluded drinking the equivalent of a couple of Mai Tais but dispersed through various servings of liquor across multiple hours of drinking, that that type of imbibing left me more or less feeling like the equivalent of a mutilated corpse the next morning, but it was Curtis's preferred schedule, so I'd abide by it from time to time
- 05. 58:72 80.56%** Was it false or accurate that I'd eat a mile of shit to shove my face in our waitress's bulbous cornhole, he inquired, and I considered the proposition with a real level of sincerity, as I didn't necessarily deem it an absurd question to ask your colleague
- 06. 75:86 87.21%** I'd personally, I'm pretty sure, let her squat right on my face while I just faintly jacked myself off, then I'd call up Tom Homan after I came and make sure she entered the country legally, Curt

concluded, delicately balancing his base personal politics with a rote seminal desire that, to be fair, many men experienced

07.48:48 100.00% But anyway, I said, with copious smoke streaming from both my manually expanded nostrils, the fuck's happening with this whole alien hybrid porno program you've been telling me about?

(06) THE DNA OF SPANIARDS

Pentadic Mode: > 80%

1,959:2,203 88.92%

Episode I

- 01. 79:74 106.76%** Something seemed just slightly amiss as I took note of a homosexual acquaintance I knew exclusively through Alexandria at Planet Fitness indiscriminately ogling a girl's spandex-laden ass as she walked past him in the direction of the discount gym's water bubbler
- 02. 95:106 89.62%** Having seen him a handful of times at the spot prior, I mostly attempted to avoid making unnecessary eye contact with the guy, but only because we'd met at maximum two times in large social settings, so I didn't even technically know the kid's name, and I sported a perpetually muted enthusiasm for engaging in all forms of de facto awkward stop and chats at a discount gyms
- 03. 67:72 93.06%** But the fact he was taking in girl-butt so holistically struck a kind of chord with me for some reason, it made me feel like maybe we shared a little more in common than I'd initially considered—should I fucking introduce myself to this dude and possibly become best friends?

04. 72:83 86.75% Later, an Afro-Latino dude I recalled from La Sonrissa with three teeth seemed to have come across a set of dentures or veneers, and he was jubilantly requesting a Presidente beer, to which the waitress made clear she required upfront payment—I definitely wasn't unconvinced he was mentally challenged to some degree

05. 105:110 95.45% But now a seasoned gentleman had a South Hampton Massachusetts Harley Davidson gray t-shirt with the sleeves cut-off standing next to, who I assumed to be, a newly acquired late life wife with the belly jelly rolls and wash board ass and a similar biker couple, as a young guy with baggy khaki shorts and robo-cop sunglasses lit up a hand-rolled cigarette walking toward the street—I took note of Curtis ambling in right past him

Episode II

01. 86:92 93.48% Now I guess, I said, a certain Jeb Bush is apparently our current President, which had me admittedly a bit flummoxed—to which Curt said correct, he'd read a recent story, in of course some fucking liberal rag online, saying the same, despite the fact the two of us seemed to share this persistently misty recollection of the country electing Donald Trump

02. 90:104 86.54% But in any case, Curt continued, to be clear, I'm a hundred percent behind the guy, Jeb, just because, if people really think about it, is anybody else truly America First in this country anymore?—like, the previous guy, he was fine enough, but I'm beginning to feel like this fresh Bush movement, I mean, there's no option but to block Iran from developing a nuclear weapon, you know?

03. 121:129 93.80% I don't know, I remarked with more than a splash of cunt in my tone—doesn't it kind of seem like the whole Trump thing, that it was maybe a somewhat major grassroots movement, that people in this polity were exceptionally invested in its alleged tenets, for better or worse, and now all the sudden we get Jeb Cunt Bush as commander-in-chief, and we're immediately tossing cruiser missiles up the assholes of Ayatollahs and lobbying to increase the defense budget to a fucking trillion and a half bucks?

04. 100:122 81.97% Sure, Curt said, I suppose if you're a total homo then maybe that's how you could look at it—but I also think if you honestly care about this country, as a heterosexual male, then you probably realize that the number one threat to the existence of our republic is this rogue Iranian regime enriching uranium and committing acts of terrorism against American citizens for half a century now—do you remember Nine Eleven?

Episode III

- 01. 76:92 82.61%** Some days I'll wake up from a particularly vivid dream and feel a little like I left a more authentic reality to return to this piecemeal world, and the environment I occupied in sleep will stay with me ever so vaguely during the majority of the day, forcing me to consider if I'm, in fact, occupying the correct reality
- 02. 27:32 84.38%** But Curt wanted to fill me in on his latest hybrid briefing, from the so-called Federal Agent he'd been interfacing with
- 03. 66:71 92.96%** It's pretty simple, he said, if I accepted the contract we'd start in some black program, doing actual inseminatory work to produce hybrid kids, but then, to recoup dollars, we'd eventually launch an OnlyFans of Soft Disclosure, where we'd post interspecies porn
- 04. 55:63 87.30%** The thinking is, doing some slow drip of extraterrestrial softcore porn will acclimate the general populace to this idea of life outside our planet, primarily through the arousal of the sexual glands of the citizenry
- 05. 71:88 80.68%** I won't lie, I said, it's not the dumbest idea I've heard today, because, I'm simply thinking out loud, you do kind of need to get Americans whacking off to something before they'll ever truly accept it socially—if you can't get somebody

surreptitiously jacking off to a concept, then they'll never give it the dinner and drinks nod

Episode IV

- 01. 31:35 88.57%** See, Curtis said, that's exactly Bobby's point, I actually think you two could be friends, to which I replied the Fed's guy, that's what he goes by?
- 02. 70:83 84.34%** Curt reiterated the name Bobby and I scoffed slightly at the absurd notion of a Federal Agent of the United States going by that moniker, that's the dude serving you three dogs the long way at two A.M., I said, nobody in the deep state named Robert is taking that derivation as their public facing calling card
- 03. 68:82 82.93%** Bobby Longo, Curt repeated, he's a full blooded Italian guy, which, frankly's, why I like him, it's really the only reason I even let him in the studio in the first place, because he said: The name's Bobby Longo and I represent the Federal Government, where we investigate human-alien hybrids
- 04. 75:84 89.29%** I remarked if the government truly wanted to obfuscate the topic of off-world entities then maybe sending a ginzalone named Bobby Longo to go around telling porn producers that he's a quote-unquote human-alien hybrid guy—maybe that

actually made sense, from a counter-intelligence perspective?

05. 58:70 82.86% You been to Spain lately, Curt queried, referencing the restaurant on Reservoir Avenue he knew I hadn't been to in years, not the historic home of the Spaniards in Southern Europe—man, he exclaimed, they do a fucking great business over there, every time I drive by it's packed!

Episode V

01. 70:86 81.40% John Ellis A.K.A. Jeb Bush, the man who identified himself as Bobby Longo said, is an American politician best known as the Forty Third Governor of Florida and the current President of our country, as well as being the little brother of the Bush who began an Iraq War for fundamentally fraudulent causes

02. 125:145 86.21% He ran unsuccessfully for President in Two Thousand Sixteen, but that didn't stop young Jeb from bouncing back from political obscurity only eight blink-like years later, creating a grassroots platform that campaigned on the inherent anti-Semitism of black people and the deep-seeded belief that somebody had to finish his brother's job in Iran—with Jeb finally admitting to the American populace his brother George confused the Q with an

N in Two Thousand Three, that the whole Iraq thing was an innocent misunderstanding from the start

03. 89:104 85.58% And the American electorate, in a state of heightened literacy, rose to the occasion, realizing beyond a reasonable doubt that the demonic ayatollahs in Tehran were, in fact, not the true descendants of the Indo-Aryan race, but actually a group of black anti-Semite imposters who'd been in the process of literally nuking America for nearly fifty years!

04. 74:76 97.37% But anyway, Bobby continued, that's just a little bit of biographical background about our current POTUS, but you probably want a briefing on the so-called alien hybrid program I've discussed with Curtis at length, but, admittedly, primarily through the lens of gonzo pornography

05. 66:67 98.51% A lot of people on YouTube talk a lot of shit about breeding, but the podcast algorithm currently restricts speech regarding genital minutia—you can't call yourself a serious Ufologist while simultaneously talking about alien cock

06. 44:51 86.27% But the sad reality, Bobby said, is that the vast majority of the philosophical resources that are sunk into the black budget hybrid programs revolve around just that, I mean E.T. gash

07. 79:82 96.34% So, Curt interjected, could it be safe to say that we're still, when interfacing with alien life forms, dealing with essentially cocks and cunts, that

the role of the deep state is to drum up the sexual energy required for erectile ejaculation, or are we discussing entirely distinct orifices in certain cases?

(07) UNTITLED PT. 3030

Pentadic Mode: > 80%

1,930:2,161 89.31%

Episode I

- 01. 69:80 86.25%** The bottom line, Bobby said, is look at Lue Elizondo, that type of guy, because he's the pitch perfect avatar of contemporary Ufology, in that if we try to comprehend him as a legitimate no strings attached whistleblower, then he becomes essentially nonsensical in every regard
- 02. 80:90 88.89%** First off, it goes almost without saying the guy's a counter-intel cunt who suddenly, by his own account, endured some kind of change of heart, scorning the very dipshit deep state that employed him for decades, yet curiously he faces almost no actual consequence for leaking these alleged state secrets that seem to be of the most precarious type
- 03. 130:133 97.74%** In fact, while conceptually confirming what would need to be considered the most deleterious information to ever escape a state, namely that America's obtained excessive knowledge of various unknown flying objects zipping around our skies—Lue conveniently tiptoes beside corroborating any actual granular facts, leaving that task to, of

course, who else but Tom DeLonge, to carelessly speculate about space aliens on any podcast with greater than eight stoners as repeat listeners

04. 83:90 92.22% Yet assuming this broad conceptual rubric were to actually be true, how the fuck could the Pentagon, the hegemonic polity par excellence, remain so soft on a fuckhead like Elizondo, because who realistically could possibly be feeding pop punk budding Ufologists this info but somebody like Lue on the inside

05. 96:92 104.35% Wouldn't the so-called deep state immediately Snowden a guy like Lue—look at Julian Assange, who basically got gang raped for half a decade straight despite lacking an American domicile, simply for leaking a bunch of corrupt politicians' shitty emails, and rather than address said debauchery the state instead exacted its revenge on Assange

06. 78:94 82.98% But if we're to believe Lue Elizondo and his disclosure co-horts, Pentagon employees and counter-intel cunts alike are publicly confirming, in so many words, that quote-unquote non-human intelligences are operating within American borders and that, our contractors have probably had some kind of social contact with at least a couple of them

07. 90:110 81.82% We don't even need to address his publishing deal to expose the absurdity of this situation—a disgraced journalist like Linda Moulton

Howe, now she we can understand, an independent writer, clearly everybody needs to pay the bills, and unfortunately there are only so many legitimate mysteries to investigate before you, as any YouTuber can tell us, require More Content, and at any cost!

08. 90:101 89.11% The tyranny of the Content Machinery is well-known, but Lue Elizondo, if we assume he's not moving in concert with someone else's wishes, has no business in this milieu anyhow, he's a government worker, who at once is choosing to quote-unquote blow a whistle, while at the same time refusing to actually release anything substantive, yet the net effect remains Assange-like

09. 77:89 86.52% Either the national security threat he alludes to, is, according to his own account, overstated, or he's a podcast performance artist, or he's being paid by the very deep state he claims to scorn, to instead say very specific things in quite public places under the disingenuous guise of exposing state secrets: but which would you guys pick?

Episode II

01. 70:75 93.33% Of course I agreed with Bobby's somewhat obvious points against Elizondo's credibility, as I'd previously stated myself in various livestreams, I consider soft disclosure in the public

domain about as useful as a soft cock on a hardcore pornography set

02. 63:68 92.65% But it seemed to me Bobby was equally likely to be a disinformation agent of the same sort as Lue, yet the true intentions of each man remained functionally impalpable to me as we sat shooting the shit at La Braza smoking a damn mint hookah

03. 55:62 88.71% The octopus they serve is surprisingly outstanding, I said, as both Bobby and I took note of Curtis blatantly gazing at two girls sitting socially across the room, as Bobby nodded his head as if he'd expected me to say just that

04. 61:75 81.33% But in any case, Bobby continued, the reality is that any so-called disclosure that overlooks the fact that we're actively smashing hips with verifiable aliens, not only on the regular, but attempting to scale up our sex acts substantially, it's just false advertising

05. 47:49 95.92% Now, anatomically speaking, it may seem impossible, right?—because you hypothetically bang your pet bichon Snowflake, but you're never going to successfully procreate with it

06. 72:80 90.00% Yet somehow nearly every alien species we've come across—and we've interfaced with a few!—seems to not only be able to bone us, but also possesses the ability to successfully inseminate in either direction, which of course

eventually gets us to the professionals, hence pansexual porn

Episode III

01. 81:79 102.53% Bobby kept droning on, not without merit, on the inanity inherent in contemporary Ufology, fake ass whistleblowers, and the difficult intricacies of procreating with aliens at scale, but my mind couldn't help but violently drift away from this albeit compelling stream of speech

02. 129:148 87.16% My thoughts drifted toward a fresh recollection of drinking mezcal for the first time in ages just yesterday, how even the slightest sip of clear liquor seemed to now cause me to feel like my psyche itself was fracturing into an infinite regression, with a certain all-too-familiar existential calamity descending upon me—was it possible the nomenclature "spirit" was in some not immaterial sense literally accurate, that when I imbibed a clear "spirit", like I'd done so often in my past, that a select entity entered my body?

03. 98:109 89.91% Drinking instead a variety of beers for months on end, while also avoiding consumable corpses over the same period, I'd been almost completely devoid of any precipitous existential dread, yet consuming a single delicious slice of octopus, a morsel of pepper pig, followed by a shot or

two of mid-tier Rosaluna mezcal sent me into an immediate spiritual freefall

04. 32:36 88.89% Was it possible consuming corpses and clear so-called Spirits were capable of fracturing my being in a real and meaningful way?

05. 99:118 83.90% I personally felt less confident vis-a-vis the slice of delicious octopus, but it struck me in any case as essentially true that brewed beer was somehow functionally distinct from hard liquor, which of course begged the question—that I refused to pose directly to Bobby Longo—that if these consumable spirits were in fact actualized entities of a sort, where did they originate from, and, furthermore, would it be possible to have sex with them?

06. 51:61 83.61% If every known non-human intellect this Longo character allegedly encountered was, according to his account, "bangable," and Spirits in the colloquial phrasing were possibly entities, then could we fornicate with vodka?

07. 49:58 84.48% It seemed like an entirely valid question to me, as Curtis inquired which of the two women he'd been indiscriminately staring at I'd, everything else being equal, prefer to prematurely ejaculate inside?

08. 21:26 80.77% I told Curt his new haircut gave him a bit of a Mankind-Mick Foley look, but, you know—in a good way?

Episode IV

01. 112:131 85.50% As a Latino-identifying man functionally named Enrique Iglesias it's remained a lifelong goal of mine to speak Spanish with a fluency that'd make King Philip exuberant—I've always aspired, after all, to somehow physically force a landmass at least the size of the Philippines to shamelessly name itself after me, gaslighting the native population into adhering to a strict Catholicism that has literally nothing in common with the previous cultures of their ancestors

02. 97:107 90.65% Smoking shisha now regularly amongst my fellow Latino compatriots at La Braza, it seemed to me, was a pretty surefire way to will my dream into reality—but it also struck me, with corpse still active in my digestive track, listening to Bobby Longo drone on, that little to none of my physical perceptions were existent in the way that they seemed to be (!esta pregunta importante!)

(08) EVEN THE LIVESTREAMERS YOU AGREE WITH POLITICALLY ARE PIECES OF SHIT

Pentadic Mode: > 80%

295:316 93.35%

Episode I

01. 49:50 98.00% I was sipping on this fucking Mexican beer that, it seemed to me, in all likelihood, was constructed by the white man, perusing West Fountain Street, feeling like I didn't in any way despise brick roads

02. 63:59 106.78% I recalled a cloud looking excessively painted in the still bright nighttime sky at eight forty four P.M. the evening previous with the bottle of Reposado Mezcal that I, arguably, magnanimously spilled onto the cement

Episode II

01. 111:127 87.40% A pair of substantial butt cheeks pull apart and it's somewhat possible the planet's field of gravity warps as well, but I was actively rooting for the Islamic Republic of Iran in an albeit fairly competitive World Cup field, soaking up the body builder sun on a flimsy wood bench with the

curated pebbles on the ground, at times even twirling
my mustache with aplomb, drinking with infants
flanked on all sides the breeze blew through coarse
calf follicles with the grace of the Garden of Eden

02. 72:80 90.00% Only moments later I was studying a
few W.N.B.A. player efficiency ratings with money on
my mind, considering the level of minimalism
appropriate for my dojo, randomly recalling my
disgust for chancletas as I solemnly noted a pair of
velcro sandals across the street—

Fin