

8chan (or, 8/lit) Writes A Book

Ideally this area could be for brainstorming n stuff, or could be a second GDoc for that.

- anything goes
 - well make half-baked connections afterwards

Beyond this threshold lies the Wild West of e-Literature. Beware, for the mystical adventures may await, ebin or no ebin.

I had never even seen a shooting star before. 16 years of rotations, passes through comets' paths, and travel, and to my memory I had never witnessed burning debris scratch across the night sky. Twenty One Pilots were hunched over their instruments. Tyler Joseph slowly beat on a grand piano, singing, eyes closed, into his microphone like he was trying to kiss around a big nose. Josh Dunn tapped patiently on a double bass, waiting for his cue. White pearls of arena light swam over their faces. A lazy disco light spilled artificial constellations inside the aluminum cove of the makeshift stage, where the Second Annual Report arrives on celestial bodies. The metal skeleton of the stage ate one end of Florence's Piazza Santa Croce, on the steps of the Santa Croce Cathedral. Michelangelo's bones and cobblestone laid beneath. I stared entranced, soaking in Twenty One Pilots' new material, chiseling each sound into the best functioning parts of my brain which would be the only sound system for the material for months.

The butterscotch lamps along the walls of the tight city square bled upward into the cobalt sky, which seemed as strikingly artificial and perfect as a wizard's cap. The staccato piano chords ascended repeatedly. "Wish we could turn back time to the good dope days," Joseph sang like his dying words. "When mama used to sing us to sleep but now we're allllllllllllllllllllll stressed out." The trained critical part of me marked the similarity to Coltrane's "Ole." The human part of me wept in awe. Twenty One Pilots' *Blurryface* is quite possibly the greatest human achievement of rock music.

~ Piero Scaruffi

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~ La connexion française

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The cat sat on the hat.
t. Anon

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