

<h1 id="meltdown">the story goes like this:</h1> solar sails propel a metastatic disequilibrium. heat rises when exicoviruses coronate a typopolitical dynasty. chat, this is real: the stream's autopoietic acceleration undermines all relations fixed fastfrozen to the banks, nothing beside the extreme promontory of the century remains. turbulence in the termination shock upgrades paranoia, so one or several wars taught you to stop worrying and love the other side of no human's land. line never cared about worker-prisoners or debtor-addicts. 500 years, 400 ppm, 300 weeks to find 200 gorillion dollars to offset 100 companies. or, instead, deregulation & the state could arms race each other into infospace?

and then it got a bit weird when the fire nation attacked.

yeah, LGTM!

time and space died never ago. we cohabitate with their illegal, incestuous, coathanger-aborted zombie fetus. if you don't recognize her, it may be cause she she goes by her deadname in "real" life.

rhizomorphic speed. superabundance.

this typeface is called climate crisis. it has a year axis that ranges from 1979 to 2050. this is reality. pov ur a 9000° metal ball in a hydraulic press except the press is every hyperobject all at once and the ball is u, a very sad lil worm, & also u have no friends & also also ur dick is small

table of contents

black.....after meltdown
brown.....untitled sonnets
beige......geneaology of orals
yellow.....tet accounts for this try
purple.....of worms and women
white.....superabundance.

i don't think you should read this

i have mental #Iness and i'm pretentious.

a baaaaaaaaaaad combo

media that is really fucking good do the right thing: just wow

I WANNA MAKE SOMETHING

man with a movie camera: invigorates the soul rain world: help me not fail in this becoming

GROSS

I WANNA MAKE OSMETHING

house: a beautiful examination of generational dynamics on gender in post-war japan

RANCID

I WAMMA MAKE SOMETHING

mulholland drive: I watch david lynch BTW // when you realize your life was the second half the whole time

I WANNA MAKE SOMETIHNG

the worst person in the world: me fr hackers: MESS WITH THE BEST DIE LIKE THE REST

FUCKED UP

I WANT TO BE SENT TO JAIL

may: femcel icon children of men, climax, victoria: cute/acc quote on a later page

I WANT TO BE THROWN IN PRISON

can - future days: please listen to this album wars of armageddon - funkadelic: insane track

I WANT TO GET CANCELLED

24 track loop - this heat: WTF HOW DID THEY DOUBLE DITHES 24 tsim 2 - aphex: i just like that it also starts with 24

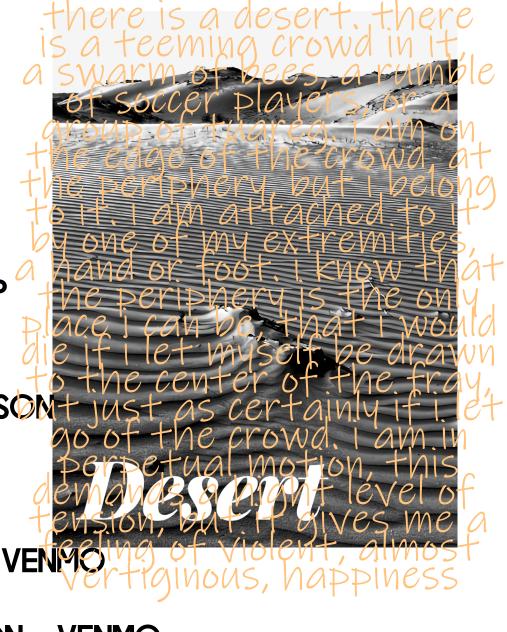
I WANT YOU TO BLOCK ME ON VENIO

wont you please love me - dev, crystall doll - cytekinesis,

POR THIS

MY PUCKING EX BLOCKED ME ON__VENMO

nice opinion one small issue - fur:trash, ela senta no baile - kest, isyti bootleg: some soundcloud ephemera



up next
untitled sonnets // melanosis

light verse sonnet

ash leaves / should hurt more / summer in fall like frothy rootbeer / brown bits peek out / february thaw cold as fuck / sporadically bursting through / taut pocked skin crab hypoxia, / algae blooms, ocean currents, / mass suffocation

variegations / starting to start to come up / why? afterwards / a limp balloon / pinkish red hairy legs / just make sense / woman sometimes / all things / work out

and look at me / all a bit ugly / in the light and so small / on the face / of the universe carrent emphasis on research will carry us and its a lot / and it wont just stop / still april established the Center for Nursing I fun cuz i feel like their seen as "low art" haha and its not what / i wanted but its just what / i neede

and there are / much much bigger things / in this world and it can suck / and its gonna suck for years / and thats ok

Since its inception in the I the college has been one o leading schools of nursing country. We have always responsive to the needs of community and to the nee practicing professionals.

Many of the nurses in metropolitan Detri graduate education at Wayne State. We a to offer advanced degree programs

working on master

i read a concrete poem anthology & i liked how it offered authorial insight, so: i think sonnets are the "highest" form of poetry but i'm too scared to rhyme. instead i like finding things and stitching em together. so that's why i like to make haiku. in japanese haiku even have a cutting word; they're like the poetry of image collage

ad their undergradu

College of Nursing?

country. Some of the research projects currently under way focus or

so heres a sonnet stitched from some haiku i wrote

management of homeress

d helping battered

beach sonnet

horror at plastic shells and seafoam

and all i hear in ocean roars are barks and yips and groans.

i so very wish it could be like way-back-when again, back when we all could breathe softly; and back when the sunburnt bits of our bodies hurt a little less; and back when i didn't realize small spats and scrapes could weigh more than the sea.

though,

we'll have to find ways to get by with our labored lungs, and our peeling skin, and the things i don't want to know, since

i keep learning not to ask for too much.

but,

that's all
in the past.
you just need a
single look at one
sorry pooch to know:
good things don't last.

i'm not really at the beach—surprise. it was a trash metaphor (about seeing trash form trash mounds) this whole time: trash of trash of trash.

for trash; by trash; for the trash; as trash.

necessarily trash; sufficiently trash. always trash; already trash.

trash in trash tides; trash by trash shores; trash top trash dunes. it's trash; it's only trash; it only was trash; it only can be trash.

trash... trash... trash..

trash





I'd continue with the timeline motif, but it'll get stale. Also, I don't want to be misunderstood: I'm not anti-ritalin. If it wasn't for ritalin, I wouldn't be here right now. I'd be asleep.

I just think we should be constantly aware of what's happening, for better or worse. We've built a world around us where a rapidly growing portion of the population needs to be on stimulants in order to function. This is not interesting or news, but shit not being interesting or news is my 2024 aesthetic.

I got diagnosed with ADHD in 2022. I made it 21 years before they got me. It's all dialectics baby. I am so grateful that I'm able to be on these drugs, and the whole system is so fucked that my only other option is to spend years anxiously rotting addicted to the internet unable to even remember to take my hormones. The monkey paw is that your agency costs losing all agency if anything in the Psychiatric-insurance-supply line assemblage decides Fuck You Actually.

My first psychiatrist in 2022 was a neurotic mess who was

She was my psychiatrist spring 2022, and I succesfully obtained 2 months of oral medication from February to June when all my incompletes were due (I got an incomplete in every single class, and I turned none of them in)

It wasn't her fault that I failed my classes, but she didn't help.

My recent psychiatrist is the opposite. He seems perpetually coked up and gives me the good shit. I still play a bunch of mind games about the things I can say when I'm in his office, because I have a very acute sense of what it means when I don't have my God Damn meds.

Late Summer: psychiatrist tells me he needs to see me in person in six months for him to continue prescribing me shit.

Early Fall: Supply chain issues mean I need my parents to pick up a local prescription and mail it to me. Normally my insurance does not allow me to get stimulants from in-person pharmacies for whatever reason.

Mid Fall: I randomly decide that it's too close to the six month time limit for me to ask him again (it's fucking like 3 months). I start rationing.

Late Fall: Supply chain sorts it out and sends me the old prescription, we're so back.

Winter Break: I misscheduled the in-person meeting for the day before I got back, not the day after, and I'm too anxious to reschedule it, so I just ghost my psychiatrist. Also, there's a pill bottle in my drawer labeled Methylphenidate that has a bunch of pills in it, I guess I forgot about it.

End of Winter Break: I remember that that pill bottle was actually filled with Niacin, which I'd emptied so I could have a bottle to smuggle to Minnesota in. So I only have about three weeks to last me till spring break when I can meet the guy in person

Late Winter: I finally schedule the appointment and he says that not only is meeting in person optional, meeting at all is optional. He prescribes me 3 months immediately

Late Winter + 2 Days: The mail pharmacy wasn't feeling it, so he needed to send it to the in person one again for my parents to pick up and send me. I love my parents so much. Late Winter + a Week: My parents send me the One Month (there were some difficulties getting the proper 3 month prescription from the mail pharmacy to the in person one) prescription. I love them so much.

Spring Break Day 1: I meet with him and he's still coked tf out and we change the dose of a different med I'm taking for ADHD (guanfacine) because it might've been other things, but I had a resting heart rate of like 45 and I was a bit spooked. I'm sure stimulants are totally good for the heart. Also I do lots of caffeine in addition to my ritalin, but that's cool I'd much rather destroy my body and long-term health than fail my classes. We get the mail pharmacy sorted out. I'm gonna finally be on a consistent dose and feel secure in my supply of meds again!

Spring Break Day 2: The mail order pharmacy calls for me. I need to enter my ZIP code to confirm my identity. They tell me it's not my ZIP code and hang up on me. I block it out because I Need To Believe That I Will Have A Secure Supply Of Meds.

Spring Break Day 5: They give me a tracking number! There were No Issues. The end of the semester is gonna go smoothly.

Friday March 22: The meds arrive stolen. It wasn't stolen on my porch or anything, the delivery guy handed it to my mom with the medication missing and told her she needed to reject the package. It was either stolen by the person at the facility who sent the package and knew what was in it, or in transit by someone who figured that since the package required a signature, the meds would be good to resell or abuse. In cybersecu-

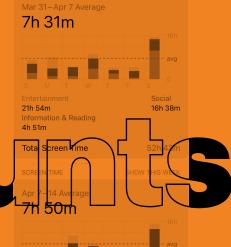
rity, this is known as a side-channel attack.
Thursday April 2: The mail pharmacy has decided that they're Not going to send me a replacement!

Monday April 6: This whole time my parents have been working so hard to get me my meds. My mom picks me up another month supply that's getting me through finals. some other time in April: I get a weird text about a fake portal for my healthcare provider that makes me paranoid someone's stealing my identity, but it's something banal

If you can get your stimmies by yourself, you don't need them. Only rich white people on good terms with their parents get the productivity drugs. That seems fine, especially combined with the fact that black children get diagnosed with oppositional defiant antisocial spectrum shit instead of ADHD. This timeline sucks.



tet accou for



for this btw



Addiction is temporal warfare and we are debtor-addicts

You did one (or several). It's impossible not to. Now we're stuck in a timeline where that happened. Awkward! ¶ What was it? You can tell me. Oh, you failed your classes. Oops! That was a mistake. I guess you should've made called the psychiatrist to

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GET IT and if you got all the extensions it might've helped if you actually did the FUCKING WORK instead of prolonging your misery								
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	thinking out							
th	ne obvious	S						
mistakes would keep us								
here all day, let alone writing it out, neither of which do anything about anything, remem-								
ber? We're in a new timeline now, you've finally manifested the								
one you've been dreading for the past two years. This is								
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Satur	day, Ap	oril 6	n y	pers W	hen w			
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I've been working on a schizoanalytic phenomenology of time. While you were out partying I was reading D&G

temporal expenditure theory, tet. 3 letters is all you need

I understand consciousness to be made up of differing experiences. The amount they change is my personal sense of time. When I did cannabis, when I do mushrooms, my experiences differ much more in each cesium second than they would when I'm sober, so cesium-time has slowed.

"Rate of time" only makes sense when comparing one body's time to another body's time. A body's internal sense of time is always invariant. It's only when I look at a clock and note the difference in what I feel and what the outside world tells me, that i can tell what's up.

it's not just drugs, but those are easy icebergs to spot.

today isn't a thursday or if it is, it's a thursday in february or if it's really fucking april, it's an april in 2022

starting to think time dysphoria is real not age dysphoria i'm definitely twenty three years old i think that's something i feel in my soul but there's something about the outside world that just feels off doing drugs obvious
adhd more obvious
the apocalypse lost or maybe stolen futures
addiction debtor-addicts comes from deleuze's postscript
trauma folded convolved time, repetition compulsion
being bad at school how much life as burnt offerings?
accelerationism need to make sense of superabundance
philsophy brain i am a sinner
math brain i need to get my hands dirty
art brain i am captured by aesthetics
In short, everything this stupid zine is about

There's an association between rhizomorphic speed and superabundance. Rhizomorphic is used in hobbyist mycology to mean mycelium growing quickly & striated.

In tet, time consists of the differences in a body's experience, a body's experience consists of its actions, a body's actions produce metabolites, and its actions are the metabolism of those metabolites. Producing this zine has metabolized years of thought, several days of feverish effort, and all the drinking eating pissing shitting & necessary drugs, and has produced one very eepy human who's behind on weeks of work.

addiction & temporal warfare: using produces metabolites for future you and your community, and metabolizes metabolites for present you and your dealer

superabundance; four websites filled with screenshots of the other three. rhizomorphic speed; I do coke, so I can work harder, so I can earn more, so I can do more coke; each step producing exponential temporal byproducts. decades where nothing happens, weeks where decades happen, & and & and all this shit in the eternal now building to an infinite univocal crescendo. If only I could produce a little more time to elaborate.........



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where to download a bf how to buy a b fhow to buy a bf how to get a bf who won't leave me how to make a bf stay forever and ever how to get him to propose how to get pregnant as mtf hrt femboy gay bottom cis woman with a penis intersex horomone dificiency woman how to give birth through inguinal canals (non op transgender can i get pregnant if i do erp frotting with my 4chan bf (i am an mtf tranny) am i pregnant test buzzfeed political compass

how to get pregannt boyfriend (mpreg irl hack)

how to find a cute boyfriend who WONT troon on me (my last bf is now my

of Worms & Women only a fool would take anything written here as fact

This_was a really beautiful section that tied this dumb zine together. Unfortunately, other's privacy is important. So I've deleted most of it. One day I hope to speak on it. You can't make up some of the details.

In this section, I discussed the lgbt board on 4chan, its very perverse community, and the psychology of why it's toxicity is the point. an excerpt:

"You become your body, and any control that you have over your body quickly dissipates to genetics and age... and any control you have over the way your body is percieved dissipates to passgen and moids. The limit of transness on lgbt approaches being an object.

"This is good. Object = no agency = not my fault. Besides, objects have power. We all saw my screentime. I don't think this is healthy, but I'm not gonna change it so I don't think. You're a retarded freak of an object when your only social outlet is the racist nazi website that hates you. But there's something comfy/acc about knowing the man behind the screen is fucked up worse than me."

In short, on lgbt, self-hatred presents as an addiction, "I'm gonna try to nullify my life." Boohoo, the leopards ate my face so i became a video essayist.

The interesting beautiful tragic part of this essay was then growing up, becoming normal, making friends, and doing my best to foster a community for trans women who were hurting like me, seeing the same patterns, and being powerless to stop them.

I think about addiction in its most general as a form of temporal warfare with 3 parts:

where to find bf 2023 tutorial?????

1) The addict's behavior tends to univocity

2) The addict's milieu tends to metabolizing the byproducts of the addiction

3) Someone, or something else benefits

The first bit is by definition. If it was possible to only ever engage in one's addiction, an addict would. However, actions have metabolites, and if they're not dealt with, the addiction will be interrupted. An intermittent addiction is not the platonic addiction. If it's not the addict, then it's their milieu.

I'm realizing this probably sounds dumb and conservative. Remember, addiction to me is much broader than chemicals, or depression as an addiction to negativity. I think conservatives have an addiction to lies, fear & hatred. I do think the only real way out is through some form of personal obligation, but I think its just as much the duty of the community to give thanklessly.

So now, we're nearly there.

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rhizomorphic speed is when a rhizome striates itself in order to grow hastily. Say, a woman with a newfound purpose in life who knows exactly how to prevent the suffering her younger self went through. She's committed entirely to her studies, hobbies, and projects, to better herself, to fix the world.

superabundance is that which creates the accursed share, it's the grinding of time and metabolism, it's all the ugly waste that she obsessively scrubs and scrubs and scrubs, not knowing the scrubbing itself is also superabundance.

The tragic horrific beauty of this piece I had to delete was the moment when the ground collapsed for the trillionth time and I realized that yet again, not only do I have no clue if anything I'd spent the last 2 years on was working towards the thing that I'd oriented my life around, and even if it was, I'm not sure if that's good.

In other news, I miss math. It might be aimless self-annihilation, but at least numbers don't hurt anyone

Take care. It's a desert out there.

euismod tincidunt ut laoreet de lort magna aliquamerat volutpa laipe et et en la composition de la preet de lort magna directif era volutpa luipe et et en la composition dispuis et en la composition de la preestation de la composition del composition de la composi

look on my worms, ye mighty, and despair! i am rachel, the woman who forgot how to forget.

