

all the stars are closer

i went to new mexico for like eight days at the beginning of july. i've always been Big Into Nature, begrudgingly at first and now hellaciously, and nothing says nature like six thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by red dirt and trees, peering down in a valley that's more of a chasm.

and nature doesn't give a shit about you. it's beautiful. depressed? insecure? body conscious? on your period? strap the fuck in, change your menstrual product, put those shorts on: we're going off-roading. couldn't care less. (which, for the record, we actually did go off roading. it kicked my yeehaw, fakey cowboy soul into high gear. there's nothing like the thrill of going over a particularly tricky set of rocks as bugs fly into you. never have i felt so ok with my body than staring into the lincoln national forest while the sun sets behind the trees. i saw stars so clearly i almost cried. i would not calm down. i would not be consoled except by the dulcet shine of Jupiter and Saturn. i want my body to crack open and become a vessel for the cosmos. it's called the virgo supercluster for a reason. my body doesn't matter. my mind doesn't matter. it all turns to dust. and the stars open wide. i will not be taking commentary on this; my body will return to the forest from which we all came and those trees will decompose into dust and we'll return to the galaxy. it's fine.

there is, certainly, a deeper give and take here. i accepted my invitation to new mexico happily and with little delay because i was truthfully very exciting to Get Away. I wanted to leave the dirty, mean, feral parts of my mind at the vet. I needed to heal in the vortex, and give myself over to the higher power, whatever that may be. I went in hoping to avoid snagging the sutures of my very raw wounds, but in retrospect it was foolish to hope i'd come back idyllic. and i didn't. and that's got to be okay.



ALL NO GUYS GLORY

BETTER OBLIVION COMMUNITY CENTER

Phoebe Bridgers and Connor Oberst's long-awaited collab finally brings it home with the perfect soft rock album for the summertime: classic oh-so-good yet oh-so-sad soft rock, with a bpm that will suffice in knocking the tears off your cheeks. The album has a nice vocal balance between the two distinct styles of Bridgers and Oberst, while still driving it home that yes, you're probably supposed to cry to this album. The artists aren't judging you - exactly the opposite, they're creating the space. They're crying too.

Additionally, on a personal note, why did no one tell me about Phoebe Bridgers because I'm big mad and looking to fight about it outside my art class (in the parking lot, M-Th, 2-6pm.)

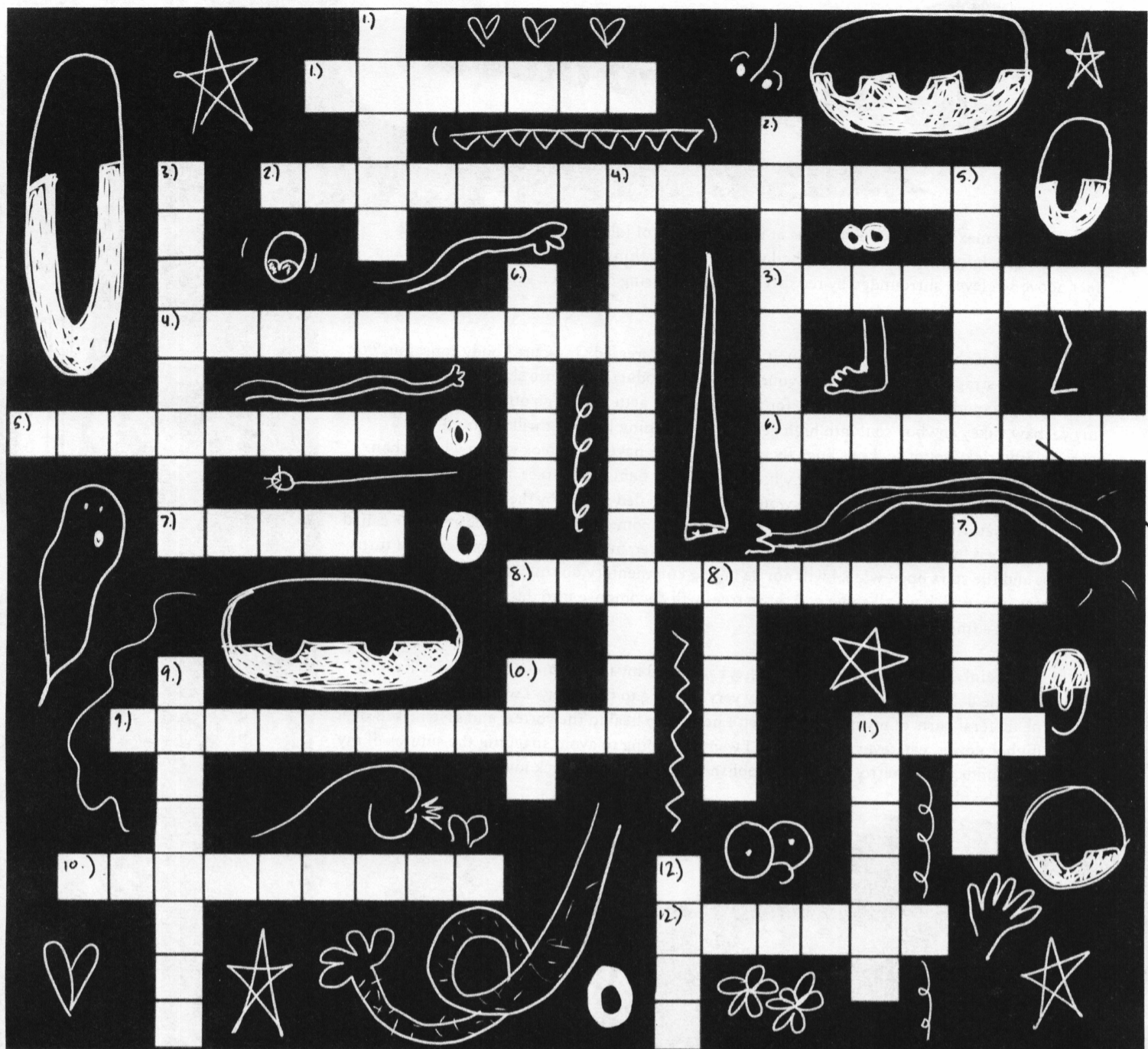
If you just want to show up and cry with me, see tracks "Didn't Know What I Was In For" and "Chesapeake". For controlled but effective head banging, see "Dylan Thomas" and "Big Black Heart".



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a little aural solace for u



10¢ WORDS

→ ACROSS →

- ① EMOTIONAL DESOLATION
- ② FAVORED BY VONNEGUT, A BUSY BODY
- ③ A PAIRING
- ④ THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE ETC
- ⑤ YOUR TERRITORY IN HELL
- ⑥ A BIT O'BRAIN
- ⑦ BIG ____!
- ⑧ UNATTACHED, FLOATING UNBOtherED
- ⑨ COMPOSITION OF BITS
- ⑩ JUST SO MUCH!
- ⑪ SYSPHUS AND THE BOULDER
- ⑫ PARTICULARLY DESERVING OF HATRED

DOWN ↓

- ① YOUR BATHWATER AFTER AN HOUR
- ② SO GROSS, SO FANCY, SO PITTED
- ③ THINK JACK BLACK
- ④ A GROTESQUE, LIFE SHATTERING TRANSFORMATION
- ⑤ A WORD FOR LOVE AFFAIRS AND FAST FASHION
- ⑥ TEMPORAL DEVOTEE
- ⑦ YOUR BED @ 12PM (SAFE SPACE)
- ⑧ THE TAKE OVER THE BREAK'S OVER
- ⑨ SAME AS 3 ACROSS (WHOOPS!!!)
- ⑩ CUT OFF
- ⑪ PURGATORY
- ⑫ JUST A SCRIBBLE