

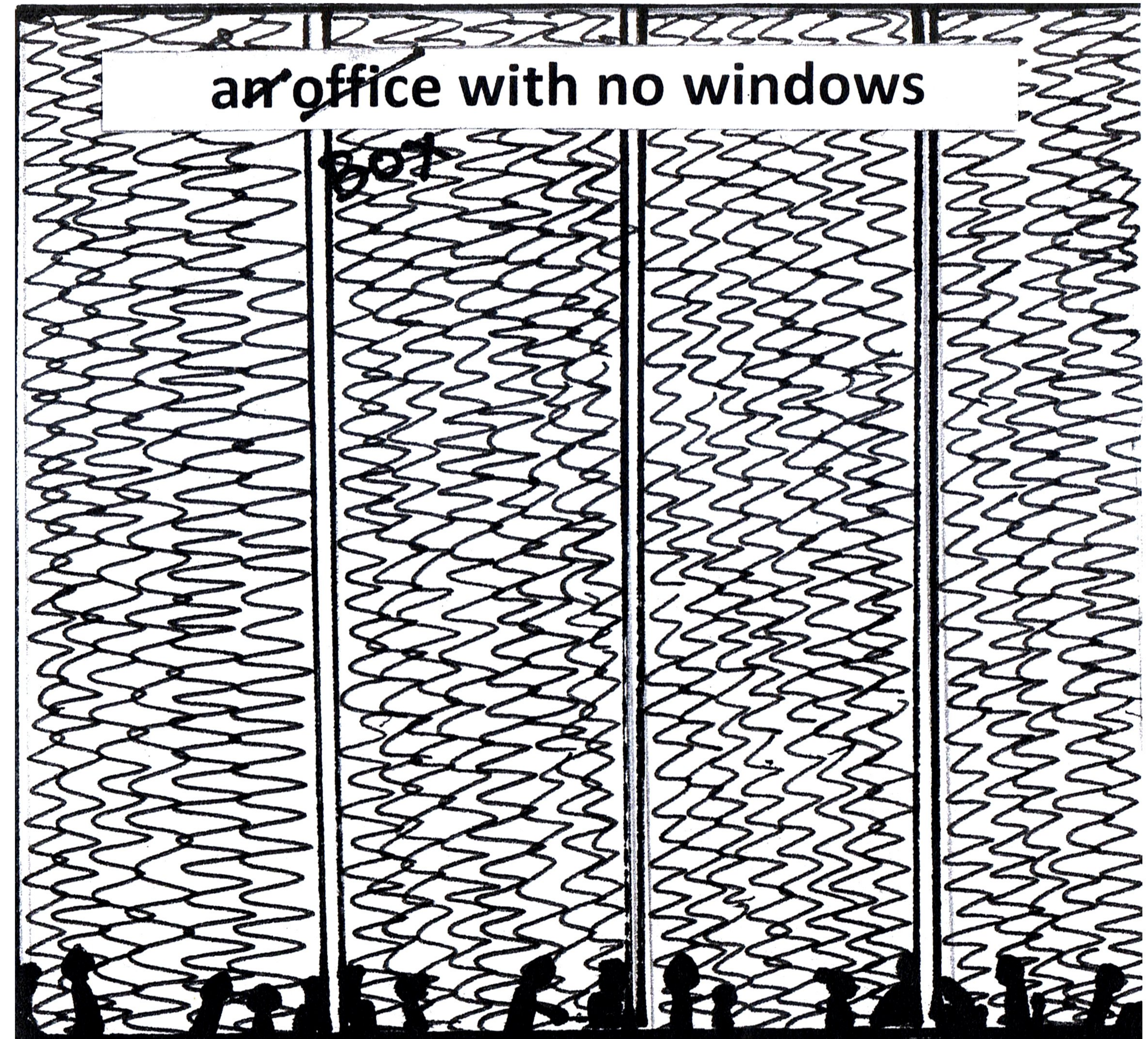
LEEN
THE BOX

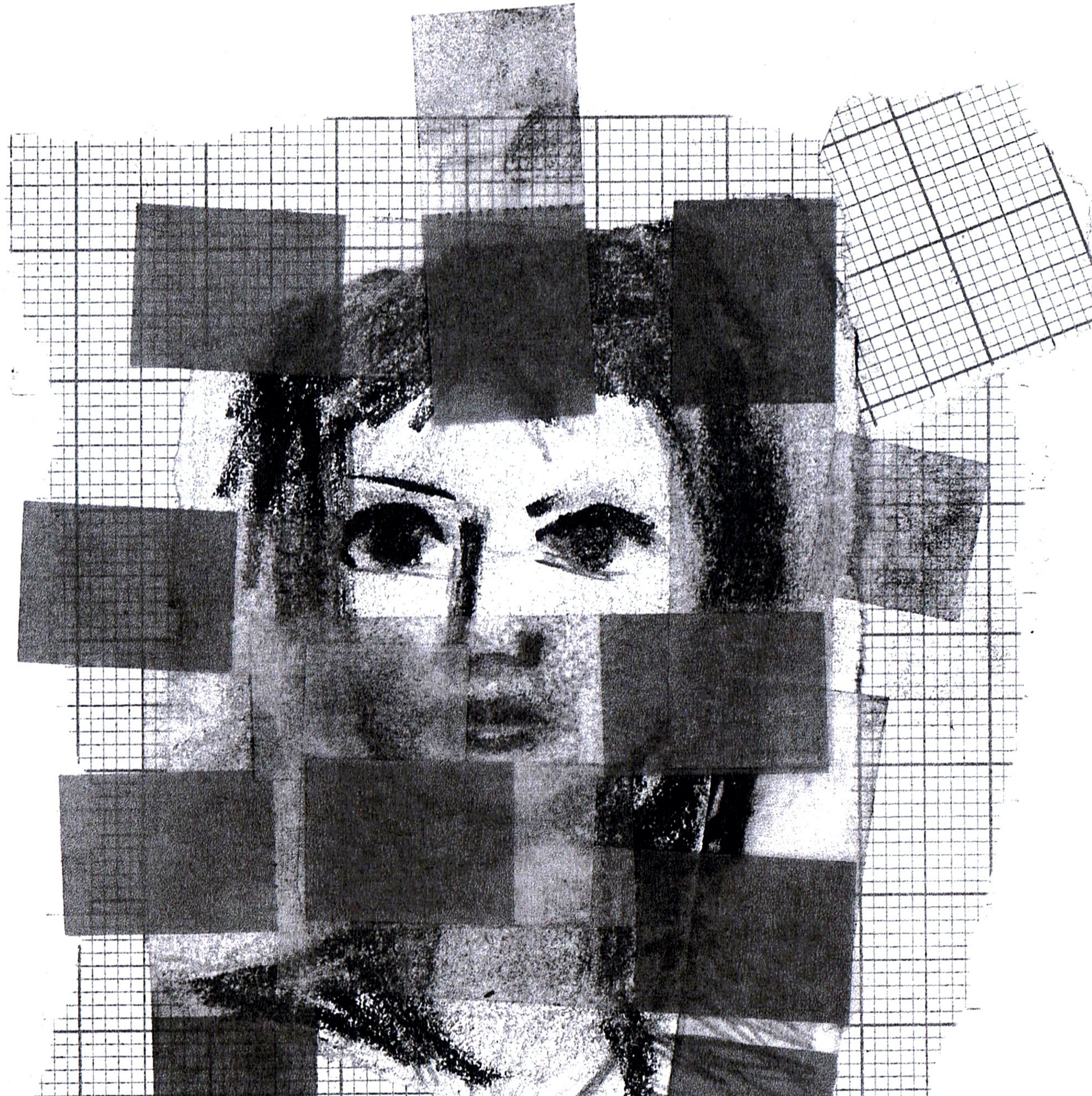
analogue

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BOX

this zine-maker now works in an ~~office~~
with no windows. this zine was born on
day 2, by lunch hour.





invisible people

Today I crashed into an invisible woman

One of the invisible people

I pushed open the office door, smack into her face

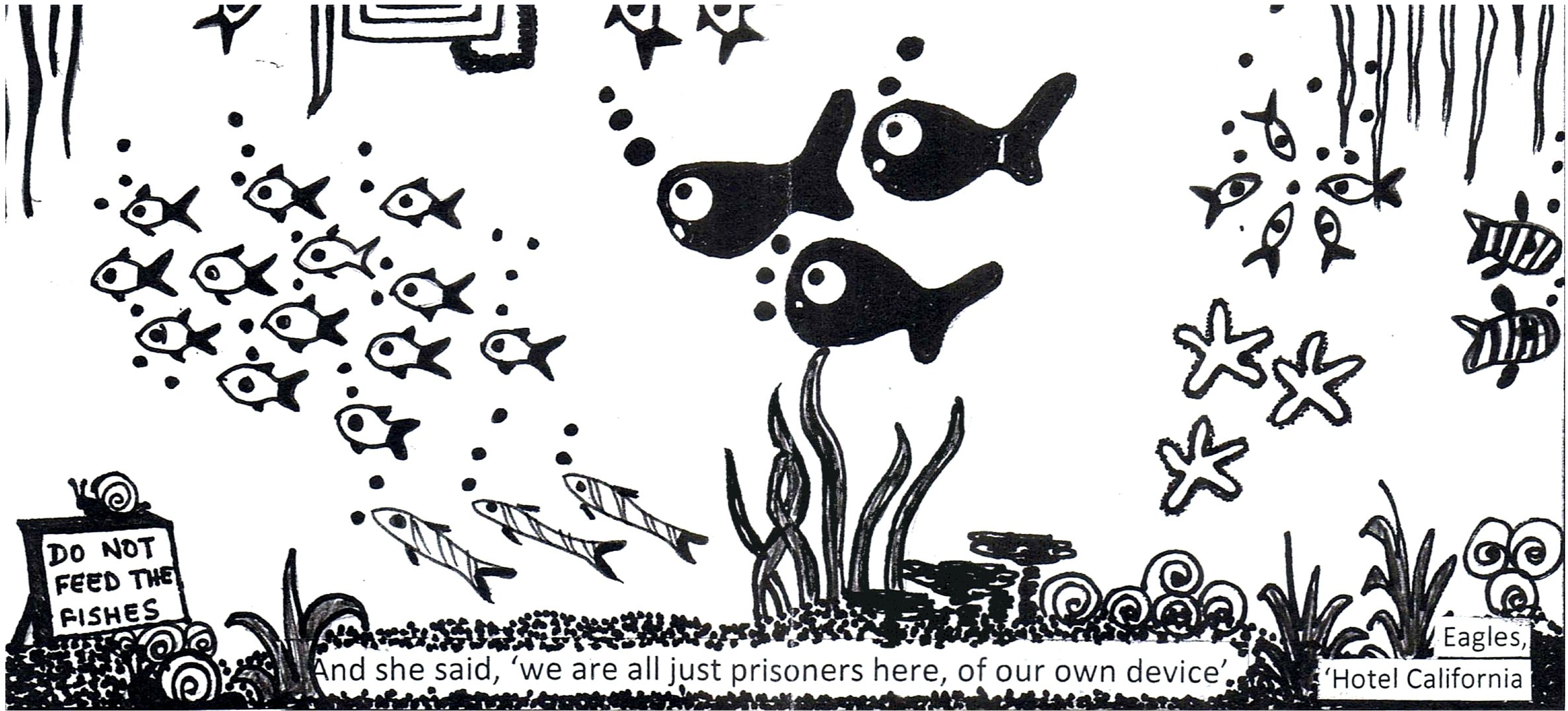
Her broom clattered to the floor

A frown creased her forehead

She saw me. Smiled her official smile,

And disappeared.

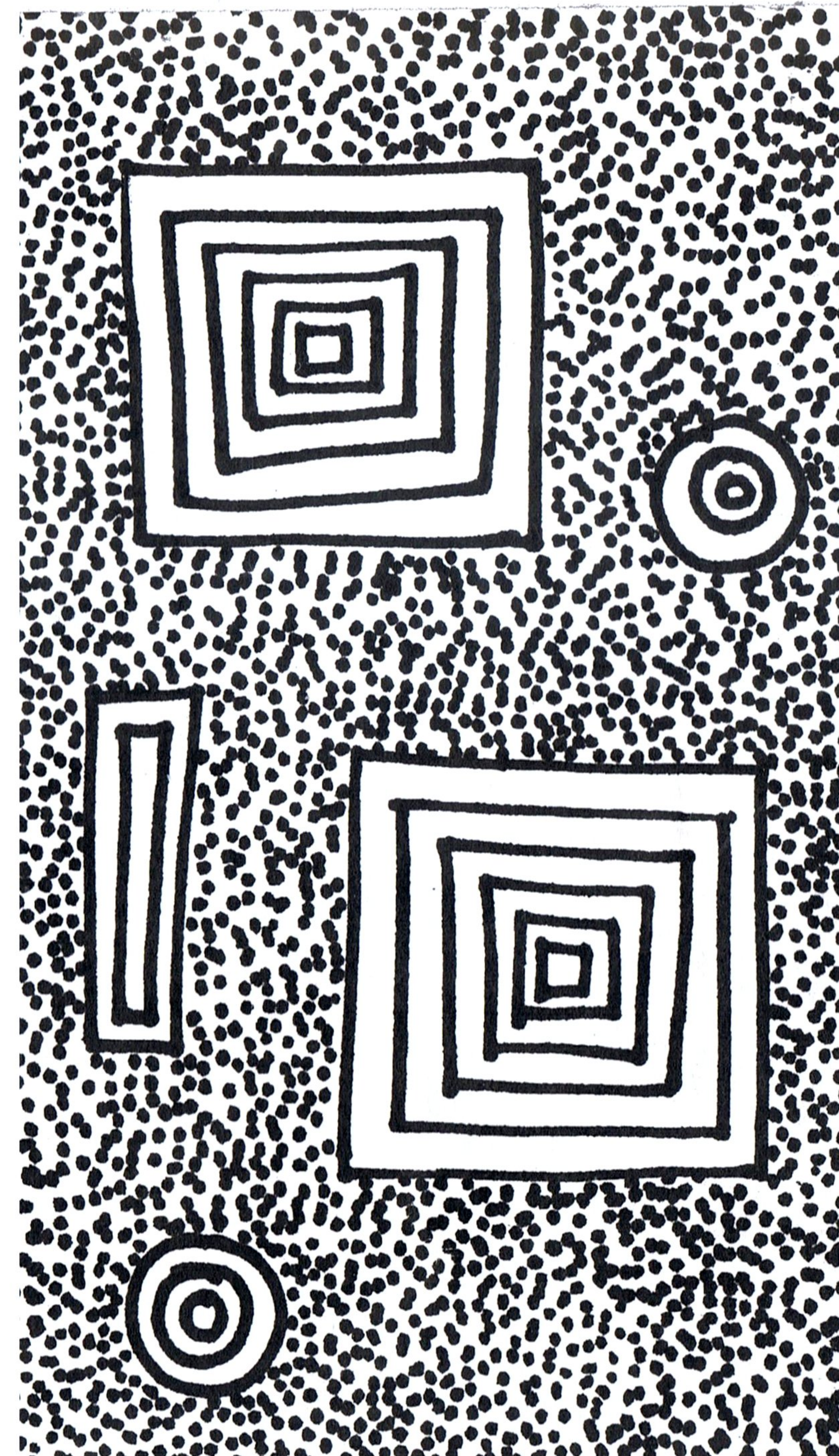
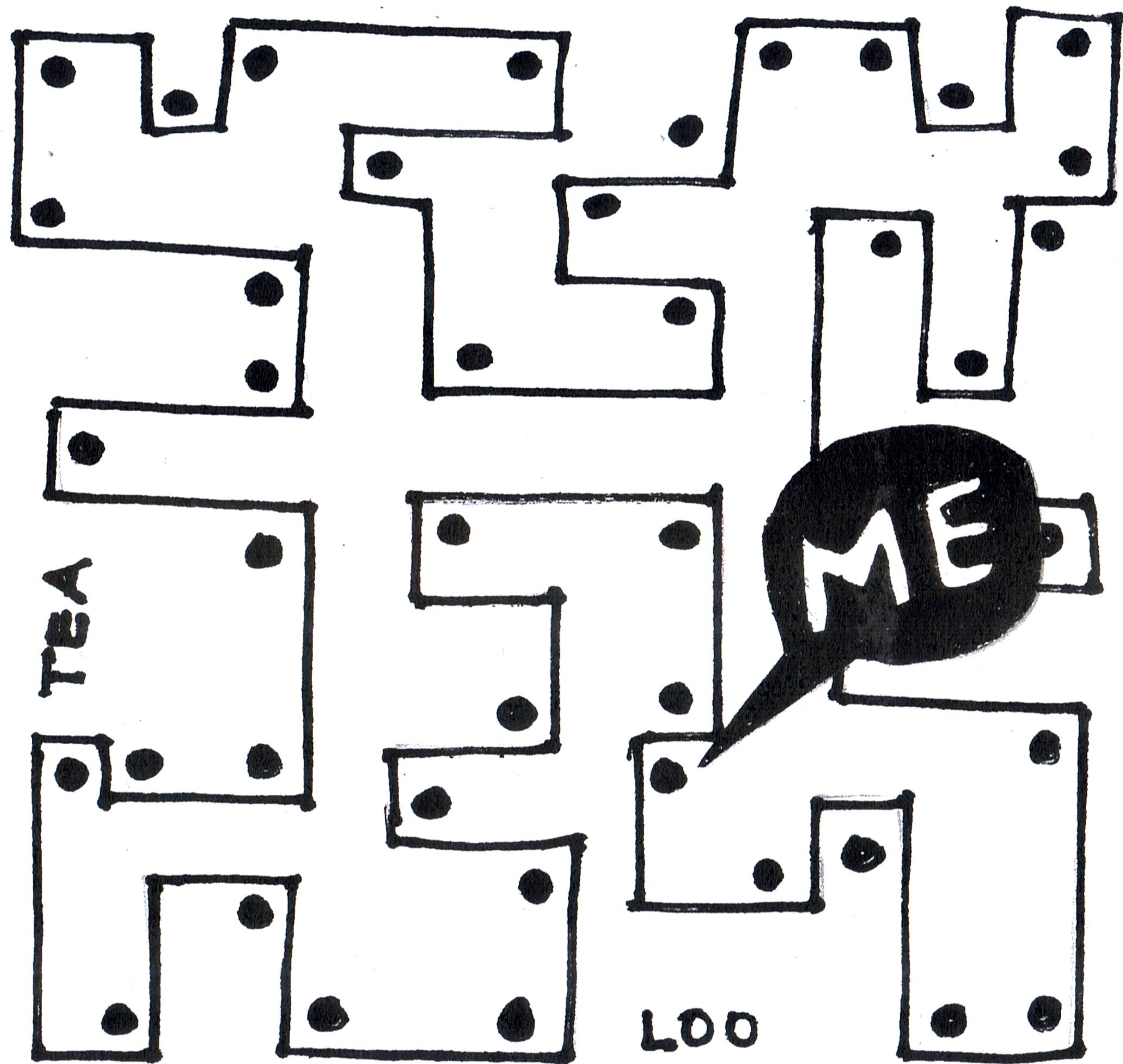
Invisible woman. One of the invisible people



And she said, 'we are all just prisoners here, of our own device'.

Eagles,

'Hotel California



aboriginal Box
art depicting the
ceiling with AC
vents and lights.



EXIT →

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