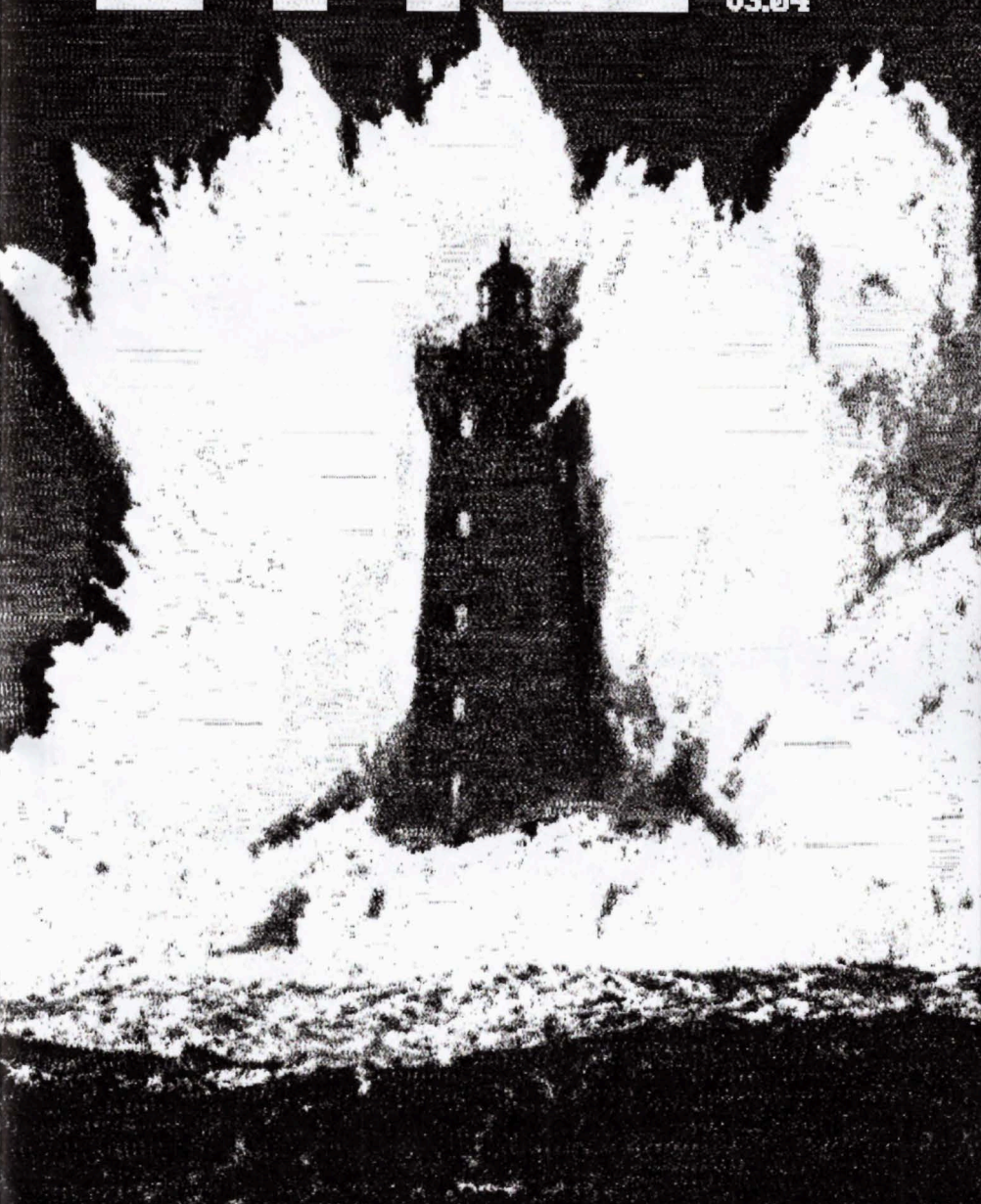


TML

The
Mighty
Lighthouse
v3.04

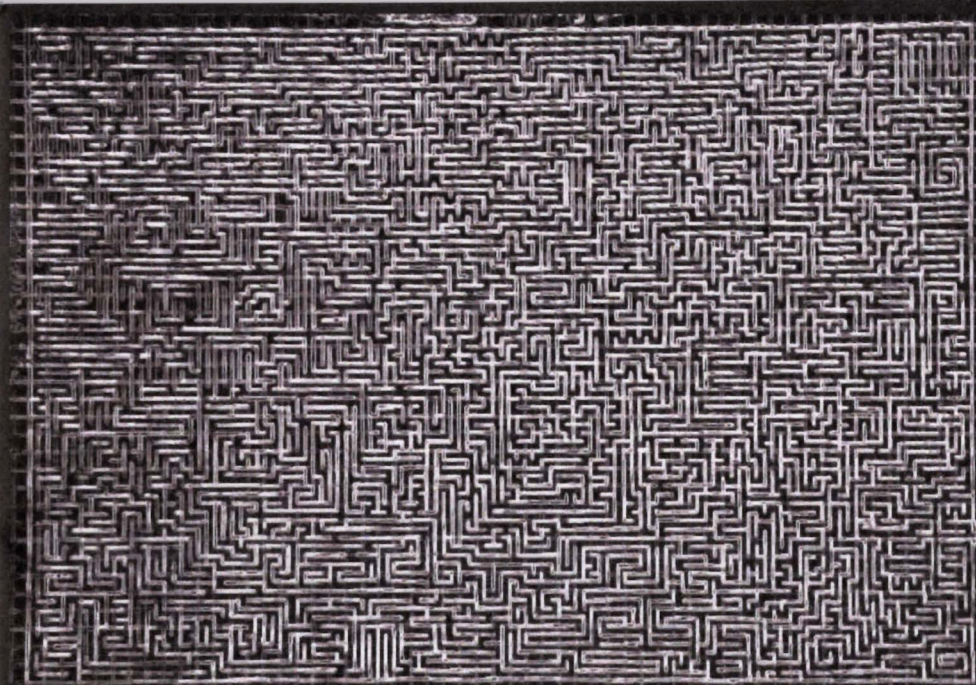


Reading Material // Thinking Material // 2020-07



TheMulkmen.Bandcamp.com

EDITOR'S NOTE: We apologize for this issue being so late! There's been a lot going on lately, as you all may know. Our planned sponsor for the issue became impatient and dropped us last minute without warning! Fuckers!! Out of desperation I contacted the hot *true* indie band The Mulkmen and *begged* them to sponsor our issue and save the day, and they agreed. Their offer was very low, but we'll take what we can get. Thanks guys!



HOW TO READ THIS ZINE:

1



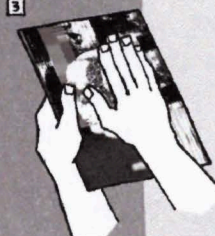
START AT THE
BEGINNING

2



READ FROM
LEFT TO RIGHT

3



STOP AT
THE END

BEAUTIFUL IMAGERY

starts with a vision and ends rarely in execution, it's the thought of making an effort that counts to most. You can fuck em, cuck em, and put it all to luck when, it actuality, it's you that's truly in control, the ball is in your court, always has been Champ.

- My Feng Shui Master John



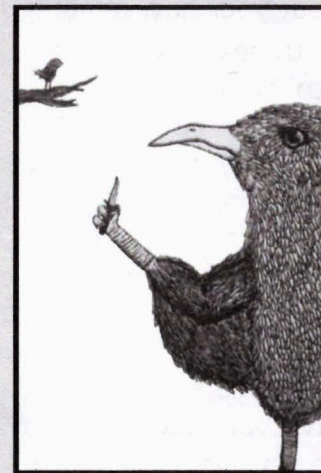
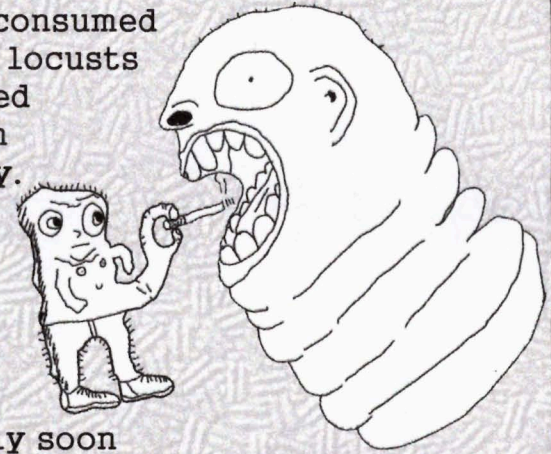
"Read somewhere that great art comes from suffering, so I went ahead and ripped three of my fingernails out with pliers and by gosh I've *still* got writer's block!"



We've all been there. You're going about your day, minding your own business, thinking wholesome things, and helping other people when able. You're trying to be a good person and, what's more, you're succeeding. Then the bad thoughts start. Oh, and they're comin' on strong. They've got ahold of you. They have you in their grasp. They consume you. It's understandable. Everyone has the bad thoughts. You know, the ones you can't mention in public—the ones you dare not utter to even your most trusted confidante. What are you to do? In these trying times, that is when I turn to the sweet infant Christ child and let His majestic giggles cure my psychic afflictions. The sacred baby Jesus can save you too from the scourge of demonic influence. Praise be to the little Lord.



Of all the causalities of modern vocabulary none have suffered quite as much as the word "consume". 60-70 years ago, when one said something was being consumed it conjured images of locusts descending on terrified villagers or of Saturn devouring his progeny. Now, all the word reminds you of is a limp-wristed man-child and his FunkoPop collection. Where did the horror go? The awe? Hopefully soon that which ingests unthinkingly and without consciousness will resume being an object of terror instead of merely the norm.

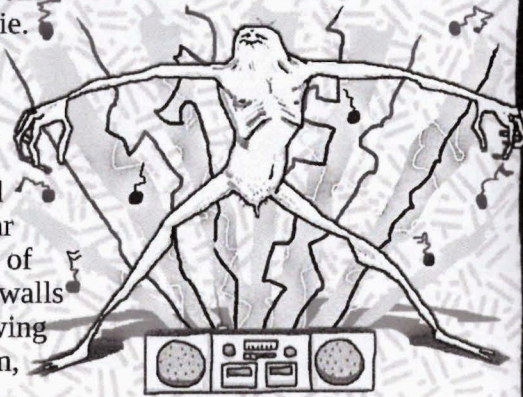


I've been helping nature fight back.

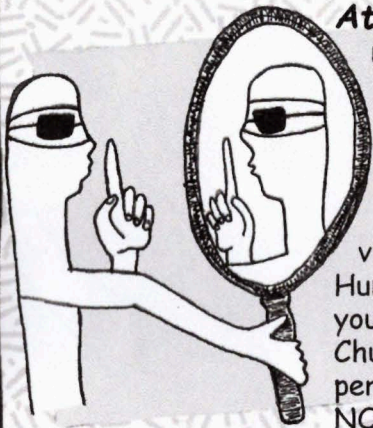
It's time to even the playing field. I collect every snail, beetle, and other hard shelled creature I come across, then sedate them.

I glue tacks, needles, pins, and razors all over their them. These needles are dipped in a powerful neurotoxin, each one able to kill several grown men. I take several aerial pictures their habitats and average them together in photoshop. I take these pictures and print out tailored wraps for their bodies, or I just paint them on in some cases. I've placed them in several key locations. Watch your step.

When Grandpa got back from the war, he was one tough cookie. Couldn't eat, couldn't speak, couldn't sleep; haunted by the ghosts of bloodshed — it was a nightmare. But that all changed when, by pure chance, he found Merzbow. Now, whenever I hear the harsh, confrontational noise of Woodpecker No. 1 shaking the walls of our house, I'm relieved knowing that Grandpa's in the other room, resting easy.



Attention all staff: It has come to management's attention that some of you have been singing songs by The Beatles to yourselves in the break room. I will state again that this is NOT ALLOWED. There is a strict, company wide NO BEATLES policy in place, and violators of this rule WILL be penalized. Humming counts. If you must sing to yourself, management recommends either Chuck Mangione or Matchbox 20. These are perfectly fine artists to sing to yourself. NO BEATLES. Thank you.

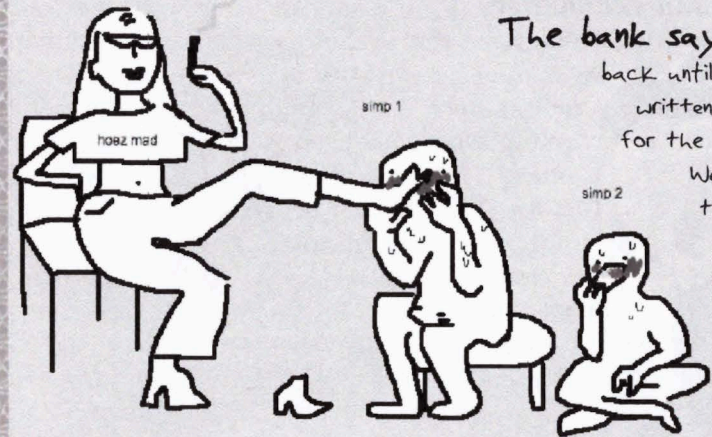


I hope Pitchfork rates this album highly so I can like this album.



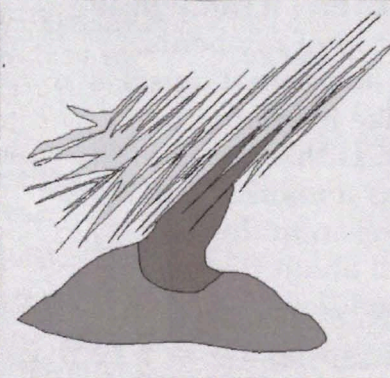
**JUST
BUY THE
ALBUM
YOU FUCK**

**THEMULKMEN.BANDCAMP.COM
25 TRACKS OF LIQUID INSANITY**



The bank says I can't come back until I give them a written apology and pay for the desk I "ruined." Well Fuck them! If that's how they're gonna be about it I'll just take my business elsewhere. oh. Hmm. Shit.

I, for one, am glad that we can converse openly and freely without threat of censorship or retaliation. We can unabashedly discuss anything our hearts desire. Well, that is, of course, except for that one thing. You know. The one you're not even supposed to think about. That one that's not even technically illegal because then they would have to write it down.



The Forbidden Thought. I would never think it. That's not who I am. I'm not that kind of guy. In fact, the mere fact that anyone has ever thought it leaves me brimming with righteous indignation. If I ever met someone who had thought

The Thought then I would be forced to do vague and ineffable things. Still, I would never deign to indulge in such base and atrocious behavior.

Now that I think about it, it kind of upsets me that you're reading this, thinking about thinking about it. You had better watch your back because if I find out that you've read this then I will be backed into a corner and nobody's going to like what happens next when they see it on the evening news. You had better burn this to ash since if I find out you've read it then you'll wish you had thought

The Bad Thought.

My life matters. I am a human being. I am not just some voice, some electrical box waiting for your order.

My name is Jeremy. Day in and day out I sit here on this stool, unseen and unloved by the many voices who come and go. *May I take your order? Thank you. Pull up to the next window please.* I am hidden behind these walls, these walls which inch in closer day by day. I am not an electrical wire nailed to a stud, to be used, hidden and avoided. My life matters. I make art.

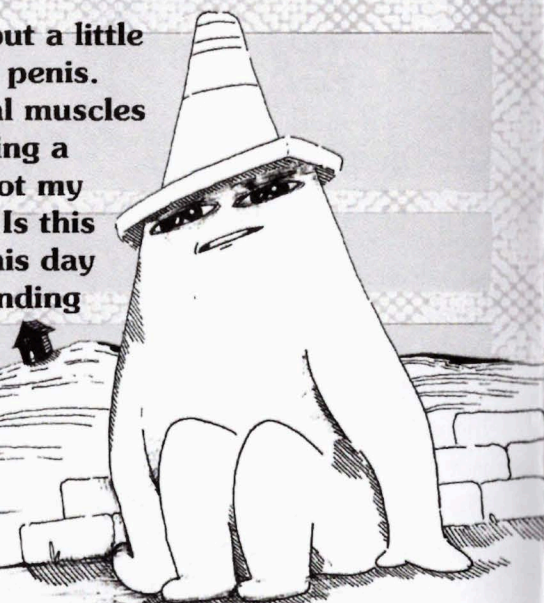
I make glass beads. I had a childhood, and in that childhood I learned to play the piano, to yo-yo, and to build birdhouses. I watch sad films and cry. My life matters. I write stories

which will never be published, and I play songs which will never be recorded. Songs which I played for my mother in life, and which I play in her memory now after her death. I have loved, I have lost, and I have wandered. My life matters.

Pull up to the next window please.

Sure, sometimes I'll put a little bowler derby on top of my penis. Sure, I'll flex my abdominal muscles to make it look like it's doing a little jazz number. Is this not my God given right as a man? Is this still not allowed, even in this day and age? Life's all about finding your own fun, you know.

If I want to make a little musical number in the privacy of my own home, well that's my right as an American citizen. Hey, where are you going? This speed date still has 3 minutes left.



Pockets have rules.

Bottom pocket: 1 can of snus in addition to 2 packs of sigrets(s) to breathe heavily on everything.

Crotchpockets, for my favorite hot wheels. And my favorite hot crotch, I'd imagine.

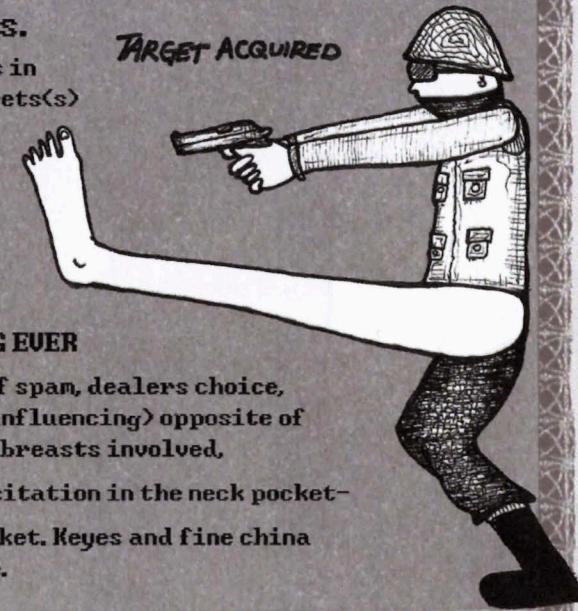
Cargo pockets for: NOTHING EVER

Breast pockets, one slice of spam, dealers choice, warning ticket (graffiti influencing) opposite of spam, assuming there's two breasts involved.

—mysterious solicitation citation in the neck pocket—

And finally, the pocket pocket. Keyes and fine china fragments from a yard sale.

TARGET ACQUIRED

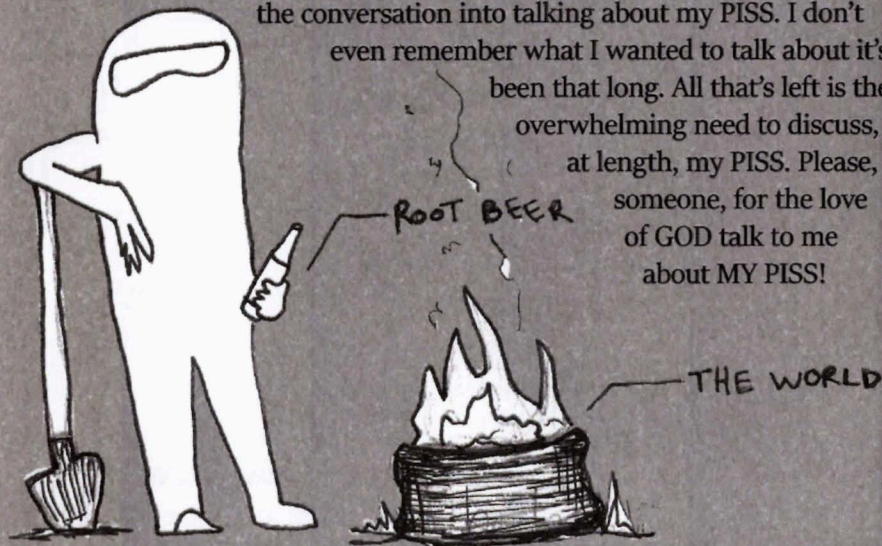


everyone talking about “defund the police” this and “defund the prison industrial complex” that. bro who do u think is funding them in the first place??? heads up: its u lol. just stop paying taxes dude. oh what ur worried the big bad IRS is gonna lock u up for tax evasion? they gonna come get u when no one is payin their salary & throw u in the abandoned prison? didnt think so lmao. ADVANCED TACTICS. get on my level.



Jesus fucking CHRIST have I been dying to talk about my PISS! Do you know how long I've been waiting for someone to bring up something even vaguely related to my PISS? It's been fucking MONTHS! Every single conversation I've HAD, all I've done is scan their words for a way to spin the conversation into talking about my PISS. I don't

even remember what I wanted to talk about it's been that long. All that's left is the overwhelming need to discuss, at length, my PISS. Please, someone, for the love of GOD talk to me about MY PISS!



THE MULKMEN

Remove package from carton.

Peel back film to allow for ventilation.

Cook on high power for 2 and a half minutes.

Pull back film and stir contents.

Replace film and cook for an additional 2 minutes.

Let cool for 5 minutes.

Enjoy your Owl and Potatoes!



MENU

So do you want salt and vinegar on your chips Ma'am?

Do you know what I want? I want to be able to sit next to somebody. Somebody I don't know. I want to be able to be near somebody, and not be shamed by the people around me. You know, social distancing is ruining our lives, is it not?

I mean... sure, if you want, so do you want salt and vine-

I mean these are our prime years, that are being stripped away from us. We have been condemned to a solitude that is hitherto unknown by me, and I am sure is unknown by you. I want to be able to see people again. Hold people. Touch people.

Umm Ma'am I think I'm gonna have to ask you to leave Ma'am, there are other customers waiting and-

I missed touching people, feeling them. That's right, don't be afraid, come close

Woah, that's, I'm not really that, uh, comfortable with that Ma'am

Just feel what's it's like to have another body pressed up against yours, feel its warmth, the coursing, hot crimson, salty blood, going through me. Going through you. Feel my flesh, as I do yours. Don't be afraid, pussy, just let this happen.

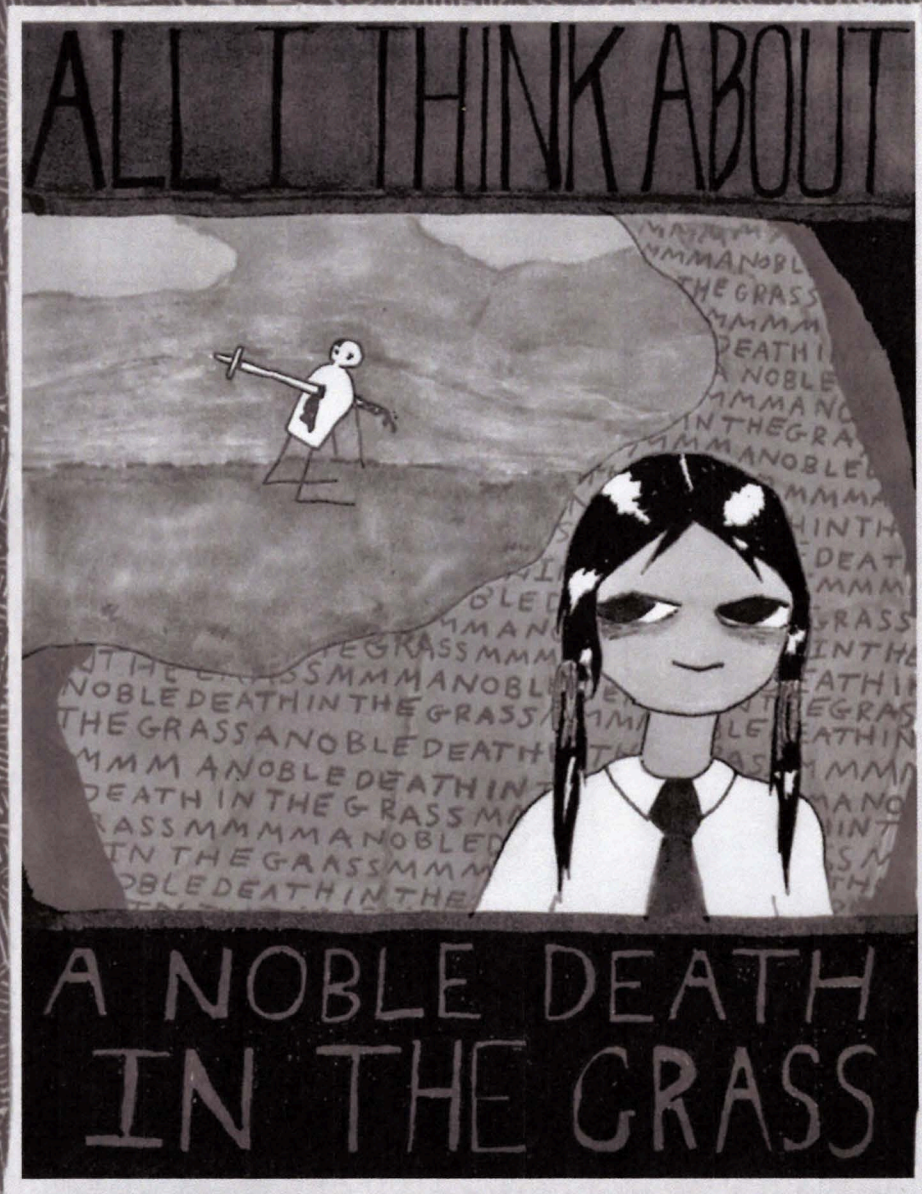
Hoo boy, Ma'am, your chest, it's kind of uh... it's kind of uh... gestating isn't the word is it, uhh, woah Ma'am, your chest, it's kinda opening up there, hehe, ummm, oh boy are those teeth? Wow, that's, I mean I guess it's sorta cool but, I'm not sure if chest teeth are allowed, I'm gonna have to go and get my manager.

I've been so hungry for so long. I want to feel you disappear inside of me, just feel the flesh come apart, that hot crimson spill, oh yes, let me feast on you, oh yes!

Oh boy, umm, I'm gonna get my manager, I don't think you're allowed to consume me on the premises, only chips, so, uh, can you, like stop please, oh my, it's really roomy in here huh. Oh I see, your chest is, um, closing, um, with, uh, me inside it, huh, could you, uh, just let me out it's very dark..

Ah, that's much better. Isn't it so nice to be able to just be in contact with people every once in a while? How I've missed it.

Ever notice how you never notice **exactly** when it's dark out? Sure, it's easy to say it's *getting* dark, but pinpointing the precise moment... you see, as night falls, your vision adjusts. You acclimate. For every moment spent nearing the event horizon you get used to the darkness. For every crawling minute, you can see just a little bit better, the shadows, the deep, velvety blackness only serves as a reminder that it can get blacker still, leaving you with the impression that the midtones, the barely discernible shapes, are just a little bit brighter than they really are. But eventually, there comes the realization that your eyes can adjust no further. That's not the moment it got dark, that's the moment it **IS** dark and, suddenly, you've either prepared.... or you haven't.



GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCEMENT:
*Relax and enjoy the tropical weather!
Or face the consequences.*

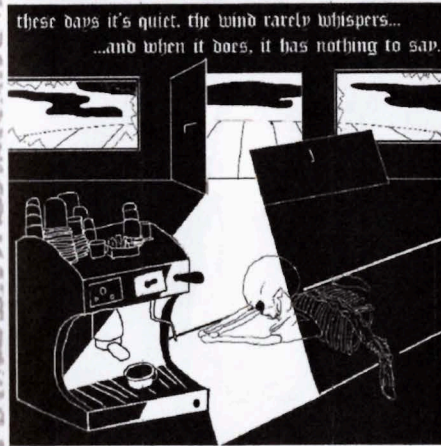
Had a dream once where I met my ex. She was just smiling at me. No matter what I said no matter what I did, she didn't say anything, she didn't react. She was just smiling at me. I looked closer at her face and I realised that there were creases on it. As if it was origami. So I touched her smooth skin and found a fold I could dig my fingers into. I unfolded her. Gently and carefully so as to not tear her apart, I unfolded her. Till she was just a flat sheet of complicated creases. That night in that dream what I was doing was destroying my simulacrum of her. But I was destroying it - or erasing, more like - in a gentle way. A way no one could hate me for; not even myself. She's gone.



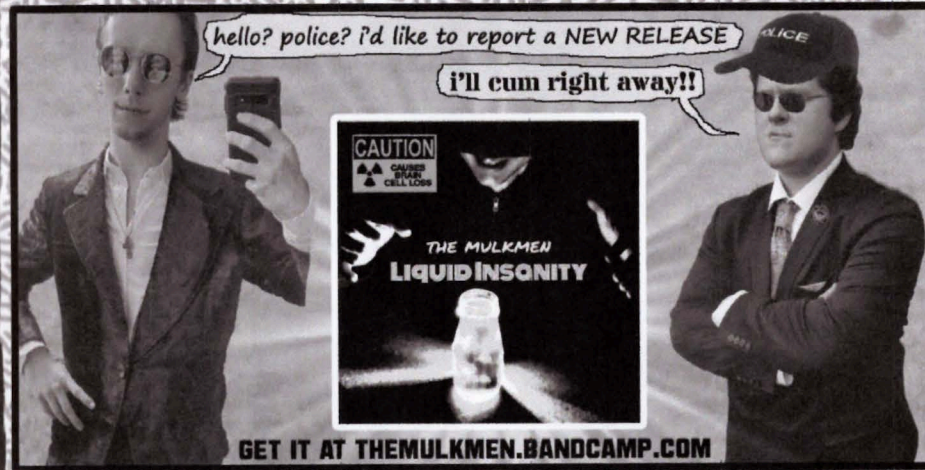
He sauntered in to the room and casually put his pack on my table. Tall drink of water. Immediately I became aware of his scent: sweat and campfire. A real man's scent. Tobacco and whiskey. The smell of a working man. Elbow grease and dirt road. Wet leaves and gunpowder. A cowboy's smell. Jesus Christ, this motherfucker is stinking up my parlor.



Waking up to my alarm I thought, "I want to make a difference today." So, I did something I'd never done before and stayed in bed. I don't know if I made a difference, but the cat did scratch my face for not feeding her.



MY ONLY REMAINING WISH IS THAT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH REALIZE THIS IS ALL A DREAM I'M HAVING WHILE SLEEPING ON A PRISON BUS.



You know how people always talk about those dreams where they're in a public situation and suddenly they don't have pants? They always talk about the fear it incites, the embarrassment and the stress. It's different for me though. When I get those dreams, those no pants in public dreams, I'm filled with nothing but excitement. Nothing comes close to the indescribable joy I derive from letting my loins bask in freedom. Flying through the air as I share myself with everyone. I am not ashamed. I am liberated.



been feeling kind of lost lately

*I don't know if it's growth,
confusion, or internalized failure
probably all three
kind of like the powerpuff girls,
except that chemical x is just
being fucked up
all I know is that I have no spark
the most terrifying part?
I'm not sure there was ever
a spark in the first place*



"I ran away in a dream state, reaching for closed doors and finding resistance to my efforts at every turn. Twisting halls lurched forward, ceilings undulated like water and walkways tapered into an infinite ribbon of fractalized beauty before falling into an ancient sea. A loud gurgle erupted from its depths, severing my flow of consciousness, dropping my body to the floor, breaking the dream into a thousand tiny pieces. I heard a muffled song echoed across a cavernous chamber.

It was of a disparate nature at first. Lilted unconsidered and raw before turning sour, a muddy stew of rancid sounds coursing lazily through the atmosphere. Soon, it faded into a single massive tone ringing low until seemingly quenched by its own weight. This newfound silence was oppressive and unbidden in the wake of that terrible noise. I began to snap out of my reverie and sighed loudly. The moment my breath ended, I was enveloped in a curious sensation. The very air around me contorted to tickle and sting, jab and poke, rip and tear. In that

singular moment, I was being sliced apart by an innumerable series of piercing notes, each more shrill and memorable than the last. The music of a masterful butcher's knife.

The pain cascaded into infinitely many distinct experiences, simultaneous in nature, eternal in design. The color of my soul was blurred and erased. I found solace only in the cacophony comprising my inexhaustible supply of terror. Zen.

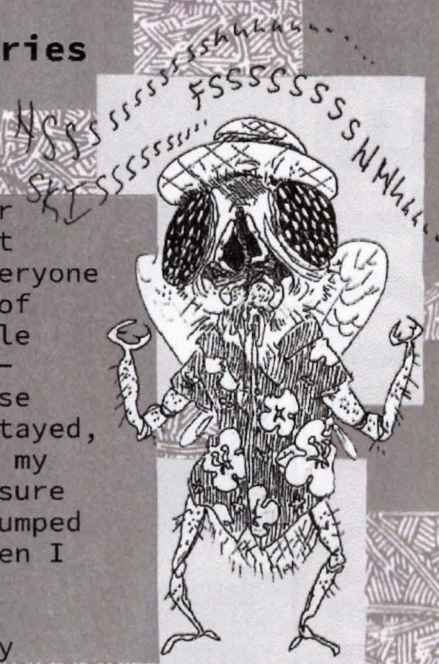
From the walls of this experience I also sensed another sound, a powerful, alien, rhythmic pattern. I recognized it as the sound of a laughing god. I reveled in its dissonance. I absorbed its paradoxes and contradictions. I felt my thoughts stretched beyond reason. Incalculable arrays of interconnected geometry multiplying and dividing in unison. A network of boundless energy. A fleeting taste of reality bled dry.

A glimpse into something which transcends time and space. A faerie's jaunt of light."

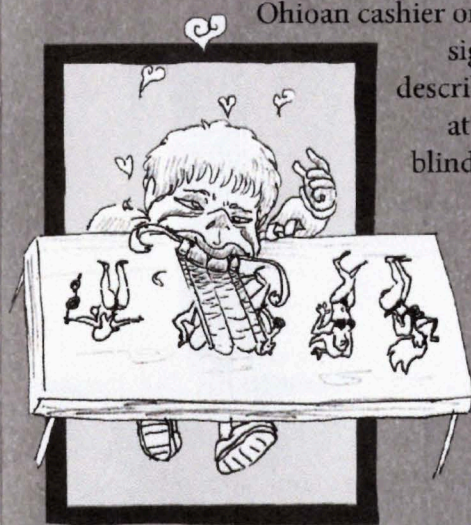
During the last primaries

I volunteered at a local polling station and gave out used Hershey kiss wrappers to every voter who came in. After the first four got their wrappers they just stood outside yelling to everyone who came by, "For the love of god just go next door!" While pointing at their chocolate-smeared wrappers. Nobody else came in after that, but I stayed, I manned the station, I did my duty. They did too, making sure nobody else came in. They jumped me at the end of the day when I was packing up.

And they took the rest of my wrappers, too.

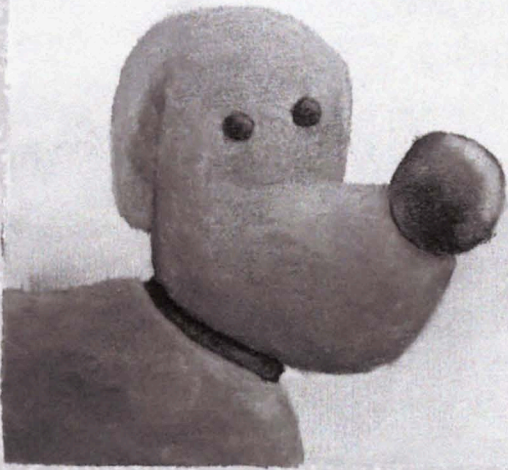


So I was visiting my relatives in Ohio and decided to pick up some chimken numbgets from a Popeyes establishment in their hometown. The place was nice, much better kept than the fast food restaurants back in the Cali Forn I.A. (if you catch my drift). After promptly paying for my delicious box of ten piece fried avian meat gems, I gave the



Ohioan cashier one of our typical "Shred The Gnar" signouts and flashed what I can only describe as a Hollywood grin. She stared at me, a dumbfounded expression of blinding ignorance plastered across her stupid face. The silence was unbearable for a few minutes, but after some time a light seemed to flicker behind her eyes as the cultural divide faltered and her callous traditions self destructed. I departed triumphant, another mind absorbed into the collective west coast consciousness.

COOL ART AND NOTES



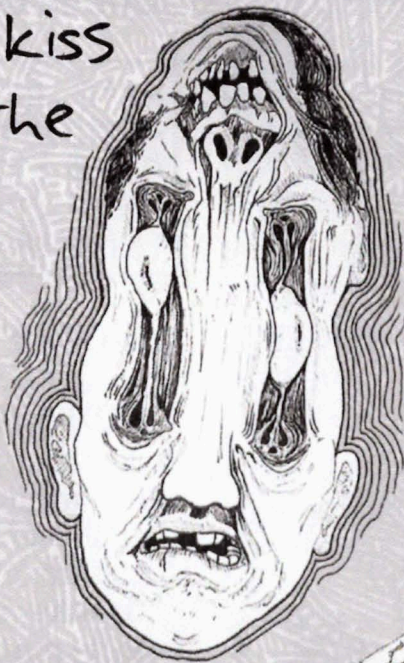
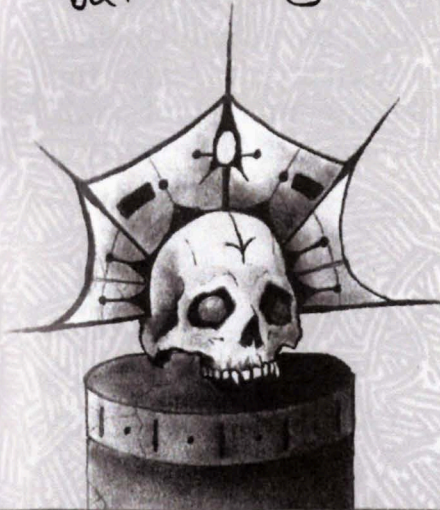
make fart not war



I'm gonna kiss
Moxie on the
lips



God may forgive;
but I forget.



The wikkman cometh, he cometh for me.
He boffs my wives and sisters,
and delivers skinned for free.



CLASSIFIEDS *and* ANNOUNCEMENTS

ATTN: CITIZENS

A large new body of water has suddenly appeared in the American Southwest. We are currently experiencing an emergent sea emergency.

GAMING WITH FRIENDS...



HELPS ME FORGET THAT I'M A WOMAN

Manhood is a fundamental right. And rights shouldn't be left up to chance. Support mandatory sex change operations for all women in the United States by 2021. Contact your local senator for more information.

I just looked at my medical bill and they charged me \$14,000 for being a 'Sick fuck'. You show even the slightest bit of pleasure while they put in your catheter...

been brought to my attention that paper has 6 sides and only 2 are useful. don't think i like that information

NOTE FROM LEGAL COUNSEL TO EDITORIAL STAFF: Jombus and Clide™ Law Firm would like to reiterate that client (D. Donowitz) is not alluding to the brother/sister/aunt and uncle murder-suicide that occurred at Lakeview last weekend, and the quadruple homicide he was initially charged with has been dropped on account of the handle of the bloodied spatula found embedded in the Uncles colon purportedly being "too girthy and large" for the effeminate and small Donowitz to properly grab a hold of.

It's **LADIES NIGHT** at **SLAMMIN' SAM'S!** And don't worry, guys. They're real ladies. **We checked!**

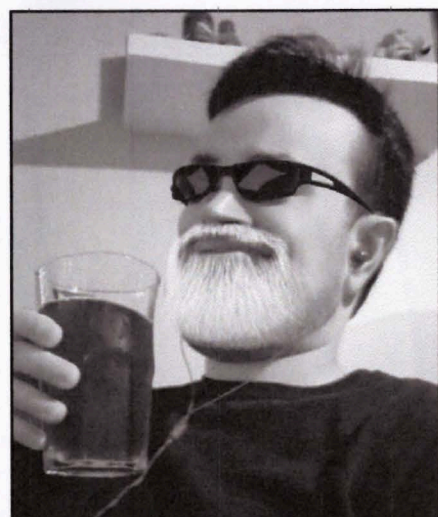
EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, AND EVERYDAY OF YOUR LIFE... IS ACTUALLY THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN RIDE FROM UNIVERSAL'S ISLAND'S OF ADVENTURE.

Put down your Mario box and go sire me a grandchild, boy, I desire to be proud of something



DATE ME

SEEKING: Plumber that won't try to have his way with my house. **Will pay any rate.**



Hey, hi there. How's it going. Good? That's good. I see your looking a bit thirsty. A bit patched even. Well, here ya go partner. Give it a taste. Taste good right? It should. That's the nice flavor of a glass of Milo's Fresh Sweet Tea.

The only thing I want to hear from **America** right now is **Horse With No Name.**

I show up to the potluck with my enchanted cauldron of fortune and somehow I'm the weird one



CAUTION
CHANCE
OF
RADIATION
CELLS

**THE MULKMEN
LIQUID INSANITY**



YOUR GEOMETRY TEACHERS LIED TO YOU!

Tablets dating back to ancient Greece have recently been uncovered in the Vatican archives and for the first time in nearly 3000 years the hegemony of conventional shapes is being challenged! For only \$19.99 learn previously forbidden mathematical secrets such as the rhombogon, Archimedes' crescent, and the *true* circle in my new book

Euclidian Solids: The Hoax of a Millenia. For orders please send a check or money order made out to 'cash' in a

self-addressed stamped envelope to 1618 Filler Ave, Downers Grove IL, 56760 or call the number below.

WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!!!

**true
circle**

I started an argument in my head and it went south pretty quick so now I'm giving myself the cold shoulder. I know that sounds like a bit much, but believe me, I deserve it.

I can be such a dick. I'm DONE talking to myself.

I tell ya, I can't win an argument with me! It's because I never back down. Even when I'm clearly right, and I'm clearly wrong, I never back down. It's not healthy.

It's a never ending beef. I don't even remember when it started, but I do remember who started it, ME! And I will never forgive myself for that. That's why it's not fair, I didn't even want to be involved, but one day I just had to say something, and I've been holding a grudge ever since.

It's exhausting. I want to relax. I want to lighten up. But I know if I let my guard down for one second, I'm gonna pounce on myself and I'm gonna make myself cry. I've done it before! I can be a mean sonofabitch, man! And a weepy little baby bitch, too!

So I hope I'll enjoy the coldest shoulder I've ever known, cause I'm no longer falling for my tricks. I'm done engaging. I'd rather just sit here in cold silence for the rest of my life, thank you very much *Asshole*.



PRODUCTION CREDITS

Angelbow Discoman - Producer/Argument in my Head [Writing]
MoxieFamous - Director/Editor

WRITING

Yasa - Been Brought to my Attention
Gym Slow - SEEKING: Plumber
Odin Odans Obie - Waking Up to My Alarm
[REDACTED] - I've Been Helping Nature Fight Back
Hauntologist - When Grandpa Got Back
Master Squinch - Been Feeling Kind of Lost/Ever Notice...
Sloth - Beautiful Imagery
Tulacot - GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCEMENT
Not a Robot - My Only Remaining Wish
Owin H - Jesus Fucking CHRIST [Piss]/\$14,000 Sick Fuck
Burritos - Attention All Staff/Mario Box/The Bank Says/
Speed Date/He Sauntered In
Toner Martini - You Know How People.../Enchanted Cauldron
Lawful - We've All Been There/The Bad Thought/
Slamin' Sam's/ATTN: CITIZENS
Teratoma Jones - Of All the Casualties.../Great Art Comes
from Suffering/Your Geometry Teachers Lied
La-li-lu-le-lo - Only Thing I want to Hear from America
[Pyra] - Owl and Potatoes
Sergeant Kipling - West Coast Consciousness/Jombus and Clide
A Fine Homo-Sapien Indeed - MENU
Kilroy - ADVANCED TACTICS
Mercenary Phase - Had a Dream Once
SCANNER - God May Forsive/The Milkman Cometh
TimePool - During the Last Primaries
Lober - The Amazing Spider-Man Ride
LETSALLLOVELAIN - I ran Away in a Dream State
Nono - Pockets Have Rules
The Fake Scummy Thrums - Gonna Kiss Moxie
G'mort - Fart not Wor

ART

Sloth - Cover Art/Smoking Bird/Back Cover Background/
Roadside Walk/DATE ME Photo/Digitally Dissolving Face
Toner Martini - The Mulkmen Main Ad/Mulkmen Photos/Milo's
Fresh Sweet Tea/True Square
Classicoz - Specter of Death
G'mort - Hush Mirror/Target Acquired/Root Beer
GORGO - Bug Cat
Gorman - A Noble Death in the Grass
Hamarchy - Beautiful Imagery Art/Mother Tree
Jared - Threatening Bird/Apple Head/The Mighty Penguin
Master Squinch - Been Feeling Kind of Lost Art
Mercenary Phase - Had a Dream Once Art
Odin Odans Obie - Boombox Grandpa/Reading Instructions
Pea - Simps/Triple-Bart Nuke/The Bad Thought Art
Rotifer - Gaming with Friends...
Sergeant Kipling - These Days it's Quiet
Sony - Love Doll Table
The False Dale Gribble - Death's Landscape/The Skull
Trash Cat - Splitting Face/Vacation Fly
Tulacot - Bunsface the Dog
Waxy Hexagon - Cigarette Eater
XxmichaelxX - Dark Shape Comic/X-Ray Animal
Taintbrain - Cone Head Giant [Big Fart]
Pen-Nice - Labyrinth/Back Cover Art

