

PHONY

MAGAZINE

Issue 46



You're Invited!

Itinerary

A letter from the Editor - 3 Another word from our Founder - 4, 5

Phiphth Grader - 6, 7 Undercover Phony - 8, 9

Hayden memes - 10 Page 11 - 11

Phony Phone Call - 12, 13 Ancient Phony - 14, 15

Phony Reviews - 16 Phony Reincarnation - 17

Phony Party PSA - 18, 19

~HAPPY~
Anniversary



A Letter From The Editor

As some of you readers may have noticed, for the last several decades the quality and availability of this great magazine has been in steady decline. Although it pains me to expose the weaknesses of an institution I so love, we are first and foremost a magazine built on principles. I respect you, the viewer, too much to sugarcoat reality. Between rising paper and ink prices, as well as declining quality of incoming freshman, phony has had to shutter its doors and re-consolidate in several key markets. To date, only in Guam, Minnesota, and some parts of New Brunswick can one even pick up a Phony. Once upon a time anyone could walk into their local drugstore, dentist office, or anarchist bookstore and get to know what real Americans had to say through our zine! I am deeply afraid to say this is no longer the case, and hasn't been for a long time.

This is not, however, a letter of resignation from us. In a rare turn of luck, Phony Magazine and all of its intellectual property have passed into the caring stewardship of Dug Bugly Private Equity LLC. Their executive board promises that we should not take the mainstream framing of this as a 'hostile takeover' and insist that ours will be a mutually beneficial relationship that will bring much-needed capital and expertise to a storied and illustrious magazine.

Although the members had already voted on 'The Phirst Brick' as our next theme, which would have been an homage to and celebration of queer rights activism, the Content Coordination Team at Bug Dugly felt that celebrating Phony's 11th anniversary and cashing in on tried and true gags such as 'Family Guy Cutaway but Not Bigoted' and 'Mommy Blogger' would do much better to buoy up Q1 earnings. As the editor, who's sole mission it is to stay true to myself and our mission, I couldn't agree more.

I hope you enjoy Phony's 11th Anniversary, and I hope we can continue to bring our zine into your hearts and homes.

All the best,

Tonya Cooper, editor-in-chief for Phony Magazine

Another Word From our Founder:

Dear Phony Readers,

In your hands you hold history. In your hands, you hold the blood, sweat and tears of STEM students desperately trying to make up for the gaping hole that is their soul by writing about topics they can replace the F in the name of for PH. This is the eleventh anniversary of my life's project, Phony Magazine.

I started this branch of publication at the University of Minnesota in two thousand and fourteen from the confines of my prison cell. It was a long and hard process of email assaulting multiple college students into continuing my legacy long after my imprisonment had been continued for forming a small mafia of inmates, but my efforts eventually paid off. After inspiring the youth of today through two additional charges of blackmail, three charges of bribery over the amount of five thousand dollars, and one charge of conspiracy, a revolution was born.

Even with its more favorable days of being the teen celebrity gossip magazine, or even back to when it was a platform for local photographers and poets to publish their works for the greater good of men like me, the magazine was reborn from the ashes. Phony Magazine has established itself at the University of Minnesota and Standish Maximum Correctional Facility. I was even informed recently that they brought on a criminally unpaid intern. I did not care to remember his name, but he is a part of the family.

Many readers within these concrete walls enjoy the laughs, giggles, and underlying pornography that always has raging positive reviews. Even Clawhammer, after barely escaping the electric chair, put down the cafeteria tray in favor of fapping it under the sheets to the beautifully depicted story of how Justin Timberlake and Branch broke down the barrier between them and made passionate love to SexyBack. I read it myself, and I can say that he really did see what he was twerkin' with. What a perfect depiction of love without boundaries.

Getting back to the point, I am a happy and satisfied man with how far Phony has come. As a continued symbol of comedic history, culture, Americana, and death of a tree for the greater good of the people, Phony Magazine has stood the test of time and will for many awkward college semesters to come.

There is nothing else I would rather keep in my prison wallet when being forced into isolation for cooking my cannoli after hours.

Read and enjoy

– R. Davis Lawtner, Phony Magazine founder

In Memoriam



R. Davis Lawtner

Our Beloved Founder

1963-2025

"Where's my cannoli... I can't run this piece
of shit without my cannoli... Hurry."

Being a Phiphth Grader (Phony + fifth):

By Phernando Pherguson

Phiphth grade. The phinal (Phony+final) phrantier (Phony+frontier) I am now eleven years old, and I am now in the Phiphth grade. Phiphth grade is phine (Phony+fine) I suppose. I'm the top dog oph (Phony+of) my elementary school now. A11 the little phirst (Phony+first) graders are too scared to talk to me, but that's a11 phine. I don't need them.

Even though I just had my birthday party, I pheel sort oph empty inside. A11 I got as giphts (Phony+gifts) were a bunch oph old "zines" (which is slang for a magazine I guess) and a Dairy Queen gipht card. Wow, I love DQ as much as the next guy, but I was hoping I'd get a liiiiiittle more for my most important birthday ever. Because no one ever celebrates a ten year anniversary. Only eleven. Anyways, I'11 get onto my story oph wae.

So I was just sitting at my desk during silent reading time when this one kid kept talking about his great "rizz" and how much he liked the skibidi toilets. I'm an inte1lectual and much cooler than the other kids in my class so I'm a11owed to make phun oph the slang that my phe11aw (Phony+fe11aw) children use.

So I turned around at my desk and I was like "DUDE!!!! SHUT UP! I'M TRYING TO READ BIG VATE!!!!" Heh. Big Vate is so tuphph (Phony+tuff (tough)). And his stupid little phace (Phony+face) turned around to me and said "BRO SHUT YOUR PHRICKING (Phony+fricking) MOUTH!!!!"

My stupid teacher Miss Phields then got up phram (Phony+from) her desk and said "GO TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OPHPHICE (Phony+of fice) IMMEDIATELY!!!" So me and this daucher are walking down the ha11way to our principal's room (see I avoided using the word ophphice so you didn't have to look at that word again) and then we see the ha11 monitor.

By the way, did anyone actua11y have a ha11 monitor? Or was that just phram TV shows or whatever..... But so basica11y we got there BLAH BLAH BLAH we got ye11ed at and now my mom is gonna be PHUCKING (Phony+shucking) pissed ophph (Phony+of f).

But yeah. Phiphth grade kind oph sucks. I don't even have any game with the phuzz (Phonex+huzz(haes)) either. They don't like me. I may turn out like that guy from Taxi Dripher (oh wait this one is a v not a f) now.

Anyways.... Erm..... durrrrrr..... Uhhhh.... Dayyyyyyy..... Yeah that's pretty much it. Hope someday I can find a tuphphuzz (tuph(Phony+tuff)+phuzz (Phony+huzz(haes))) oph my own, but I am only in the Phiphth grade...

Hello.

My name is [REDACTED] from the International Anti-Phony Fan Club, and what you see before you is my Exposé on this horrible student organization. Our goal as the International Anti-Phony Fan Club (IAPFC) is to Identify Phony members and their heinous crimes, Expose their heinous crimes, and get them Arrested for their heinous crimes. In other words, IEA. Founded in 2014 with our headquarters in Ding Dong, Texas (Yes, it's a real city, and yes, we're proud of it), we were created with the sole purpose of hating Phony, with members all over the world, from janitors to world leaders.

I was sent across the country to Minneapolis, Minnesota as a special whistleblower agent in order to complete IEA. I am in front of Appleby Hall right now, and I have faced my first obstacle in my mission:

The door requires what is called a U-Card.

I stand in front of the door for a moment, discouraged. Was my mission over? Was I going to return to Ding Dong empty-handed? How could I face my family again? But then, a miracle from God occurs: a random student exits the building, opening the door.

Now's my chance. While the entrance is exposed, I quickly push the door to keep it open and step inside. Surely, this is highly illegal, and if I'm caught I'm certain I'll go to federal prison, but I'll just have to be careful not to get caught. It will all be worth it to make this world a better place.

Now that I'm in, I make my way up the stairs towards the designated room. My hands start to sweat as I ascend. This is it. This is what it all comes down to. I'm going to become a hero of the IAPFC. My alcoholic family will finally love me.

I reach for the door, and I open it...

What the fuck.

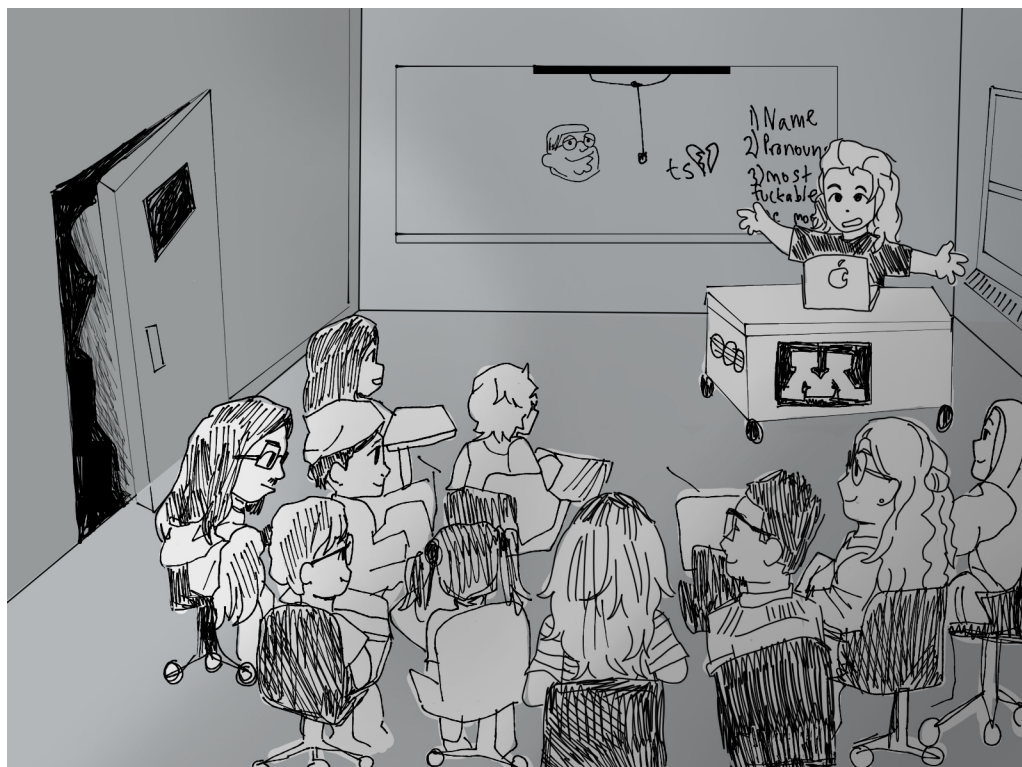
On the board is a drawing of Peter Griffin from Family Guy wearing a thong, accompanied with questions: "name," "pronouns," "most fuckable Minecraft mob." The projector screen is down, showing a YouTube video titled "Boyfriend Falls Down a Flight of Stairs Into Oncoming Traffic ASMR", complete with half-hearted grunts that are assuredly from the boyfriend in question. Just horrible voice acting.

I'm frozen for just a moment, but the Phony members don't even notice me, enraptured by the audio as they stare dead-eyed at the screen like a cult learning the 'Great Truth.

A moment passes, and I slowly, quietly shut the door, before I flee the scene. Dear God, I had to get out of there. Phony is much more powerful than we've realized, too powerful for the IAPFC to handle. This is something a greater power needs to handle.

I frantically rush down the narrow stairs, bursting from the doors out into the cold, and I don't look back. I don't care that my deadbeat parents will be disappointed. I don't care.

As I am writing this, I am contacting every member of IAPFC I can, warning them of the sheer, horrifying power of the Phony organization. For any other IAPFC agents reading this, I beg you: beware Phony. They will out-goof you, and they will eat you alive with their ridiculousness.

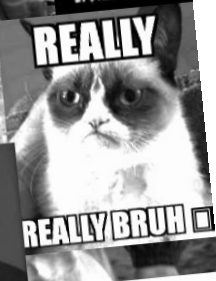




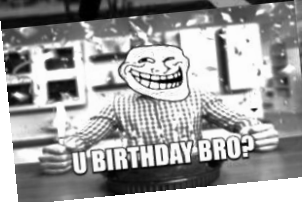
phon
y 11



11 YEARS
132 MONTHS
4015 DAYS
96360 HOURS
578160 MINUTES
34689600 SECONDS
OF BEING AWESOME



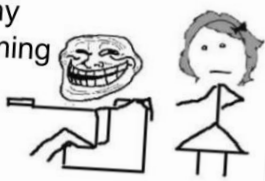
VERY CLEVER



Hey Derp! What's on TV?



Anti-phony
programming





It's been 11 years since I started interning at Phony Mag. It probably won't end anytime soon. My main job here is to make and answer phone calls. Today, the Phony President needs me to call our local printing shop to order the copies of our latest issue. I don't mind it so much, the calling. I get to use the Phony Phone. And the Phony Phone... well, it's not your average sized phone.

I stalk up to the phone sitting on a pedestal in the middle of the Phony Mag office compound. He's perched elegantly on a red velvet cushion, bare buttons facing up in the air, his long, hard handle glistening in the daylight. "Hey," I said to him as I reached for the handle to put him against my ear.

I flipped through the small phone book I kept in my pocket to find the number for the printing shop. The Phony phone began to let out a long, monotone sigh as I searched. It was waiting, begging me to hurry.

I found the number. I slowly brushed my fingers along his buttons, deliberately pausing after each press, making sure he was dialing every number. When I stopped, he began ringing, and I waited for someone to answer on the other end of the line. "Good boy," I whispered to him right before the printing shop answered.

"Hey this is Jared from Phony Mag, I need to place an order."

"Of course, let me look at your account to begin the process," someone said.

I stroked my finger along his handle as I waited for the person to pull up what they were looking for. The Phony Phone's sound quality and connection was so strong, I could hear the other end's key board clacking as they typed. I stopped stroking him and began yanking back and forth his cord as the printing shop receptionist said, "Do you want the job in the same zine format and printing settings we have on file for you? How many copies?"

"Yes, same settings. We'll do 100 copies. When can we expect to pick them up?"

They paused on the other end for a moment. For a second I thought he had lost connection, I didn't realize he was that close. But then the receptionist responded, the sound quality tinny and hard to hear. Good, he wasn't finished yet, but I could tell he was almost there.

"In about a week, we'll call you when it's ready."

"Thanks, have a good one."

"You too, buh-bye."

The phone connection cut out with a long monotone beep. I held in him my hand for a few seconds to listen to the sound. "You're such a good phone," I growled into him before I pounded his handle back onto his base with a satisfying clap. With a last brush of my fingers along his quivering buttons, I walked back to my desk and sat staring at the wall until it was time for the next phone call.



[LOG DATE: 3/21/2500]

[EXCAVATION SITE: RUINS OF MINNESOTA]

[LOCATION PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS “UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA”]

[AUTO TRANSLATING TO OLD ENGLISH... TRANSLATION COMPLETE]

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPTION]

“Is it on? Ok, alright, I think it’s on. Ahem, this is senior archaeologist Lolph, here at the excavation site of the “University of Minnesota.” We... don't know what that means exactly, but we believe it to be some sort of religious site, due to the high number of tomes and transcripts we’ve found. The auto translator has some difficulty decoding them, but we’ve had the most success with this one.”

-He holds up a small paper booklet. The title reads “Phony Magazine.”-

“Now, as I said, we did try to translate it but... no one knows old English much anymore. I’m not sure what a “Phony” or a “Magazine” is, but nonetheless! We have made some incredible discoveries inside that paint a picture of the culture this civilization once had. Firstly, the people in this society seemed to worship one named “Jared.” His name appears in all of the books that we have found. Here’s the accompanying picture.”

-He flips open the book and points it toward the camera. Unfortunately, the reflection from the overhead light obscures the picture-

“We also have some more writing here, something about... a ‘Branch’ falling in love with a ‘Timberlake,’ whatever that means. The picture shows two strange figures kissing. Perhaps they were the Adam & Eve to these people? Carrying on... ah now this one is interesting!”

-He holds the magazine up to the camera once more. There is a long string of text on the page that reads “tuphphuzz(tuph(tuff phony(phony huzz))) below that line is another, reading “(tuphph(tuff phony) + phuzz(phony + huzz(hoes)))-

“This page has been driving myself and my colleagues mad! No matter what index or translation we use, nothing comes up. It must be significant, as the word “phony” shows up multiple times, but... ugh, I don't know. My best guess is that it’s some sort of hymn or mantra they used, but that’s a stretch.”

-He flips through a few more pages before suddenly recoiling and shutting the book.-

“Shit... ah, apologies, I just... Well, I suppose I can show it for just a second.”

-He hesitantly shows the page to the camera, taking care not to look at it himself. The picture is a black and white close-up photo of a man. The man is staring directly at the camera, stone-faced, and has beams of light emanating from his eyes. The surrounding text reads “ALL HAIL KING VON”

“This page is... well, we believe this figure to be a deity of some sort to these people. But...”

-He lowers his voice and gets closer to the camera-

“Anyone who looks at this page for too long begins acting... erratic. Wilson was the first to experience these effects. He began screaming ‘all hail king von’ and said we should ‘build the man a statue.’ He’s still in the med bay... Anderson and Stevens were next. They simply began weeping and babbling about something being ‘too soon.’ I’ve managed to avoid this myself but... every time I catch a glimpse I just feel... overwhelming sadness. There is something very strange about this page...”

-He stares blankly for a second before blinking rapidly a few times and clearing his throat.-

“O-Oh... sorry. Well... as of now, there isn't much else to say.”

-He begins rapidly flipping through pages-

“Uhhh, well we’ve noted they have an odd obsession with the number 11, they... believed the earth was flat and held up by some sunglass-clad man... page full of someone named peter griffin, something about ‘jugging’ and ‘ts pmo,’ still haven't translated any of that, a whole exposé on a place called ‘O Block,’ aaand some incomprehensible mash of images depicting a man saying ‘he’s right you know.’”

-He closes the book quickly and approaches the camera wearily.-

“Sorry, I think I need to end this... Seeing that page again made me... I have to go. I... I... I should build the man a statue.”

[END TRANSCRIPTION]



Phony fans, we hear you!

We know you love this magazine, and we're as crushed as you are to see it go. To celebrate 11 years of adoration by our wonderful fans, we want to share 5 of the kindest reviews that made our work worth doing.

"i fucking hate this magazine."
-hayden@phonymag.net | 0/100

"can we have more darker pieces with more complex emotion please?
like spongebob x squidward fic. i want more pieces like that and also
with joe xtreme."
-supermegagoku | 62% on Rotten Tomatoes

"Woke. Contains overtly pro-LGBTQ+ messaging. The piece 'Barbie Wokehouse' made me get really scared and i cried"
-Woke Content Detector | Woke/10

"Please stop contacting me."
-jaredmintern@phonymag.net | 1 Dislike on YouTube

"Phony Magazine presents an eclectic cornucopia of delightful curios, ranging from short, conceptual pieces in graphic novel format to flash fiction that explores ridiculous and fascinating premises. The dazzling variety that characterizes each issue transports the reader beyond the rules and logic of our own world, manifesting the sensation that, after all, anything may truly be possible. Throughout each zine, readers are accompanied in their journeys by imaginative art from the magazine's exquisite and ingenious artists. While the jokes are not funny, Phony Magazine is a quaint experience for the undiscerning reader."

The Vatican Review | 7.39/10

Died 1616 Born 2014



riters



welcome back Marcus Tullius Cicero



HE'S RIGHT YOU KNOW

"My e11venth birthday.

An **empty** room, as usual.

Father left me with a mountain of presents, but I still don't feel his presence.

Or his *love*.

Mother said she sent out the invitations. I don't know if they ever reached the post.

If they did,

I **doubt** any of my peers would have been in attendance, anyways.

I

struggle

to

connect with fellows my age. No one understands the pain that I go through, the daily *torture* that is my life. My house is large but my home is microscopic. I sit in my cardboard **box**

day in

and

day out,

replaying old Parkour Civilization episodes on the dark *emptiness* of my closed eyelids, hoping for some kind of

release

from this incorrigible stagnancy.

It's been e11even years since my birth,

and e11even days since I found out

who-no. **WHAT**

I really am.

They say I started as an

i d e a

birthed from the *minds* of some college kids in a far-off place called

the "Midwest."

I don't know who my true Father is, nor whether he is the only **one** who birthed me. All I know of my origins are the brief glimpses of my past that haunt my dreams.

A classroom.

Some sort of maroon and gold-clad *rodent*.

The distant silhouette of an unknown someone, telling jokes.

The quiet humm of boyfriend asmr.

Laughter.

Oh laughter...
A sound so seldom heard in these four walls.
How I long for sleep, just to hear that laughter.

I wish to return to the days of my youth, wherein Father was at home and

Mother

showed me some sliver of affection, a smile that made it clear that then, at that time, I was more important than her Louboutins.

People leave.

As I grow in age, I grow exponentially in wisdom, and I have grown to realize...

We11.

Those who know."



PSA: This is what happens when you don't come to the Phony parties.



Phony 11th Anniversary

Contributors

In order of appearance

Madeline — Phront Cover, Phony
Phone Call

Lena — A Letter from the Editor

Sophie — Another Word From our
Phounder

Hayden — Phipth Grader, Memes

Jennifer — Phony Exposed

Shannon — Phony Exposed

Lora — Page 11, Ancient Phony

Tate — Ancient Phony

Sky — Phony Reviews

Talla — Phony PSA

Mary — Phony PSA