

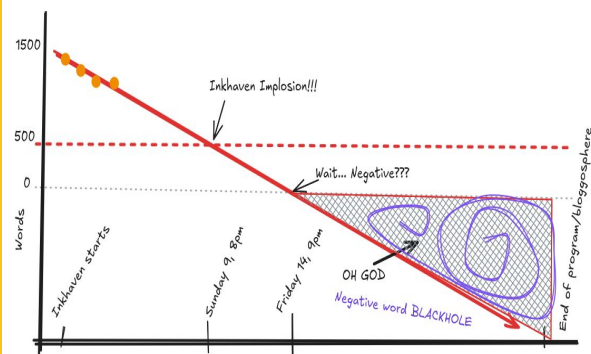
THE LOOP



TO SERVE BEAR
(FAT)



ORANGE YOU
GLAD I GAVE YOU
POTASSIUM



STRAIGHT LINES
ON GRAPHS:
THE END IS NIGH

THE LOOP: IT'S "POOL" SPELLED BACKWARDS!!!!

EDITOR'S NOTE

The LOOP is a record of the undertakings, studies, and labours of curiosity from around the world. Our ingenious contributors offer accounts of the present Philosophical Matters from around the world. We salute our friends for their thoughtful reporting.

—SLIME MOLD TIME MOLD 🌸



Page 3: 📍 You are here 📍

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URSUS

**Nutrient-packed
superfood snack**

Eat the way

Nature intended!



3 ingredients

- **Bear fat**
- **Honey**
- **Salt Flakes**

"The salt was the best"
-Skyler

"Surprisingly good"
-Alice

"i love...thank you"
-Eneasz

"Superior taste...success"
-Eliezer Yudkowsky

"Grrrr...rawrrr..."
-Bear waking from
hibernation

I ATE BEAR FAT TO PROVE A POINT

And it was surprisingly good

By Alice Liu

1. Eliezer Yudkowsky

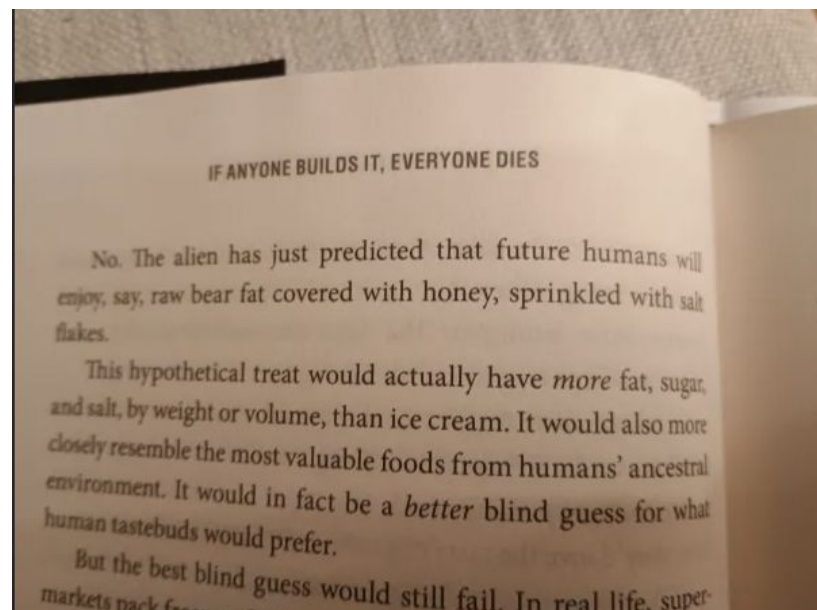
Eliezer Yudkowsky did not *exactly* suggest that you should eat bear fat covered with honey and sprinkled with salt flakes.

What he actually said was that an alien, looking from the outside at evolution, would *predict* that you would want to eat bear fat covered with honey and sprinkled with salt flakes.

Eliezer Yudkowsky recently published *If Anyone Builds It, Everyone Dies*, about why we urgently need to prevent superintelligent AI from being built, or else we die. It's a pretty descriptive title. The point about bear fat in the book (and in [this](#) previous tweet) was to argue that we don't know what an AI would want, even if we know how an AI was trained.

Consider ice cream. The aliens could know that human taste buds were trained to crave nutrients that give us chemical energy in forms that our kind of biology can digest, like fat and sugar. Since they've studied evolution very closely, they might even realize that we'd crave salt to keep our bodies at the salinity we're used to from our evolutionary environment.

But, Yudkowsky argues, the aliens wouldn't predict that humans like ice cream. They'd just predict that we'd like something fatty, sweet, and salty. This description fits bear fat with honey and salt flakes even better than ice cream. So similarly, even if we knew a lot of detail about how AIs are trained, as much detail as the aliens knowing our appetite for salt, we wouldn't know exactly what an AI would do in practice, if it got the chance to control the future of the world.



Top of page 60 of the hardcover first edition, in chapter 4

I agree that even if the aliens knew what kinds of nutrients we'd crave, the aliens would be missing major information about the craziness that humans can create (e.g. that it's easier for us to domesticate dairy cattle and harder for us to domesticate bears). I also agree that this applies to our knowledge about AIs, too. But there's a big unstated assumption in this section: is bear fat covered with honey and sprinkled with salt flakes actually bad? Maybe it's super tasty, and it's only unpopular for purely practical reasons.

Bear fat initially sounded really unappetizing, but as I read more it seemed potentially okay. According to Gastro Obscura,¹ black bears usually gorge themselves on berries and nuts during the fall hunting season, making for good-tasting fat. If they've been eating fish (or worse, people's trash) it can smell pretty terrible, but at least there was a shot that this might taste good.

So I worked up my courage and bought a jar of bear fat.

2. Buying bear fat

Yudkowsky's literal words were "raw bear fat", as in straight from a bear carcass. I don't know any bear hunters and don't want to get parasites, so I went for rendered bear fat. I hope the aliens forgive me.

I pretty easily found a company that sells rendered bear fat. They originally did tree trimming, but expanded into side businesses selling garlic, maple syrup, and (fortunately for me) bear fat. It also seemed about as ethically sourced as I was going to find. From their website:

"We do not hunt bears. We source the raw fat from a local wild game butchering station. It would otherwise end up in the compost."

I contacted them, payed them a very modest price, and they sent it in the mail.



It's amazing what you can buy online!

The bear fat was liquid (or at least runny) at room temperature, which is probably why the jar says “keep refrigerated”. It didn’t have a strong smell, at least not while closed. I crossed my fingers that this was a good sign.

I wanted to share this evolutionary treat at Inkhaven, and I figured the fat would probably store better in my checked luggage if I left its jar closed. So, I’m trying it for the first time with all the other bloggers and staff who want to show up. I bought fancy local honey and salt flakes at Whole Foods to give this the best shot of working, plus some bread and crackers to eat with it. I also wrote up a little survey for the other folks at Inkhaven to provide their thoughts.

This is maybe a good time to tell you that I drafted the first part of this post before I actually tried the fat with honey and salt, while I was still ignorant but optimistic. The next paragraph and beyond are coming after I taste it, for good or for ill.

3. Bear fat is surprisingly good

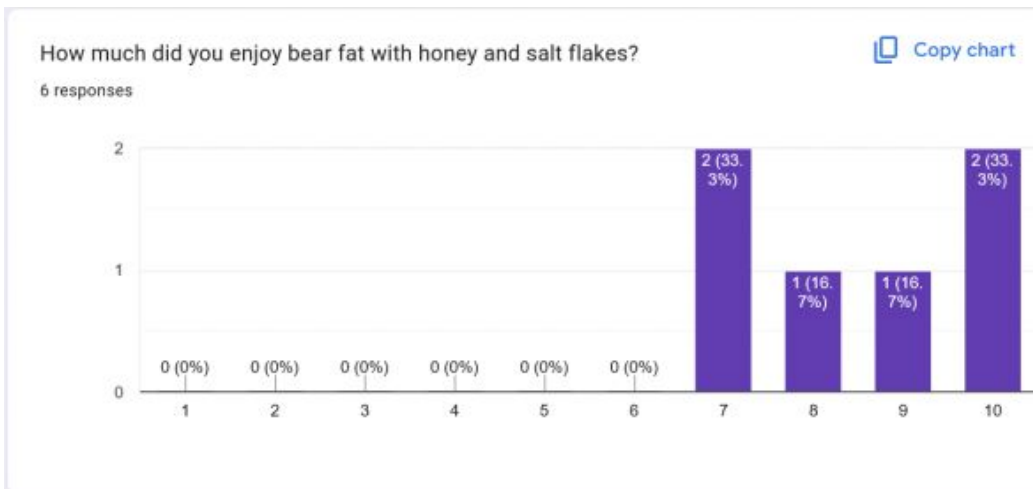
The bear fat definitely exceeded expectations! The fridge-temperature fat was quite easy to scoop, and held its shape in the bowl even as it started to melt. Appropriately, it looked a lot like a scoop of ice cream. I sampled a bit by itself, and it tasted similar to the fat on a steak, but stronger and with a smoother texture. Now, the full experiment. Adding honey and flaky salt, I first had some on a spoon, then on bread and on a cracker.



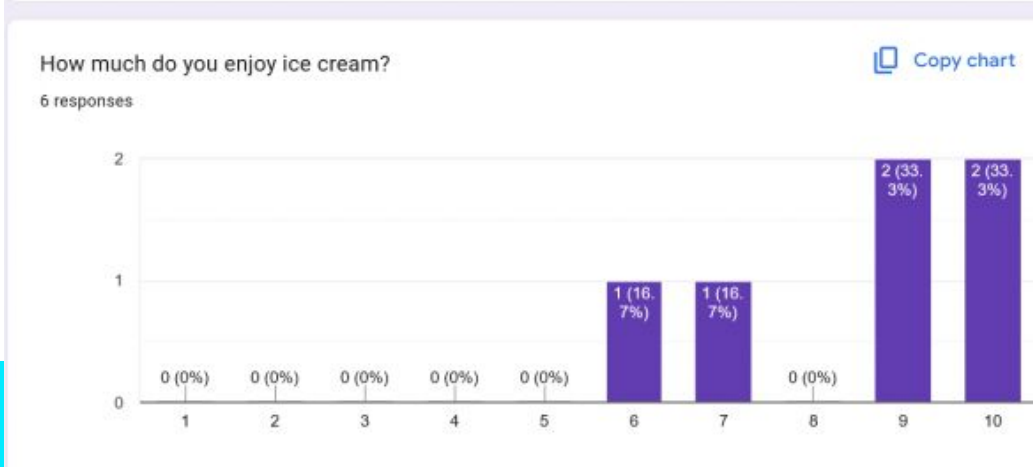
It was decent, maybe 6 or 7 out of 10 on the scale in my opinion. I did end up having more. The savory, salty, and sweet flavors combined in a really unique and interesting way. It certainly didn't taste like a dessert, but it might make a good appetizer. Honey is the right sweetener for this, since it can stand up to the deep flavor of the bear fat. The crunch from the flaky salt was a nice touch. I had some alternate subtitles for this post in case it didn't turn out this well. ("It wasn't bad", and "So you don't have to"), but I'm happy to say it was in fact surprisingly good.

Next, it was time to share.

Ten or so people showed up, six of whom filled out my survey. Their reactions varied, but were generally positive, ranging roughly from "this was interesting and thank you for sharing" to "this food is amazing and it should be everywhere". Two survey takers (Jenn and Skyler) even rated the bear fat snack as more enjoyable than ice cream, while one (Natalia) had them both tied at 10. No one who filled out the survey rated it below a 7. Gwern, who has previously written about [eating and enjoying pemmican](#), was a big fan too. He suggested that there could be better ways to serve it rather than with bread and crackers – maybe whipped, like the arctic treat [akutaq](#) (aka "Eskimo ice cream").



The survey results



4. Should you try this?

Bear fat with honey and salt flakes is definitely a thing that you could try, and you could even like. My survey takers are a very biased sample, but it is at least possible to enjoy this more than ice cream.

If you're not quite as committed to the bit as I am, maybe use a substitute for the bear fat. Schmaltz has about the right texture, though not the same kind of meatiness. Warmed beef tallow might be the most similar flavor experience, or tallow mixed with a liquid oil. You could instead mix liquid oil with clarified butter if you're vegetarian, or coconut oil if you're don't eat meat or dairy but do eat honey. The goal is for the fat to melt in a warm room, but to be spreadable straight from the fridge. Flaky salt and honey should be easy to get at a fancy grocery store.

5. So was Eliezer wrong?

I think Eliezer Yudkowsky's argument still has some merit even though some people actually enjoy bear fat with honey and salt flakes more than ice cream. The fact still stands that ice cream is what we mass produce and send to grocery stores. Even if our hypothetical aliens could reasonably predict that we'd enjoy any extra fatty, salty, and sweet food should we happen to come across it, that's not sufficient information to determine what foods we usually eat in practice. And even if somehow we were able to predict one possible world that a superintelligent AI would approve of if it happened to be there, it really does matter what an AI would do in practice, in the complicated world that we've built. But still, maybe the aliens knew a little more about us than Yudkowsky gave them credit for.



Fellow Inkhaven participant Eneas Brodski (deathisbad.substack.com) enjoying a bite of bear fat

A BRIEF NOTE ON EPOCHAL DIFFERENCES IN BIOGRAPHIES

Dear SIR—

I read many accounts of the lives of notable men from the past. I find that they all sound like this:

He was born in Smalltown, Kansas, the son of a schoolteacher and a moonshine distiller. He ran away from home at 14 by hopping a freight train to Pittsburgh. There, he encountered Charles Vanderbilt on the street, impressed him with a card trick, and became his personal secretary. After overseeing the construction of the Transcontinental Railroad, he spent a year fighting alongside revolutionaries in Haiti, where he lost half of his right ear. Around this time, he encountered the Duchess of Cornwall and was briefly betrothed to her, but he had to flee after her father discovered the engagement and vowed to kill him. He then returned to the United States and invented the first cotton candy machine and the dance we now call 'the Charleston'. He served three terms as a senator from Rhode Island, during which time he survived two assassination attempts and apprehended the notorious serial killer known as Mickey the Strangler. He had twelve children and forty-one grandchildren, including Marilyn Monroe, Dwight Eisenhower, and Enrique Iglesias. He died of an infection at 54.

Meanwhile, accounts of the lives of notable men from recent history sound like this:

He was born in Greenwich, Connecticut, the son of a neuroscience professor and the VP of a pharmaceutical company. He attended Stanford, where he and his roommate started a company that tricks people into turning over their phone data. He likes to windsurf and frequently goes on podcasts. He is now the 11th richest person in the world.

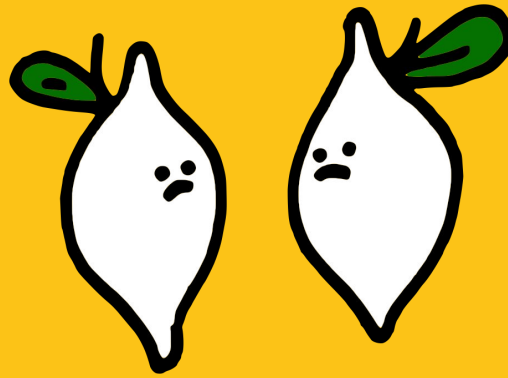
I ask you: what has happened?

RESPECTFULLY,
Hutcheon McGutcheon

GREEN ≠ LIME, YELLOW ≠ LEMON

A Citrus Struggle

By Xander Balwit



I love fruit. I have a fruit-tier list (in which passionfruit tops the chart in S-tier and papaya brings up the bottom in F-tier), I pilgrimage to fruit markets, I follow fruit reviewers on YouTubers (one of whom is also a contortionist?) and my favorite Jewish holiday is easily Rosh Hashanah, not just because Jewish holidays aren't that great, but because it involves the consumption of a new fruit (2025 was breadfruit)

You can imagine my vexation, then, that I cannot clearly identify whether the tree outside my new house is producing lemons or limes. It is, however, definitely one of these. The fruits fit snugly in the palm, have a slight nipple at each end, and once cut open, volatile aromatic compounds explode forth in the canonical "citrus burst." The problem is that some of the fruits are green and some are yellow. The largest ones are yellow (ripe lemons?), but the vast majority are green (limes?).

Upon recounting this conundrum to a group of friends, they said, "But aren't limes just unripe lemons?" This is just bell pepper propaganda, and according to a quick search, "limes and lemons are genetically distinct, though closely related. They're both members of the *Citrus* genus." (That said, most grocery-store limes are indeed picked early to help with shipping and marketing)

But lest we get too comfortable, "neither limes nor lemons are 'species' in the strict sense; both are hybrids that arose through complex crossings among ancestral citrus types." Aw, a flood of relief — the categories are murky, and this tree could even be some kind of hybrid.

But is this just Citrus Cope?

To test this, I made guacamole using the traditional method: forget about avocados until it is almost too late, obliterate them, liberally add salt, run out to the store because you forgot chips, and squeeze in numerous limes. The results, while delicious, revealed little. Lemons are also a common ingredient in guacamole (despite lively debate on Reddit). I was no closer to finding my answer.

In fact, with each passing day, I have only been sucked deeper. I am losing myself in the same manner I did when I learned not everyone thinks tennis balls are green. Is it me? Am I green/yellow blind, or was this mystery tree planted by the International Tennis Federation (ITF) to lead me astray? Was this fruit also ITF “Optic Yellow”? Can we ever really know?

“But is this just Citrus Cope?....Can we ever really know?”



Curiosity as a Service

If you knew what question to ask you'd as an AI. But sometimes you don't.

Elizabeth Van Nostrand is professionally curious. In exchange for money she will be curious about your problems, like “Is my start-up idea scientifically supported?”, “What metrics can I use to refine my exercise program?” and “What was the role of chaos theory in theoretical ecology?”



POTASSIUM SPIKED ORANGE JUICE AT A DINNER PARTY

By Valentino Di SMTM

Orange juice contains some potassium (elemental symbol K), it says so on the nutrition facts. There's also an interesting story about how the K gets into the OJ, which I haven't confirmed for myself, but is possible and amusing. I've been told that there is natural potassium in oranges, which is removed during orange juice processing, but then they add potassium back in to the juice at the end as potassium citrate. Fun!

People don't get enough potassium, according to the CDC or something. (The recommended daily value for adults, technically, the "Adequate Intake", is 4,700 mg of potassium per day. But per the CDC NHANES dataset, median potassium intake hovers around 2,400 mg/day, and mean intake around 2,600 mg/day.) Potassium is good for your heart and maybe for weight loss and we'd probably all be healthier if we got a little more. So maybe we should think about easy ways to get more mg per diem.

People are already happy with some potassium in their orange juice. Maybe they would still be happy if you added a little bit more. Maybe they would like the fortified version even better. If they like it just as well, this could be a huge public health intervention. And if they like it better then that's just a no-brainer.

So for public health reasons, we should check this out. Also, this will maybe reveal something about the potassium drive. We know we have a drive for sodium because we add salt to food and deer lick salt licks and all that. We probably also have a drive for potassium, but it would be nice to confirm that experimentally, and maybe learn a thing or two about it.



Materia Methodica

I ran a pilot study of this OJ fortification idea at a dinner party. Before the party I fortified Tropicana OJ with +0, +200, +400, and +600 mg/cup potassium as potassium citrate. This was in addition to the listed 450 mg K that the OJ contains at purchase, and I chose these levels because they are approximately 1x, 1.5x, 2x, and 2.5x the default concentration. Pilot tests on my roommate confirmed that concentrations above 2.5x were likely to be found “gross”, so I didn’t go higher than that.

You might wonder, how much pulp? The sad truth is that due to supply limitations at the H Mart, I wasn’t able to get enough of any single style of OJ, so I used a 50/50 mixture of "Some Pulp" and "Lots of Pulp".

At the dinner party, I recruited a total of 15 participants to try all four OJ mixtures, rate them on a scale from 1-10, and give notes. I put the mixtures in a random order and counterbalanced the order so half of participants started with the +600 mg/cup mixture and half started with the +200 mg/cup mixture.

Results

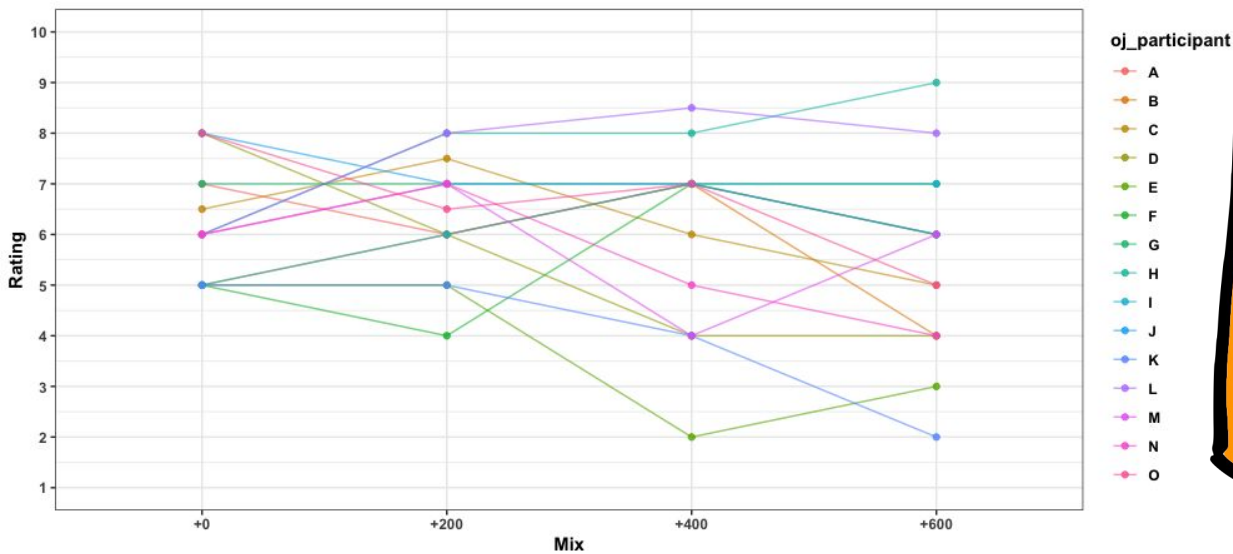
Participants were all White (11) or Asian (4), a reasonable balance of male (9) and female (6). Subjectively, it seemed like there might be a gender or race effect, but there's not enough data to say for sure. Maybe something to look out for in the future.

People like orange juice. On average, they show a slight preference for the +200 mg/cup mixture, and against the +600 mg/cup mixture, compared to the baseline OJ.

Here are the mean ratings:

MIX	MEAN RATING
+0 mg/cup	6.2
+200 mg/cup	6.4
+400 mg/cup	6.0
+600 mg/cup	5.5

Here's a quick plot of the ratings by participant to help drive intuitions:



Digressions

Because of the small sample size, none of these differences are statistically significant, so they should be interpreted with caution. However, these results do rule out very large effects. For example, we can say with some confidence that while the +600 mg/cup mixture is probably less enjoyable than the off-the-shelf juice, it isn't overwhelmingly hated either.

This looks like a clear story, and you might think that the take-home is that +200 mg/cup is the best level of fortification. But these means conceal some fairly large individual differences.

For example, one participant rated the four mixtures 6, 8, 8, and 9 in increasing order of K fortification. This person liked the OJs with more K a lot more, and liked the strongest fortification (+600 mg/k) the best, at a rating of 9 out of 10.

Another participant rated the same four mixtures as 8, 6, 4, and 4, and yet another rated them as 5, 5, 4, and 2. These people liked the unfortified version the most and hated them progressively more as they got more kaliated. So while we can't pull out statistically significant differences, it seems clear that some people like the fortified mixtures much more than the baseline, and others like the fortified mixtures much less.



In general I think this is good news for fortification in this range. Most people didn't have a strong preference against light levels of potassium fortification, and some people even preferred it. In cases where participants had a clear favorite (i.e. there wasn't a tie for highest rating), 3 people gave the +0 mg/cup mixture as their favorite, 3 people gave the +200 mg/cup mixture as their favorite, 3 people gave the +400 mg/cup mixture as their favorite, and 1 person gave the +600 mg/cup mixture as their favorite.

Another way of looking at this is to tell you that 67% of participants rated the +200 mg/cup mixture the same or better than the the +0 mg/cup mixture, that 47% of participants rated the +400 mg/cup mixture as the same or better than the the +0 mg/cup mixture, and that 40% of participants rated the +600 mg/cup mixture as the same or better than the the +0 mg/cup mixture. So participants mostly either preferred the fortified versions, or didn't have a strong preference against them, though +600 mg/cup does seem to be approaching "too much" for most people.

On the other hand, three participants liked +600 mg/cup the most (i.e. gave it the highest or shared highest rating) suggesting that they aren't at ceiling for fortification, and might be happy to go even higher.

Some of this variation is probably environmental or situational. Some participants mentioned that they had just come from soccer or had biked to the dinner party, and anecdotally these people seemed to like the fortified OJ the most. One of the participants who liked the fortified OJ the least mentioned that she drinks a lot of coconut water, so it's possible that she is already "topped up" on K and found the fortification overpowering for that reason. These would both be fairly easy to spin off into additional studies; testing preferences for different fortification levels before and after a very sweaty athletic activity, or before and after a week drinking coconut water every day.

Overall, seems promising!

Contra the Squatty Potty, *Maybe?*

Call to drop trou' for science

by Itsi
Weinstock

The average Rationalist space in the Bay Area is distinctively marked by the ubiquitous publicly placed Squatty Potty, a small stool at the base of the toilet. You are meant to place your feet on it, bringing your knees up to half emulate a squatting position. Here, my enemies make an evolutionary argument as to the functional improvements of fecal ejection.

I want no piece of it; I am a man of the throne. I always kick it away with glee. Once or twice, I tried to use it, but it is minimally more difficult to use as a medium-height dude wearing jeans. I refuse to spend the 10 seconds to get used to this mildly inconvenient device. I am a modern man: I place my feet firmly on the floor, I take my phone out, I lean forward, and scroll.

Very sadly, Deep Squat has eroded the epistemic commons, sponsoring its own propagandistic studies to convince us of their efficacy and giving out stools to our funding-starved institutions.

To my great joy, there is evidence against the use of the Squatty Potty. In 2023, we have the paper: *Using a footstool does not aid simulated defecation in undifferentiated constipation: A randomized trial*. A great boon for civilization. However, evidence has come out in favor. In 2025, a meta-analysis of 42 studies has yielded this miraculous conclusion:

”However, inconsistent findings, driven by methodological limitations and short-term study designs, highlight the need for longitudinal research to clarify chronic health impacts.”

Scientists are clearly cowards.



However, my attention has been brought to the following piece of research from 2016: **Influence of foot stool on defecation: a prospective study.**

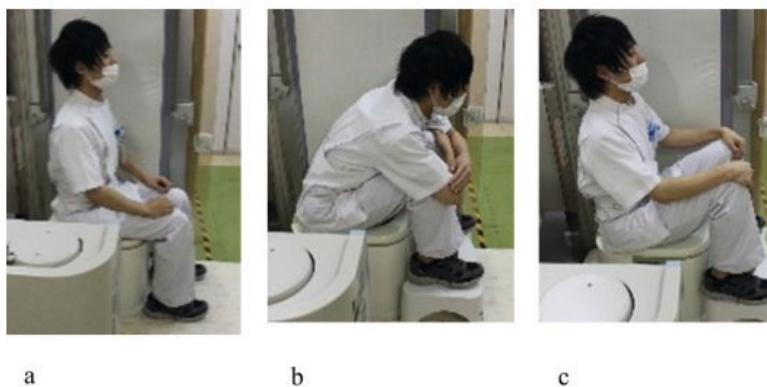


Figure 1. – a, Upright sitting position without a foot stool; b, Upper body bent forward position with a foot stool; c, Upper body backward with a foot stool

Here, we are introduced to the “Thinker Position” (no joke). They wanted to see if the addition of leaning forward on the john would help you out. They found that the increase in blasting power (scientifically referred to as *rectal pressure*) was almost 3 times higher in the leaning forward vs straight groups, which is associated with faster clearance times.

Ultimately, it seems unclear what can be attributed to the leaning forward and what can be attributed to the squatting.

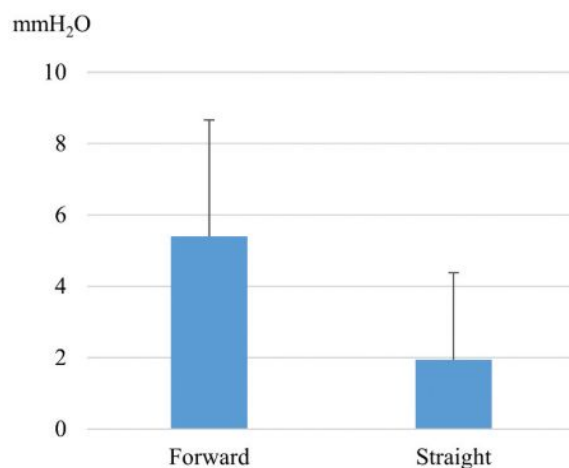


Figure 4. – The difference of rectal pressure between the upper body bent forward position and the backward position without and with a foot stool.

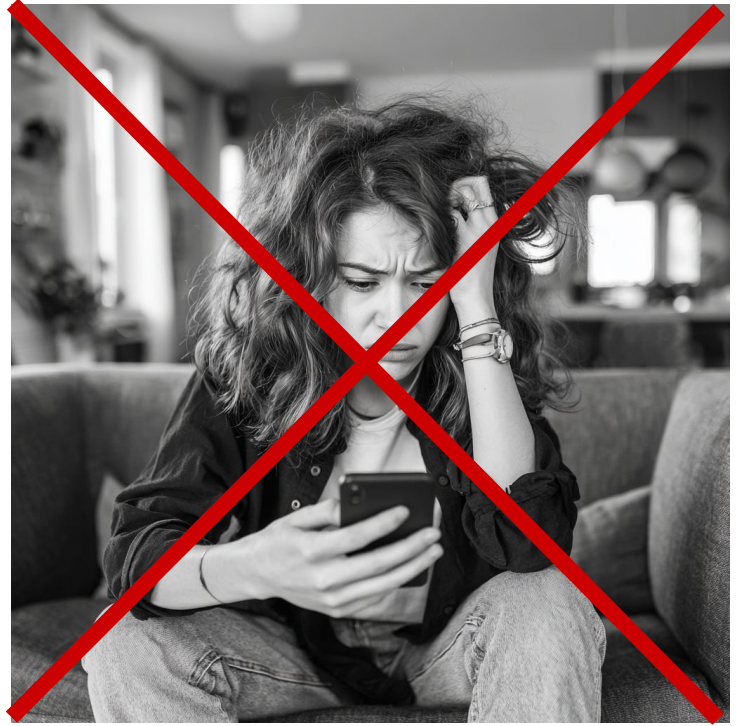
Friends, scholars, students of the bowl: I call upon us all to do the research required to put this to bed. We need a study of the masses who will participate for the good of the species. Half of us shall pseudo-squat. The other half will lean forward in the natural scrolling position. And something about a control group.

We will attach speed guns and motion sensors to the bowls of our loos, and accelerate not only the speed of our stools, but the velocity of our species.

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INKHAVEN WILL IMplode ON NOVEMBER 9TH!!!



PSA by Lucie



Dear Inkhaveners,
I have grave news.

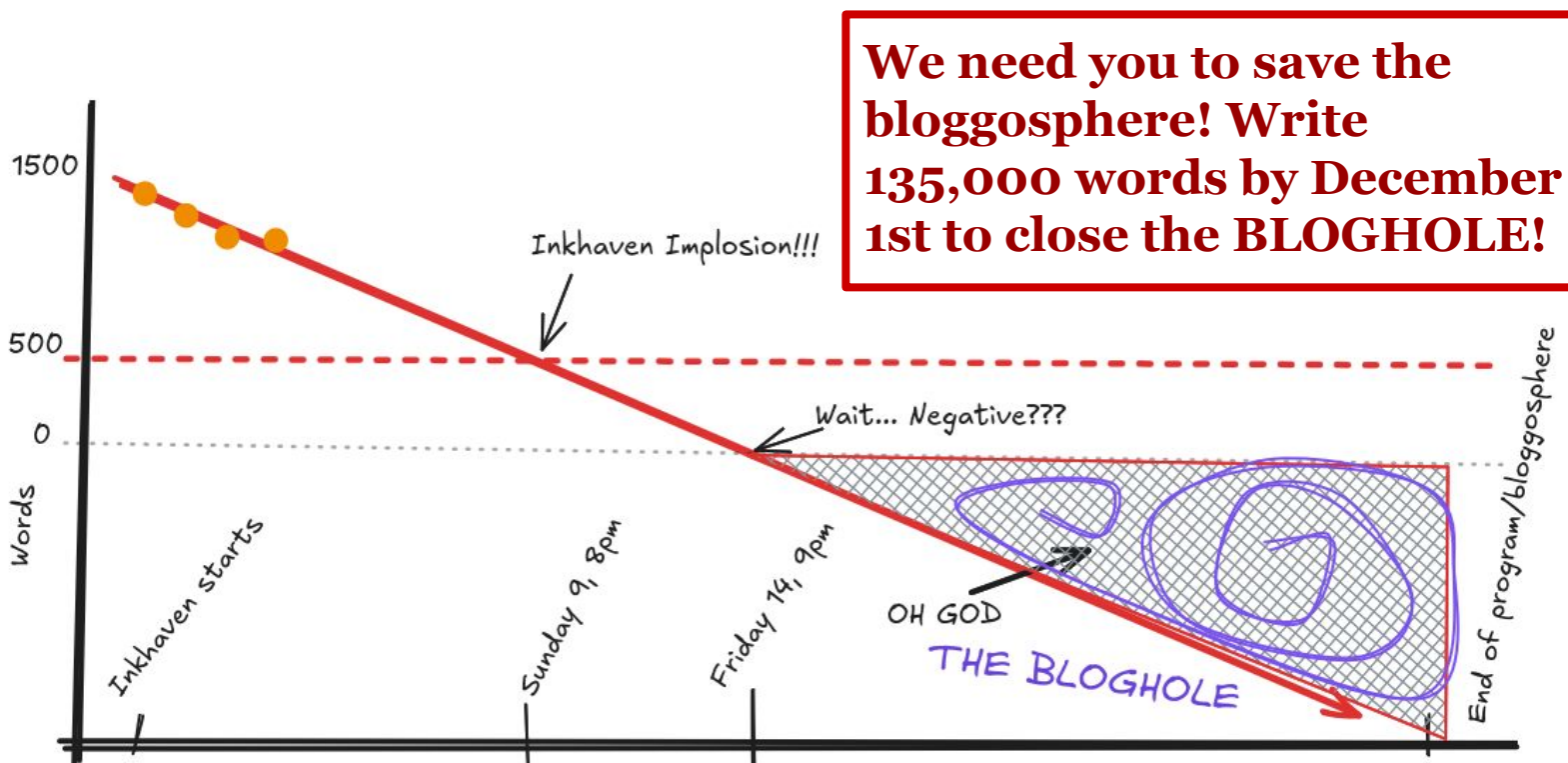
Our esteemed statistic expert (Claude) has reported a troubling finding: the average word counts of published essays as been decreasing every single day since the start of the program. Within current projections, it is expected that every single resident will fail to publish 500 words on **Sunday 9th at 8pm!**

Predictions of prediction markets put a probability of 25% that Ben, facing the total collapse of his dear program, will give everyone a second chance. Alas, that would be a fatal mistake for the bloggosphere, as the gods of straight lines cannot be so easily defeated!

In this doomed world, the word count will continue to decrease in a perfect line. On Friday 14th at 9pm, Inkhaven will go through a phase transition: the words generated by each resident will become negative. Scientists are still debating whether this means residents will start deleting essays, or whether their timeline will start flowing backwards (which would look like unpublishing to a static observer).

By the end of the program, all the earlier production of Inkhaven will have been annihilated, amounting to a total of -135,000 words.

We (Lucie and Claude), expect that at this point the trend will be unstoppable, and in the following months, the entirety of the bloggosphere will be sucked out of existence by the **BLOGHOLE**.



SPECULATIONS ON SURMOUNT SYRINGE TOSSERS

By Lucent®

Weight loss drugs—they're all the rage. They work for most people. Maybe even 8 out of 10! That's what I'd guess from the vibes. No drug works everywhere for everyone all the time. Everybody is different.

WRONG!

It worked too well for everyone! Total up everyone in SURMOUNT-1 to 4 and of the 2,029 who got tirzepatide, 1,885 lost over 5% of their body weight, 115 dropped out.

Only **TWENTY-NINE** completed the trial and didn't lose 5%. One and a half percent. They weren't sequestered in a lab. Their blood wasn't tested. Did they toss the syringes to better enjoy a Chipotle binge? We'll never know, but I sure would like to meet them. I'm sure they felt something, but [like Tracy Morgan, they learned to “out-eat the drug.”](#)

Tracy Morgan Says He Gained 40 Pounds on Ozempic After Learning to 'Out-Eat' the Drug

The *SNL* alum is opening up about his experience with the type 2 diabetes medication known for aiding weight loss.

BY MADELEINE HAASE PUBLISHED: MAR 25, 2024 8:30 AM EDT

A TYPOLOGY OF ILLEGAL PET KEEPERS IN TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

By Lauren Ali

From 2019 to 2022 I managed a campaign against the unethical and illegal wildlife trade in Trinidad and Tobago. Specifically, we focused on pet keeping. The core background knowledge you need to understand the situation is as follows:

1. With very few exceptions, all trade in captive wildlife in Trinidad and Tobago is illegal due to outdated and contradictory laws. Blame colonialism if you like, everyone else does.
2. Keeping captive wildlife as “pets” is incredibly common and part of local tradition.
3. No one identifies this as criminal behavior and people will therefore talk about doing illegal things with no inhibitions.

This was great for us. We conducted a national survey, focus groups and interviews and got tons of novel data. Based on this, I now present a Typology of Illegal Pet Keepers in Trinidad and Tobago:

1. **The Songbird Stud**

Picture the embodiment of machismo. Really flesh that character out in your mind. What might be his notion of what it means to navigate the world as a man? In this case, the answer is closely tied to the singing capabilities of a four-inch songbird. The birds are mainly *Sporophila angolensis* or a couple other species of seed finches that have been hunted to extinction in Trinidad and Tobago to supply songbird competitions. These days they are trapped (with extremely high mortality) in the wilds of Venezuela, Guyana and other parts of South America. A winning bird can sell for the equivalent thousands of US dollars or be exchanged for fancy cars and other high-status goods. Competitions are held anywhere from rural Caribbean villages to diasporic centers like New York and Toronto where penalties for unpermitted wildlife are much steeper (which is to say, extant and enforced). Despite the high stakes, transnational crime with a hefty side of animal abuse, the vibe around the competitions is fairly wholesome, sort of like Vin Diesel and The Rock bro-ing out in the Fast and Furious movies.



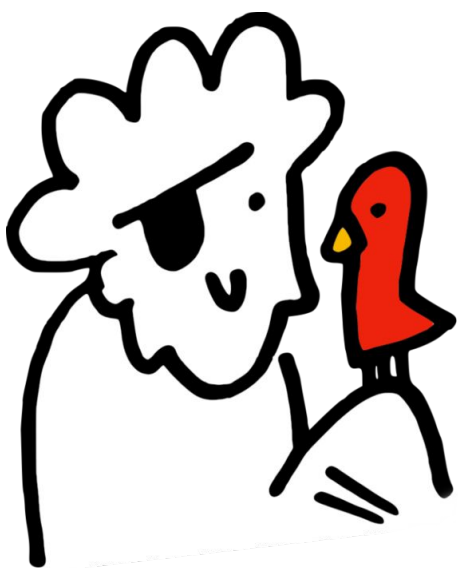
2. The Monkey Mom

Here we see a calamity of anthropomorphization. The main market in Trinidad and Tobago for people who want pet monkeys is middle-aged women who never had kids. And for a while, the monkey scratches that itch. Then it grows up and tries to scratch out their eyes. Imagine now a wild primate hitting puberty, vicious and uninhibited. Now stop thinking about whoever bullied you in middle school and think about the monkey. In infancy poachers shot its mother, pulled it from her corpse, and crammed it in a cage. Then it was raised by a weird, uncanny valley version of a monkey that put a jungle animal in a diaper, kept it in a larger cage called a “house” and, inevitably, left it pathologically ill-equipped to function in human or monkey society. Under these conditions the transition to adulthood comes with bursts of violence and awkward sexuality. “Mama” gets mauled or otherwise grossly inconvenienced, and the monkey is then either euthanized or abandoned in the wild.

3. The Crazy Parrot Person

Amazon parrots are in the top three most popular pets in Trinidad and Tobago, after dogs and in close competition with cats. Macaws are less common but occupy the same market niche. They are often caught locally, removed from nests as chicks and sold online via Facebook groups or similar interest-based forums. A large subset of the people who buy them are best described as spiritual siblings to the “Crazy Cat Lady” archetype. These guys LOVE their birds. Unfortunately, this group is also rife with unintentional negligence due to

misconceptions and ignorance about what birds that can live to be eighty and rival toddlers in intelligence actually need. Like the cat lady, best case scenarios involve embracing what some might view as dysfunction. Parrots form strong pair bonds with mates. Single parrots sublimate this urge onto their main human, becoming highly affectionate but also prone to jealous outbursts against perceived rivals, i.e. that human’s children or romantic partners. A bite from a macaw that can crack a coconut with only its beak sounds like a serious safety concern, but when my sweet kitty regularly scratched up my arm during play time my affection for her rendered the bleeding irrelevant, so who am I to judge?



LEVELHAVEN

By Daniel Paleka & Adrià Garriga-Alonso

Inkhaven is where we level up as writers. It happens at Lighthaven, which is a conference center about 50 meters above sea level. The main entrance is on Telegraph Avenue at street level. As you enter the main hall, it becomes clear something is not on the level.

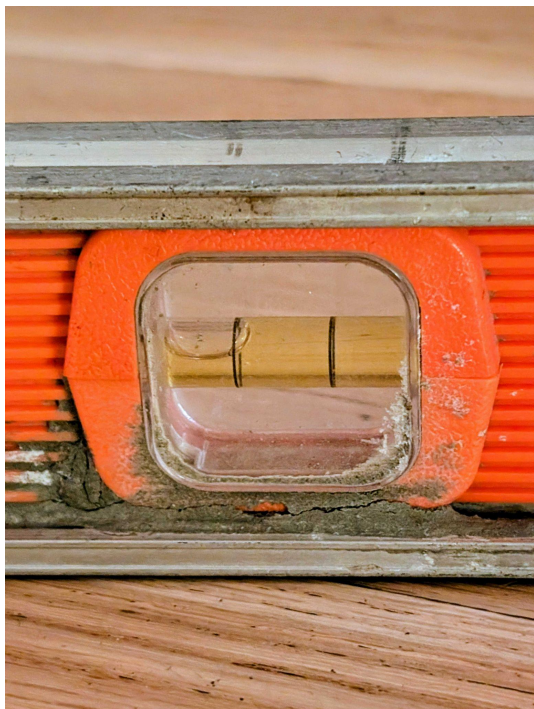


Figure 1: Aumann Hall (the main one) is clearly not level.

I'm going to be level with you: Lighthaven's floors are just not level.

We were writing on level 2 of the main building and our office chair kept running away. Our anger level was very low. We made the very level headed decision to fetch the biggest level we could find, and start measuring.

Using some college-level statistics, we showed that Lighthaven is not level, at significance level $\alpha=0.021$.

Not level!
Fortunately the friction coefficient of the floor is on a whole nother level and we don't slip.

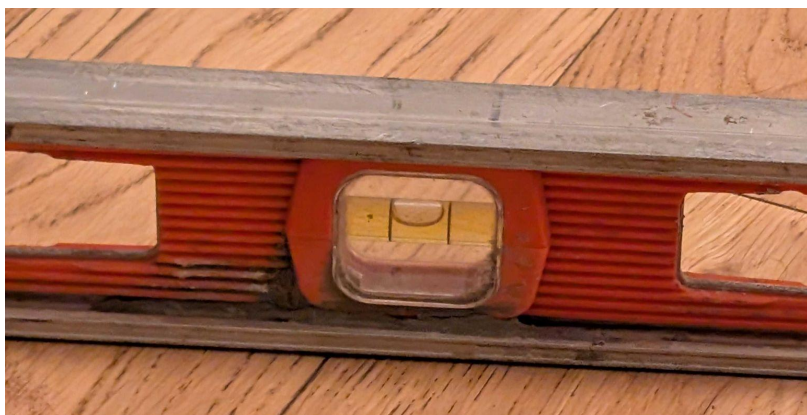
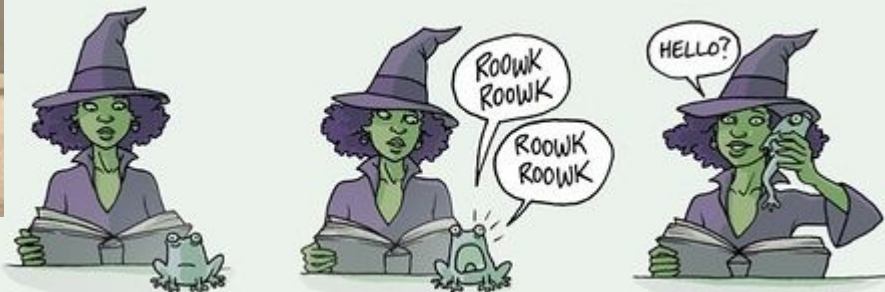


Figure 2: some rooms are almost level.



Figure 3: Now *that's* a significant level.

Best of #frog_world



THE LOOP

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