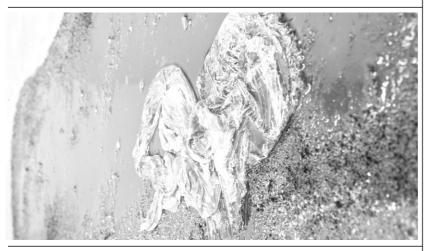
WE CAME ANYWAY, IN BARRLES.

By Pablo Larios for Marlie Mul



So We Came Anyway, In Barrels By Pablo Larios for Marlie Mul

There will be no party, said the Internet man

So we came anyway, in barrels.

He brought a shovel. We brought beanbag chairs. We sat for a while. A casual flurry of eggs. Miniature ponchos. We felt like moving in.

There were like millions. We were company larvae moving in stealth, through smoke

machines, through glitter. I have never felt such emoji.

From behind a bourgeois curtain, our girl fled. We blew kisses at her.

Although she didn't smile back, she was still a good queen bee.

I had always wanted a helicopter for my birthday, yuhu.

Later the chairs exploded and it felt good. Have you ever witnessed 30,000 flecks of trash, dandruff, flickering?

Of course not, you were there too, in nothing but lip gloss

We played don't-show-your-face with the camera people, and our props were inspected.

The wisdom of crowds!

Clever enough to leave before the orange peels, plastic slushies, outdoor containers, and/or medium outlets.

Alas, to the victors belong the spills.

They say you, yours is a terrible, vicious tribe.

They ask, How could you do this, as if under a virus? Have you had it with youth? With the

Eurozone/suburbia? Why do you all keep drinking Breezers?

We keep telling them, We are so lucky!

TENSION IS GOOD

Maayan Danoch

Step into the realm and root yourself.

I am not interested in finding a way to survive, a whole in a fence, a compromise, a piece of bread on the floor, a penny on the ground, a light in the tunnel. I'm not interested in making it work, or work it out or through or on — managing it. I'm not interested in passing by. I do not want to ask myself nor others to be creative about finding inventive solutions. I want to have it all and now and fast. And we should all want and have and go and change the rules to make it happen.

Life is 0K when the sun is out and red, when balloons are in the skies and ping pong meets running, when skaters turns in the air and even a child, when smoke goes up and when sitting in circles, and some muscles come out, and even police and Carlsberg shake hands, when the hangover pumps and the book arrives and also summer, when the music plays and I'm silent, when the wrist touches a cheek and when shifting positions.

Tomorrow I change my mind again. Tomorrow I will come down. I will be more smart and driven. I will get out of affection. I will relax. Be less angry. More concentrated, less of a student, or exactly the same. Think straight and be responsible. Ask for help perhaps in filling applications or in staying over. Tell some lies and be self-sufficient, take care of my own business, call my friends for invitation letters or to borrow money. My parents will get a flight ticket and I will forget. Fall into complaining, especially in Slovenia. It is fun and addictive and belongs to everybody. It is social, comforting, a fashion through which we come together, identify with... exhausting. annoying, disgusting. Do not tell me. I do not want to know. I am not interested. Maybe tomorrow. No maybes. No maybes at all. Responding and sometimes also just letting it go. I know it is old, boring, but so what? We have a smoke outside when the sun is out or in the kitchen after midnight and DJ.

HOROSCOPES QUO-TIDIENS

Jules Herrmann

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