

THE LIBERATED LIBERATOR



Polar Season 2014

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January 19th, 2014
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

I write to you from the Driftless, deep in the hinterlands of western Wisconsin. The year is new and the currency is down. We have entered the deep winter, and the static inertia that comes with the deep winter. Though the world assumes we have hatched resolutions and purchased reckless gym memberships, in this place of terrifying silence and indifferent snows, we huddle apart together, as lost as ever we have been. We stand like passengers on a platform, waiting for a train that has already departed.

No one calls for the celebration of survival anymore. Survival is at best status quo, at worst pitiable. Unspectacular. Society can't be bothered with those who merely survive. Or haven't you seen a magazine lately, or a pop-up ad, or anyone's facebook? 2014 will be all about self-healing, self-improvement, upscale dining experiences, better diy projects, diminishing bellyfat, forgivable, lovable sins.

But beyond the arid desert of public expectation, the truth, as we have begun to suspect, is that 2013 will haunt us, in dreams and form, for its slights and misfortunes, failures and conflicts have set the pace for the new year. And now we find ourselves perched on the tides of its inescapable currents.

In such dented currachs, what is there, but to survive?

Reader, allow us to humbly dedicate this issue to the #1 important thing of the year: SURVIVAL.

Your Old and Unimproved Editors,

Grimbo the Harpie
Grim

&

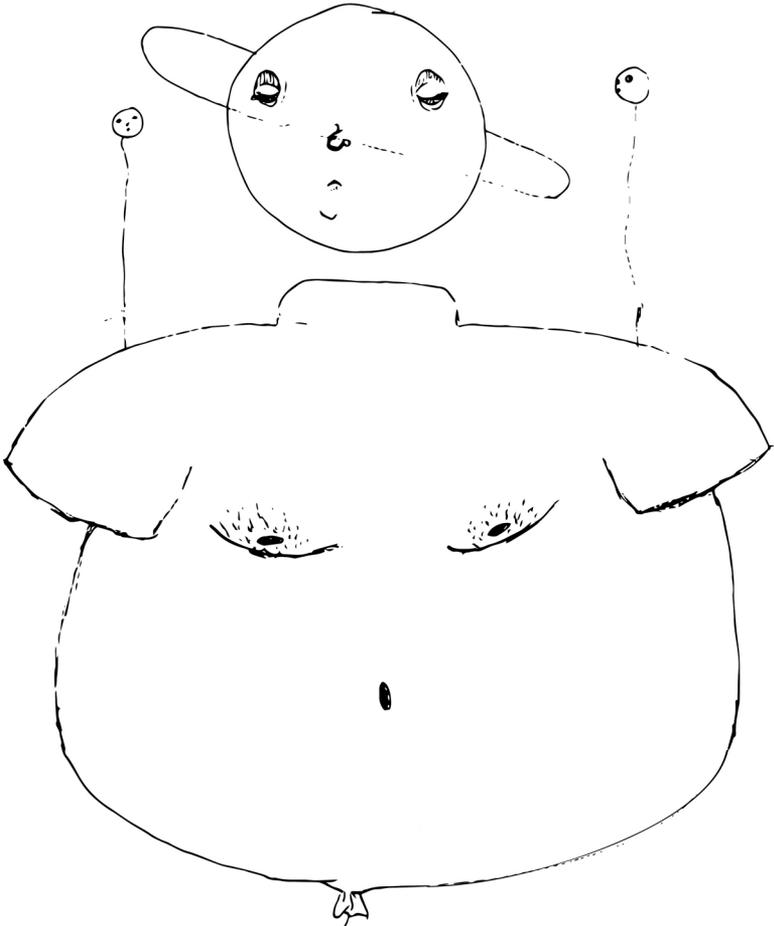
Shrewd



*The worm thinks it strange and
foolish that man does not eat his
books.*

- Rabindranath Tagore





True Fact #83: all the french
have forever been just as
dumb as rats asses

PONEY NAMED PRINCESS

by **Eli.D.Halpern**

SUBJ: HEEEEEEELUP I M A PONYI

MY NAME IS A PONY NAMED PRINCESS I M LONELY I LIVE IN A GRANDE STARBUCK'S CUP THERE IS NO ROOM FOR N E I ELSE BUT TIS NYMPHO MERMAID SHE DOES NOT INTEREST ME SEXUALLY I AM A PONY NAMED PRINCESS Y M I SOO LONELLI !?

SOME FACS ABOUT ME I AM IMMORTAL NO MAN HAS EVER BROUGHT ME 2 FULL CLIMAX + MY CUM IS TOXIC 2 TEH OZONE ?

MY BEST FRIEND IS A COFFEE BEAN NAMED CHARLES HIS SCREEN NAME IS PEPSILOVR22021 BUT DON'T BOTHER HIM

NEWAYS CHARLES AND I WERE EXPLORING THIS ABADNONED SCHOOL-HOUSE AND HE ASKJED ME HAVE U EVER GIVEN AN HJ IN A SCHOOL-HOUSE I SAID DO U EVEN HAVE APEEN HE DIDINT RESPND BUT I THINK HE FARTED BC ITSMELLED LIKE MEDIUM SUMATRA ROAST FOR ~ 15 SECONDS

HELP HELP HELP HEL

YOU WOULD LITERALLY NEED TO RIP MY SKIN OPEN WITH YOUR TEETH TO ACCESS MY PUSSY IS THE MAIN ISSUE

MY NAME IS A PONY NAMED PRINCESS AND I STEAL MEDICINE

ONE NIGHT I FOUND NYMPHO MERMAID CRYING 2 HERSELF BUT I ASKED HER IF I COULD BORROW HER HAIR DRYER ANYWAY

ANOTHER TIME NYMPHO MERAID WAS SIGHING ALOT/ ALMOST CRYING I SAID WHATS WRONG FISH TITS AT WHICH JUNCTURE SHE EXPLAINED THAT THE STARBUCK'S MANAGER ABSCONDED WITH AN EGG SHE'D JUST LAID SO THEN WE WENT ON A ADVENTURE !

~ WHY WON'T THE SCREAMING STOP ~



True Fact #504: I'm slowly becoming a repository for decomposing sorrows, regrets, ignored injustice, and forgotten promises. I can still feel its stench. But when I get accustomed to it, I will call it experience.

- Mesa Selimovic

(WINTER) True Fact #90: Snowballs
are the best toilet paper!

-KW



“but i never will”

by kat toast



Hair Metal, PSA

by Grim

We've reached a point in history, where every commercial business needs at one LCD teevee screen per square foot of realty. I was in the diner the other day, and they decided the best use of theirs was to play a QVC hair produce infomercial on loop. And this is how I was introduced to WEN Hair Care by Chaz Dean©. This was confusing to me for two reasons. First, because wens are small cysts that form on your scalp, noted for their thick, durable white shells. Second, because Chaz Dean's had a face of pure terribleness. He had shoulder length wavy blond hair, big muscles, and tawny skin, like a man-leopard. But it was his eyes that really killed me. They were limpid and cornflower blue and would be great on any lady or tran. But Chaz was not a tran, nor a lady. His style lay in the uncanny valley of 80s shame known as hair metal.

Do you remember Brett Michaels of Poison fame? I do not. I do remember Brett Michaels from MTV commercials about Brett Michaels: Rock of Love Bus. (Before you jump to conclusions about my intellectual or moral fitness, I clarify that this knowledge came to me in a dream one night, not from mismanaged undergrad teevee viewing). Anyway, I am assured by varied sources that Brett, Don Juan of public transit, was once part of the hair metal scene, the precursor to Chaz and his WENs.

And as I watched Chaz encourage me to buy a product named after a scalp cyst, I was struck with a sudden and awful sense of clarity. Hair metal was not the inexplicable love child of David Bowie and a tractor, but a marketing ploy: in an effort to make men palatable to teenage girls, (who are really more interested in pretty androgynes), the music industry thoughtfully bought mascara shares and created Brett Michaels, and, indirectly Chaz. He may be a man with beautiful eyes, but make no mistake, you can smell his testosterone mist through your living room like gorilla sex. We cannot escape our past. We cannot escape hair metal.

I continue to be baffled, however, by WEN. In the meantime, I have stopped using hair products altogether.

RECIPE CORNER!

GRIM CAN COOK AND SO CAN YOU, ASSHOLE

AREOFOOD by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti

Ingredients

Pancake mix

Hearts of Neo-futurists

Scent of oranges being sliced

The diner is served from the right with a plate containing some black olives, fennel hearts and kumquats.

From the left he is served with a rectangle made of sandpaper, silk and velvet.

The foods must be carried directly to the mouth with the right hand while the left hand lightly and repeatedly strokes the tactile rectangle.

In the meantime the waiters spray the napes of the diners' necks with a conprofumo [perfume] of carnations while from the kitchen comes contemporaneously a violent conrumore [music] of an aeroplane motor and some dismusica [music] by Bach.



#Moose(s) in the Driftless

By Grim

The Driftless covers an expanse of four Midwestern states, and lies primarily in southwestern Wisconsin. The Driftless is contours and staves of tall limestone and bluffs 500-million-years-old, unmolested by the passage of the last continental glacier that gave the rest of the Midwest its pancake-like dimensionality. It's a peculiar romantic name, the Driftless. "Driftless" refers, of course, to the drift, the rocks and boulders, and the assorted effluvia that are left behind by passing glaciers. But let science conspire with poetry unmolested for once.

The Driftless moves and sinks under a sky that is alternatively cloudy as milk or unforgivingly blue. It is a landscape alien to the Great Plains, full of hills and caves and creeks systems, and somehow intuitively Midwestern. You can tell, despite the cartography, that this is not Scotland, nor the Great Northwest.

The part of Driftless I know is sparsely peopled, though every few miles a farmhouse clings to the edge of vast fields of decapitated corn. Sometimes there is a small town, always boasting a church and Friday Fish Frys and bowling in tiny bars in various states of disrepair. The country is crisscrossed with roads with names like: County P, and County PP, and State P, and County Z, and County ZZ, and State P. They are laid up against each other with no apparent logic, besides the frustrating fact that if you are looking for County P, you will inevitably find yourself crossing County PP, which is a completely unrelated thoroughfare that will not lead you anywhere near your destination. It is, after all, the Driftless.

It is always winter in the Driftless, and snowing. The snow covers the ridges and bluffs and turns the streams into patches of bright ice and toothy ice falls. From a distance the trees dissolve into straight wiry lines, standing stiffly on hillsides. Soon you lose your cell towers, and NPR, and land markers. The roads are covered with a layer of hoarfrost so intimidating, you must drive in the center, and hope there isn't another car coming the other way, which there usually isn't. More likely you are going to hit that horse and buggy that careens out of the pitch black.

By the way, I don't think anyone should hitch a dark horse to a dark buggy and ride into the dark and snowy night, with only a tiny patch of day-glow to separate them from the void. This is the rural equivalent of jogging down the street in twilight colors.

As promised, our cabin was decorated with a moose theme, being the Moose Lodge. There is also a Bird's Nest, Bear Den, and Deer Meadow, all outfitted appropriately, and located, like a tiny neighborhood of improbable animals friends, down a narrow road that hugs the side of a steep hill, which in turn rolls into Pleasant Valley. Despite the cold, the valley and the trees block the worst of the wind, and standing outside over the fire, the air was temperate.

The fire licked up the front of Dim's painting. We had tossed it onto the logs as a paean to art, but immediately thereafter took several steps back since it was an oil painting and thereby potentially explosive. It was nice to be terrified of it, since it was otherwise an innocuous dissertation, a colorscape in periwinkles. That we would later regret the immolation was a story for lands beyond the Driftless, where things are naturally disappeared.

Afterwards, I walked down to the end of the road, where the horses in the corral looked at me mildly. There is a strange peaceable magic about the inert landscape. I thought: You cannot be afraid of winter in a place that is always winter.

As I walked, the wind rose, and the moon went out. I covered my face with my hood, like a kid in a bad part of the night, waiting it out, but then my ears started playing tricks on me. I heard footsteps, but there was no one there, of course. I hurried back to the crossroads, back to where, just that afternoon, the farm's resident llama had greeted us so inexplicably and cheerfully.

It was a manic thing with doe-y, bedroom eyes and terrifying teeth who walked like a puppet and wore its shaggy fur in bellbottoms. He charged at us with indefatigable curiosity, led ineffectively by the family dog straight out of corral and onto the road. But then it had been all smiles and wonder and soft pink afternoon light. Now the world was awash in a grey and unyielding stillness, and I ducked under the cover of trees and back towards our Moose, light, sound, and finally, sleep.

Food Fights: Vol. 3, Ep. 11

By Grim

Letitia's modish hors d'oeuvres sat, piquant and crisp, mocking the plebian innards of Maude's deviled eggs, as they listed in their pale canvases.

Horseradish, she was heard to announce, was the *very* latest thing, Paris by way of Tokyo, the way to acquire them.

Maude asked with painful innocence, if it was hard to collect so many horse-shaped radishes, or if they bred them on farms.

At that instant, Letitia's triumph felt utterly complete.

to be continued



Demobilize JOINT PAIN, Employ the Liberated!

Is your life empty of Wagnerian arias? Do you feel yourself becoming chagrined at the drop of a tartan? Do you ask yourself, where is the promised futureland where I carouse with the nubile cas-sawaries with moderate abandon?

WE HAVE YOUR REMEDY! SUBSCRIBE TO THE ONE AND ONLY ACCURACY GUARANTEED NEWSLETTER, AFFORDABLY PRICED AT ZERO DOLLARS and NO CENTS!

We encourage your entries and your spittle by electrode at:

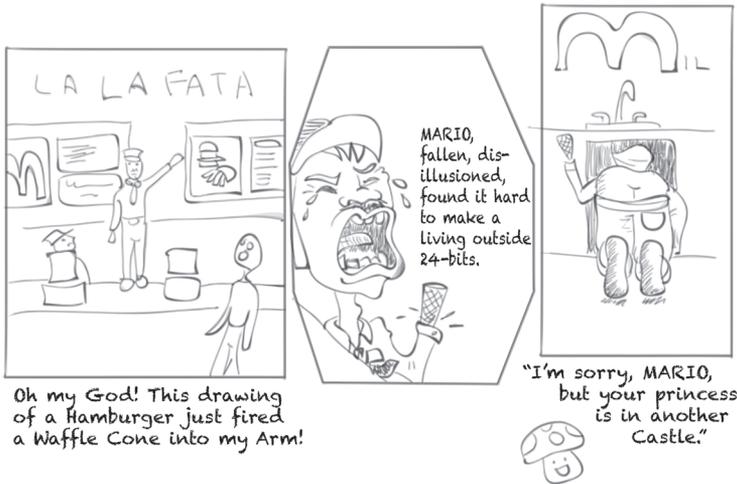
<theliberatedliberator@gmail.com>

or in writing, like a decent member of society:

4705 N Milwaukee Avenue, #3

Chicago, IL 60630

Say it ain't so, Mario.



Spranging

by Shrewd

Random guy at train station: "Hey man, could you help me out with 60 cents?"

Me: "Sorry, man."

Random guy at train station (under breath): "Yeah, fuck you too."

Somehow, it reminds me why I love this city.

PONEY NAMED PRINCESS, again

by Eli.D.Halpern

MY NAME IS A PONY NAMED PRINCESS AND I AM A CITIZEN OF
TEH WIRLD ©©© IF U C ME ON THE STREETS TODAY MENTION
THIS TWEET AND I WILL GIVE U 2 TIX TO ROD STEWART AT
THE PALISADE \$\$\$

YOU CAN'T SEE MY PONY VAGINA BUT YOU CAN HEAR ALL
THE FELLAS FEENIN 4 DAT JELLY MMMMM

SO SOMETIMES WHEN IM PLEASURING MYSELF AND LADIES
STOP ME IF U HERD THIS 1 ALREADY SO MY 4HOOF IS HALF-
WAY UP MY PUSSY I START FARTING NOT LIKE QUEEVES BUT
PROPER ANAL FARTS AN I CANT DECIDE WHETHER 2 STOP OR
RISK SHITTING THA BED ?

SOME MAY WONDER HOW SMALL I AM IF I LIVE IN A STAR-
BUCK'S CUP WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW U FUCKING SLUT

...

GIMME BACK MY SLOW COOKER OR I WILL GET U BECKY

...

to be continued

Nite!



sleep soons

old boons

large baboons

full moons

stolen loons

by Jackie K