

the CUTTING ROOM PHLOOR



Jared?
 - revolts against
 Phony heirarchy
 establish Jared mag
 - Phony Strikes back
 - descent into ruin.

Pinault
~~Wall Drust~~
 Cunt+Cave?
 *Project Ronald
 family guy
 cut scenes

NORICE
 no more
 you

eleven e
 eleven e
 Phonym
 2 link to website

DO NOT CRAFT DO NOT CRAFT

I'm normal	
I'm normal	
I'm normal	
I'm normal	
I'm normal	
I'm normal	
I'm normal	

JOE XTREME: THE
 RESSURECTION

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CLASSIFIED

PHONY POEM - 3

CAPTAIN'S LOG - 4, 5

PHONY EMAIL - 6

AN OPEN LETTER TO PHONY - 7

PHONY 9/11 + PHONY BEATLES - 8

PHUTURE PREDICTIONS - 9

MEET THE PHONY STAFF - 10, 11

PHONY PHAILURES - 12

THE CLUB THAT NEVER ENDS - 13

PHONY DECLASSIFIED - 14, 15

Phony,
like a breeze
in early
May.
On early mornings,
and late nights, I
have
wondered with my zine
at the things that once had
been.
A skitter-skatter mind,
sporadically
involved
in the world, I've seen
my dreams
in
these pages,
for some
nine,
plus a couple, years,
and for
eleven
years
more.

After 22 years, we've finally done it! I'm so close now. It's been a long and arduous journey. Lost nearly 39 men along the way. Not gonna lie, it was mostly the whale. Big fucker he was. I won't hold it against him though. I mean, it's not like he's sentient or anything. A sentient whale? What a thought! There's no way such a dumb animal would have had the foresight to time the detonations like that. That whale couldn't have been so evil, right? I mean, if that was the case, then I would probably obsess over taking my revenge upon the whale that took my crew and completely lose myself in a quest for retribution. What a life that would be, right? Just a man and his hatred for an animal. That wouldn't happen though. Not anymore. I am simply too peaceful. Too mindful and demure, and with a love and respect for all of the world's creatures.

Anyway, now it's time to go rob ourselves some graves. You see, I'm what you'd call an adventurer. I go... adventuring. Currently we've just docked ourselves in a distant, mythical land. I doubt that a rookie like you would have heard of it. It's a place only heard of in songs and ancient tales and also the Kung Fu Panda trilogy. It's a place called... China. I only learned of it myself a few months ago when I tried to find bedrock in real life. Then, I knew that I had discovered something big. And after packing enough snacks to last me the trip, now we're about a couple tens of thousands of miles away from the coastline I'd reckon. You might be wondering how I managed to dock a ship so far away from any beach. Well... what did you think the shovels were for? We just barely made it though. Thanks to the heat of earth's core and the effort it takes to dig a tunnel while dragging a ship against gravity at the same time, most of my shovelers are dead. Many either burst from strain or atrophied into slime from malnourishment. I probably should have brought more than a zip-loc bag of granola bars and a single wheel of Emmental cheese. There was also the whale though. Can't forget that. Stupid underground whales.

Luckily for us though, I had the foresight to get ourselves a compass so I could always find my way back home. Do compasses work in the Earth's core? Doesn't matter. It's a good compass. It's got a picture of Spider-Man in it. It was a lot of work to get though. I had to adventure a guy to death for it. Don't worry. He's probably fine. It just means that I probably can't go back to my home state. That's why I have this cheese just in case. It was all worth it though, because this compass is how we get our fortune. I happen to know that not too far from here is an ancient tomb said to be guarded by terracotta warriors. I don't know of any place called terracotta. It's probably some even more mystical land that I haven't heard of. I don't think it'll be a problem though. I've adventured more than a few dudes in my time. That's why my only options for when we get back are Hawaii and Connecticut, but by then I'll have the money to buy some Gruyere cheese and then I'll really be living it large. I do have another reason for doing this though. You see, when I was a boy I got into some heavy debt with the wrong people, and now I have to find a treasure for their time capsule or I'll be adventured to death by bears. With boxing gloves. And lasers.

This treasure will get me everything. My freedom. My legacy. Maybe even some Appenzeller cheese. But that's not gonna happen if we don't break into that tomb. What is this treasure, you ask?

Weed. It's Weed.

Yeah, I probably should have told you that before you were forced to eat your own legs, but yeah. That's what we're after. Emperor Qin Shi Huang loved his mercury, and as luck would have it, mercury is exactly what you need to grow the most brain busting weed that science can conceive of. And brother, busting makes me feel good.

That's right. I'm going to bust open that tomb like I've never busted before. Those terracotta warriors won't know what hit 'em, because they won't know what's coming.

It's me. I'm coming.

I assure you. Nothing can stand in my way. I'm going to go into that tomb, get that sweet sweet thousand year old gas, and become the greatest adventurer in the world! Then I'll maybe sell any surplus product to that drug tycoon from outer space. Yes, it's real. I know a guy. Met him in that prison for garden gnomes. Don't ask.

Anyway, before us lies the gate. The entrance to the ancient tomb.

...Huh, That's weird. It looks like there's an inscription right above it. It reads, "進入此門者，放棄一切希望吧。"

If only I could read Chinese. At least I have this translator device that I managed to swipe from that space cop. It looks a lot like a gun. Weird.

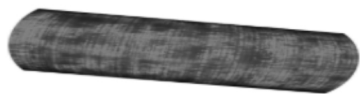
Okay, I think it reads, "Whosoever opens this tomb shall awaken the wrath of the Eternal Cylinder." The Eternal Cylinder? No, that can't be right. Like the indie adventure survival game published in 2021? The translator device is probably busted. Now, this kind of busting doesn't make me feel so good, but it should be fine. As long as we don't-

"This is not the story of the One." Shit. There's a narrator. "The One encompasses too much, crushing everything and making it the same." Okay yeah we should probably leave before shit hits the fan. Normally I'm pretty into shit hitting fans. Shit hitting a lot of things actually. But this is not the kind of shit you want to get hit by. Trust me.

And then I went to live in Connecticut. That may be a little strange to hear. After all, I'm a grizzled adventurer. Stories with grizzled adventurers don't end like this. Grizzled adventurers laugh in the face of danger. Too bad danger isn't my middle name. It's actually Clarence. It was given to me by my great aunt who thought that her Cockatoo was a reincarnation of some ancient emperor. Life is peaceful though. I can't imagine living with a middle name like "Danger." That'd be fucked up.

What? You thought I was joking? I really am quite peaceful and demure and content with my new life. I enjoy things other than sailing the seven seas. I like cheese, and living with my gnome husband, and playing the Eternal Cylinder on my Xbox.

Oh yeah... the Cylinder. You might be wondering what happened when I accidentally unleashed a planet sized crushing cylinder upon humanity. Luckily there happened to be some towers that were designed specifically to restrain the cylinder, so it's not doing anything at the moment. As long as nothing happens to those towers. As long as nothing happens to those towers. As long as nothi-



Office of the President

Dear faculty, staff, and students,

The University of Minnesota is an institution committed to the spread of real, telligible, and truly accurate information. I am continuously inspired by our community's dedication to excellence.

Early Thursday morning, a controlled drone strike was implemented upon Appleby Hall. This incident was a part of our larger movement to keep our campus safe from the resurgence of 'phonymaxxing' and spread of misinformation. We believe that we have successfully taken down the inner circle of this operation, known under the alias of 'Phony Magazine'.

We all owe deep gratitude to the men and women volunteers in the Anti-Phony Neighborhood Watch Club (APNWC) and UMPD who tirelessly have been working to keep phony-based antics off of our campus. This movement and our preventative measures, understandably, are likely to evoke fear and concern. The University is resolute in our commitment to support the safety and wellbeing of every member of our community, regardless of how traumatizing.

If you're a desperate schmuck looking for attention, know there are University resources available:

- Quick access to connect you to the right help, five days later on mentalhealth.umn.edu
- For students, Boynton Health drop-in counseling during regular business hours will refer you out to the most expensive counselors in the city that will not accept your insurance.
- There is also other group therapy-based support, such as with the brand-new 'Honors Students with Mommy Issues' group on Mondays from 5-7:30 AM.
- For faculty and staff, support, therapy sessions, and a self-care library through the Employee Assistance Program, open only from 12:30:59-12:31:00 PM on Thursdays.
- Additional comprehensive resources for all on the [Safe Campus website](#). First responders are at the forefront to arrest you instead of your attacker, especially if you identify as female or non-binary. We are dedicated to equality and inclusivity on this campus.

Additionally, if you happen to see continued 'phonymaxxing', please contact APNWC at (690)-420-3267 immediately. Thank you for your commitment to keep this community safe.

Sincerely,
Rebecca Cunningham
President

[The following document was pulled from the Phony Archives. It is a letter to the club dated March 8th, 1931.]

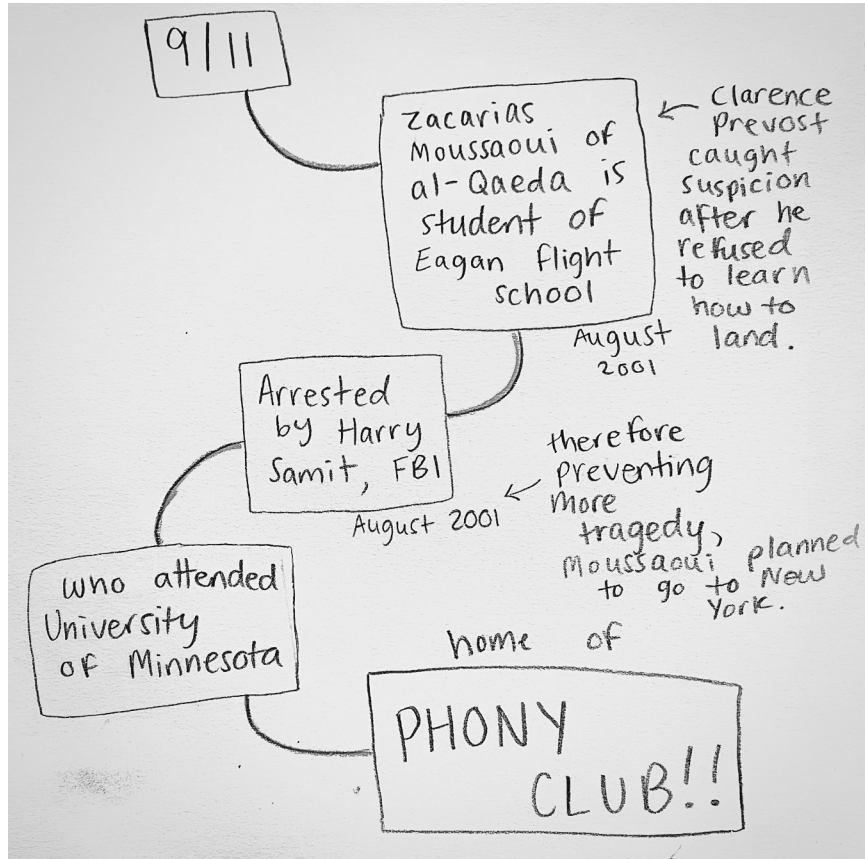
To Whom It May Concern,

Salutations Phony Members! Following the Stock Market Crash of 19-two-9, I have taken up residence atop the ceiling tiles of 2-oh-fore Appleby Hall. Work and entertainment are hard to come by, you see, but observing your club has been the highlight of these two tumultuous years. However, no publication is perfect, and the rest of this letter details seven points of constructive criticism I think this magazine could benefit from. Shall we begin?

1. Nobody but me understands how commas work. Will I tell? Over my dead-fucking-body I will.
2. Many of the contents of this magazine are far too salacious for most readers. There are far too many references to “bodacious bosoms” and “popping cock”. I’ll have you know the word is “poppycock”. Has the world gone to the dogs?
3. Joking about modern events is in very poor taste. I mean, really, the Titanic? Imagine using tragedies for their comedic potential. Is that what you want your club to become?
4. The technology used in this club is far too out of date. I must inquire why you have neglected to adopt the printing press. Is writing each copy individually via typewriter that enjoyable?
5. Speaking of, why is it that only men work in the Phony Phactory? So unfair and inefficient! You could pay female or child laborers far lower wages.
6. I’m not done complaining about your business model. Why not use specialty typewriter paper instead of the printer variety? Do you want the accursed machines to get jammed? The carriage of the typewriter will not survive the mistreatment. Fucking ametuers.
7. Please please please let me in the club I’ll do anything if I can write my own pieces I’m so lonely.

Remember, I’m always watching,

Your Secret Admirer



Remember this.



Hello future. Have you solved all problems yet?

Yes?

No?



Why not?

My predictions for the phuture:

01. Ice age.
02. 9/11 pt2.
03. Trump-Biden relationship hard launch
04. Woman President : Impeached : Lesbian
05. Recession
06. global eradication of the letter "F"
 - a. (i.e. people will say, "Hey Phred, why the phuck did you phuck my phather?!" or something like that.)
- 07.
08. Timothy Chalamet fake death
09. Phony makes 1million dolla
10. 3D TV
 - a. Without the stupid glasses. This is going to be awesome.
11. Beagles extinct
12. Kermit canceled :(
13. Everyone bald
14. Love Island Mars Colony

If you are reading this, hopefully I successfully froze my body right before death. Please thaw me only once the technology to extend my life has been perfected. I want to keep on living! Or if the Taco Bell original Baja Chalupa comes back. Bring it to me so I can eat it and die.

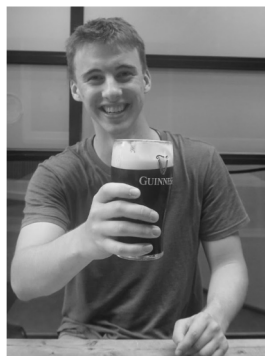
Meet the Phony Staff!

Jimmy Tuffknuckles — Editor in Chief



Working at Phony Magazine since 1895, our Editor in Chief has seen it all—both World Wars, the rise and fall of the Soviet Union, 9/11 and AI porn. When asked what his favorite part of working at Phony Magazine was, Tuffknuckles said, “The breath of life in my corporeal vessel has long since ceased. I have no joy in my life and I wish for nothing else than the sweet release of death. (...) Oh, favorite part of Phony Mag? Probably the word searches!”

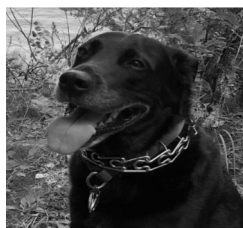
Wordy McWordface — Editor



McWordface hails from the beautiful country of Ireland, and is gifted with an excellent writing ability, knowing the ins and outs of every crevice of the English language. He arrived at Phony Magazine after a long period of employment with the Irish Times, the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal and Minnesota Star Tribune, before settling down at Phony Magazine. He always provides the greatest feedback on each article that comes his way, but you have to wait until he writes it down cause no one can understand what the \$! &% he is saying.

“I l’v’ th’s mag’z’n m’re th’n me own childr’n!” says McWordface.

Monty — Company Dog



“It is with my highest regards of praise that I say that I am honoured to be considered this prestigious publication’s ‘company dog’. This magazine, if I daresay, contains the greatest works in accountability journalism, critiques of the arts and AI pornography reviews! Jolly good work ‘Phoniers!’”

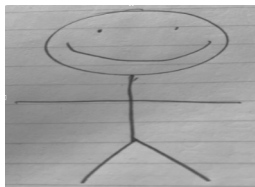
Jeanette Beauchêne — Art Director



Beauchêne was initially a distinguished Chinese checkers player, representing France 17 times at the annual checkers world championships. Sadly, after being involved in a freak air frying accident at the age of 9, Beauchêne was wheelchair bound for her entire childhood. Despite never being able to play Chinese checkers again, she discovered a love for the visual arts, and eventually became Art Director at Phony Magazine after an extensive and competitive interviewing process. “One day I was playing hangman with some friends and this REALLY old guy approached me and said my gallows was the best one he’d ever seen. I’ve been the Art Director for Phony Magazine ever since.”

Jared - Intern

Jared has been here before. And he will be here tomorrow. And will be 1000 years from now. No one knows where he came from, or where he’s going. Just as the wind blows, the rivers flow and the Federal government takes advantage of its citizens (ZINGER!!!), Jared will forever work unpaid to gather elementary experience to add to his resume. Ominously content with his unpaid position, Jared is a force of nature no man, woman or beast would ever cross. His blank stare and ever present smile is ethereal and off putting to all that gaze upon him. “Hi. I’m Jared, and I sure do love working here! I first joined because my dad said I needed work experience for my resume. I feel like I’m almost getting the hang of it, but I still haven’t quite figured out how to put coffee in the machine yet. I’m still learning though, and that’s what really matters,” says Jared.



Hey Phuckers! At Phony Magazine, we believe that humor should take risks. Sometimes these risks succeed, sometimes they redefine the paper. Sometimes they get shot down with a dm saying “hey quick question.” We wanted to reflect on some of those failures over the years.

“The Phony Woman”

In this bold piece the author asked himself one question: what should a woman be? Seemingly forgetting the sardonic nature of the paper, this 12-page manual details exactly what a woman's duties and responsibilities should be.

“Phony, phunny this time”

A humor-themed humor magazine was a great idea. Every page was completely void of humor, because thats the joke. One piece was a dense seven-paragraph setup about flight attendants drinking oatmilk that ended with the word “society”.

“Milton”

Milton was one of the larger failures of the club, not just as a writer but as a perfectly mediocre person.

“Foning It in”

This zine centered around the idea that writers would only be able to write and submit whatever they had five minutes before the deadline. Pieces included setups to jokes and punchlines to others. A piece titled “Caphitalism” featured one writers whole grocery list. The magazine was never finished.

“Tophical Phony”

With an editorial desire to be relevant, the premise of this zine was what is happening in the now. Featuring several pieces on the BeReal app and references to the tiktok rizz party, this zine was released in January 2026.

Vine, dat boi,

"Fucking Hell"

I sip from a glass of vermouth as I look over the files on my desk. It feels like there's never an end to them. Every time I think they're done, another one drops onto my desk 2-3 months later. My intern stands in the corner, fidgeting nervously. I can understand why. I never stop complaining about these things, but it's his job to bring them to me.

"I-I'm sorry sir, I just--"

"Zip it. I'm not mad at you, it's these damn... what do they call them?"

"Z-Zines, sir."

Zines. What a joke. Collections of debauchery as far as I'm concerned. But it's my job. Why? I don't know. The University checks keep coming in though, so I keep working.

You see, it's my job to keep an eye on certain student organizations that... well, aren't what you would call "Kosher." Most of the time it's just some group of moronic students who put together a "club" as a joke. Do you know how many sex clubs are formed every year on this campus? Lately, we've gotten requests for a "67" and "Larp" club, the latter of which actually already exists as a real organization, so I directed them to that, but it turns out they weren't interested in real LARPing, they just wanted to pretend to be fans of stuff and argue about it with people online. Kids these days.

Usually these clubs last a few months before the kids lose interest and decide to do something actually enriching with their time in college.

But this group... This goddamn group.

It's been almost 12 years now. At first it was kinda cute. Just a bunch of kids writing stupid shit and publishing it. But now... god... it's just horrible. There's no other word for it.

Maybe it's just my age getting to me, but every time I have to crack one of these open to review it, it's like I'm transported to another dimension where everyone hits themselves on the head with a hammer every morning. It's an alien language, I'm telling you.

My intern is clearly noticing my frustration, and decides to speak up.

"S-Sir, maybe it's time to... stop? We can just terminate the club, right?"

"No... No we can't. They haven't technically done anything wrong. We can't stop them. It's like they know. Like they know I'm here, being forced to read every word of this drivel. They just keep riding the line to mess with me. It's been years, Jared! So many years! God how many issues is it even at now?"

Jared shifts uncomfortably. I can tell he doesn't want to answer that.

"Just tell me, kid."

He swallows the lump in his throat and speaks.

"F-Fifty, sir."

I lean back in my seat and pull my old hands across my face. There's no end. Never. Even after I'm gone, they'll still be here. I can feel it. No matter what happens, no matter what shape it takes...

Phony will never die.

In 2008, the international Phony Assembly was called to immediate action by the London committee concerning a plagiarized piece misattributed to the Irish. For the sake of convenience, the short piece's punchline is as follows :

"In fact, lawyers for Kaczynski only had one question for each prospective juror: 'What is your mailing address?'"¹

But of course, this was before anyone knew who Ted Kaczynski² was, as he had just enrolled into Harvard at this point. If only we had known what he was capable of. Upon arriving in London, the Parliament allotted executive authorization for use of the table of the house. Common recipients of this honour include Winston Churchill, Margaret Thatcher, David Bowie, The Beatles, and Shakespeare. Boston-based agent Dirt Diggler recorded the following meeting, transcribed by some intern who nobody seems to even notice anymore.³

LONDON | TABLE OF THE HOUSE | 17H 38M

[CHAIRMAN, British, clears throat]

"Right. We've called this emergency session of the International Phony Assembly to address the matter of the misattributed joke. Now, before we begin, I want to acknowledge our representatives from five countries. We have France, Germany, Sweden, the United States, and of course, our colleague from Ireland – Seamus – who has traveled the furthest and whom we are most grateful to have here."

[Murmuring of approval]

"Seamus, would you like to open with a statement?"

"Ah, Jaysus, they did nick our bleedin' pun, the feckin' pigs. The whole department's in a right state, and I'm tellin' ye, I've no love for the lot of ye!"

[Silence, CHAIRMAN nods slowly]

[GERMAN DELEGATE raises hand]

"You don't need to raise your hand, Germany, just speak"

"Uhm, okay, but vas zat english?"

[CHAIRMAN, CAREFULLY]

"It was."

[FRENCH DELEGATE]

"Eh saéd 'the' at oenh poeént. I rehcoegnézehd 'the.'"

¹While the remark may serve adequately in bars, a meeting to deliberate upon this inferiority exceeds the zine's standards.

²Better known for other work.

³Documentation written by said intern; termination request has been denied by Phony administration due to the employee's position as offspring of an executive.

[SEAMUS]

Ah, will ya be quiet, ya feckin' eejit, before I'm comin' over to yer bleedin' table and clobber ya into next Tuesday, so I will!

[FRENCH DELEGATE]

"I goet tuehsday dzés témeh aroeund"

[SEAMUS FIRES RAPID UPPERCUTS INTO THE AIR]

[DIRT DIGGLER]

"I'm the United States, by the way Lol"

[BRITISH CHAIRMAN GUY]

"Yes, Mr Diggiler, we understand"

[SWEDISH DELEGATE, who has not spoken yet, reaches beneath the table and produces a tunnbrödsrulle⁴ wrapped in wax paper, places it on the table, begins eating]

[CHAIRMAN]

"Sweden, we didn't break for lunch yet.

"I broughthten it frommen stockholmlmen. It is a twelvenn hourren flightghten. Erma eatingngen it nowwen. why do you gooyssen hatenn me?"

[DIRT DIGGLER, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA]

"Jet fuel doesn't melt steel beams."

[SEMUS (Editor's note, what if his name was seamen? Wouldn't that be funny? Drinks at my place at 7, catch more of my comedy there.)]

Aye, we did it 'cause we hate ye lot. Quit yer bletherin' 'bout us bein' poor when we're headin' over. Y'are nothin' but eejits, so ye are.

[DIRT DIGGLER]

"Wanna watch porn on my phone?"

END TRANSMISSION

[Editors note: The plagiarised joke was never formally attributed. The case was closed in 2011 when the London committee received an anonymous package contesting the ruling. The return address was a cabin in Montana.]

⁴Look it up. Seriously. Why are the Swedish still eating like vikings?

Sophie

Mary

Julian

Jack S

Jack K

Sky

Grant

Paige

Hayden

and Tate

CLASSIFIED