



Three Thousand Years of Splendor in the Arts



Mississippi Department of Finance and A...
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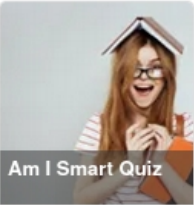


Knees weak, arms are heavy. 🦋
👍 5 📄 Reply ➦ Share ...
hefuckmyass • 11h ago
There's blood out of his neck already, wife's spaghetti



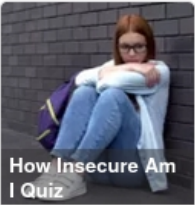
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Quizzes



Am I Smart Quiz

Take Quiz



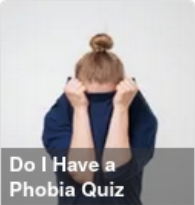
How Insecure Am I Quiz

Take Quiz



What Disney Princess Am I Quiz

Take Quiz



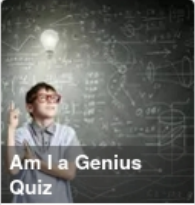
Do I Have a Phobia Quiz

Take Quiz



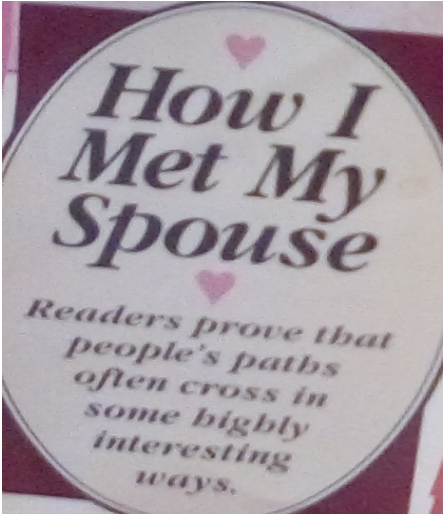
Guess My Age Quiz

Take Quiz



Am I a Genius Quiz

Take Quiz



ppl in pain

r waitin for the elevator (mayb is the *wrong* elevator--it doesnt matter) & it pings sooner or later, the gold doors slide open. ppl w back pain, head pain, tooth, carpal tunnel what have u

are gettin reeltired of things hurting. even unable 2 climb all those stairs
ppl in pain will sooner or later ascend vindictively w their poorlydisguized AK &

the bsp part is the more ppl hurting, the more cases we r gonna get, the more crowded the mr elevator when his doors slide open

FIND OUT IF PSYCHOLOGISTS AND EMPLOYERS THINK YOUR NORMAL

: having anyone trick me so cleverly that I have to admit that I was fooled.

: tire quickly.

know some important people because it makes me feel important.

:aid when I look down from a high place.

Isn't make me nervous if any members of my family got into trouble with the law.

ver happy unless I am roaming or travelling around.

thers think of me does not bother me.

s me uncomfortable to pull a stunt at a party even when others are doing the same sort of things.

ever had a fainting spell.

chool.

:ntly have to fight against showing that I am bashful.

ne has been trying to poison me.

: have a great fear of snakes.

n or never have dizzy spells.

mory seems to be all right.

twisted tea

kj: goosness i got some twisted Teee on ole neiski
 i been sneaky link with mungs ex turns out
 we got some kinda shadow game goin on
 gotta find that mast

h: i prob know it already but im curie. bored at werk if u wanna chit
 chat call atall in the next 3h

kj: oh its nuthin just twisted that i found my way in
 im swamp

h: oo enjoi
 yall overlapped multiple times already tho, no?
 small pool
 big mast in a small pool

ladybug simpkins

when the client opened the door behind the ring camera the first thing i noticed was that she had a silky lil pekinese shi-tzu under her arm, grinning widely (the dog). the client herself shuffled backwards into her foyer without looking up or speaking, and stayed that way--blank and eyes aimed at the floor--for the rest of the day.

i stepped into her house and it dawned on me that this client was one of 'the twins': a duo of adult women i'd encountered before. in the manner of a fable, there was a messy twin and a clean twin. I wasn't sure 'which was which', because i only knew one of their names and in my mind it (the name, we'll say 'Emily') sufficed for both of them.

the pair had lived together, at a different house. i'd been there many times. they had seemed well-paid, if not wealthy, their walls lined with board games and other trophies of nerd culture, and their porch receiving a steady stream of amazon objects for keeping up with various myopic details of physical comfort and convenience.

they'd had separate bathrooms. the 'clean twin' had a walk-in shower, its glass walls so pristine they barely took me any time to wipe down. the 'messy twin' had a tub. it took over an hour to clean because it was always filled with about two quarts of shed hair. she must've had some sort of condition.

this was my first time at this 'new' house, and I hadn't realized it belonged to 'the twins,' so i was surprised to see 'her,' although unsurprised that she wouldn't speak to or look at me after she let me in. (the twins never, ever spoke to me or replied to anything i said--i assumed they were spectral, or rude, or both.) had they *both* moved? i looked around for clues. no, I slowly realized: one of the twins--the clean twin--had gotten married. the new couple had moved here recently.

on the wall was a world map printed on canvas with little pins demarcating the new couple's 'travel adventures'. i texted a friend to let them know i'd arrived at an 'evil pinterest house'. little fake succulents in pots lined the half-bath off the foyer. they weren't doing the most extreme versions of millennial faux minimalism but that was the intended general thrust. a safety gate at the bottom of the stairs kept the shi-tzu from encroaching into (or leaving?) the bedroom.

i thought of the messy twin and her bathtub. did she *a/so* automatically spawn some sort of spouse? or was she alone at the old house? maybe she was happy that her double wouldn't be around to cramp her style anymore. or maybe she was having a somewhat darker experience. in any case, i unloaded my vacuum cleaner and other supplies, looked around and mentally calculated how long the cleaning would take.

behind the safety gate and up the stairs, in the converted attic bedroom/bathroom/bedroom-sized-closet, i took stock of the space's qualities and what I could glean about the texture of their lives. there was a near-inordinate emphasis (i mean, compared to other private spaces i witness) on the new couple's bodily upkeep. they had products and tools i'd never even heard of for functions I could only guess at. the bathroom was opulent at first glance, with gold plated showerhead, etc.

the house's renovators (this juncture *had* to be relatively recent) hadn't cut every imaginable corner, but they had cut some. the fixtures and utilities gave the intended appearance of luxury, but the scrutiny of physically cleaning them revealed some of their true cheapness. the drywall was already working up from humidity, nail spots raising in the walls. the grout wasn't done correctly and would peel sooner than they expected. the drains were a bit fucked and would become stinky. the central air vents up here would drip, rust, ultimately house mold.

although the clean twin's new husband did seem to be a cis man, and a fairly large one, there were no visible signs of his presence in the sleeping quarters or master bath, except for a rather masculine second shaving razor, a second box of tissues, and a superfluous e-reader on the bedside table. but beyond that, nothing--not even a large pair of shoes.

this is not an uncommon scenario. in my experience it's verifiably true that white-collar life as reflected in the physical objects and design of living space currently tends towards a unisex point of 'healthy' optimization, which on closer examination is actually a feminized ideal.

for instance, there were (at least) two people's worth of products on the vanity for the skin-hair-nails-teeth-nose and for relieving any imaginable twinge of discomfort, dysfunction or unpleasantness. but, these products no longer even bother exaggerating their gender coding (*'this one is the MANLY body wash and that one is the PRINCESS body wash'*): that shit is for trashy, lowbrow people. contemporary body products for 'smart' people all fall somewhere on the 'generic-feminine' end of the spectrum. their selling point, their aura, is 'science,' not identity romance.

and therefore there was no way for me to tell whose products were whose. they all blurred into a perfectly supported, even micromanaged, single body. in this way, through the trail of objects i was following, the clean twin's new spouse was just some *new* sort of double for her; there were just two of her, again, living here.

there were pictures of the couple, though (and I would later find 'his office' downstairs and deduce that he was some sort of scientist). but actually, the shi-tzu's presence was more loudly inscribed on the house than that of either the husband or the wife. the beds and chairs were all equipped with little ramps or folding steps for its struggling joints (arthritis, i would discover from the tray of dog medicines) to access their perches.

Perplexing Figures Set in a Strange Landscape



a canine pram was parked next to the door--they were those people who actually pushed the dog around in a little dog-sized stroller. the dog must be old--but still.

i noticed that many of the numerous dog beds, shelters, and toys bore a ladybug motif. i thought to myself, i wonder if the dog is named 'ladybug'. the thought annoyed me a little because the name seemed arbitrary and unoriginal. but i reasoned that *ladybug* was a less depressing name than like *chewbacca* or whatever.

they had been married, the house revealed, less than six months. i couldn't get a read on what the wedding had been like, but they had a whole closet devoted to what looked like 18th century french period costumes. a masquerade wedding, maybe? in the pristine guest bedroom there was a photo of the twins (not the husband) dressed this way, posing, possibly in some actual european city (or a movie set?)--both still near-expressionless in the picture. there was a whole separate office room for sewing projects; i vacuumed up cloth scraps from the carpets around the sewing and overlock machines and dressmaker's bust.

i caught a gummy little baby lizard inside the cushions of their couch and liberated it from the indoors.

in the living room i saw for the first time a childhood photo of 'Emily,' both of them. They were seated with a *third girl who also looked identical*. the three of them were at some sort of state park, perched on a log near a creek. I stared at it for a long time.

the bedside tables showed me that the couple were reading some combination of contemporary fiction thrillers and npr-style 'light political' commentary about 'we live in an era with a dangerous (presumably

republican) lack of respect for science' type topics. (downstairs i would observe their placards from the *no kings* march shoved in a storage space; '*democracy doesn't kneel, crown-emoji-red-strikethrough*'). as with the bathroom products, i couldn't tell at all whose books were whose. there weren't a lot of books physically present in the house at all, and a good deal of them were about zelda, mario, harry potter, star wars. there were more DVDs and games than even these books.

great for them, i thought, they've got it made; this is the ideal Double Income No Kids situation; they can do whatever they want, they can work their jobs and come home and game together and smoke some medically optimal type of weed... drink a fancy mushroom coffee and park the cup on a sarcastic coaster, watch *doctor who* together over and over for the next fifty years... they're living the nerd couple dream. of course it seems like a nightmare life to me, but i'm sure they'll be 'happy' in some form, and at least they're unlikely to want to *reproduce* this. they've got this dog, and a little stroller for the dog, that's their nurture experience, they don't need a baby...

or, so i thought, until i found the male fertility semen support conception vitamin complex downstairs next to the coffee machine. i shuddered. i was deeply confused and sad. they didn't seem in any way equipped to tolerate the chaotic disorder of a third life. the dog was okay, it didn't speak english.

i felt an immediate resonant sadness for the phantom child who would be trapped with such aspirationally rational people, bombarded with products and tools to solve every little physical blip. a psychic wasteland. this tragic genesis would guarantee a circulating triad of private insanity, but *wholly* privatized and personalized; nobody in the world would take issue with any of it because they had plenty of money.

next to these vitamins were the dog vitamins and these confirmed my suspicion that the dog's full legal name was *ladybug simpkins*.



wait wait i got 1 lets try this

EMPATHY::: DEBUNKED [click here](#)



if i close my hand

n open it up again rite here evn w lipstick on my teeth or however garbled i
cn still see treasure spillin out on the ground so sharp and so much of it i
cant hold it all if i open up my hand it tumbles

i am ready 2 share

these fantasies (esp the heavier ones) r not condoned by area signage but
however my fantasies they for better or worse *tbh*

have had a tendency 2 come real

this whole thing

- h: everyone keeps saying 'u must be so Ready for ur kid to be back in school' & it makes me sad.
i love being around her, imo its sad that its normalized to be like 'get this kid away from me!'
- r b: its jaded af
def the popular narrative
'finally my husband died' or 'tips to lower cholesterol' ...
'actually cholesterol is good, new science proves'
'we cant any of us wait for nannybot- the easy to use chip that fits inside any childs head' cld replace schools, its always something you must be so ready and excited
- h: i genuinely think in 10yrs they will have got rid of school in rural areas at first or whatev & it will be virtualreality headsets w software leased by ai trainer startups
- r b: Nail on the head: All signs point towards yes
coupled w forced labor camps
rebranded as 'fitness patriots'
- h: ya i am rly fascinated by the health,fitness enforcement aspect o this whole thing

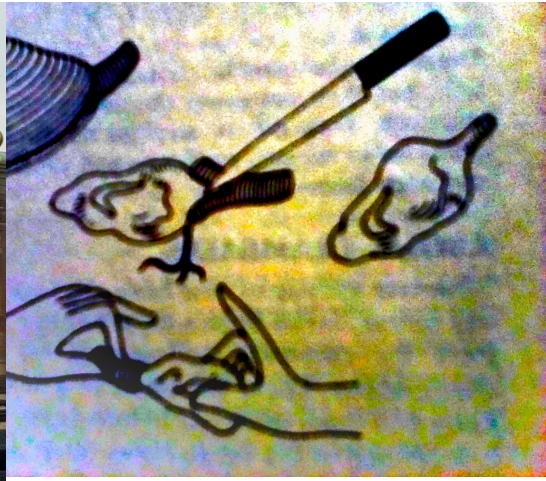


gym oaf sez

lookin Good ! Good Size ! lookin Real Big

excerpt, ***aesthetic field and seduction via cringe: the release of woodeneye***

The horrible irony I've found in the course of my life is that even people who most aggressively disavow the entire existence of the aesthetic dimension, who will die swearing that there's no such thing as an aesthetic field, still navigate through their own worlds using an aesthetic compass, without knowing it or having any conscious relationship with it, or even hating and resenting it. Language itself, including gestural language, operates via aesthetic field. One cannot communicate whatsoever without engaging aesthetically.



There are people for whom music is essentially a product, a commodity that consumers use to 'chill out' or 'get excited' or to signal identity, a sort of fashion accessory or social token. In the minds of such people, just as you would use dental floss to floss your teeth, you use music to drown out sex sounds, or to fend off boredom. A party is supposed to have music in the background. A TV show is supposed to have a themesong. If only there were some way to just auto-complete these functions without having to get confused by all the possibilities, or run afoul of making the wrong choice by accident and getting mocked!

For the aesthetically illiterate people who run the world, music's power to make an 'atmosphere' or to unite groups in the joy of a shared sensibility is undeniably profitable and even, at times, necessary—but, they reason, there must be some way to recreate this profitability without having to engage in the messy and confusing process of actual aesthetic navigation, without risking failure, alienation, embarrassment. Or—ideally—without having to pay anybody who is capable of doing this navigation.

The ascent of AI currently underway is such a boring phenomenon I have no real interest in writing about it much, but I will mention this aspect of it: when I've talked to AI optimists, the number one thing these people want to see happen is the obliteration of the irrational, slippery power of aesthetic fields. AI optimists want it to go away. They categorically resent the existence of that entire dimension, which to me makes about as much sense as resenting that we exist in three dimensions rather than two. They seem really convinced that two dimensions would be so much neater.

I have limited patience talking to these people; it feels as if I'm locked in a cage and the prisoner next to me is going, "Wow, these bars are so solid! Isn't it amazing? How did they make these? They're so advanced, so functional! They're so impressive! Aren't you impressed?"

There's also this deep suspicion of how confusing the aesthetic dimension is, and a desire for centralized aesthetic standards rather than a fray of heterogeneous aesthetic war. Ideological fascists in particular want there to be an aesthetic 'consensus' in the world; fascists politics have always hinged on (incredibly dumb but) undeniably aesthetic projects: the notion that people should be blonde, for instance. Liberals also want there to be a consensus—just a different type, revolving around affective qualities (i.e. 'kindness'? 'science'?) rather than necessarily visual appearances. This is one of the major lines of continuity between liberals and fascists: the shared discomfort with the world's inherent aesthetic friction.

Tech-worshippers have always resented the fact that most other people on earth have some level of confidence doing aesthetic navigation, fucking around, sensibility-building, fighting with each other—and that most people already intuitively understand that the aesthetic dimension is not ethical. Your aesthetic choices will betray you at a moment's notice. Tech dudes profoundly resent both this confidence and the fields' complexity, and want to find a way to not just make money or cut corners but punish the entire realm of aesthetic literacy.

They want a collective abdication of the power of aesthetic navigation. They want to forcibly subordinate the aesthetic dimension to their one monolithically cool toy. It won't work, it's literally not possible, but that's their dream.



all about seduction

kelly: was baudrillard out there fuking a lot how's he know all about seduction and love differences

h: he was born in rural france in the 1920s so the transition into postmodern era was super stark and obvious to him. like the world is doing new shit now/people are leaving the old way (catholic carnal indulgence vs guilt, objectify feminine mystery as inscrutable other & all these dualistic erotic tensions of patriarchal christianity) behind..

the new era will claim to resolve all conflicts in liberal humanism, attempt to purge all tension and negativity, fail, and then self-destruct

french cliches about seduction n cheating lose their flavor, dualistic pact based on flirtation/the private charge btw two people etc has zero meaning once everything is allowed and love is a sort of universal asexual imperative.

his famous zinger is about 'after the orgy,' after everyone has fucked everyone til its boring for everyone, the last exciting hope is when someone leans in and whispers 'hey... u got plans after this orgy?'

a very french/mardi gras type scenario ie the irony of private & secret gamelike erotic connection reemerging, even when it has supposedly been eliminated from the world



bein her

*hey no worries its allgood
i could see myself bein her,if i was her*

hamster sam

- h: Yo I just wanted to let you know that hamster sam in amsterdam
handstands in sand, ham in hand
- u: his plan was a sham
- g: bro i am dead on the floor
'i just wanted to let you know' sounded like the beginning of bad
news, which rly intensified the effect
- k: ham in hand! i cant stand a hand standing sam, tell him to scram
or get sandwich slammed
tis the season fir chris's crispy christmas viscous hibiscus biscuits.
the quickest viscous biscuits in the business
- h: in case u missed us on the isthmus last christmas



if the wrong name got sed

*imean if they sed the wrong name 2 me id laugh so hard
laugh!*

*bc a mistake means genuine joy, u cant make mistake on purpose, is
always automatic funny its a holiday, every mistake th@ happens*

liek when the train went by & shrieking,laughing

lumps it over the edge

- h: omg my tentative crush (im waitin to find out the numerical age before i hit crush-confirm) was conspicuously reading CAPITAL.? i was like nice try kid i kno u dont read books
- kj: if they should move on to infinite jest u should poison them before they get too strong
- h: hrut immediately floated a scenario where i do a pickup line somethin like
mayb volumes 1 and 2 are needed as a hip positioning prop
once again i gotta age check first i suspect like 25. its weird to be olde now huh
- kj: 'for you my lumpen prole might rise up...'
- h: ahhhh!
that word has always evoked that huh
- kj: its weird cuz i see like 25yos on tv or sports players or in suits and im like pfft look at this old try hard ass
infact, in my mind my lumpen proleishness makes me younger than any achiever
when in fact my rich boomer parents are 19
whats goin onnn
- h: yea 'achiever' is a age projection... idk i think im hyped to be issued my crone card finally, if concerned abt my inability to tell ages at a glance
- kj: yea i had a crush on a boy w receding hair and minir achievement and emotional tools... turns out 27 :/
it gets harder to find hot lumpens that are 36+ and not all twisted up by the forces that twist
- h: yeah :(
- kj: app for 30+ lumps called twinge
no djs allowed
- h: stop saying lummmmmmps! eeeeE
WWW
its the german suffix 'en' that lumps it over the edge for me

i can always tell

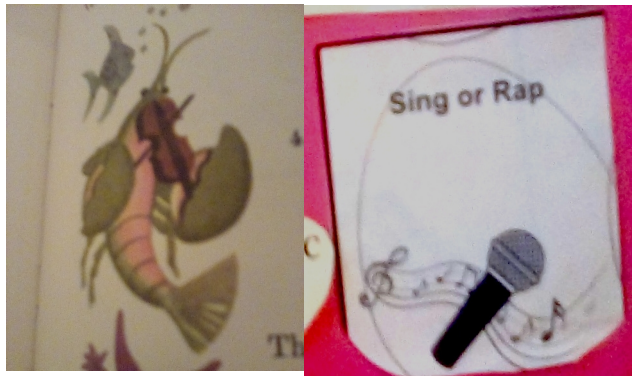
when sum1 is chased around by a secret translucent version of themselves thats messy bad crashout stock and i can always tell when they r scared of it. that dopplegangeur loomin behind them grinnin and like jorkinit or something, or boozin snortin whathaveu or whining or jus generally being a slob w badbreath foodstains down the collar or w/e. & in general rather than

make peace w it they try nervously 2 pretend it isnt there & pretend nobody cn see it

the power trip when i cd throw my head back & laugh *Why on Earth? why would any1 come up 2 me in public & grovel? for Being Weird? grovel!* mumble *ur reeeally keeewl & i hope mayb we cd be frenz* i cn always tell

n always see the fear in the pplz eyes of this double being seen and *i do* see the double and if i need to

if i need to i let them know i can see em both @ once. &. u kno, bigdick these ppl



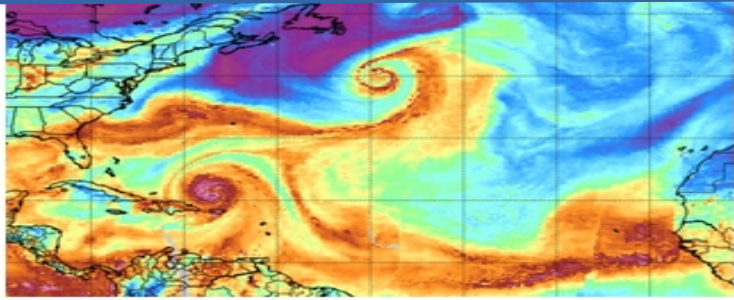
This song to me was dumb at first but now i like it, its catchy
Always thought this song had something to do with society's dependence
on fossil fuels... silly me. ^_^

Not Valid

orphaned by the 20th century

themz the brakes
the yr 2080 sparkles liek a hailstorm in the nite undr LED street lite up a
head

dead and even their syntax dead even iff they didn dye til the 00s



Thinking this should be wall art!
 An old 1960s Commercial Advertisement.
 Movie Poster?
 The Cane That Couldn't Say No!
 Maybe was the 50s or 70s.
 My mother had a Record Cover....
 ...similar to this.
 A bit of Weather Art is always good.



A city falling apart: Why New Orleans fails to stay dry, functional despite billions in funding

Rodents, leaks and busted AC: New Orleans is full of rundown government buildings

Pushed to the breaking point, coastal Louisiana fears insurance rates are killing their towns

'Skeleton town': LA fishermen forced to leave bayou homes behind as developers swoop in

