

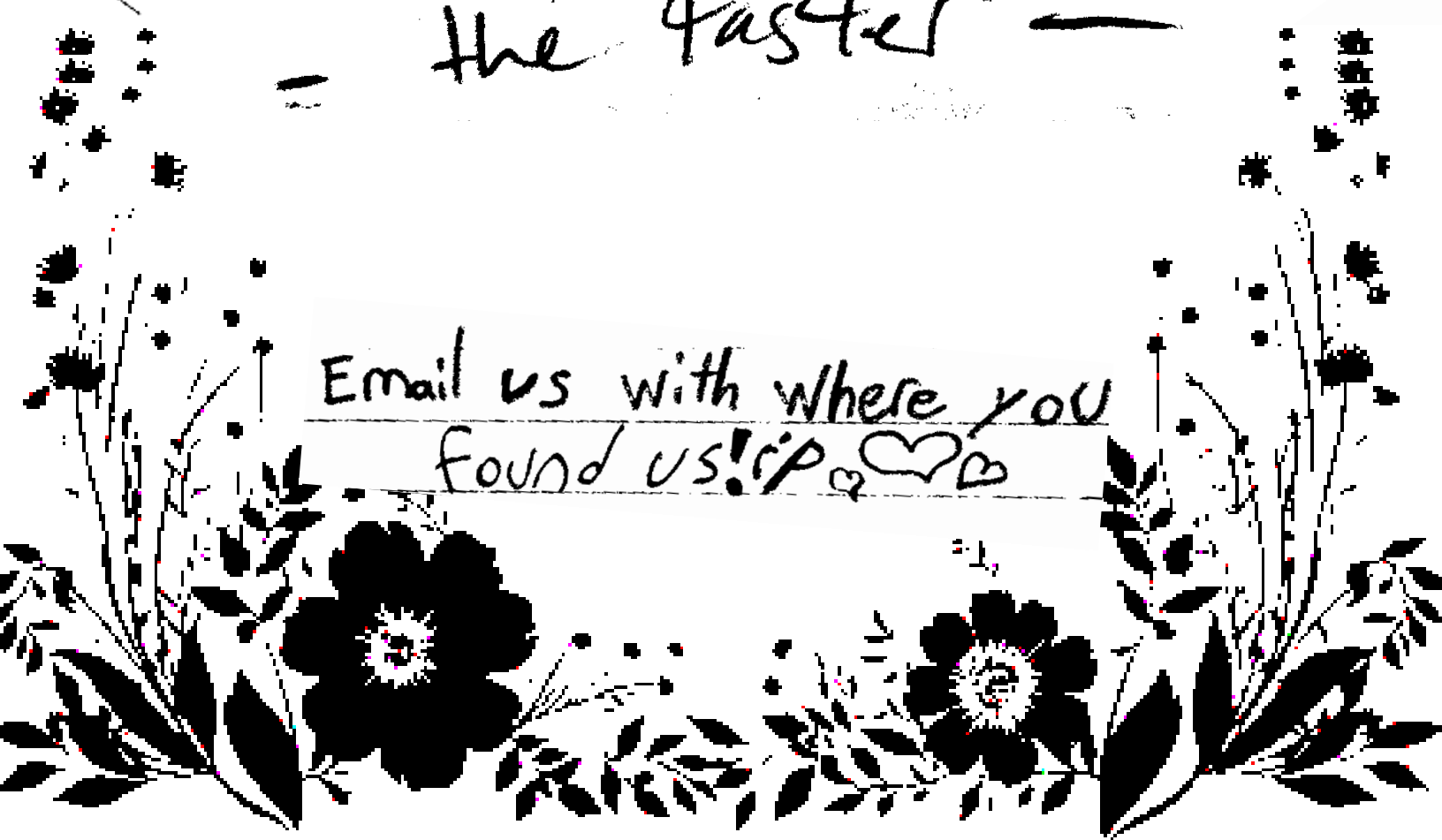
Debris Couch is a free literary zine Debris Couch is a free literary zine Debris Couch is a free literary zine
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Debris Couch

Issue #0

— the faster —

Email us with where you
found us!   



“We should make a zine for posers by posers,” Debris spat. “Worse posers; fake radicals. Fucking corns. And, posers shouldn’t read our zine, set fires, harass the homes of pigs, or pick anyone up in the pit, or spray Free Palestine on private property, or tell their parents to die, or make their partner orgasm for once in their poor fucking life after falling in love with our dogshit pissant ratfuck Reader. Our posers shouldn’t two-step for shit, or submit anything from Articles to Flash Fiction, to Visual Art (B&W), to manifestos at our email DEBRISCOUCH@GMAIL.COM, or shoplift,” Debris ran out of words, grew weary of talkin, and just fucking shouted at the ground.

“Posers? Nah,” Couch chuckled, watching Debris shake, leaning over the arm-rest while Couch sat so slumped in the cushion that they used their own chest as a rolling tray while breaking up their buds. “Like, lowkey we could though...” Couch flicked weed crumbs off their fingers. “We could start with, like, a chiller issue, communicating our taste just enough. Like, the shit we like. That’s—wait. Fuck. Bruh, that,” Couch yawned. “That’d even be legal.”

“YES!” Debris screamed. “YEAH! LEGAL!”

THE PRINCESS IS CRASHING ON THE SOFA

(a poem of couplets submitted by our community)

I hope the Jersey in me

becomes a pebble in your shoe

behind the blond and rockstar mystique,

she fades into embers

from the fish bowl to the ocean

feels like fish shit, too

i've lived half of forty and but can't see a day into the future,

stay on your toes but don't sprain your ankle

some crash

decaying into sofas like dead trees in cold december

Locked my neighbors with no key

so suck this East Coast attitude

You, Your Royal Highness, covet springs and steel skeletons

so savor the umami of your cushions while it lasts

sometimes at work an egg or two cracks and they leak a lil, so whenever the workerguy who has a crush on my gf comes in and orders a pork roll i make his sandwich with that egg

Fear of calloused fingers is to live without dying,

the guitar will not be played. And the music stops.

the trans flag is strawberry milk coded

it feels like a carton

the following is an excerpt from episode two of FLCL, "Fire Starter"

Naota (V.O.) - **"Fire Starter." It's a hand-held video-game. No one knows how Endsville, the city of devils, was created, but as soon as it appeared, it started to grow, and slowly eat up the world.**

Mamimi - Takkun, can you bring me some sandals? My shoes floated away.

Naota - You're in high school, what do you think you're doing?

Naota (V.O.) - **You are an agent of Canti, the god of the black flame,**

Man - Hey kid, have you seen anything strange around here lately?

Naota (V.O.) - **...and you must stop Endsville from destroying the world.**

Naota - I don't know.

Masashi - It's arson.

Naota (V.O.) - **Your only weapon is flame: matches, lighters, and fire-bombs.**

Man - There are some bad people around here. Are you sure you don't know who they might be?

Naota - I haven't seen anyone.

Naota (V.O.) - **Get the weapons, outsmart the firefighters, hide from the police,**

Ninamori - I told you. It's stress.

Masashi - I saw some girls bullying her yesterday.

Mamimi - You don't want to play?

Naota (V.O.) - **...torch the city, and purge its demons.**

Security Guard #2 - It turns out that fire yesterday was arson.

Naota (V.O.) - **But you must be careful; you cannot burn everything.**

Gaku - Arson! Arson!

Mamimi - Yeah, I'm addicted.

Ninamori - She doesn't look very bright.

Naota - No, you're wrong!

Naota (V.O.) - **If the entire city burns down, there will be no place to live.**

Man - She did it, didn't she?

Naota - No!

Man - We know it was her.

Naota (V.O.) - **Thus, the battle is hopeless: there is no final victory.**

Naota - Where'd she go? Wait! It's my fault: I didn't know she was..!

Haruko - It's empty. There's no brain. Did you lose it somewhere?

Naota (V.O.) - **The only thing you can do is burn and burn and burn.**

Miyu-Miyu - Which part of this is really the truth? Meow.

Naota (V.O.) - **Your highest goal is to receive the personal blessing of Canti, the god of the black flame.**

Naota - Is that Miyu-Miyu?

Miyu-Miyu - We were talking about you. Meow.

Finding a zine

Take a shit at your job, give the customers what they need

It's the hand to lift up your friend

It's the hand to lift up a stranger

It's the hand that pushes back

On the side of the road, you see it while walking; washed up on the beach, like a crab exiled to land; in the backyard of a basement show, a place to rest, eat, gather

You damn well know the couch on the side of the street is free. ***SIT YOUR ASS DOWN!***

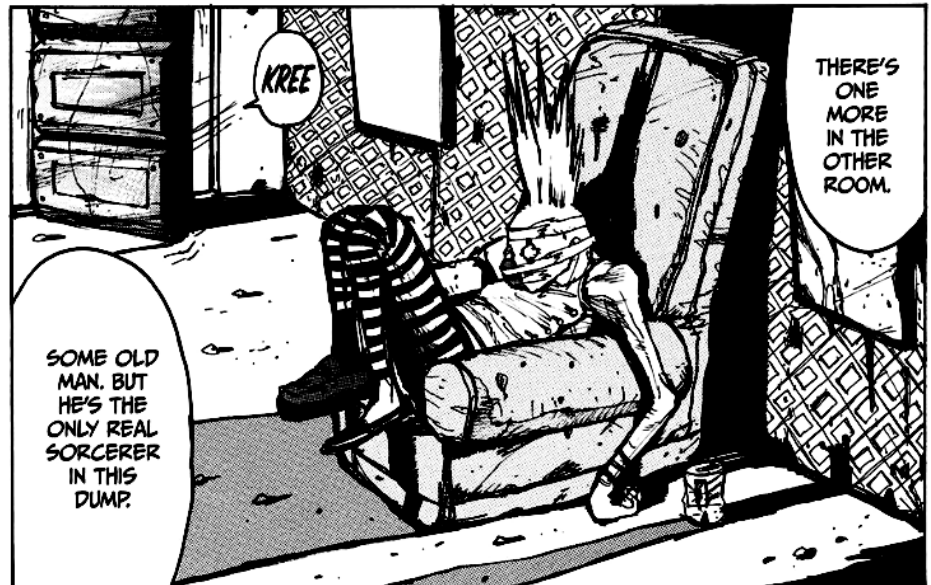
Ideals ideals ideals, loose change in the folds next to the puke and cigarette butts

Next to the paper smushed between the armrest and the cushion

The paper is what's around you; a

scene held up and scrapped together by love, passion, anger. A refusal to be numb A celebration of living

in it all, **knee deep in shit**



Ulrike Meinhof Is Found Hanged in Cell (editorialized)

May 10, 1976

When a **pig** opened her cell this morning, he found **Ulrike Meinhof** (the article only refers to her as **Miss Meinhof**) hanging at the window rails from a piece of her prison toweling.

The spokesman said the papers she left behind gave no indication of any intent to commit suicide **because she likely did not kill herself. More on this soon.** He said further details would be released after an inquiry. **Thanks, friend.**

West German **pigs** put security **pigs** on alert in fear of retaliation by **people who don't like it when people are tortured by the state, then disposed of by the state. Especially not when they're such darlings.**

Until 1968, **Ulrike Meinhof** was a successful journalist who wrote her own column in **KONKRET**, a satirical leftist magazine owned by her **ex**-husband, Klaus Rainer Rohl, father of her two children. But she parted with her family that year and left her job (it just did not really go down like that—it was a slower, human process like every breakup and reporting like this threatens to alienate the image of the violent radical, as though her actions were sudden and unrelatable; as though Meinhof wasn't real, like us, too, beneath the heel of the State).

She appeared in West Berlin where **pigs** said she helped free Andreas Baader, who was serving a sentence for an arson attack on a Frankfurt department store. A **pig** was shot and seriously wounded when **Andreas Baader** was liberated from the prison library on May 14, 1970. **The plan was for Meinhof to pretend she didn't know anything about the attempt to liberate Baader, but the group had hired a hitman (because they wanted someone with more experience with guns so that things wouldn't go awry) and then the plan went awry.**

Ulrike Meinhof and **Andreas** Baader went into hiding and organized the Red Army Faction, which the police say was responsible for acts that terrorized most of West Germany's **pig, politician, elite class** in the next few years. The faction became commonly known as the Baader-Meinhof group.

Following the rearrest of **Andreas** Baader, the arrests of Jan-Carl Raspe and Gudrun Ensslin, **Ulrike** Meinhof was apprehended in Hanover-Langenhagen on June 7, 1972 (**two full, eventful years later**). A West Berlin court sentenced her to eight years in prison for the prison attack that freed **Andreas** Baader.

After her trial in Berlin in 1974, at which she said an "armed battle" to achieve a change in society was legal, **Ulrike** Meinhof and the three other members of the group were brought to Stammheim, which was specially constructed outside of Stuttgart for the Baader-Meinhof trial, which began under maximum security precautions on May 21, 1975. **The extent to which they were tortured in isolation cannot be understated (see: "Letter from a Prisoner in the Isolation Wing, June 16, 1972, to February 9, 1973").**

The four were charged with masterminding a wave of anti-state bombings and shootings that killed four United States **military state thugs** and a **pig**, wounded several others and endangered at least 54 persons.

The trial, halted by numerous protest motions and outbursts by the defendants (**really cool outbursts depicted in films**), is expected to last at least two years . Most of the time, the defendants have been kept out of the court proceedings or have chosen to remain in their cells (**where they were killed or committed suicide, after a failed attempt to free them. see: Lufthansa Flight 181**).

Gudrun Ensslin surprised the court last Tuesday by accepting responsibility for all the accused for the three bombings that in 1972 killed the four Americans and injured at least 40 persons. (**this did not save her or anyone else**)

NOW PLAYING: "bellinis at the blockade" by Emma Goldman, a hardcore band from the MST territories



Couch killed the bowl, held it for a sec, cheeks red, sunk into the cushion, "Fooly Cooly," they spoke, billowing out steam that covered everything.

Debris looked over. "What's up?"

"Fooly Cooly."

"Fooly Fooly? What?" Debris froze, its paw mindlessly reaching into Couch's hot chips. "That shit we found in that stairwell?"

"Fooly Cooly," Couch blinked, packed another bowl.

"Ghouly Booly?" Debris crunched.

Couch inspected the bowl. "F—"

"Truly Tooly?"

"F—!" Couch rocked up, eyes reddening in strained knee-scrape lines. "Fooly Cooly," they whispered. Their pupils shrank. "Fff—"

"Fooly Fool—"

"AAACHOOO!"

"Shit..." Debris ruffled through its reusable shopping bag (its own, despite Couch's insistence they share, and the ideological reasons sharing was necessary, especially for the two of them, who had a hard enough time keeping their scraps together)

"You need a tissue?"

"Fff.. Fuck... Dude..."

"Oh shit, Fooly Cooly!?"

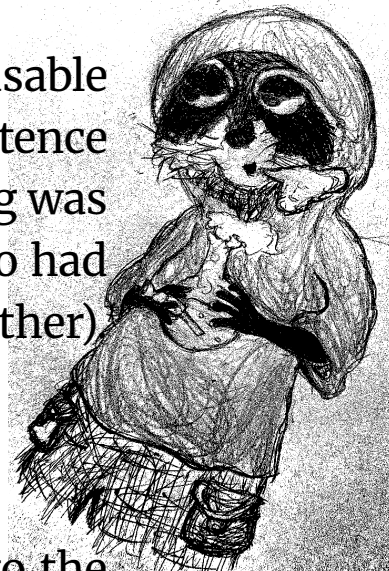
"Foo... Hahahaa," Couch's head plopped onto the bong, tumbling it off of their lap and into the grass.

"Yeah hhhaha... Fooly Cooly... Yeah..."

"Fooly Cooly," Debris joined.

Fooly Cooly...

...Fooly Cooly



Debris Couch is a free literary zine.

the type shit you should find in the fucking trash and leaves

misanthropes, pillars of community, brain rotters, poets, communards, organisers, political theorists, empty-handed egalitarians, hooligans, suicidal facists, lay-about, chefs, the wretched, illegalists, eco-terrorfriends, plugs (plz!)

If you write poems, columns, *rants*, theory, flash fiction, *manifestos*

submit your stuff or just say hi at debriscouch@gmail.com

Send us photos of dirty ass couches covered in trash at-----

----->debriscouch@gmail.com

If you wanna send us doodles of the buds

Couch (they/them)



SEND THAT SHIT TO
debriscouch@gmail.com

Debris (it/its)



Controllroomguy · 1 day ago

K*ren: let me speak to the manager!!!

Libarel: you mean the they/them-ager???

K*ren:

(I do not know what K*ren would say)

👍 69



💬 1



Add a public reply...



debriscouch@gmail.com

thats ok. thank you for

**submitting to
Debris Couch**

(submissions should be no longer than 600 words except in special circumstances where we truly think that shit is heat but fr we do not wanna be printing out novels, bruh. Print your own zine! In fact, don't submit (please submit) PRINT YOUR OWN FUCKIGN ZINE!!!)

Visit debris-couch.itch.io to print and download your own copies
SHARE THIS ZINE WITH SOMEONE, PLEASE! *selfish punks break heart < / 3!*

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literary zine**

Now Playing: "City Nolse" by Scarling