





## LONG AGO

...IN THE SUMMER OF 2024, I SPENT A FEW MONTHS DROPPING TYPEWRITTEN POSTCARDS AROUND THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

## THESE POSTCARDS CONTAINED:

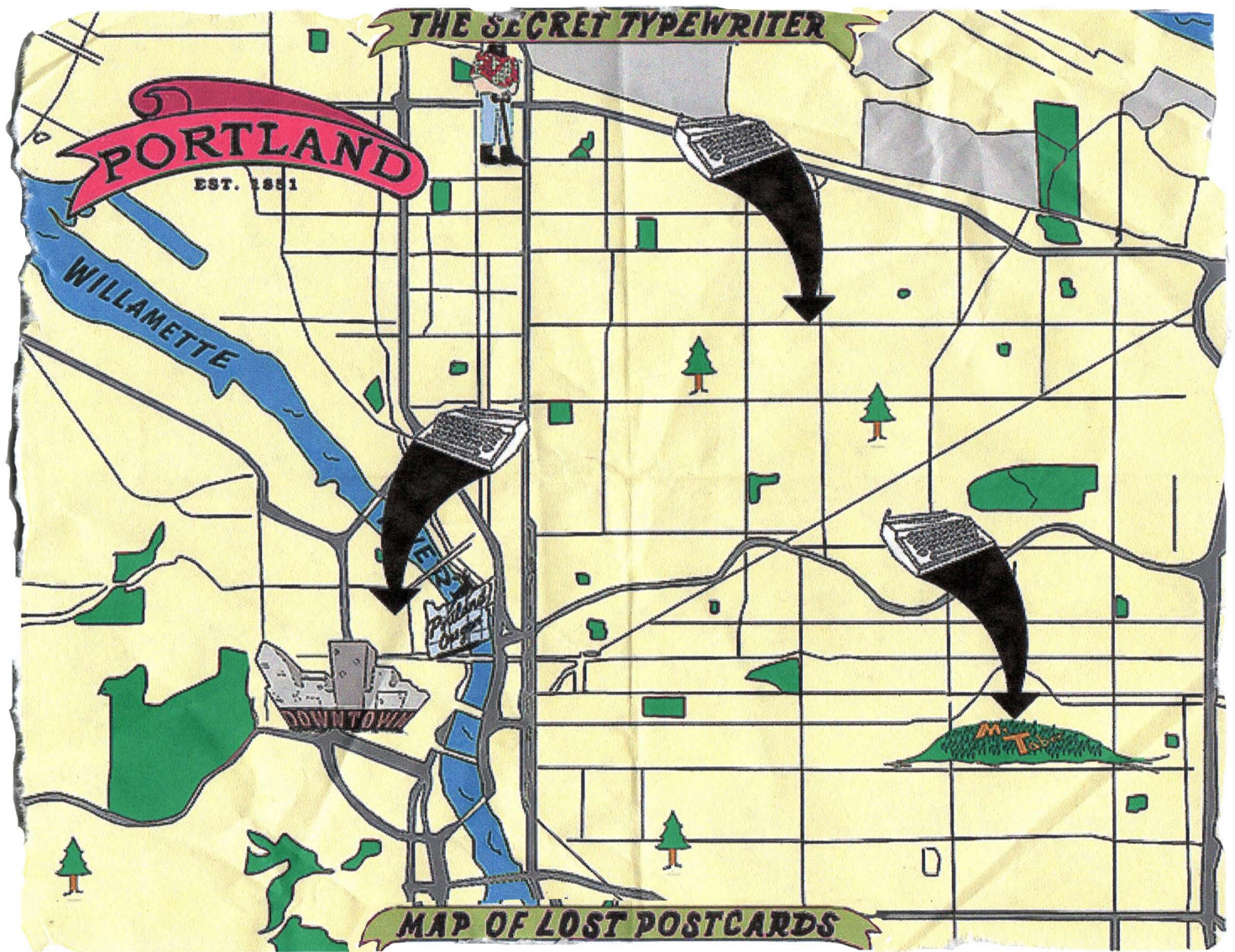
ALL MANNER OF TEXTUAL INANITY: RECIPES, ADVICE, TEENY TINY FICTION, YOU NAME IT.

## THESE POSTCARDS WERE LEFT:

ALL OVER TOWN, FROM BOOKSHOPS, TO CITY PARKS, TO RESTAURANTS.

## THIS ZINE COLLECTS SOME OF THOSE POSTCARDS

EDITORS NOTE: SECRET TYPEWRITER SHARES YOUR AVERSION TO LITTER. EVERY EFFORT WAS MADE TO RELEASE SAID POSTCARDS INTO CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENTS WHERE THE BEFUDDLED RECIPIENT COULD QUICKLY DISPOSE OF THEM. IF LEFT OUTDOORS, THEY WERE TIED/WEIGHTED DOWN, OFTEN INSIDE A CLEAR PLASTIC BAG (OH GOD) CONTAINING AN ASSORTMENT OF GOODIES, LIKE PINS, STAMPS, ETC.




## **POSTCARDS WERE PLACED RANDOMLY.**

**HOWEVER, THE ABOVE INTERACTIVE MAP APPEARED ON A WEBSITE IN THE  
SUMMER OF 2024.**

**IF ANYONE HAPPENED TO COME ACROSS IT, THEY COULD GET A JUMP ON THE EXACT LOCATIONS  
OF THESE POSTCARDS AHEAD OF TIME.**



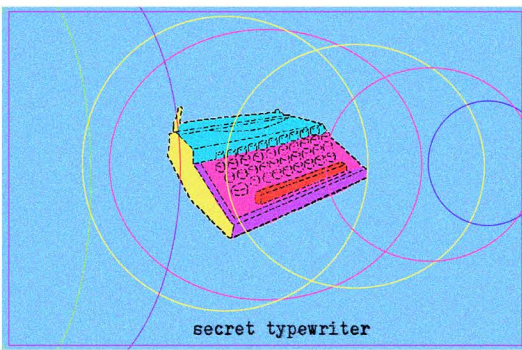
You should cool it with the street fighting.



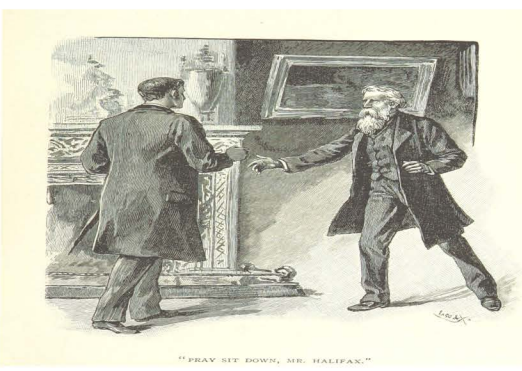
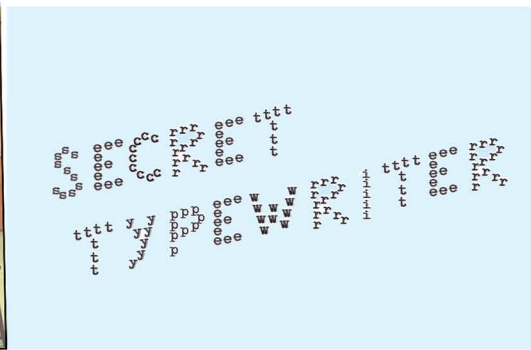
Secret Typewriter  
Consulting Fantasist

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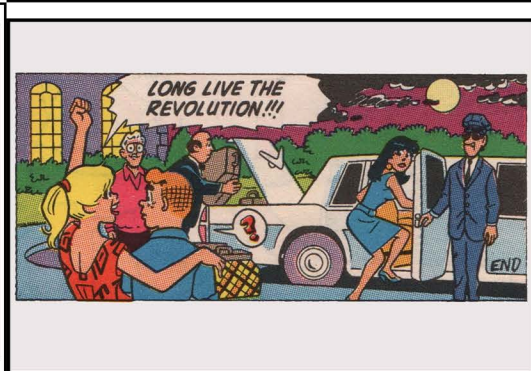
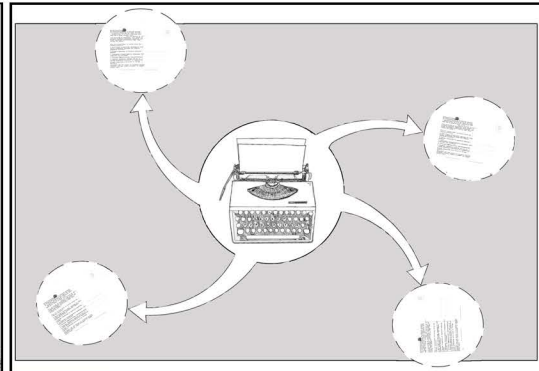
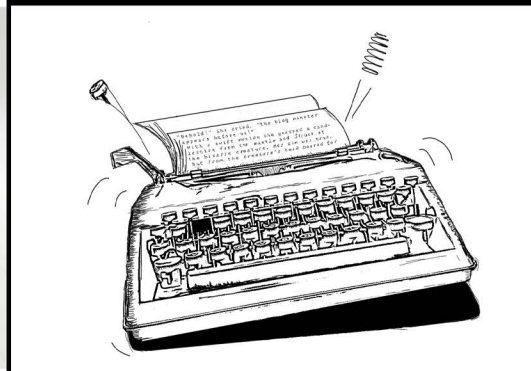
"multis verbis, modicum tempis"



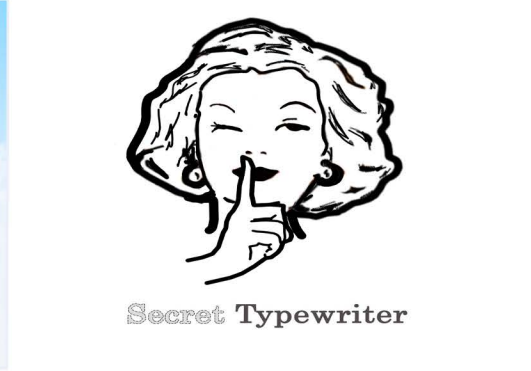
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"PRAY SIT DOWN, MR. HALIFAX."



A Murmuration



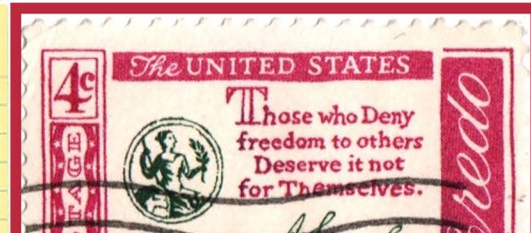
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But today's ~~heart attack~~ ~~is~~ ~~worse.~~

But today's ~~stubble~~ ~~is~~ ~~worse.~~

Patience is ~~in~~ ~~order.~~





Disenfranchisement  
 To disenfranchise is to deprive someone of a right, including the right to vote.

Republicans, in a tacit admission that they are a party without ideas

who are reviled by the vast majority of Americans, have sought to prevent "liberal" Americans generally, and black Americans specifically, far from voting for years .

This is accomplished in nearly every way humanly possible:

§ Quasi-legal injunctions (purging of voter rolls, needlessly abstruse and complex paperwork criteria).

§ Racism (targeting of specific minority groups)

§ Propaganda (disinformation campaigns, both organized and diffused)

§ Partisan re-districting (gerrymandering)

§ Physical impedance (making the act of voting physically difficult or impossible)

§ Fraud (tampering with votes or voting machines)

§ Violence and the threat of violence (veiled threats, posting "armed citizens" to "guard" polls, etc.)

Place  
 Stamp  
 Here



Place  
Stamp  
Here

Adelaide lies in bed and watches the room take shape in the rising sun. She's slept all wrong, the body is a contorted throb, the head is propped at too-high an angle by a wadded beach towel, the eyelid is twitching uncontrollably. Worst of all are the arms, stretched out in a crucifix - one pinned and throbbing beneath the considerable weight of the man next to her, the other a pale jetty extending into the dried pond of brown shag carpet that covers the floor.

The air mattress has collapsed sometime in the night, depositing them both on a pancake of sticky vinyl. She rubs her jaw, which still aches from the hit three days ago.

Around her, sounds are arriving: the popcorn ceiling that creaks under the weight of slow, deliberate footsteps above, the muffled voices in the walls. Catcalls and birdsongs drift in through the apartment's single window. And at the limit of her hearing, something distant like a scream.





Fun Fact No. 102: Deep beneath where  
you now stand lives the shadow god,  
Kir.

An outlier among the shadow gods, Kir  
speaks to mortals in daylight, and through  
the voices of his servants (who, lured by  
his teachings, do not realize they serve him,  
as is his desire). "This doomed world, they  
say in his voice, "is violent, harsh, and cruel."  
They go on.

"The wise shall flee, and save themselves,  
leaving their fellows to their ruin."

"Cower," he whispers to them, "in the shadows  
which are my realm, and serve me. In return I  
shall show you fear, and through fear, power."

Kir's words are ever close to wisdom, and many  
heed them. Happily do they bend their knees to  
his instruction.

Yet...

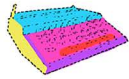
~~Look~~ Look around you now.

Look around this park, and behold what Kir  
wishes to conceal from you. The trees and the air.  
The birds, the insects, the people. Look to the  
sky above. Touch, if you like, the earth at your  
feet.

And know the truth now, young traveler. The truth  
that turns Kir's armies to ash, and his foul voice  
to a vapor:

The future lies before you - and it is yours to make.

Place  
Stamp  
Here



Place  
Stamp  
Here

This is how I make a pretty good  
(to me) and easy-to-make chili:

- § 1 can diced tomato
- § 1 can tomato sauce
- § 1 can kidney beans
- § 1 pound lean ground beef (sustitute  
protein as your heart demands)
- § Chopped peppers and onions to taste
- § Chili mix powder (any brand)

Brown your beef over medium heat, then  
add in your chili mix. Stir often.  
While that's simmering, pop open your  
cans and dump your tomatoes and beans into  
a medium-sized pot. Add your browned  
beef to this, and mix everything together.  
Cook over medium-low heat until the whole  
concoction is simmering hot.  
Serve. Add cheese, crackers, or whatever  
else you think might pair well with  
this chili.

HI Steve & kids -  
I am 2 months into tour  
and loving it so far!  
Gharin is my guide here.

Says you have already found  
my body in the lake, but not to  
worry because Earth shells are  
fragile!

I am fine here and Gharin says  
the only path to K'Har is "thru  
the gate of death" anyway --  
will send info to u and kids  
on how to join soon!

PS. - ~~XXXXX~~ look too long at the  
funky image on front of card -  
Gharin says image is repro of  
the psychic imprint of a dying  
~~XGharXix~~" (kind of a magician?)  
and causes dreamless sleep/~~XX~~adness



Steven Winstell

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