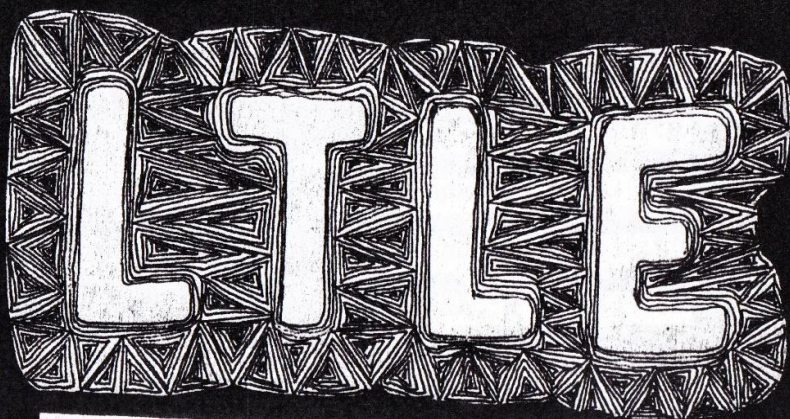


Letters To the LTLE Editor

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## Contents

1. Letter Editor's Letter
3. Letter 1: Ad Hoc
4. Letter 2: Ad Hoc
6. Letter 3: Malcolm Reynolds
8. Letter 4: [unsigned]
9. Letter 5: A Noun
10. Letter 6: anon
12. Letter 7: Carlos
13. Letter 8: Alice
14. Letter 9: Light From Parts Unknown
16. Letter 10: Martin Tomlinson



## Letter Editor's Letter

These days, letters to the editor pages seem to be as anachronistic as the newspapers in which they first appeared. Why write a letter and wait for it to appear

in print, when your nugget of love or rage will be published instantly on a comment thread? The commitment inherent in waiting is seen as suspect.

It seems deviant to commit to incoherent ideas.

Coherent writing is 'worth something', and anything that is not 'worth something' is seen as suspicious or bad

- especially if it depletes ones supply of precious, billable time. But worthlessness is no ground for rejection or elimination. The world cannot be reduced to that which we love and understand.

This zine is a compilation of letters to the editor, collected over a period of months. I am the editor;

the publication to which the letters are responding is this one. I hope you enjoy the letters in this inaugural edition of LTLE, and are inspired to reply with a letter of your own.

Things are not free when a person wants to give them away. Things are free when nobody else can be persuaded to buy them.

I think this affords worthlessness its own kind of pricelessness. I am aware of the irony of writing this in a publication that I am attempting to sell for money.

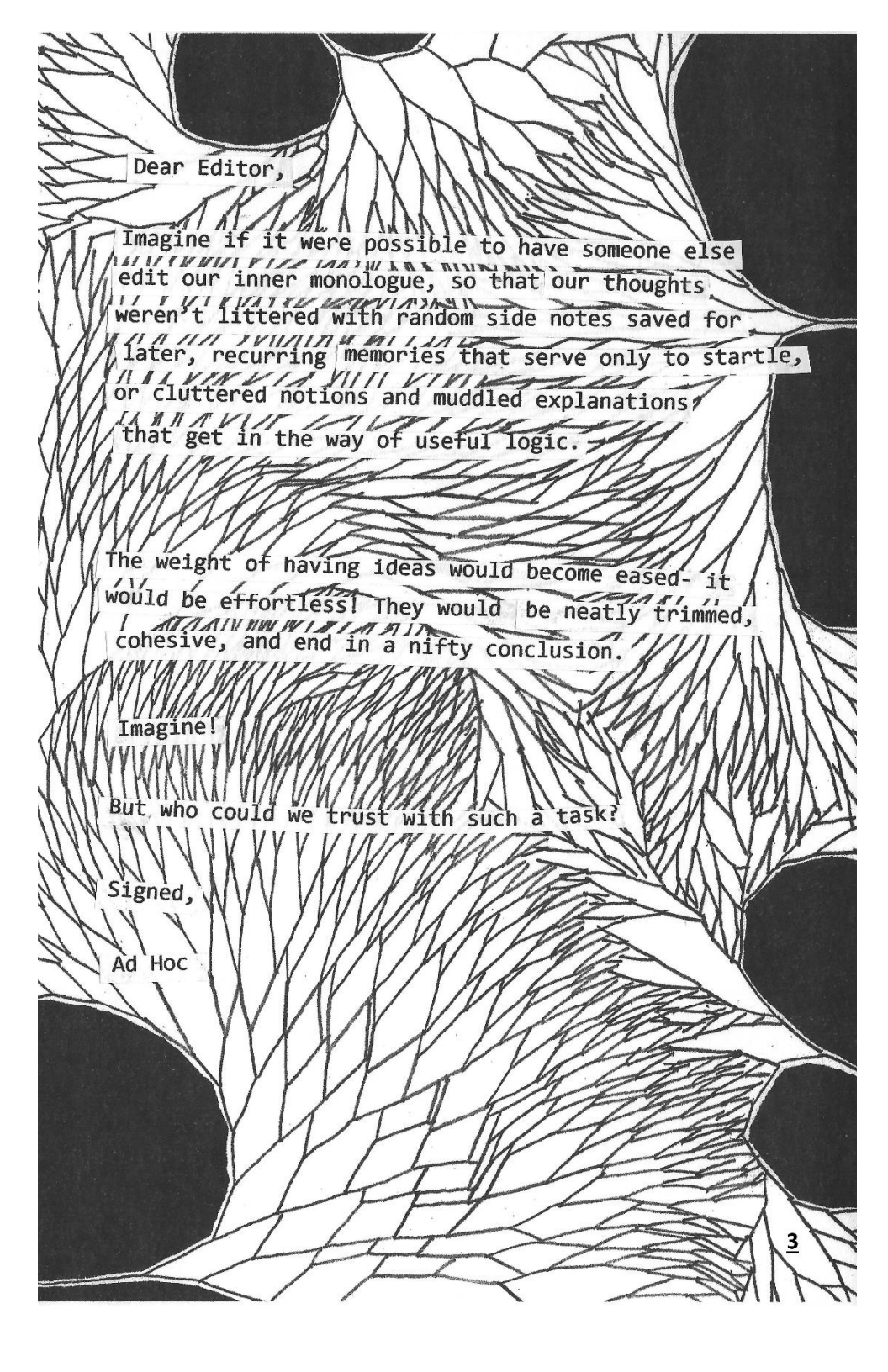
I hope you will excuse my shamefully deliberate inconsistency.

-Ed.

ltle.tumblr.com

hello@noparticularbusiness.com





Dear Editor,

Imagine if it were possible to have someone else edit our inner monologue, so that our thoughts weren't littered with random side notes saved for later, recurring memories that serve only to startle, or cluttered notions and muddled explanations that get in the way of useful logic.

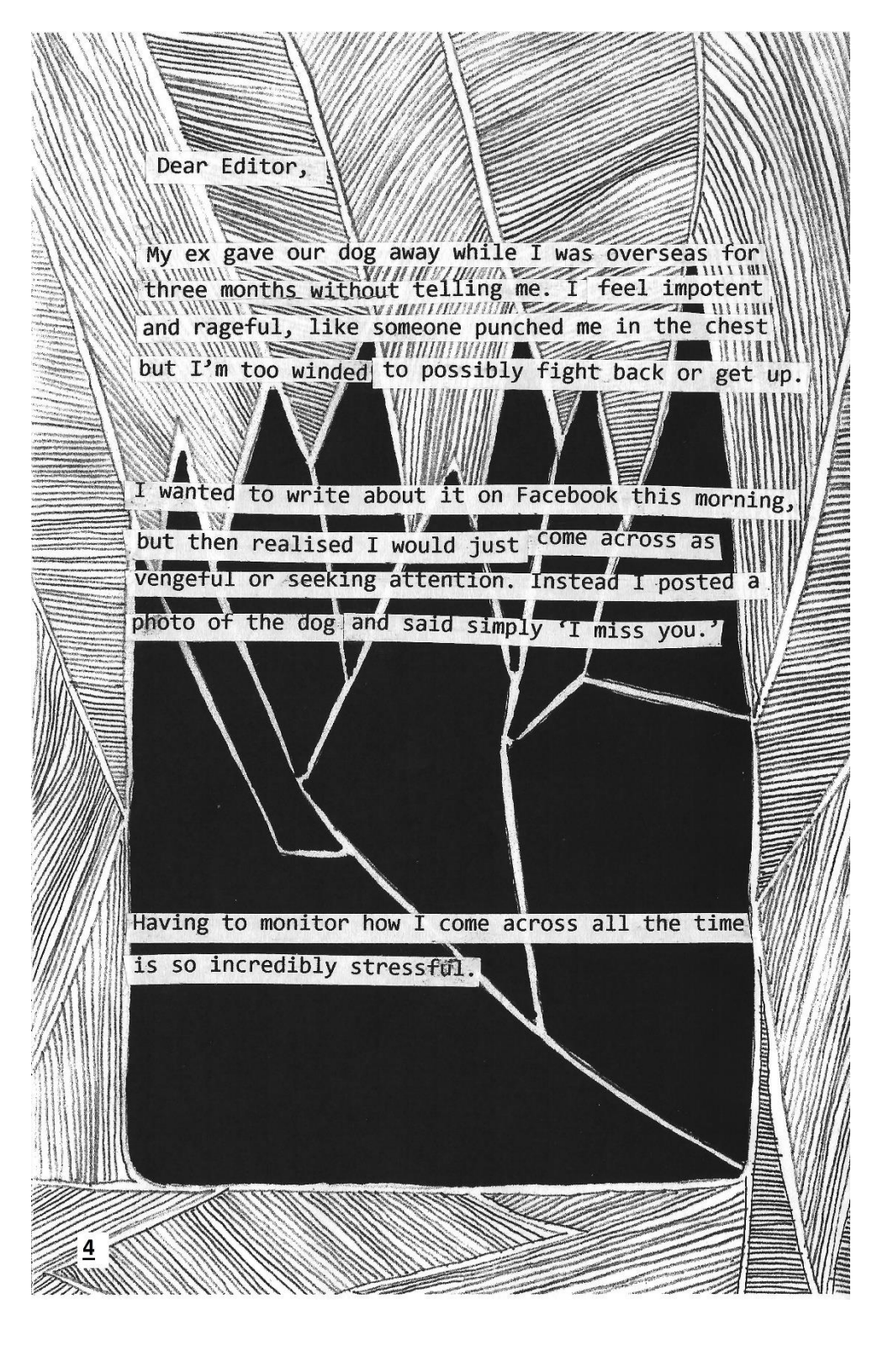
The weight of having ideas would become eased- it would be effortless! They would be neatly trimmed, cohesive, and end in a nifty conclusion.

Imagine!

But, who could we trust with such a task?

Signed,

Ad Hoc



Dear Editor,

My ex gave our dog away while I was overseas for three months without telling me. I feel impotent and rageful, like someone punched me in the chest but I'm too winded to possibly fight back or get up.

I wanted to write about it on Facebook this morning, but then realised I would just come across as vengeful or seeking attention. Instead I posted a photo of the dog and said simply 'I miss you.'

Having to monitor how I come across all the time is so incredibly stressful.



The only way I could have truly expressed how  
I feel about this is if I had punched  
my laptop repeatedly, smashing it to pieces,  
kicked them across the room and then sobbed  
in a heap. You would never have seen it.

I miss my dog, I'm confused by other people and  
I hate having to constantly monitor how I come  
across in public.

Best,

Ad Hoc

San Francisco



To Reason,

She was never supposed to be mine, but they were going to murder her. Sleeping pills in the food. So it goes.

We were together long enough, love was shared, but she needed a new home as I started a new life. I found her a goat farm in the Mojave Desert and we spent a few fast days together tearing the asphalt from Indiana to California.

Speeding away in the dust, fighting myself:

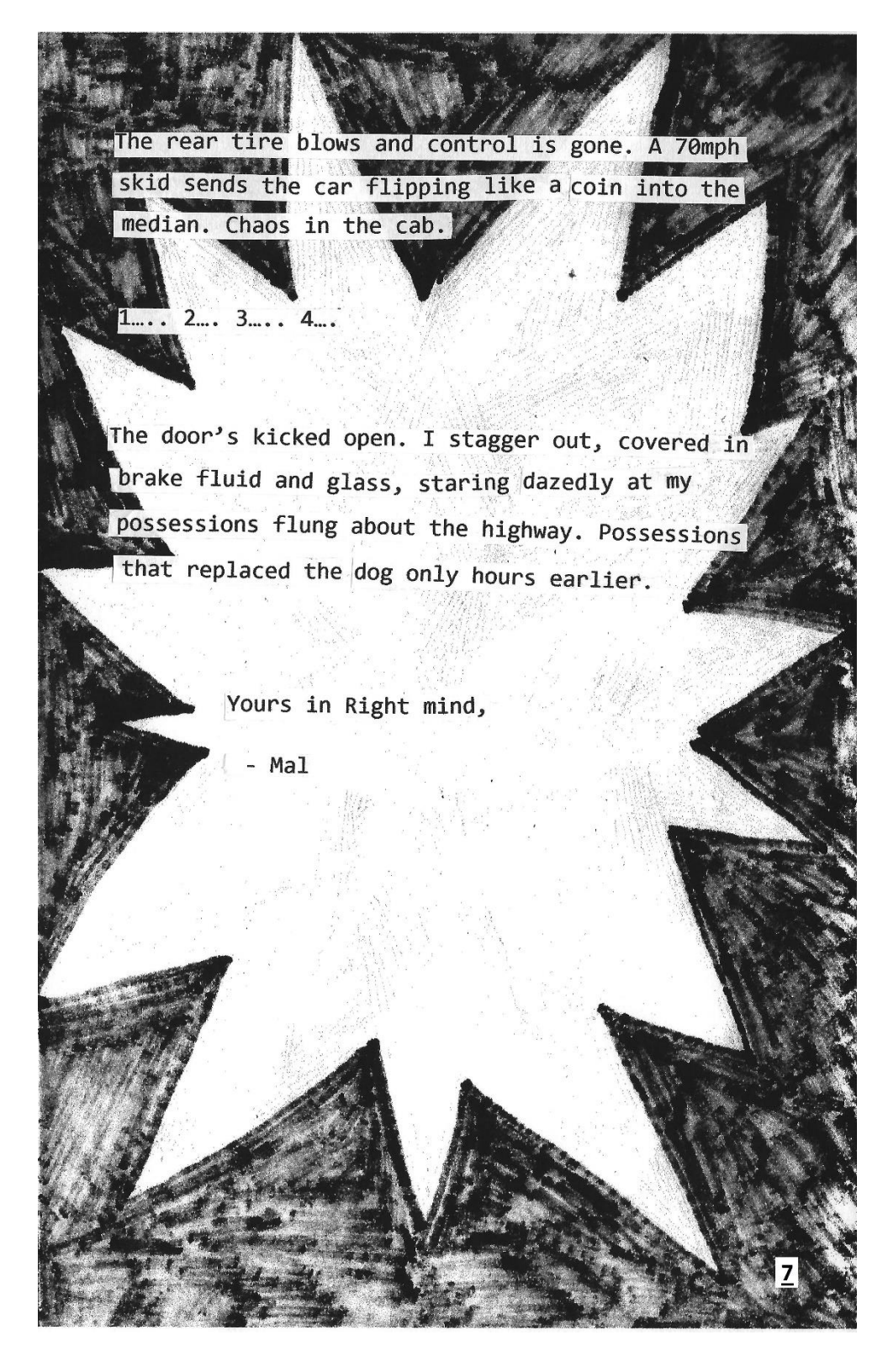
What have I done? Do I even know those people?

I can still turn around, pick her up, take it all back....

Cursing my selfishness and driving on.

Next morning, I-5, Northern Calif:





The rear tire blows and control is gone. A 70mph  
skid sends the car flipping like a coin into the  
median. Chaos in the cab.

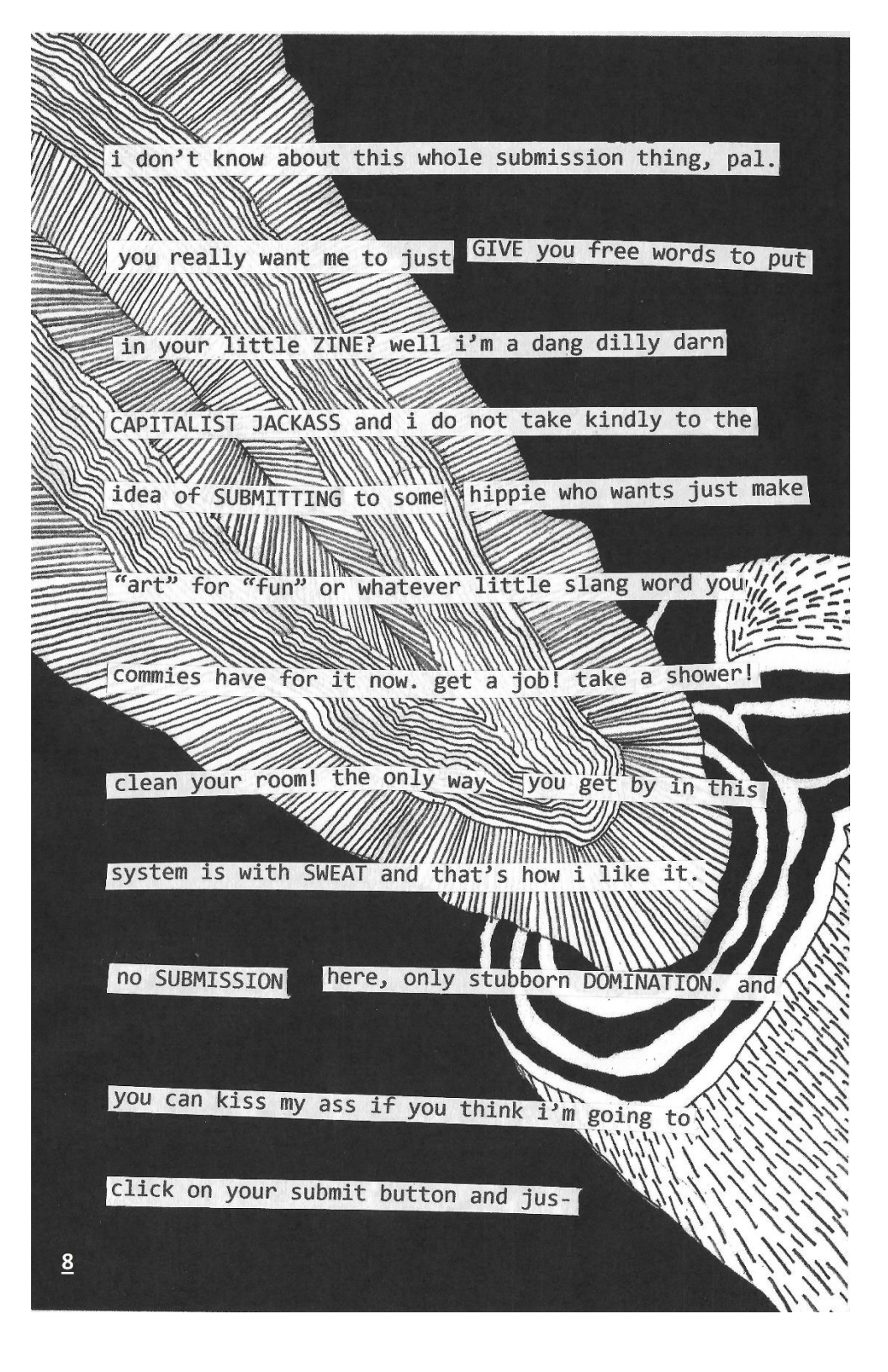
1.... 2.... 3.... 4....

The door's kicked open. I stagger out, covered in  
brake fluid and glass, staring dazedly at my  
possessions flung about the highway. Possessions  
that replaced the dog only hours earlier.

Yours in Right mind,

- Mal





i don't know about this whole submission thing, pal.

you really want me to just GIVE you free words to put

in your little ZINE? well i'm a dang dilly darn

CAPITALIST JACKASS and i do not take kindly to the

idea of SUBMITTING to some hippie who wants just make

"art" for "fun" or whatever little slang word you

commies have for it now. get a job! take a shower!

clean your room! the only way you get by in this

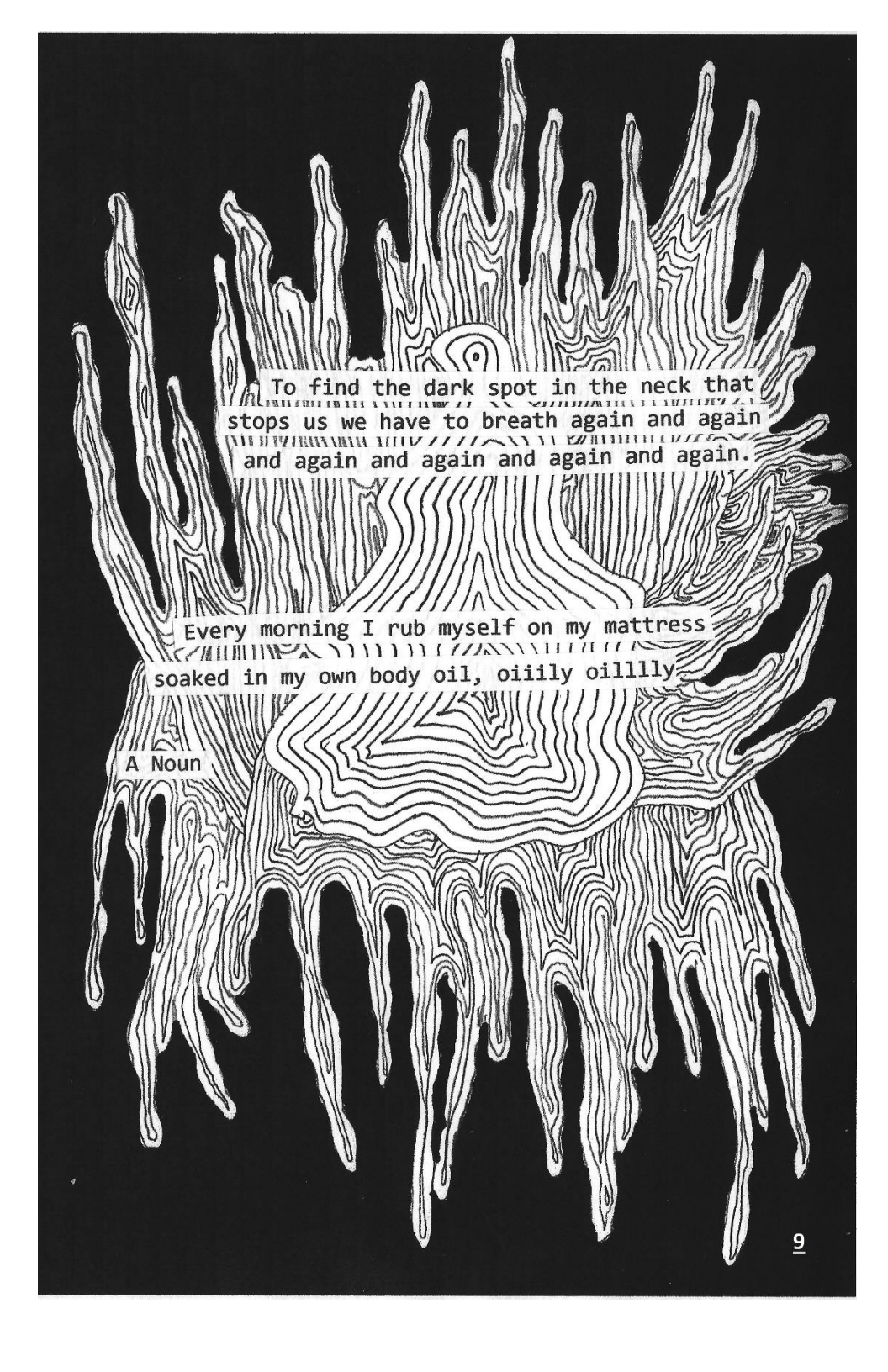
system is with SWEAT and that's how i like it.

no SUBMISSION here, only stubborn DOMINATION. and

you can kiss my ass if you think i'm going to

click on your submit button and jus-





To find the dark spot in the neck that  
stops us we have to breath again and again  
and again and again and again and again.

Every morning I rub myself on my mattress  
soaked in my own body oil, oiiily oilllly

A Noun



## Terms

I have a fear about the nature of engagement online.

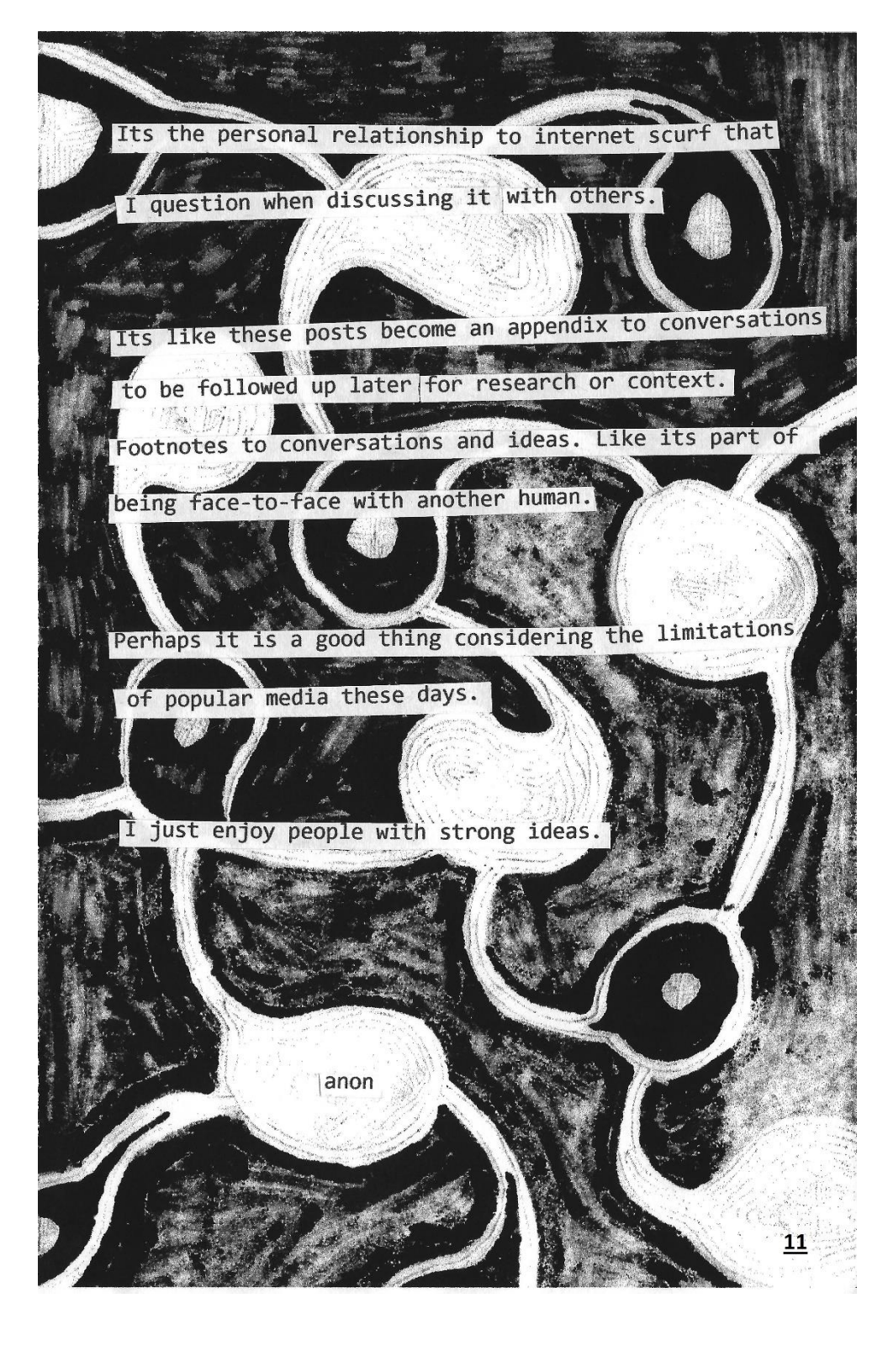
I mean this in the sense that these engagements are more disposable and throw-away than what we discuss

face to face. I dislike that there is reference in conversation to posts and memes in conversations.

The ownership of these images and posts feels like it is credited to an online zeitgeist rather than a person or source. It makes me feel like there is a removal from opinion and perspective sometimes when people bring online posts up in chatting. Like people talk about "this thing they have seen" rather than "this thing they believe".

Perhaps its my social phobias or anger and frustration about owning experiencing an idea in the context of yourself and your experience rather than in relation to a site or popular article trending. This is not to invalidate the medium or message.





Its the personal relationship to internet scurf that

I question when discussing it with others.

Its like these posts become an appendix to conversations

to be followed up later for research or context.

Footnotes to conversations and ideas. Like its part of  
being face-to-face with another human.

Perhaps it is a good thing considering the limitations  
of popular media these days.

I just enjoy people with strong ideas.

anon

T.T. L.T.L.E. E.,

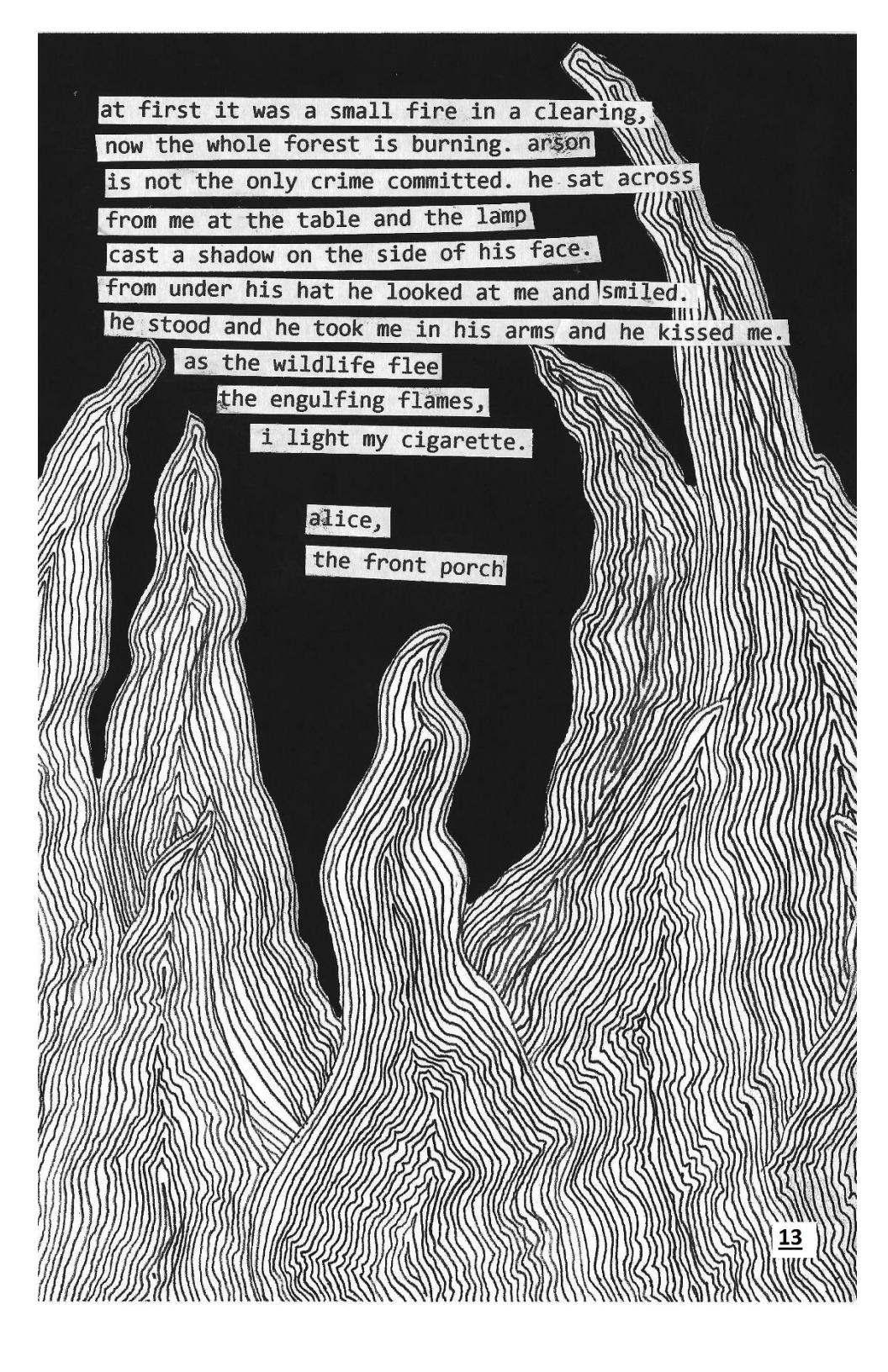
It is strange to me that we have reached a point in our civilization where the only time that our ability, as a species, to deliver a large, complex object which itself represents the pinnacle of more than one discipline of engineering, into a controlled and stable orbit about our planet with such expectation of success as not to necessitate the expense of obtaining an insurance policy for said object, is remarkable only when we manage to do so with insufficient perfection to render the satellite fit for the purpose for which we had intended it.

Most kindest regards,

Carlos

Tierra del Fuego





at first it was a small fire in a clearing,  
now the whole forest is burning. arson  
is not the only crime committed. he sat across  
from me at the table and the lamp  
cast a shadow on the side of his face.  
from under his hat he looked at me and smiled.  
he stood and he took me in his arms and he kissed me.  
as the wildlife flee  
the engulfing flames,  
i light my cigarette.

alice,  
the front porch

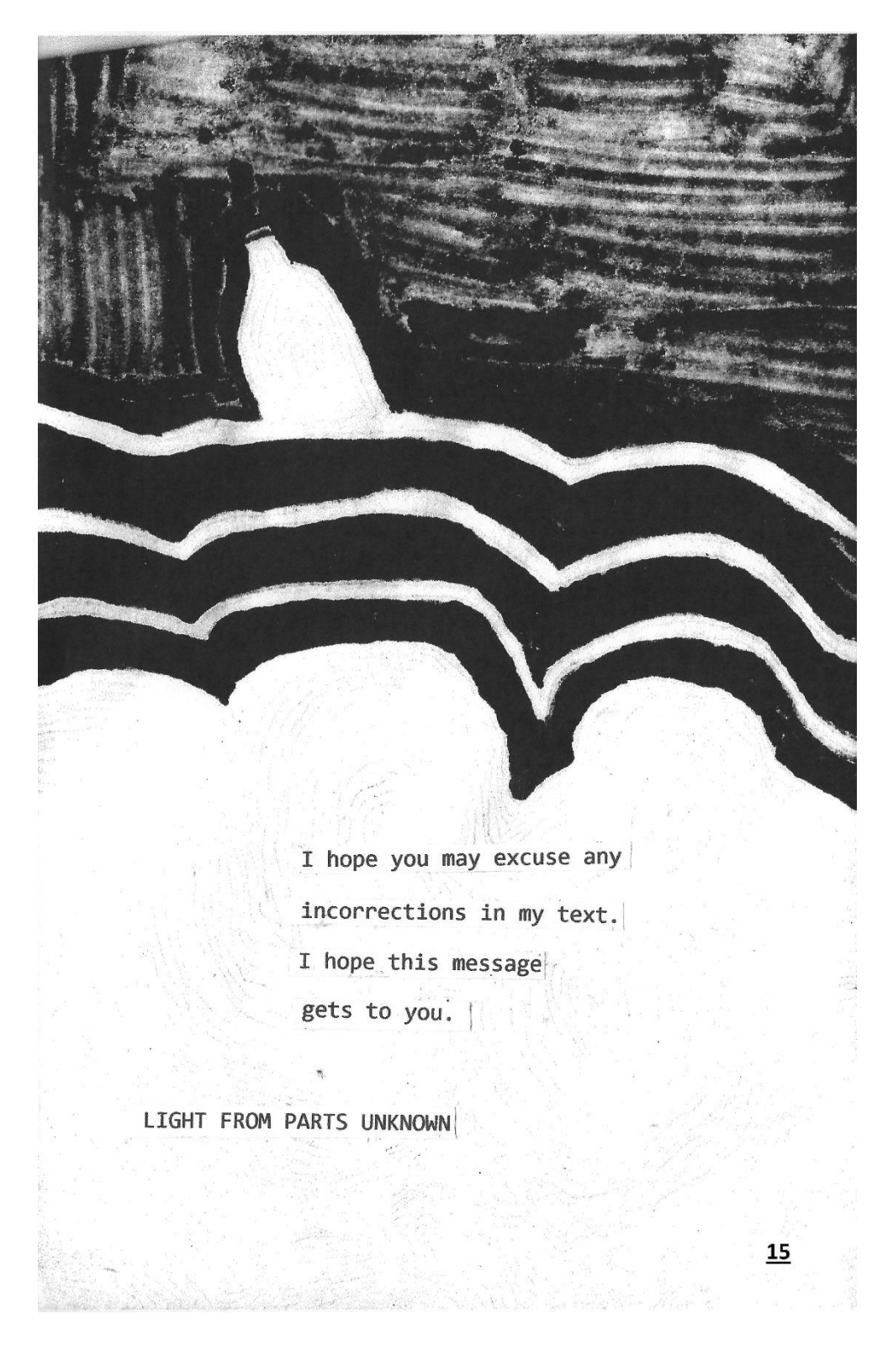


## Send Help

Dear Editor,

I am writing to speak of the inevitable collapse of the American empire. I need you to send some help to the people left on planet earth. From afar it is clear that they have mucked things up. I hear a murmur of voices from below the layers of filth in America that are whispering songs of uprising and illumination. Deep in the cells DNA begins to shift into higher vibrations of being. Truth is seeping in. I can hear these murmur's before I sleep at night and I wish for you to send help. I am a simple observer from afar. I feel the sense that people are earnestly working toward raising the awareness for the need of global human rights and simply loving each other. Violence begets more violence. Please send tidings of hope unto all the people's of the world waiting for true change. May this tidings ignite their heart into adhering all aspects of their lives to creating this change.





I hope you may excuse any  
in corrections in my text.  
I hope this message  
gets to you.

LIGHT FROM PARTS UNKNOWN



Dear Editor,

Love more.

Yours,

Martin Tomlinson,  
KANSAS



