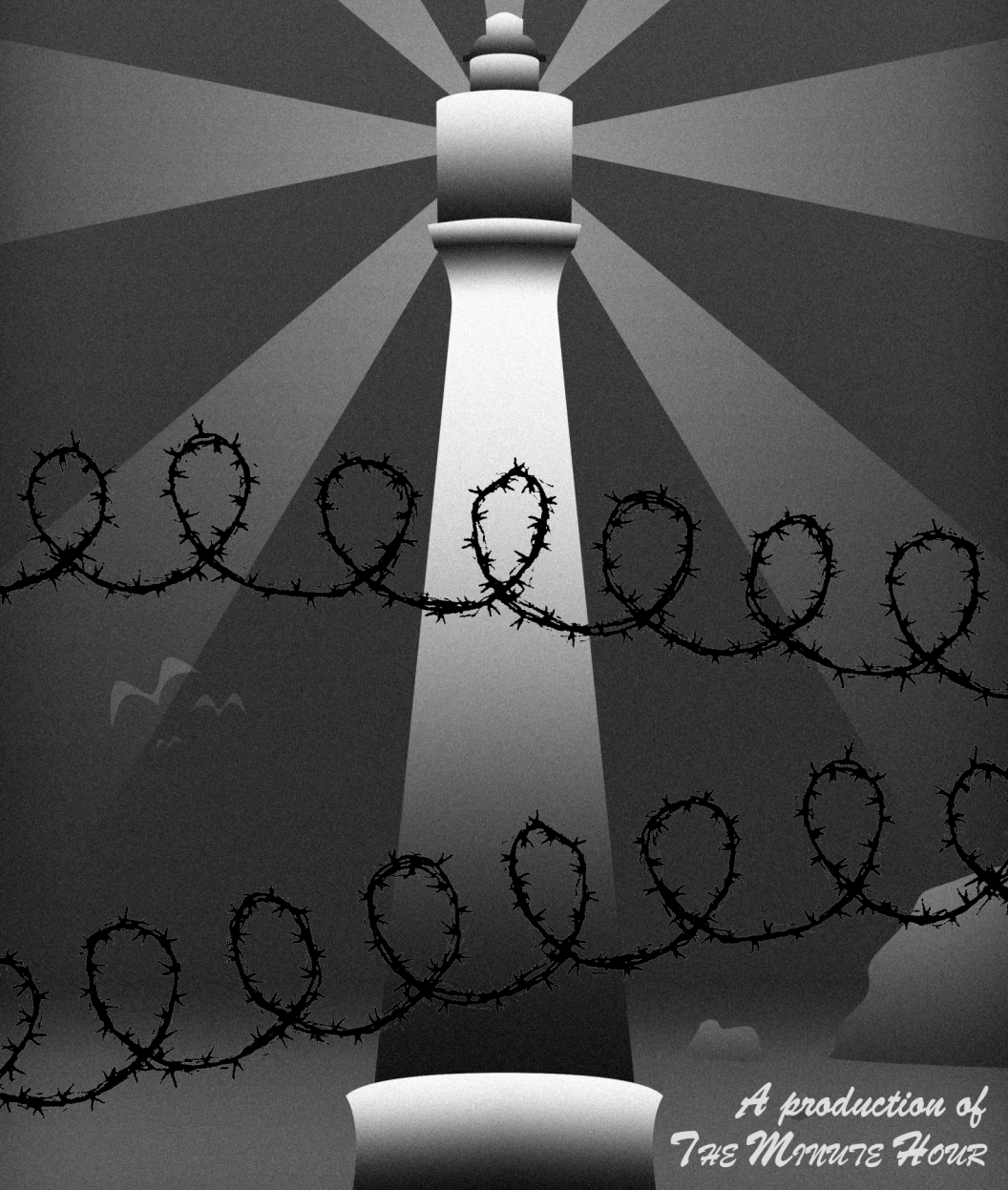


# THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

*A Very Good Zine*

*Volume 2 | Issue 6*



*A production of  
THE MOUNTAIN HOUR*

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*Dedicated in loving memory*

**AUTISTICUS\_MAXIMUS**

*July 29, 1992–  
January 24, 2019*

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EVER FIND YOURSELF  
SAYING TO YOURSELF

"GODDAMN!!!  
I WISH  $\frac{TMH}{TML}$   
HAD A WEB FORUM!"

WELL

**STOP**

SAYING THAT SHIT

→ BECAUSE ←

**IT EXISTS  
ALREADY!**

[HTTP://THEMINUTEHOUR.COM/FORUM/](http://theminutehour.com/forum/)



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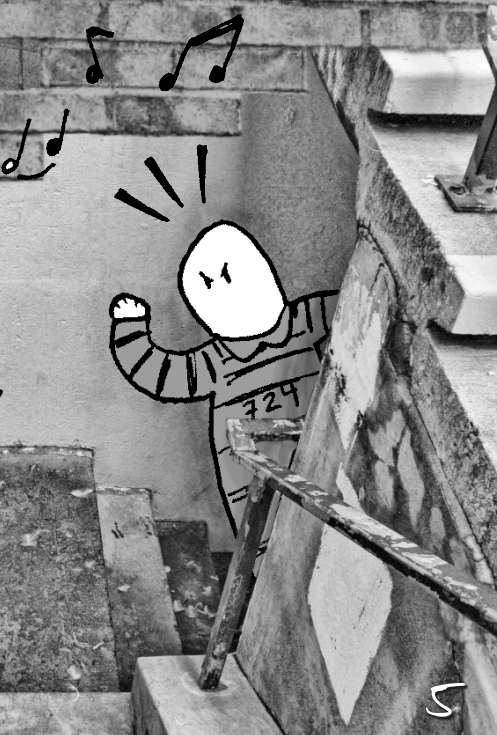
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I smelt trouble. This trouble came as a harsh, metallic smell, which left a tingy taste in my dry mouth. I smelt the oil that came with it - used, I presume, to smoothen the rigid machines that were about to make their mark on my feeble body. My sense of smell retreated as the sound of the rusty door to my small room give out a shriek as it was opened, which occupied the extent of which my exhausted senses were able to process. The machines that entered the room were nearly silent, given away only by the light metal-on-metal footsteps across the cold floor. I could not tell how many. They approached the poor excuse of a bed on which I laid, and thus begun the inspection. I stayed perfectly still as they whipped off the molding blanked from my pure, naked body. Though I could not see, I felt their looks of studious curiosity up and down my body, processing the right action required for the job. I would have kept my eyes shut if it were not for the feeble and precise robotic fingers that opened them for me - but to my surprise I saw nothing but an endless black void. Without warning, a sudden, sharp pain entered my arm, as I heard the sound of a drill fire away. I then felt the same pain on my foot, then my leg, and all across my body. Whether or not by design, the methodic and rhythmic sound of the drills starting and stopping sent me into a deep psychological trance, and I saw many fantastic visions. I saw a bald eagle stretch its wings while overlooking a magnificent canyon, before leaping off of its perch into the long and narrow hole, gliding through the waving earth. Suddenly, the eagle lost all of its skin, revealing metallic and robotic insides. The eagle then opened its mighty jaw and let out a pre-recorded eagle shriek. The drills came to a sudden stop, and I was sent back to the dark void which occupied my vision. I felt my eyelids close, but I could not see the difference. I never heard the faint tapping of the robots again, but I somehow knew that they had left. A long period of time took place, still without vision or movement, until I heard a new, foreign sound - a repetitive, untimed clicking noise, at a rapid pace. I then opened my eyes, this time seeing a series of flashing lights - each in time with the clicks. The sound came first - a muffled mess of mumbled words, all seemingly directed towards me. Then the vision came, and I saw a mass of smartly dressed people with cameras, wildly taking photographs of me. Between the mob and I was a mirror, and in it I saw an aging man, with light, wispy blonde hair, and pursed lips. The man was wearing a red tie and a suit, and a badge on his right side. The man looked up as I also looked up to the mob, finally able to make out what words were being said. "Mr. President, what is this press conference about?" I blinked for the first time in minutes, and a small, dry tear went down my plastic face. Out of my pursed lips came a pre-recorded message, of which I could not control. One recorded by that which controls me, and by extension, the mob in front of me. "I hereby declare that Traps are gay."



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BRO!! YOU THINK JUST CAUSE I HAD MY MUSIC ON I WOULDN'T BE MASTURBATING IN HERE? YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO THE TYPE OF MUSIC IM LISTENING TO, BRO! CERTAIN THINGS, POLKAS, SHANTIES, SHUFFLES... YEAH IM NOT GONNA MASTURBATE TO THOSE, BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF SONGS OUT THERE THAT GET ME HORNY AS HELL! THE SORT OF SONGS THAT, WHEN YOU LISTEN WITH OTHER PEOPLE, YOU HUMP THEM! WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF, YOU MASTURBATE!



# COMMUNITY MESSAGE BOARD

**FASHIONISTA NEEDED ASAP!**  
 I have a job interview coming up and I need a new look to really wow my potential employers! I'm thinking of an urban druid type look, one that says "I can morph into a Bengal tiger, but I can also morph into a productive team member ready to meet the stringent demands of the workplace. I can strike down my foe with a lightning bolt, but I can also strike up a rousing water cooler conversation." I'm feeling pretty good about a funeral shroud draped over some tattered loins, and a skeletal motif for the accessories but I'm not really good at this so if you could help out I'd be very appreciative.



**Seeking Legal Advice** So the other day I was minding my own business when this enormous brute waltzed right up to my car and gesticulated very threateningly while claiming that I'd run over his grandmother. This accusation shocked me so that I had to look up from my portable DVD player and miss my favorite scene of The Rocketeer. The rotund ruffian had spittle on his chin, and madness in his eyes as he said I was driving distracted, a statement I take great exception to because of my fantastic multitasking skills. I need to go through some run-of-the-mill legal truffles with the state to clear up this misunderstanding, but afterwards I intend to sue for emotional distress. If you are an absolute crack lawyer or know a real Matlock-type, leave your elevator pitch with the guards for why I should consider you and your friendly rates.

**Get Fucked Retard.**

PS If you know anyone who can offer a competitive rate on taking some dents out of my bumper once I'm out, then toss in their number too. They're very stingy with phone calls here.

FUCKING POPO WASTING MY TIME PULLIN UP ON ME BECAUSE I WEAR A MASK IN PUBLIC. LEIK WE BEEN HAVING LOTS OF BREAK AND ENTERS AROUND HERE AND UR MASKED UP

FUCKING I DIDNT NEED THAT TODAY. I HATE DEALING WITH AUTHORITY

**Suck Dick Get Sick**

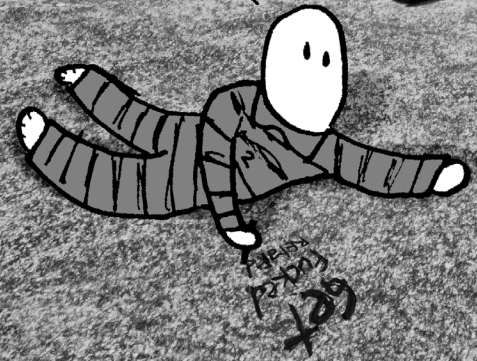
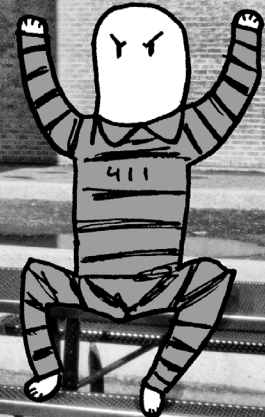
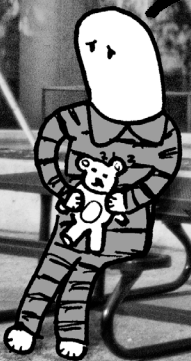
**WIDESTANCE!**



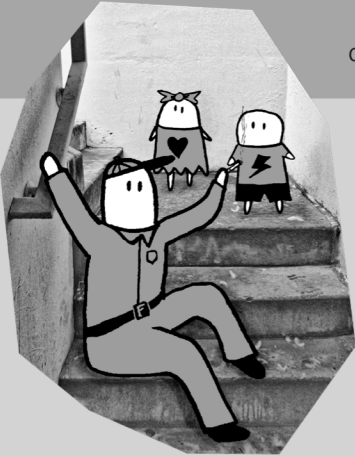
R.I.P  
 @Autisticus\_Maximus

There are some emotions, eldritch in nature but so sweet and perfect in form, which can be seen and felt only through the scrying lens of distant, foggy memory. They are so far removed from the self, these feelings, as if things felt by an alien being long dead. Through an ephemeral chain bridging two points of time and space, I can experience the feelings of someone I once knew. Someone who never knew me. When I remember them, it's as if seeing a new color, something different from any named color or combination thereof. It's a feeling outside my current realm of experience. It makes me long, in a bittersweet way. It makes me feel small and incomplete. It makes me feel cold and alone, but it is as the light of a distant fire. I don't understand these feelings, never could an attempt be made to explain them. But sometimes, if I hold them gently and allow my mind to drift unbound across the cosmic bridge I've constructed through my life, I can empathize with the being through the looking glass. I can feel, not as myself, but through the skin of the creature I once knew. Perhaps I will meet that self again someday, in a way. Perhaps he will eventually meet me. On another plane, in another world, where time has no meaning.

*I live in a PUNK ROCK WASTELAND. A tumescent corpse of city, drowning in proverbial sin. A ravenous beast that swallows the shit of the affluent and from it, spawns muck dwellers and lovers alike. Where creativity goes to die and where the creatives come to shill. What a place to be, what a hell to live.*



I've been sharting. Sharting Hard. You understand me? Shitting, and farting. It's vicious. Disgusting yet delightful. Like rope coming out with the texture of shredded yams. I've been gripping my thighs, trying to get blood into them to stop the boner I keep getting when I push it out hard enough. Fuck.



**Have you met my kids?** Oh, ya gotta meet 'em. This is TimTomTimmyTomTombo and this is SlaveLeia. C'mon, say *hi*, TimTomTimmyTomTombo! This is daddy's friend from work. Alright you guys, go play in the yard.

Yeah, those two are my pride and joy. Christ, they grow like weeds. Just the other day I showed TimTomTimmyTomTombo how to watch a ball game on TV in silence, so he'd know all the things to mention to the other people in the break room. And we hear from the teachers SlaveLeia's been getting a lot of attention from the boys in her class. The wife and I couldn't be prouder. Gosh, I...I teared up the other day just thinking about the two of them all grown-up, with big important office computer email job careers just like mom and dad. I thought about TimTom, dressed to the nines, on the day every parent dreads: him standing there in his big-boy Mad Men suit, checking his Tudor Prince Oysterdate 91520 watch while he explains to mom and dad how they ran out of money to pay for the nursing home and pressing the bolt gun to my temple...I know I know, not anytime soon! But it's gonna happen someday, ya know? Just so damn proud of those kids :-)

**NEVER HAVE I EVER.** I've done a lot of good things with my time on this planet. I've helped a lot of people. I've loved fiercely & loyally. I've learned & taught a great deal. I've fed, sheltered, & in many other ways assisted those who appeared to be in need. Still, there's a lot I haven't done for one reason or another. I've never been to a strip club. I've never been to a casino. Never bought a lottery ticket. Never paid for sex. Never had a one night stand. Never engaged in an orgy. Never pimped a ho. Never cut myself. Never smoked crack. Never bought, smoked, or manufactured meth. Never shot heroin through my eyeball. Never punched a baby. Never hunted a man for sport. Never lynch mobbed a Communist. Never committed genocide. Never utilized a chemical weapon against a civilian population center. Never committed high treason. Never performed information education or enhanced interrogation on a suspected dissident. Never assassinated a foreign elected official. Never committed ritual sacrifice of a cloven-hooved beast on a stone altar. Never been to an occult sex magic ritual. Never given an unsolicited impromptu ice-pick lobotomy to a stranger & released them back into the wild on the outskirts of town. Never dismembered a stranger & mailed their limbs to different continents. Never eaten another person. Why, I've never even parted someone out for their organs on the black market to leggers. Yes, my life may seem fairly calm & possibly even boring to most of you out there but that's how I've lived & I've done my fair share of good in the world. Of course, should I tire of this life, I can always return to this entry & use it as a bucket list.

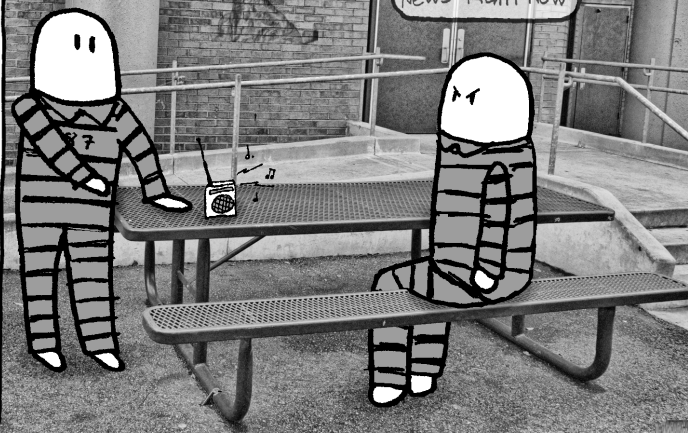


**Sorry!**  
Only physical copies can win physical items.

**DID YOUR FAMILY SEND YOU ANY GOOD MOVIES TO WATCH WHILE IN PRISON?**

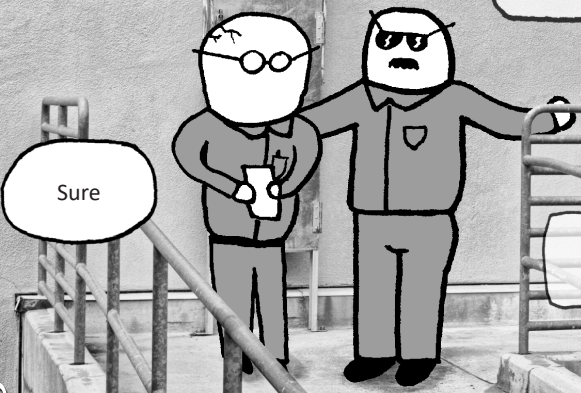
*Why don't you give it a scratch and see what the silver screen has in store for you?*

You should listen to *Fitz and The Tantrums*, man. They make some really good music. Real catchy. I heard them on the radio a few weeks ago and have been listening to them almost non-stop since then. Don't look up what they look like, though. Whatever you do, don't request time at the computer lab and look up the band. If you know what they look like it'll make it hard to enjoy their music. I mean, you'll still enjoy the music, but you'll keep thinking about the lead singer who's nearly 50 years old and dresses like he's 22 and it will make it harder to enjoy. I'm serious. Their tunes are well produced and have a mean pop to 'em, but that damn band looks like a bunch of lesbians and *The Matrix* extras. I can't believe the fun tunes I love so much are made by such a group of weirdos, but that's just something I have to live with now. That's my burden. You don't have to shoulder that weight. You can just listen to their music. God, how I envy you. Again, I recommend that you listen to some *Fitz and The Tantrums* but, for the love of god, do not look up pictures of the band.



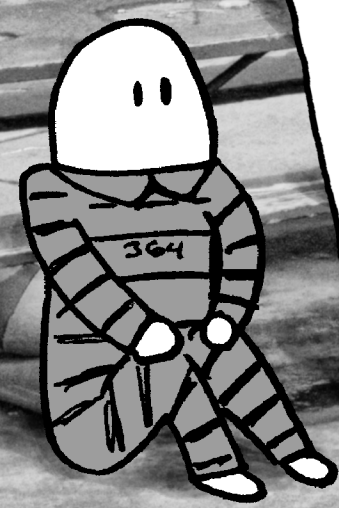
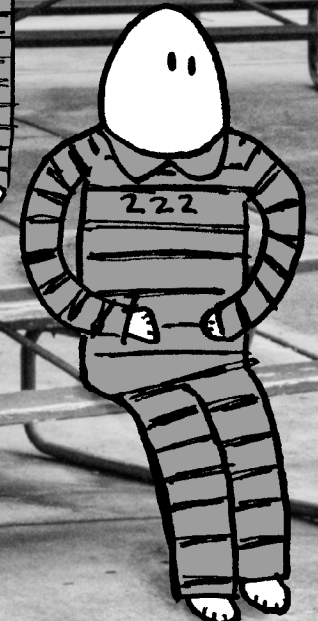
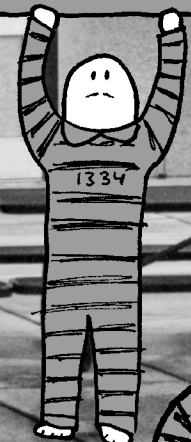
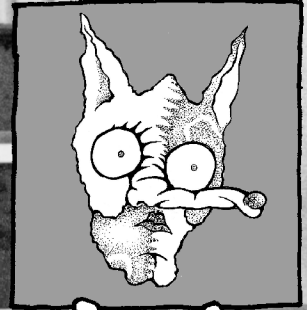
**Scientific grant proposal: Human Blowhole**  
Choking kills over 5000 people per year. I think we can all agree that we need an extra orifice for breathing. I propose replacing one nipple with a flexible polymer tube that connects straight into the lower trachea. How many nipples does one person need anyway? Babies only have one mouth.  
Requesting \$350,000 and 3 death row inmates for initial experiments.

Will you take four artists?



Sure

Right this way!



## I'm afraid of change.

My ideal life is that of resolute solemnity, holding constancy of thought and consciousness. Those challenges that shake me down to my bedrock, my ideals crumbling and falling away like so many tinkling chips of nigh-worthless token spilled into a counting machine. The dirty denominations that fill in the miniscule incongruities between our onuses and our storehouses. Wallets stripped bare in the cold wind only to be crushed under coinpurses. Lingering in furniture, complicating any appraisal, upsetting any rest. The numismatist is a veritable necromancer of the cupronickel, silver half-dollars a half-remembered incantation. A halfpenny made whole or a hole left by a halfpenny in my skull from blinding heights? Cast it away, into a shaken cup or gum machine alike. Get it away from me, betraying the movement of my coat pockets, traitorous founding fathers and birds of prey, long dead but immortalized in constant discordant sound. The fugue of a petty fortune makes my ears bleed. Do away with it lest it does away with me.

I'm  
afraid  
of  
change.



Alright, who's the fucker who said you could commit suicide by inhaling helium???

I just came back from party city with a car full of balloons and I've been inhaling the contents of these fuckers for a good 40-45 minutes now and all that's happened so far is my voice getting higher-pitched and my head starting to ache. I wanna be DEAD god dammit, not mickey mouse with a fuckin migraine!!!



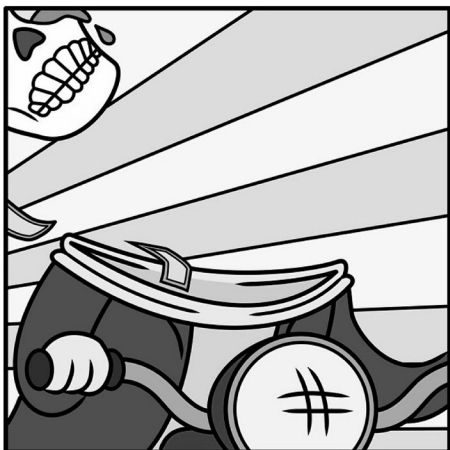
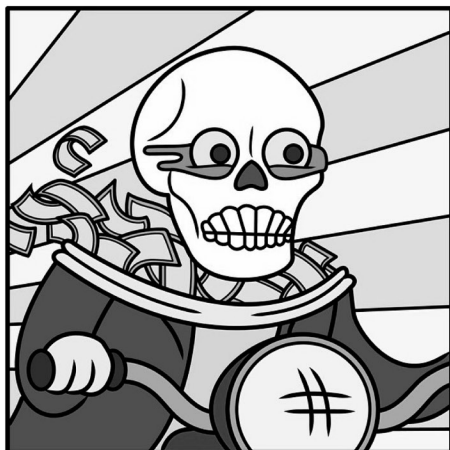
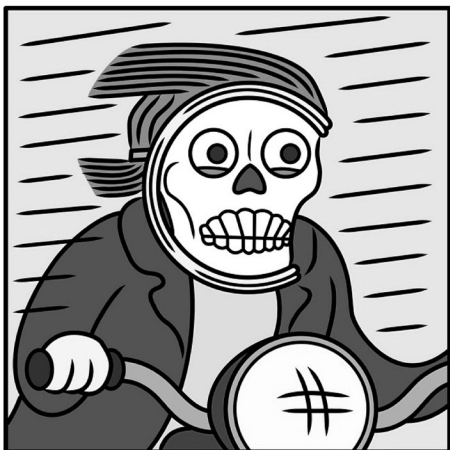
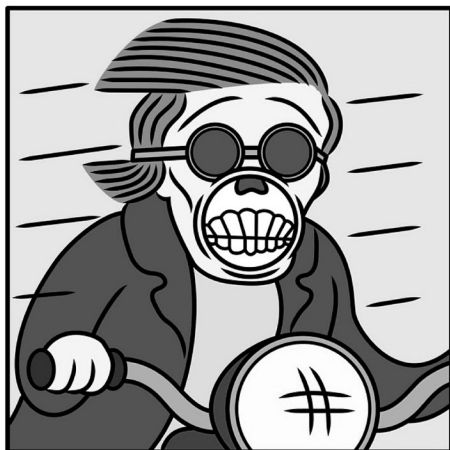
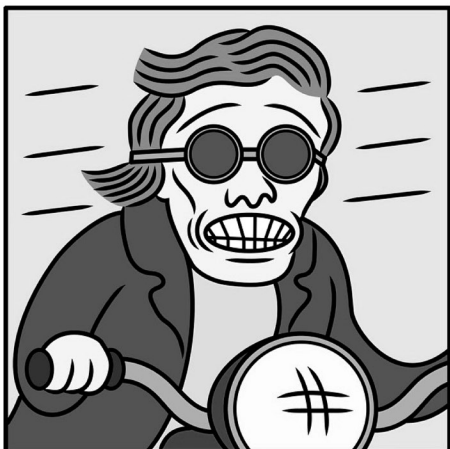
Buddy of mine is going off on another one of his drugged-out philosophical rants. "That's another amazing thing. We live on a fucking ball. Flat earthers exist because it really is an astounding thing!" Yeah, I heard it to. The little slip up... "On" a ball. Psh. The guy thinks we live on the outside of the globe. Ok, exteriorhead. I bet his brain lives outside his skull too. As if he doesn't know that gravity is just centrifugal force from the earth spinning, pulling us outward toward the ground. So I tell him, straight to his fat fucking face I tell him how it really is. And so he gets into his brainwashed programming, so predictable. Stars and space rocks. Stars? You mean the lights from cities on the other side of the planet? Yeah I'm onto you, NASA. I'm also onto that "asteroid" bullshit. I know these so-called "space rocks" are just the Chinese throwing boulders at us because they hate freedom. What else? Oh the sun? You got me there, I guess I'll have to rethink my theory... WRONG! Let me explain to you the complex physics of our sun the way it actually is. It's like this: the sun is an iridescent ball about the size of Arizona which floats in the core of the earth. It has a rotating field of energy around it which is invisible to the eye but reflects the sunlight back like a lighthouse, allowing for the day/night cycle. Light refraction from the... [text truncated]



To the Wind;  
Your breezes have only brought more kindling,  
your gusts only draw the embers further,  
And with the tempests you've wrought,  
only destruction has followed.  
And yet the Earth lays unscathed.  
What a force you are, but only in the moment.



# HOW TO MONETIZE YOUR BAD BOY IMAGE

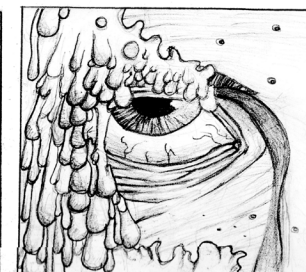
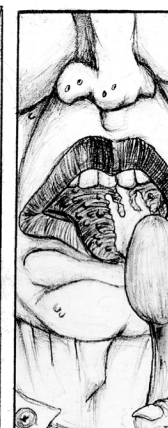
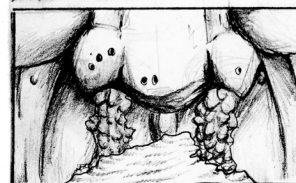
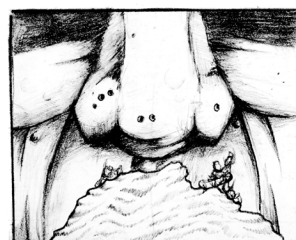
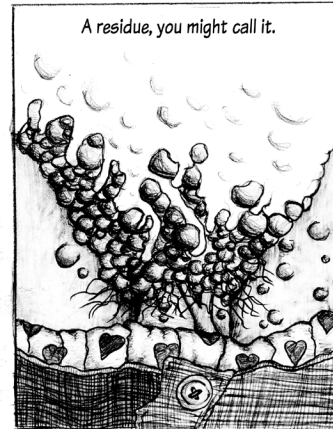
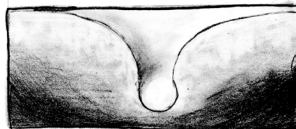
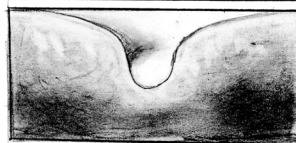


ARTHUR HICKMAN

# MORNING DEW

PART TWO

ROB COMICS  
WRITTEN BY TMH  
ART BY CHUD DROOPY



It smells like coconut...

...and has no taste.

It's incredibly smooth to the touch...  
...no surprise there.



### ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

Masturbation Music  
The Minute Hour  
Producer  
Mailman

### MOXIEFAMOUS

Fitz and the Tantrums  
Layout  
Director  
Printer

### CHUD DROOPY

Fashionista Needed ASAP  
Art Show #1334  
Morning Dew part 2 Comic

### POPCHUGGER

Have you met my kids?

### KILROY

Inhaling Helium

### ITSOWAINH

Cover Art

### DELTAPIGEON

Punk Rock Wasteland  
To the Wind

### CARTER LOVELACE

There are some emotions...  
[text truncated]



### DUXO

I Smelt Trouble

### PEA

Art Show #364

### MR. DISCORD HISTORIAN

Human Blowhole

### CRESTON B

I've Been Sharting  
Art Show #422

### AGNEW

Seeking Legal Advice  
I'm Afraid of Change

### LAWFUL

Never Have I Ever

### HAMARCHY

Art Show #222

### SCSF

Fucking Popo

### MAYA

Message Board Lighthouse

### KITKAT

Widestance RIP

### RUMPLESTILLER

Graffiti Art

### ODIN ODANG OBIE

cat2.usd Sticker

### ARTHUR HICKMAN

Bad Boy Comic

