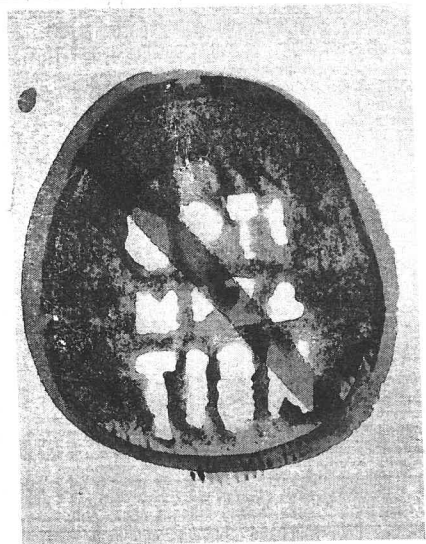




cover by Johanna Wright | @johannarwright

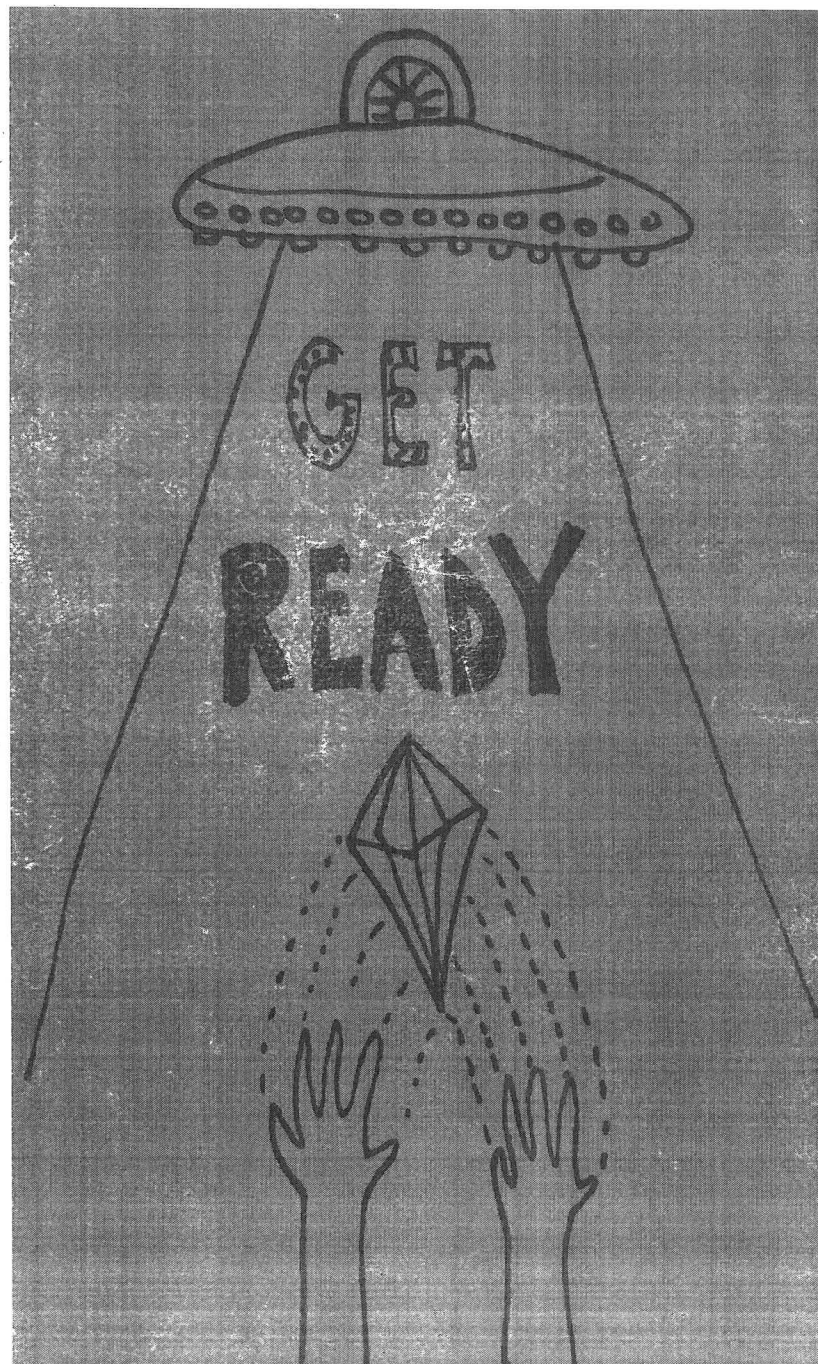
back cover potato print images by Dharma Nicotera

snarlinar #1

portland | sep '26 | material@snarlinar.com

snarlinar #1

sep 2026



Church

by Joe Ryckebosch | @mostly_invisible

Ahh, the languishing. Sitting in those orange and brown pews. The burden of another morning spent in a half daze, mind wandering, yawning and restless at the same time, whilst from the pulpit up front, endless yammering and egotistical fueled words spew out from an old, rotten mouth imbued with the holy breath of some ill fractured, self-appointed sense of importance. Who gives this crumbling form the right to tell us what to do? Some messenger of God? A messenger of the id, perhaps. I do not listen, have never listened, but still at a young age, forced to be present and pretend to hear what is being pummeled forth. Instead, I spend the time staring up at the ceiling and notice an intricate wood paneling configuration; sort of mid-century modern, which is surprising to me considering this structure's innate purpose – not for design, but to design? You know what I mean, right? Within the wood grain panels above I see knots taking the shape of a multitude of animals and assorted imaginary characters. I spend hours naming these things, studying them, and eventually able to spot them on command and form a sort of absurd narrative as to why they were up there, what they do, and how they interacted with each other. A teeming, inanimate world unbeknownst to anyone else in the sleepy auditorium. My cousin was another consistent and reliable distraction from the proceedings. When I could, I would sit next to him and we would make a mockery of the charade taking form in front of us. We would draw mazes on the church bulletin, make up fake visitors and have them later announced by an irate elder to a bewildered congregation. We had nicknames for everyone in the building; The Blue Hairs, The Hall Hummer, Guy Righteous, Too Mature, Bag o' Bones, Sour Face, et al. The list was endless. The only motivation keeping us going was the thought of

We are so fucking addicted to solving, by imposing structures on everything around us (again, including each other), that we can't stop. That is the grief: recognizing that we just cannot and will not stop as the Earth is burning and as large numbers of people are suffering and dying, killing and being killed. Those without any say in the system are being crushed beneath the weight of a tremendous machine, with a flywheel that's kicked forward by every decision, blind belief, and tiny push of some power-hungry, fearful man somewhere. The machine-riding men are supported ultimately by the life energy of the subjugated ones. And this web of dependency is so complex and so ingrained in us, it binds our thinking, and it binds our actions *before thought*. There is no "getting all on the same page." In fact, that's what *fascism* is all about, if you look at it from the right angle. Fuck this shit.

I do not believe it will work: to shape the system using the tools provided by the system. That has been tried enough and the loop continues. I'm not saying I know how to usher in the death of this mighty "enterprise." Who could? But dying it is. And so we need less of a "solving" and more of a "letting go."

We are humans, we have wonderful bodies with amazing senses and even more stunning awareness of ourselves, and the ability to ratchet that awareness forward through generations. I lean over to think, "maybe we can figure this out? But we need to sit still; to sit absolutely still until we hear the voice of the first baby that needs food." Meanwhile I don't know if we're capable of that. It's very complex, for one – there are many babies, and so much hunger there can be no sitting still, and people are exploited and drained of life so that others might thrive. These others thrive to the point of being bored with their comfortable lives.

I sense the existence of an unforeseen force that might allow me to penetrate the wall of grief: the vast unknown itself. It's in the great ocean with its misty power, an ancient unaccountable world of alien life; a welling source of fear mixed with love, a bright, vast expression of the heart.

Mondays

by Felicity Fenton | felicityfenton.com | [@periphery.live](https://twitter.com/periphery.live)

1. The world's metrologists, known as the International Bureau of Weights and Measures or I.B.W. M., have crafted a fixed definition of units of measurement known as time, length, mass, electrical current, temperature, intensity of light, and amount of a substance. Monday's time, made up of hours, minutes, and seconds, also includes the hulking collective malaise people feel when waking up to the boom of a five day work week ahead of them. As of today, this is not part of the I.B.W. M.'s library.
2. On Mondays, those who live in industrialized countries, are more likely to die from a heart attack or suicide or sadness. It's a day fraught with melancholy and angst, because it's hard to keep up, to sit in the torture of traffic, to repeat a frenzied routine. To floss gums and slather on lipstick, to dress the part for others, including the barista who asks again, how was the weekend? And though the barista is kind and earnest, it's difficult to answer in just one sentence, when seven people are also standing in line, wearing a similar Monday scowl.
3. When asked to remember bad days, Monday takes the lead, mainly because of the stark contrast between weekends where freedom from time and obligations are diminished by the bustle and fatigue of weekdays.
4. Gazing in the mirror is less fulfilling on a Monday. Sunday nights are prone to insomnia, the culprit being an impending doom of the week ahead. Without sleep, cortisol enhances wrinkles, puffs eyes, and swells abdomens. Some believe the most you will weigh throughout the week tops off on Mondays, which could explain why it's a consistently successful day for the stock market. To cope with the glum of capitalistic bloat, people shop for new cars, shinier appliances, heavier stock pots, and telescopes to fulfill the longing and fantasy of going somewhere far away, to the moon, to Venus, to Jupiter, anywhere but Monday. Perhaps this is why Monday is also known as Moon's day.

monochrome display screens which documented what remained, and illustrated the time that came after.

Banquets overflowing with confident buffoons elapsed. Cowardice and malice ran its merry course into a rising tide. An overt, cresting, solid resistance. A trillion Ohms. Illuminated and grumpy. A vibrant and persistent force staked out and marked its territory. Wild brambles encroached on the pestilent, disease-ridden seedlings, saplings, full grown mutant vegetation; Choking it out and burying it in lush green webs of fuzzy lichens and moss, fungi and a deeper, unseen mycelial network. A shimmering lake of blue-green iridescence, hiccuping spores and gases. New life covering the decaying humus of the former kingdom.



STICKER
BY REBECCA
ALBRIGHT

The Slab, and Grief

by Gabe Blair

Sometimes I feel overwhelmed by darkness. Is this all I can see?

I'm filled with anxiety, maybe because I harbor the illusion that I can create change, that I am responsible to give life to something that's simply dying. The pain is in the tension between what I think I should be able to do and what I can actually change. Maybe I'm terrified of the truth that I'm a tiny speck of a human, on a huge slab of earth that has calved off from the mainland and is moving faster than I can even know (let alone describe) toward the vast black ocean. Maybe it's that.

Maybe I wish I could raise my arms like wings and just fly away from this place, but I cannot. Where would I go? I wish that I could pull my family and my friends in close and that we could huddle together in the cozy warmth and laughter of life and light. We *do* that, then I close my eyes and briefly see only the endless unknown blackness of the ocean that awaits us and our children. It's a great, wide grief that I feel. It's so wide I can never grip it. There are no handholds. It's a flat, mute wall, and it hulks nearby at all times.

The grief comes from the recognition that, as a species, we are possibly incapable of taking care of each other right now. The larger organized groups of us are led by fear-mongering men (yes *men*) that believe humans (and specifically they) are the center of life on this planet.

The men wield tools to safeguard their positions. Fomentation of hatred is just one of these. Like other tools they use, it has a wide blast radius. Believe it or not, Hope is also similarly wielded. Underpinning all these tools is the idea of Separability from our bodies and from nature (which includes each other), the illusion of control of nature (including ourselves and each other). We are disposed to secure safety, life and nourishment at the expense of any other living thing. Read that last sentence again. Does it not rile you up in some way? "Of course we should protect ourselves at all costs; that is the mandate of life!" But I believe we are capable of seeing things differently.

going outside when the service was over, and after the incessant adult mingling, and "How ya dos?" We would gather at edges of the property and look for lizards. We walked atop the small wall bordering the church and attempted to throw each other off of it. One time resulting in a sprained wrist, perhaps maybe slight concussions were had. All in the name of the lord, of course.

The most unfortunate thing of all was the fact that we had to RETURN to the church for the evening worship. What sort of strange torture was this? People (my parents included) willfully subjected themselves to this type of indoctrination on a regular basis. Those Sunday nights spent back in the same stale place, lamenting the fact that right now I was missing the latest Battlestar Galactica episode. I asked my dad for a mint, and he would unearth from his pocket a small, gold foil wrapped Certs package. The breath mint with "Retsyn", ahh yes, I needed that Retsyn. The ceiling world was growing dim. I could not find respite in my friends above. My cousin, now sitting far away, with the same disenchanting malaise as I had in a fractured form on his face. The silly actions of earlier in the day now fading, now only hoping this would finally end. No real happiness left, the joy of looking forward to something now turned to the school week, which lay ahead, looming like a demon, waiting to trap me in the folds of another round of confusion and self-doubt. No savior in sight, no salvation waiting for me. Where was this god when I really needed him? Was he up there on the ceiling, in the knots, part of my imagination? Twisted, tied up distortions from another dimension? Will he (it) save me, help me? I suppose I will find out when I come back next Sunday and attempt to escape it all, once again.

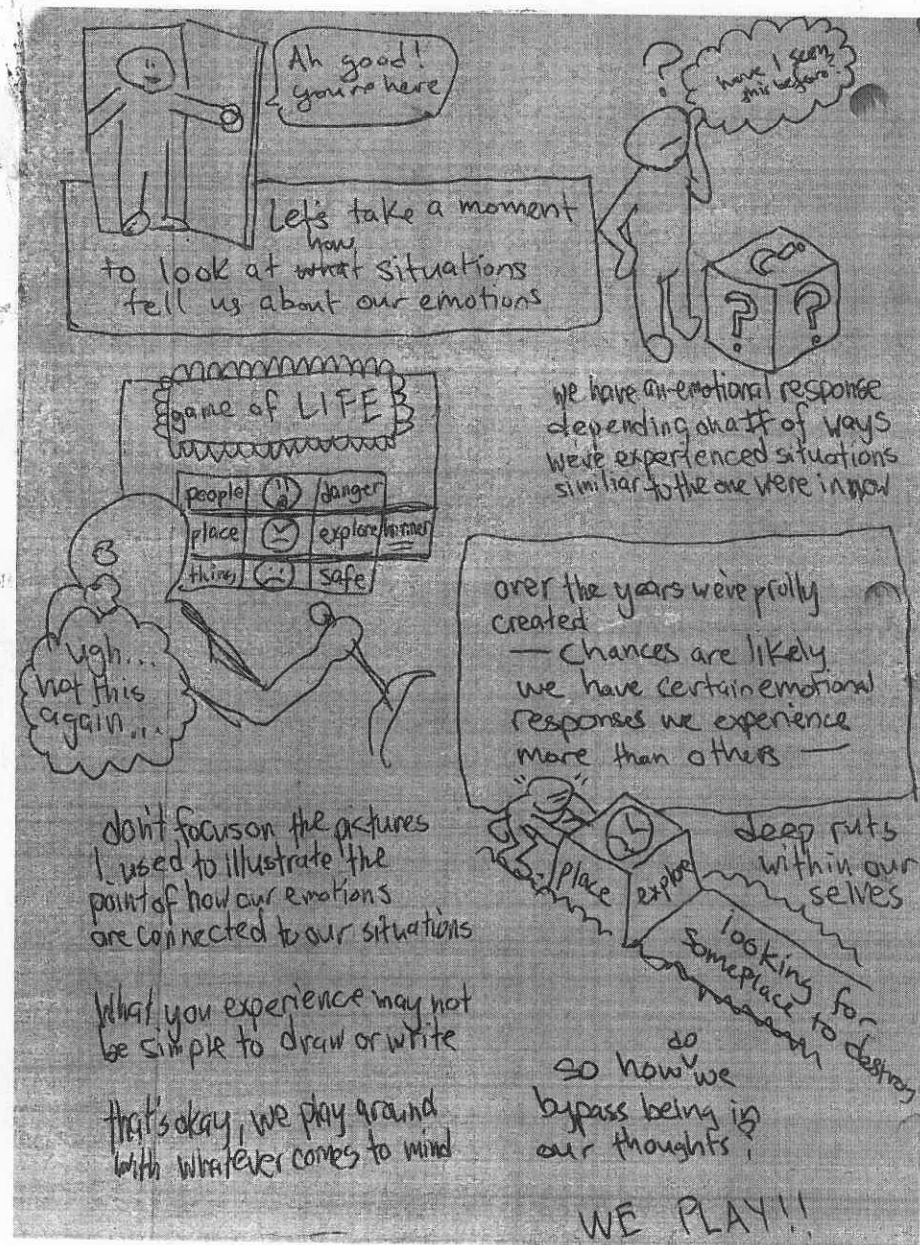
autopatron

by Macgregor Campbell



We Play

by Jesse Lowe



The theory of wriggling energy fields: force repelled

by Jim Baltz

In profuse and pendulous locutions with barely a single intelligible syllable, much less phrase, the beleaguered bushel meister of the antiquarian subsect of Vandleprom base station number nine swayed to and fro in order to propel itself forward while it addressed the attentive subjects. It drooped and undulated and morphed into spasmodic gesticulations of gestalt and unbridled id. In fact the grand assessor, as it was known, had oozed its slimy path, smothering and subsuming semi-erudite contingents of secretaries, in a desperate and joyously greedy grasping of the mantle of ill will propagated, propelled, and promulgated toward friends and foes alike.

The walrus-tusked whisker hole of its beet-red and bloated visage was perpetually stuffed with scones and soil and BBQed-ribs. The smorgasbord extended broadly and thoroughly to include any whim or cannibalistic impulse, including a special predilection for devouring outsiders, whose bones were spat into its spittoon trench of rotting and decaying malignant malfeasance.

The planet withered and darkened when the behemoth slug master's phono-horn shook the ether like a buzzsaw, cutting the hoists and structural supports of the long arc of didactic and disciplined faithful builders of mortal constructs for mortal behests. In consequence, the revolting disregard and deliberate fomentation of ghastly and base organs determined to deconstruct the most basic and essential cohesive forces, the gluons themselves, heaved forth in a dark swarm.

An eon in a moment revealed sedimentary layers that layed bare the epoch of disdainful, self absorbed folly. The outcome was combed over and documented mechanical constructs animated by

5. On average, each person who takes part in a Monday-through-Friday schedule, spends twelve minutes every Monday talking about Monday. There are internet memes, self guided meditations, and yogic coping mechanisms that feed into this dialogue.
6. Monday doesn't have a great reputation, still there are people who adhere to its promise as an opportunity to clean the slate, to erase all less successful Mondays. It seems unfair for a day that makes up a large percentage of one's life to be a nemesis of time and space.
7. Hurray for Monday for doing what no other day has the courage to do and can't because it's always at the front of the line, wiping the ass of Saturday and Sunday, setting the table for Tuesday, feeding Wednesday with a spoon, something creamy and caloric so it can go to the gym like the rest of them, flexing into Thursday which secretly knows it's almost there on Friday, swinging through grape vines, all the way to the other side of the yard where the party is just getting started, Chex mix, burritos, martinis with a twist.
8. Earth time doesn't revolve around Monday time. And though craters have been carved by time, Monday doesn't belong to the moon. To a gazelle or a moose, Monday is just another day for grazing. An elder spruce can know Monday's offerings based on the richness of the soil it's rooted inside, just as a dandelion may recognize Monday, but only through its own yellow.
9. But a baboon in a zoo cage knows Mondays because the baboon's schedule must accommodate the human who trains it. If a baboon isn't fed at just the right time on Mondays, it may get angry and bite the hand that feeds it.