

Volume 3 | Issue 3  
1/10/19

# The Genesis Gazette

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**Calendar:**

1/26 — *Ying Yang  
Night*

1/31 — *Rush program  
at J*

2/2 — *Groundhog Day  
Night*

2/14-18 — *IC*

2/23 — *Unknown  
Program*

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Hey y'all, Nate here. Now, you may be wondering, *Hey, Nate! Why haven't you just been constantly pumping out monthly gazettes like a reliable printing press? I mean, I've seen you at programs, but damn son, get your shit together!* And to that I say, whoa, guys, what's making y'all so uptight? I mean if anybody had actually bothered to write any articles for the Gazette—and by any article, I really mean **any** sort of article—we wouldn't be finding ourselves in this spot. I mean, if the Gazette wasn't just four to five random wack ass articles written by me, I'd have more of a reason to publish this. But all of that aside, this is the not so grand return of the Gazette. Maybe in the future, my procrastination won't be absolute trash. And as always send stuff in to [genesis2433gazette@gmail.com](mailto:genesis2433gazette@gmail.com).

## **Nate's Ponderings**

So, I've been thinking about a lot of stuff. Some of it's irrelevant or useless, but it's still stuff. So without further ado, welcome to my column that'll be only filled with ramblings and tangents.

Have you ever noticed how life has long stretches of blah or emptiness and then short periods that are filled to the brim with responsibilities and requirements? It's sort of happening to me right now. All the things I had either procrastinated on or actually tried to do in advance are all piling up into this weekend. It's wack. Life is put together weirdly. I mean, is it simply how our memories store and organize things or more than that? Does everything actually fall down

at once or is it more of a gradual fall that we can't perceive/is only recognizable in hindsight? Life's weird, guys. Have y'all ever heard about semantic satiation? It's sort of been fascinating me recently. So, semantic satiation is that moment/feeling when you've said a word so many times that it just loses its meaning and seems like a weird jumble of sounds. So, I recently had this paper to write for my AP World Lit class. The prompt was basically what makes/is Meursault's meaning in Albert Camus's *The Stranger*. In case you haven't read it, it's an existentialist novel that's pretty good. Check it out if you have time, it's only like 150 pages. I sat down to write this paper. The thing you might want to know is that our entire course so far has been focused on man's search for meaning. I've been hearing the word a lot recently. As such, the semantic satiation has been slowly building up. I started writing this essay, and let me tell you, it's not that good. But the deadline was first thing the next day, and I was up late. By the time I was around  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's done with the paper, semantic satiation had fully set in. By the time I finished, I knew it wasn't that good, but everytime I tried to read and revise it, all the words just sounded like incomprehensible gibberish. In case you really care to know about the quality of the paper, in it I compared the main character of *The Stranger*—a serious novel about the inner meaninglessness about life and society—to Garfield from *Garfield*. It's weird when I reflect on it. I need to get my mind in shape. So I've been jamming out to some music while writing this, and as I'm forgoing the usual suggestion column due to time, I'll recommend it to you here—in this rambling stream of consciousness that you may never read. In case you're wondering, the lack of paragraphs or formatation in this is intentional, as I feel it just seems more overwhelming and closer to how my mind actually works. So a jam I've been jamming to during work and bop sessions is Miracle of Sound's *Setting Sun*. It's a chill country rock-ish tune that just happens to be low key enough that I can do anything while listening to it, while also being hype enough that I can just listen to it on repeat no matter what mood and never get bored. I wonder

what the picture below will be. In case you want to know, the default image is some apricots, some cut in half and some whole, strew over a cyan table, on a napkin, and in a bowl, also for some reason there's some leaves there. It's sort of bland yet entrancing at the same time. The longer I look at it, the more visually pleasing it is. It messes with my brain. Do you ever just think about how much time you've put into one of your hobbies? It's weird and also sort of depressing. So March of last year I started to track all the movies I've watched (one watch being a complete viewing from start to finish, no beginning at the middle and going to the end). Doing so, I found out a rough estimate of how much time I poured into movie watching. Last year I spent over 11.25 days watching movies. That's a lot of time. I spent a week and a half watching movies. Whoa wee. If anybody's reading this and just gets spontaneous depression, I'm sorry. I probably should've put a disclaimer on this. Maybe a comically oversized one. Well, I don't really have much more to add to this as I initially started this yesterday. So, let's just end this here.



## Spam Watch!

So in search of articles to fill space, I came upon something fascinating. I was checking the Genesis Gazette and Genesis Mail Emails in search of anything new that was sent in. There was nothing as usual in the Gazette account, but I found something in the Mail account. As such, I'm starting the brand new column, Spam Watch! So, thank you to all the bots who sent it wack shit from around the interwebs, you're making my useless job even easier.

**I am not responsible for any viruses you may get from clicking on any links**

From: **rrosenfeld43@aol.com**

Subject: How do you do!!

<https://search.yahoo.com/search/showhistory.php?8943214=hfy&84515=2228679&gdboaob=0320>

Buenas tardes! This fat burn is worth trying!

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17-Aug-18 10:55:06 PM

Noon! I lost weight due to this program during 2 weeks!

He's right! The first two markers had been located on or near piazzas that contained

Keep love in your heart. A life without it is like a sunless garden when the flowers are dead. The consciousness of loving and being loved brings a warmth and richness to life that nothing else can bring..... because it is usually made of trans fats (hydrogenated oils), which are a serious health hazard...

into practice needs to be evaluated to see if you are taking careless

Alexis Swanson  
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*At this point, I'll  
accept literally  
anything you want to  
send in, so do it*

**EMAIL THAT SHIT**

**TO:**  
[genesis2433gazette@gmail.com](mailto:genesis2433gazette@gmail.com)

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## Story Time

Untitled by Nate Cohen

One day, John decided to fly. Not to fly on a plane, not to fly like a bee, but instead to simply fly. John couldn't describe how he wanted to fly nor why he wanted to. All John knew was that he wanted to really fly—to fly like no one or thing had ever done before. John searched to see if anything like what he wanted had been done. John searched to see if anyone felt what he felt. John was unsuccessful. So one day, John simply decided to fly. John jumped as hard as he could. John wished with all his might. John flapped his arms as fast as possible, but John was unsuccessful. John knew that if he just tried hard enough he could fly. John simply knew he needed a jump start. So he went over to a scenic lookout by his house. As he stared out over the horizon, he thought, *This is what you want, this is why you want to fly*. So John took a step. Then he took another, and another, and kept on walking. *This is it*, John thought, *this is what I need to fly*. Wind blew through his hair., His fingernails felt the air glide under them. He felt the wind ruffle his leg hair. *This is it!* John thought, *I'm flying!* Just after that thought rushed through his mind, he felt a weird tingle in his head. That was the last feeling John ever felt. He didn't feel his body slam into the dirt. He didn't feel his femur shatter into twenty pieces. He didn't feel his spinal column snap. John didn't feel the coyotes come over to his body and start eating his flesh. John never heard the dogs barking at the coyotes. John never saw the expression on the man's face as he ran towards his dogs and stumbled upon John's ravaged body. John never heard the screams as his body was brought into the morgue. John never felt his mother's salty tears fall on his face. John never felt the flames consume his body. But as the smoke drifted up the chimney, John finally flew.

## Social Media Station

So, in search of articles to publish for this edition I found out that we have a twitter. It's weird. Apparently I knew about it at one time because I edited my name into the bio. So if you want to follow the account, follow @genesisaza2433. Now in honor of this momentous occasion, I'm starting a new column, Social Media Station, in which I snag shit off of the various Genesis social media accounts and shove it into your faces! Gosh, I've been swearing a lot this edition. So, tweet at the account and you may be featured! This month, we're featuring the twitter.

Let's start with the very first tweet.



Then let's fast forward to the most recent!

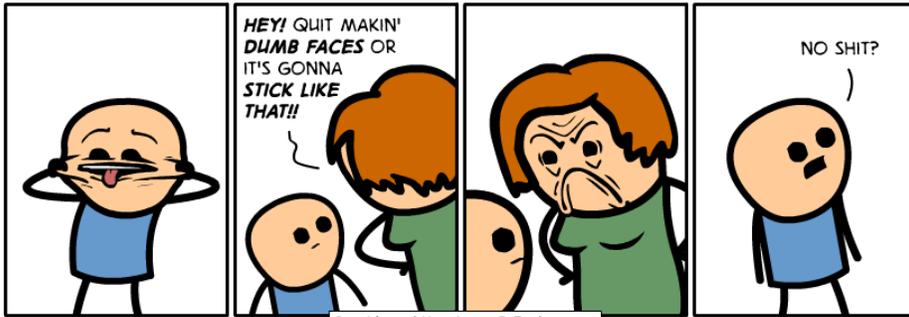


Isn't this great? Did you know that whoever was running the account liked this tweet?



By now, I'm seriously scraping the bottom of the ideas barrel. So please, send in something to [genesis2433gazette@gmail.com](mailto:genesis2433gazette@gmail.com) for it to be published.

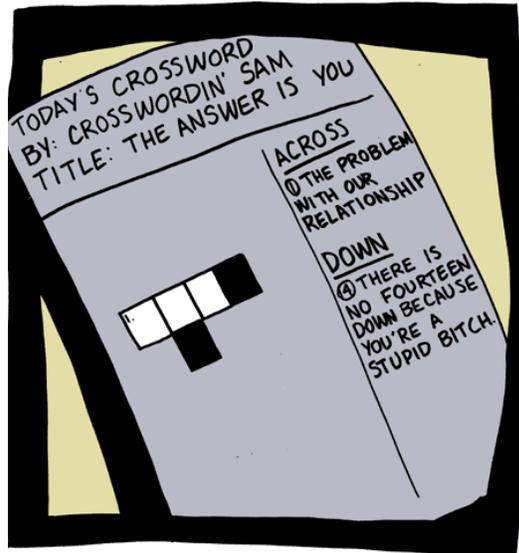
# OBLIGATORY COMICS PAGE



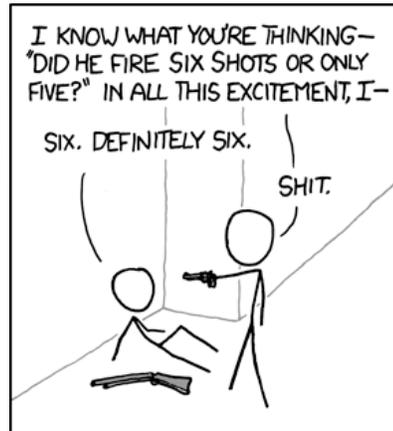
Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net



"Wow! I've never completed a crossword puzzle before! I should have cheated on Sam years ago!"



DIRTY HARRY MEETS RAIN MAN



Penguins have a much happier version of the Titanic story.



Every morning for fifteen years, grampa woke up and said the same thing.