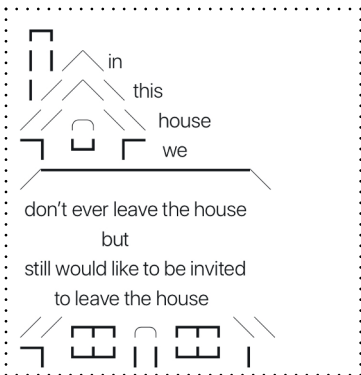


ARCANGEL: It's a really important question. All this stuff out there made by all these people is probably better than the stuff I'm making. How do you deal with that? That's one part of the question, and the second part of the question is where do I fit in with that, because essentially I'm doing the same thing that they are. As an artist, what is my role on the internet? The first part is like a daily battle. I call it the fourteen-year-old Finnish-kid syndrome. Basically there are people doing things on the internet right now that are above and beyond. I will see stuff daily and think, Oh my God, that's the greatest thing I've ever seen in my life, and in an art context it could work. It's this kind of age-old folk art thing. I think of it



You wrote that yourself? wow congrats dude, really, that's very cool. i just told everyone in my family about it, everybody thinks that's very impressive and asked me to congratulate you. they want to speak to you in person, if possible, to give you their regards. they also said they will tell our distant relatives in christmas supper and in NYE they will ignite fireworks that spell your name. i also told about this enormous deed to closer relatives, they had the same reaction. they asked for your address so they can send congratulatory cards and messages.

copypasta, unknown origin

When I was in 3rd grade, I was obsessed with the sound that comes from slapping my dick side to side. Basically, you have to rapidly twist your torso back and forth, propelling the penis to and fro, creating that slapping effect (you have to be buck naked). I even once thought of forming a dick-slapping gang; whenever we beat up somebody, we would throw him on the ground, surround him, strip naked, and torment him with our dick slapping noises. That sound is so perfect and crisp that I also thought of using it as a means of communication. Please don't make fun of me for this because I was young and it was a long time ago. Thank

copypasta, unknown origin

Super Normie

Sensations of the Ordinary

Naoto Fukasawa & Jasper Morrison



Lars Müller Publishers

Man that shit was crazy. I bought a cartridge of chargers for a friend one day and he offered me one. Almost kinda freaked out for the first one, but curious enough to try a second. And then a third.

I kept on getting to the peak of the high where I saw the "truth", but as soon as I came down the message faded. So in order to get back there, I'd take another charger in hopes to get back there, only to have the message ran through my head so quickly I couldn't remember it all, rinse recycle and repeat.

Well that box ran out and we had to go back to the store to get another one because clearly we were on to something and the research *must* be done. Who else would do it? It was up to us, brave explores of the realms of nitrous, to find the message in a form through which we could carry it to the masses.

True peace and inner happiness for all,

and the answer was *right fucking there* we just couldn't reach out and grab it quick enough. Double charges, repeated charges, and over a thousand dollars worth of boxes later, we tried to dig our way into the nitroverse, focusing with all our might to understand it's glory, only to be let down again by the barriers of reality.

We figured, that, the evil principle prevailing in this world, "the devil", "ego", "the man", or whatever you want to call it, had found a way to separate nitrous, the true breath of god, from the air stream where humans once peacefully breathed from, and capture it in these canisters to tease us with doses of reality, leaving us stuck in this delusional oxygen ridden planet, and he, with the help of his henchmen, the reality trolls, had made canisters just small enough on purpose so we could continue to pay without ever getting the answers to conquer his manipulated realm and liberate mankind.

We fell for the trap, we thought, but once we had hit reality, we didn't want to go back to the matrix, for we understood what truly "is".

Yet we continued to succumb to his sick game, charger after charger, at the bus stop, in the bus, in public bathrooms, the library, park, wherever, in hopes we could beat his sick game but never could.

Two days passed, our bank accounts drained, our friends questioning our whereabouts, we woke up at a camp site, tent littered with loads of empty chargers.

"Holy shit man, that was fucked"

/u/crystal_meth_life 18.10.01

/r/researchchemicals

4CHAN /LIT/

The 5th night of my last VolCel attempt I had cancelled a date with a femdom that I had been looking forward to for the whole week, like really craving. But I cancelled because I had to prove to myself I could beat this. So I'm sitting in my room reading Hegel's Phenomenology of Spirit which is widely considered to be one of the most difficult books in Western Philosophy. And I'm re-reading every sentence like 10 times, taking extensive notes, diagrams, highlighting, underlining, circling, re-reading, getting increasingly sexually and intellectually frustrated. Then suddenly my roommate starts having loud moaning sex in the opposite room and his bed is banging against the wall next to my table. So I'm hunched over the table, scribbling these stupid little notes while these loud sex moans fill the whole room. I wanted to fucking die.

2:34 PM

Anon, /lit/ 2018

: Anonymous

09/15/16(Thu)17:38:11 No.31432364

I am a 36 year old with a PhD in Philosophy. I am \$450k in debt and currently working two minimum wage jobs in order to stay alive. I work alongside 18 year olds and whenever they ask about my background I just tell them I've been in prison for a long time, which is less embarrassing than admitting the truth. I am probably the most well-informed Husserl scholar on the North American continent, perhaps in the world. My 1,500 page biography of his life has been rejected several dozen times. No college will take me on since they don't think Husserl is relevant, and that other applicants are therefore pushed to the head of the line. I have had 6 Husserl-related papers published in different journals and philosophical quarterlies, but have earned no money or recognition for having done so. I just moved to Abbeville, Louisiana since there is a job opening at the university in Lafayette and I decided to go all out in order to get it. But I've just found out that my application was rejected and now I'm stuck working at a Wendy's three shifts a week and a Barnes & Noble the rest of the time. I have no wife, no children, and at this point no friends I'm willing to talk to due to the shameful nature of my existence.

[>>31432589 #](#)

Anon, /lit/ 2016

Her mind was chaos. The neighbors to the right were blasting salsa and the neighbors to the left were blasting bachata. And below her, in the kitchen, her mother was blasting Bollywood songs as she did her Sunday cooking. The three rhythms clashed, destined to never be in sync, though they each made her feet ache to dance. To drown them out, she plugged in her earbuds, pressing shuffle on the playlist. The Columbia white guy crooned to her, asking if her bed was made, if her sweater was on, if she wanted to fuck. She skipped the song, and now he crooned about playing tennis. She couldn't take him seriously. No thanks, Ezra. I have work to do. So, she was left with no other option but to put on Work by Rihanna.

She'd started listening to Vampire Weekend when she went to high school and wanted attention from the boys that she'd never seen before. Naturally, The Black Keys, Arctic Monkeys, and alt-J followed. Suddenly she was binge watching Arrested Development and Mad Men. Bollywood movies took the back burner. She hadn't been keeping up with the new Dancehall music; her cousins made fun of her for not knowing the latest Vybz Kartel song. The only person of color she had a crush on was Zayn Malik from One Direction. In fact, the only other people she crushed on were straight white men. She refers to this period in her life as "The Dark Ages".

If these were her Dark Ages, the times when everyone had the plague and no one could read, then when were her good times? If you asked her, she's respond quickly.

"Fifth grade," she would say. "That was the best year of my life."

Anon, /lit/ 2018

Nobody, and I mean fucking nobody, likes you pony retards. Not your parents, not God, not even Cthulhu. I hope each and every one of you is chemically burned to the point that your skin is nothing but peeling, diseased husk and I hope that everyone you ever love emotionally destroys you. I hope that your tears turn to stone in the corners of your eyes and I hope your hearts turn black as coal and just when you think there's no love and happiness left in the world, I hope someone comes along and just rapes the shit out of you, beats you, breaks you and leaves you for dead. And as you lay there, weeping at the crushed, splintered remains of your joy, I will come along, I will unzip my jeans, I will free the sack and I will dunk it lovingly against your foreheads. Each and every one of you. I will teabag every single fucking one of you, with these nuts that can only love dead faggots.

copypasta, unknown origin

↑
6403
↓

[Wojnarowski] At one point in a scrimmage, sources said, Butler turned to GM Scott Layden and screamed, "You (bleeping) need me. You can't win without me." Butler left teammates and coaches largely speechless. He dominated the gym in every way. Jimmy's back. (twitter.com)

submitted 2 hours ago by

SomeKindOfSomething

1012 comments share save hide give gold report
crosspost hide all child comments

↑
↓

[-]  LamarMillerMVP 183 points 2 hours ago

At one point in a scrimmage, sources said, Lebron came out of the shower with a towel on his waist and went straight to Ty Lue's office. "You (bleeping) need me. You can't live without me." Lebron left teammates and coaches largely speechless. He dominated Tyronn in every way.


↑
↓

[-]  glansberg_stephen [+1] 890 points 2 hours ago*

(last edited 1 hour ago)

[Wojnarowski] At one point in a scrimmage, sources said, Zhou Qi turned to GM Daryl Morey and screamed, "你他妈的需要我没有胜利." Zhou left teammates and coaches largely speechless. He dominated the gym in every way. Zhou's back.
Edit: 我禽，你们需要我。如果我不玩，你们不会赢。

↑
↓

[-]  Uvuuvewewewwe_Osas 397 points 2 hours ago*

(last edited 2 hours ago)

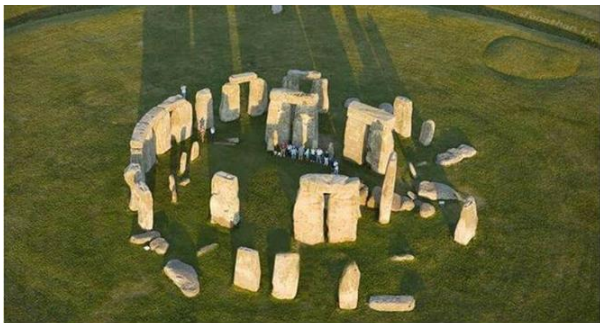
These cats turned to KD and said: "You don't (bleeping) need me! You can't win with me." They left teammates and coaches completely speechless. They dominated the litter box in every way. These cats are back

Memetic texts from r/NBA

LOSS

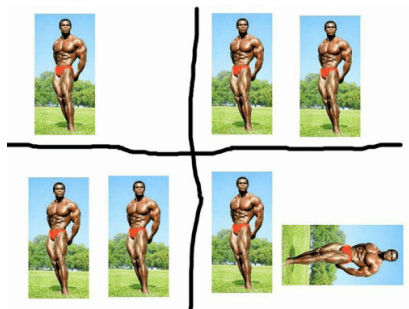


Loss was originally a four-panel comic by Tim Buckley for the webcomic Ctrl+Alt+Del, depicting its protagonist rushing to the hospital, only to learn his partner has had a miscarriage. Spin-offs, parodies, and homages from anonymous forum posters referenced its four panel format used a kind of minimal | || || _ pattern, with each pipe standing in for a character.



What is the meaning of Stonehenge? This circle of stacked rocks has baffled and mystified historians and antiquarians for thousands of years, but the true purpose and meaning of Stonehenge still remains shrouded in mystery even today.





Serge Nubret Loss Meme



FAVORITE WAY TO DRINK COKE?

GLASS



FOUNTAIN



PLASTIC

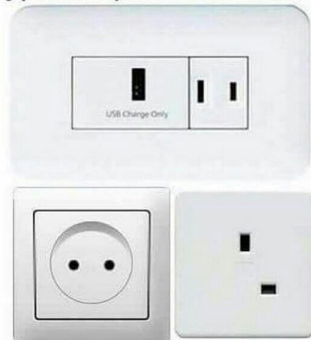


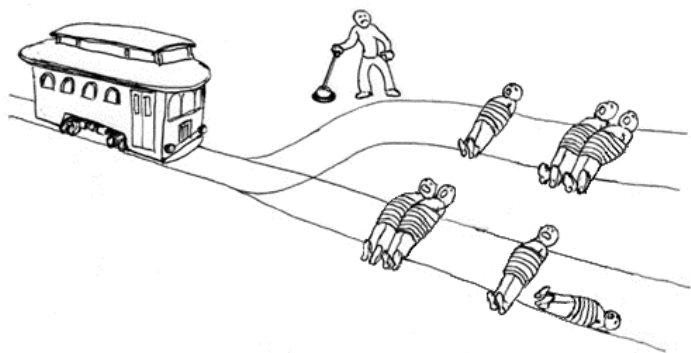
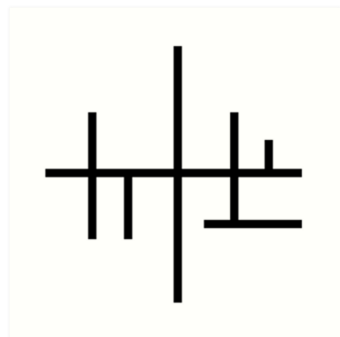
CANS



Hidden message in the meme

Different countries use different types of power outlets





Power

Power

Power

Power

Verizon LTE

9:27 AM

multifoliate-rose

Follow

multifoliate rose

poet, bookseller, twin peaks enthusiast,
lover of semi colons and pink lemonade

*I very much used to be where I was. In fact part of
me used to be that where I was wasn't anywhere at
all empty and material and I was embarrassed about
the way you might be embarrassed about wanting
to shedless piece of clothing I felt like I was in
something, though at the same time the feelings I had
and everything that I often wanted I could feel
being myself altogether, perhaps for a few months,
temporarily dissolved. If I could have put what I was
in words, the words would have been an infant and
me to be alone. I want someone to want me. I'm lonely I'm
not to be lonely, to be lonely, to be lonely to see the other
not that frightened me the same, as if I'd liked the bit
reproducible days. I suppose eating very much and not
me and be noticeably on the weather from, adding it
on.*

*"COMMITMENT TO AUTOMATIC REACTION,"
even larks and katydids are
supposed, by some, to dream.
Hill House, not same, stood by
itself against its hills, holding
darkness within; it had stood
so for eighty years and might
stand for eighty more. Within,
walls continued upright, bricks
met neatly, floors were firm,
and doors were sensibly shut;
silence lay steadily against the
wood and stone of Hill House,*

commieutena
Follow

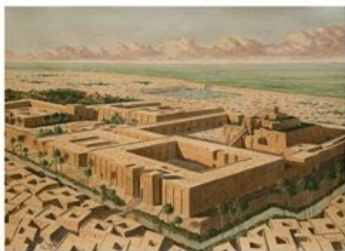
relatablepicturesofpatrickgill



If you think something appears deep or profound, try reformulating it in your own words and then imagine those words coming out of the mouth of a dude wearing this

untitled, by @spinozachel

W
T
M
M
P



Neat, it's Sumer!

They invented:



clay

Which they used
to talk about:



wheat

they had a lot of fun

Alright what's going on here

someone has some explaining to do

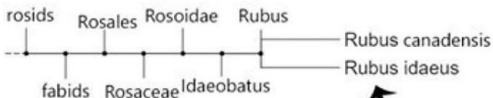


- juicy
- delicious
- made of lil blobs
- spiky leaves
- +3 stealth

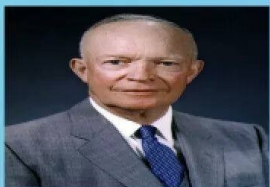


- juicy
- delicious
- made of lil blobs
- spiky leaves
- +2 fire damage

So similar? how?



Oh I see now, they are so similar because they are best friends



Thank goodness

for



Dwight D. Eisenhower

&



**the Interstate
Highway
System**



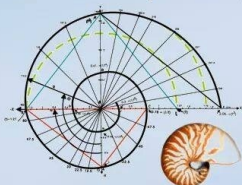


ok so

← THIS fellow

looks pretty dumb, right?

WRONG.



← he knows secrets

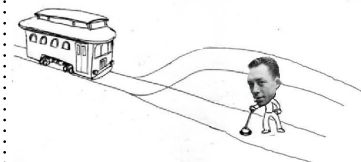
and we're gonna find out
what they are

by asking him to tell us

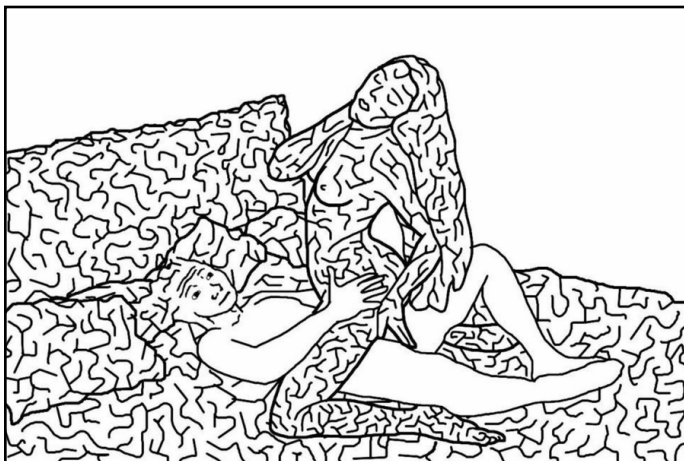
4CHAN



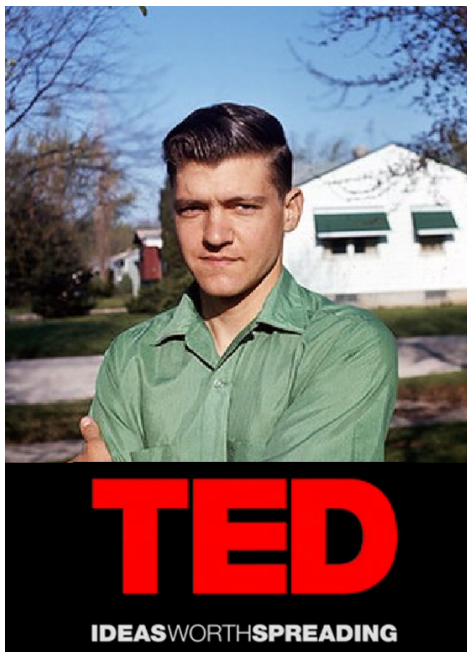
"There's only one serious philosophical trolley problem"



Anon, /lit/



A line drawing riffing off or parodying the idea of sapiosexuals, those who claim to be attracted to people primarily on the basis of their intelligence and cognitive capacities.



A reference to Ted Kaczynski,
aka The Unabomber.



= 1,500 minutes (approx)

For 1,500 minutes you could watch...



Every one of these films are masterpieces and examples of the highest art in filmmaking. What has J. K. Rowling achieved in one film, let alone eight?

*"One can never watch too little of bad, or too much of good
Film: **Bad film is intellectual poison; it destroyed the mind.**"*

*In order to watch what is good one must make it a
condition to never watch what is bad; for life is short,
and both time and strength limited." - Quentin
!!p3mpBqBwOeY*





1 hr • 

It's official. Signed at 12:20. It even passed on TV. Facebook will start charging this summer. If you copy this to your wall your icon will turn blue and your Facebook will be free for you. Please pass this message, if not your icon will be deleted. P.S. this is serious, the icon will turn blue (Copy and paste to your wall)



Like



Comment



Share

a modern-day chainletter,
author anonymized.

N A S I M E A G H D A M







Aghdam was a vegan, bodybuilder, activist, dancer, and video artist. She took her own life on April 3, 2018 in a shooting at the YouTube headquarters.

All images by Nasime Aghdam.

"ای نسیم صبا، چون قاصدی ملاحظه نمیشود، تو به رانحه قمیص بها از رضوان بقا بر مریدین و احبابم مرور نما و به نفثات روح و آیات ظهور، جمیع را آگاه کن که شاید بعضی از نفوس از جمیع من الارض و تعلق به آن پاک و مقدس شده به فردوس اعظم راجع شوند. ولکن ای نسیم، به انقطاع تمام مرور نما به شانی که اگر ضرر عالمین بر تو وارد شود، صابر شوی و اگر نعمت آن بر تو نازل گردد، توجه ننمایی. چه که اگر از جهات حسد و بغض و رد و قبول و سکون و اضطراب جمیع من الارض مقدس نشوی، قادر بر تبلیغ این امر بدیع و فائز به حمل اسرار ربانی نگردی"









