

NOWHERE NEWSLETTER

NEWS YOU DON'T NEED

BONING BONES

by Rachel McMahon

If you thought there wasn't love after life, you were dead wrong. Yesterday saw the annual Corpse Parade, a get together and walk event where advocates for and active participants of people in relationships with corpses come together to raise awareness and prove that dead people too deserve to be loved. This is not a new movement, either, as made evident by the use of the word "annual", no, this has been going on in Nowhere for ages, even before the parade started.

It was one of the first big news stories after Nowhere's seceded, if memory calls correctly, and it was started by a woman named Sabrina Cuttridge, because she was so grief stricken over the loss of her husband, who died from a brain aneurism in their kitchen one evening, that she did research into what your rights are regarding the corpse of your loved ones. What she found was rather interesting. She was quoted early on in her advocacy as saying:

"A lot of people don't know this, but you can legally leave your body to your spouse or family, instead of just being carted off never to be seen again. I found this out and decided to keep Kevin for a little while, in a viewing room where people could come pay their respects, but soon I'd moved him right back to our bedroom."



She said people were not only misinformed on this subject, but also on the concept of keeping your lovers corpse entirely, and she aimed to change that. Within a few short years, she had plenty of supporters, and for the last 5 years, the parade, which has become a huge event for the cause.

Sabrina says that she's happy about the work she's done, and she thinks Kevin would be too. She says he always told her that he'd die for her.

In much the same spirit as every year, this year's parade was light hearted with only a touch of somberness. They think of it more as a celebration than a mourning. After all, these people are still here, with them, so they're happy. I managed to catch a few couples on the street, one of which I got a quick interview out of and live-tweeted, but overall I was there to watch, not talk.

There's been some push back from the community, overall, claiming that the dead cannot consent and while they are perhaps right, a lot of people involved in the community set this situation up well before their loved ones die, and it's often stated what their loved ones are comfortable with their corpse doing after they're gone.

But that doesn't mean the community doesn't have its fair share of people making them look bad. There's a lot of graverobbing going on, among other questionable activities and Sabrina is uncertain if the city will allow this to continue unchallenged much further without stepping in themselves because of the people involved in the more illicit side of things. All in all, it's a harmless parade, full of lovely people who simply want the world to know that your love life, romantic and platonic, doesn't have to end after you're gone. That you can be kept, if you're afraid of leaving.

And I think that's beautiful.



Rachel McMahon



HOT MESS: PUT ON A HAPPY FACE

by Soliel Bovier

There's a friend of mine who's just gotten a facelift. But not just any facelift. She's literally had her face lifted off and replaced with a fresher, better face. It's a growing popular trend among young fashionistas in Nowhere to get a new face, thanks to face replacement surgeries that have easily become affordable and covered by insurance. Me personally? I'll stick with my face. It never did anything bad to me. But she had this to say about it:

"I am unhappy. Medications are an ongoing thing, and I don't really want to work on myself, so instead I decided the best route would simply to get a literal new smile plastered onto my face. I've never had cosmetic work done before, and I don't really plan to, aside from minor touchups on my facejob, since then. But god am I so thrilled I decided to do this. They can make it so that you never frown, and for someone like me, someone with crippling depression that not only gave me horrible complex emotions I don't wanna deal with, but also put stress and strain on my skin, it was like, duh I'm gonna do this. Some people can handle medication and therapy and working on themselves, but I was afraid I couldn't, so here we are I guess. Either way I love my new face. Again, it's not for everyone, but it was certainly for me."

While my friend had a genuinely legitimate reason for her getting this operation, it's quickly, and not surprisingly, become yet another tool in the growing world of influencers and fashion divas online, the kind who do beauty tutorials on Youtube. Some feel pressured to get them, to be as perfect as possible so they can sell as much as possible or gain new viewership outside their already established fanbase, and others get them just for fun. The first one is bad for obvious reasons, but the second actually sickens me. Imagine waking up and thinking 'Oh, I think I'll just get a whole new face today!'. and while plenty of people have brought up its capabilities for hiding ones identity if you're interested in committing crimes, I doubt it will reach that height anytime soon. Right now it, thankfully, seems solely confined to the rather ugly beauty world.

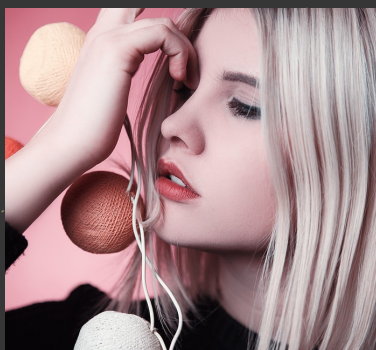


I too have only had slight cosmetic work done, and it was for my teeth, after a rather bad accident. Other than that, I have never partaken in cosmetic surgery, nor do I plan to, but I also, generally, don't argue with those who choose to get it. A lot of people have body image issues thanks to societies ridiculous beauty standards, and a lot of people take their appearance very seriously, which I also earnestly approve of. You need a hobby, why not yourself?

But that being said, this sort of thing alarms me. I grew up obsessed with fashion. I kept fashion magazines under my mattress simply because I was ashamed of being interested in something so stereotypically feminine, that everyone automatically assumes you're inherently interested in if you're a woman. Even then, I made sure that I looked good when I went to school, going so far as to get up 2 hours earlier than necessary, which is already earlier than kids should be going to school to begin with, simply to ensure that I would be visually aesthetically pleasing to those around me, and to myself. I love me. I want to take care of me. Part of that means making sure I look nice and like the way I look, but even I wouldn't get my face replaced. I already suffer from face blindness, so to be unable to even recognize my friends anymore than I have trouble doing now, that sounds like hell. Not to mention that I think people should beauty in themselves, and bring it out best they can, before running off to the nearest clinic to just have someone elses face slapped over your own skull.

So where do the faces come from? Well, as with most things regarding transplantation, it's a choice one makes when one decides on how to best set up their body for the afterlife. Humorously enough, this trend is gaining steam just as Nowhere's annual Corpse Parade is going on, and I am loving the irony in that. So a person signs up to decide if and what they want to donate and then the faces are kept somewhere and touched up often enough so they don't go bad until someone buys one. They have a catalogue, folks, and it's...it's unnerving to say the least.

Besides, to me, your face IS your whole identity. Your clothes, your attitude, your beliefs, those are all secondhand pieces in the fashion statement that is you, but your face is the person. If you replace your face, it's like you're replacing yourself. And perhaps that's fine, like it was for my friend, because she hated herself, but I've worked very hard at liking myself and making myself look the way that I do because I want to like the way that I look. My face is me. It's not some artifice that needs a yearly upgrade. It's not the latest hot piece of tech or a new winter coat. It's my goddamned face. If I looked in the mirror and were to see someone else looking back at me, I wouldn't know who I was looking at, and for people who already suffer from that, this might be a good thing for them, but I still wonder if the cons are worth the pros. Again, marketing towards teenage girls, a lot of whom are already insecure about their appearance to begin with, not to mention performing their appearance for those around them, because, as women, that's what society tells us we must do. We are a walking, talking art installation. An everyday performance piece. We're a human MOMA.



This is my job, to report on the fashion scene here in Nowhere, but I'm starting to wonder if there's any beauty left in the beauty world worth looking at or for. I get up every day and I plaster myself with makeup and I spend an hour on my hair and I spend all this time thinking about fashion; living and breathing fashion, only to stumble across yet another horrible sideshow attraction of the industry that is already bastardized enough as it is. It's not enough to be thin, you have to be a skeleton. It's not enough to be pretty, you have to picturesque and it's not enough to be happy, you have to be joyous, at all time, no matter what, for everyone. If that's the world of fashion, then perhaps it's time that I got a new hobby. Maybe building model airplanes.

Soliel Bovier



EATING WHILE SAD: NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO CUSTOMERS

by Peter Cushing

The whole idea, generally, of a "business" is to be "busy". I mean, it's right there in the name. You're supposed to try and make money and make food that people want to come back and have time and time again. But that isn't what Bill Clifton has decided. Bill, a 45 year old Nowhere resident, was trying to enjoy a lovely meal last month with his wife when a baby began crying in the restaurant. After the parents refused to both leave or deal with their child, Bill decided it was time to take matters into his own hand, and he bought the restaurant, which had been floundering for a while financially and had an eager seller. At first, his wife just thought he wasn't going to allow infants or children in the restaurant, a policy which a few other eateries in Nowhere have done and gained notable criticism for, but she was surprised to learn that he wasn't just not going to let children in. Bill wasn't going to let anyone come to his restaurant anymore. Clifton told me that he was "sick and tired" of being unable to go out to eat simply because he had to deal with people who wouldn't deal with their issues outside the company of total strangers. He's sat next to break ups, proposals and, of course, crying children, and he said he was ready to have at least one place he could go to where he wasn't bothered while eating.

Some are hailing Clifton as a hero, saying they too are sick and tired of the problems of other people that they have to face when being out. One woman was quoted as such:

"It's not enough that I have my own shit to worry about, but now I got someone's goddamned kid crying in my ear while they yell about their relationship. It's too much, it isn't fair and it isn't at all conducive to the eating out experience."

Others call Clifton an angry old man. Which he is. Duh.

Meanwhile, Clifton, who is actually a licensed chef himself, makes dinner now for himself and his wife in the restaurant many nights, and sit at a candlelit dinner while the place is locked, finally able to enjoy themselves while passerbys look in through the glass, sad they too can't have the same experience. He says he's proud of himself for finally doing something about something he wasn't happy with in society, since society itself refuses to fix its own problems too. He never has plans to open the restaurant. at least not currently, but he does keep a website up and a menu taped to the front door so people can see all the culinary delights they're missing out on, because what's a little bitterness without a little drama?

Clifton, 45 is a hero to many, a devil to others, but there's one thing he never is, and that's bothered.





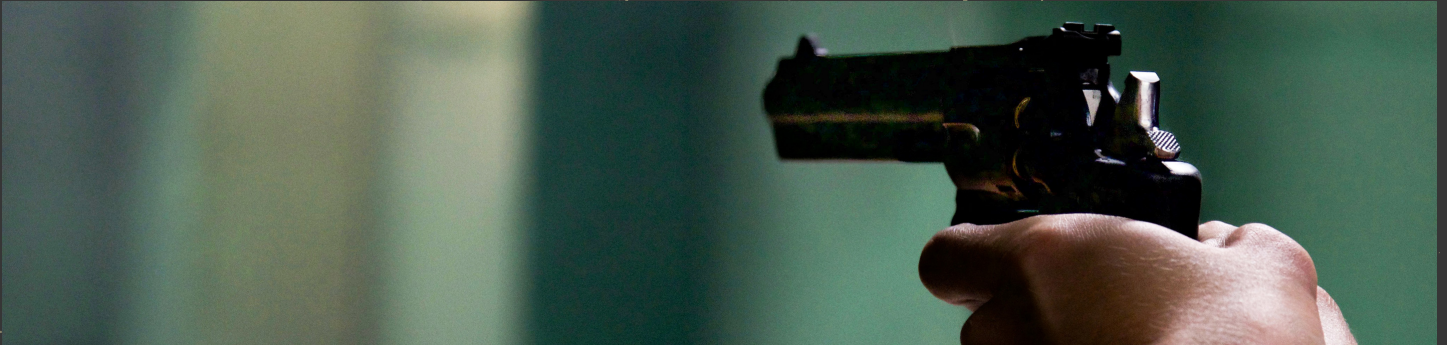
Peter Cushing

THE BIG BANG THEORY

by Joseph Lorne

It's a weird time to be alive.

Let me explain. About two months ago, there was a robbery. An elderly couple were attacked in their home, and the robber, a white male, aged 32, said the gun was the reason he did it; that it had this power over him, but that's not the guns side of the story. The gun denies that it had any willing involvement or consented to being used in such an act, and is now running for city council, claiming that "guns are a minority under extreme prejudice."



"THEY AREN'T GIVEN PROPER REPRESENTATION!" - A REAL PERSON WHO SAID THIS UNIRONICALLY

I'm gonna be real with you, though...this is sort of a joke. I mean, what I wrote above, not this concept. I mean the concept is a joke to, as gun rights usually are, but just what I wrote was an actual joke. There's no sentient gun running for city council. No, instead, we have elected officials who have given a city council chair to an actual fucking gun. See, here's the thing. Nowhere is not a utopia in any way. Just because we've seceded doesn't mean for a second that we've managed to fight off the problems everyone else faces. We still have differences in political opinions (some more so outright bigotry than differences, but whatever, nobody really acknowledges that so let's move on), we still have economic difficulties, and we still have Applebees. But what we have, more than anything else, is Clifford Huxley. Huxley, 62, is a staunch guns right advocate who decided to run on the platform "my wife gave birth to a gun" (nobody has ever corroborated this fact, by the way, he just said it and then put it on his campaign flyers), saying that guns do have rights, and that to deny his gun son a right would be to deny a human a right. Huxley is...an odd, odd man.

A few other more conservative board members, some of whom even agree with him on most things, have said this is frivolous and a waste of their time. Others have said those who said that don't know what the word "frivolous" means. But Huxley argues that we give rights to animals, so why not guns? Well, for starters, an animal is at least...you know...a sentient being who can feel things. A gun is not.

Now, I'm no guns advocate myself, but in some weird way, I can sort of understand where Huxley is coming from. People are afraid of losing the things they feel give them power. It doesn't take a scientist to figure that out. That being said, Gun Scientist Lena Hardley from NIIATIO (Nowhere Institute of Irrational Attachments To Inanimate Objects) says that the people who own guns are generally the ones most afraid of being hurt, which is why they buy them in the first place and then claim it's to protect their family. While this may not be entirely untrue, they're also likely trying to protect their ego. Lena goes on to say that "The whole 'gun as a dick metaphor' is ridiculous. Guns are actually accomplish something and people like to look at them."



While Lena isn't wrong, it is important to note that this is not exactly the case with Huxley, who has gone on record of saying that before he'd met his wife, he'd planned on actually marrying one of his guns. Huxley isn't just a guns right advocate, he's a literal gun fucker. But all that is beside the point, because the point is that he's trying to put a gun on the Nowhere City Council. This is a game of politics; he'll speak for the gun since the gun can't speak, thus giving him even more control than he already has, and that's not a good thing. So, please, if you don't want a gun as part of the City Council, then go out and vote this November. Shoot this whole plan down. See what I did? I made a funny.



Joseph Lorne

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TEACHER FIRED FOR BEING HUMAN WOMAN

May Roach

A teacher at local public school in a small suburb of Nowhere was fired last week when news came out that she was a person.

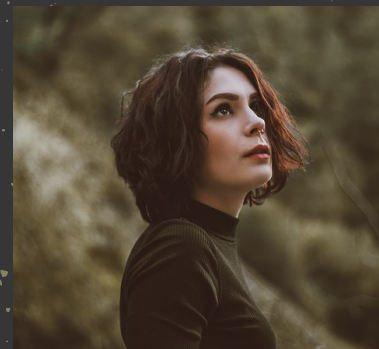
Administrators were shocked, saying they fully believed she was just a figment of their imagination, their peversions come to life, or just an ethereal fever dream, but no, Tina Lotner is a real living and breathing human woman, and the school cannot stand for it.

"We are all about diversity here at this school; we've got multiple teachers of color, whether it's Hank or Charles or Tad, and we've got teachers from the LGBTQ community, like Steven and Craig. We've even given a classroom to an up and coming popular teacher in the education community that's just a chair with a jacket on it. Kids love him. But a human woman? That's too far, even for us."

It is important to note that, while the school principal and super intendent both prepared this statement and both delivered it at different times, everyone in the statement, including the popular new teacher Mr. Chair Jacket, is a man. So certainly, they're open minded and progressive, they hire people of color and people from the LGBTQ community. Just as long as they are men. All the more confusing is how the school allows female students.No comment on why this is has come out yet.

Perhaps the school has a belief that only men can teach, or perhaps they didn't want any sexual harassment lawsuits brought upon them, in which case, the lesson here should not be "fire your female teachers" as much as it should be "don't harass your female colleagues", but then again, what do I know. I'm just a woman. I reached out to Miss Lotner for comment on her situation, but she preferred to not say anything on the subject, stating, "Why bother? Nobody would believe me anyway. They'd just say 'well, she shouldn't have been teaching then if she didn't want to be fired!'"

Until some kind of decision can be made on this situation or the situation is further dealt with in any way, one thing is for certain around here...don't be a woman. If you think you might get in trouble for being a woman, wear a halloween mask or something, because you wouldn't want to lose your job. A woman of any kind is at risk here, and we need to take steps to protect ourselves from...ourselves, I guess. This has been one hell of a year in Nowhere, US, but this one really puts the icing on the cake. Hopefully some women can step forward and teach this school a lesson. Until further notice, Miss Lotners class will be being taught by a glass of orange juice.



May Roach

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Korrine Shakes
Editor

Well, that's the end of the Nowhere, US newsletter for October 2019.

Thank you for reading and supporting the most independent news in the entire country of Nowhere. We really couldn't be doing this without your unwavering faith. I have a few things that I would like to talk about before wrapping this issue up, however. Nothing too serious, you know, just a few minor things that need to be said.

The first thing is that Nowhere is, as put beautifully in an above article, not a Utopia. We wish it were. We succeeded to get away from the things and people that were making the rest of the world a disgusting place of bigotry and hatred. Turns out it's inescapable, even in our own micronation. This saddens, but does not shock me.

Harmony and peace are wonderful concepts, but that, in actuality, is all they really add up to. Concepts. At least for the time being and the foreseeable future anyway. But that doesn't mean we stop trying to make the world a better place. I know the news here in Nowhere is almost as ridiculous and unreal as anywhere else on the planet, especially these days, but if anything, bad news should not shake your faith. It should embolden you to make the world better so that we have less bad news to print about. We should always be striving to leave this world in better shape than it was when we entered it, whether it was good to us or not.

And yes, it's understandable for that to be hard, or downright impossible, for some people who have been very badly hurt by the world and the evils in it, and I will not judge them nor shall I push them to do the things I am saying they should do. I am just saying that we should at least try, those of us who can, and that hopefully, eventually, health and beauty won't be a trend, guns won't have a place in politics and women will be allowed to exist. I know, it all sounds terrifying, I know, but it's what we have to do.

Thanks once again, and we'll see you in November.

KORRINE SHAKES

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