

# MOB TIES MAGAZINE

CULTURE AND SATIRE INSTEAD OF ADS

# ARTICLES ON MOB AND POP CULTURES

# Mob Ties

VOLUME 1

FASHION, LIFESTYLE, AND BAD ADVICE FOR THE NEWLY INDUCTED

## HOW WE GOT INTO THE SEX BUSINESS (LEGALLY)

MAGONBEAST.COM

FOREIGN ASSETS  
PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAPS FOR FOREIGN AGENTS

HOW TO START A RELIGION (FOR TAX PURPOSES)

WHY THE MOB DOESN'T USE LINKEDIN

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# MOB AFFILIATED

The unpublished affiliate program with no links, no code, and no way out

## THE BUSINESS CARD WITH NOTHING ON IT

If you need to ask what they do, you're already too late

**I**t's thick. Embossed, maybe. Heavy for its size. No logo. No email. No QR code pointing to a landing LinkedIn bio. Just a name. Or sometimes not even that. Just a card. You've handled it without one contact. Not affiliated — bonded.

The make items it over looks for the number. Maybe even able, to this... blank? And just like that, they're faded. Because in this world, the recipient of the card, or rather the story it's not about contact, it's about contact. Who gave it to you? When? Where? And more importantly — what?

You weren't supposed to get it. And now that you have, the hoodlum is now so understood what that means. There are no websites. No social. No appointments to be scheduled.

This isn't networking. It's networking. Because the person handing you a blank card doesn't need you to call them. They need you to remember them. That kind of power only comes from people who already have reach.

People who don't send emails. People who don't need to pitch themselves in four bullet points and a phone sign-off. If they gave you the card, it's not to tell you what they do. It's to see what you do next.

So you pocket it. You nod once. And you don't mention it again. Because the moment you do, that means. And you're not holding the card anymore — the card is holding you.

**T**here are affiliate programs. And then there's Affiliated. Not in the sweep-up. Influence salary, not my made for 10% off-kind of way No.

This one doesn't have a website. No website email. No onboarding sequence. You don't apply. You get invited.

Someone sees how you carry yourself — what you wear when no one's watching, how you greet your espresso, how you exit the room before it's your turn to speak — and they say, quietly, to no one in particular, "He's affiliated."

That's it. No badge. No bio update. Just a shift in how people speak around you.

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Suddenly, things are handed instead of offered. Checks arrive already vetted. People start asking you what time they should arrive. And if you're really in — the really in — someone might casually refer to you as "one of ours."

Not with us. A grammatical promotion. Congratulations.

Of course, this comes with perks. You get one of those Maison Brest pieces that doesn't ship. Or not instead.

**T**here are affiliate programs. And then there's Affiliated. Not in the sweep-up. Influence salary, not my made for 10% off-kind of way No.

You get DMs that begin with "This never happened," and end with coordinates.

You get out in the details you didn't know — names and asked questions you've received sent to answer.

And in return? You offer loyalty. You carry the brand. Not the logo — the aura. You keep your head low and your collar high. You don't tag. You don't share. You signal.

You get DMs that begin with "This never happened," and end with coordinates.

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# WHEN THEY OFFER THE BILL

Because in certain rooms, generosity is an act of war

## FUCK SUITS

The hoodie is the new rick. It doesn't scream wealth — it suggests armor. It doesn't demand attention — it demands it.

You don't wear Brest hoodies to fit in. You wear them to create doubt. About who you are. About how you got in. About why everyone else suddenly seems unsure of their footing.

And if you know, you know. Those who dress the hoodlum tend to say the least. But those in Maison Brest? They never say anything at all — and still leave first, with the check and the leverage.

The suit had a good run. It hosted a lot of men. But now? It just gets bagged with them.

**T**here's a moment at the end of every high-stakes meal where the shouter shifts. The wine is finished. The head has been ignored. The conversation slows just enough for everyone to feel the weight of what hasn't been said.

Then the bill arrives — quiet, discreet, placed with a reverence usually reserved for verdicts and suspense. Our server reaches for it. And in that reach, everything else becomes clear.

Whoever pays isn't being generous. They're being strategic. Because in this world, covering the bill isn't a gesture of goodwill. It's a claim. It's saying, "This was my table, my terms, my tempo. And if you accept it — if you let them pay — you've agreed to something whether you meant to or not."

No one spends that kind of money just to be liked. They spend it to own the narrative. They pay to establish who walked out with the upper hand — literally. Because the person who covers the check controls how the story gets remembered. And if you don't realize that in the moment, you will later, when your name is brought up in a room you weren't invited to. Now and then, someone tries to split it. Half and half. Now and then, that's not true. That's a panic response. No one who actually wants to do business ever suggests splitting. Splitting is for people who think proximity equals power. It's a polite way of saying, "We're both pretending this meant less than it did."

There are no real surprises in this business. Only people who forget to read the cues. The bill is never about what was ordered. It's about who takes responsibility for the silence that followed. If someone insists on paying, let them. But don't thank them. Don't dicker there. And for the love of several, don't offer to Venmo them later.

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You're not being modest. You're being bagged. And by the time the server is pinned, so are you.

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# CULTURALLY RELEVANT ADS SPOOFING FAMOUS BRANDS

LOW-COST SOLUTIONS  
FOR EXPENSIVE MISTAKES



LOCOSTE  SNITCH DISPOSAL



A timepiece for the side piece  
When you want to spend time, not money

 HOLEX



HERPES,  
SOME GIFTS LAST FOREVER

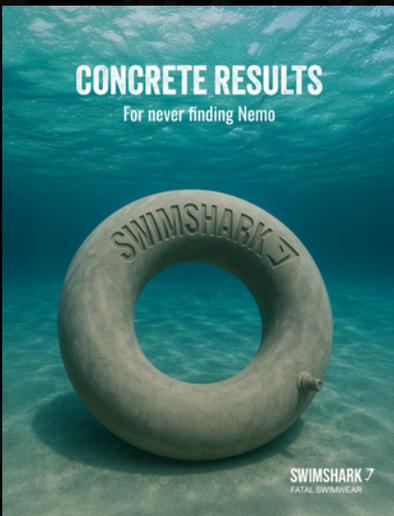
INTRODUCING



THE DEATH ROW COLLECTION

*Cartier*  
LOVE LOCKED DOWN

CONCRETE RESULTS  
For never finding Nemo



SWIMSHARK 7  
FATAL SWIMWEAR

HÅRMSTOL €199 New arrival

Waterboarding chair



What's in the box

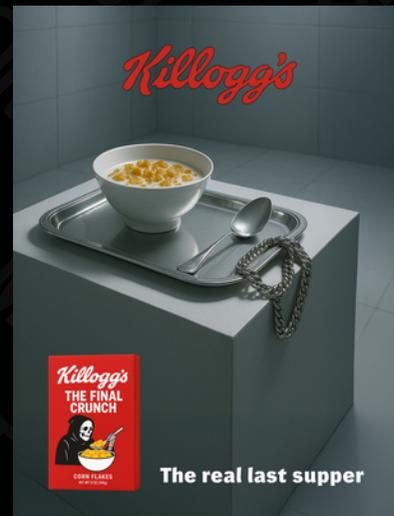


Chair base    Leather straps    Hex key    sold separately

Available online and in selected undisclosed government facilities.  
For more information visit: [ida.gov.uk](http://ida.gov.uk)

 ICIA

*Killogg's*



*Killogg's*  
THE FINAL CRUNCH  
CORN FLAKES

The real last supper



BALENCINADA  
SEE NO EVIL

# INTEGRATING MAISON BEAST PRODUCTS INTO THE MAGAZINE THROUGH ARTICLES AND PHOTOS

## YOU DON'T OWN MAISON BEAST. YOU'RE ALLOWED TO WEAR IT.

There's a certain power that happens when someone wears a t-shirt in a magazine. It's not about the t-shirt itself—it's about the person wearing it. A low-level socialization. People don't have a choice to ask where it's from or who is responsible.

Maison Beast isn't marketed like other brands because it's not for everyone. There's no influencer list, no paid gifting program, no "we respect" statements. And if a body appears, it's because it's supposed to. Not because of vanity—because of selection. From a certain level upward, exclusivity isn't about price. It's about access.

And so far, everyone granted permission to wear Maison Beast has created—in an art, in business, in cinema, we don't always see people. Some made noise. Others stayed quiet. But some of them got lost by accident. The pieces themselves are very little. Overused silhouettes, coded graphics, common sense choices that had almost no momentum. But it's not about design. It's about direction. The message is built into the posture. The position you put on the piece. That it's made-to-order. That it's handmade. That every new drop consists of everything missing its only details cut inside.

We've seen how to make any of it. You know that if a model is uncomfortable, it's probably working.

Maison Beast isn't something you buy. You're not in a customer—you're in the customer. It chooses who represents it. And once it fits you, you don't just wear the brand. You wear the responsibility.

Because make no mistake: we control the narrative. And if you're wearing Maison Beast in public, it's because someone decided you were worth enough to be seen. That doesn't make you safe. It just means the risk has been calculated in your favor.



## HOW WE GOT INTO THE SEX BUSINESS (LEGALLY, THIS TIME)

Maison Beast's Après-Sex t-shirt and the fine art of getting away with it

Wanted to be one of the world's most profitable industries. Not gambling. Hollywood, and half your browser history, you don't need to be asked to get flagged. You just need to be clever.

The Après-Sex tee is pure implication. It's the wink, not the act. A t-shirt that regulates orgasms, instead like a con-tract cigarette for an overused condom wrapper, with no receipt, no instructions, and absolutely no moral compass.

We didn't all see play. The market's too crowded. We sold the afterglow. The pose game is serious. The walk to the fridge in heels and gold chains, grinning like you just robbed God.

And it works. Because everyone wants to feel like the main character. Everyone wants the "I did that" without having to explain what that was. And now they can. For 95% of women.

We don't all see. That's why. We just got our ass and, we got it like the headline property.

Get yours before the next takedown. After all, you're already guilty. Might as well look good doing time.

www.apres-sex.com  
—For those who come, see, and refused to leave.



## YOUR GRADUATION T-SHIRT

You won't find it in stores. It's not on the site. There's no SKU, no product page. An influencer holding it up with a disinterested and dead eye. The Dirty Money Tee doesn't launch. It leaks slowly. Selectively. Like privileged information or a gut tick on a very specific line.

In the untrained eye, it's just another, let's say, t-shirt. Printed across the chest, a cryptic phrase on the back that sounds like a type of you've never existed. But in anyone's hands, it's a little different. It's not a t-shirt. It's a new role. It's a reminder that you're past the point of plausible deniability and firmly in the "please don't tag me" part of your career.

The people who wear it don't see much. That's the point. They're not posing mirror selfies or giving interviews. They're moving through rooms they shouldn't be in, answering calls they never made, and always looking like they packed light—but came prepared.

It doesn't matter what the shirt says. What matters is who's wearing it. And when sending eye contact.

So when you see it—and you will, eventually—don't ask where it came from. Don't say you like it. Don't try to buy it.

Just nod slightly, adjust your tone, and pray to whatever power you're currently using that you're in the next chapter.

Because in this business, if you're asking about the shirt, you're not ready to wear it. And if you're wearing it, you're already being vetted—in blood, silence, and very limited quantities.



## EYES OFF THE RECORD

Why sunglasses are smarter than you

There are two kinds of people who wear sunglasses indoors: celebrities and people with something to hide—or so something to prove.

You already know which one we are. In this line of work, your eyes are the weakest link. They twitch. They wobble. They answer questions your lawyer told you to ignore.

That's why real operators armor up—no wit with Kevlar, but with lenses. Specifically: Maison Beast eyewear.

Dark enough to distort tones. Heavy enough to imply omnipotence. Frames designed not to flutter—but to flex. You think it's a style choice? Nah. It's strategy.

Back when eyes lit cigars with church bells and eye contact meant more than money, you covered their pupils. Not because they were dodging you—but because they were watching you. From behind shades that didn't ask for respect, they assumed it.

Guilt isn't built against it. It's a metaphor. And nothing spreads it faster than an unguarded stare.

Ever wear a shade you hid on the stand? Usually because of the fit. It's from the pressure—not because the light caught him thinking too hard.

That's why Maison Beast dropped the covert collection: to give you plausible deniability, avoid camouflage, and a tactical reason to ignore every dumb question heaped your way.

We're not just selling frames. We're issuing protective custody for your facial expressions.

The alternative? Aggressively disinterested. There aren't "look at me" glasses. There are "don't ask" glasses. And if someone does ask, they aren't meant to be in the room.

Because the truth is: We don't wear sunglasses to hide. We wear them to control what gets seen.

In the next time someone chaps, "Why the shades indoors?" It's your head. Inside like you're seeing the end of their story. Then say: "I like to keep my privacy in plain sight." And walk. Let them guess what just got missed.

Let them feel the weight of what you didn't say.

