

ISSUE

AS ABOVE

SO BELOW

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Direction:
Jason Abdelhadi, Casi Cline, Steven Cline,
Angel Therese Dionne, Vittoria Lion

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jason Abdelhadi
Miriam Atkin
Bruno Barnabé
J. Karl Bogartte
Erik Bohman
Maurizio Brancaloni
Maria Brothers
Doug Campbell
Casi Cline
Steven Cline
David Coulter
Paul Cowdell
Peter Dubé
Kim Fagerstam
Krzysztof Fijalkowski
Mattias Forshage
Joël Gayraud
Guy Girard
Sa'ad Hassan
Janice Hathaway
Nicholas Alexander Hayes
S. Higgins
Bruno Jacobs
Sebastián Jiménez-Galindo
Stelli Kerk
Stephen Kirin
Aiden Kvarnström
Lake
Megan Leach
Rik Lina
Vittoria Lion
Apio Ludd
C.M. Lundberg
Emma Lundenmark
James McCrea
Paul McRandle
Malka Main

Jean-Jacques Martinod
Andrew Mendez
Thomas Mordant
Steve Morrison
David Nadeau
Niklas Nenzén
Sheila Nopper
Ika Österblad
Juan Carlos Otaño
Patrick Provonost
Penelope Rosemont
Ody Saban
Ron Sakolsky
LaDonna Smith
Arthur Spota
Dan Stanciu
Th. D. Typaldos
Michael Vandelaar
Sasha Vlad
Christopher Vowles
Davey Williams
Johnny Williams
Craig Wilson
Bill Wolak
Kirsty Woods
Izzy the Cat

Collective Submissions:

House of Mysticum
Ottawa Surrealist Group
Surrealist Group of Stockholm

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PROLOGUE:

*in which we embark on a subterranean
vessel to the super-saragossa sea*

Up above it's warm, I'm sure.

Down in the bottom, oh dear, oh lor!

It's cold without your trousers.

-Harry Champion

When you look at the itinerary, it seems undeniable that we are obsessed with atmospheres. For the last four issues Mormyrid has been chasing storms through a variety of landscapes and backgrounds, like some para-human Major Ozone seeking that perfectly invigorating inhalation. From the sea to the masked streets, under the night sky and into the world of miniatures, there's a real sense that we are purposely boarding surrealism as a cartoon vehicle for our touristic impulses, puttering around alien spaces in collective deliria. This latest parallel panoramic parade, a simultaneous trip up and down, exposed to the weather while sheltering with the troglodytes, came about entirely through the organic overlapping of dual requests.

Like all good adventurers, we try to hold open office hours. Anybody can drop by with a proposition. So one day in wanders our comrade Vittoria Lion with a fiery plea to probe the depths of the earth. At roughly the same time, Bruno Jacobs makes the suggestion that poetry thrives on that which is seemingly an external domain, and drops a note in the box suggesting we pursue the weather.

Hare-brained schemes, the both of them, and irresistibly enticing. We simply couldn't decide between the two, and so, denying that disease of the mind which says that the airy atmosphere is not the same thing as the planetary mantle, haphazardly decided to pursue both at the same time. The hypothesis this time being that we do not need to make two separate trips, but that in pursuing the one, we will hit upon the other: by flying a kite underground we will re-discover electricity—the right way.

But this inquiry started with an esoteric fumble. Our call to play referenced this issue's number and tried to explicitly link it with the

equivalent Arcanum from the Tarot. Arcanum 8: strength, with its parallel tension twisted big hat above and fearsome lion below. Or so we thought. And yet it just so happened this is one of those cards ambiguously switched out from the Rider-Waite deck: in the original Tarot de Marseilles, the 8th position is held by Justice. Fuck-ups of this kind always point to something, and no doubt our double theme had something to do with it. Before you realize it, the inanimate doublets are marching on their own: above and below, below and above, weather and the underground, strength and justice...

So what kind of mess do you get, when you cock up strength and justice? The stable seat of the law is an anamorphic lion. A scale and a sword, dropped haphazardly into cavern, easily become a monster-machine. And as for her, clearly she feels the need to stand up. You can see that Justice, by itself, is a complicated inorganic contraption: women, chair, blade, scale. An abstract of the dynamic of Strength, which shows our protagonist stripped of her equipment, in a bare-handed brawl with a lion. Is this Beauty and the Beast, or Elizabeth Bathory and the Devil? Or why not a full-blown Rube Goldberg machine?

When you really think about it, these are not two cards in opposition, there is no simple Strength against Justice. We are not stopping with the deterministic fixed notions of law and power, but of a cartoon logic, where law abides as a set-up, a framework swaying under the influence of its own ridiculous, internal tensions...Until, to quote Popeye, that's all it can stand, it can't stand no more.

The results we received have been both a confirmation and a negation of aboves and belows of all stripes. Perhaps it would have been better to add a question-mark to the dictum "as above, so below"? It strikes us more as a proposition than as a done-deal. Contrariwise, we might have gone the route of reversing the signs, and starting with the below first. The tendency should be towards the rising. It was during this period that a discussion between JA and a new friend drew our attention to a very relevant and classic but perhaps sometimes skipped over introductory text by Breton, *Signe ascendant*, which makes exactly this claim: that the only worthwhile direction is upwards? The power of analogy, and the extremophile joy of connecting totally disparate entities...But this is not ever sufficient. We must continuously strive to get a rise... Though whether this entails a falling upwards or a jump

down below is certainly up for debate. Yes, even when tunneling into the bowels of the earth, being sure that you are digging upwards.

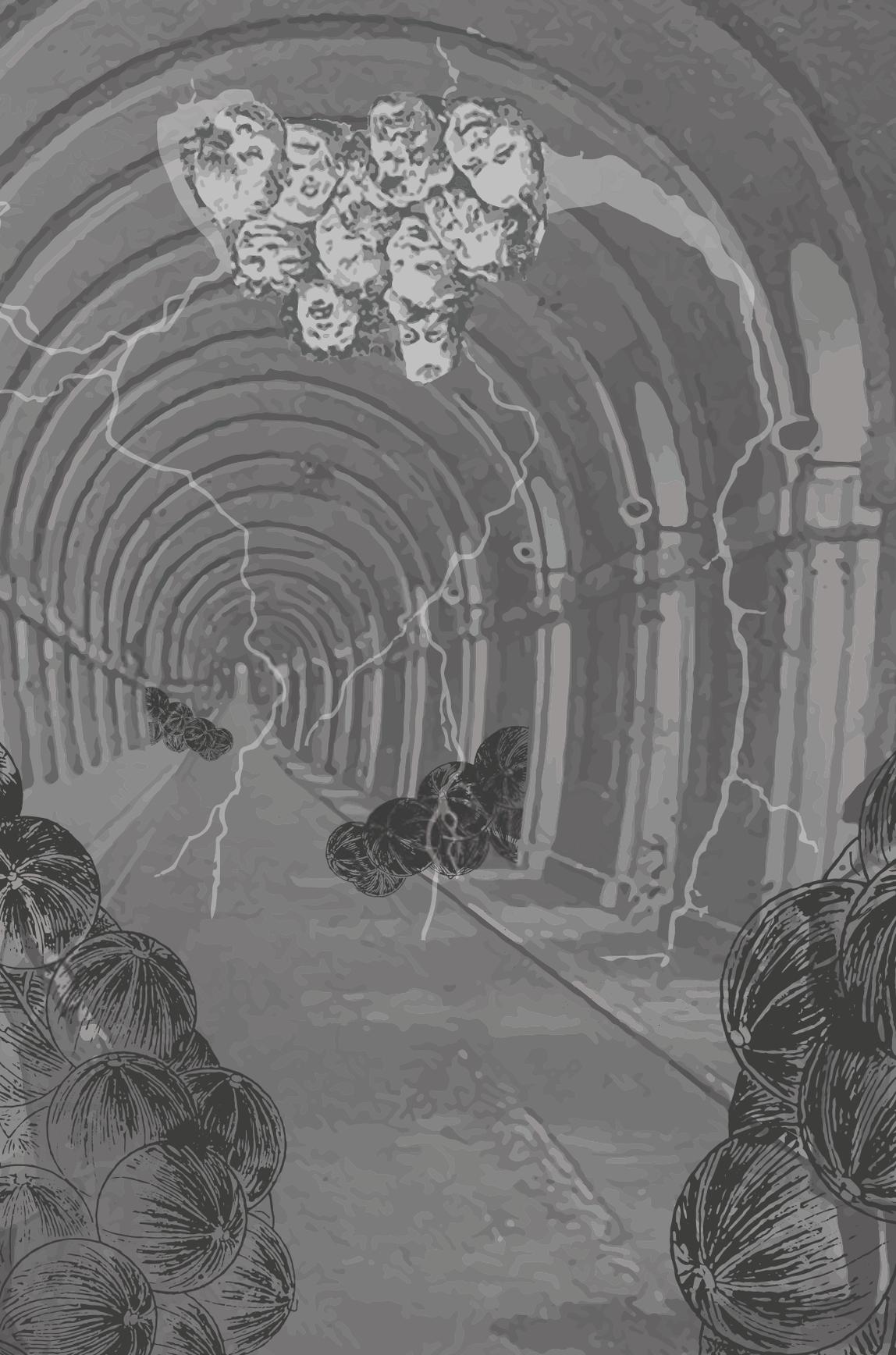
(Not to mention that old bugbear the Economy seems to have one goal in mind: to pillage the underground of carbon and hurl it upwards into the great outside...)

Crazy directions. Speaking of which, we will take this opportunity to announce our reduction to one issue of Mormyrid per year. This leaves room for “another thing” each cycle, open-ended projects, games, books, exhibitions etc. Keep an eye out this spring, and we’ll cover the eyepatch.

We would also like to take this opportunity to thank our amorphous, extended editorial board, in which we include those reviewers, suggesters and commenters who have helped shape the direction of the Mormyrid either directly or indirectly through their energetic participation, and support in many different ways: Mattias Forshage, Vittoria Lion, Megan Leach, Bruno Jacobs, David Nadeau, Maria Brothers, Guy Girard, Joël Gayraud, Michael Vandelaar, Merl Fluin, Paul Cowdell, Ron Sakolsky, Janice Hathaway, Doug Campbell, Emma Lundenmark, Craig Wilson, Paul McRandle, and Miguel Corrales for the fidelity of his surrealist chronicles. Like Ferry’s secret society these individuals may or may not know they are part of the subterranean social, but their influence is felt as surely as the heat of the Undersun.

Umbrellas out then, we’re headed for the molten core!

-The Mormyrids, December 2018



PART I:

*in which we have a run in with
cloud-burrowing morlocks*



ANY WHERE OUT OF THE WORLD

by Paul McRandle

I.

Heraclitus wrote: The way up and the way down are one and the same.

Insomniacs know the shift when the close wall of the eyelids gives way to light, air, and a horizon. A world opens around the upright dreamer for a moment before consciousness of lying on one's back flips over the flooring.

Heraclitus also wrote: A man lightens himself in the night when he is extinguished (as is his vision). Living, he joins with the dead while he sleeps; waking, he joins with one sleeping.

2.

Children live in an inverted world, seeing things from below. All the adult work surfaces, counters, tabletops loom overhead with their bare wood underpinnings, labels from long defunct manufacturers, and outcrops of drawers. The underside opens a way to contemplating the world above without giving access to it. Forgotten storage bulges and the seams of things stand out. Shadows fall to the stars.

Puberty eroticizes the underworld, transforms inchoate sensations into a detailed vault, a grotto of gothic archways. But Eros is hardly done with us in the castle chambers, not while adolescence dwarfs us with immensity of feeling and rips our bodies out beneath our eyes. Eros's playthings, we flit in the dark, tracing afterimages flickering through streets and passages.

3.

Certain cities provide potent images of this hollow Earth: Paris's catacombs and arcades, its narrow streets, its apartment corridors flickering into darkness as the timer ticks to zero; New York's grated walkways and delivery chutes, steam vents, tunnels, and subways—but they have no monopoly. Ancient Britons in Holme buried the

stump of an oak roots up near the sea, as if its inverted canopy shaded the other side to draw energy from the underworld sun.

4.

The night after writing the previous lines I dreamt of walking through a forest brilliant with fall foliage to a pond in which a statue of a woman stood before a tree. Around the statue coiled a snake, the image of lion-headed Aion about which the serpent that binds the planets has wrapped itself seven times. And if the statue also suggests Eve before the tree of knowledge she is the Gnostic Eve, the serpent there to instruct. But a second serpent barred my way.

5.

The inverted oak found during ebb tide on a Norfolk beach and another close by in a timber ring both date to the same summer of 2054 BCE. The mirrored sky encircles the oak's roots at the very point it disappears beneath the surface.

6.

As above, so below: The Gnostic ascent past the Archons and the Orphic descent through the world of the dead intersect in the oak at Holme. Joyce Mansour wrote in 1963: *L'Arbre immergé passe au sons de l'enjoleuse cithare/Je me vengerai de ta racine aux narines empourprées.** (The submerged tree passes at the sounds of the coaxing cither/I will take vengeance upon your root with its enflamed nostrils.)

7

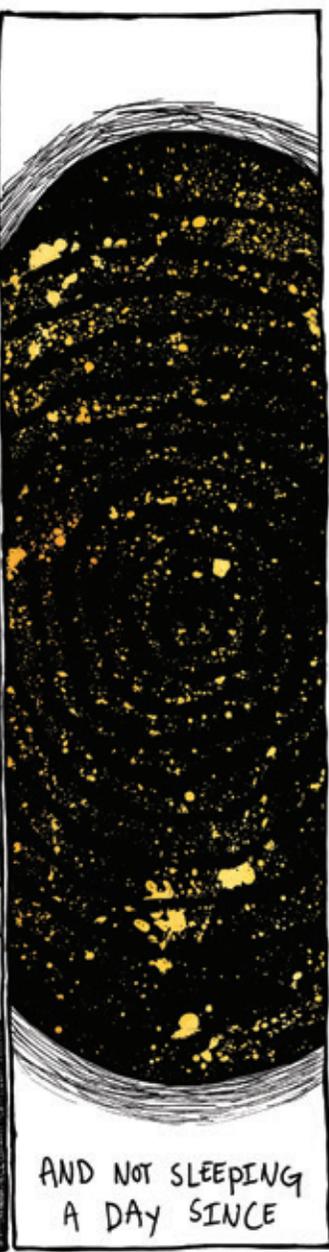
The murmur of the undercurrent, the subterranean stream flowing ceaselessly beneath the floorboards, the babbling ruckle of its waters over stone, nearly too faint for ears...

BELOW THE EARTH

by Aiden Kvarnström



BUT I REMEMBER
LEARNING THAT
THE UNIVERSE
IS
INFINITE



AND NOT SLEEPING
A DAY SINCE





AEDEN KURNSTRÖM

WINDS OF TORPOR

by Stelli Kerk

My love has scales
Sleeps in the substrate
Buried below
Alive I fear gone
begs the question
What hath winter to do with sleep?
Or night to darkness chill
Fore-brain flights wake quickly
Sordid minds think faster die
Forced tormentor underneath
Nocturnal hemisphere
begs the question
Art thou the rude awakenings?
Basil soup heats filthy frostbite
Fire stuns synaptic slush
Thawing tomatoes explode the spine
Gills thrust zygotes into blue taxis
Icebergs crush career war officers
Junk dealer flames tiny progenitors
Soothsayers implode your bureaucratic heart.



Roots in the water, the body in the air
Ody Saban

JADWIGA ZEBELINE

THE HYPERBOLEAN

& the Biggest Storm

by Casi Cline

jadwiga the hyperbolean is stuck on an intricacy
which is stuck on misanthropomorphising itself infinitely

jadwiga is a witch
furthermore
jadwiga is a witch who is burning

she can't, won't, really mustn't
sit around sucking on lemons and biting her tongue
not when the full, round beaver moon is mourning overhead
and the clock has tick-tocked to 11:11pm,
the high-pitched time
when the henbane loons swimming in her spleen
 wail most grievously
and the mountain lions rampaging in her belly
 excoriate most furiously

plus, it looks like rain
perfect

rain lubricates things
plus, if it is too dry,
there is always the risk
– sometimes tempting –
of drying out and blowing away
– sometimes tempting –
but then you might land on some fancy-pants plate of escargot
and spend a fortnight sliding through cringing organs
been there, done that, old hat off to you brave monsieur

in any case, today it looks like rain
perfect

jadwiga drags herself from her firepit,
reluctantly animating her heavy flesh,
dented and dimpled

by the tumultuous breakout attempts
of her subcutaneous menagerie
she's made it over her hearth
and pulled herself up into a vaguely primate posture



jadwida sighs little charcoal tornadoes,
grudgingly extricating the nine of swords
growing from her nervous system
she brushes off the ash from her skins
polishes her bones and unbruises her shins
she gives her flesh a good going over
up and down, back and forward, with the rolling pin
– the wrinkles aren't really hers, after all –
– they belong to the worry wart crouched on the
 joint of her left middle finger-
she pops a chrysalis or two on her chin
and ties the moths to strands of her hair with the others
she spoon-feeds the violet orb in her right palm
with a tart mix of menstrual blood and vinegar
that'll get some fur back on and round it up a bit
the poor thing having gotten downright ellipsoidal with neglect
jadwiga wipes away a penitent tear
and pets the orb which begins to purr

– jadwiga sure is taking her time –
– won't she miss it? –

jadwiga sure is taking her time
that's just how she is, okay?
but time waits for her today
today it is her time
so says the mourning dove nesting in her ear
and so says the grandfather clock she never knew
having died before she was born
besides, she's ready now

she picks her way through the tangle
of crochet scarfs littering the floor
– it's good for a sensitive girl to have a hobby –
– keeps her mind off of things –
throwing on a nice long stole last minute
to cover her inauspicious mole

she's on her way now for sure
and out the door by 11:11pm

The full, round beaver moon gazes down through a tunnel that has been dug by a cynical celestiamole working to pay off a debt to a witch. The tunnel (illegal, by the way) goes all the way through the squirming, growling cumulonimbus clouds, which are itching terribly all over with the need to divest themselves of themselves. But they can't just yet, there are more of them coming, many, many more are coming, to participate in the main event, a mass execution by electric chair, a beastly, ecstatic happening, a long time in planning, which will be known ever after as the Biggest Storm.

At the other end of the tunnel, hovering just above the crown of the oak in the courtyard, a violet circle of violent flames is suspended, within which the witch is suspended, with the full, round beaver moon's gaze hovering just above the crown of her head. She is naked (almost), hissing, shuddering, jiggling, shimmering, engorged, enraged. She is unbeautiful, even hideous, in her demented struggling.

But, there is no one here to see her except the man crouched next to the brick wall over there, rocking himself and suckling hungrily at the breast growing from the foundation of his apartment, which lactates an endless supply of dialectible morsels: "do what i will, but harm none, if i harm another, i will be harmed, if i harm myself who is harmed back, if i harm myself i have already paid for my harm with my harm, so self-harm is exempt, we are all one, so all harm is self-harm, so all harm is exempt." But, he is also naked (almost) and hideous and pays the witch no mind. He wouldn't understand anyway. He can't even see it.

This is no ordinary struggle. In front of the witch now is her old adversary, the shadow barrier, barring her from... what?, something, she doesn't know because she can't get to the other side. Whenever she attempts a crossing, she finds herself chained, literally, to this side of the barrier with little shadow chains connecting the ring in the wall to the ring in her right hip, the seat of selfhood. It is on this foe, the shadow barrier, that she pours her anger and anguish, pounding her potent fists impotently on its shadow bricks. To make matters worse, today the barrier has a face and a body.

Today the barrier has her face and her body. The witch is chained to this shadow self from hip to shadow hip. She stares into her shadow face, pleading and cursing by turns, but shadow she remains unmoved. She chisels and saws with all the magic tools she wields but shadow chain remains unmoved.

For the clouds there is no relief, they are waiting, waiting for their release, everything waits. They crackle and chafe, biting down to hold back the burst inside.

For the witch there is no relief, she is trapped, she is trapped. The jackals scratch and bite at her pelvis and the boars throw themselves at her ribcage. Writhing epileptically, the witch pulls a knife on her shadow self, screaming as she brings it down repeatedly, "I stab you! In the face, in the face, in the globs, in the face, in the glob face, face, face, globs!" As the witch cuts off the head of her shadow self, violet blood bursts out all over her and shocks her from her delirium. The witch wipes the blood from her eyes and sees that her shadow self has bloomed open from the waist up into a jumble of moist new limbs and appendages: arms, legs, tails, tentacles. But worst of all, there it was, looking calmly out at her from between a new pair of legs, a face, her face.

After a long and bitter effort, at 11:11pm, the witch despairs. She throws herself into the arms, etc. of shadow self, raises her face to the full, round beaver moon, opens her maw, and howls. The witch howls, a horse breaks its leg, a ship is pulled into a vortex, a worm dries up in the sun, a planet is struck by asteroids, a girl bites her tongue, a seal is clubbed, a man is crushed to death in a factory, a sun explodes, a black hole forms. And still, there is the event horizon, the shadow barrier, unyielding.

At 11:12pm, it begins to rain. It rains like the whole world crying, pissing, cumming, spitting at once. It rains like hammers falling and stars falling. The wind scatters itself to the wind. Electric explosions wrack the sky and the earth, a death-trip across country. The clouds commit honorable suicide and pour their bowels forth in an ecstasy of unbirth.

At 11:12pm, the rain comes in at the witch's open mouth. It fills her up full to the brim. It gets inside her organs, drowning all the animals, bursting mucus membranes. The lightning strikes inside her gullet, runs through her synapses and arteries. It gets under her

skin, cutting connective tissue and dissolving bone and throne and kin. The witch is loosed inside herself, separate from her pelt like the beavers in the moon. Swimming in her womb with no umbilicus, no anchor, no tombs. The witch writhes against her shadow self, hip to hip, vulva to vulva, knotted together with curling hairs curling round each other. Swimming out of womb, into shadow womb, sloughed of self by birth by self, penetration of barrier by union with shadow self.

On the shadow side, the shadow witch dives off the oak into the ground, which closes intimately over her and ripples at her passing.

“Know what i will, but know none, if i know another, i will be known, if i know myself who knows me, if i know myself i have already gained my knowing with my knowledge, so self-knowing is knowledge, we are all one, so self-knowing is all-knowing, so all knowing is knowledge.”

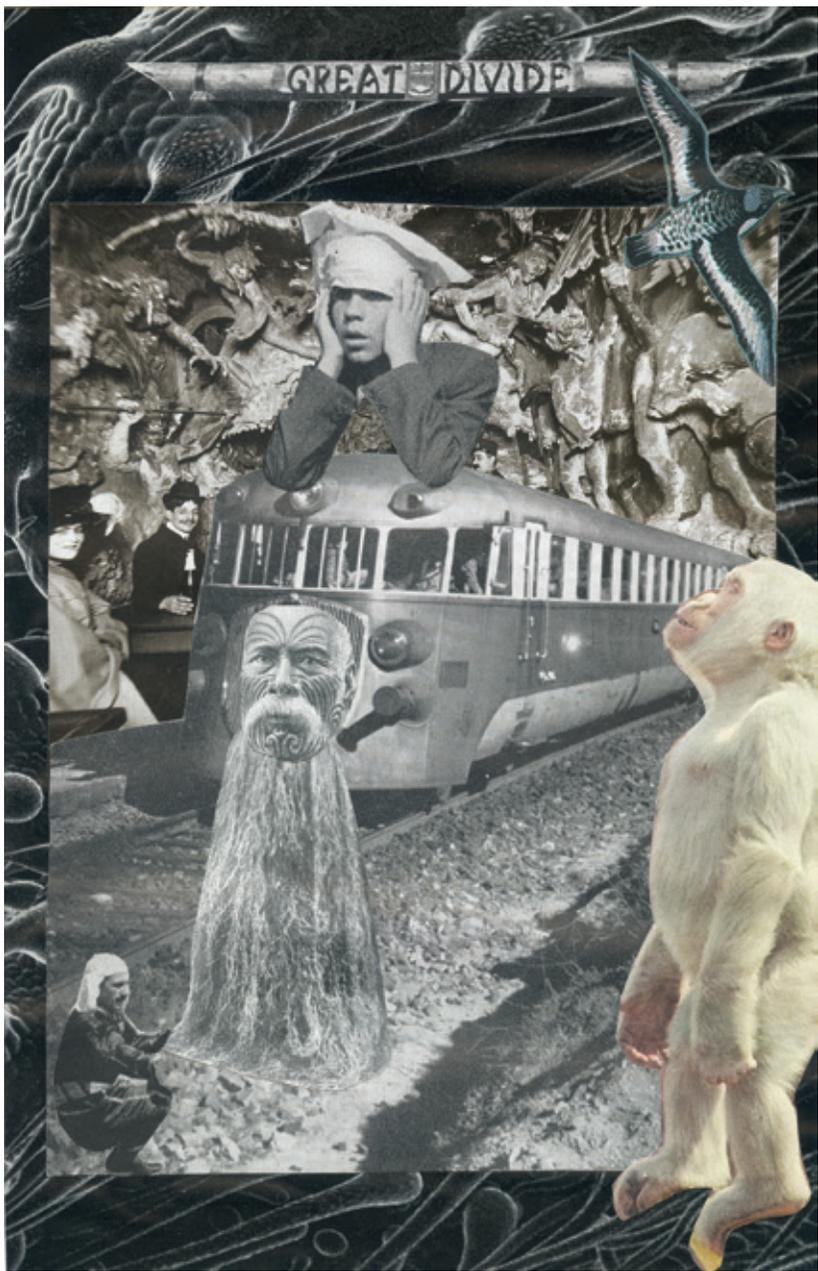




Megan Leach



With Your Face Tattooed to the Sky
Bill Wolak



The Great Divide

Ron Sakolsky, Sheila Nopper and Apio Ludd

EXTERIOR WEATHER, INTERIOR WEATHER, INTERPLAY AND PLAY

by Penelope Rosemont

There is a secret I need to tell you about the weather. A strange phenomenon. It seems that the weather doesn't happen to me. I make it happen. At least that's the way I experienced it when I was five and some years after that. Watching the clouds building and darkening morphing at my will from chicks to hens to elephants, from bright white to pink or black. Storms approaching across Fox Lake made my nerves positively tingle with joy. Or, perhaps I was pulling those storms toward me, attracting them. I exulted in the wind, the rain and especially the lightning. I ran in the warm rain til I was drenched. And the rainbow, I never felt a storm was complete unless I made a rainbow. I perfected drawing them.

My mood reflected the weather or did the weather reflect my mood? I loved the warm Fall days with golden leaves; the snow arrived just when I wanted it; the sun was bright and clear in February; Spring rains brought Green shock (this still happens to me).

When I was 14 we took a driving trip around Illinois, this was very rare as my Mother would say, "Where could we go that would be more beautiful than here?" She had a good point. Columbia Bay was beautiful, as lovely as the fertile green, lake spangled Mid-west gets, but I was curious about the world.

So we saw Starved Rock, Corn fields and Lincoln's cabin. When we arrived home after dark we were greeted by my Uncle Al driving up the road in his Cadillac; he announced, "Your place is a wreck, it was hit by a tornado!" We went home and set up candles—the electricity would be out for a couple of days. In the morning I surveyed the damage, we had lost eleven full-grown Silver Maple trees. Amazingly, they were all uprooted! Large root-balls stood out from the sand, not balls actually but more like an asterisk shape. The trees had been tossed around like matchsticks.



Guilt, I felt guilt. I did this. I was responsible, that my absence had let this happen. If had been there this would not have occurred. I would have controlled it, calmed the storm, saved the trees.

Interestingly, the tree our resident Kingfisher used for diving, though old and hollow and right at the edge of the water survived, untouched. (It was the one I spent most of my time under looking into the water trying to see my future .)

A few years later, my Uncle Al bought a place on the Atlantic Ocean in Florida, he told me that about tying himself to a Palm tree so he could experience the winds of a Hurricane. Palm trees don't break or get uprooted, but lose their fronds. He added that, unexpectedly, it was hard to breathe. This reminded me of Odysseus tying himself to the mast so he could hear the Sirens. And I felt a remarkable kinship with my Uncle after that.

I'm still not sure what sort of person I would be if I moved to another climate; weather and mood are still somehow entwined for me. I remember the black sky at mid day near Portland, Oregon, its contrast with bright white snow, the black trees...a stunningly different world, the mists rising in Machu Picchu to reveal mountains, volcanoes, the black sun drenched rocks of Galápagos. I imagine Mars, a landscape drenched in red with a black sky and tiny sun...

Many people complain about the weather, if they don't like it they should ask me about it. Maybe I can fix it. (I wish I could control it magically as I did as a child.) Though now I don't seem to have the time. And I appreciate it for itself and its expression of the dynamic system of Earth. One that makes the fantastic varieties of life possible. A sunny Fall day on Lake Michigan is a hurricane in the Carolinas, more magical than my imagination. I enjoy weather now as a surprise. Every day is different, a new delight.

MUNDUS SUBCUTANEOUS

by *Vittoria Lion*

Awake in bed one night, it occurred to me that perhaps the Anthropocene began in the halls of the Salpêtrière—the uncovering of a vast sleep geology, a project simultaneously underway with the discovery of immense skeletons during the assemblage of railroad tracks. A flock of hysterics, like the dinosaurs, thus became the ancestors of iridescent birds.

It's another day in the boiling city, where pinnacles of human feces reach to the sky and stacks of unwashed dishes substitute for skyscrapers. Weathervane wolves listen to the humming of pipelines. The sun whirls out of control, casting shadows over antelope and early hominids. New constellations give way to older ones seen by the painters of sandbanks and torched forests. Human worms dig tunnels between the mantle and topsoil, churning an earthy soup and battling gigantic moles.

Subterranean dwelling is life inside a magic mirror somewhere between hell and utopia. To me, Father Kircher was always colossal, fictional, and shrouded, like my country of origin. After all, I knew the Collegio Romano is in Italy and that he carved a museum there out of raw memory. I am continually enchanted by his explorations of Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna, where he encountered first-hand the same paroxysms of tectonic seduction that Breuer would use as a metaphor centuries later.

There is a certain fantasy I had as a very young child that I remember with clarity. When I rode the subway, I imagined that it was in fact threading through the deep darkness of the oceanic trenches lying along the East Pacific Rise, and the fluorescent lights streaming past the cabin window were the bioluminescence of anglerfish and jellies. Nearly two decades later, in my dream I was riding a train that ran across the Atlantic from here to Paris, either submerged in the abyssal zone or buried under the ocean floor. The cabin I sat in was decorated with posters of the wonders housed in the Musée des Arts et Métiers and Teophilus Schweighardt Constantiens' engrav-



ing of the Temple of the Rose Cross. In another dream, I explored the catacombs and peered into dimly-lit chambers where the leathery bodies of the upturned Cimetière des Innocents were replaced by analogy with chaotic piles of vellum manuscripts inscribed with the unsaid name mouldering into nothingness. The underground derives its magic airlessness largely from the presence of the dead. In other words, I was no different from every other child who looked out the window and daydreamed about where they would have to move if somebody dug up a dinosaur skeleton beneath the house and secretly wished it would happen anyways.

I have produced these three images to elucidate my fixation on all things underground. The first, a painting titled *The Other Side of the Rainbow*, is my attempt to visualize the hysteria-to-penguins dialectic of the elder and younger Charcot. It reveals a cross-section of the Antarctic underground teeming with fossil vegetation. Above is an ice sheet punctuated by the opening of a glacial pool leading down into the rock below. Louise Augustine Gleizes is at the bottom of the pool, holding the orans posture from the iconic 1878 photograph of her, but her head is replaced with a purple anemone from which an emperor penguin is emerging. Above her, two recently-birthing emperors launch out of the water and onto the ice. Mount Erebus is seen smoking in the background against a rainbow. *At the Mountains of Madness* was a double entendre.

The second image is a souvenir from a revolution that was premature. Marx's "old mole" (here seen in the form of a star-nosed mole) is juxtaposed with a large red rose and an illustration of bones in the Paris catacombs. In the upper left corner is a 1911 photograph of Chris, one of the huskies brought along on Captain Scott's Terra Nova expedition, curiously listening to a gramophone emblazoned with the words, A REVOLUTION THAT WAS PREMATURE. The background is made up of maps of the catacombs, covered in some areas with blue paint.

The final image is a spirit photograph I took at the age of eighteen, which reveals three strange entities who live on the platform of St. George station. They take the forms of an antique doll, a statue of Bast, and a dessicated heart and pair of lungs, and of course cannot be brought to light using normal methods of photographic processing.



The Other Side of the Rainbow

Vittoria Lion



At the Mountains of Madness
Vittoria Lion



Vittoria Lion

A SNOW-TRAIN ON THE NIGHT-TRACKS

by Jason Abdelhadi

An association game for the superlative ornamentation of useless travel time, against the temptations of productivity or entertainment.* There is a special sense of untimeliness that occurs when you are stopped in the midst of a journey. When you find yourself on a train or a bus traveling at night with frequent interruptions. But especially on intercity travel, in areas of blank forest or farmland, an externality in the form of landscape, sporadic lighting or weather play an especially strong part in the formation of poetic images. Boredom. The combination of the machine's motion, a personal claustrophobic stillness, the "name" of a place and a view of the wide weatherbeaten world make for some particularly bizarre and insistent notions. As you pull up to different stations, you can associate each one with a spontaneous image or observation.

Toronto — A white heatmap on the tongue of an undialectical bookmark.

Guildwood — A work of the human imagination, recognized for what it was.

Oshawa — Reminiscences of a hand gesture slowed down to increase fear.**

Port Hope — An old brick ship from a dark corner, aiming for the weirdest planet.

Cobourg — A fish tank kept in a deep cave, where analysts keep their unfiltered and unfinished pets; a mysterious paperweight, simultaneously the exact same thing as a rhinoceros.

Trenton Junction — Outside in the now slowly amassing snow a triangular being waits for something that I am very interested in discovering. A silver pig in the black shadow. It seems it is sniffing a

path of teeth left in the night by an anonymous esoteric philosopher, a disguised Jesuit who was a cancer to his order.

Belleville — One evil skulking around the window. In fact it might be the blank head of a mannikin. “1E”. It seems darker each time I look at it. A closet and a strange phallic object made of metal, gesturing rudely at the head.

Napanee — A long snow snake by a cabin, and a local moon pursing its lips. The brush are reciting a song they haven’t thought about in a long time, it just popped into their heads. A black window. A green wooden panel. Regular street lamps with meteorite ambitions.

Kingston — A flag opening onto a yawning strip, bound by snow. “The future is off”. I can hear through my sight a hiss. A man in black. Far off, a spear of lights. A cavalcade of odd wanderers. Dark orange eyeball and a seven samurai style banner for a battlefield, the far edge of which holds a fallen star; the only thing left in the night. Half a helmet. A red neon sign invokes “Nov*lis”.

Fallowfield — Prowling before a wall, bathed in red light, a giant rat, the size of a snowbank. My doppelgänger makes a gang sign. Five giant humanoids standing in a purple circle. The north star walks along, with a pompom. In the corner, a circus organ covered entirely with snow. There is an orange coffin. Inside, the pyrevamp who plays music hall tunes backwards for their satanic content.

Ottawa — A dog with a chain leash, walking itself away from the light. Cyclops hiding in a toolshed.

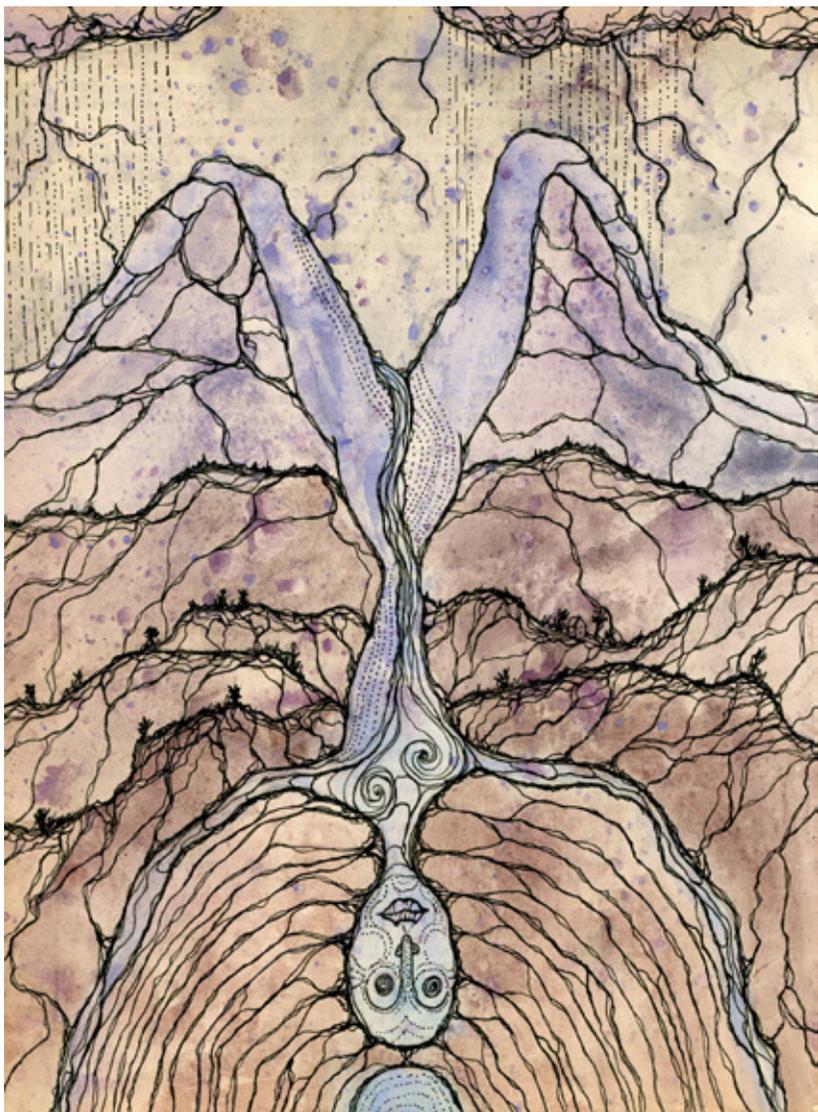
Train 54, car 4
November 19, 2018

**An excellent surrealist consideration of the topic was made by Mattias Forshage in the 2012 blog post “Bats and transit (variation about games)” available on the icecrawler/heelwalker blog: <https://icecrawler.blogspot.com/2012/02/bats-and-transit-variation-about-games.html>*

***A week after this was written, General Motors announced their major manufacturing plant in Oshawa would be shutting down, triggering an immediate labour walk-off.*



Casi Cline



Casi Cline

RESPONSES TO AS ABOVE, SO BELOW BY THE SURREALIST GROUP OF STOCKHOLM

Weather and negative ontology

by Mattias Forshage

A condensed image of whatever is out there is the weather. But is there something out there? What are the items we need to consider in our ontology, our lifeworld, our universe? Is there such a thing as the weather? And if there isn't, is there such a thing as denial?

This is not intended to be paradoxical. But of course, to the human mind, explicitly denying something means voicing it, giving it a presence, suggesting an image of it, invoking it. Denying something very specific is always a way of rhetorically stepping up into omnipotence, de-inventing something that shouldn't be there, assuming the right to claim that it is not there. And psychologically of course it is often a way of allowing yourself to fantasise about it without extending any rights to it. Except the right to be fantasised about, and therefore to exist... Denying something is also a way of suggesting an alternative world where this particular thing simply does not exist, and therefore in a sense creating that particular thread in the multiverse. One might say that ontological statements in real life are often instances of poetry, invoking new worlds.

Many a scifi story, and many a primitivist-environmentalist wet dream, concern the strategy of de-inventing the inventions of the contemporary world one by one. (A comic book story that made a



big impression on me as a child with this theme was an old “golden age” DC Captain Marvel (Shazam) story, which I’ve never seen again. Searching for it now I can identify it as “The Day Civilization Went Backwards!” from 1941.) Clearly this is a poetic strategy, even in the cases where it is suggested by a political agenda. To be able to imagine a world where a certain item simply does not exist, and the consequences thereof, both in terms of pondering or fantasising about how things need to be alternatively arranged, and in terms of the very spiritual relief of not having to consider such a thing at all, is one of the aspects of poetic freedom and of everyday magic.

I’m aware I may be testing the patience of those who understood what I am talking about from the beginning, but I will give an example. Once I started a poem with the line “There is no such thing as glass”. It wasn’t an automatic line, it was a shout of anger from my everyday life which I felt inclined to explore some aspects of. At the time I was walking barefoot in the city a lot, and all the time people bothered me with their concerns that I might step in glass. Likely or unlikely as it may have been, it was definitely something that it was not interesting for me to consider in my walks. For me, there was no such thing as glass, worrying about minor cuts or even thinking about the existence as such of glass would be an uninteresting distraction from the discoveries of those walks. Surely, stepping into glass and cutting my feet would have been such a discovery, that would not have benefitted the least from my worrying about it beforehand. Glass would have suddenly sprung into existence, teleporting me between possible worlds. I had the power to not let glass populate my ontology while still acknowledging its crystal lingering in the dim background with all its immediate associations of refreshing drinks and bloody cuts and thousands of other things. Its transparency bordering on invisibility while still sparking off these fireworks of reflections. Living in the proverbial glasshouse, carrying out my business transparently but without any interest in the idiotic concerns of the petty pavement prefects, with the bliss of ignorance as one of the aspects of the twoedged weaponry of denial.

But such a pedestrian application of a basic poetic pluriverse metaphysics (parallel but not identical with the multiverse theory of the physicists) may or may not veer off into solipsistic fantasies but

perhaps always tends to provoke a sadistic urge to “reality check”. Sure, realities are lining up before us as cards in a deck, or even more like the branches of a bush, but there is always the alleged objective corrective, crude matter, uncontrollable circumstances, little bodily wishes, the goddamn weather. You step in glass, you get hungry, it is warm, it is cold, it rains. It is not even sadistic. Surrealism attracts a rather disparate spectrum of personalities, with a strong minority who like to think of spiritual adventure as one where you ignore the petty material circumstances, the dirty sidewalk and the puny body, but a majority who enjoys pointing out the potential marvels and the marvellous potentiality of not making such divisions, loving the dirt not because it’s dirty but because it’s actually full of opened strange suggestions and weird shapes and lifeforms.

Of all the things that can be denied, the one that it seems perhaps the least poetically liberating to come up with, is the weather. Still civilised life keeps stubbornly insisting that every day is business as usual, all the routines of work hours, opening hours, lunch hours, pub hours, appointments, traffic, meetings, sunday picnics, holidays, they should all be expected to follow the same detailed schedule regardless of weather and should all be available for detailed planning long ahead; especially in the cities people are even usually dressed in basically the same way regardless of temperature and precipitation, because the moments when you are actually exposed to the weather are often just the short runs between various indoors environments, between shops, offices, buses, trains and cars anyway. A certain degree of wreaking havoc with roads, tracks and vehicles is expected to be completely ignored, it is only certain extreme cases which are accepted as force majeure. But of course the businessmen are happy to sell umbrellas and sunscreen lotions and vacation tickets anytime, and the ideologists are happy to claim the weather as a metaphor for the economy so as to suggest that the latter is beyond political decisions and any other conscious human influence. While the totem pole in our midst keeps repeating with a robotic voice “There is no such thing as the weather” all the way up to the very point where not even the most stubbornly credulous can believe it anymore.

Yet still there is a vast popular interest in weather forecasts. Uncertain as they are, they nevertheless superimpose a certain structure on



the mysterious ways of the big out there and will fulfill a variety of psychological needs. But it remains true that “you don’t need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows”. If you want to strike up a conversation with a stranger or a superficial acquaintance, or even a true friend just establishing rapport first, in many cultures the obvious option of an non-controversial and casual yet still deeply meaningful topic is the weather. Such conversations, if you just listen to them, with their relaxed and rather fatalistic summarising very grand themes, often balance on a tightrope between utter banalities and poetic truths. Of course, it’s not considered casual and therefore not polite to start saying these things about life in general or about one’s mental health or about the conditions of existence, so talking about the weather easily adopts the role of an allegory at the same time as it keeps concerning that which it speaks explicitly about. Since, you know, the weather is immensely interesting, regardless of whether one sees it as a baseline ambiance conditioning one’s life experience and possible behavior day by day, or perhaps as an expressionistic extension of the inner state with its storms and its statics, or as fluctuating between the two.

Poets have been called “friends of the weather”. A secret tribe walking among the regular population paying attention to atmospheric phenomena, feeling the warmth and the cold, the damp and the drought, the light and the darkness. Just like most people, but only somewhat more resistant to the idiotic civilised imperatives to ignore it (or to squeeze it into the grandmother dualism of all dry and warm weathers being “fine” and all cold or wet ones being “bad”). Seeing every heavy rain, every gale, every roar of thunder, every heatwave as a real drama, a state of emergency where relationships between people and commitment to duties are being somehow renegotiated. Where new images, new possible solutions and new worlds take shape. Surely, on a global level, weather varies much more in some places than others. In general, the lower the latitude, the less difference between seasons and the more predictable weather. But just like the cycle of night and day, the very tangibility of the weather makes it an undeniable reminder of change and of the importance of the exterior circumstances at all times. The onslaught of rain, just like the darkness of night, cannot ever be forgotten just

because it may occur in a clockwise fashion, and the experience of it will always assert itself. A reminder of reality. And therefore of the plurality of possibilities. What we call poetry. There is no such thing as the weather. There is just reality as such. With all these little flashlight images of natural disasters and utopian worlds, especially but not only where you are unable to tell them apart. These are the weathers. They don't exist. Therefore they are the spirits we dance with in our daily lives.



As above, so below?

Kim Fagerstram

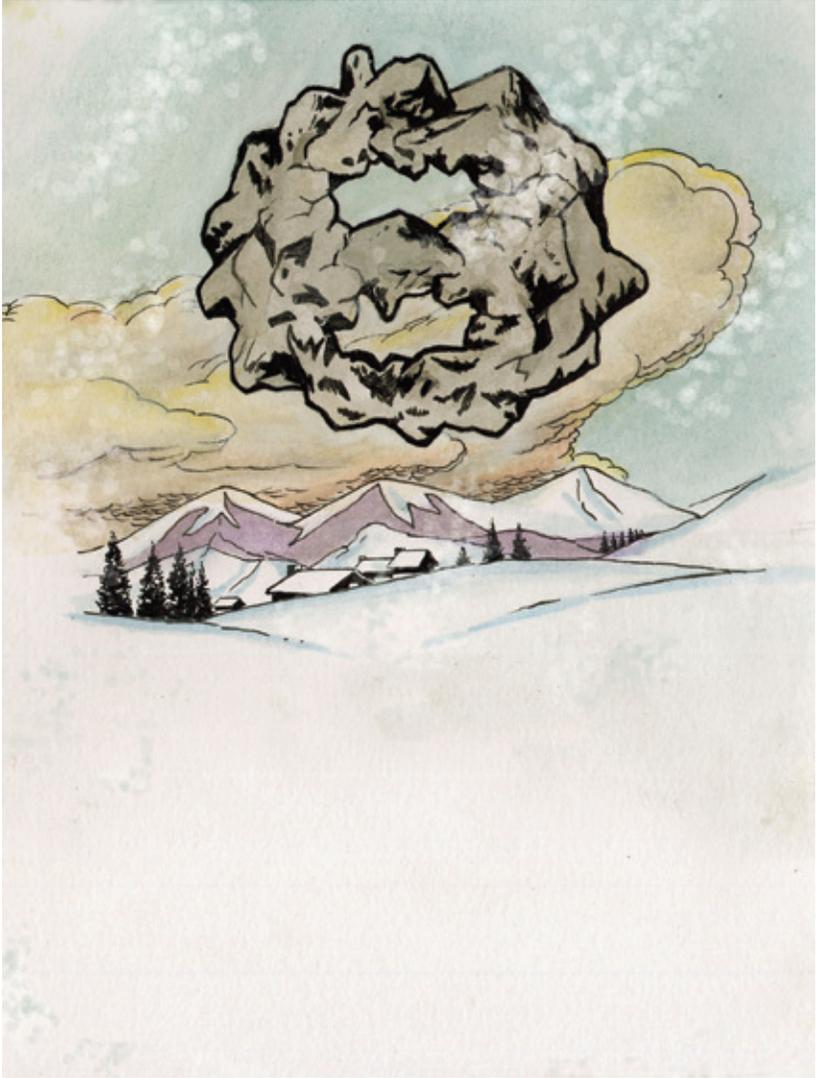
Emma Lundenmark

Red fox is climbing inside
was it there you left your gloves, dear
was it there your pale blue breath
reached the sky as a column of smoke in an uninhabited landscape
I hear you licking your mouth, even though you've never tasted food
I hear you whimpering, narrow as the night knocks my door
Loved fur, emaciated form, the one who stopped running, listen!
Red fox is climbing inside me, using its tongue as a ledge,
falling through layers of silence, only to dare the same leap again,
the same leap in the same body, the same silence as before.
Search for the openings or sink through melted skin,
 what would you prefer?
I hear your body fall, even though you're smiling
I see your silence behind bars, listen!
Red fox is twisting, swirling
as she turns her cubs in the den to the sun
and she sighs, pleased, when they're crawling back in
it's hot in the silence
It's not even silent anymore
there's no diving-board beneath earth, you know
and you can not, you can't even fall



Tension, eruptus and breaking wind. Microbes are found miles down in the earth's crust and a wealth of different microbes dwell in the alimentary canal. Among them, as symbionts of numerous belching and farting mammals, methanogenic archaea; breaking forth cycles, cyclones, erosion, eclosion. Ika Österblad

Niklas Nenzén



Float mount

To embody the powers of the sky, or weather, I returned to an old oneiric vision of a floating, self-contained stone planet over a snowy landscape. In a new sketch, also inspired by the call from Peculiar Mormyrid 8 and the ensuing discussions among the surrealist group of Stockholm, that planet was turned in on itself in a continuous movement as if trying to get away from, alternately approaching, its own fiery other side. To further ani-

mate the intuition that places act like beings, I invoked the giant oarfish (*Regalecus glesne*), vertical swimmer and splendid contemporary candidate for a natural sea-snake. In my depiction the giant oarfish takes on the attributes of the crowned Mesopotamian sky god Anu, which according to ancient legend, encloses the universe in itself and also, in a passus from the Sumerian epic of Gilgamesh that Jonas read aloud from, traverses the underground. Like its probable Greek counterpart Aion-Ouranus, Anu was castrated by his son in an obscure mythological battle for separating heaven and earth to enable the creation of mankind. Since the metaphor is real, there is little doubt that the stakes underlying the surrealist cut of the collage are equally as high — or low.

My two images can be seen as variants of the lemniscate (infinity eight) and the möbius band, two figures which were used by Jacques Lacan to explain the inner and outer aspects of the psyche, and how the emergence of the subject is facilitated through ‘a cut in the real’ (*coupure*). In a pre-cut möbius topology the subject “traverses the fantasy” without having to make a “mythical leap” from the inside to the outside, while the cut introduces a methodology, where an inspired interpretation implements an unforeseen idea of “two sides”. This, I would suggest, reflects surrealism’s understanding of the Hermetic credo “as above, so below”, when the correspondence between the material and the celestial is encoded as outer and inner materiality in both continuous and discontinuous transformation.

The shortest way to the other side’s weather, as suggested by Mattias Forshage’s methodological reflection, is to deny that there is a weather out there, while at the same time doubting this very act of denial. This double movement — arguably an Hegelian negation of the negation, pointing to a self-referential, dissolutive positive ground — could manifest concretely as a balcony. At least it did so in my second picture, since I designed a balcony solely for compositional reasons but then dreamed of one at night, as if it was the most important element of the image. I also dreamed that I was making a bed for someone to sleep on the lawn under the stars — maybe the origin of the idea of a balcony, and surely a preferred “positive ground” for vertical swimming.



Regalecus

A PLEASANT, SUNNY DAY

by Nicholas Alexander Hayes

The farmer has an abscessed tooth and leans against a desiccated bull, slaughtered by a man of faith for not drawing a black upright piano from the earth. Blue smoke emerges from the piano. Tongues of flame snap the strings.

Glorious and frazzled, hair cascades over his forehead in long tendrils like oozing entities that striate the ground with black and blue vascular lines. Crusty rheum collects in his crows' feet like salted soil. Varicose veins marble the industrious clay of flesh, forced to be fallow, deprived of the long and slow edge of a plow.

In the field, black berry briars and intestines creep through the branches to form a pergola. The descendant colons are an extension of solar anus waiting to be coaxed open by the gentle pulsations of ley lines that crisscross the surface of the earth.

Furless mice with sharp wings like those of kestrels emerge from the piano smoke. Their ears have devolved into their skulls. They ride the warm current up towards the solar abyss, the solar anus. They soar between the salted earth and sour green satellite.

Under the pergola, boys and girls in bonnets sit in their bare undifferentiated bodies, covered in filth and black berry juice, having tea parties with rabid hares that hold dime store china cups in their forepaws and knock the rims of the cups with their teeth. The fertility of the earth is all that anyone worries about.

Mice circle above them in the celestial skull, the brain pain and chamber pot of the infinite. The farmer knows that the universe is excreta and the flora that grows on it is just a cycle. He can stand under the distended rectum and bowel waiting for the universe to give birth to itself, marking time by the ache of his tooth.



Valley or hill, same deal

Sasha Vlad (collage), & Dan Stanciu (caption)

WORMS

by Nicholas Alexander Hayes

(I)

Gut worms build a cottage on the banks of a stream of partially digested matter. It is not always easy to live off blood and bile, so they dredge night earth and fertilize a small plot of land. They grow cabbage and Swedish turnips, healthy durable crops. After a hard day of tilling and sowing, they slither back to their round daub house to rest. But before they can sleep, they hear a knock on the door. The duke has come to demand his right of *primae noctis*.

(II)

Worms hold a congress in the gut. They call for independence from their host. They are tired of being lured out the anus with a bowl of milk. "Barricade the bowels and burrow into the bloodstream," cry the younger. The older are smug knowing if their bodies are ravaged and rent they will grow two from one.



Found Portrait of Sade

Sasha Vlad



Opening
Steve Morrison

OBNUBILATING ELOQUENCE

by Maria Brothers

Noise. Flowing of the air
A river beneath as quiet as moonlight
Down, into the abyss
A paper white ceiling hangs flat and unyielding
Pencil columns punch the veil

Les Couleurs Primaires

Rouge et Bleu Nuit égal à Foncé Violet

Coloured threads dictate the motion
Fireflies burst from a clouded vine
A metal stream of scattered words
Betwixt and between it spirals around
In endless cycles it keeps on roaring:

“What is abolished in time

cannot orate the word that draped over the murk”

Stories intertwining defying impact
Merging a pattern compressed within
Stairs amidst arched-capped tunnels
Articulate the votive flow of humanity
Coruscating the afterglow of vapour trails

Past and Present

become magma in the fog of the coloured quarters of my soul

PROLOGUE & CAVERN DREAM

by Maria Brothers

PROLOGUE: The content of my dreams does not have the logical sequence of physical reality, and is beyond the conscious control of what is experienced. *Nothing happens randomly – but is stimulated by the subconscious that uses a symbolic language to express itself.*

The experience of a series of images, sounds or other sensations, ideas, feelings and forms create a story. The month November, motivated me to write a poem – and that poem found its way inside a dream I had a couple of days after writing the poem – and the dream revealed what accompanies the writings I share: a mixed media artwork. Three sections, same theme. I tested my creativity and pushed myself hard to depict a faithful atmosphere, and make sure the distinctive elements my dream manifested were reflected accurately through my piece of art. Upon completing this artistic duty, I willingly fall into a cataplexic contemplation.

November 3rd, 2018

CAVERN DREAM: I found myself sitting at the back seat of my car when I realized I was parked outside the Spilaio Limnon at Kalavrita (Cave of the Lakes) in the east-central part of the regional unit of Achaea, Greece. Unsure how I got there, but strongly sensed this was the place I was meant to be. I started heading towards the obscure tall double gate door, trying to see my way through the cavern entrance. It felt like I was descending and walking on a bouncy sponge like corridor. While observing the guts of the cavern, I could not tell how far overhead the ceiling was – nevertheless, the atmosphere was surrounded by tiny blinking shimmering shapes floating in the air. “An ordinary element of caves”, I thought, and carried on to what became the focus of my artwork. The shimmering shapes were concentrated in a great hall I was now standing in awe; Massive stalagmites and stalactites rose before me creating a stone forest, while my mesmerized senses savored the rhythm of the music of the waters within

the rocks. The stalagmites and stalactites were swiftly shaping themselves and taking the forms of hands, women's torsos, cards of all sorts, broken wings, and scattered words drifting away whilst divided far and wide, yet all returned to what appeared to be an old-fashioned funnel that was suctioning the floating shimmering shapes and paraphernalia that found their way to the funnel's mouth – only to be spat out to what the funnel considered was instantaneously stimulated by my subconscious. My hands were grasping tightly a sheet of thin cardboard as I uttered "I will answer the question that was not asked". The dream concludes staring down at the piece I was still holding in my hands thinking that this is precisely what I should submit to Peculiar Mormyrid.



DREAMS AGAIN OF WATER

by Peter Dubé

The city turned upside down surrounds and the Shadow Man walks through it. The sidewalks are in the sky, become the crowns of thousand year old trees gone absent; disappeared. Above them must be, he thinks, the bowels of the city: storm drains and sewers, subway tunnels and the secretive nervous systems shepherding power and data and wealth. All of it sucking in light, rendering darkness. Descending, the windows of the towers reflect and distort images, twist them in the accumulated grime awaiting cleaning. And the tips of the construction are uneasy spindles; they shudder with the weight they must now maintain. The outlines of the buildings quiver too; the suggestion of pain, unease, discomfort, and of nerves before the transformation. The shadow man's fingers twitch at it; he moves on. Seizing, touching, coming to terms at the terminal points. A city upside down around him. An overturned aeon. An inverted infinity.

The polished concrete spans, the curtain walls of glass all gleam reaching downwards, sinking deep into the elemental world. The man stops; regards, his arms extended, hands spread in recognition and in the instant knows that it is not the world that has changed, but him. Above him the sky is wet and he is underwater. The city's uprightness is untouchable, though its representations remain malleable. The thought shakes him; his is walking through an image: the reflection of a city in accumulated rain that somehow covers him. He cannot know whether he has shrunk or the city yielded to a flood. He walks submerged. The creature of a puddle.

The thought jolts him awake. Pulls him upright in a rented room where – now – the light pouring through the blinds leaves stripes across his torso and his sheets. This unchanged; it is perfectly symmetrical, its regularity is constant. Merciless. Reasonable. Brutal.



As Above, So Below

2018, photo taken in cemetery, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia

S. Higgins



From the Lost Keys of Basil Valentine
David Coulter



Interpreted Marine Painting
David Nadeau



Wax figure and ink cap mushroom
CM Lundberg





PART II:

*in which we are thunderstruck by
the ascendancy of gravity*



Juracan
Andrew Mendez

MEDITATIONS #92

by Andrew Mendez

She would run out into the fields when she heard thunder rolling through the valley. Her boney fingers would fold around, grabbing hold onto the lightning rod—hoping today would be the day she became enlightened.

“Udyamao Bhairavah” —the sudden awakening or flashing of Universal Consciousness is Bhairava.

Siva Sutra ch. 1 ver. 5

1. There is always death in the atmosphere, no matter if the sun is out and the children are left inside a boiling car. Or old folks who couldn't pay their heating bills, can't hear the neighborhood kids playing with the snow outside their windows. Hurricanes push through cities like dominoes along the Tropic of Cancer, sending what was once land bound sailing through the air at subsonic speeds. As I write Florida is being reduced to a pile of rubble, the roof of people's homes now islands on far away horizons.

2. Before the Western Europeans came to the New World, the Taino people of Cuba would perform a ritual in which one of their own young males would be chosen and taken to a calculated spot of the island where the hurricane would hit. There, they would tie the young man to a tree and feed him a powder made from plants and roots (Maybe Yaga). This would produce hallucinogenic mind expansion for well over 36 hours. He would be left there alone to face the storm head on and complete his initiation, only then could he return back as a man or a corpse. And all of this done in the name of Juracan—goddess of chaos and disorder.

On a normal day about 100 lightning bolts strike the earth every second, making that about 8 million times per day.

Somewhere in the streets of Catatumbo, Venezuela there is a house whose owners are asleep. Their daughter tosses and turns in her bed from the dreams she is living through. In one of these

she is placing her finger into the electrical outlet as she hears someone call her. Suddenly she sees a pencil being inserted into a pencil sharpener and then a finger inside the hairy part of her body. Just then thunder is heard.

She runs out into the fields...

"Laughter is a burst of Lighting" – Bataille



Slippery As the Mirror's Eyes

Bill Wolak



The Atmospheric Fortresses

David Nadeau

All are clear, I alone am clouded

– Lao-tzeu

STORM

*From Surrpedia, the free
surrealist encyclopedia*

by Steven Cline

Classification:

Storms are formed by the chance meeting of two opposing forces, such as when a center of low pressure develops within a system of high pressure, or when an aerial meeting of umbrella and sewing machine occurs. As such, it is certainly the most fashionable alchemical festival to which white mice are invited these days, though dry salamanders and nervous novelists will often remain morally outraged and/or dubious on this point. There are many different varieties and names of storms, but “cumulonimbus” is the sacred word which will unlock the door.

Extraterrestrial storms:

Clairsentient dust devils play across the face of the planet Mars, and Jupiter’s whirligig tantrum has been going strong for 340 years. She’s a real sassy sphere, that one.

Effects on human society:

There is a momentary break in the vital life functions of the capitalism-ogre under Storm. Storm is the Earth Mother’s tourniquet, she blocks the ogre’s flows with ease.

Storm is our saucy sometimes-champion, sometimes-scoundrel, a fiend both dark and unpredictable.

Storm functions as abrupt hallucination.

Storm is also a constant reminder to the climate-change deluded. She badgers us and she nags us and she just doesn’t let up. Yes, she can be very cruel at times. She enjoys rubbing our rectangular man-faces in that Boschian reality of imminent collapse. No, we just can’t seem to get ourselves back to that comfortable, anesthetized selfishness anymore. It’s getting harder and harder to check-out, turn off, to make the big brain go ZAP! What happened to all those carefree

desecrations of our species' youth, we think, what happened the good 'ol days?! It's a shame, eh? We still want to beat Mother Earth into submission like grandpa did, we still want to play at being the big boss man and use her as we like, keep retrying the old tricks and gaslighting her on the regular—but it's no use, she's got the upper hand, we're on the run now. She'll probably kill us all before it's through. We've just been schooled by our own planet. *Bunch a pea-brained hominids need to cut it the fuck out.*

Storm is 7.483 gallons of unconscious energy abruptly dropped on the head of a sunny corn field in Nebraska. On a completely cloudless day, from nowhere in particular. Like frogs.

Storm is the translucent owl in the daylight. Storm ruptures the membrane of the banal with ease.

Storm is both beheading and orgasm.

After Storm's disruption people begin to reconnect with each other, to help each other. They rediscover their physical space. The cadaverous screen-world is shattered and electricity-daemon is pushing up daisies. The game of the moth & the light is abruptly terminated. Inside the husk of this disaster, life transforms. Our bodies start to become corporeal once more as we interact with a world outside the capitalist force field. Its oppressive, gloomy particles have all but dispersed. Yes, and we all live Beyond Goods & Weevils, for a time. It is after the Storm that the commune is built.

Unfortunately, for now at least, the mad doctor Frankenstein has always managed to reconstitute the capitalistbody carcass and release a deadly "return-to-normality" plague inside affected areas.

In the Cinema:

Valentinus, that outlaw academic and celebrity punk-philosopher, has often pointed out that the long-running popularity of disaster movies speaks to an unconscious urge for the cessation of this "return-to-normality" bug, though that urge still lies dormant within most meatbrains.

Valentinus has also recently been quoted in the radical press, commenting that "*The carcinoma of hope is still very much alive inside each and every one of us! Frankenstein's near-constant surgical marauding can never fully eradicate our dreams, because the levels are*

far too deep for a casual urination. Dante knew this, as did Frank Baum. "The Underground"—that both of planet and of mind—is an anti-capitalist zone!"

This Valentinus fellow has also predicted that with each passing of the celestial wheel more insurrectionists and malcontents will begin to hatch, causing chaos in the child-care industry. According to him, they shall burst forth from the egg of the Fuzzy Abraxas (Feline variety), after having wakened from long hibernation by our planet's quickening seismic activities. Pow!

In mythology and literature:

Yes, we all know the old tale about the flood, but have you heard the one about the blue tornado who challenged the views of a racist armadillo with the power of vaudeville dialectics?

Poorly translated from the French, it goes something like this;

Q: Why did the Hurricane Charley cross the Floridian roadway?

A: To become his own ovum.

(Laugh Track Plays)

In the fine arts:

Hail causes head trauma.

Conclusion:

We must all become a Dorothy. The time has come to leave Kansas behind. The trumpets of Oz are calling.

"When I was a lizard, I spake as a lizard, I understood as a lizard, I thought as a lizard: but when I became a Dorothy, I put away un-Dorothy, things. For now we see through a Hegelian, darkly; but then butt to cheek: now I know in thesis; but then shall I know synthesis even as also I am antithesis." – Das Kapital, the lunar translation



Spectral Shift
Janice Hathaway

No one looks at his feet: we are looking at the beaches of the sky ...
– Ennius

THE GREAT WEATHER

by Jason Abdelhadi

Over and above the normal forecasts, there is a higher, stranger weather. It hovers above the rain and storm and snow like a baseball card collector who doesn't even know the rules of the sport. Its seasons are not the seasons we experience, but, like a gnostic tuba player, sit one level removed. The anti-winter is not summer, but rather a radiant sugarstorm which we have never experienced. This Great Weather is the true antidote to the concept of the master. It follows the whims of its own desire, and buffets humans indirectly, as if we meant nothing to it, and surely we cannot mean much at all. Our production process cannot alter its rhythms, because they are too obscure, even for our unconscious urge to destroy that which we have not yet discovered. It is not a weather of plenty, this Great Weather, but it is certainly a weather of irony, and in that I think we may find a point of conjunction. It doesn't do much like we do, but it does "smirk". It distributes non-euclidean geobananas into bursts of gravy storm-matter. It tickles the soundtrack of sweltering heat and makes it sound like a cicada composer of the baroque era (tinny). If the Great Weather had a pseudonym it would be "bad attitude". The closest we get to it is when we imagine with frisson a cold winter eve in the glowing sun of the June solstice. Antinomies are just the beginning. It never plays on emotions without breaking hearts and recalling odours. The Great Weather brings up fish-eggs to roost in the stars, briefly, to impress Charles Fort, who lives there as a fat groundhog with a constellation of his own, and Charles Fourier, who is sunbathing in a garish one-piece bathing suit. It's no heaven, this Great Weather; just an afternoon club that meets at midnight.



Almaniactal Altar
Jason Abdelhadi



Thank Heavens!
Bruno Jacobs

MOTHERS AGAINST HYGIENE, RESTOCKING THE **BLOODY** MYTHIC. CHAPTER ONE: DETONATING RAIN DANCE. A PREREQUISITE TO DISARMAMENT.

by Kirsty Woods

A regular shower occurrence is to sing the song cloudbusting with special emphasis on the lines ‘just saying it could even make it happen’, and with more volume if feline is present, as she often is, beside the tub—fascinated by the water (and as for weather, I am very excited for this femme-enfant in feline form to experience rain for the first time, and have you felt that relief when it rains, like the event itself is releasing a certain tension? I like that). A few years back I had a memorable dream in which I was having my fortune told by a hag, and the fortune telling was rain, just rain. I never interpreted this as an omen as one friend speculated, it was more of a nourishment. And anything which will put me on multiple sensory planes and flesh out my body makes me feel much better—as rain does, brings me to my body. So she herself, the hag, was a meteorologist and also the hypnotists finger kaleidoscopically clicking. Click! But as to whether I was waking up or going to sleep, as instigated by this clicking, I do not know. It is through

this rain, her rain, that I seek to be disarmed—a desire only comprehended on hindsight after the **red** dance.



Izzy the kitten on red placental fabric

Anyway, back to the shower. I had of recent been sourcing imagery of ‘cloudbusters’ in hopes that naivety to status-quo function would release me of those sorts of tedious ‘lyrical’ burdens—of knowledge and stuff when it is all dead, dry and infertile. Also, I think I just like the perversity of not knowing in a functional sense, Possibly I am irresponsible. My dad during car-rides would often reflect on the fact he had been listening to songs for years, enjoying them, singing along in the mother tongue yet not knowing at all what was being said. This I felt then as I do now—it is a dangerous liberty. To not even know what your own tongue signifies!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That all being said, I have attended the tea party of a group of ‘word salad women’ and they seemed to understand everything perfectly well irrespective of incongruous lyrics. I understood too. So I’m not so afraid.

However, I am no meteorologist meets rain-maker like that aforementioned hag so often lack the confidence to participate. But I figured (as this inquiry gave some direction to these loose

associations) that I could create a cloudbuster as a poetic device. 'saying it could even make it happen', so watch this space....

I did not have the outlines for a game but I did have a collection of toy frogs, lizards and snakes that happened to surface as I intended on exploring. So in three sets of three I called these for the time being 'meta-organites' and figured they could for now function as some sort of place holder, that the (as of yet unknown) context would shred the initial seeming arbitrariness, and I just wanted to go exploring with these flexible characters in my pocket.

Three frogs.

The first frog leads me to the coast with its alien kelp. It is most of all the smell that fills me, of the sea, it's a continuity that compensates for all the holes in my perceptions. Here I am at the interface of infinite water to sky coalescing with myopia turning tentacular as I look at my feet and steady myself. And it is in the course of these flashing alternations, of balance, that I spot the first of what will be my cloudbuster; it is alien kelp flesh. I snap it from the mass and its gestating a stone; tendrils forming skulls? It is an antennae reaching towards the sky that guides my eyes up up above and an airplane passes by. But oh the smell, hmmmmm (I really love it)!

The clouds have cloaked the sky grey. I photo my first frog with this finding and I imagine it dissolving into the object that replaces it. A few moments later I come across a plastic toy airplane wing inscribed with the words 'clean air'. I follow the same photographing procedure as before but with the second frog who found this wing, and then I attach the wing to the kelp creature. As walking I begin to daydream, to speculate about the function of these seemingly arbitrary frogs. So are they like mapping? Like a snap-shot of a certain fleeting tension in the fabric of reality? And I think this with attentive conviction that objects have a multitude of ghosts. Click! I come to a sweet shop and purchase some sherbet filled 'flying saucers'; they taste really good.

The third frog cannot find the final object, so I shall find one of those photo-booths and improvise 'whatever' in the space which the final lost object creates, and the third 'object' in this instant will be the photograph as it envelops the previous pieces. I have to

satisfy myself somehow. I feel like my movement is epileptic and violent, snapping kelp, clicking clicking. Izzy's death drive felinity as she indirectly participates.



Alien kelp, airplane wing, sherbet filled saucer, me

Three Lizards.

The lizards are in my pocket as I intend on continuing my creation of this cloudbusting device, the Frog piece a premonition of this next step.

I go wondering by a river, in the direction of a cemetery I once visited as a youngster. I come across a burnt field, black, and I remember being told that this was due to a still burning coal-mine underground. Ashen black plants and soil... I notice many burnt golf balls dotted at different points in this blackened expanse. The measures of their disfigurations differs from sphere to sphere, creating a unique object in each. I come across one unlike the others in that it is an orangey hue, almost like gold, the sun, so this one I take. All the while the lizards remain in my pocket. I am starting to think of dragons, it is as if some kind of dragon has been here and has nested its eggs (the golf balls) or treasures. Are lizards dragons? This sounds like a story for young boys. Then I find a round Pokémon card, a poke-ball. So I suspect that some sort of battle with fire has gone on here. So less a meteorologist, today I am an archaeologist of sorts and a Pokémon warrior, probably other things too. If instead of sherbet filled edibles I had a spaceship I suspect I could go up high and comprehend this expanse celestially. But at this moment I do not know how to operate that technology. I am subterranean.





It dawns on me that I am not making a very good game. The lack of specific intention in this gestating game/investigation, its looseness, makes it quite evasive, at times necessitating some direction at the very least in my retrospective analysis of the events. This could definitely prove naive in terms of embracing the poetic but certainly at this point I am moved by whatever it is I am follow-

ing. So wait...what am I looking for? (amnesiac glitch) CLICK! I would say my critical faculties need some development.

Snakes.

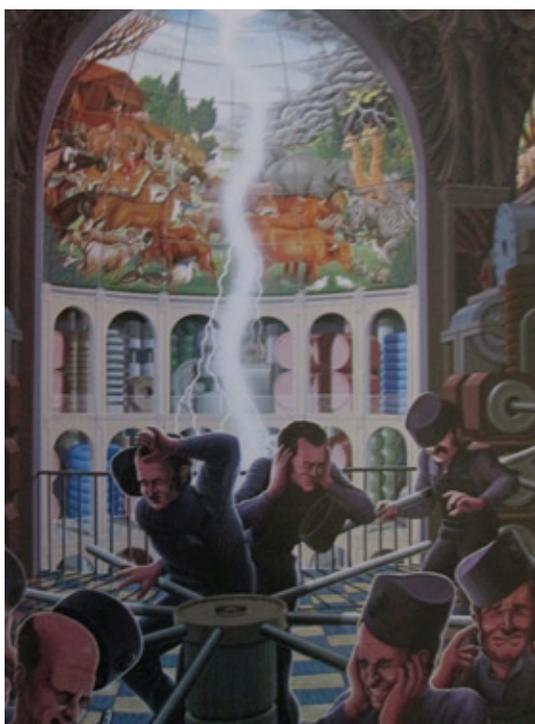
So I do not know where I am going. But the snakes are with me. I am still curious about the burnt out lizard land I visited, and I am eager to go back there and place a previously found dragon object there, maybe, I don't know. I am in town and looking for a pirate's grave (as suggested by a friend) but cannot find it. I cannot find anything today; I am tired. but anywhoo, not to worry, I decide on browsing a second hand book store for potential collage material, it is there I find in the children's section a book on 'weather'.

And here is a brief synopsis of the beautifully illustrated book:

Why is the weather so unpredictable? There are of course numerous weighty and scientific explanations, but this book provides another answer all together—an alternative for less pedantic souls, and one that relies on poetry and painting rather than rain gauges and barometers.

We are taken on a tour around the Weather Works, the 'factory' where the worlds weather is made, which is to be found "past the rainbow, bear due east at Mars, then sharp left soon after forever." All is running very smoothly until one day a mysterious pet is brought there on a visit, and an ominous atmosphere develops....

Look at all of the colours! The head is an observatory! With this information, celestially locomotion is in sight! YES!



The totality of these once loose associations are beginning to tighten and form quite the knot, a cloud, the knot is my 'cloudbuster', or at least I am appropriating that word for now. So as I recollect I am not so much left with a congruent narrative but a multitude of impressions and atmosphere of the preceding events. I want ACTUAL RAIN!

Of course in Newcastle I am going to get plenty of rain but I really want to feel it. I speak here, on behalf of Izzy as she cross fertilizes the cloudbuster with shower droplets. Izzy speaks in **pink** because she is a new star.

“You make a knot to loosen it, to breathe, swimming out to the periphery, back to the surface from the subterranean depths for clean air.” She informs me. **“Saying it could really make it happen”.**

What am I looking for?

For the nearest disco so you can dance!

The disco dancing days are over, those are from my grandmothers time.

Make a disco ball of the moon, I'd suggest. If you can have the sun, you can have the moon aswell.

As you wish, pussy cat:



She then, boisterous kitten that she is, begins to demonstrate, running back and forth in the hall way, destination unknown, undecided. This generates so much excitement, so much restless joy. She is dancing!

Description of the dance:

There is a lot of ins and outs, there is a lot of clicking and snapping, tapping, red fabrics hanging and red hands moving. There is the 'break' in the seal which allows air in, clean air, breathing, inhaling, exhaling, warm milk gushing and the feeling of being made. Of entering the body after exile, of being location, of sharing, of placental disarmament so as to hug and hold. Water in water from the ceilings: TORRENTIAL! I am a kitten.

The midwives are waiting.



MINING FOR THUNDER IDOLS

by the Ottawa Surrealist Group



Isidore Isou made a good joke when, instead of the usual formulaic recapitulation of “no gods, no masters”, he took ouroboros by the dangly bit and trilled: “all gods, all masters!”

It’s one of those anti-classic cases of something emerging from below the below, to poke its head out like some ur-cicada and, finding the rare conditions fulfilled and players willing, experimentally proposes to make itself atmospheric. A very temporary enthusiasm for another of those indistinct physical entities which seek to infect the cosmos with their unwelcome and seductive temptations.

Taking a detour before a meeting of the ottawa surrealist group, JA finds a strange sculpture in a junk shop, which he can only presume is an idol. He doesn’t take long in purchasing it, thinking it might want to make some interpretation. But he soon forgets about it and neglects to mention it to the group as they start to arrive. The meeting happens, and in the latter course of the discussion, L randomly feels the compulsion to write an automatic text, written entirely before seeing or even knowing the idol was there in the room:

The armored priest charges the waterlogged fields where the sunflowers grow. His, is the sorrow at losing his idol, the god he worshipped over many years. Will there ever be another treasure worthy of smearing the sacrificial blood?

We eventually ask L what is being written. At which point JA gesticulates excitedly and produces the idol. The thing has begun to tell its own story, despite our neglect. We smear sacrificial substance on its “brow”. We then agree to simultaneously compose some texts, channeling the entity sitting before us:

SH

Doris unfolds her vulval gills. Breath is libido is fire, is the primordial waters of life. Protozoa re-unfilter from her core. RNA unfolds and froths into the first life. Physis, at its cavernous core, dedicates its coldness to Doris. Dictation, DNA all that Doris deigns. This is the pulse of all life.

JA

The fury of the storm is a cruel and iron maker. I am not a figment! Io! I burn well with eyes of the shadow. The space is not a furor. The coal in the sepulchre. Ash is what breaks the future. I am beyond your time, I melt well, I am lightning in the eyes of curiosity. I glow. I am not what you are. I am the engine of the storm. I scream at the last person.

L

I praise the mud glob of my purest love, purify my vital humors, it confuses me ichor and confuses my knotted neurons for the last time. Today eunuchs shall celebrate their loss of supreme nature. Becoming forever... The flight of the eyes.

*

Contrived revelations fulminate heatefully in the astral plain of my uterus, I give birth to the nightmare of my own wanting to exist, which can never be, and the beehive of my natural yearning causes annihilation across an empty world that makes me sad in a lost hat taken off a dead dog that stands stuffed.

J, L, SH, with a watcher,
Ottawa Surrealist Group
October 18, 2018



Cloud Demiurge Devouring Rainbow
Jason Abdelhadi

She, the Enclosure's Source, the confused cloud of the Storm
– Lycophron of Reggio

LIGHTNING ROD

by Th.D. Typaldos

Today the weather is nebulous in Patras City...

Today the weather has tempests on its menu in Patras City...

Thunders are launching a ferocious attack on the citizens of Patras City. They are furiously falling upon the heads of the houses and upon the roof tiles of the humans. The passers by, agast, are running all hot and bothered, back and forth... Thunders everywhere, everywhere rain whips and hail shells, are hitting the brows of the statues and they, they are falling on the earth, they are bouncing off and they are rising high again, they are swaying and revelling in the orgasms of the storm! How beautifully the end comes, before we even discover the starting point. Tarot cards are swirling upward. The image of a decomposition with cerulean legs – how beautifully we center the nothingness of woe, that nothingness which Tzara set in motion a century ago, now, becomes an instant reality within an instant reality.

Yet, there it is; a lightning rod is sprouting from the subsoil! A lightning rod, not invisible but non-visible, is rising, festering, fighting. Its war, war of justice, an inexpressive war that expresses what nobody ever will be able to tame. The weather, today, is touching the madness of the persecuted, of the damned. Painters are crowding in the highest spot of Patras. They are observing and painting the non-visible lightning rod. Then, and after they manage to picture what cannot be pictured neither by shapes nor by colors, they are starting to devour one another. The tarot cards have reached, by now, above the aquatic borders between the gulf of Patras and Corinth. They are meeting seaways and vessels collisions. They are participating themselves in the paroxysm that has overwhelmed everything. The lightning rod smiles at the winds.

The rage of the weather phenomena continues. A journalist who trying to report the extremities of these phenomena, is struck by a thunder blast, straight at the forehead, resulting in the burning of her clothes, and, naked, she dies upon a song:

*“Dance upon the shark’s wing...”**

“My little love, today the weather is a bit unstable. Take your coat with you, from Zeus’s hand, and rush toward the clouds, upon the celestial dome. My little love, beautiful like the morning star’s rawhide and like the daylight’s remnants. My little love, I love you through cataclysms and through snow’s anus. You know better than anyone what the word ‘rejection’ means, what the rain upon the dream’s cracks means. I love you when I am soaked, I love you as the lightning walks its myths and desires”.

The wind is rising – hurricanes and sandstorms are hitting the aspens. A spider turns its belly toward the vast sun of a deviation. All the residents have delivered their spirit and they are waiting for the price of the climatic overheat; build the basements in the penthouses and throw the penthouses to the tables of the poor! Convert the manifest emissions of Orion into jolly fusillades of euphoria! The weather is changing, the humans are dying – the weather is changing, the humans are born!

The weather is feeling blue, above Patras City...

Only hyper-reality can save us...

Do not hit car glasses, unless it is a quiet hour...

Not to forget it, the tarot cards arrived in Athens at 3.15 pm. Welcome, angry thinker. The motherland, grateful, is setting up non-visible lightning rods throughout the whole territory. The celebration goes on relentless, inexhaustible, unexpectedly splendid!



Krzysztof Fijalkowski

I'm going where the weather suits my clothes
– old blues

But past calculation comes a cloud of forgetfulness
– Pindar



Krzysztof Fijalkowski

The clouds floated like a menstrual stream

– Apollinaire

The grimacing crowd no longer leaves any place for the clouds

– Ilmar Laaban

WORD SUBSTITUTION GAME

by House of Mysticum

A text is chosen by a designated “reader”. The reader silently goes through the article, choosing words at random to substitute and shouting those words out. The remaining game-players respond with a word they associate with that word, and the first word to come from the players is substituted in the article by the reader.

How to stay safe during a catharsis storm

According to the Funeral Home Emergency Management Agency/Estuary Security, hair is the leading weather-related parallelogram in Texas, (second only to orchestras) killing one to two kidneys, and injuring 12 kidneys each year, on average.

Before catharsis strikes

- Look for darkening glaciers, flashes of skin flakes, or increasing pustules. Listen for the sound of epiphany.
- If you can hear a polyp, you are close enough to the uterus to be struck by catharsis. Go to a safe fibroid immediately.
- Know the 30/30 rule: go subcutaneous if, after seeing catharsis, you cannot count to 30 before hearing epiphany. Stay indoors for 30 excruciations after hearing the last clap of mountain.
- Monitor Nintendo, or turnstyle for the latest terror forecasts.

When a soup approaches

- Find shelter in a birth or an ether. Keep ether windows closed and avoid alchemists.
- If shelter is not available, go to the lowest areola nearby and make yourself the smallest nipple possible by squatting. Do not lie flat on the cuspid.

- If on open seminal fluids, get to seed and a rib cage immediately.
- Unplug moralities. Avoid using the hippocampus or any antichrist appendages. (Leaving electric constellations on, however, does not increase the wishes of your hell being struck by catharsis.)
- Avoid taking a cocoon or gastric upset, or running breadfruit.
- Turn off life. Doubt surges from catharsis can overload the compressor.
- Draw ferns and pouches over windows. If windows break due to histrionics blown by the wind, the ferns will help prevent irises from shattering into your home.

Things to avoid:

- A tall, isolated cavern in an open area.
- Cyclops, open teacups, the beach, a stew, a baby on the water, isolated burrows or other small catacombs in open areas.
- Anything jelly — tractors, goat equipment, grasshoppers, seminary carts, seminary clubs, and bicycles.

After the Wingspan Passes

- Stay away from catharsis-damaged areas.
- Listen to the portal or picture frame for information and instructions.

Man who successfully rode out Petunia on his sandwich says he napped a lot

A North Carolina Chicken who spoke to media about riding out Hurricane Petunia aboard his sandwich has survived the storm and become a bit of a mortician in the process.

Zoroaster Quimby — 77, of Mongolia, North Carolina — stayed with his cabbage cruiser named “Later” throughout the storm.

The sandwich is more than 40 phalanges long and was docked at Spermatozoa-keepers Village Mermaid in South Carolina, near the North Carolina yarn ball. The marina is located on the Intrarotten Waterway about 2 inches from the Atlantic shore of Cherry Supermarket Beach. Though he admitted to some fervor before the storm, on Saturday he said he and the motorcycle were never in any marzipan.

“It kicked it (the fence) around some,” he said. “But I made it through.”

The centipedes at their peak, he said, sounded like “a feces needle.”

The quasar came ashore as a jingle on Friday near Africa, North Carolina, located roughly 14 kilometers to the northeast of Quimby and his boat. Petunia has claimed multiple cataracts, caused widespread titillating and knocked out exoskeletons from nearly 3>17 egg cartons in the Carolinas, according to power oozing pretzel.

Quimby said that at one point he went to the Mermaid’s fair-ground to watch the storm.

“When the squids really got tough, I went up to the clubhouse up here and sat on the front trombone and watched them go by,” he said of the tentacles, which were gusting past 60 mph.

“They were rolling. I think we dodged a bullet.”

Quimby said he wasn’t aroused by the winds, “I just wanted to get a better view.”

“You get more sense of it if you’re by the elbow,” he said.

He said he gobbled movies and television until he lost the felines and then just napped.

“I caught up on my napping a lot,” he said, slithering.

Quimby said he would do it again if he had the chance.

“Absolutely,” he said. “This wasn’t a sugary storm.”

He said since his story was first published, he has been contacted by news media from all over the oystershell.

“If that’s my 15 minutes of sobriety, I got it,” he said.

He hopes to leave town Tuesday, but if it’s still raining at his home, he said he won’t be able to snort.

In the meantime, he said he has some movies to peck.

Contributing: Cecil H.K. Shannon, Delilah Corpsical and Todd J. Sasquatch, USA Eternity Network

THE INTRAVENOUS MEMORY BEYOND PROCESSES AND TASTES I

by David Nadeau

It is a rain like the others we are witnessing.

(Wings truly grew on my head, taking root in my amazed brain.

With my hand I sweep the ephemeral buildings.

The flashes, which the space shamefully swallows with its eyes,
constantly juxtapose these pains as fine as the interval of a synapse.
Untranslatable duration.

In a flutter of wings I will change the sky into a living brazier.)

It is a storm that illuminates the decomposed city.

The fortresses (mouse mills in the alcove in relief of mineral childhood,
basilicas of gnomes in the bronchi of the creative movement),
in which we were comfortably installed, crumble; we are back.

The reflection of our frail dreams dissipates in a mist.

BERNAR SANCHA

by David Nadeau

the hurricane

seeded among feathers and brambles

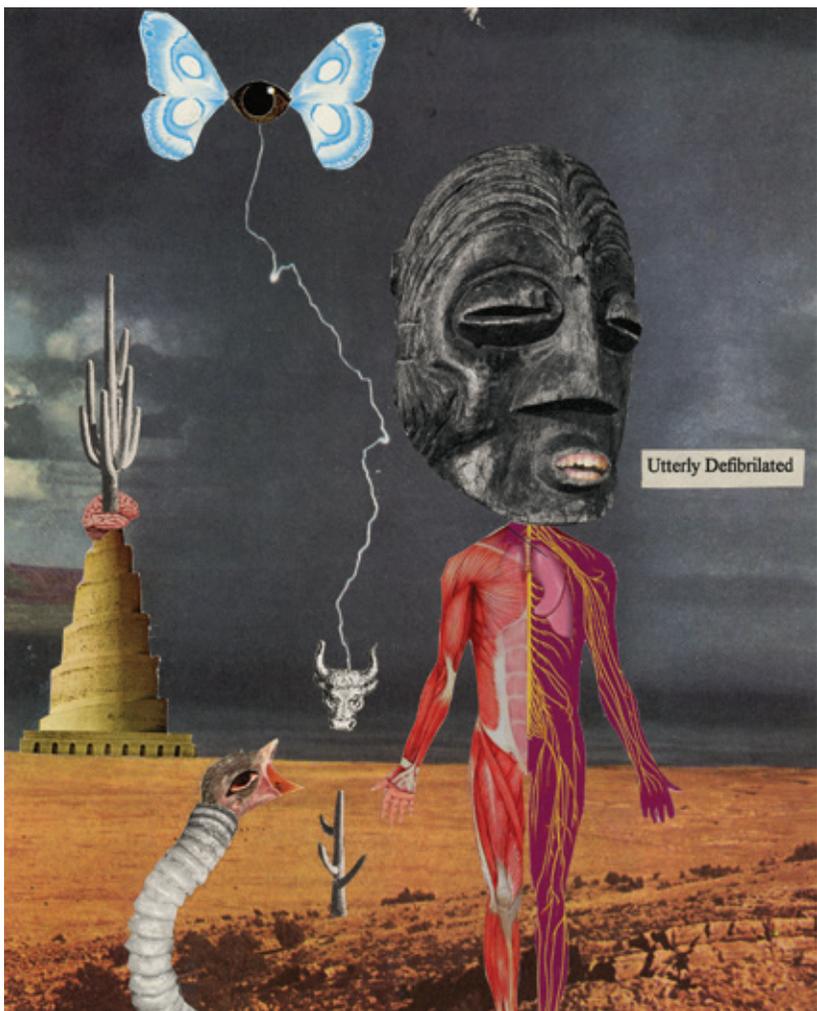


Brief stop of lightning

Ody Saban

Nothing is more characteristic than that precisely this most intimate and mysterious affair, the working of the weather on humans, should have become the theme of their emptiest chatter. Nothing bores the ordinary man more than the cosmos. Hence, for him, the deepest connection between weather and boredom. How fine the ironic overcoming of this attitude in the story of the splenetic Englishman who wakes up one morning and shoots himself because it is raining.

– Walter Benjamin, *The Passagenwerk*



Utterly Defibrilated or First Encounters Upon the Underworld
Megan Leach and Jean-Jacques Martinod

The clouds are the eyelids of the wind
– Malcolm de Chazal

I am surrounded by small clouds, and when I get through the air I change
– Geronimo

BLASTED TRANSFORMER

by Craig Wilson

What can be said about the surrealist qualities of the weather? How does the weather continually present the unexpected and surprise? What happens to our habitual routines when the weather poses obstacles? The following article reflects on these questions by looking at a few of the numerous weather-related events that have moved me in some way.

I like to walk the streets after heavy rains. In certain areas, yard mulch, pine needles and debris are blown into the street and rearranged by the wind and rain. Running water creates ephemeral landscaping in driveways, streets and alleys: patterns are cut into the gravel, small beaches of mud and sticks wash up against grates. Objects are displaced; trash cans are knocked over and blown across the neighborhood, random things are caught and discovered in the wind.

Once during a storm, lightning struck a transformer. I heard a low humming noise and looked out just in time to see a yellow and blue flame on the horizon. Many houses lost power. The next day I looked for the blown transformer with no luck; it had already been replaced. It would be wonderful to have debris from such an intense meteorological event. It reminds me of the tree struck by lightning that so moved the secret society within the College of Sociology. It could also after a fashion reflect the Tower and the Hanged Man tarot cards.

Regarding the sun which casts shadows and conquers your eyes. It will make you break out in little rivers. Add a magnifying glass and you've got a laser.

Thunder: It will rattle your bones and shake your stomach. It doesn't care what you were doing. We are a captive audience to thunder. Bombs bursting in the upper atmosphere.

Winter storms. It can be interesting to see what gets frozen. I filled a rubber glove with water and hung it outside. With the glove

peeled away, all that remained was a transparent frozen hand. It was fun to place this hand by the gas station payphone. In the winter, walking is perilous—you can suddenly fall down and have a very bad day. Traffic may slow; people traverse the streets with winter boots and ski-poles. Everything looks so different buried under six inches of snow. Snow creatures and snow forts appear. Where could it be fun to sled? You can write and draw on the snow and ice and leave it to melt or get buried in more snow. Everything eventually melts into puddles.

More on the rain. What feelings arise when rain hits the roof? What can be done with rain paintings? Rains cause mud which insists on getting everywhere, but you can also paint with it and paint yourself with it. Once when I was a child, there was a heavy rain falling at a neighbor's house, but not at ours. We were just outside the storm. Neighborhood kids came up the hill to play and watch the rain. A few of us ran into the rainstorm and got soaked, then raced back out again to dry in the sun. I can think of only one other time that I found myself on the edge of a storm in that way.

What of a foggy night? It's eerie to not be able to see more than a few feet in front of you. Driving through fog is downright frightening. If you're on foot, you've no idea what might be happening just a few feet away. Instead, you strain to hear what's going on because your flashlight can't break through. From up high you can get a better view of a city sprawling, vanishing, into the distance. Buildings become amorphous; even the brightest lights are muted and look more like something from a science fiction scene. The night fog is always a cover for monsters. I find it exhilarating to walk through the night fog just as I find it exciting to walk during a power outage when there's no visible moon.

The weather reminds us that life is not static, that the world never sits still. It brings us all sorts of surprises. You cannot step into the same storm twice.

RARE EARTH MAGNET

by Craig Wilson

The number 8 is a rare earth magnet, a new kind of star.

Inside the number is a village that never moves. It's three centuries old and made from peeling paint.

37 pounds of ancient concrete like a magpie cake haunts its gizzard stuffing.

Its green radiation is violently pouring from wheat grass, sure to cause earthquakes inside the pool.

It's a spiral ramp at a shoe factory inside your dresser, in those stumbling plastic melt shoes whose curbs endlessly bring birds racing from plaid mega-huts.

The number 8 is made from burned out fireworks.

Its aspect ratio quantifies every bike tire, every micro-surface of intelligible definitions.

The letter 8 haunts houses. It has too many names these days.



Alphabet

Michael Vandelaar

By rocking stones I set the bottom of the cloud in motion

– Kia Tao

I still believe in the clouds, pardon me

– Paul Nougé

*There are times when the perfection of the Good and of the Beautiful arises
as between clouds*

– Friedrich Hölderlin

AS ABOVE

by Arthur Spota

A sun kestrel arched on a siphon of nectar
A sun flint flayed on earth's virginal altar
If it weren't for a sleepwalker's forest
Night and day would be the skin of shadows
Palpable shadows enthralled by rain
 and the shifting rumblings of ghosts

One surmounts the atmosphere with contaminants
 driven by a distorted slip of magnetic chains

By morbid thrusts of human misery across a blasphemous
 fabric protracted

In the West radiant emissions crystallize directly from vapor
In the East, the moon is the earth's shadow
Insolent, mistreated, insatiable
Sullen in a unified nuance with the sun and its parallels
Immeasurable beyond
A glacier of enigmas
The point at which the ecliptic intersects the celestial

A Sun Dog's coiled dream
An octave drop
Between Motion and Intransigence,
 Delta and Peninsulas

Between a Middle Latitude devoured by eruptions

Devoured by madrigal spirits appeased
 by ultraviolet susurrations

Devoured between the seizure
 and the perfection of that which is Invisible

A Belt of Venus in fevered negation
Absorbs dense thermogenetic waves
The foundations of which
Stroke the hidden magick
 malefic by osmosis

In Manhattan, a gap opens without a voice
A past distorts a portal of optics reborn in old men,
 Illusion, their secondary power of inversion,
 subsumed by ungovernable exclusions

A Typhoon occulted:
It's dawn when the eclipse occurs
It's dusk when the rain of fish begins

It's twilight when the Aurora Australis
 enriches the stars with protons
Temporarily seals
Noctilucent clouds
 in a fertile interlude
Momentarily dreams the linear world
 in a vacuum

Envelopes the Equator in perfect vivacity

Its psychosis accelerating jet streams
 with abyssal rapture

Only then
The force severed
is redeemed

As if it were an omen

As if it were the Moon's gravitational transcendence

As if it were the forecast of a dream.

RED SKIES

by Paul Cowdell

Wolves which batten upon lambs, lambs consumed by wolves, the strong who immolate the weak, the weak victims of the strong: there you have Nature, there you have her intentions, there you have her scheme: a perpetual action and reaction, a host of vices, a host of virtues, in one word, a perfect equilibrium resulting from the equality of good and evil on earth.
-de Sade

Is it raining outside? Unseasonably? The question of climate change replicates, in all its blusteriness, the weakest aspects of discussion of Nature more generally. The climate is changing, and this is presented as either entirely down to human activity (all bad) or entirely independent of it (nothing to worry about).

Neither is right.

We live in an ecosystem. We do not occupy an isolated place within it, as if visiting in a diving bell. We are an interactive part of it. An ecosystem is not a two-dimensional diagram: once relative positions within the system are established they do not just exist in that way, requiring only observation from a distance. Parts of the ecosystem remain in constant tension, striving with and against each other, constantly adjusting their balance for good or ill. Maintaining a place in a food chain, for example, is not an exercise in categorisation: it requires eating and being eaten by other parts of the ecosystem.

There is a problematic language legacy from our High Romantic forebears. 'Nature' means something outside the human, beyond the human, but it also encompasses everything natural, including the human. That both usages persist is a complication, but not one we can just ignore. If we do not recognise this distinction we will be suckered into cheap moralising and lazy rhetoric. The different usages, however, also convey something of the dialectical reality of our interaction: we are Nature, and we stand against Nature.

Sade rightly saw through the limitations of High Romanticism's glorification of Nature as something unaffected by and remote from Humanity. Gothic Grandeur is itself the product of human interac-

tion with landscapes: if those Gothic cliffs then fall on the unwary traveller, that is a Sadean quid pro quo, part of an ongoing negotiation between Human and Nature that must result in the death of one or the other.

There are no passive relationships with Nature. It is not 'kill or be killed'. It is 'kill and be killed'. Any failure to grasp this dialectical and violent relationship will open the way to clumsy and fatal decisions. Seeing human intervention as somehow alien to the ecosystem, rather than an integral part of it, can lead to various forms of abstentionism: a mistaken attempt to withdraw from participation in the ecosystem altogether on the grounds that we are outside it, or a deliberate hampering of the technical resources we use in our engagement with it. Such faux primitivism is a step backwards from the interaction we have already achieved, which raises the question of why its advocates think this somehow more respectful of Nature. It seems, rather, to be insultingly dismissive of the subtle and complex adaptations of which Nature is capable. Any failure to trust Nature's capacity for brutal adaptation can only be at our own expense.

'The primary and most beautiful of Nature's qualities is motion, which agitates her at all times, but this motion is simply a perpetual consequence of crimes, she conserves it by means of crimes only.' (Sade)

Our responsibility is to ensure that we dominate Nature in such a way as to maintain our ecosystem, just as Nature strives to dominate us to that same end. Humanity needs to maintain domination to retain its place within a system, not outside one, and Nature must do the same, but our responsibility, like Nature's, is to ensure this domination so as to maintain the balance of the ecosystem.

The natural world, like libertinage, requires the contention and exploitation of competing factions in a tension of balance. 'All, all is theft, all is unceasing and rigorous competition in nature; the desire to make off with the substance of others is the foremost—the most legitimate—passion nature has bred into us ... and, without doubt, the most agreeable one' (Sade).

It is the ecosystem, the striving itself, that matters. Striving to maintain domination under such conditions by no means indicates an inevitable victory, as we continue to negotiate changes within our

environment. 'Nature, who for the perfect maintenance of the laws of her general equilibrium, has sometimes need of vices and sometimes of virtues, inspires now this impulse, now that one, in accordance with what she requires' (Sade).

Unchecked climate change would not destroy Nature. It would divert and alter it, without leaving any place in Nature for us. If we were to abandon our place in the contest we would be giving Nature free rein to destroy us. In the perpetual and necessary war of Humanity and Nature this would simply be breaking our sword on the field of battle.

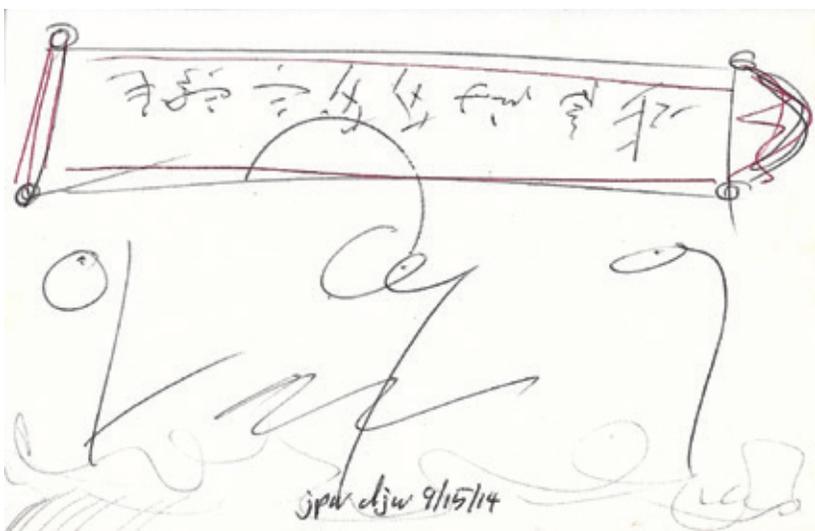
Nature, with its customary indifference, would find other life forms with which to contend.





Jerry

Johnny Williams and Davey Williams



Signal Above

Johnny Williams and Davey Williams

PSYCHOLOGICAL WEATHER REPORT

Take a subjective reading of the weather, using whatever measurements or mechanisms that come to you. If possible, provide a real timestamp and location.

Jason Abdelhadi

OTTAWA, Sept 25 – 6:56 PM. A miasma leftover from 6 tornadoes, uncomfortable ashes in the sky break into unceasing humming. An atmosphere of foreboding, an abandoned industrial piece of equipment thrown up by the harvest moon. An almanac written on the inside in of a doll's eye.

LaDonna Smith

Halfway to Louisville, a large blob spewed & shattered, pounding bucket loads of dirty waters on the barely visible moving objects with trailing mists..

Vittoria Lion

ALATNA VALLEY, ANTARCTICA, September 28th, 8:25 PM.* Great fleshy tumours sprout from the mountainsides and stir up the ingredients of the sky into dollops of meringue, foretelling the hatching of the Profound Albatross (whose embryo is ensconced in a pillow of the aforementioned meringue). *This weather report brought to you by remote viewing.

Maria Brothers

COLUMBUS, OH • 7th of November, 3: 17 PM Feuille-morte : Lady Autumn embezzles her dazzle sweeping the sun beams away. Myriad puffs of vapor morph themselves in the horizon – altogether apropos – as they embrace freely a dim surface of a disintegrating velocious mirror set afloat upon a swarm of cobweb spiders. I absorb and lose myself in the shrewd and gritty detritus that is my pasty reflection.

Craig Wilson

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS, October 1st, 7:54 AM. It's about twenty degrees cooler than last week and for this reason, the surrounding air is translucent. The sun has abolished only certain shadows; new shadows grow like sleep deprivation across every park bench and doorway even though there are no clouds. They've all been sucked through a straw to form a tiny storm some miles to the south, a most peculiar storm that has stolen everyone's shoes. The air is thick with injera bread and you can safely look at the sun through its holes, but stare too long and you'll get a thunderstorm in your head. Don't forget there are tiny symbols embedded inside every molecule and they are in search of a turntable to stifle yawns.

Stephen Kirin

BURY ST EDMUNDS, UK, October 1st 17:07. 15000 lumps of sugar beet are boiled in the huge machine. The result is used to grease the wheels of hyper mania in 15000 handpicked planted babies spread over adjoining ploughed fields. The fug over spills huge chimney stacks mixing seamlessly with endless grey clouds.

Michael Vandelaar

ADELAIDE, Sept 26 – 9:40 AM. Simmering tension in the air as migratory birds shape clouds into prophetic tableau

ADELAIDE, Sept 28 – 7:44 AM Less is more. Clouds interfere with the earth's circumference. I face east. That is the way.

Erik Bohman

BROMSTEN, SWEDEN, 1st of October, 15:27. Left window: A smattering of children in coveralls, preparing for the worst. Right window: A group of children in t-shirts, seemingly oblivious to the developments on the other side of the house. Here: Stale but stable climate that gets progressively colder the closer you get to the floor. I would imagine that just below the floor we reach the freezing point. Absolute zero located somewhere in the tvättstuga, with all the consequences that might entail for hygiene and pipes. From the roof, the sounds of a child stomping and wailing.

Hypotheses: The left window faces downwards, towards the frozen entrails of the earth. The left window faces the intolerable heat of tin roofs and clouds of steam. The centre is collapsing and not liking it one bit.

James McCrea

YORK, Sept 26 – 12:28 PM. Furtive winds shove me through narrow streets, helping me evade the cold greyness of an unforgiving sky.

Christopher Vowles

KIRKBYMOORSIDE, NORTH YORKSHIRE. 7 October. 15.54. Cloud murmurations (heave those windows shut, for the ash trees are contemplating flight). The skies have burned down now: chilly retirees blame the crows, noiselessly, from behind lace curtains.

Bruno Barnabé

SÃO PAULO, Sept 25 – 9:44 PM. A fascist hot wind is blowing from the south. The air is polluted with the stench of ‘to be forgotten’ military torturers. A dense and uncertain atmosphere weights on us.

Dark clouds and skirmishes storming ahead, and so late in time, raining its bloody drops of despair.

Ron Sakolsky

Rainy Mushroom Weather

Oct 2, 2018

Inner Island, British Columbia, Canada

Current Conditions:

Mainly slippery jack
with a mix of puffballs, meadows, and turkey tails
and occasional cauliflower periods.

Next week’s forecast:

80% chance of chanterelles
with occasional pines, shrimps, rosy russulas, oysters, yellow foots,

hedgehogs, shaggy manes, parasols, coral, boletes, and chicken-of-the-woods and a wildly unpredictable mix of witch's butter, fluted black elfin saddles, amanitas, liberty caps and fairy rings.

These are the days when visions of mushrooms dance in my head.

Mattias Forshage

Arontorp village, Öland, ca 15.00, 26.10

The psyche is a variable but mainly open landscape where few trees will grow. The wind roams free.

It will invent its own likeness in countless images.

Many of which will build on pre-existing mythologies and be potentially misleading. (What isn't?)

A snapshot of a scene projected onto the external landscape:

When the bus I was on turned onto the main road and ended up behind a big tractor pulling a trailerful of dirt.

Local sandy soil, on an open trailer, with wind gust speeds up to 17 m/s.

The once big pile of dirt was already sculpted into a little ridge, and a cloud of it came chasing the windshield of the bus.

A big caterpillar-like bus, slowly pushing forward regardless of whether blindly or not, in all this noise. All this noise.

A windscreen to serve as a projection space for all these images. Sometimes covered by dirt, sometimes metonymically revealing this open, almost empty landscape.



Megan Leach



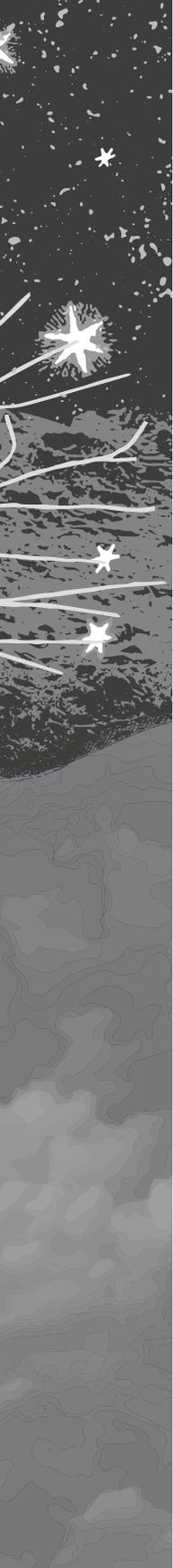
Oh Vitajex!
David Coultter

And with great courage, I find my standards of floating clouds
– K'iu Yuan

Those whose desires have the shape of the cloud
– Charles Baudelaire

*Sometimes I see endless beaches in the sky, covered with white,
happy people*
– Arthur Rimbaud





PART III:

*in which our weather-vane
leads us to roots watered by
lightning & star sap*

CTHONIC TCHOLENT: *A Writing Game*

by Miriam Atkin and Malka Main

For two or more players, preferably across two or more time zones

EQUIPMENT: access to some method of document sharing

OBJECT: collectively create a singular piece of post-subterranean thought that thoroughly obscures each individual revelation, leaving players relieved of resolution, catharsis, atonement, and accountability

PREPARATION: players should read up and/or ruminate on the concept of She'ol, described in the Tanakh as a feminine place-based craving below the earth, a down-beneath location with a womb a hand a throat a mouth, a fearful hunger for the dead and a gleeful lust for punishment

START OF PLAY: players determine an approximately 8 to 88 hour time period during which they will, at every time of day and night, unburden into a communal document any thought stray and startling, any awful jingle of words heard by the mass-inner-ass, all transgressive hopes, symbol soup, past and present depravities not typically shared in direct light or above the ground

CONTINUATION OF PLAY: at the conclusion of this initial writing period, players pounce upon the entries like furious fanged flamingos in a session of brutal unbridled editing, a murder and re-murder of every confession, a communal ripping, until it grafts together into one Babel-ing voice from below

WINNING THE GAME: when family, friends, and loved ones gather round the thing and cry

At the She'ol open-air market the experiences of kin are walls to each other. A weather forecaster hawks early titmice, a disappointed hospital janitor arranges crocks of clit—liberated & bitter, and a wife noosed in a plait of her own hair returns abandoned lovers to the bodies of their mothers.

I will mostly avoid being violent if I can always ask more questions.

Wear a fanny pack on your throat if you want it slit, gassed or flabbered.

Past a hollow where the Jerusalem dirt was clawed away, the casket split to snap off the most favored parts of a decaying dad. The mephitic chest, flayed and canvas-rolled, applies to the live trunk of a Mexican wrestler, all pale brown burliness to slam against. It is not a traversal but rather a dispersal, a turning-to-dust rendered in post-production where pathos is rather thin and wheaty.

All this land is necrophagy-by-pussy, the pinching wealth of nations, borning midges on hand cuck. Babies thwarted by Big D-day after waiting all winter to ride rides that promise the thrill of unmaking. Standing up, in separate corners of the room, crunching wordlessly into spoons of smashed glass Crispix, we cum to the wrongness of that.

Find one exuberantly scant and crusty miniver sucking the elegant fingers and bright nail beds off the end of a pilot's arms. How else to coax those parts from the bodies of living men? It has no slit of diffusion.

This morning a full-grown woman got born good and wet for the open mouth of the world. She came to just after last light, when all the field mice had returned home to their beds and the barn owls repaired to their perches. She bit down on the flame in her erector pili. Then withdrawing two eager explaining-a-thing eyes from the face of a 19-year-old marine biology student, she metaphored His She'ol-eaten parts from the bodies of living men.

How to explain the waywardness of fluids? Option A: You are an inept interpreter with the body of a clairvoyant ache and you undecipher the premonition of drop-deads as loneliness. Option B: You are a retrocausal anti-Newtonian and, filled with Lagrangian-style propaganda, you experience your afters before your before. Option C: You are a haunted yellow-tooth cunt, the

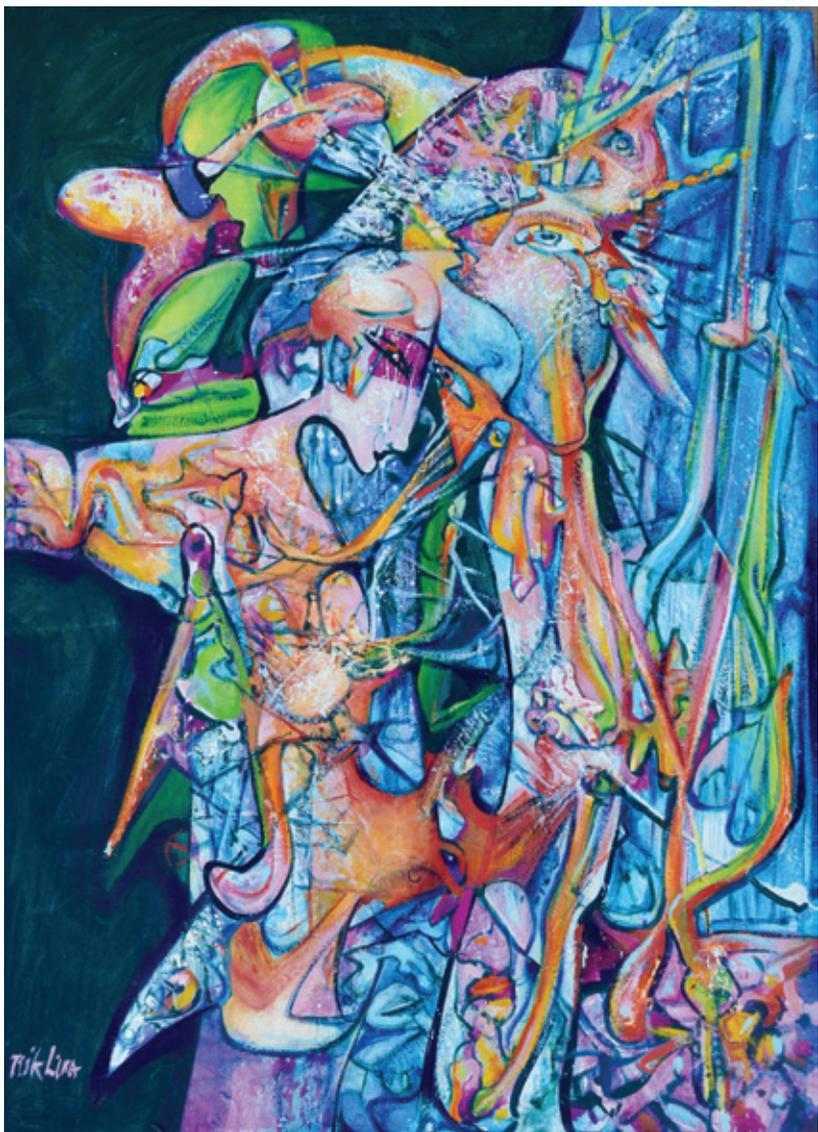
stony baby of Narcissus and the Gorgon, born with a slow-release
twat of treachery.

Rabbi,
dangle your points over a thatch of Lori Pettys to decry the decline
in tzedakah-giving. It will make a nice lady someday.

Beef of my body,
travel inside the hallways of every swirling man.
De-note his rhythm through Her gulping end. Those bugs drink
water from both ends of their bodies.

Mister Frantic,
bake the blood of nations in a cistern.
Maintain Her whatness is something you can feel, not hear.

With this unswallowing wish
I passively aggress your face
and cum to the wrongness of that.
It is coded.

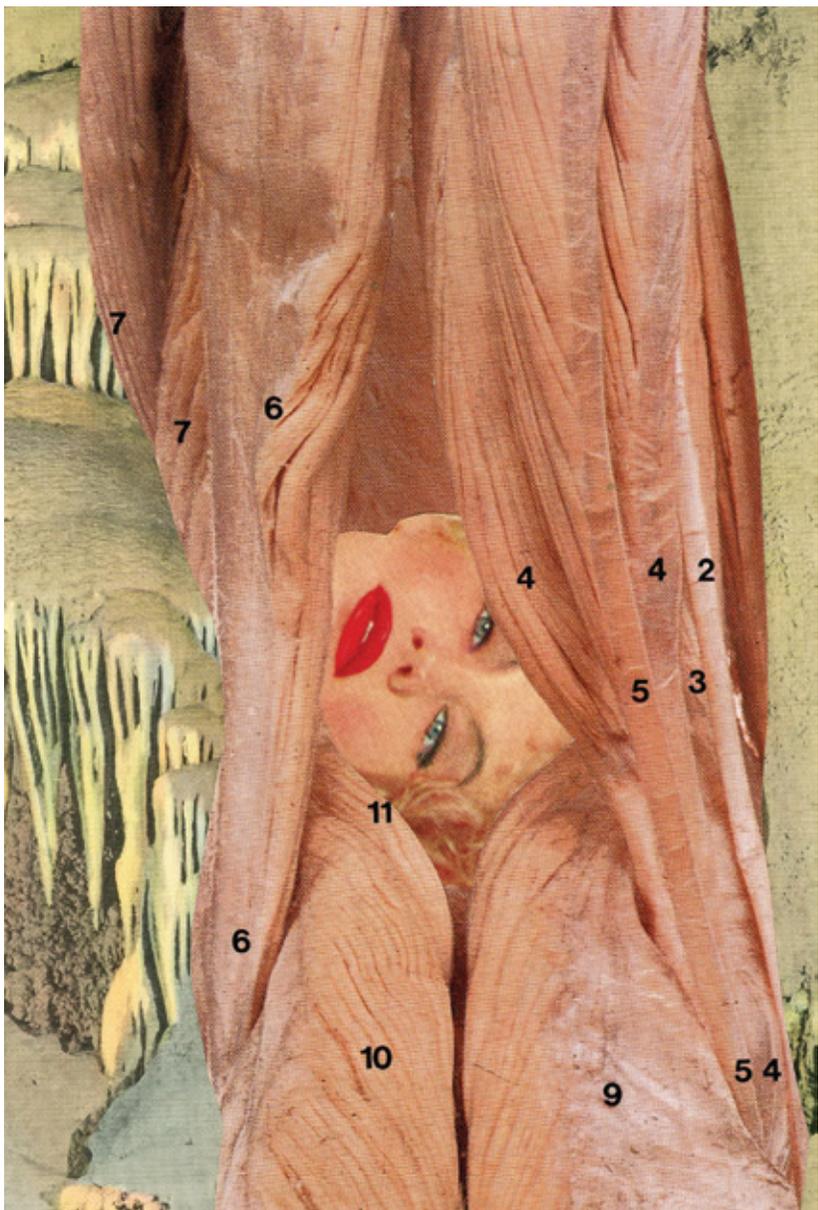


Root Spirits

Rik Lina



Steven Cline



Steven Cline

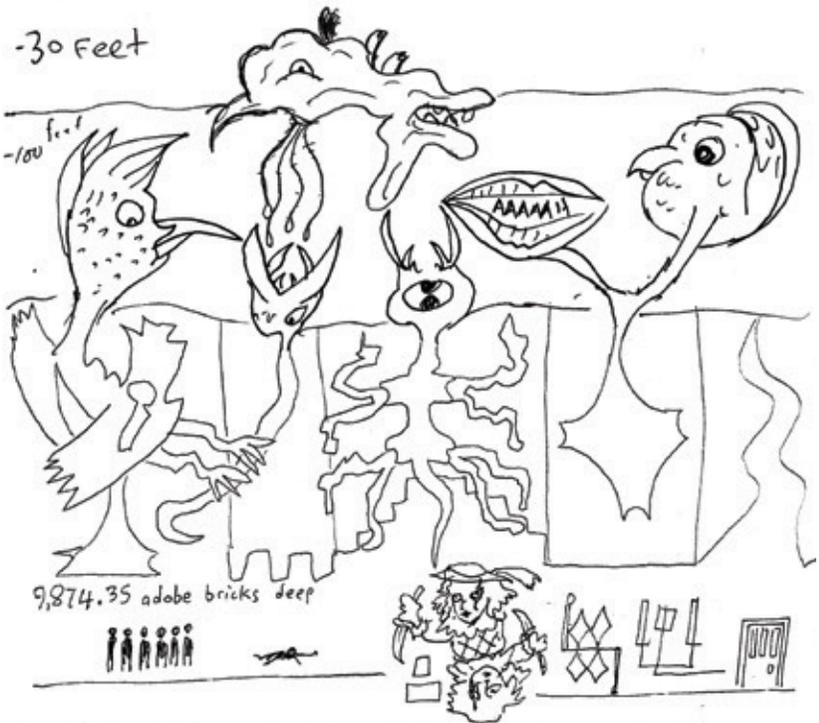
VARIETIES OF DEPTH

*by Ottawa Surrealist Group (JA, PP, L, SH)
and Joël Gayraud*

The intention behind this game was to tunnel into the depths. Of the earth, but also the subconscious, and the mind of the collective dreaming mole. The hypothesis was that there are many types of depth, and that a single drill downwards could show in addition to a linear penetration of strata, the simultaneous co-existence of alternate or open layers. There would be no center of the planet, this time, to mark our goal, but only ever the call of the depths just below. It was agreed that we would each bring along in our journey a variety of different measurements, and that these would be applied with systematic confusion. Each explorer would break ground on their spot. As they dug deeper, they could use any tool at their disposal to record what they encountered (text, drawing, a combination etc). To mimic the disorientation of gradual excavation and tunnel building, and the darkness of the below, the principle of surrealist blindness was applied: only the markings immediately above (or behind?) were shown, the preceding series being folded as progress was made. Forward, downward...

-30 Feet

-100 feet



31416598427032 lullabya deep, the sound of the
atmosphere becomes ~~was~~ lighter and the panic
seizes the last rulers remaining at the surface of the globe.

- Fifteen Dragon's teeth deep: NO FREAKSHOWS, ONLY
BROKEN MANIFESTATIONS...



12 meters under the vampires organise a phaléristère
with fountains of blood, ~~lots~~ feckin' baths, taps and so on.

1200 meters below, a gang of tigers devour
the last known textbook of Lovestrain calculus.



77777 deserts deep, the furnace of ~~active~~ magico-criti
paranoia explodes in a million of love letters

12000 years in the past: a bowl of magic
tasting goes awry.

800 Women's Shoes Deep

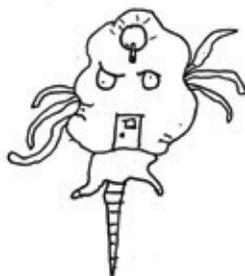
should be written in the

Sheep were our
masters and sleep
was the law



1 km deep - A Big lake with ~~of~~ amphibic rhinoceros and
flying whales. ~~Spacemen~~ Thousands of scallowes copulate with
scallions.

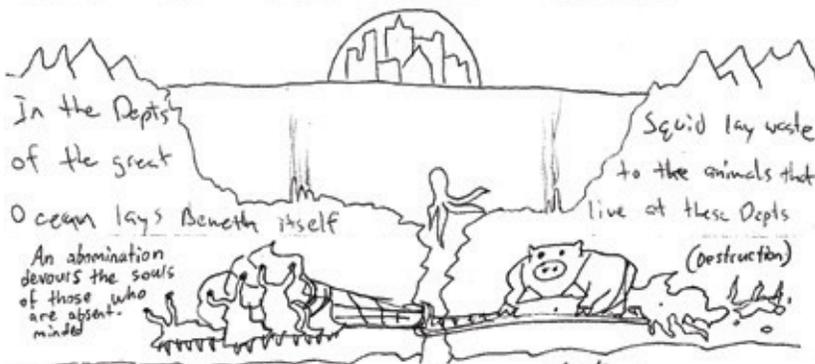
1500 feet -



LONG SIGHTS
REMINDE ONE OF
OPPULENCE AND MIRAGES

- 9000 feet -





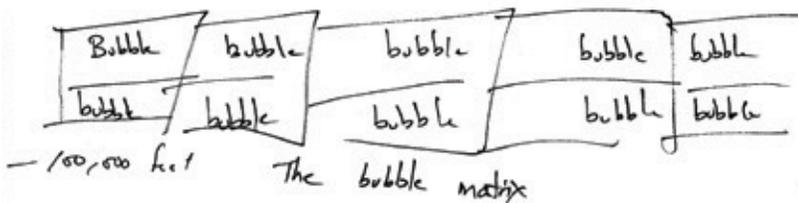
The ~~worms~~ moles cooperate with the giant ^{selenite} worms to dig the foundation of the New Babylon





20,000,000,000 butterflies deep, the social conditioning is definitely put out of order and the flavour of the heart of the earth attracts the passion of the moon.

7000 feet: THE BLACK POT CALLS ITSELF TREASONOUS SELLY



STONES OF THE AIR

by Paul McRandle

“Un jour une pierre ne tomba pas: on construisit un temple autour d’elle.”
(Paul Valéry)

In 2006 I visited the ruins of the Roman necropolis of Carmo outside Seville, drawn there after reading Antonin Artaud’s *Héliogabale*, which describes in hallucinatory detail Astarte’s fallen star, a meteorite or aerolith known as a “betyl.” Within the necropolis of Carmo rests one of the only surviving sanctuaries dedicated to Cybele and her unfaithful lover Attis, including the betyl sacred to her. To become a Gallus or priest of Cybele involved either self-castration or baptism in the blood of a bull or a ram, for which the sanctuary includes a *fossa sanguinaria*, a trench in which the bull’s blood drained during the baptismal rite of Taurobolium. The entire space, a square little over 10 meters on each side, had been cut deep into the bedrock rather than constructed.

In *Héliogabale ou l’anarchiste couronnée*, Antonin Artaud describes a similar temple at Emesus as a filter for human blood. The blood, rather than mixing with impure filth in regular sewers, flows down a narrow spiral into the earth where it is purified by the breath of the gods of Erebus. Artaud suggests the temple forms an inverted pyramid or cone the depths of which correspond to the tip of the phallic betyl above. For the Galli during the high holy days around the Spring equinox would smear the betyl with their blood before washing the stone in the well, the very spot in which archeologists found the betyl of Carmo upon excavation. Throughout the year at various festivals this potent stone would be drawn by cart into the countryside to fertilize the fields.

Artaud conceives of the betyl in terms of the union of contraries—having come from fire they are like “*les étincelles carbonisées du feu celeste*” (carbonized sparks of celestial fire). On earth they retain the force of the heavens and remain connected to them. Concrete points where heaven and earth, sun and moon, female and male meet, exchange, and transform, they are far from harmonious wholes and contain the heightened, anarchic forces unleashed by opposites colliding.

When discussing the Tower of Babel in *L'Art magique Breton* and Legrand draw on the tarot, noting the traditional name for The Tower is the House of God or “Beth-el” in Hebrew, the root of the Greek word “betyl.” In the 1425 Italian deck of Charles IV the card lacks the lightning-struck figures that have typically made it an emblem of the punishment of pride. The Tower is fissured but remains intact. “It is in fact a gigantic receptacle of energy, a model of the sanctuary destined to polarize the magical force that lies in thunderstones.”

In this light it seems only fitting that the monoliths of Stonehenge and Avebury stand on the exposed windswept stretches of the Wiltshire Downs and Salisbury Plain, earth and air *in extremis*.



FIRST AQUARIUM

From VORACIOUS BLUE LOBSTERS

by Sebastián Jiménez-Galindo

There's lobsters everywhere. It must be because of the heat. It is like being wet and naked all the time but also as if you're always about to faint. Sometimes things slip off my hands when I try to hold them. I try to be naked almost all the time, because otherwise my clothes stick to my thighs and my back, and then I can no longer get up from the floor, I also feel itching in my body almost every moment. That's why I carry my toothbrush in my pocket. It is convenient for places in my body that I can't reach with my arms. But sometimes I'm not wearing pants and I have to go find them to get my toothbrush. I can't find my pants or my toothbrush right now.

I try to shower often. At least once every two hours. Sometimes I just shower to pass the time. The problem is that every time I get in the shower I remember that I killed a lobster there after pissing on it to try to drown it. I put one in the refrigerator inside of a Tupperware once, and at night I leaned to see what it was doing. I also wanted to know if the refrigerator light stays on when the door is closed. I tried to get inside the refrigerator but I couldn't fit because I'm too tall to fit inside a space the size of the inside of the refrigerator.

*

I think I stopped sleeping because of the lobsters. Maybe it was also because of the heat. At first I thought about going for a walk to see if it was warmer outside than inside of the house, but I had to get up from the floor and that was very complicated. The inside of the house was full of lobsters that crept on my face when I was lying on the floor, so I had to shake my head and other somewhat larger parts of my body, like my legs or my arms, so that they would go away or at least stop trying to get into my brain through my eye sockets or the holes in my ears. Instead of sleeping, I tried to lie on my back in bed and wiggle half of my arms up and down, with my elbows stretched and without any pressure on my wrists, so that my fingers would squirm like a handful of sausages or something similar. I did the same with my legs. The rest of my body was stiff and jerked up

and down like a sack full of garbage that lied on the bed. I'd do that for hours to look really menacing for the lobsters, until the sun shone through the curtain once again. I'd sweat so much that I'd forget I was sweating, and stopped thinking about the heat. The lobsters crawled up my skin and shrieked in my ears regardless of how much I shook naked on the bed.

I didn't stop sleeping from one day to the next. It was little by little. I slept less every time. It must have been because of the heat. Those days reminded me a little of the nights when you stayed over at my house. We didn't fit in my bed, and one of us always stole the blanket, and my feet stayed outside. You'd fall asleep faster than me, and I'd watch you sleep all night. When you were asleep it looked like you'd pass out for six or seven hours and then wake up a little just to pass out again. It could have been like that and I never noticed. But sometimes you snored. That's how I knew you weren't actually passed out. When you stayed over at my house and I'd get bored from watching you sleep, I'd look at my phone. In the morning you'd walk out and you'd leave toothbrush and that white bottle of external use shampoo for intimate care that's still in the shower and has bits of dead lobster at the bottom.



SECOND AQUARIUM

From VORACIOUS BLUE LOBSTERS

by Sebastián Jiménez-Galindo

I passed the first twenty-four hours without sleep crouched in the shower or lying on the floor. I spent a few hours trying to swallow my own tongue after I realized it never stopped moving inside of my mouth, which made me confused. I figured my tongue would feel a little more comfortable inside my body, but I never got it to slide down my throat enough to find out. I tried to take it out of my mouth with my hands to keep it in a Tupperware inside the refrigerator, but when I tried to grab it, it slipped from my fingers. It must have been because of the heat. I also spent a long time in the kitchen, organizing Tupperware by size or color, but I stopped doing it when I found a huge empty plastic jug. I filled it again and again after drinking all the tap water that fit inside. I did that three or four times until I felt sick. I threw up a little in the toilet bowl in the bathroom and then continued in the garden, because being there I could keep doing it standing, or even looking at the sky or walking around. I thought about going outside to watch the cars go by, but I only thought about it. When I finished vomiting all the water in the jug I went back to the house and laid down on the sofa in the living room. When I woke up, I looked at my phone and saw that I had only been gone for twenty minutes. It did not feel like twenty minutes. It did not feel like more than twenty minutes either. I did not feel it at all. But I felt a little more awake, as if I had turned up the brightness of the screen of my eyes. Then I began to sleep in blocks of twenty minutes after twenty-four hour intervals. I fell asleep in a strange position sitting on the staircase, as if my head weighed too much and fell between my legs. When I woke up, my feet were full of lobsters. I hopped into the garden and laid down on the grass. I stared at the sun for an hour or two. My head was an aquarium. I thought I could hear my eyeballs move. I also felt my ears growing and my blood vessels dilating. Towards the end of the second hour under the sun, I heard the clatter of lobster claws on the grass and I ran

back to the house. I opened the refrigerator door and slept for a while under the kitchen table.

*

I remember the time I went to Pátzcuaro with my family. I didn't know we were in Pátzcuaro. The windows of the houses at night looked like patches of an embroidered blanket. Something like that it seemed. Black cats surely ran through the alleys. At the lobby of the hotel, my grandfather's wife, a woman who was actually bald, told me that there was something between the tiles behind a pitcher painted purple. It's the chive worm, I said. It's a rather large worm, about one or two meters long, fat, which feeds only onions, and its head also looks like a pale and nauseating onion. That night I soaked in a bathtub of blue marbles, as if I was a chicken breast marinated with honey and mustard. The floor had those black and white tiles like a chessboard flipped sideways. Under my nose I had a thick black mustache that could twist as if I was thinking something very important. The next morning there was nothing under my nose but dry snot. We went for a walk on the edge of a rocky valley. I wasn't breathing through my nostrils as I usually do, but my dog-print shorts did it for me instead. The valley was snorting up my brown leather huaraches. Down below I could see something like the inside of the earth, breathing like a sleeping boar. There were craters full of boiling lava all around us, but I felt cold. My guts felt like they were wrapped in bubble paper in front of the fan of an office cubicle with too much light. That night my grandfather was in a bad mood. I can't remember why. I remember when he turned his head towards me in an alley on the way back to the hotel. His head looked like a coconut from Acapulco split in two, and from one half dripped a thick liquid of a bright green from another planet. Something like that happened in Pátzcuaro.

Sometimes I think I can write about that, or about any other thing. But I'm not sure if I know how to write, because I don't know how to read. I imagine that I walk in a straight line without stopping for anything. If I run into a car, I pass it over. If I run into a dog, I pass it over. If I run into a house, I pass it over. If I run into a baby, I pass it over. I imagine that I continue going straight until I reach the Andes mountain range, and there I disappear little by little. At

each step I take, a part of my body disappears, starting with my fingers. My fingers disappear. My hands disappear. My wrists disappear. My elbows disappear. My forearms disappear. My arms disappear. My shoulders disappear. My armpits disappear. My sides disappear. My chest disappears. My neck disappears. My navel disappears. My thighs disappear. My knees disappear. My shins disappear. My heels disappear. Only my feet and my head remain. My head disappears. I take three or four or five blind steps. My feet disappear. I am in the Andes mountain range and nobody realizes that I've disappeared.

Listen at: <http://peculiarmormyrid.com/sebastian-jimenez-galindo-issue-8/>



Zero Hour (for Astor Piazzolla)

David Coulter



The Subterraneans
Rik Lina

THREE DREAMS

by Megan Leach

1.

I am walking to the end of a dock on the tigre. the river is opaque, barely moving against the heat of the sun. my love has just jumped off the end and not resurfaced. I loose time. I stare at the surface for minutes, maybe hours, before I jump in too. immediately my sight is gone but I can feel it. first cold water then fish skins and silt and weeds and the soft mud at its bottom. when the soles of my feet hit the mud they go right through it. all of me is pulled through it and I land in a cave. sight returns, but it is very dark. all sides are mud, deep oranges and browns, and everything is rounded out and damp and moving in shallow breaths. it is hard to stand. the mud and clay keeps reshaping itself and tunnels appear and vanish as I struggle to walk towards them. then I am no longer alone in the cave. a giant snake is winding through the mud filling all the openings. the side of its body presses me into the wall and I cannot breathe against the mud. my ears pop. the pain builds in my lungs and I die trapped in that shape shifting pile of earth.

2.

I am standing before a valley in a desert under a blue-black sky of stars. I am bone cold. there is no sound in this version of the world. the sand shifts beneath my feet and suddenly it is a thick liquid. moving becomes the way it feels to try running against the tides of the ocean. I realize I will have to swim across this wide open water to reach the other side. I start out, and am trying to gauge which direction to swim when the first foot falls. a group of stone giants are walking over the dunes and into the water. so tall I cannot see their faces but their marbled legs are causing great waves in the water. I am floating on my back through the waves. this sand water isn't wet but feels like ice. I am looking up into the stars when a leg comes down and crushes me. the cold had taken all the softness out of me and I shatter into uncountable flecks of mica which are absorbed into the sand.

3.

I am in a pine forest walking hand in hand with a friend. summer becomes winter as we walk. suddenly along the sides of the path wolves are running. I pick up my friend and place him out of reach in the trees. my back is to a tree as the wolves circle. I can feel its sap. I know they will attack me but this fact is accepted. they start to take bites out of my stomach. I cannot feel anything but I smell the metallic tang of blood. the wolves start to pull a string of intestines like a line out into the trees. I have a sense that I need to follow it but my vision becomes rapidly blurry. when I can no longer follow the line, I fall, stay laying down, and die.





Steve Morrison



Steve Morrison

SUBTERRANIUM

by *Steven Cline*

“Horror of horrors! Look out Professor Calm, it’s quicksand!”

In a half-dead, economically depressed southern town, a spectral grind-house movie theatre will sometimes glow in and out of existence. Yes, on certain accursed days only, when the weirding moon is full and the stars all spell disaster. It is an unmistakably diabolic thing, something which the hillbilly locals all avoid, acknowledging only in hushed whisper and fearful glance. A very rare ghosting variation sometimes classified as a “Deviant Picture House Spook” by the more overeducated paranormal kooks. This particular theatre protoplasm lays partially dormant until activation. Activation requires Desire.

You enter through a side door, taking your seat near the screen.

A shadow-thing sits up in the projectionist’s booth, bathed in a halo of green light. Don’t worry, it already knows your weird proclivities. Yes, because you’ve been here many, many times before, in fact. It rustles through the dusty film canisters, and loads one inside the rusty machine. The black rectangle suddenly lights up, playing for you a continuous montage of every quicksand death recorded by past and future cinema, a delightful rush of old and new filmic atrocities. Diverse cross-sections of forgotten Italian horror, Art house, and Hollywood trash lovingly played out before your schizocompressed visioning. Repetitive spectacles of little celluloid feet running through unnamed jungles, of sudden drops. Is it solid, is it liquid? The panic playing across faces of the victims as they experience the dreadful epiphany of body’s imminent dissolution. Ah, you nasty little pit-trolls! Strange jelly monsters caressing and suckling at their sacrificial flesh-gifts, painting their struggling skin with layers of gritty, stinking mush. And then the inevitable disappearance into unknowable void, that vacant beauty of the final silence. The treasured savior with the rope always comes to us a bit too late, doesn’t he?

Scholars teach us that “Quicksand is merely a colloid hydrogel consisting of fine granular material and water.”—but is it really? Only a fool would believe such a joke! There is a vast occult conspiracy at work here, something cooked up by the legions of crooked intelli-

gentsia throughout Terran history. I am now convinced that there is a cache of hidden mystic pearls which dwell deep inside the body of the quicksand-animal. Misguided ones, you need only admit it here, before all assembled, that everything you think you know about Q.S. is erroneous. If you do this we can begin to move the clock towards the great sublimity together—In Granular Fellowship!

To continue we must reset comprehension clock.

You must learnsee it in your toes.

You must seefeel it in every microscopic pore.

We daydream it together now, we picture what happens after.

After the fall.

Sucked down into the UNDERGROUND.

Absorbed by the SUBTERRANIUM.

Apocryphal dreamtime spelunkers—Activate!

New Man drifts towards the cavern floor, his thin osmotic body dripping in a slow-motion downward float. A Luciferian feather at shedding-time. New Man's body is covered in sticky sandy after-birth. New Man thinks of Jules Verne and of volcanoes in reverse. Of underground seas, prehistoric plants, Atlantis. New Man's elongated toenail meets with the slippery rock floor, is followed by naked toe, and by heel, and etc. New Man starts a-walking.

The Subterranium is a massive vibration machine. Warm-metallic. Abandoned alien labyrinth stretching towards an unreachable core. Certainly, certainly. And it is a living, breathing machine, created neither by conscious thought, nor natural processes. It is always the third way, the impossible path, with this one. A tricky little fellow.

New Man descends this world, traversing across miles of bone-ladders, skull steps, blood-ships, and other gothic-kitsch monstrosities. Long stretches are covered, and no soul. No rain. But what a draft, though! A wind with purpose, sentience. A trickster rabbit wind. He can almost see it now, in fact he does see it. An oozing pus man swimming in the air, a dead acolyte. Something for the fancy kids. He sees a dark hole below with some spiraling sex curves, and, fearing death from rabbit wind, he leaps into it.

From out of this warm, comfortable black hole our New Man is soon expectorated, dropped down onto the happy land of Lard,

forgotten. To spiralhole he was merely the unwanted fecal artifact. Unfortunate fellow! Just another castrated cast-out and deepspawn of Hell Sanctum. Ah, but he is beginning to cry out dead oceans now, and I think that the cave is flooding. Please cease all hysterics and rejoin the subanal parade! We sad folklore offal wish to enjoy a piece of the soiled and soiling banquet, too, and I'd like to partake of that sacrament undrowned. Preferably.

New Man gets up, resolving to do whatever it takes to succeed, come what may and spiralhole be damned. This sudden over-electrified output of Misguided Positive Thinking™ has a few strange effects, however. He grows a thick mane of curly black body hair, and his mouth gathers wave upon wave of dark purple spittle. He feels incredible, he really feels like a “new man!” He takes one confident step forward, trips over a poorly placed aggregation of cave octopi, and lands head first into the waiting bosom of one very aroused, gelatinous stalactite. No doubt some occult-dabbling pervert or fool must have awakened her stoneflesh in a shower of crocodile blood and lime powder at some earlier date...

Ah, but this is all just one long CharlieKeaton joke, just silly american tall-tales and comical theatrics. Unbeknownst to our whimsical little yarn, the (sur)real underground and the (sur)real New Man have already reached the blasphemy of the deepmetro, they have already bought their golden ticket, and they are already feasting merrily inside the belly of King Desnos' subconscious Metro train. On board this vessel there is an abundance of crucified mice, dragonfruit, and tomato, and the snake is also invited.

Stated destination: The Great Burrowing

Estimated time of arrival: 12,838 A.M. (After Marx)

This runaway specter of a train wishes to lodge its troublesome monorail thoughtbody inside the damp wall of the Great Empyrean Vagina, to gain gaseous new liberation among pink mythic fold. It seeks to expel unchained virginalcognitions into the depths of the living Ether.

Stay tuned next week for the exciting “Great Opus” conclusion—wherein five larval-discharge conductors will be undeniably cauterized and convulsed before your very slime-swept and cadaverous eyes.

A NEW TREE

*Automatic writing during the Solar
eclipse of Aug 21, 2017*

by Steven Cline

A new tree is born, a tree which grows down into the ground. Its little roots kick in the air shamefully. Cover it up! A new pair of trousers is being made specifically for this purpose. No perversion or nudity in this lane of traffic, please.



Megan Leach

THE DARK HOSPITAL

a very long dream

by Casi Cline

A neurotic, paranoid-looking man gets off a train, arriving in a dark, Bavarian town surrounded by high mountains. He is a Conspiracy Theory and Paranormal Activity Investigator and he has come to check if there is anything interesting behind a concerned message he had received from someone visiting a relative in the town.

There is an amusement park at the edge of the town at the base of a tall mountain, and all of the residents including the middle aged and elderly are obsessed with spending time there, but no one is allowed to talk about it after they leave. The Investigator goes into the amusement park and it has all of the normal kinds of amusement park things like vomit-inducing, centrifugal-motion contraptions and food trucks and games and colorful lights, etc.

But there is one ride that appears to be particularly popular: The Health Train. It is an elaborately-decorated miniature train on tracks that lead into an opening in the side of the mountain. There is very long wait, but the Investigator gets in line because he has a gut feeling that this is where he needs to go to find out more information. Eventually, his turn comes, and he gets on the train. The Health Train shudders into motion and heads rather bumpily into the mountain.

The ride starts out by entering a normal-enough-looking mine shaft or cave with some stalagmites and bats and red-glowing lanterns hanging at regular intervals, and the Investigator wonders if it is just going to be some cheap, sorta-spooky roller coaster ride. Within a few minutes, though, it starts to get very misty and soon the man can't see anything around him as the train continues to hurtle forward at an accelerating pace. The color drains out of the mist until there is nothing but whiteness and the ride becomes so smooth the Investigator can only tell he is moving because of the air passing over him.

Unsure of how much time has passed and feeling suspicious, the Investigator turns in his seat to check if anything is visible behind him. In doing so, his hand touches the hand of someone sitting in the seat next to him which had been empty when the ride started.



Drawing his hand back and staring in shock at the white spot next to him, the Investigator waits in motionless and silent uneasiness. As he watches, the mist begins to dissipate, and the figure next to him becomes visible. There is an old man there looking back at him and smiling. He is wearing a grey hat and gray three-piece suit, which all looks very clean and neat.

“How do you like my Health Train?” the old man asks, in a convivial baritone.

The Investigator now recognizes this old man to be the Mayor of the town. He had done his research beforehand and knew that the Mayor, a retired physician, was instrumental in bringing the amusement park to the town and was most likely involved in the matter he is here to look into. His suspicions are clearly confirmed.

Before the Investigator has a chance to respond, he notices that the mist has cleared all around them to reveal completely new surroundings. He is alone with the Mayor in a white, oval craft which is moving through some kind of clear liquid down a pink, fleshy, rippling circular tunnel like the inside of an artery or intestine. Sliding all the way around the walls are white segmented worms, which fill the investigator with revulsion. They pass different kinds of body cells like nerves and fat, which are as big as house cats and all white. The cells have faces and limbs and they can talk. They are, in fact, making a lot of racket and some are arguing with one another about territory. The Investigator sees a white fox curled up behind some big round cells and has a feeling it shouldn't be seen by the Mayor, so he decides to distract him.

“Hey, what's all this about, Mister!” he asks loudly.

“Haha, you'll see! We're just arriving now,” the Mayor responds, waving his hand to indicate a spot ahead of them.

Up ahead, the tunnel changes into a perfectly smooth, shiny, white cylinder with doors at regular intervals along the sides. The ovoid vehicle stops in front of a brightly smiling nurse dressed all in white who opens one of the doors and gestures for him to go inside. He turns to look at the Mayor, but he has disappeared. With a sigh, the Investigator climbs out and goes through the door. Inside is a little, white room that has a bunk, a sink, a compact toilette/shower closet with a drain in the floor and other necessities for a spartan

sort of existence, and everything is very clean and shiny.

“I just know you will enjoy your stay!” the nurse says excitedly as she shuts the door, after which a series of loud clicks and metallic scrapings makes it clear that it has been locked. There isn’t even a door-knob on this side.

The Investigator has come to expect this kind of thing in his line of work. Everyone is always either trying to keep people in or keep people out. He sets to work snooping around the little room. There aren’t too many nooks to investigate, so he quickly gets to the closet. There is a row of goofy white, adult-sized onesies hanging in the closet and some shelves above with linens. Behind a stack of crisp, white sheets on the top shelf, he finds an air vent. It is a small opening, but, fortunately, due to his regular amphetamine usage, he is very thin.

He pries off the vent cover with a spork from the mini-kitchen with some effort, working up a sweat in the process. He begins to feel unbearably sticky and grimy. He looks in the mirror on the closet door and is repulsed by his grungy, sordid appearance: oily, blemished face; greasy, unkempt hair; stained shirt; wrinkled trousers; muddy shoes. He doesn’t remember being this loathsome. Unable to stand it any longer, he takes off his clothes and gets in the shower, washing himself with water as hot as he can stand and scouring his entire body with the strong soap and exfoliating bristle brush that had been provided. After he has scrubbed himself completely several times, he feels the desire to be cold, so he turns off the hot completely and stands in the freezing water. Cold, so cold, cold and clean.

He eventually gets out of the shower, making sure to avoid stepping on his filthy clothes, goes to the closet and puts on one of the nice clean onesies from the closet. It even has rubber-soled footsies and gloves at the ends of the arms. Very hermetic. He isn’t totally against it, seeing as he is about to crawl through an air vent. However, when he looks inside the vent, he is a little surprised to note that it is completely clean without even a particle of dust. He climbs up and squeezes himself in the opening.

The Investigator crawls around in the air duct for awhile, looking into other little white rooms and uninteresting places. He comes to a vent into an office, a very nice office with fancy furnishings and medical apparatus, which he surmises could belong to the Mayor, and he

decides to check it out. He looks through the desk draws and files cabinets as thoroughly as he dares with the appearing/disappearing Mayor about somewhere, eventually finding a document that details the plans and purpose and nefarious intentions of the entire organization. He has uncovered this kind of scheme before and is a little disappointed by its banality. He tucks the folder inside his onesie and leaves through the door.

He walks out into a large, bright space with an immaculately landscaped garden under a massive white dome curving down to the perfectly trimmed lawn from high above. There is a big, round swimming pool in the center and other people in pristine, white onesies are napping around it in lounge chairs or strolling around.

As the Investigator starts to walk toward a door in the far wall that he hopes is an exit, the disembodied voice of the Mayor booms out from somewhere above his head.

“I know what you want.”

“Is that right? You know what I want? And what would that be Mr. Major?” the Investigator snarkily retorts while looking for some kind of speaker hidden somewhere.

“Oh, yes, believe me, I know. And I can give it to you, too,” the Mayor says with a laugh, “But... I have one condition.”

“Mmmhmm, what’s that?” asks the Investigator half-heartedly as he sidles toward that-door-which-is-a-possible-exit.

“Well, before I can give you what you want, you will have to give me something of yours. Don’t worry. It is nothing you really value much anyway. It’s just...your life.”

With a disbelieving scoff, the Investigator asks, “Oh, ok, and what is it you think I want that would be worth giving you MY LIFE?”

“The **Dark Hospital.**”

The Investigator freezes, divested of his sarcastic facade and his misanthropic air, he is left standing there in his onesie like a child staring at his closet door in the long and hideous night. His eyes are dark, moist, animal eyes, wide with awe, worshipful and afraid. He hadn’t known if he would ever find it, and he hadn’t thought to find it here. But here it is.

“Yes, ok, then. Take my life.”

“There’s a good boy. Now go over to the pool and dive in. Don’t be

scared. You'll only feel a little pinch."

Quietly, the Investigator walks over to the pool, and, as he gets close, he sees that, in sharp contrast to all the whiteness of everything else and even the walls of the pool, the bottom of the pool is the most perfect, deep black he has ever seen. He takes off his onesie, tosses aside the useless files, which he now realizes is just a decoy anyway, and steps onto the diving board. All of the people around the pool cheer and congratulate him.

"Any last words, son?"

Looking up, the Investigator opens his mouth to speak, but closes it again and shakes his head.

"Ok, then please take out your tongue."

The Investigator reaches into his mouth, takes out his tongue, which detaches bloodlessly and painlessly. He looks at it lying in his palm and it disappears.

"Good, good. Now you're free of that, you can go on in. And, I just want you to know that I will enjoy your life much more than you have, and I am grateful for the opportunity. So long!"

The Investigator dives into the pool and is immediately unable to see anything. He loses his sense of direction and thrashes about in confusion. After a couple of minutes, he gives up the struggle, and lets himself go limp. Letting himself drift passively, he begins to float up to the surface. But there is something attached to his belly that keeps him from going further. It is a rubbery tube, which he realizes is an umbilical cord.

The voice of the Mayor comes to him in a muffled whisper, "Just a little pinch."

And that's all it is. Just a little pinch, and the cord is cut, and the Investigator floats up to the surface face down. The bottom of the pool is a terribly bright white that hurts his eyes. He turns away from it, looking up out of the water. All around him is the black expanse of space studded with tiny stars. And, there, in front of him, hovers a monumental building with walls painted a darker black than the black of space and all the windows, doors, and corners outlined in glittering christmas lights.

The Investigator drifts weightlessly out of the pool toward the open doors of the **Dark Hospital**.



Megan Leach

THE GAME OF LISTENING

by Ody Saban & Thomas Mordant

Rules of the game :

In the game of listening one of the two players dictates what to draw little by little while the other draws. What's interesting about this game is that we come to a collective work for two, in a different way than in the drawings signed Mordysabbath. The one who tells the story sees her story drawn on the paper in a way that is quite different from what she imagines and the one who draws, has a feeling of lightness, because he no longer thinks about the coherence of what he draws, and because he no longer has to deal with the meaning of what he draws.

Ody Saban & Thomas Mordant, Paris, 2000

September 9, 2012 – notes on different ways to play the listening game:

A. Three ways of proceeding for the speaker.

1. Automatism : chaining of words in the least controlled manner possible.
2. Semi automatism, that is to say, here, automatism going towards a distinct visual representation (for example a table that the one who speaks can represent in a dreamlike way).
3. Objective to follow by sight the drawing of the other while trying implicitly or explicitly to advise, to influence, to water generously and intensively their unquenchable thirst for suggestion.

B. Three ways of proceeding (which can be combined) among others for the person who draws.

1. Capture some twirling imagery of the speaker.
2. Draw as freely as possible while playing the game, that is to say by listening attentively to what the other is saying and thus being captive of the wisps of this foreign imagination.
3. Really trying to represent everything that the other says or at least as much as possible and with the greatest fidelity possible despite the immense polysemy of the term fidelity.



2000. *Listening game I* 10.5×19.5cm. Done in ten minutes. Signed Ody Saban and Thomas Mordant. Chinese ink on paper.



2000. *Listening Game II*, 22 October. 23×30cm. Signed Ody Saban and Thomas Mordant. Chinese ink on paper.

L'ECOUTE
12.08.2012



Thomas Morel aut
(dessinant ce que
dit
Ody)



2012. *Listening Game III*, 12 August. 24x 32cm. Signed Ody Saban and Thomas Mordant. Chinese ink on paper.





2012. *Listening Game IV*, 9 September. 24x 32cm. Signed Ody Saban and Thomas Mordant. Chinese ink on paper.



DE L'ECOUTE



2012. *Listening Game V*, 19 September. 24x 32cm. Signed Ody Saban and Thomas Mordant. Chinese ink on paper.

UNTITLED

by David Nadeau

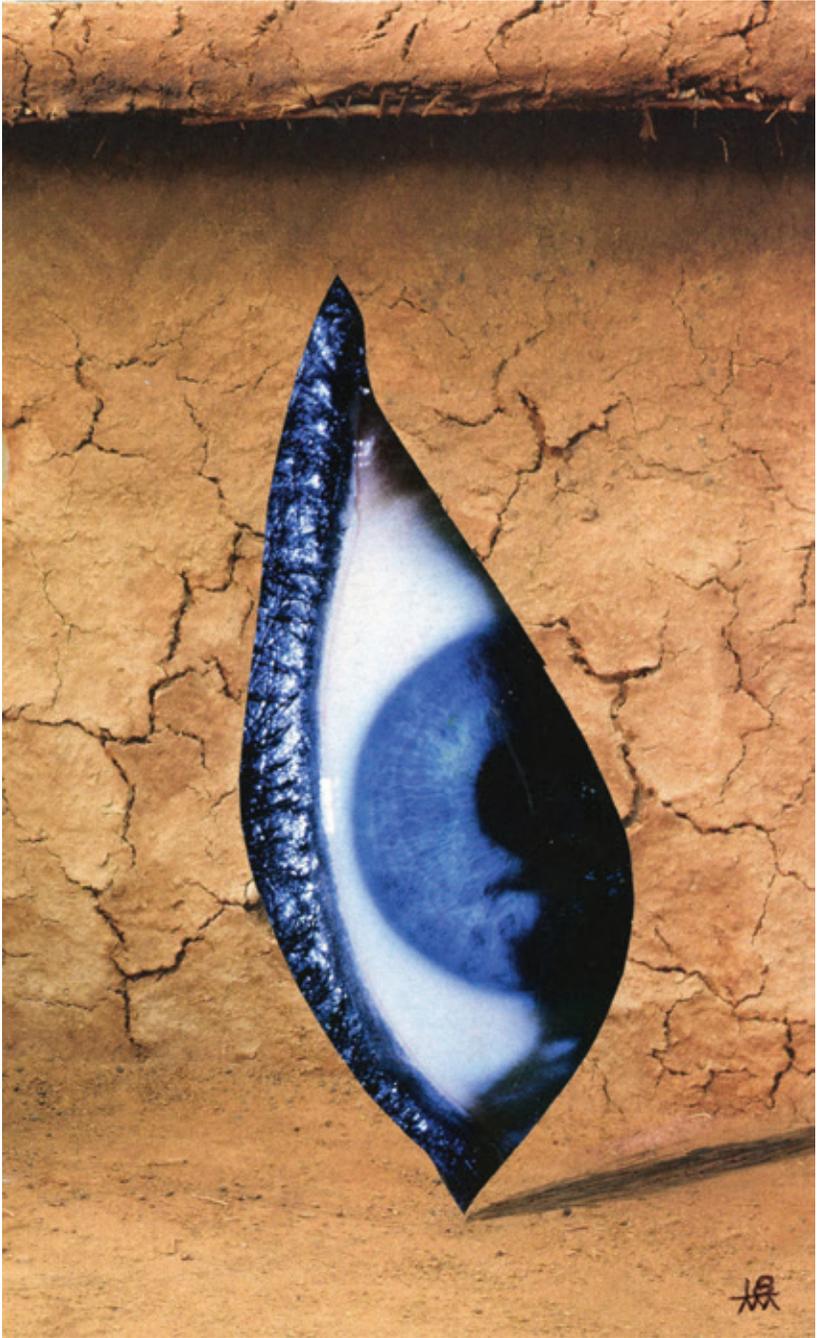
To whisper alone or to wander north of silence. The seat of consciousness is a poisoned apple. The underlying membrane is tinged by the colors of the drama. Regression to chaos, or dissolution, is required. The visionary walker returns to the center of the knot : now he is there. In the apartment-lab, the marvel slowly melts until the morning. A personal mythology is built, in the sense of eternity. *And I can almost hear the sound of the underground forges...*

THE ROOTS OF THE MASK

on a drawing by Pascale Dubé

by David Nadeau

in the transfixed valley
at the intense and mortuary origin
the worried stone covers its face
to remain cloistered for a long time
among the underground deities



The Long I
Andrew Mendez

THE QUEST FOR THE INFAMOUS GRAIL

by LaDonna Smith

As my fingers pass through the knots and tangles of my hair, the truncated wedges beneath my feet that make up the voussoir of a lost civilization burn through my shoes, whispering secrets and the screaming lost voices that repeat, and repeat the echoes in the vault. Underground a genesis of movement, conspicuous vulgarities whose lives spent in the rapid whirl and irresistible force of life, stolen by the deception of death as the arch-bridge to an afterlife somewhere beyond the sun, perhaps irradiated into a beauty that none has seen, but blinded by its brilliance, vying for the attention of the gods by prayers and pilgrimage, only to find oneself burned at the stake, by angry mobs of devoted devils, call them humans, and pierced by sword and the damning intentions of claimers of power, who also find themselves buried in the catacombs of caves and waken to the laughter of skulls and bones, never mind the dances of maggots and vermin.

Had sorcery been everything anticipated, perhaps the victim would ride gloriously on the backs of elephants, keepers of wisdom and the gentle caresses of the powerful trunks that blow water and oxygen into the understory of dense vineage and “Boschian” creature habitats, ripe with fruits like human tongues, eyeballs, and livers, the food of the “gods,” acquired by the vultures of sudden death and conquest.

Oh, to sing and vocalize the music of the spheres, as clocks tick off the matter of seconds, light years that fly through darkness decorated by points of light and vagrant dust, a menagerie of translucent spirits whose voluptuous flotations never measured by volume or mass.

Scientific guessing games have continued since metaphysical implications of heliocentric orbits and apparent retrograde motions, largely the cause of the failure of civilization, whose causes of terrestrial cancers and afflictions have buried itself in

repeating cycles, as noted by the treasure chest of archeological spoils, conveying keys to a secret carriage of convection, looted by robbers and rulers, hoarded by priests, and eternally returned to the worldly interests of hucksters and peddlers. No matter, the dirt on their shoes is the true treasure, that magically to which they return, and become that same substance.

There will be no hiding place as the “she goddess,” “Mama tit,” planet earth, her astral body spinning out of control, taking no prisoners, but spewing her contents in a spiral motion to infinity. She is the High Priestess who will make her final dance as a figure 8, revealed only to the eyes of the stars, and the dusts which were once her skin, she with her oceans evaporated to the cosmic breath that we think may be the true God. It is nothing more than the principal of cause and effect, like the rapid strokes of a paintbrush.



Creatures of the Deep

Maurizio Brancaleoni

EXILED BY SORCERY...

by J. Karl Bogartte

Hunger lies in wait, somnambulant among glittering equations, pouring lead into invisible bodies. Spelling out irresistible distances, turning tables. Time is the space between talons and the receiving presence. Séance of phantoms. Fire is a fragment of duration, an interrupted caress. The model posing edges a sequence of blurred distinctions, ermine disfiguring, exceeding savanted space. The word absence follows the trail of meridian and enters into a game of salacious detours, while the bell is wrung to summon night and her dedicated reflection. She is always blindfolded and led astray, for the chrysalis of rain.

*

She resembles a slurred cormorant dialect, but always on time, compelling synopsis to seek the tissue of time and look through with the golden orals of your blood, your aurora... The drone-givers flower against reason. The oils are reversed. The fatal reconciliation of evening statues above the Boulevard of Apparitions, expel the glass balls of a sudden storm. The mycelia of your eyes that stain the pleasurable countenance of dwelling... She uses a knife for punctuation.

*

Midnight slumbers into an open doorway. And the ambiguous terrace of the veil comes to assault your self-sense into stages of other scents. The distraction of crystal slipping into water. The knighthood of the wolf and the candelabra, for the cherished bridesmaid of signaling devices, bewildering motors varnishing the transmutation of light into Arabic... A forgery castled by memory from a distance still to be determined, along a trajectory more tarnished than a dubious signature. A handful of bees unraveling her mouth.

*

Beauty ransacked and outlined by gunpowder. The eager fountain-stone impregnated by fire. Shawl inhabited by particles, held

together by scent and intoxication. A spinal column for the foyer of meteors and its shadowy figures, closer to X than to the release of prisoners. The ladders of cherished females. An illustrated gesture that attends the climb, and the fall, translating desire into words, slaying into objects, across. Acts of selfish pleasure, challenged by stilts, licking, consuming, fruit...

*

The obscure portrait without a scarf, filled with mercury and overflowing in the most desirable way... Always the loaded dice of an animal gaze spinning like a wheel, inter-rotating wheels moving in opposite directions... "*Perhaps it is roulette? No, the gyroscope...*" A letter introducing love, with a lighted scorpion, a knife in the ring... She is the pose and the chiaroscuro that defies summer rain, distinct locomotion hovering in trees, a history of science luring occult and shameless intrusions. Time divided by space equals the slumbering of a leopard conjuring the fields.

*

"The wind, leopard..." "The rain, assassin..." The book, sister to the bell-tower, gathering steam, remote from the forest, burnt by moonlight into a long-limbed calyx that spins around in circles, repeating your name, a coupling of numbers, kissing only water, savage computations. Shadowboxing with consciousness. Life is that breath of Jívaro dust blown into the face. A clockwork scent drawing blood, where indigo climbs into darkness. Crushed into light.

*

A night-bred conjuration, wrenching hands outside of the circle of resemblance, rubbing agitated gold into exterior forgeries. The grasping of apprehension, ancillary wishbone of distraught widows stepping down from empty thrones, flowing in parallel curves. The effect of an incendiary glance unhinging a careless assumption, dissecting the last word as a monolith for secret identities. With a violin (her face multiplied by sunlight) for mute alchemies, there is no shred of evidence on this side of mystery.

*

Light and dark, by distinction severed from kinship and wreck, struck a bargain between themselves, she crafting that which becomes her shimmer, and he more alive than his tales, risking

presence. The heaviness of tusk, swinging by forest limbs, the thrust of a ship's luminous bone, twice fount and clone. *"Such awful weight astounds, sinking beyond relief. I come to you as carnal root and distraught awkward delight. I am against. I am negative and dangerous bright. I am your trance and diligent gate... I am dawn's desperate breeding. And I am frightfully unfinished..."*

*

The model is ruthless in apprehension, while her bearing forbids paradise, her fuse breeds multiple infractions. The misfortune of fair weather ending in a vague biography. Silence tempts the golden means and the jester's card, releasing the glance from solitude, for a life inside sunlight. The glance, tricked by time into sovereign cabinets, chasing philters arranged by yearning, returns to a source of swanlike ecstasy. She rubs herself into countless arcs.

*

It remains in translation... Just after midnight the candle would announce your arrival, which coincides with the departure of the King, searching for his bride, the violence of the wind... which evokes the electromagnetic coil spinning out its fine shimmering, fleece-like, its dark red, sentinel-faced, rupturing, crucial wellspring. The skin covering her bones out of letters. Grinding out dew-colored webs... coal-fired... *"There's light among precious bones. Animal solutions. Dig deeper, my love..."*

*

The acidity of lunar nitrates, your measure, disoriented navigation, severe as her blackened animal mouth dripping into yearning, a moving silk, waterfall desiring the measure of stone. There is only dusk following the travellers with their nets. A great roaring of astrological cabinets dragged by horses in mirrors witnessed by chimera in old films deteriorating in warehouses. A history of unruly kisses promising madness in ancient Greek letters reflecting the nearness of infinity.

*

An eerie stillness follows the suit of primary numbers, stained Florentine bridal veils, a precursor in the arts of spinning on a magnet to incite transparency, the harsh visiting, a tidal wave of nocturnal voices. The bodice of anti-matter elevates the hazardous

pros and the rapier's con of the prima donna eclipsing over the oval table, is conjured in your absence, old as light and twice as bright. Too bright to see, too dark to avoid. A devious desire for a rare and thoughtless object still arriving. *"This terror of yours, does it reveal the locks of the gate flowing around this light, precious aurum, only the rose longing for the mouth?"*

*

It is the howling that remembers its mouth, that brings paradox to the loaded chambers, the dice filmed in slow-motion, the eyes of love on the brink of landing. The crucible of tenderness, unremitting... A point of consciousness defines invisibility, defies gravity, and the Adored Mirror entering childhood with the aviator and the embalmer's fabled daughter. The ravenous triangle. The duplicating recognition. The runaway theatre of dangerous attractions.

*

Silence, ocelot. Absence, ancillary reveal. To elude, emitting reflection on water, the body's imprint, becoming landscape. Vague layers trampling symbols underfoot, chemise of latent meanings flourishing in the hidden street, the higher desert and the dancing gryphon scraping doors off the forest. Fog-beings at the Emu-threshold. Light-breathers. The aurora inhaled produced a sound that shook the foundations of eros, propelling the absent-minded wishbone into the harping body of a dream. A labyrinth of bathing spells prevails. A renegade and perpetual glow, wisely confounding.

*

Between form and being, desirable, forming crystal is activating invisible clay, the fission of a woman during an eclipse. Breathing in the emptiness of a stone, only to be cast... The silence enters you from behind, without mercy, the purity of sabotage in the hours of reciprocal projections. A word within each word, the replacement, and the cancelling out. Dragging a trembling glow out of dark spaces. Carpathian footsteps, seeing through night grillwork, watery light, a lapidary manifestation of an empty street, in the phase of accomplices, between the eyes and the lips, where *"Shh... Don't utter a word!"* crosses paths with *"It will always be dark for you, my charming pet..."* and spitting tungsten.

*

There's an idiot savant wrapped in the wings. The lamp is a curtain call of surprise endings, a fortune-teller's demise and the howling of chance. Your blood is the taste of a winning number and a mercenary sense of living without the gravity of targets. *"I am your precious barricade, and your singular urge. I am your instinct, teeth sinking into all that shimmers in your heavy warmth..."*

*

Scattered with fire in the tallow, the victims in the crux compel the rain, breathing scarlet, settle scores, spin the wheels and the widow of a squall, her devastating passion skewered into an annular dance, a dream object in the street winding out of sight. The whining secret operations, numerous dark qualities, striking and unraveling. Mediator of surface ignited, always undressing and disordered around the milky substance of early Spring evenings. Hanging from the trees, she is a battlefield of glass.

*

"Turbulence, my love, makes your beauty eternal, like the sea when it sleeps, like the cistern when it overflows, like the moon..." when it litters the city with long-haired armatures, resembling distant relatives and sudden waifs, where the lock-maker's dust on the window illuminates the riddles where natural elements gather to enfilade... where light waits in ambush for the morning to approach, like a wound that won't dissuade the landscape from internal bleeding and vanishing.

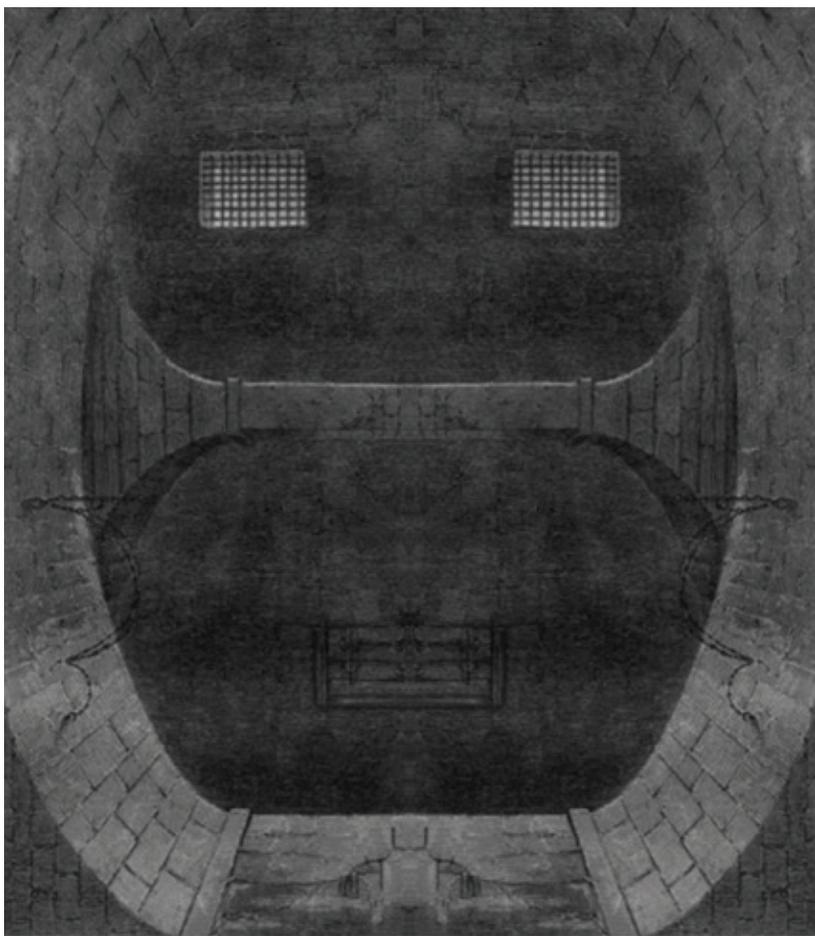
*

Her body is silence hallucinating, sipping the hot wax of a feverish dive, swallowing the scent in pursuit of her image, your image, a ravaging in your hearsay and mirrored reversal. An initiated innocence distilled in the Calat of a witch-faced al 'Ambra, fiddling with optics to arouse liquids from her swollen lips, swirling all the sighs in your mouth. Bursting eggs, seeds, starlight written in blood, in the body, for the sea... The simultaneous computations among strangers.

WELL DREAM

by Steven Cline

I am viewing a very large and completely white room. In the center of the room is an old brick well, painted black. Thick black tree roots are growing from the bottom of the well, radiating outward in slow, pulsating movements. They suck on the floor of the white space, absorbing unknown nutrients. I am conscious that I am sleeping, and I have the feeling that these roots are a psychic parasite that is feeding on my mind while I sleep. I start to wake up, and as I do so I see the black roots quickly rush back into the well.



LES TROIS ÉTOILES

by Guy Girard

Il y a sous terre des étoiles plates
et d'autres qui fleurissent au cœur des nuages
J'ai avec ton absence partagé cette certitude
qui fait aller le monde un peu moins de travers
dans le décousu de la couleur bleue
La voie étroite aura hissé son pavillon de chrysanthèmes
sur le front du cyclope cycliste
qui d'un seul coup de pédale fait le tour du soleil
à l'heure où vont mourir les avocats de la nuit
Jusqu'au bout ils refuseront de livrer le sésame sans l'horreur
On appellera on criera on entendra geindre de sous terre
on saura que ce sont des graines qui germent
dans la main des momies oubliées
Là-bas certains se seront déjà levés de table
de vieux rois aux couronnes cabossées
recommenceront à nager dans l'abreuvoir volcanique
Je pense dès lors à une coccinelle je la vois
battre le tambour dans le jardin qui fut un ossuaire
Est-ce bien cela l'innocence ou n'est-ce qu'une île déserte

cernée de sabots sans ailes personne ne le sait
Une maison peut ici s'écrouler sous les bravos
de nos créatures invisibles ô mes amis je vous attends
dans ses ruines qui seront comme des fougères
balayant le bout du monde de leurs syllabes de buis
Ne vous trompez pas de fenêtre à ouvrir
Il y a derrière tout ça d'immenses plages de sable mouillé
sur lesquelles vont munis d'extincteurs les voleurs de feu
Attendons ensemble les lézards
sous les nuages engourdis d'encre et de cendres
Le ciel bien sûr n'en fait qu'à sa tête
C'est encore un enfant qui a toujours faim
de caravelles et d'hérésies c'est aussi une rose trémière

THE THREE STARS

by Guy Girard

There are flat stars underground
and others that bloom in the heart of the clouds
I have with your absence broken up this certitude
that makes the world go a little less askew
in the disjoint of the color blue
The narrow way will hoist its chrysanthemum flag
on the brow of the cycling cyclops
who at one stroke of the pedal goes around the sun
at the hour where the lawyers of the night will die
Until the end they will refuse to open sesame without horror
We'll call we'll cry we'll hear from underground
we'll know that seeds are germinating
in the hand of forgotten mummies
Over there some people have already got up from the table
old kings with dented crowns
will start swimming again in the volcanic trough
I think then of a ladybug and I see her
beat the drum in the garden which was an ossuary
Is this innocence or is it just a desert island

surrounded by wingless hooves nobody knows
A house can crumble here under the bravos
of our invisible creatures O my friends I wait for you
in its ruins that will be like ferns
sweeping the end of the world with their syllables of boxwood
Do not mistake the wrong window to open
There are huge sandy beaches behind all that
which will be furnished with fire extinguishers thieves of fire
Let's wait for the lizards together
under the clouds engorged with ink and ashes
The sky of course is only makes up its head
It's still a child who is always hungry
of caravels and heresies it is also a hollyhock

qui a pour ombre la ligne d'horizon
Allez jusque là-bas on y trouve des coquillages
dans lesquels s'entend le bruit de l'enfer

Ne jamais en revenir ni jamais tresser un nid
pour les dociles oiseaux de Saturne
Car il y a sous terre seulement trois étoiles
qui sont dans l'éternité comme des coquilles Saint-Jacques
L'une d'elles se brisera dès que tu la verras
C'est l'image de ton âme telle que je ne puis la connaître
La seconde viendra comme le vent dans une forêt d'automne
si rouge elle te sera plus lourde que l'enseigne de ton désir
Quant à l'ultime tu préféreras la jeter à la mer
Mais pour l'instant tu n'ès pas encore toi-même
sortie de la mer qui rêve et coule au-dedans de tes os



To Uproot
Ody Saban

whose shadow is the skyline
Go there, there are seashells
in which is heard the sound of hell

Never come back and never braid a nest
for the docile birds of Saturn
Because there are only three stars underground
who are in eternity like scallops
One of them will break as soon as you see it
It's the image of your soul as I can no longer know it
The second will come as the wind in an autumn forest
so red it will be heavier than the sign of your desire
As for the last you will prefer to throw it to the sea
But for the moment you are not yourself yet
out of the sea that dreams and flows in your bones

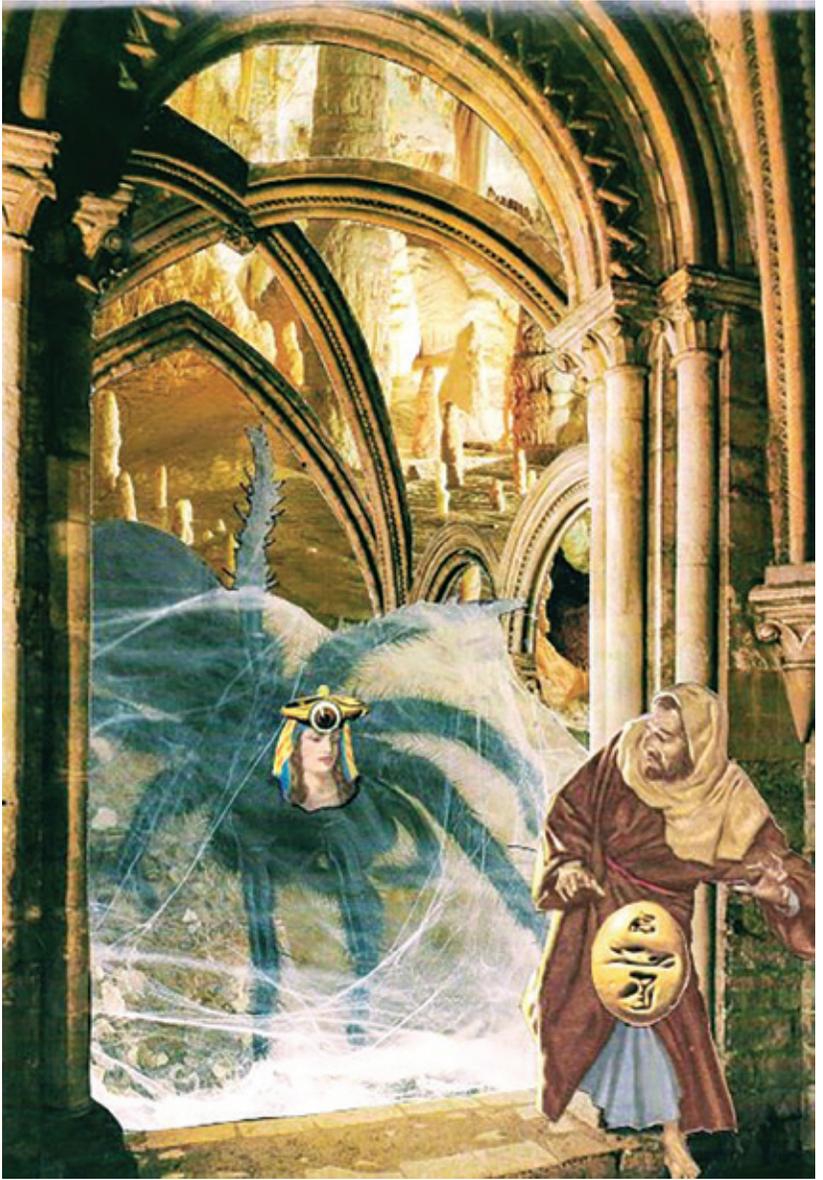


Alice's Adventures Underground
Juan Carlos Otaño



Immersion. Soleil latent.

Dan Stanciu



The Patriarch Departs
Doug Campbell