

give up on all

"a paradox as old as now"

"Drawn and quartered,"  
Created by a few  
no one at all

I ♥ PITTSBURGH

FOR THE CRIME  
OF DECLARING  
'OURSELF AN

OVER HERE, MEDITATE ON NOTHING

another iteration  
of [the idea]

This man's  
life is absolutely  
meaningless to me

Throw him  
OUT

Thank you for  
burning this! :P

this is not  
a horse

reappearingooze@proton.me

THE CONTENTS WITHIN WERE NEVER MEANT  
TO BE



OVER HERE, MEDITATE ON NOTHING

Enter through this doorway to learn what I know about:

myself,  
my ideas,  
my actions,  
my creations,

And new and innovative ways to waste your time.

(the last one will blow your mind!)

Many people have asked me many questions about many things.

What is proanti?

Who is Leroy?

Did you make this? [while pointing at a pile of trash im standing on]

WHY?

These questions are labyrinthian in nature, and I have tried to solve the puzzle many times. I have tried to answer these questions before, but it's never quite right. Here I will attempt an explanation of my ideas.





These nights were entirely unstructured, and anyone was invited. It started small at around 5 people, and probably peaked at around 10 people.

We would all bring our own projects to work on. People brought sketchbooks, laptops, collage supplies, paints, etc.

We'd set up a few tables, turn on some music, and everyone would work on their things til the sunrise.

The project I would work on was my iteration of [the Idea]. I mostly wanted to bring people together weekly so that I would have the opportunity to influence them to join me in my obsession. I wanted them to work with me, participate in my ideas, share and learn with eachother. I wanted everyone to morph and influence the night in whatever ways they see fit, ultimately culminating into "the next iteration". On the first night, I wanted everyone to create a flyer that advertised whatever they wanted the night to become (art making night, pyramid building night, crab feast III).

I proposed a ritual. It began with a pizza box. J dumpstered some red paint before the meeting, and poured damn near the whole bottle onto the pizza box. He smeared it all around with his hands

and placed the core of a pomegranate in the middle. I suggested that to contribute to the "ritual", you must sacrifice a piece of art. Throughout the night people would approach the pizza box, attach (or sprinkle ripped up shreds) of "art" onto it, then begin smearing the paint and fingerpainting it. People added journal entries, drawings, poems, etc. At the end, red and black paint dominated. It was an amalgamation of many things that slowly spread wider. I hung it on a wall in the backroom. Someone said it was like a dead animal. From that point forward it was referred to as [the Dead Animal].

dear  
reader, pls  
choke on any  
grammeraticall  
errors. Sorry 4 the  
incontinence.

PRO-ANTI  
ANTI-PRO PRO-ANTI-ANTI\*  
PRO-PRO PRO-PRO-PRO  
is CANCELED DUE TO  
IDK Being controversial and  
RACIST PROBLEMATIK  
INSENSITIVE  
BOMBTHRE  
ATS PLEASE etc. All members post  
apology in the chat.  
Post UKELELE  
Your send ideas for your  
PLEASE send a VIDEO of APOLOGY MERCH!  
UCRYING on CAMERA

This was effectively the end of proanti. After this, mostly everyone either hated proanti because of the group chat shenanigans, or thought it was "just a shitpost".

PRO! ANTI!  
PRO!  
ANTI!

[the Reverse Nuke]

[Proanti] also existed in the digirealm - in the form of a group chat. We used it to organize the meetings, share pictures of our projects, joke around and discuss ideas. As proanti began to degrade, the chat began to degrade. Many Names had the genius idea one day to drop [the Reverse Nuke] on the chat. Instead of removing everyone and deleting the chat, they decided to add hundreds of people from other Pittsburgh citywide chats. The chat was immediately flooded with "what is this?" "Why was I added". Then, gore. Lots of gore. Shitposts, memes, skitzo texts, etc. were spammed in the chat. People began to freak out. "WHAT IS HAPPENING????". Apparently in 2026, people don't know how to leave group chats anymore. We were accused of being mentally ill, putting people at serious risk, destroying mutual aid networks, and being school-bombing terrorists ; )

NOTHING  
TO SAY  
MEANING  
NO WORDS

I began to take [the Dead Animal] to various events, raves, and each weekly gathering. We continued to add onto it. Dumping more loads of paint and trash onto it, destroying art and attaching it to [the Dead Animal]. It began to grow, and people began to degrade it. We would step all over it, disregarding its existence on the floor. At [the Dropout raves] we used it as a dance floor as well as displayed it in [the Proanti room]. Most people didn't even notice its presence, as everyone was walking all over it. Seven was the first to spit on it. While working on it at [the Lair], it was pissed on, and had used condoms and shit wipes thrown onto it. [the Dead Animal] was a magnet for anything that could add to its grotesque and unsettling nature.

CAUSE  
NO IS  
GONNO  
BLOW  
UP  
SCHOOLS!

11/15/2026

PRO  
ANTI





[the Dead Animal] was a beautiful dump that we could perpetually add whatever to. To me, it represented [the Idea] well. It was created strictly by destroying art. It was not always looked at through [the Lense], as shown by the people who stomped all over it.

I dreamt of [the Dead Animal] spreading throughout the entire floor of a room, through the doorways and up the walls and down the halls, taking over ever inch of floor in a building.



(See "~~HAPPY BIRTHDAY LEROY~~" for more)



i was playing the part of "artist". nearby was a pile of all this prop "art". the ghosts and i took these one at a time and tossed em into the fire. once all the art was in the fire, i sat down, and enjoyed the show. my part was simple. i was symbolizing the uselessness of art and how all "artists" are cigarette smoking pretentious losers, tormented by half seen visions. note: this is not my opinion, its just what the script said.

ANTI! PRO! ANTI! PRO! ANTI! PRO! ANTI! PRO!

[Leroy]

Leroy is my friend from another universe. He started as a comic character (the Boogerheads), but was transported to Earth. We have a long and complicated love/hate relationship. I have tried to kill her, he has tried to kill me, we have both been semi-successful. She sometimes appeared at [the Dropout raves]. One day, I gathered some of my friends and we went to an abandoned factory. There, I laid out a large pile of my art. I set up a camera pointing towards it and began recording. We hung Leroy. Then I built a fire, and threw all my art into it. I sat there and watched it burn.

I cannot remember how it all happened. I know we hung Leroy, but also, Leroy hung me. I remember dying there floating above Leroy.

At the next few raves Leroy would appear as a floating apparition of sorts, haunting us. Her dead body would appear hanging from the ceiling in various locations.



My friend has recently told me about his interpretation of Leroy. He believes that I created Leroy as a sort of self harm. If Leroy represents everything I hate about myself, it would make sense why

I hate him and want to kill him. I did not consciously create Leroy with this intent, she has sort of grown into the character they are now. When he entered into reality she began to write thier own script and determine his own story. Truth is, I don't really know who Leroy is or what she represents or what he'll become. But I did see them crawl out of thier grave. Maybe he'll return soon.

excited

Ok, I'm not sorry for the cryptic language. You weren't ready to know. Now I'll share.

[the Idea] is something I've thought a lot about. Put simply, [the Idea] is to destroy [the Lense] once and for all. It's not new, it's not old, it's not really anything at all, but it's definitely not nothing. I believe one of the first iterations was Dada. The Dadaists believed in something new. Art that was beyond art. Dada that was beyond dada. Dada was not art, and it was NOT anti-art\* (despite many claims). It was Dada.

Dada intended to shatter the world's perception of what art is, what we call art, how art is made, and why art exists. To me, this is all a part of [the Idea]. But still, it's not quite right!\*\*

\* My issue with "anti-art" and why it is not [the Idea]: "anti-art" is simply a label placed upon art. It is a term used by artists, art critics, art historians, etc. Art that hates art is "anti-art". Art that is not art is not "anti-art". Dada is not art, it is dada, therefore it cannot be "anti-art". Anyone who uses this term to describe [the Idea] clearly does not understand it.

\*\* Why dada failed:

Dada did not succeed entirely in executing [the Idea]. This is because it was swiftly labeled "Art". It is known as an influential art movement, or just another style. Although it broadened the scope of what people consider art, it did not change the widespread use of [the Lense].

[the Lense] or, the "Lense of art" is a term I use to describe the way in which people perceive art. It is different from the way they view almost everything else. Surely, this lense is specific to the individual, and fluctuates on a personal level. But generally speaking, the lense is applied when something is labeled "art". When something is labeled "art", people look at it through [the Lense].

BODY I ADORE

ANTI PRO ANTI YOURSELF I

STUDY

But, what even is this lense? It is best explained through an example. I will list the 4 variations of things that are labeled "art", and whether or not it people view them through [the Lense]

-Labeled "art" that people do not consider art

(I am evangelical Christian and screaming is not singing, screamo is not music, that is not art)

-Labeled "Art" that people consider art

(Mostly everything at an art museum or gallery)

-Not labeled "art" that people consider like art

(Wow, this sunset is so beautiful, the colors are amazing, it looks like a painting)

-Not labeled "art" that people do not consider like art

(This is a sidewalk.)

These examples hint at what occurs when people view things through [the Lense].

A few things are likely to occur. Firstly, they will be inclined to think positively of it. When things are labeled "art", people believe they are supposed to like it. Who doesn't like art? Someone spent hours or years painting that picture hanging in the hotel lobby, how dare you say it looks like shit? Could you do better? Being an artist is a "cool" thing to be! It takes skill, talent, hard work, creativity, (all positive things that are considered "good")

People look at art in

[the Lense] is a confine, a prison. It is a box with limitations. Why would you want to be limited? Why would you not try to escape this box?

Excerpt from an interview:

Alan - You have made art works [question interrupted by tENT here to make a terminology-specific point]

tENT - As you probably already 'know', I stopped calling what I produce "art" as of 1978 when I publicly made the transition from "artist" to "mad scientist". The only exception to this is when I do something in the name of Tim Ore. Tim Ore is my "con artist" identity. Therefore, the vast majority of what you might be referring to as my "art work" I don't refer to as such. Many people I've known have been desperate to be thought of & accepted as "artists". I have the opposite problem: few people, or perhaps no-one, will accept me as NOT an "artist" unless their intent is to insult me. In the latter case, they 'think' (if such a word can be used for such minimally original mental activity) that I'm trying to be an "artist" & that I've failed - even when I tell them that I'm not an artist. This whole notion of calling someone something that they don't consider themselves to be & then accusing them of failing at it is a peculiar form of insidiousness. SO, to reiterate what I've proclaimed many a time before, I've long since rejected being an "artist" b/c it's my opinion that art is an uncreative context & I prefer to be creative. Of course, someone can say: 'But you make films [eg] & that's an art form!' - to wch I can just as easily reply that 'Just b/c it's an "art form" to most people doesn't mean it has to be an "art form" to me. To me, making movies is just that: making movies - w/o the unnecessary, & downright boring, additional baggage of "art".' - &, of course, it's this position of mine that makes me anathema to the art world. If I were to go by my given name & call myself an "artist" I suspect that I'd've long since become rich & famous - but that wd hardly be worth doing now wd it?!

tENT creates outside the context of art allowing him to be truly free in his creations. But he cannot stop others from looking at him with [the Lense].

[the Lense] continued.

I have yet to discuss the most pressing issues with [the Lense].

People view art through [the Lense], and determine its "goodness" or "badness". It must fall somewhere on the scale of good, or bad. Immediately after determining the value of a work through its "deeper meaning" or "tragic backstory" (as mentioned) they decide whether it is good, or bad. Every piece of art must be either good or bad, and no in between. They view art as something that is meant to be judged, ranked, rated, and sorted into categories. If it's good enough, maybe they'll even buy it!

And this is the most insidious aspect of [the Lense]. Of course if you have read Guy Debord's Society of the Spectacle, you may have already drawn many comparisons. He said that everything in modern life becomes a spectacle, a commodity to be consumed. Art has been commodified to the point of no return. Viewing things through [the Lense], you must determine the financial or social value of art. Art is meant to be bought and sold, turned into products, used in advertisements or propaganda. If a work has no financial value, and is generally disliked, it is deemed worthless.

I believe the majority of people view art through [the Lense] and because of this, artists are incentivized to create through [the Lense] aswell.

Why I dislike people who call themselves "artists" (the nicer title)

Calling yourself an "artist" is a superficial performance. You are not an artist because you make things. You are an artist because you want to be *perceived* as one. The label only exists socially. It requires an audience to recognize it.

People who call themselves artists are almost always creating within the confines of [the Lense]. They post their work online, seeking attention or praise or a following. They go to art school where they learn to create "good" art. They display their art or hang it on a wall or try to get a spot in a gallery. They have clear intentions to create something that will be labeled "art" and treated as such, therefore muddying the purity of a piece. It doesn't come from within, it doesn't represent who they truly are, it's not an expression. It is a way to claim your validity, to prove your worth.

"This is art, therefore I am an artist, respect me!"

If you create art for profit, or to be liked, you are not an artist, and it is not art. It is a product. Actually, let's fight.

Death to capitalists.

This is reinforced by the idea that beautiful non art things are called art or "like art". Something is beautiful like a painting to idyllic like a statue or joyous like a song. People relate living intensely or having fun to their lives "being like a movie". A romance "straight out of a book" or a letter that is "almost poetic". Things labeled as art inherently have a quality about them where people believe someone practiced and worked hard to create something for others to enjoy. This is rubbish, but can be debated. Plenty of people hate plenty of art. I just believe they are subconsciously inclined to like it.

People believe that things labeled as "art" must have some sort of emotional or philosophical value, whether they like it or not. They believe that all art has a deeper meaning, a purpose, a story, a metaphor etc. When you look at something in the lense of art, you are analyzing it, interpreting it, and assuming that there is more to it then what is actually there. No one stares at a sidewalk wondering who made it and what tragic backstory inspired it. No one wonders what the sidewalk means, or what the creator is "trying to say" with their piece.

[the Lense] is not only used by people viewing art, but also by people creating it. (More on this later)

The issue is not entirely that people look at art with [the Lense]. It is also that you cannot escape it. Take the Dadaists for example. They wanted to create something outside of the realm of art, but were quickly labeled artists. People wanted to decipher the meaning and purpose behind their work. Is this a reaction to the horrors of war? Perhaps this poem or play is about a wounded soldier. What is the deeper meaning?

The Dadaists were very clearly not concerned with the "deeper meaning" behind their actions. They could not escape [the Lense]. Unfortunately, no one really can.

Many have tried to iterate on [the Idea] and nearly all of them have suffered the same fate. Being labeled "art movements" or some other term that degrades their original intentions to, oh yeah those people just made a new style of thing to hang on your walls and gawk at.

WHAT EVEN THE FUCK IS PROANTI?

What I'm about to say is a complete disgrace to proanti and if you know anything about it I'd suggest you burn this zine. Here goes:

Proanti is my iteration of [the Idea]. My attempt to shatter [the Lense] My friend Paul and I came up with the name on a phone call whilst discussing [the Idea] and all of its previous iterations. We recognized that just having a name, calling it something, anything, is a great start and enough to give it some momentum. After all, if it's nameless, how could anyone know about it, talk about it, etc. You must name [the Idea].

Proanti is a cheap clone of all the great iterations before it. Sucking up all the elements that made those iterations so great and shoving them together into a big ball of goop that doesn't really amount to anything because it's just not nearly driven enough. Proanti is not pro or anti anything. In the same way that it is anti and pro just about everything. Proanti is anti proanti. It is also pro antiproanti.

My grand idea was that if I just give it a name, and maybe a place (pg2) that it would manifest itself.

It worked in some ways, and failed in others. It did motivate others to drop the ruse of [the Lense] and create outside it for a moment. It was fun as hell, there's that.

Issues with proanti:

-Bad jokes only last so long. You cant keep laughing at the same stupid joke forever, unless you're me. Some people got tired of the constant radical approach.

-Not everyone gets the joke. I tried to make proanti all inclusive, make it whatever you want it to become, anyone's welcome. Then I witnessed the exact things I was trying to escape and critique being labeled "proanti". It cannot be everything, it became diluted and so ambiguous it began to fade away.

-People misinterpret the joke. Some people laughed. For all the wrong reasons. They thought proanti was an art movement, or an art collective, determined to create "good" art and succeed in "the art world". Ugh. No.

Will proanti continue? I'm sure, in some way or another.

M BURNI [the Infinite Feed Of AI Slop]

(Actual size is around 12x this sheet)

MORE

SKIP SKIP

SKIP

SKIP

SKIP SKIP

SKIP SKIP

SKIP

SKIP SKIP

SKIP Y W A L

LIVE DIE LIVE  
DIE LIVE DIE LIVE  
DIE LIVE DIE LIVE  
DIE

INTO

NO MORE

laundry  
sacks short  
teeth in the

YOU

DELTA

SHEET OF SEEPS

This is something akin to [the Dead Animal]. It's something I have been slowly adding to for awhile now. I have assigned a purpose to it. It is meant to be handed to someone, a friend, a stranger, who is lost in thier phone, scrolling thier life away. It is a game of sorts. You say, "hey, I've got something you'll like, it's an infinite feed of ai slop!" And then you hand them this big sheet of meaningless junk. The game is to see how long they will engage with it. Usually (because there are no flashing captions or sound effects) they just look at it for like 10 seconds, chuckle, and put it down.

want ur own copy? go generate ur own!!

I think overall my eyes are set on a new iteration of the idea. (Although I do really like the name proantioproanti)

YOUNGVE

HATE

It's a guide intended for human  
As a nonhuman am I an exper  
being human? **IDK**

Maybe the reason I have all this confusion as to who I am and  
what I'm doing is actually much more simple. Perhaps, it is  
because I am not a human being. Constantly trying to understand  
myself in the context of something I am not. I mean, if I am going  
to reject art and artists, and bend language how I see fit, I may  
as well reject being a human being. I mean, who's to say I'm not a  
not a human being! Humans are dumb. They live shallow lives where  
submission is the default survival tactic. They operate how others  
want them to operate. I operate differently. Therefore, I am not a  
human being. I often feel alone, othered by the world, and like I  
can't relate to most. Most people these days would more likely  
spend hours scrolling and scrolling and scrolling an infinite feed  
of ai slop then have a conversation trying to understand me and  
how I operate. So why even try? I'll just do my own thing. I don't  
need anyone to understand me!

TO BE HUMAN  
TO BE HUMAN  
TO BE EVERY  
AND I  
RE YA

piece of the  
dead animal

You've got it all **FUCKIN** Wrong!

LOL **WHAT IS IT?** No, no. **this is not a**

**GLOSSY QUESTION!** BEFORE YOU  
LOOK AROUND

Disgust and **Brain fog** **KNOW**

it is no **DIRECT** OR **POURED FORWARD**

it is crooked **AGAINST**  
**PRO** hold the hand **4**  
you! **FIND** ITSELF  
**yo self.**

**CREATE PROANTI**  
**OFF THE DESK**  
**LIKE rotting**  
**bleach/screech ing**

**DRIPPING THOUGHTS** OUT  
**OF THE OVERFLOWING** **ANTI-**  
**SELF** I call it **dead ANIMAL**

**PRO** **ANTI** is **DOOKIE?** anti-name  
**THIS IS DEAD ANIMAL**

**VERY ANTI-PRO-ANTI-** FOR AND AGAINST  
**ANTI ANYTHING** **ANTI PRO** LOVE WASTE

**NOTHING** **PRO** general lack of  
ever **tryin GULAR** **PRO-PRO-PRO**

**HATRED** of **aforementione** **ITS** LIKE SCARE  
**SOMETHING!** **ALL** NAILS ON A

To relate [the Idea] and [the Lense] to my own life. I have attempted to interpret and iterate on [the Idea] many times.

Firstly, I changed the language I used. I denied calling myself an artist and denied calling my work "art".

I refused to explain my creations to others, despite them always asking:

What type of art do you make?

What medium do you operate within? (WHAT RULES DO YOU FOLLOW??)

What are you inspired by?

This kinda reminds me of [insert famous artist].

What does it mean?

(The worst thing anyone could say, besides complimenting it.)

These sort of questions always lead into:

Do you go to art school?

Do you sell your art?

Do you intend to?

Gross.

OH YEAH, OF COURSE I CAN SHOW YOU. SO ITS SORT OF THIS ABSTRACT, STREAM OF CONCIOSNESS TYPE THING...



When people ask me to explain my work to them, it feels like they are asking me to pull out my teeth so they can use them to chew up their food. Chew ur own fucking food baby boy, and ow! That hurts. I need them teefs.

I found it easier to reject this altogether. I am not an artist, I do not make art.

To quote Hyena "Do it. Just fucking FINISH IT already! This isn't art it's SELF HARM disguised as something that is constructive."

Winter is COMING y'all. U sit here listening  
I'vet Underground cus you HAVE 2  
because that's what you do now I  
Just fucking FINISH IT  
This isn't art its SELF  
HARM disguised as something that  
is constructive. WHERE  
is my direction in life? Am I going to  
DRIVE to the west coast to make a  
new life there? Am I going to  
IN A DIRTY so I can see people say that I  
can do it "If you want to WELLLL  
WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU BEEN DOING  
besides that? Am I going to spend winter with  
old friends in the middle of nowhere? I am  
trying to care. People all think art is easy  
but most days I don't give a FUCK  
if I live or DIE. PAIN  
RECREATION RECREATION RECREATION WHY AM I  
I FIT RECREATION



When I am done, I toss it away and go about my regular life. Eventually I'll stumble upon it and here is where I play out this bit. I pretend to know nothing of it, where it came from or who made it or what it's for. I make a face of half concern and half disgust and proclaim, what the fuck even is this?

ITS ALL CONSUMING

If I am not an artist, and I am not creating art, then... WHO AM I?  
AND WHAT EVEN THE FUCK IS IT?

Well, there are many answers to these questions.

MONDAY  
FEBRUARY 2010

CONSUMING

IT'S PRO ART

Usually, I feel called to do it. I wake up on a Sunday morning and am pulled to the floor, where I'll spread out 10 different canvi (word for blank spaces where stuff goes) and just vomit out onto the pages. I'm not thinking about what I'm spewng, nor am I executing a concept I thought of a few nights ago. Nor am I thinking whatsoever about the outcome. No rough drafts, no revisions or 2nd attempts. It is almost entirely about the process. I know it's done when I feel like it's done. I felt that I had to get it out, and once it's out it's out. This process can be excruciating and painful. It can feel like a burden, to HAVE to do something. Especially when I am creating from a place of pain. It feels like I am ripping myself open and pouring my guts out. It can be a chore, but a necessary one.

Sometimes I like to pretend that I just found all this stuff on the street. I did not have anything to do with its creation. I just picked it up out the trash and now I have it.

Sometimes I believe that someone else made it, and I am just distributing it for them.

Sometimes I believe that I've never even looked at it before. I literally don't even know what it is.

But this is what led me down the rabbit hole of [the Idea]. What if I could create something where people don't ask me all these dumbass questions? Where people don't compliment it, or tell me how they think it's cool (fuck off lol). If I can create something so not-art that people don't look at it with [the Lense], well, then I would be free from all that bullsht. It's not a commodity, it's not a pretty lil picture for you to look at or hang on your walls, it just is what it is. Worthless trash. Nonsensical gibberish. Meaningless smears. Random noises.

But the existential crisis doesn't end the

