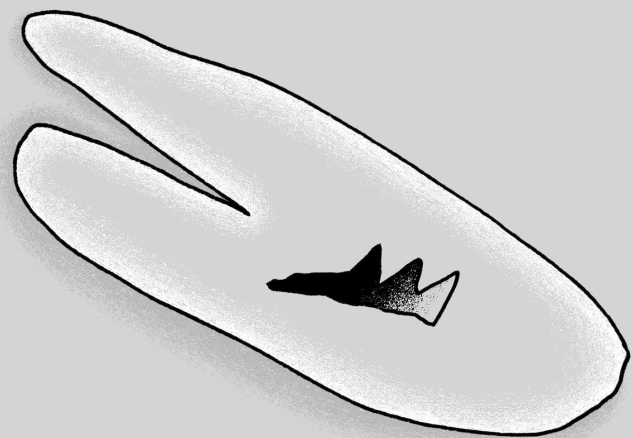


ZINE
Vol. VI

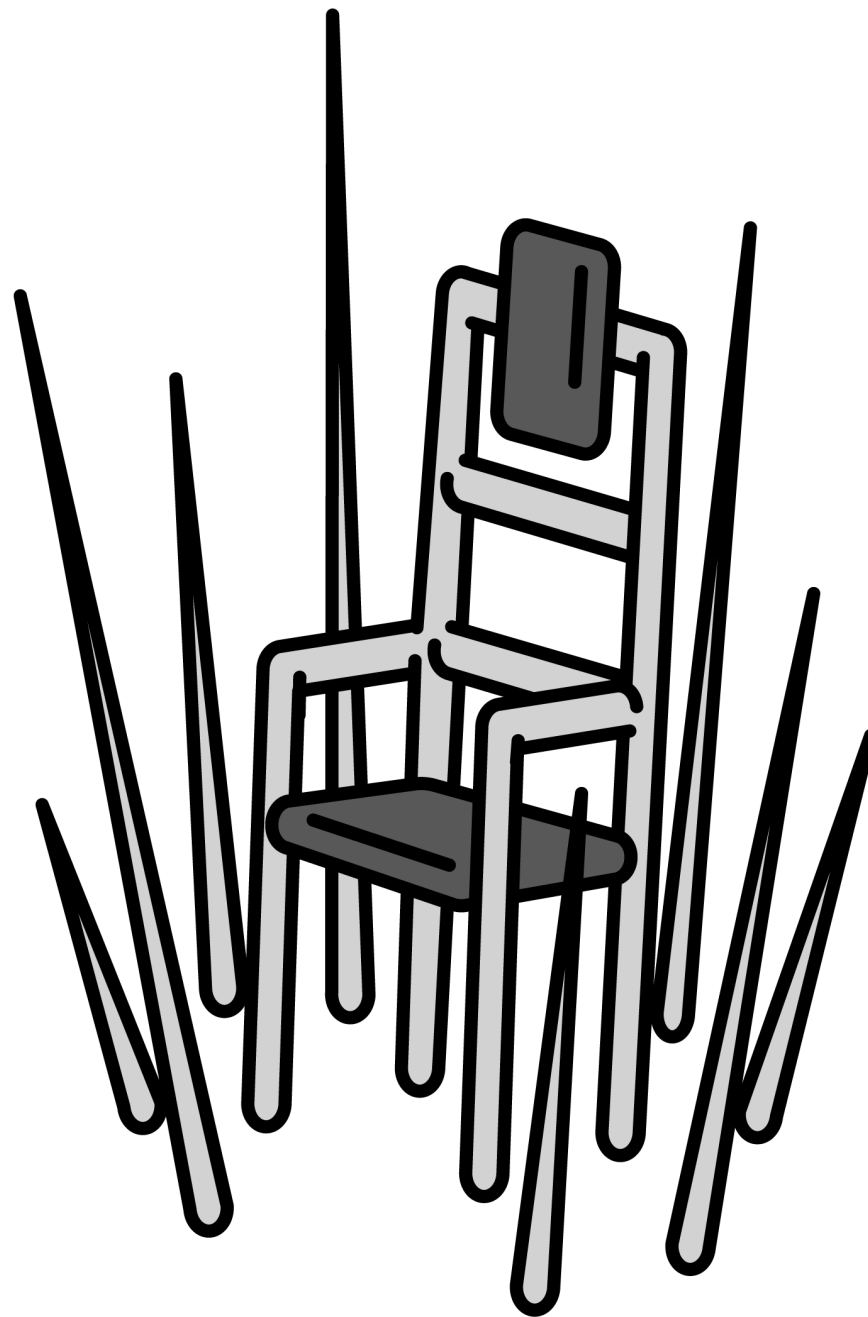
WITHOUT



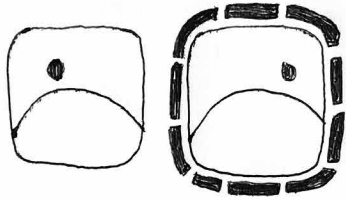
A CROWN



Wrocław, September 2020



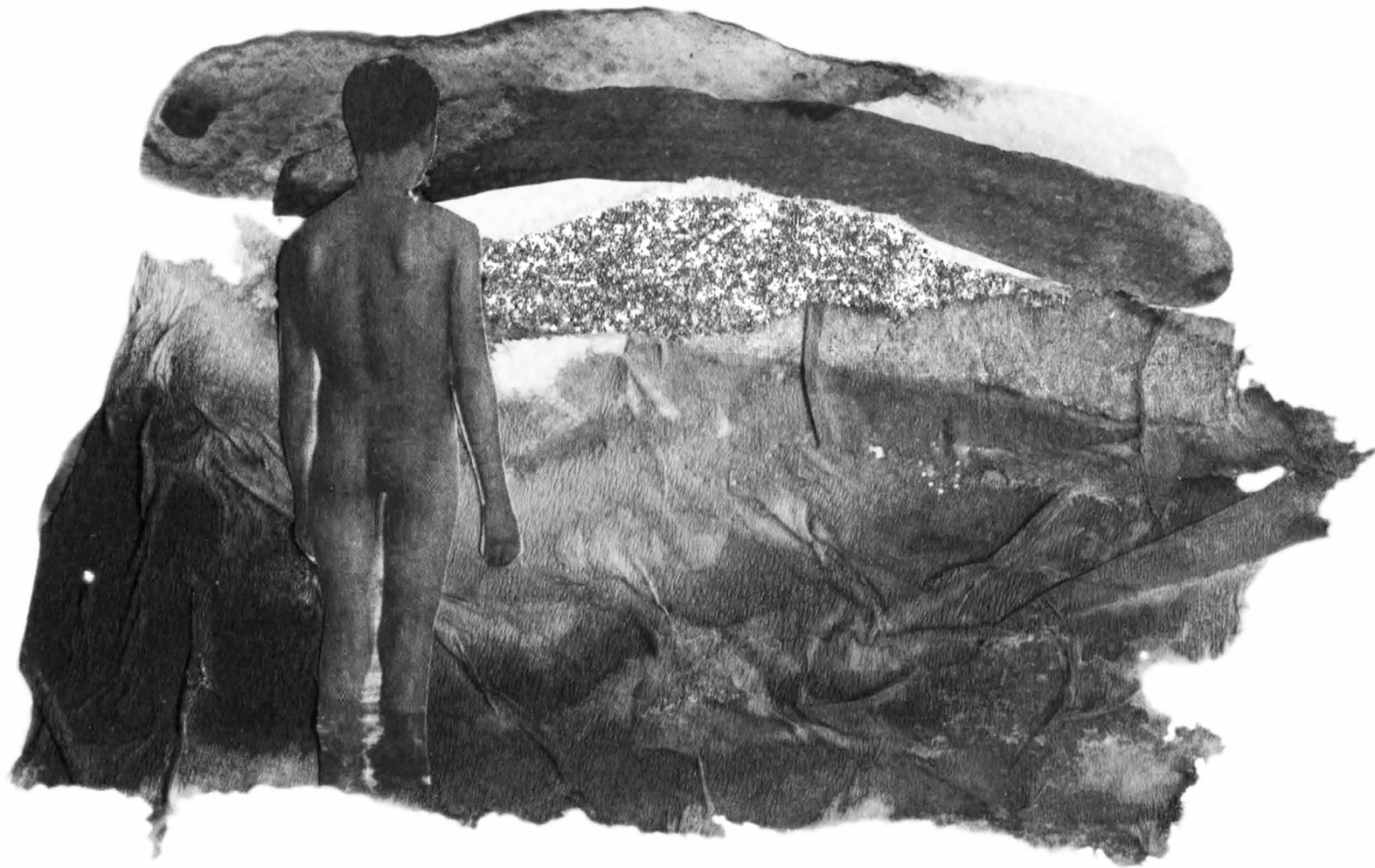
PLAYER 1
CHOOSE YOUR SIDE



TO KONTI THE
ΠΑΝΔΟΡΑΣ ○ (=)

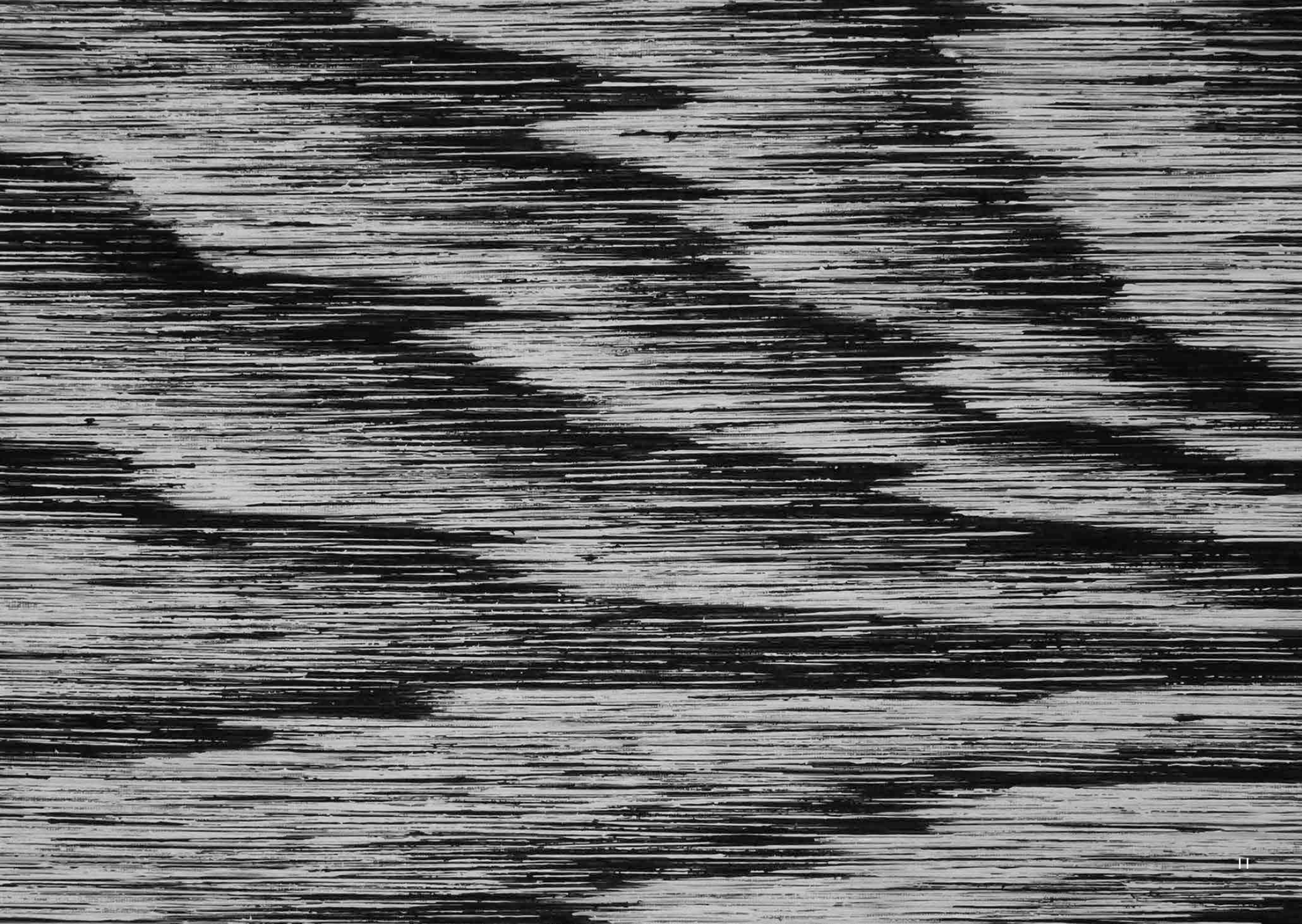


ΗΤΑΝ Η ΑΡΧΗ

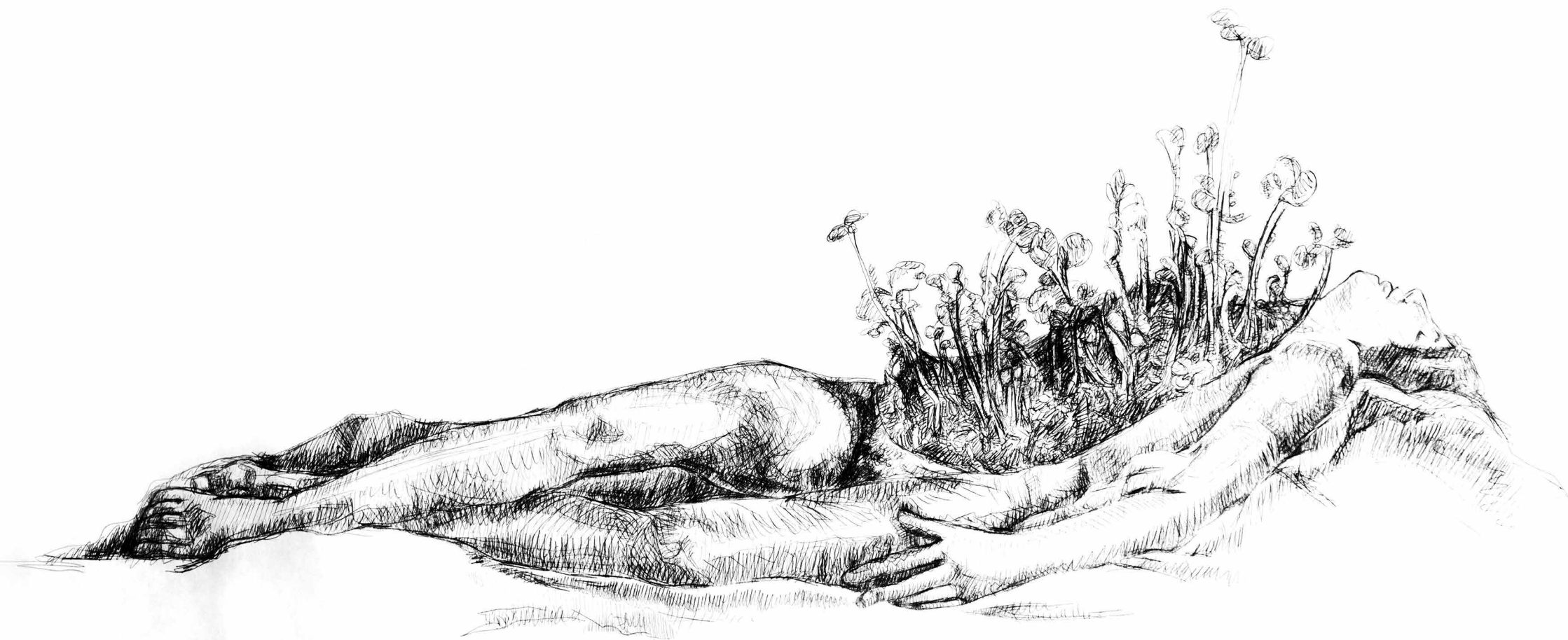




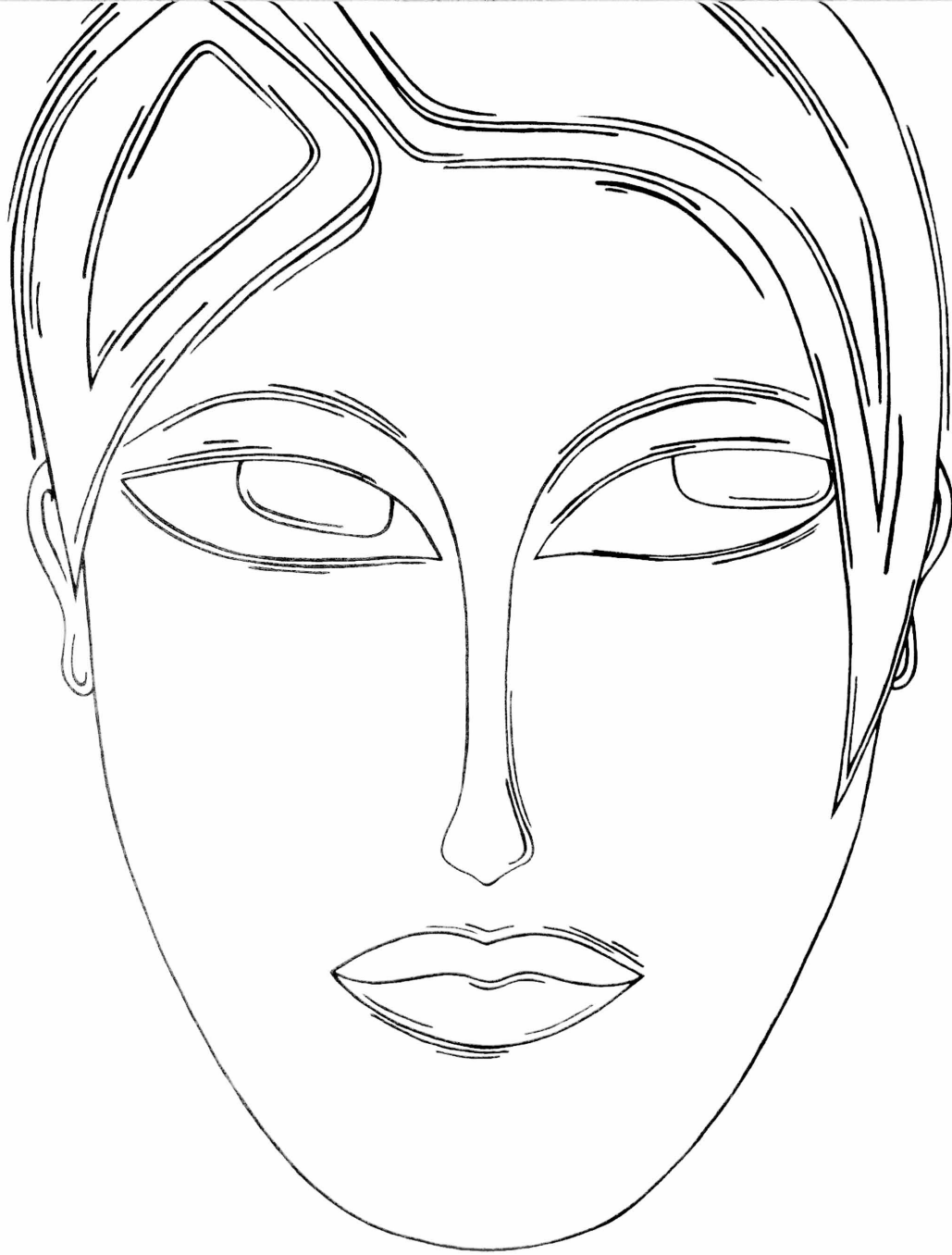












It's all fucked. And that's what makes it so beautiful. That every moment is full to the brim with pointlessness, and in that very irrelevance, the complete irrelevance, lies the portal to significance.

You stay at home because you've been told to do so. A part of you rebels because it's the thing to do. The other part leans back, grateful, more drunk than necessary, that you don't have to put up a fight anymore. Because it wouldn't matter anyway. There is something about the utter complacency of it all, the inability rubbing itself against the ambivalence that is erotic. That makes you want to touch yourself at three o'clock in the afternoon, because you have nowhere to be. You've stopped trying to go anywhere. Nobody here to make you cum. But they still sell batteries, they can't stop you from buying AAA batteries. And when the day comes that they can, they can't cut your fingers off, the ones that can slip inside you at any moment. Even when sitting on the bus. They can make you wear masks, but I don't need my mouth to touch myself. You can take the pleasure of a walk from me. You can make me walk my children like they're dogs I'm training to piss in their corner, but you can't stop me from cuming while you plot your next fuck up. Maybe you should all touch yourself more. Remember that you're human, that pleasure feels good, that closed borders means open bedroom doors.

I look forward to 2021, when all the pregnant bellies walking around remind us of the masked days. I wonder if these babies will come out screaming, face masks concealing the blue red gums where teeth will grow, and later bite the hands that will try to feed them. Spring will come and those babies will be the only remnants of this weird time. Babies and the tombstones. The ones that have no salt on them, because tears shed over skype don't eat away at the golden paint the same way.

We all drank too much this year, but I read an article that said this too can be reversed. That's the problem though; the infuriating desire to reverse to how things were. We can't go back. Ever. And the sooner we accept this fact the sooner we start moving forward. Let's move, let's evolve, let's fuck, and let's give birth to something new. Something loud, and unapologetic, and worthy of showing to someone who is just visiting.





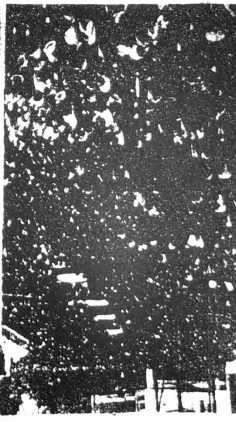








新編



most recent
year 1970.

A black and white photograph of a wall covered in graffiti. The most prominent feature is the word "LOVE" written in large, bold, capital letters. To the right of "LOVE", the word "CATAUNIA" is partially visible. Above "LOVE", there are several smaller words and phrases, including "FELTMS" and "MRS HANLEY". At the bottom left, there is a small drawing of a person's head and shoulders.

Shogun Mifune
and a pair







Tonight's story is somewhat unique
And calls for a different kind of introduction
A monster had arrived in the village
The major ingredient of any recipe for fear is the unknown
And this person or thing is soon to be met
He knows every thought, he can feel every emotion
Oh yes, I did forget something didn't I?
I forgot to introduce you to the monster

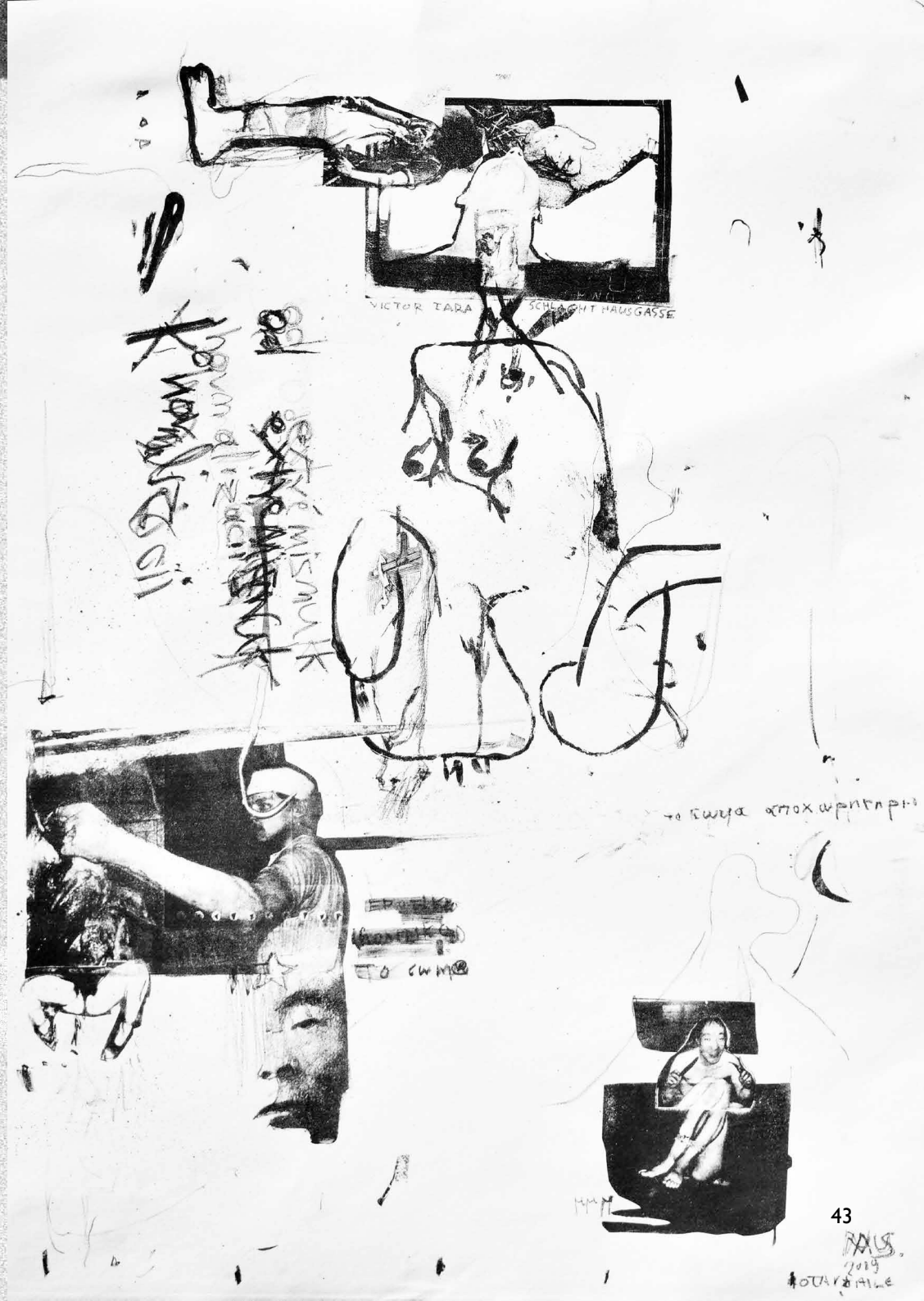






"reduced access
due to COVID-19
will result in
additional
49 million women
with an unmet need
for modern
contraceptives"

SEPTEMBER 28

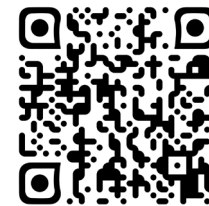
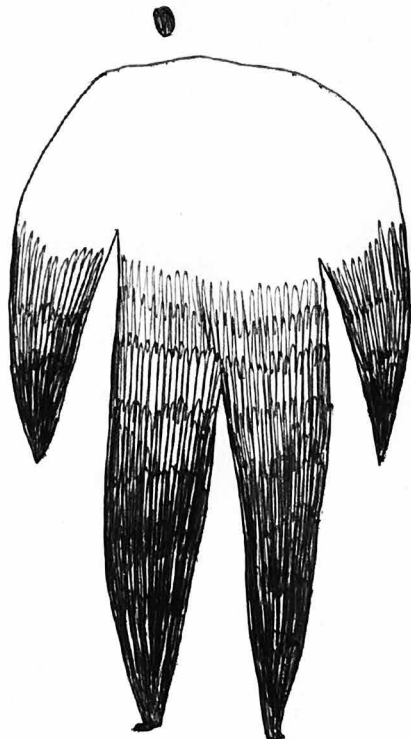
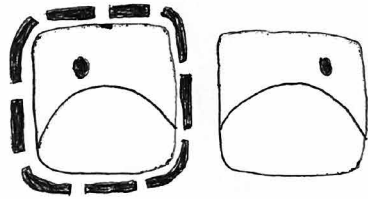






PLAYER 1

CHOOSE YOUR SIDE



Wrocław, September 2020

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