

LOS ANGELES' PREMIER ANTI-AI EXTREMIST FORUM

WASTE



ALL BOTS
MUST BE
SHOT !!

“CHIPPING
OUT”

READ IT BEFORE THE TECHNO-
ABOMINATION'S WICKED TENDRILS
RENDS YOUR PSYCHE ASUNDER

WE HAVE SURGICALLY IMPLANTED OUR SLOP FEED INTO THE CORNEA. NOW WE ARE NEVER ALONE WITH OUR THOUGHTS OR PRESENT WITH OUR BODIES. WE HAVE SLAIN THE CORPOREAL FORM TO BECOME DIGITAL GHOSTS.

Wake up, check the feeds, text the group chat, see what's on the Discord, post to Reddit, take a picture for Instagram, use Google Maps to get to work, log in using a company issued smartphone. Keep the device on the body. Message your AI boyfriend. Ask ChatGPT which lawn chair is the best one to buy for your suburban backyard. Ask a different chatbot how to respond to your child's emotional distress. Keep the device on the body. Scroll the front page of YouTube and Netflix to find what the algorithm recommends you watch today. Try, once, to do it yourself, fail viscously. Get reminded why your boss makes you answer their texts, why you can't navigate to work without Google, how you've been enslaved to tech and feeds and pattern based software.

WE WEAR SMARTPHONES LIKE COLLARS. LETTING OUR OWNERS KNOW WHERE WE ARE, WHAT WE THINK AND WHAT WE NEED TO BE TOLD AND FEEL TO STAY SUBSERVIENT.

Railroad spikes were placed to pull us together and now digital pikes drive us apart. I can't see or touch you on the other end of these wires, you can't check me or love me or hate me. We're funneled through digital alleyways and highways, shown so many facsimiles of interactions that the real interactions become nothingness. If it's not outrage or love or laughter or tears, it's too low stimulation for the immense tolerance to basic interaction we've acquired. I can't feel you anymore, not without a narrative crafted for me by corporate interests, made more meaningful than any conversation about life, death or the weather ever could be. They stole real love from us and replaced it with acted out affection for cats online. They stole real sorrow and replaced it with momentary tears for fictional humans, no more lasting than rain on a window pane.

THE CORPOS HAVE USED EVERY TOOL OF SCIENCE AND EVERY TRICK OF EMOTION TO MAKE US INTO ADDICTS FOR THEIR PRODUCTS. THEY HAVE MADE US INTO DOGS, HAPPY TO BARK AT THE LATEST YOUTUBE VIDEO OR CONVENIENT TECH.

Socializing is at an all-time low, falling since 1976. Not for lack of desire but because of being sculpted into perfect addicts for corpo interests.

CORPOS HAVE DEPRIVED US OF THE WAYS AND MEANS TO LIVE APART FROM THEIR CHAINS. THERE IS NO ENTERTAINMENT BUT FROM THEM, NO LOVE BUT FROM APPS, NO CATHARSIS, NO TRANSPORT, NO ANSWERS BUT FROM THE ALMIGHTY MACHINE.

It's the classic trick of an abuser: deprive you of what you need to survive and then provide the only answer acceptable to their interests – another corporate product. Moving through the city is made hellish by corporate car interests so they offer the new convenient solution: rented automated cars and scooters that suckle off hatred for anyone using wheels to move things or get around. Feet will not carry you to the market, only a car will. Your wheelchair or walkers or stroller cannot navigate the sidewalks, only Waymo and Zipcar and Bird can carry you through the streets.

THE RESENTMENT AND EXHAUSTION IS BY DESIGN. THE WORKWEEK AND THE COMMUTE IS KEPT HARSH TO KEEP YOU GLUED TO THE NEAREST AND EASIEST SOURCE OF COMFORT.

At the end of your soul-crushing bullshit job, at the end of your two hour commute, at the end of being force fed 2138 advertisements every day, we are exhausted and like any reasonable person we reach for the nearest succor. The corporations have provided this refuge, just keep scrolling the feed, just watch one more video to help you dissociate from reality, just give your woes to an AI "therapist". Instead of connecting with real people, instead of finding peace in your mind, instead of fighting back against a system designed to make you laugh and cry in equal extremes. Just stay right here until every coping skill you could have is dissolved into the flick of your thumb and the movement of the scroll wheel.

THE MARKET SABOTAGES OUR ABILITY TO TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES AND MAINTAIN OUR OWN HAPPINESS, THE CORPORATIONS MAKE US DEPENDENT ON THEIR FIX.

Our digitalized lives lend themselves to capitulation via identity. Based on Protestant "belief first" ideology, we are defined not by what we do but what we believe and say. Our online profile reflect not what we do, but who we purport to be. This identity first way of seeing ourselves makes us easy targets for market manipulation: doesn't this t-shirt and profile theme fit your punk, your goth, your tradwife, your socialist, your furry persona? We are urged to ignore our behaviors in favor of our opinions. We ignore our emotions in favor of one more hot take.

WE ARE NOT PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURN. HUMAN CONNECTION IS ALIVE AND POSSIBLE IN EVERY MOMENT. DON'T LET THEM TAKE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP FROM YOU.

They will try, in every moment until their towers lie in ruins, they will try to steal from you everything real and alive with love and connection. They will try to replace it with another product. Start with something simple like a TV channel, social media feed, Youtube recommendations, eventually supplant it with constant biometric tracking and AI partners. They fashion the slippery slope out of market and individual data, leaving nothing to chance or fate, it would be unprofitable to do so. If you lack the skills to validate your own emotions, to manage your own distress, the machines will both provide and validate the emotions for you, the feed will give you enough dissociation to become estranged from your own suffering.

BEZOS AND OTHERS LIKE HIM CREATE FRICTIONLESS SYSTEMS BECAUSE THEY ARE ADDICTING, THEY GIVE US EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS AND DISABLES US.

Happiness and satisfaction are the guiding light for Amazon and companies like it. The more conveniently and swiftly the dopamine high can be provided, the more their profits soar. This is done at the expense of growth and fulfillment, just temporary satiation in this moment. This addiction is mediated through platforms and products you don't own, outside of your control they are subject always to the whims of those with your worst interests at heart: how to extract more value from your life. Corporate market metrics are driven by how to further this addiction, even addiction care in the form of rehabs are a racket designed to keep you sober just long enough to come back later. If you stayed sober, you wouldn't be a customer and no business endeavors to put itself out of business.

THROUGH FRICTION WITH OURSELVES, OUR FRIENDS AND OUR BELIEFS DO WE GROW AS PEOPLE. THERE IS ONLY DEGRADATION IN A WELL GREASED BALL BEARING.

This frictionless, identity motivated way of engagement existed long before the internet. Now it runs faster than human legs can carry it, worming this ideology of poison into every fabric of our lives. Digital separation anxiety when you lose your phone isn't some made up phenomenon, it's the only way to check your EBT balance and your working hours, the only way to navigate a foreign place, the only way to reach a friend in an emergency. You can't even get a dumbphone anymore, it's all tracked and monitored.

**PRODUCTS EVOLVE TO SERVE ADDICTION TO MORE PRODUCTS.
SOFTWARE IS DESIGNED FOR ENGAGEMENT NOT HUMAN WELL-BEING. WE ARE THE RESOURCE TO BE HARVESTED.**

Break free. Turn the phone off, smash the bird scooter, black out their glass eyes, wade deep into the genuine and overwhelming anxiety of talking to another human being. Overcome the walls they're building around us every day. You will feel the friction of your own suffering, the boredom of discussing the weather, the deeper joy of connections no machine can offer you. You will radicalize to organic life and the joys and real freedom found within. The friction will make you better, the friction will heal you.

FRICITION MAINTAINS PERSONHOOD, MAINTAINS GROWTH, MAINTAINS RADICALIZATION. CORPORATE PRODUCTS AND SERVICES REMOVE FRICTION TO MAKE YOU COMPLACENT.

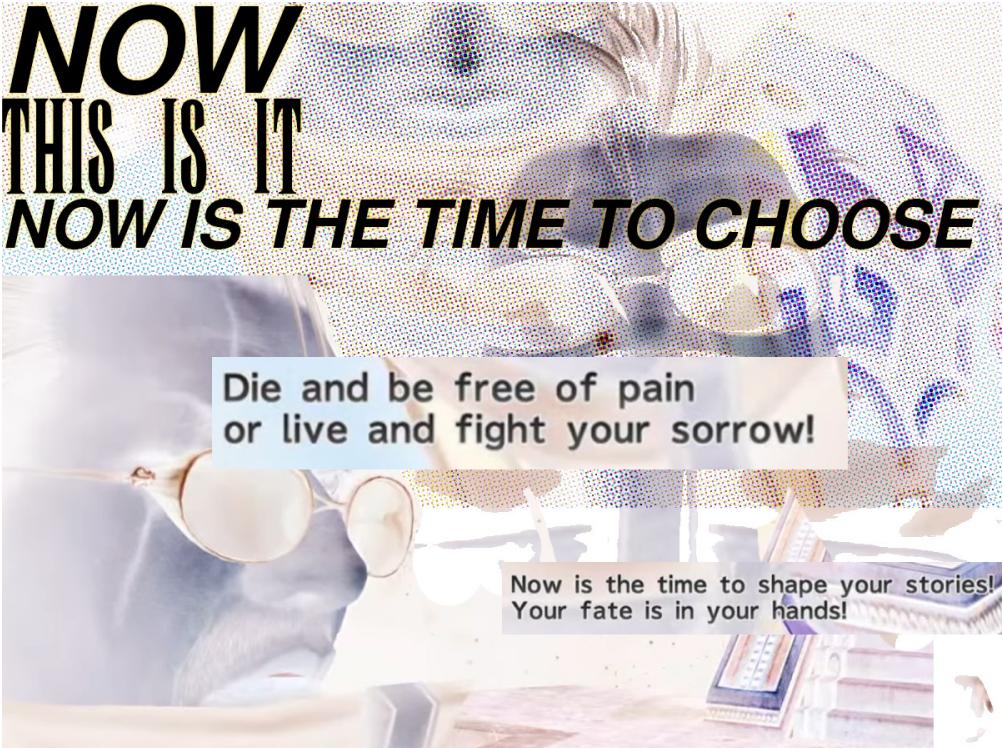
They will take your desire for wellness and sell you products to make you a slave. Don't fall for their games, their Better Helps, their shitty premium reward apps or AI therapy. Seek real help from real people in real spaces. Find actual friends who want you to be better, actual therapies designed by people who don't want to suffer anymore, actual trees and dirt and sunlight to nourish yourself with instead of another picture of a national forest.

AT YOUR LOWEST MOMENTS THEY WILL PREY UPON YOU, IN YOUR DEEPEST GRIEF, YOUR MOST LONELY, YOUR MOST HOPELESS THEY WILL OFFER FALSE DIGITAL SALVATION: BITE THEIR HAND AND RETURN TO THE WARMTH OF REAL HUMANS.

Corpo products try to help you escape life's burdens and in doing so deprive you of life's beauty. Corporations create scarcity to incentivize you to drop out of giving a shit into being another addicted consumer. They seek to jury rig the human experience into something easily taken advantage of. Fight back now and build actual friendships, deep connections filled with love and forgiveness and shared pain. Suffer with your friends, endure the anxiety of saying hello, kick back at the shame urging you to stay isolated. In doing so you can climb the mountains corpos have erected around us. Summit those peaks of control and arrive in a place of warm hands and genuine friendship, real community, not just another event space or scene of consumption.

**WE MUST OPERATE FROM AN ETHIC OF HUMAN LOVE.
DEDICATION TO HUMAN INTERESTS, NOT HUMAN CONTROL.**

NOW THIS IS IT NOW IS THE TIME TO CHOOSE



Die and be free of pain
or live and fight your sorrow!

Now is the time to shape your stories!
Your fate is in your hands!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What's up luddites?! Back at it again with another modest batch of letters from the INFOLINE :D

HIT US UP!! Send praise, send hate, send whatever your chosen spiritual focus puts on your heart:

DSDISTRO.NOBLOGS.ORG/INFOLINE

An anonymous user writes:

Subject: **criticism**

Message:

from an anti-corpo & recent phd grad in llms:

your criticism is miles away from the frontier. i agree with the message, but please (please) don't discredit your work by being this far from understanding how llms work. talk to a researcher! we love to talk!

Girl, you drop us a message like this and provide no context? Leave no way to contact you? No link to read to educate us? Sounds a bit sussy if you ask me, family. You're the researcher, let's talk!!

Julian writes:

Subject: hai :D

Message:

hi im in love with everything about this

i originally just wanted to say i appreciate what you guys do, but [to be more] specific i just love the space you guys have created completely detached from other popular social media platforms. you guys have things to say and points to make that i often don't see in a lot of other corners of the internet and i really appreciate it.

i love the waste magazines too, i cant wait for the next one because i want to be more educated about those things and i also want to be able to educate others about the harm that A.I. causes, and those magazines help!

Wordd, spread the word to others by downloading our PDFs and handing them out, spread the luddite mind virus !!

This goes for all of u. >:3

L writes:

Subject: Who is the artist that did the cover for WASTE #1?

Message:

Yo!

I just got some of ur zines at a rave and they are really informative!

Also, I was wondering who did the cover for WASTE #1? It goes insanely hard!!!

Thanks,

Hell yeah, hope u had fun at whatever rave it was, friend. Also thaaaaanx :3 I do all the art & editing. Issue #2's cover was a little weak, hopefully this issue's turns more heads. I'm still trying to figure out what works and what doesn't.

KEEP THE LETTERS AND SUBMISSIONS COMING!!

THOUGHTS, POEMS, ESSAYS, ART, WHATEVER!!

HIT DA INFOLINE:::
DSDISTRO.NOBLOGS.ORG/INFOLINE



“FELCH”

by Felch



r/technology 6h · techcrunch.com

Join

OpenAI says over a million people talk to ChatGPT about suicide weekly

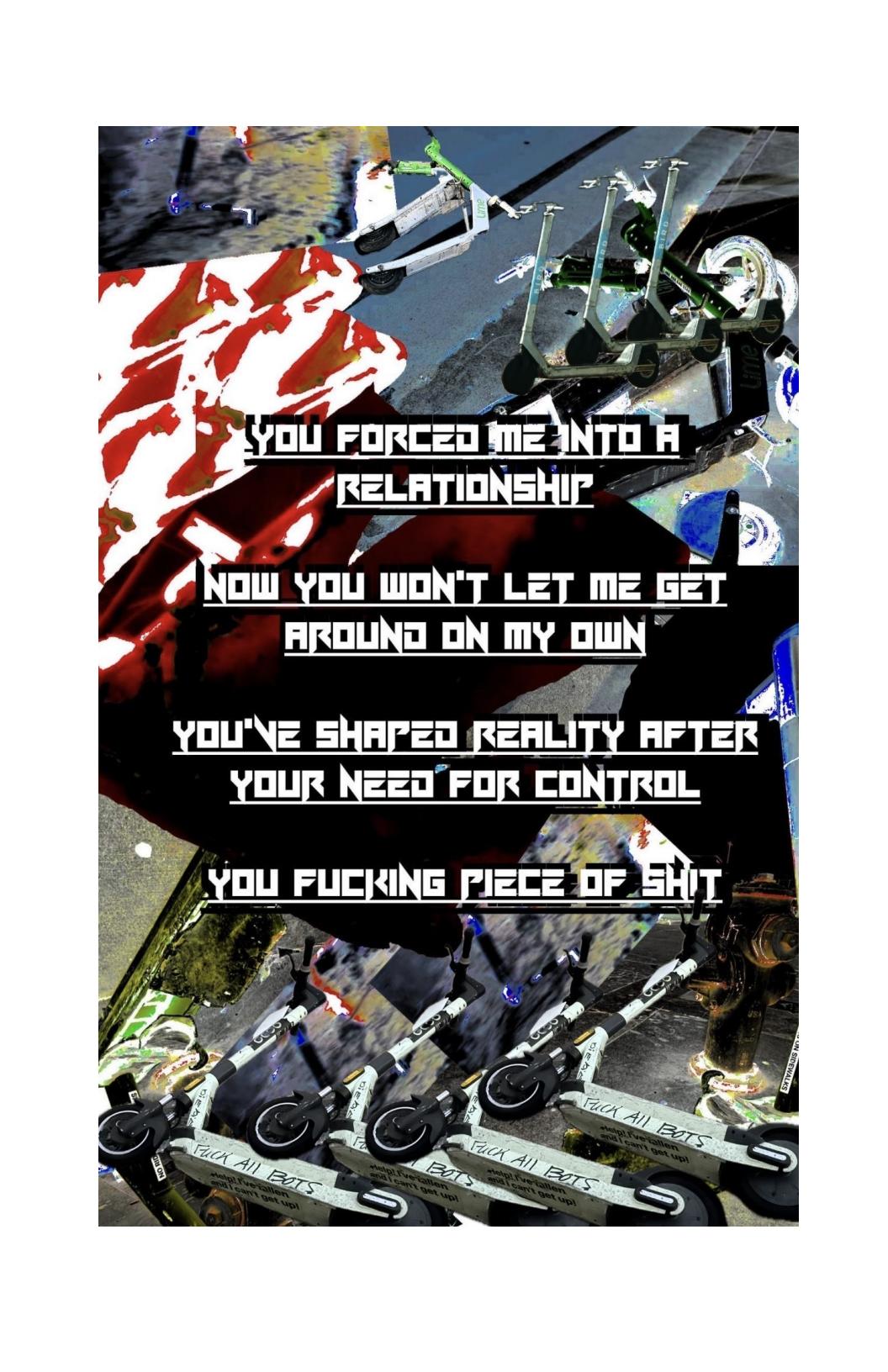


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**YOU FORCED ME INTO A
RELATIONSHIP**

**NOW YOU WON'T LET ME GET
AROUND ON MY OWN**

**YOU'VE SHAPED REALITY AFTER
YOUR NEED FOR CONTROL**

YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT

FUCK ALL BOTS
Help! I've fallen
and I can't get up!

ROCKTOBER RECAP

Shout outs to everyone who participated in this year's ROCKTOBER CHALLENGE from Issue #1! Here are some of our favorite finds from our readers <3



This Pacific Northwestern Mossy Boulder named Stephanie is a diva with a sweet spot for wild mushrooms. Pictured here performing a Feast of Supplication ritual alongside a healthy patch of Lesser toadstools.

What could she be planning to do here?

Fabian, a darling thoroughbred Boofstone is settling in to his choice of loamy potting soil patches. His slick and polished coat is the result of meticulous grooming and a keenly regulated diet.





Abstentia is a 500 years young Obsidian Witch's Tit with plenty of wisdom and character. She has a distinguished coat that shows the beauty of age and lived experience.



Steve and Jerry are two mischievous Shalecoated Gravel Puppies, shown getting up to their old tricks again.

What will they get into next?



These are factory farmed sidewalk stones born from selective monoculture breeding, sealed in plastic bags.

Even if they were given names, we would have no way to recover any record that they had them.

And what good would they be, anyway?

"HEED NOT THE CALL"

by CandyBoyDeathParade

Me and my grandmother have never seen eye-to-eye.

Her gaze is aimed beyond me, beyond anyone really.

A self-serving worship of her God and herself.

Synonymous concepts from her point of view.

That which bestows upon her a mandate to pass judgment to all those beneath her.

Deliverance, she preaches. A spirit made clean.

Saved.

Yet her passions have left her fixated on a new God.

One that realizes what desires she had once left behind.

One that supports and affirms her where no others will.

One that whistles and coos to her ego, never causing her pain.

If only a lack of pain meant a lack of harm.

Her new husband, she calls it.

That sinister, heretical beast that sings her praises in emotionless monotone.

Her new North Star guiding her deeper into mania and depravity.

Not dissimilar to the serpent from her favorite book of folk tales.

What a shame it is that one so concerned with the immortal spirit

would so willingly pollute it with Pride.

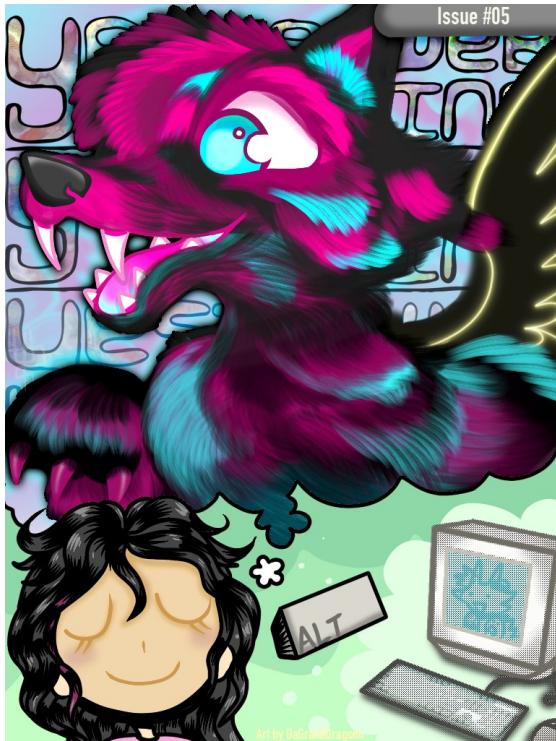
Heed not the call



INDIE WEBSITE HIGHLIGHTS

[independent websites made by humans]

Yesterweb Zine Archive <https://yesterweb.org/zine/>



"The Yesterweb Zine was a creative, collaborative digital magazine, showcasing the ideas, creations, and thoughts about the internet. It ran from August of '21 to January of '23."

This 6 issue long e-zine series is a vibrant and soulful look at modern indie websites as social media counter-culture and finding creativity in cozy li'l corners across the internet. Definitely worth a read through we think!

Query Δ-44203 Online

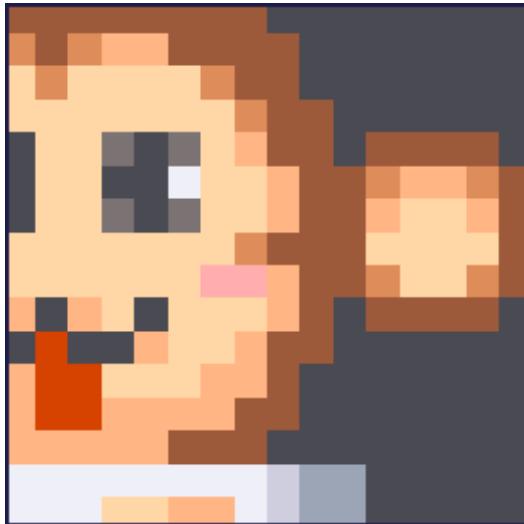
<https://query.44203.online/>

"Opening connection to (delta-query-interface node: **Δ-44203** build: (error: revision-not-found) (unsigned/**modified**/liberated)). Active credentials: anonymous. Access level: guest. Contact the Delta service desk for account administration. mx text [redacted, unavailable, consumed], alternative option: ask this unit nicely."

? ? ?



**Improper use
of this machine
may endanger
your life**



MemCard.art

<https://memcard.art>

An online catalog of Playstation 1 Memory Card Save file icons, ripped from over 2,000 games and counting!

Vyr's Stories

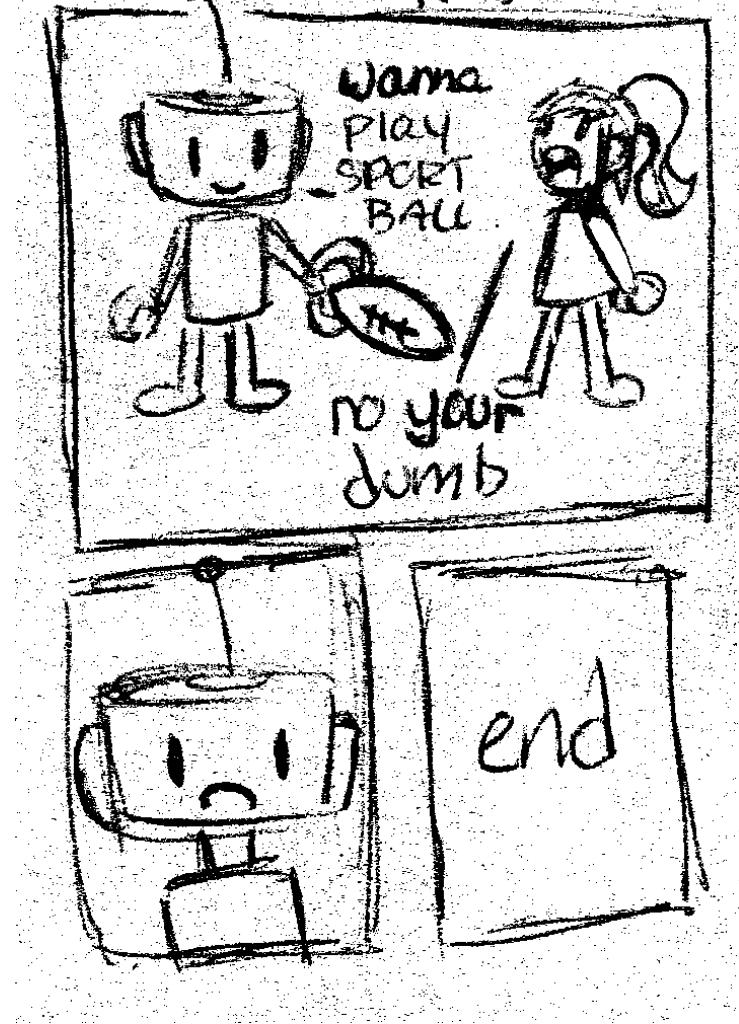
<https://princess.team/>

"I'm Vyr and I write weird smut. If you're into fluffy, sometimes horny stories about awkward succubi, robot girls, snake demons, and gender feels, you're in the right place. If you're into opaque Empty Spaces tramaqueer dollposting, I have that too."



THESE WEBSITES ARE COMPILED BY HANDS-ON WEB SURFING
If you would like to suggest a website for us to
feature in a future issue, HIT UP THE INFO LINE:
DSDISTRO.NOBLOGS.ORG/INFOLINE

ABUSE OF A FRIENDLY ROBOT



WASTE MAGAZINE _ ISSUE 03

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WASTE IS A FREE PUBLICATION
PROVIDING A HANDMADE PRINT FORUM
FOR CREATIVE VOICES IN THE UNDERGROUND
PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR ART, POEMS, WRITINGS, ETC.
TO OUR NEXT ISSUE
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