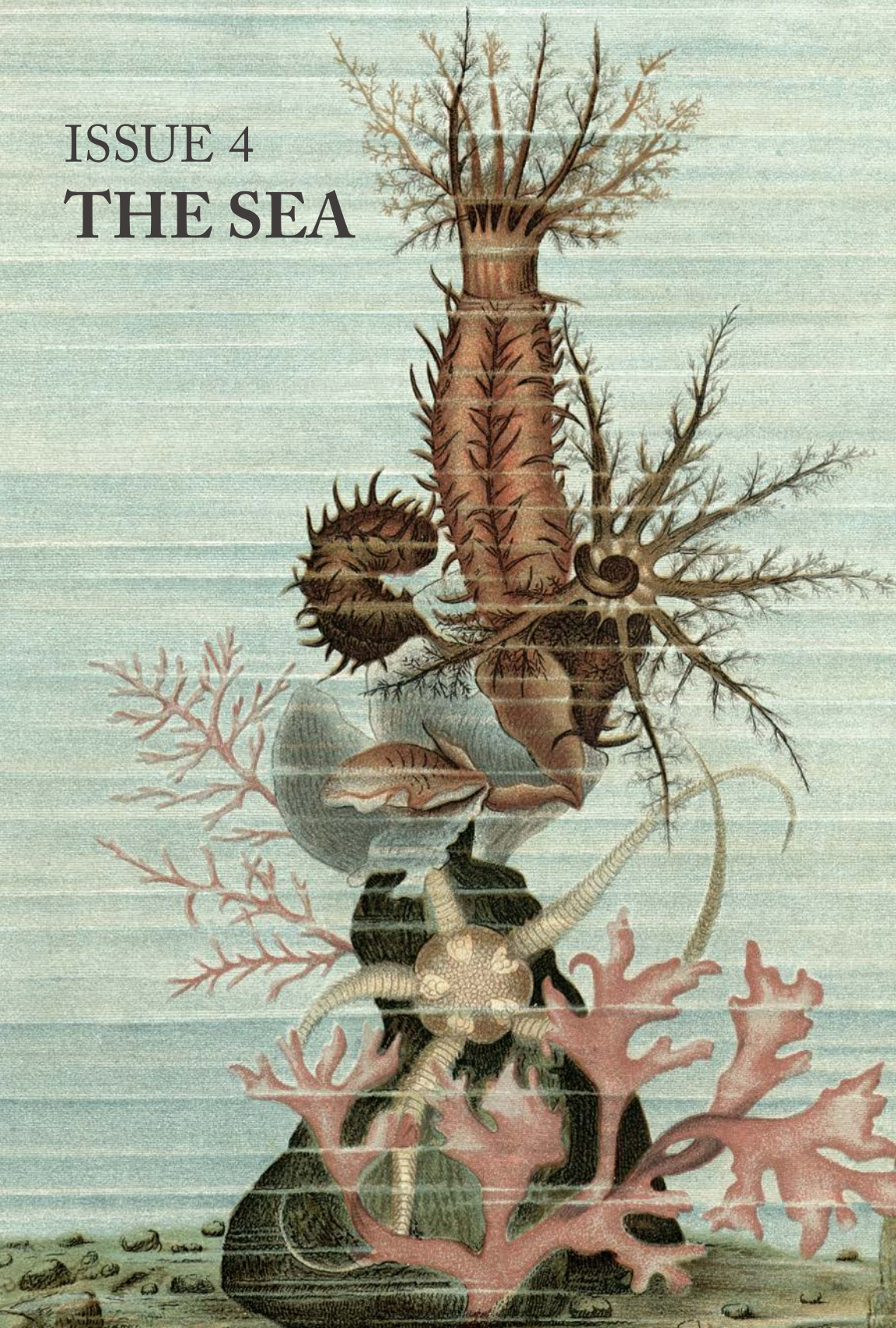


ISSUE 4
THE SEA



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INQUIRY INTO SURREALISM AND THE SEA & MARINE COMMUNISM

All contributions to this issue were submitted as a response to the following inquiry or to themes contained therein.

1.

Michelet declared that the monsters of the sea are seeking “thy Death, universal Death, and the destruction of the Earth, a return to black Night and ancient Chaos.” Can the Sea function as a negation of the status quo? Do you envision the monsters and weaponry of the sea as potent forces against civilization, capitalism and miserabilism? How might this destruction unfold?

The Surrealist Group of Stockholm: To the extent that wilderness or the unknown would be a potent political force, it seems perhaps cynical, self-contradictory and vain to try to harness it as a draught horse and define its expected action.

On a more general level, monsters are among our best friends, and deeply revised coastlines (revised also conceptually) would breed new lifeforms: this is among other things a route back into the vast fauna of dream animals.

As a trope for the unknown, the sea in its cold black guise might also represent death, of course. Velvet Underground coyly playing in the bar in an almost abandoned cruising ship on a vast ocean. The mosaic cosmogony divides water in that above and that below the firmament. Below the firmament a you-relationship remains. Oxytocin has a convulsive connection. Universal Eros is measured in blood and sprouts milk. The sea corresponds with the dream as a fundament for new life. Kraken is the vagus nerve of the sea body, a tangle of tentacles between eye, heart and sex. They are all already there, and they all remain to be discovered.

Guy Girard: It is certain that the global warming underway for too

many years already can only lead to a magnitude of changes on the surface of this planet: melting glaciers at the poles, rising sea levels, more frequent and more violent cyclones and storms, to speak only of marine reactions. From this out of their torpor at the bottom of the waters arise the legendary Kraken, Godzilla and some of the dragons that the ancient Chinese placed round about the Penghai Islands ... Capitalist civilization in its present stage, will of course have to transform, adapt to be able to control the many consequences of the ecological disaster in progress (giant floods, displacement, wars and epidemics, etc.). And what should temper on our part all apocalyptic enthusiasm issuing from black humor, is that this transformation could logically give way to a neo-barbarism. This would combine an environmentalist-authoritarian techno-power, probably relying on a religious revival in response to collective anxieties and panic (current religions probably will do nicely in fantasizing a growing number of faithful not just minorities like today) and a violent control of populations subjected to excessive cretinizing propaganda to justify the new order and undermine the intelligence of any criticism of it. Unless this criticism, which we would expect to be more virulent and more active than now, led to movements of class revolt, collective invention and popular reorganization in an anarchist fashion that could effectively undermine the orientation of increasingly authoritarian social relationships? Capitalism was born in feudal Europe at the time of the Great Plague - I fear it can accommodate, and therefore turn to its advantage, this gigantic oceanic Plague to come...

TD Typaldos: The sea has the privilege of expanding to the Infinite, embracing the Unknown in its heart. Upon its waves, one can easily build castles full of crenelations, where Earth's most deprived pin their hopes for a New Life. The disavowal toward the Old is imbued with saltiness and algae incubate the Flags of Tomorrow.

The beings born into its damp subsoil, our allies. Monsters which hate capitalism, modern civilization (the oil slicks of multinational fuel corporations, which contaminated their damp habitation), miserabilism that channelled toward their country by scattered naturalistic books, forgotten to the shore by suntanned bathers, enabling the wind to dash them into



Tim White

the waves and, consequently, the monsters to read them without having the slightest idea about their content.

They are monsters that bear the faces of Marx, of Che, of Bakunin. Sprouted amianthus sea shells dress their bodies by birth, while their ends are tentacles made out of moonlight rays, which, during the August nights, caress the mother Sea.

As weapons, they carry fiery hammers and sickles and Molotov bombs made of iodine mixed with coral reefs.

The attack on the society of the land will unfold (it has been scheduled) in cahoots with the underprivileged and the slaves of today, only for a night of October, and, first and foremost, as the beggars of every megacity occupy all the studios of every big TV channel and lull the bourgeois performing concerts for violin and flute.

Mary Jacobs:

All Children must learn the Secrets of Dream Ship

The clock is ticking. Monsters embrace our brainpans, dance suction cups in all directions. Only by angling below the watery surface do we find the capability of flight. Our ears echo with the rhythm of mighty barnacles. Our children must walk away from the cities and build downwards into the murk in order to breathe.

John Thomas Allen: Michelet was right, and this should in no way discourage us. Time has adjourned any quest for social justice which is meaningful in the United States; we have embraced sadism and demagoguery's cheap titillations at a horrendous cost the incarnation of which is obvious.

Ocean is the still reservoir nighttime keeps for the ignition of the fecund powers the unconscious mind possesses when courage, real courage, bursts forth and does even the merely necessary, bestowing upon it for a moment a marvelous miasma which never never stops smoking.

Dale Houstman: I prefer to understand the sea as a substance which originally birthed a brand of status quo that laughs at our trivial notion of such Latin phrases. We are still flecked with flames, and the entire ocean

doesn't care. The sea is the sky which waits without the slightest effort to smile. We do our best imitate to imitate its implacability in bouts of amnesia, when memory hits the floor in order to avoid the insistence of gunfire. Each thought is a threat to our trifle of "status quo" but the ocean is not a thought, it is an astonishment of serious nullity.

Renzo Margonari: One day, while in the sea of Watamu, Kenya, I was chasing a beautiful colorful fish that fled into the deep seabed. I did not have the equipment to reach it. Returning to the shore, I realized I had lost my glasses that I kept in my wetsuit. Two days later, I felt a strong IMPULSE to go back in the sea to SEARCH FOR MY GLASSES. At a point of the riff, about fifty meters from the beach I FOUND THEM.

Therefore - following the trail of your questions - the sea had very civilly and politely restored the status quo of my *modus vivendi* and my peaceful relationship with the seawater. You have to listen to the sea. There we find not monsters but an infinite variety of shapes foreign to our common experience. These forms are defined by the necessity of natural logic. They are forms of community, symbiotic and synergistic, not monsters. Of course, the sea will resubmerge the land. The sea will use its own body to reach that absolute and perfect equality in its own life that may be our death. Since all life originated in the sea, it would be a restitution.

Jesús García Rodríguez: I think that the sea, as has already been suggested, can be assimilated in a certain way with the unconscious: it is deep, deeper than can be imagined, inhabited by unknown and monstrous beings, and its changing behavior does not seem to obey any rationality. Its presence, its very existence is already a denial of all civilization: it precedes and will survive all of them. Its power, triggered by tsunamis, is likely to devastate entire coastal cities in the next few years. At his side, capitalism is like an ant in front of an elephant.

2.

Given the expected rise of oceans due to global warming and the impending conflict between terrestrial and the aquatic modes of

existence, do you foresee an opportunity or choice for Surrealism? Do you think it is high time Surrealism abandon the land once and for all?

The Surrealist Group of Stockholm: Islands may be “tips of icebergs” in the concrete sense that they are the scattered emerged points of the vast, global, submerged geological structure, or they may be rafts woven together of found objects in the classic assemblage pattern utilised in surrealism, in many other animals’ nest-building, and in other areas which seem to represent premature resting points: arcimboldoesque constructs, gurlisque toyflow, and steampunk. Does it matter? What kind of a vehicle is surrealism?

We are often encouraged to imagine submerged cities, and we are often encouraged to imagine postsubmerged (emptied) cities, including those represented by the ocean floor itself. These are maybe opposites but they can be strangely similar: in the world where the plug has been pulled it is still damp everywhere with dark rags of seaweed and slippery membranes and trails of puddles, movements are still slowed, and everything is similarly empty, swollen, oversensitive. And in the concept of emptying, the sea becomes surrealism again (consciousness takes a walk in a recently disclosed part of itself). Deep-sea trenches make sure it is incomplete, something is always missing, like the black god’s phallus.

And even if the sea level is the universal measure of horizontality (this is just a statistical average effect of gravity), we shouldn’t forget that many water surfaces are vertical. Not just the threat of the approaching tsunami or the ominous odd horizon in a dream, but also all these mirrors and other portals between different perspectives, the possibility of dramatic perspective shift through curtain breakthroughs made possible by merely visualising these membranes.

But a game will want to keep things simple in the outset. How do we navigate the submerged city?

Read Surrealism as a Vehicle and Life Partially Submerged on page 174-179

Guy Girard: Do surrealists all know how to swim? Do they have gills?

Are they preparing themselves to look like the creature from the Black Lagoon? For several decades, scientific experiments have been undertaken to study the behavior of a few volunteers to spend more or less time in underwater housing obviously equipped with all the necessary technology. Eminently rational experiences, like the conquest of outer space, to which they are also often related: I do not see myself inhabiting this new type of “machine for living” and having put on a suit to go for a drink at the local bar, if such a friendly place even still existed ...

I do not understand what you mean by conflict between earthly life and aquatic life. Will wild boar and kangaroo fear attacks from moray eels and sharks? Even after all kinds of disasters, nature always knows how to find a balance in the diversity of the apparently contradictory elements that compose it. Now that we are in what some call the Anthropocene, where an armed biped with an iPhone reigns over millions of hectares of transgenic crops and creates a sixth continent of garbage drifting off Hawaii the question is acute whether this being as a species is detrimental to all the others, or if at the price of a revolution in which the surrealist ideas and practices will have their role to play, humanity may discharge of capitalism, religions and its sadomasochistic impulses to finally, as both the Taoists and Fourier had dreamed, invent a civilization that placed harmony in the center of its conduct that will begin a new myth. This could return to the oceanic element (as well as even older ones) its matricial or initiatory role which in the twentieth century, Lovecraft, with his gnostic black humor, was wickedly able to evoke. The paving stones of our future barricades could then also come from the ancient city of R'lyeh ...

TD Typaldos: Surrealism, which is inextricably connected to the very nature of things, while also desiring the overthrow of what is not well set, has a responsibility to grab every opportunity offered to it by its nature, for the purpose of an overthrow. This is especially the case when such opportunities are presented as a result of actions resulting from criminal human intent, and nature's resistance to such actions.

And yes! The worldwide climate change, and the clash of animals of the sea with those of the land, could well represent a unique chance, offered us

by nature, that we might put the brakes on the alienation suffered by our human species, from years of such estrangement from nature so as to have turned it into an enemy.

And yes! That would be the moment when Surrealism would abandon its home on dry land. It would drive into the sea, sucking its marrow, and changing the balance of things in the waters as It has done for years on land. Its essence would then be so transubstantiated, into an even more potent pole of development, by virtue of having achieved the impossible: going further than Poseidon himself.

Only after such an experience, could Surrealism return, like a Sur-Venus, to offer a New Light to the land; provided of course that it shall not have self-destructed by then.

But regardless, we, Surrealists, shall make certain to turn Super Reality into action, through that very experience, and to endure to the end of Time.

John Thomas Allen: To abandon the purple skylark's song, shutting childhood's vision once and for all is a prostration for the monstrosity held above each man and woman in this dog eat dog, miserably competitive, "get it done" megacapitalist culture, always holding another bit of greasy lucre for one more thing done, one more incompleteness in a danse macabre of rot.

Dale Houstman: I suspect the land abandoned Surrealists a long time ago now, and we have been searching for the "Loco Invisus" in which we would always be in the foreground, no matter how far apart we all positioned ourselves. From the viewpoint of my own selfish comfort, the ocean is too humid, and I would prefer a drier climate, but I am willing to compromise on such specifics if dainty feet metamorphose into tentacles and they squirm in anticipation of the ocean journey.

Renzo Margonari: The idea of being able to reach out and learn about other planets, of interstellar travel or to experience other forms and other lights is charming and fantastic, but it is not surrealist, it is science fiction. Surrealist explorations take place within our psyche. We should not abandon our planet as we do not yet know the major part of it. The sea is much

larger than solid land. In the sea there are countless forms of life, other colors, other forms, which we have not even begun to approach, the “here there be dragons”. There is no contradiction between the sea and the land. The solid exists to confirm the liquid.

Jesús García Rodríguez: It could be the proper time: a return to the origin. A regress in the evolution of the species. If ontogeny summarizes phylogeny, the sea of death is the same as the sea of the placenta. Whenever you look at an aquarium, you see yourself in there, diving in the water.

Maria Brothers: While Surrealism has a strong grasp on the terrestrial side of life, it would not be erased from the minds come the day when Surrealism is forced to abandon the land (or even be banished) - having no other option - and be dunked into the liquid front of life. The elements and surroundings would be of great comfort when Surrealism itself witnesses the beauty of the unknown deep before its eyes (and only beauty will you find), the unusual shapes and forms of life, the abstract ‘not of this world’ scenery a landscape cannot offer. A change of environment will only allow Surrealism to continue the journey and uncover what lies beneath the surface of the earth and the seas’ subconscious mysteries. A vast intra-terrestrial universe, unseen that neither had ever imagined. An opportunity, indeed, as the highest privilege of surviving through the centuries to come.

3.

Verne, Lautréamont, Marx, Michelet, Haeckel and many others have seen in the attributes of sea creatures an underwater utopian social organisation in action (e.g. the communism of the madrepore, the egalitarian distribution tentacles among octopods or the corporatism of siphonophores). Do you agree that a kind of utopia currently exists among such life forms? And if so, what can we draw from them?

The Surrealist Group of Stockholm: On one hand, sea creatures have also developed new senses and through them new routes of communication that are not immediately available to us. Common oceanic fantasies



Steven Cline

Feeding

often involve imagining partaking in them. We can't even distinguish them from those not yet developed, to the extent we are able to envision those at all, or can we? The midline pressure sense, the general electric sense and the sonar sense, with all their telepathic potential, the tastebuds all over the skin, the external fertilisation, the decephalisation, the lateral patchwork organisation, the non-lateral patchwork organisation.

One of us made an effort to approach this question unprejudiced.

Read Deep Sea Communism on page 185–186

Guy Girard: I am scarcely knowledgeable in the natural sciences but is this utopian organization in action specific to the marine creatures so different from what has been identified as analogous to an egalitarian society, governed by self-help, in particular terrestrial animal species? We can probably legitimately find similarities between our utopian views and social behavior in madrepores just as much as in elephants. In any case, a coral covered elephant periodically wanders through the surrealist phalanx ...But the “old ocean”, whose depths fortunately remain mysterious and still eludes hungry multinational oil, stimulates our imagination by providing us with the same abundance of examples of utopian organization as well as fascinating monstrosities including those wonderful sharks who gorge on human flesh at fashionable beaches. What surrealist, following Maldoror, would dare to fornicate with a female shark? The maintenance of such fantasy seems relevant to criticize the valuation of a sea taken as the ultimate place of sovereign good: the dialectical imagination helps clear the project of a “maritime communism” of its apocalyptic slugs where after the engulfment of Babylon, a surviving humanity will regenerate candidly under the waves. If we exit the Age of Pisces to enter that of Aquarius, it's not just to swim in the tranquility of an aquarium...

TD Typaldos: It is well known that Utopia is an island! But as an island, it cannot be but the island of our dreams, the place of our innermost desires. It cannot be but the reason why we continue to live, even if we are never to get there.

So, it falls upon us to map out its beaches of emerald sand, of seaweed

that sparkles. There are other life forms. They are there in the waters that bounce upon these beaches, and they are there for us to gain from a bottomless knowledge that lurks inside them; the knowledge of their utopian wisdom.

John Thomas Allen: We are the denizens of a drowning dream, the submarinal stars wheeling in pyrite caverns and bending voodoo. Just recently there was a flood on Wall Street; where were our activists to go for a swim? To pee in the pool of capitalism?

The seahorse encrusts its silver on the eye of the man passing through the River Styx, helping him gently over the tide, tentacles as freed lava lamps electron spores. The Octopus in his head carries our advancing lost pilots, the adventurers of tomorrow. Night taxi on the river styx.

Dale Houstman: That Utopia exists only in instinctual cooperation, and any small step away from instinct kicks off an IV drip of hunger for control. If so, am I willing to trade human conundrums (and both the battles and the delicious dishes) for piscine incorporation? Why not be a rock wrapped in a tablecloth, unannounced and lacking social graces?

Renzo Margonari: It's a spontaneous communism determined by the need to live in an element that invades every space, an element that is modeled in the body shapes of animal, vegetable, mineral, and contains all that can be contained. In the animal world and among terrestrial plants there are social forms of the same kind, very clearly, for example, among insects, or in the organization of crystals. In the sea, we see how certain forms are sacrificed to serve as support to other similar forms. It is an organized but unconscious form of mutual interdependence. There is a certain resemblance to human psychic automatism, but not idealism. Surrealism, however, seeks individualistic enhancement and does not like symbiotic phenomenon (in fact, in art, there is no pre-determined "surrealist style"). Surrealism is not naturalistic, but ideological.

Jesús García Rodríguez: Echinoderms are Trotskyists. Sardines are Maoists. Congers have a tendency to anarcho-syndicalism. With regard to

cuttlefish, we will say that they are followers of individualistic anarchism.

4.

A Surrealist deep-sea expedition is charting its course. What should it do? What equipment does it need to bring? What creatures do you envision it would observe? What types of samples should it collect?

The Surrealist Group of Stockholm: On an intellectual level, we might remain satisfied with the lazy response that answers to this question are already freely available around us: any deep-sea expedition is a surrealist deep-sea expedition. Enroll on one, or just find a documentary to enjoy...

Nevertheless, we conducted the Svartsjö experiment. Maybe a suggestion of equipment for the expedition, at the time formulated as the packing list for a world circumnavigation under the sea.

Read the Svartsjö experiment on page 178-182.

Guy Girard: The surrealist group of Seoul has made a remarkable entry into our movement by offering those of us who so desire a maritime expedition aboard an old refurbished junk - three sails decorated with exquisite corpses, every comfort onboard as well as a few surprises, including an accompanying tame sperm whale to tow us in case of dead calm. While leaving to chance its due part, course is set for Oceania and from there we will head to Easter Island, and after there on to the island of Tsalal, where we confront the enigmas evoked in turn by Poe, Jules Verne and Lovecraft...We are furnished with all the equipment necessary for such an expedition, based above all else on those used by hunters of the Snark: a bell, thimbles, forks, some railway-share and whatever hope we might still have, but taking care to add a magic mirror, winged suits, panpipes to charm any sirens, cutlasses in just in case, a whole lot of psychic hooks and all kinds of earth and gardening tools that will serve us, once we land on the mysterious island, with our stargazing. Of course everyone will, as required by Leonora Carrington, carry their surrealist survival guide (in austral surreality). Apart from our sperm whale, accompanying us will be the

ineffable mascot of our Korean friends, a Tibetan bear, which in its highly colorful dialect, told them about his years on the island of Mount Analogue. Before setting sail, everyone will have imagined, or better yet dreamed of wonders to encounter during this journey. And certainly almost all of us wish to cross the sirens at the risk of their lives, but also all the fabulous bestiary of ancient legends plus creatures interviewed by some seawrecked mariners in the confines of the Land of Mu: moray typists, moon-flower-singing-fish, amiable albatrosses ready to carry us on their wings, and crabs whose shells are covered with fruit the juice of which has psychic properties. But above all, it is important to collect from among the giant algae psychopomps of the Coral Sea down to Antarctica, and from among populations of lion-headed jellyfish and sea snakes, the shadows that these beautiful chimeras willingly leave off, and once brought back to our own countries, dried, powdered and deftly distributed to the amazed population, have the surprising ability to render the latter rebellious and insubordinate against the dominant order.

Craig S. Wilson: A surrealist exhibition will be put together in a transparent glass, resin-sealed cube; it will be dropped into an ocean trench in the North Sea. The area was chosen because the sea creatures there make their own light. Of course, everyone will have headlamps on their diving suits and will have flashlights, but the exhibition will not be lit up by any other means. In the manner of a quest, people will search within a three-mile radius to allow for plenty of other scenery and encounters.

The surrealists will go to the deep-sea exhibition in a submarine named Diving Bell. It's a 70-foot, two-story submarine covered with objects welded onto its surface. It has advanced stealth features like camouflage and invisibility. Its maximum capacity is about thirty people.

On the way to the show there will be opportunities for swimming and exploring along the English coast. The trench can be found within a day's time and once the cube is spotted people will suit up and check it out. As they approach they will see the oddly shaped fish, eels and other creatures pulsing and glowing as they swim around. By flashlight beams and headlamps, the divers will take in the crowded assemblage of paintings, drawings, objects, inventions and other things that have been affixed

into the cube's interior. A button on the outside will play field recordings, poetry and found sounds through waterproof speakers.

Once everyone gets a chance to see and hear everything and the scene is documented, the transparent cube will be cut from its moorings and fall deeper into the trench, toward the dark ocean floor. The divers will watch it vanish as it sinks into the domain of sea monsters and hybrid humans far below, who eagerly await this gift from the surface world.

TD Typaldos: Its mission must also be one with many parameters. It must drown, must swallow, the land, but must not end that which is human, or that which is animal. Rather, it must simply lead it where, for so many years now, Surrealism has wanted it to go: there, where the Spirit is Free; there, where the search for a true Becoming is possible.

But to do so, it must go armed. It must go armed with pictures and ideas of another reality; accompanied by the Truth of Freedom and the Freedom of Truth. And it must go armed with the words of a new philosophy; an anti-philosophical thought that will not foreclose the reception of anything human.

In this way, the creatures that it will find, and the creatures that it will observe, will be those immaterial beings, those luminous spirits, which, free of matter, will nevertheless be rich in the senses possessed by man. But these will be enriched senses, animated by man's earlier and more primitive instincts; those instincts that can bring him into full and direct contact, his first contact, with nature.

Thus will be sampled what constitutes the DNA of a race of Supermen, the race where the human and the divine will mix and go forward together; forward into the eternity of that which is outside reality, that which is boundlessly dreamlike, that which is the context and domain of what is beyond Truth, the context and domain that destroys its own reference.

John Thomas Allen: Gold dust magma. An understanding of the orgasmic, seismic flow of perhaps the one natural piece of geography we have not entirely destroyed. Swims at nighttime, having no idea where we are going, or what our destination is, except to find X.

Dale Houstman: Go to the Kalahari and dig for the image of moisture, packing only a kaleidoscope of smoke and a star map with the stars cut out. We would often spy a cozy nothingness, and we could request a camel to collect some, and carry it to the vein of an English tourist, recalling some imperial shoreline.

Renzo Margonari: Such an expedition should seek to understand the totalizing truth in water. It should equip itself mentally above all. This expedition would look especially for the endless forms of specific diversity in the behaviors of anarchical Plankton and its inactive migrations. At the end of the expedition, there should be a measurement taken of the facial expressions of the participants.

Jesús García Rodríguez: From a plant of a skyscraper, and through an elevator of descent, the investigator accedes to the marine bottoms. It comes with an umbrella, fisherman's boots, snorkel goggles, a pink pamela hat and a cigar. At the bottom of the sea you see white octopuses with blue dots, fishes with heels shoes, plants that look like cabbages and lettuces planted in the ground, constellations of starfish, squid emitting ink of a thousand colors, fish in the form of a key, a a tap, a toothbrush and a violin, underwater giraffes and a gigantic coral city, inhabited by all kinds of fish, where a populous jellyfish assembly is celebrated. From the bottom of the sea, the surrealist scout brings a nacre flower. It also brings a silvery shell of *fusinus rostratus*, from which comes a mysterious marine melody, and a sponge in the form of a vagina.



THE PEOPLE'S MADREPORIC REPUBLIC

JASON ABDELHADI

I have begun to recognize evidence latent in books, periodicals and popular magazines of the 19th century that hints at the possibility of an aquatic Utopian project founded in direct opposition to the land and all the misery for which it stands. Of course these are just samples, just a recreation in miniature, what we might term "The New Aquarium Gothic". While our hamster cages resemble gulags, we expect our aquariums to have skulls and castles, we treat the marvelous as an aquatic decoration. But the fragments of living creatures who preach the hope of the marine communards cannot be jailed in living-rooms and seafood restaurants forever. I would like to archive this evidence in a coral chest at an undisclosed location somewhere at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. No doubt the paper will become very damp. Extracts barely legible. Many lacunae. Perhaps one day someone will recognize it to have been a retroactive influence and will with much personal risk attempt to translate it into the Coraline language of the future.

O Transverse section of the dorsal perisoma to show the termination of the **madreporic** canal and the reproductive organs. a, pores of the **madreporic** canal; b, genital pore; x, perisoma; A, **madreporic** canal; B, efferent duct of the genital organs.

With this apparatus, its inventor has descended several times, within the last year, to the bottom of the Bay of Naples, a depth of 224 feet, and finds the device admirably adapted for **submarine exploration** for coral and pearl fishery, or for the clearing of sunken ships. She has named it the "Submarine Mole," and to adapt it for war purposes it is to be supplied with two india rubber armlets and a pair of scissors for cutting the wires of submarine mines.

She very narrowly escaped destruction, by missing a lure let down before her dazzled eyes by some **hungry** miscreant on board one of these floating things. A **sunken** fleet, viewed through the medium of the "blue profound," fathoms deep, is indeed a singular **object**.

Was there a **sunken ship** there? — Yes.
About what distance from the shore? — About half a mile.
A wreck you mean? — A wreck.
Were her masts visible? — Partly.
What was her name? — The ‘Foggobella’.
Shall we weep while the waters roar?
Or work with the **madrepore**?
With the nursing fires below?
And the cradling earthquake’s throe?
To life to the light again?
Atlantis, from the shroud and chain?
Slow dawning out of her grave?
Slow whitening over the wave?
From the islet’s slender spear?
To the bloom of a hemisphere?

Wreck-raising has long passed from the experimental stage.

Some crude operations were carried on, it is true, at several **sunken** wrecks; but the object aimed at was the recovery of treasure, and not the raising to the surface of the vessel containing it.

The foundering of the **Utopia** after collision with some of the British fleet riding at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the awful life-loss that resulted, will long be remembered.

Come now, your style is not like the Sea, for the coral polypus is not only a sociable animal, fond of living in large numbers together, but she is a **perfect socialist**.

In these curious creatures **communism** prevails to its fullest extent, one for all and all for one.

As in a community of ants, so in the Siphonophore-republic, a number of differently formed animals have combined into a kind of higher social organization.

Thus, each of the Medusa-citizens might well exclaim with Faust:

“Two souls, alas! Do dwell within my breast.”

Only the harmonious cooperation and the reciprocal support of all its

members, only the communal consciousness, only the central soul, linking all together in bonds of faithful love, can impart a lasting stability to the existence of both the individuals and their totality.

She enters the dark sepulchre of that melancholy communism in which element reckons for little; she teaches how to dominate individual anxieties and ambitions, and to concentrate substances for the benefit of superior lives. She sees mighty coral reefs rising from the depths of the ocean into islands and firm land, yet each individual depositor is puny, weak, and contemptible. There, over a space as large as four continents the Polypes are industriously building thousands of islands, shoals, and reefs, which are gradually studding and dividing the sea; shoals which at present are the annoyance and the dread of the mariner, but which will at length rise to the surface, join together to form a continent, which, some day – who knows? may be the refuge of the human race, when flood, or fire, or earthquake, leave it no other shelter. She sees in Polypes that there is an ambition to cease to be one. In her Republic there is a certain creature who in constant anxiety and yearning, repeats that the perfection of this vegetating existence is not real life. It constantly dreams of a freer and more expanded life.

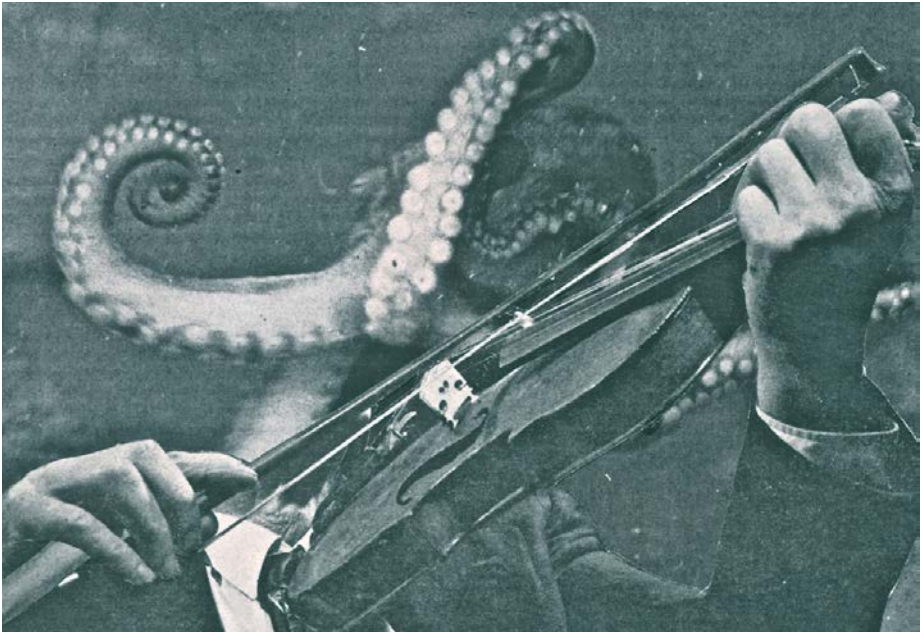
She fancied he saw at the back of the cavern a face which laughed at her. She approached, and stooping down, found it was a human skull, with the rest of the skeleton. It was surrounded by a multitude of crabs, but they were dead and their shells empty. It was the larder of the “devil-fish”; the monster had eaten the crabs; the crabs had eaten the man.

[At which point it is understood they all erupted into universal acclamation, and in a gesture of revolutionary enthusiasm, began to sing the]

Anthem of the People's Madreporic Republic
“Till The Sun Be Submerged” in the key of G Major

Arise, arise!
Till the Sun be submerged
And the gloomth of the Sea
Eats the land!
Arise, arise!

Till the deserts are purged
And the oysters return to the Sand.
The Sea is our dream
And our dream is our right
To dredge all landkind of its greed.
So come fish, so come crabs
So come madrepores all
Cluster round the green flag of Seaweed!
Arise, arise!
Till the Sun be submerged
And the gloomth of the Sea Eats the land!
Arise, arise!
Till the cities be spurned
And the tentacle strangles the hand.



Deborah Stevenson

Heartstrings

PENELOPE ROSEMONT

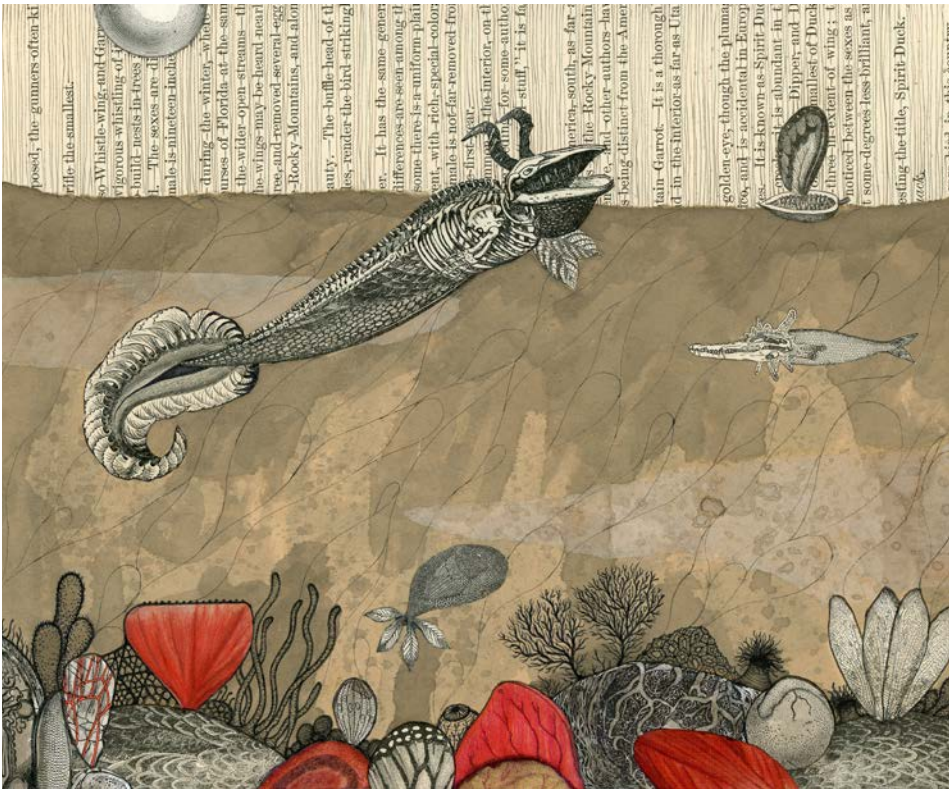
In the sea, an island is rising, black and rough, but is it possible for a volcanic island rise so quickly? Now a giant eye peers forth, water cascades down black scales....it is Godzilla! Dinosaurs did not go extinct, they are dwellers of the deep. I see Godzilla angry, rising up, walking toward the city, the city the gem of civilization. The dwellers of the city have gone too far in polluting the sea from which we all emerged. Godzilla will show them how fragile their land-world is. He has lived for thousands of years. Both frightened and thrilled by the spectacle of Godzilla's power, people flee. The Empire State Building is knocked on its side, it crumbles to rubble. (On the other hand, it always kept us out, it was for the elite only.) People flee, their cars locked in traffic jams are crushed. Traffic, a curse of a stupid civilization world based on automobiles, motorized-individuals in tin-cans. People flee, but they help each other; they flee, but they find each other; they flee, but they talk to each another; they flee, but they fall in love with each other. The monster retreats back to the ocean, perhaps discouraged or bored by flimsy human weapons. But for a moment a great force of nature broke loose, gave warning, life was on the edge, adrenaline rush made life beautiful and strange. Does such a being exist? Find him in the storms, in the hurricanes and water spouts. The weather gives us warning about when Godzilla will walk. But everyone forgets so quickly, they go back to their sleepwalking world of work. Nothing changes.

Seen from space the planet Earth is Blue (it would be more accurately called planet Ocean), the land floats on the ocean like a bits of flotsam and jetsam; it will sink someday; it will rise again; then sink again; then rise as the Burgess Shales show. Dynamic and thrilling but on a time scale that is inconceivable to us, our planet will be water, and a mix of water and land. The most beautiful of all planets we have the joy to be here today and at this moment. We highly prize ourselves even though we are only "Ants with Beach towels."

Though I feel I must dwell in the thinner atmosphere of free oxygen of fire and ice and startling clarity. Deep inside I am a creature of the sea.

Godzilla is from a long line of poetic monsters and fantastic critters, real and imaginary that dwell in the sea, found in old maps decorating their outer reaches and forbidden places. The sea is a fearful place when it is angry, the vast unknown, still unknown....but it always represented adventure and freedom. Mariners set off in search of gold or China or perhaps it really was in search of freedom. Some declined to return and went native, some declined to return and became pirates... and even aspired to pirate utopias.

The Ocean is there, always there, in our sleep, in our dreams, we are floating on waves of joy, uninhibited, unencumbered, free. Surrealists have a profound admiration for the sea, from Maldoror's shark to the blue-eyed scallop. The ocean is a treasure house of surrealist life forms.



Casi Cline

OCTOPOCALYPSE

JOSIE MALINOWSKA

*A South Korean woman was 'impregnated' with squid sperm after eating a raw squid, according to scientists. The Journal of Parasitology reports that immediately after biting into a partially cooked dish of *Torarodes pacificus*, Pacific flying squid, the 63-year-old experiencing prickling pains in her mouth, and spat the squid out straight away. It is reported that she described the pain as a "foreign-body sensation". Witnesses report seeing the woman fleeing the restaurant, clawing at her mouth, and repeatedly spitting into the road, crying out in pain. Doctors later removed from her oral cavity twelve spermatophores, or pods of squid sperm, but say that more may have originally been in there that she managed to gouge out herself and spit out.*

The squid is intended to be consumed whole, including some of its internal organs. The practice of eating whole cephalopods, including sometimes whilst the animal is still alive, is considered a delicacy in some parts of the world. Sannakji, the name given to the Korean dish of raw octopus tentacles, is a known choking hazard, due to the still-active suction cups on the tentacles sometimes becoming stuck to the throat. It is debated as to whether or not the still-moving tentacles of the octopus indicate that they are alive; since each tentacle of an octopus contains its own 'brain', it could be said that each tentacle is itself individually 'alive', and so the movement of the severed tentacle is not the left-over nerve activity but the movements of a living organism. Some report the tentacles latching onto chopsticks, fingers, and the roof of the mouth. One report even states that the tentacles act in a "pissed off manner" when spicy sauce is tipped on them.

I rip the story out of the paper, fold it and put it in my bag, and then toss the rest into the trash, pulling my thin jacket tighter around me. I wasn't expecting San Francisco to be so chilly. We drove almost nonstop to get here, and arrived thirty minutes ago. Jerry has gone to find us a dingy-looking hotel so we can feel at home. The squid story has left me feeling nauseous, so I decide against breakfast and instead take to pounding the streets with my feet. We don't really know why we're here, but Jo was adamant that this was where we needed to be, even if she wasn't sure of why

herself. Mann's diary showed that he spent many months here too, and, aside from all that instinctively we were both drawn to the place. I called in my outstanding payments, Jerry peddled most of his stuff, and we got a little tin piece of shit and drove as fast as it would go, while Jo headed back to London, saying she had research to do. I swig some rum from my flask and stride around the streets, no direction in mind, no plan, no aim, just trying to get warm and forget the squid.

The grilles in the gutter, leading down to the sewers, always on the corner of each crossing street, are curious. On the curb by each gutter grille there's a sign, "NO DUMPING", with a picture of a crab by it, and a number to call to report pollution. I can't tell if that means no dumping crabs in the sewer or no dumping crap because the crabs live down there. Maybe the crab is just the town symbol. Or maybe it's something else altogether.

Sometime at what feels like mid-morning, I get tired from all my side-walk-pounding and decide it's time for a coffee. Across the street there's a place, "Bob's". As I walk in, a balding man with bags under his eyes watches my entrance and asks me what he can get me, looking really pissed that I've interrupted his reverie. Black coffee. While he's fixing it I look around. I'm the only patron this morning. Sunlight streams in through the windows onto cheap plastic chairs, and no music, just the sound of the coffee machine screaming. It hits right into my tired brain, hammering at it like opera, piercing.

He gives me the cup and I give him some money. When I get my change he lingers a moment, looking intently into my eyes. I think I see a shadow pass over his eyes, and he mutters, looking down, something I can't quite make out: "...world ends...bang...ticulous...octopuses".

"Hey, what?" I ask, taking his wrist. He looks directly into my eyes again and repeats, clearly and with fear punctuating each word, fear piercing his eyes:

"This is how the world ends: not with a bang, but with a meticulously-scheduled series of events designed by revenge-minded octopuses".

I laugh nervously. "What?"

"Saw it in a dream last night. Meticulous. Terrifying." He shudders.

I frown at him, unsure of whether he's mad or not, and if so, whether madness is perhaps what I seek. I decide to show him the article I ripped out from the paper. He snatches the article out of my hand and drinks it with his eyes, shrewd and fearful. As he starts reading, though, I see his expression slump, as if relieved.

"This is in Korea. Anyway," he continues, like it's just occurred to him, as if he just came to his senses, "what does any of this matter? It was a dream."

"Dreams are made of stuff," I protest.

"It was a dream," he repeats. "I don't know why I said that, what I said earlier. It was just a dream, and that's the end of it. I must have been asleep when you walked in. I don't sleep well and sometimes nod off first thing when I'm sitting here waiting for customers."

"You don't sleep well? Why not?"

"Hell, how should I know?"

I pocket my change and turn to go. "Dream well tonight."

When I reach the hotel, I find Jerry talking animatedly on the phone to someone at the reception.

"Calm down, Jo," he's saying. "We're alright."

I can hear a very muffled and anguished response: "Don't talk to me like that! I was worried off my tits!"

"Alright, alright." He spies me coming through the entrance. "Listen. Your cousin's here. Talk to her, alright? Alright?"

"You put her on now, Jerry! Put Eris on now!"

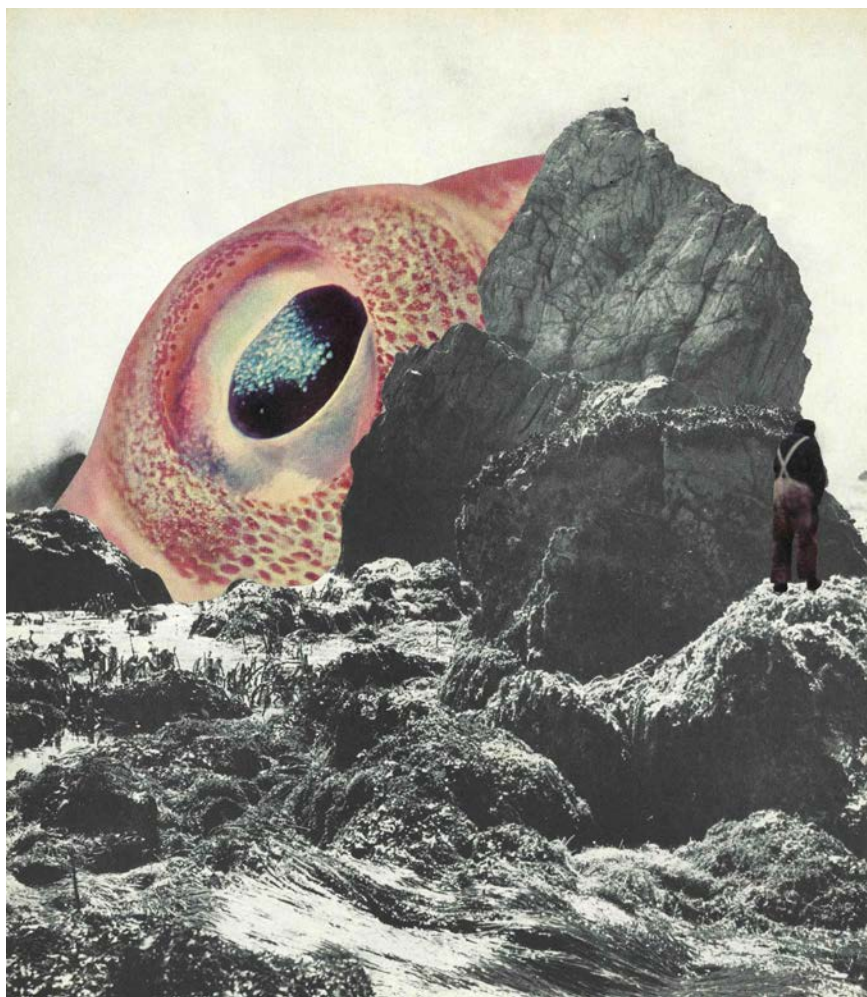
Rolling my eyes, I take the receiver. Jerry, looking relieved, ducks out. "What's up, Jo?"

"Don't you what's up Jo me! Haven't you read the papers yet? Haven't you seen?"

I wrinkle my brow, wondering how on earth she's already read the obscure piece of Korean news I picked out of *The New York Times*. And, for that matter, why she's so worked up over it.

"Yes," I say cautiously. "So what?"

"So what? So what? Is that all you have to say about a 40 foot squid washing up right on your doorstep? The day you arrive?!"



Jesse Treece

The Sea's Revenge

I look at Jerry and raise an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

She sighs in frustration. "Read the fucking papers, Eris!"

"I have read the paper today. The New York Times. Nothing about no 40 foot squid there, cuz."

"Not The New York Times, the fucking Los Angeles Times. Are you in California or not?"

At this point, Jerry has reappeared from somewhere and, from the corner of my eye, I can see he is frantically waving at me.

"Just arrived," I say, and then to Jerry: "What is it?"

He's procured a newspaper and shows me the front page. Immediately I see what Joanna's talking about: there's a picture of an enormous, in-tact but clearly deceased, giant squid, beached on a shore in Santa Cruz – just down the road from where we are. Jerry starts reading it aloud.

"The body of the largest giant squid ever to wash up on a shoreline has been discovered today by residents of Santa Cruz. Measuring 40 ft from tentacle tip to head, the creature landed on the beach, aptly located right in front of Santa Cruz's Museum of Natural History, sometime during the night. Early-morning dog-walker Heather Brightspear was the first to spot the creature: "At first I thought it just was a big pile of goo! Benjy ran right up to it and started sniffing away – but he didn't need to get that close – it stank!"

We exchange looks and he carries on.

"Giant squid, genus *Archi-* *Architec* – no, *Architet-* *Archi-* well, whatever – has held mythical status from ancient times to the present day, with sightings rare and often uncorroborated, put down to over-active imaginations of bored sailors and fisherman. But in the last few decades bodies of the creatures have been washing up occasionally on shores around the world; this finding is the first for the United States. Scientists from the Museum of Natural History are calling it the greatest accident in the history of zoology. Currently, the remains of the creature are carefully removed from the site to enable marine biologists at the University of California to study it. Residents are asked not to visit the area."

I look doubtfully at Jerry. "One of your friends?" I ask, thinking it may be a hoax.

He shakes his head quickly. "I don't know anyone here! Besides – on the front page?"

On the other end of the phone, I hear Jo screaming, "What does it mean, Eris?"

I can't help but recall the words of the man in the coffee shop. This is how the world ends: not with a bang, but with a meticulously-scheduled series of events designed by revenge-minded octopuses.

"It's octopocalypse," I say, feeling mad, grinning wildly. "It's octopocalypse, Jo!"

Assuring Jo that we were on the case, we convinced her to focus her mind on her task – perfecting her meditation technique, and trying to glean meaning from the hieroglyphics she'd been hallucinating – and I took Jerry with me to the streets. We knew we wouldn't be able to get within a mile of the giant squid, but being tourists to the beached squid seemed a million times less important than getting back to the coffee man, at that moment.

As we march through the streets, passing the flask of rum back and forth between us for some kind of grounding in this reality, the reality that we so wanted to escape from yet were scared to lose, I point out the grilles to Jerry.

"Marked," he says simply.

"Marked for what? By who? Why?"

He shrugs. "Notice the other markings too? Like on that pot?"

I look around. A tree is growing in a large pale grey pot. On the pot is a hand-print; but it is multi-coloured: all the colours of the markings on the grilles we've been passing.

"What the hell is that?"

And then he points out another: one on a lamp-post; one on a tree; one on a mail box; a pair on the pavement. All hands, all multi-coloured. We stare at each other. I can tell from the fire in his eyes that his cock is hard, as is my clit.

As we continue along the sidewalk, we begin feverishly to notice things along our way that look remarkably like different kinds of cephalopods: the many-rooted trunk of a tree; a white face mask with yellow strings; some

strewn orange headphones; a patch of spilt red paint; an oversized, tentacly bush; a semi-deflated green balloon with string.

“We’re imagining it, are we?” he says uncertainly in a low voice, tenting his trousers.

I shake my head; I just don’t know.

Eventually we find Bob’s and walk in. The guy behind the counter is slumped, head in arms, fast asleep.

“Hey,” I say loudly into his ear. “Hey, mister.”

He doesn’t stir. Irritated, I look over my shoulder to ask Jerry if I should prod the guy or something. But before I can open my mouth I notice how rigid he’s gone – his eyes are wide, his skin pale and – is that sweat on his brow? He is staring in horror at something over the coffee guy’s head; something hanging from the ceiling.

“Were they there before?” he says, swallowing his disgust. “Did you see them before?”

I follow his gaze to the things hanging from the ceiling. Even before I’ve registered what they are, my stomach gives a sickened lurch. “Fuck. No.”

Four translucent-white creatures are hanging by wire from the ceiling, bright light-bulbs buried into the centre of their clear flesh. One is an octopus, one a squid, one a cuttlefish, and one a jellyfish.

“They must have been the rarest of the rare,” Jerry says, sounding as sick as I feel.

“Revenge-minded octopuses,” I say darkly. I explain to Jerry what the man had said to me. “No wonder they want revenge: this, the squid. It’s happening again, isn’t it? They’re being targeted again. Denigrated. Hunted. Used. Killed. But why?”

“Why does do groups ever get targeted like that?”

“Because they’re dangerous.”

We exchange understanding looks. Suddenly, I remember the coffee man. We both look over to him, suddenly very aware that he hasn’t stirred yet.

“We should leave,” I say quickly.

“But what if he...?”

“That’s why we should leave. Now.”

“But what about the...?” he says, pointing at the ‘lights’.

"It's too late. It's the hats, Jerry, isn't it? Isn't it, Jerry? The fucking hats!"

He nods. "The fucking hats."

"Let's go."

We head quickly back to the hotel Jerry booked us into and sprint the piss-scented stairs up to our room. Along the way we pick up some simple food, and some more rum.

"I need you to fuck me now, Jerry," I say.

"Yes, ma'am," Jerry says, unbuttoning his fly. He pushes me onto the creaky bed and we fuck short, sharp, and furious. Aggressive, like we are angry with each other, like we're arguing. Violent, even; I slap his face hard when he pushes me down and fucks me; he puts his hands around my throat and calls me names, thrusting into me; I spit in his face; we cum together, angrily throwing down our orgasms at each other, like war.

MEANWHILE, I'M DYING TO FUCK YOU

Harper scowled to himself, hunched over, dusty, tired, irritable, and miserable, walking down Purley Way. It had been a shit day. Another shit day. Cleaning other people's houses barely paid the rent and was degrading at the best of times. Today was the worst of times. Another dead horder. Harper'd been hired by some relative to sort the house out before he sold it on for what could only be assumed to be an enormous sum. So Harper cleaned and cleaned, the fumes and stench from the decades of fester offending their nose incessantly, the smell seeping bit by bit into their clothes and hair, the chemicals pouring into their nostrils, mouth, pores. A really shit day.

But then, they thought, there was that box. They'd been up in the attic – a horder's attic was one of Harper's own personal circles of hell – clearing out every mouldy newspaper and magazine the dead fucker had ever bought, when they found the box. A large ornate box made of a thick carved wood, reddish-brown in colour, about as big as their torso, or a little bigger. They'd shoved it into their backpack when they found it, and made off with it at the end of the shift. They didn't feel guilty about this;

their instructions were to throw everything away – the relative couldn't be arsed to sift through the horder's possessions whatsoever, assuming that it was all junk – so Harper saw it as almost a duty to take a keepsake in such situations. Especially one as enthralling as this box.

Starving hungry, Harper decided to pop into a supermarket on their way home. This particular supermarket had their favourite vegetables, so it was worth putting up with the live animals on display to get them. They walked in and began to browse the grocery section, trying to ignore the butchery going on in the “fresh seafood” area of the store, where eels and fish wriggled about in tank and tubs full of various writing sea animals slinked over one another relentlessly. The smell was that of the sea, but not the real sea: the fetid sea, the rotten sea, the sea-far-from-sea.

A very large, muscular, bald man with a comically tiny hat stood behind the counter holding a glinting knife. They wondered how he kept his hat on his bald head like that. But as he grabbed something alive and slippery from inside the glass counter and plonked it on top, ready for slicing, Harper turned their back to him, nosed wrinkled in disapproval. They didn't want to see sea creature murder. They picked up some cabbage and were inspecting its leaves when they heard the swing, the slice of the knife, and a thump. Trying to ignore their disgust, Harper put the cabbage down and picked up a couple of gourds, weighing them up in their hands, deciding which one was best. They put the one in their left hand back, and stuck the good gourd in their basket.

That was when they heard the scream.

It was that kind of blood-curling scream that you only see in the cinema, or from a child being threatened with something slimey by an older sibling: pure, unadulterated horror. Harper dropped their basket in shock and spun around. The screaming woman was still screaming, and Harper followed her pointed finger to see what all the horror was about, while the man she was with ran away and began throwing up loudly into a tub of okra. The point led their gaze to the counter, where the sea creature had been being held down a moment ago by the big bald man with the absurdly small hat, ready to be chopped into something to eat. In that same spot now stood that same bald man's head – severed from its body – in a



Bruno Barnabé

pool of its own blood. The hat was still on top, fixed there. Again, Harper wondered how it stayed on.

The screaming woman turned and fled, dragging her vomiting companion, ashen and clammy and shaking from head to toe, with her. Others in the shop had either seen the spectacle themselves, or were following her lead, rats following rats as they fled. All but Harper. They felt a peculiar calmness wash over them, and they walked slowly towards the counter. Curiosity rather than horror or fear rose up in them. They stared at the lifeless head and the large bloody knife abandoned next to it. They leant over the counter, peering behind it to the large body slumped on the floor, a huge puddle of blood having seeped out from the neck.

“Well ain’t that a thing?” said Harper.

They heard a tinkle behind them as the front door opened and shut. Turning around, Harper found themselves faced with a frantic-looking woman, young, perhaps twenty-three, her eyes full of something – was it fear, panic – or was it excitement? – her jeans unzipped, her shirt buttoned up wrong, and her trainers unlaced.

“Did I miss it?” she asked anxiously, standing in the door. “Did I miss it?” Her eyes darted to the severed head on the counter. “Oh, fuck! I missed it! Did you see it? What happened?”

Harper opened their mouth, and then closed it again, not quite sure what to say.

“Well, I know what happened, don’t I, why am I asking you? He was trying to cut it up and it cut him up instead. Oh!” she exclaimed suddenly, clapping her hands together like a child. “Isn’t it brilliant?” She skipped over to the counter and looked the severed head right in the eyes. “You see what you get?” she said coldly. Turning to Harper, she continued: “Did you see where it went?”

Harper tilted their head. “What went?”

“The octopus. The one that chopped his head off. Where did it go?”

They shook their head. “I don’t know. What do you mean, octopus?”

“Look”, the young woman said, point to an empty dish inside the glass counter. It was labelled ‘Giant Arboreal Octopus’. “It escaped. Killed him and then made off. But that’s all I know. That’s all I saw. I can’t believe I

missed it. I need to know where it went. Did you see?”

Harper shook their head again.

“How come you’re still here? Everyone else has clearly run off. Why did you stay?”

They shrugged. “I was curious, I suppose.”

“Curious! Ha! That’s a way to describe it! Well, I’ve got to see if I can go and find it. You want to come?”

Harper thought about the sleepless night they were likely to have that night, and the day of cleaning they were definitely going to have tomorrow. “Yeah, all right.”

If Harper had expected that it wouldn’t be hard to track down a rogue Giant Arboreal octopus wondering the streets of South London, they were soon to discover how wrong they were. No-one they spoke to had seen anything. There were no congregations of scared passers-by. No sirens in the distance. All the witnesses from the shop had long since dispersed, perhaps at home comforting themselves that they were probably just mad. They drove around and around, stopping every now and then to ask someone, and keeping their eyes peered for anyone who looked scared or spooked, or gatherings of people the like of which only appear when something odd has happened, but they couldn’t find anything.

After a couple of hours of searching, the initial frenzied excitement had simmered down into a calm, almost blissful eagerness. Harper remembered their hunger. They told the strange woman driving the car searching for the octopus that they were hungry, and they decided to stop for a bite to eat. They found a nice little café with laminate table cloths and strong filmy tea, and each polished off a stack of toast with jam. An old fashioned TV was playing the BBC News channel without the sound in the corner. The moving pictures occasionally caught Harper’s eye. After the third piece of toast, something really caught their eye.

“Look”, they breathed, touching the woman’s arm gently. On the TV, the caption read ‘Live from Wandsworth – Disappearing dogs’. “Hey!” they shouted to café owner. “Can you put the sound up?”

Obliging, the owner unmuted the TV, and everyone in the café watched as the suited man on the TV was clutching his ear, saying:

“I’m getting another report now as we speak – yes another dog has been snatched from under the owner’s nose, that makes four in the last two hours already, and police are baffled. They’re advising residents in Wandsworth to take care, especially around Smuggler’s Way, and especially if they have a dog or small children. In the last few hours, three – now four – separate police reports have been filed by dog owners claiming that their dogs have disappeared without a trace whilst crossing the bridge, or nearby by the river. We’re not sure yet whether the dogs in question have been specifically targeted, or whether the snatching is random. All residents are advised to avoid the area while police investigate. We’ve got with us Margaret from Croydon, who was just out taking her Jack Russel for a walk...”

Harper and the woman exchanged looks. Neither of them needed to say anything; they both knew they had to check it out. Harper’s heart was racing. They felt so alive, so full of curiosity and wonder. 20 minutes later Harper and the woman arrived near the area. Despite the urgency with which the reporter had relayed the dog-snatching story, the police didn’t appear to be taking it all that seriously; the bridge was cordoned off with police tape, but there were no police anywhere to be seen, and the TV crew were packing up and on their way to another story. The strange woman with the unzipped jeans parked the car, and they both got out. They ducked under the cordon and walked slowly across the bridge, looking around to make sure the police weren’t watching from somewhere hidden, nor anyone – or anything – else.

“It makes sense that it would be here,” the woman said, peering gingerly over the bridge at the river below. “There’s seawater here as well as fresh. I suppose it must be eating the dogs. It must have been ravenous. Or maybe just angry.”

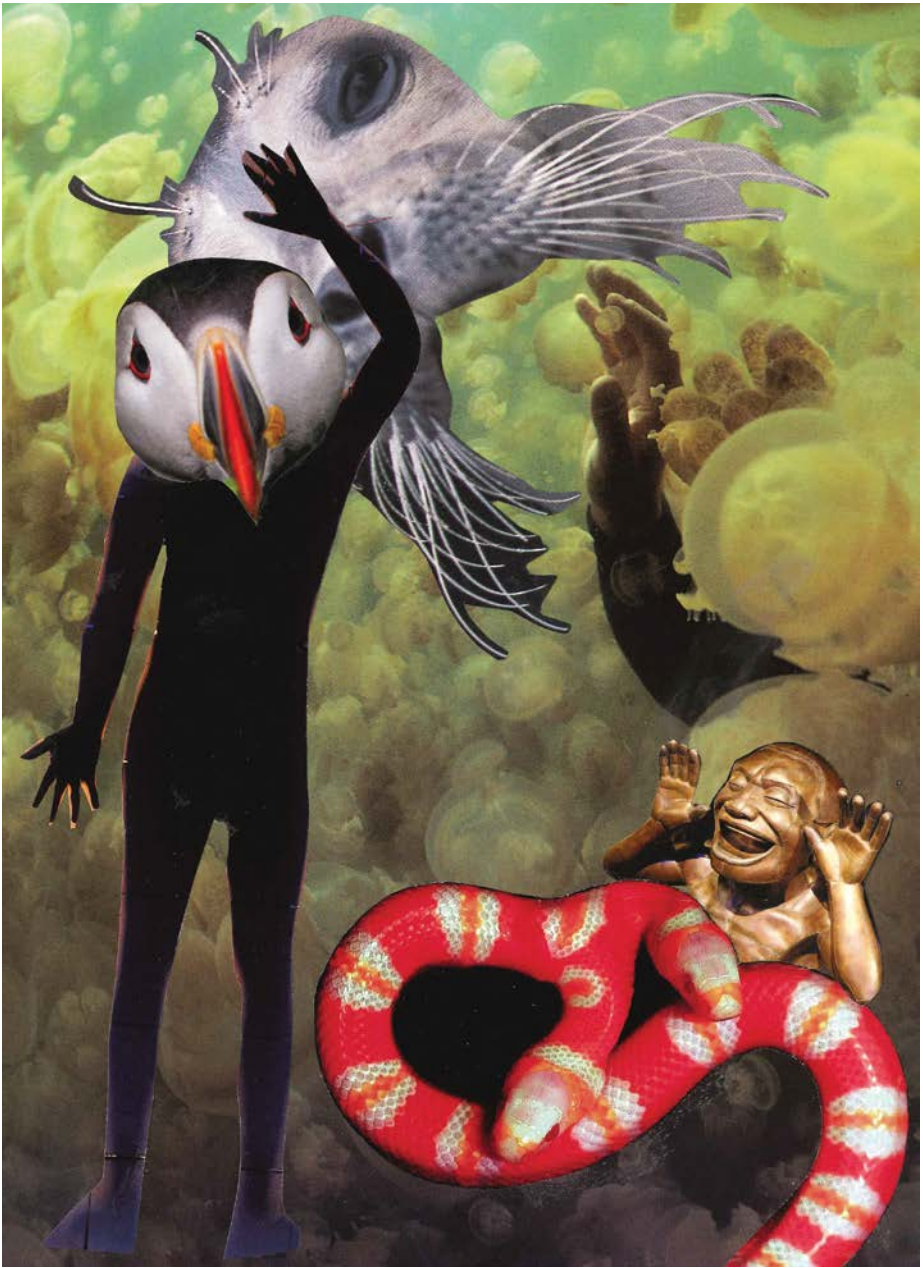
“Why not humans?”

The woman looked at them curiously, smiling. “Yes – why not? Good question! Maybe that would draw too much attention? “Or maybe we just don’t taste that great.” She thought for a moment.

“No danger to us, then?”

“Oh, there was never any doubt in that,” she said.

Now it was Harper’s turn to look curious. “Who are you, exactly?”



Inner Island Surrealist Group
(matta, Philippa Joly, Sheila Nopper and Ron Sakolsky)

The woman smiled widely. “Forgot to introduce myself in the excitement, didn’t I? I’m Joanna. Or Jo, if you like. I know this octopus. He’s my...my friend, I suppose. Who are you?”

“I’m called Harper. I don’t know any octopuses, but I like them and I’m glad he didn’t get killed. Is he your pet?”

Joanne laughed. “No. I haven’t actually met him yet. I mean, other than on a cerebral level.” Harper didn’t reply to that, so Jo continued. “I can see him in my thoughts sometimes, if I’m really focused. I’ve never managed to focus as well as I did today, though. That’s why I was able to see exactly where he was. Or maybe it was just because he was in pure peril. I’m not sure. I’ve been tracking him down, bit by bit. I don’t know how he came to be about to be served on a plate, but I’d narrowed it down to this part of London by yesterday morning. I booked into the Hilton last night.

“But I only see him in the present – it’s telepathy, see, not precognition – so I could see where he was and that he was about to be murdered, but I didn’t see it before it happened. So I was too late in getting there. But it didn’t matter did it? Because he got himself out of it, didn’t he?” Her eyes shone bright, a look of unmistakable pride bursting through her face. “You saw it, didn’t you? Saw what happened?”

Harper nodded. They recounted their experience in the supermarket, from the cabbage-inspection to the moment Joanna had showed up.

“Wow. OK. So everyone ran out but you. Why? Why didn’t you run out?”

Harper shrugged. “Like I said, I was-“

“Curious, I know. And don’t get me wrong, I agree. It is curious. It’s curious as fuck. But, Harper, why you? Why were you the only one there who thought it was curious, and not terrifying?”

“I couldn’t rightly say.”

Joanna grinned. “Yes. And who could? Who rightly could?” She lay an arm on Harper’s shoulder. Electricity passed between their bodies. “I’m glad you’re here. We need to mobilise. I’m the only one here, at the moment. The others are in the states. I should be rallying here. The more who find it curious the better off we’ll be, I don’t doubt.”

Harper sat down on the pavement, their back to the railings of the bridge. “Mobilise for what?”

Jo sat next to them. “Whatever’s coming. Something’s happening all around us, and some of us are being drawn to it in ways we don’t understand and can’t really control. But it’s big, and it’s happening, and we’re part of it. Me, my cousin Eris, her lover Jerry, and now – you. There are others, like Mann and his son, but we don’t know where they are.”

Harper shifted their position to make their backside more comfortable. They nodded slowly. “It’s exciting. And arousing. Do you feel aroused?”

Jo turned red. “Yes. All the time. Like – no, I mean all the time.”

“Me too. And it’s weird because I haven’t, not for ages. Ages and ages. It’s like having the sun on my skin again for the first time after a long cold winter.”

Jo nodded eagerly. “Yes. Good. Exactly that. Excellent. Good.” She turned to stare through the railings into the water below. “We can fuck. If you like,” she said quickly, not daring to look at Harper, her neck a strained colour of scarlet.

Harper stared into the water as well. “OK. When?”

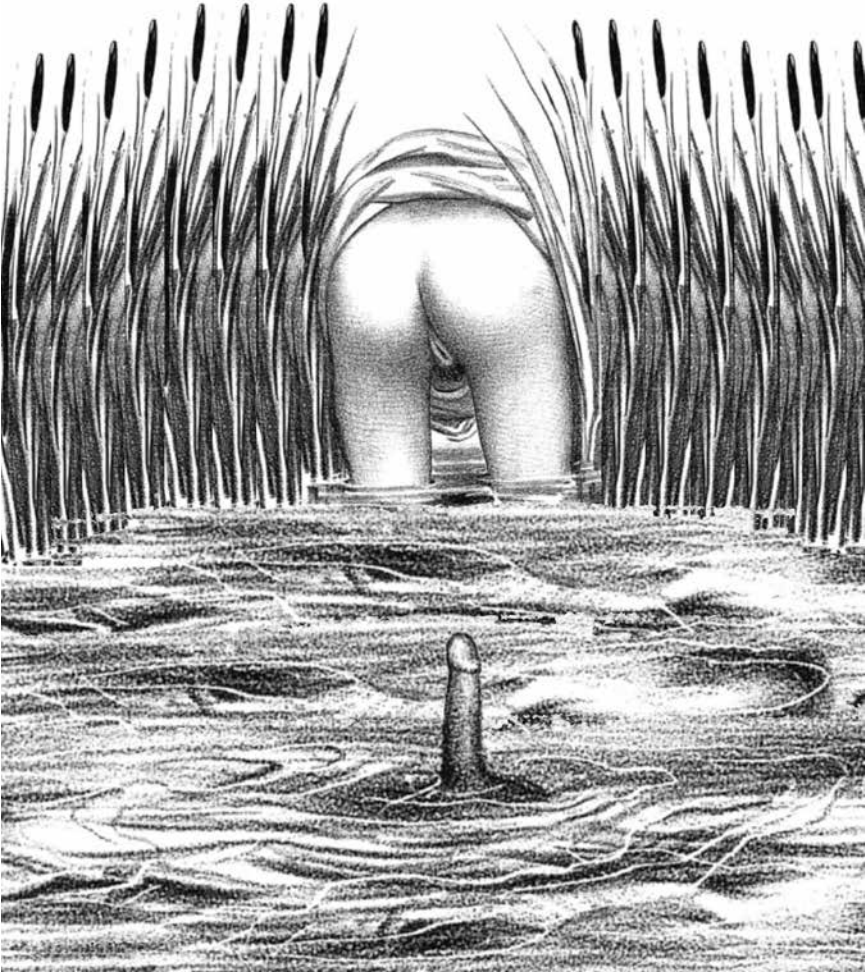
Jo smiled widely. “I always used to be so careful about sex, you know? It’s so strange. Before all this, sex was something I planned out, ahead of time. You know, you arrange a night in, or you go on a night out, or something, and you wax your legs beforehand, and you put on nice knickers, and you dab a bit of perfume because you know you’re going to get sweaty, you carry mints in your handbag. Later, you drink wine, to make sure you can get in the mood. And then you do it. The sex. Scheduled sex. Is that completely fucking bonkers, or what?”

“I don’t wax my legs.”

“No. No. Why would you? Madness.”

“So...does that mean now?”

“Now? Yes, why not now? Maybe it’ll help.” She stood awkwardly, nearly falling over as she rose; grabbed Harper’s hands, and yanked them to their feet, laughing, pulling their jacket off and throwing it into the water. Harper, laughing back and looking scandalised, retaliated by running into Jo head first into her belly, and they both went flying onto the concrete bank. They kissed madly, like they were thirteen years old, like they were trying to merge into one single being, as if however close they



Bill Wolak
Curious As Silk

got, it wasn't close enough. Jo jumped up and pulled her skirt off, and threw it into the water; then her shoes. From their vantage point on the ground, Harper's eyes were drawn to movement back up by the road above them; a curious passer-by had stopped in his tracks to observe the ritual. The gaze of this voyeur fired their lust and they pounced anew on Jo, looking at the voyeuristic man as they gorged on Jo's flesh. They stood up, threw the remainder of theirs and Jo's clothes and bags into the river, and then fell into Jo again.

"Disgusting beauty, terrible love," Harper muttered, their loins bursting with stars. They fell into the water, thus entwined. If the water was freezing it didn't penetrate their flesh.

The box Harper had lifted from the dead horder's house had come loose from her bag in the river, and was floating alongside the pair of them. They watched it bob along the water next to them. And then they saw it; an outstretched tentacle came creeping into view, huge, purple-red, covered in suckers, it unfurled and reached out to the box, encircling it till it was in a strong tentacular grip. The rest of the creature emerged from the depths of the river, a majestic rise, an imperial expression in its human-like eyes, its beak, all over its face, or what would be a face. Another tentacle joined the first, and with a deft flicking movement, the box was open. Harper and Jo held hands, floating naked in the water, observing, their hair fronding up in the water like they had been electrocuted, their stares not much different. A tentacle reached into the open box. Further and further in it went, as if there were no bottom to it, until the whole length of the tentacle was in the box. A second tentacle followed, and then a third. Harper and Jo exchanged confused looks as a fourth tentacle found its way into the box. Eventually, all eight legs had slowly entered the box, and the head was not far behind. Utterly bewildered, they watched wide-eyed, hand-in-hand, as the rest of Jo's friend the Giant Arboreal Octopus disappeared completely into the box. Once it'd gone, the end of one tentacle re-emerged, grasped the top of the box, pulled it towards the bottom, and the box was shut.

Harper let go of Jo's hand and swam the short distance to grab the box with both hands. They held it fast and swam with their feet to the bank of the river. They plonked themselves on the river bank, with Jo close at their

tail. Dripping wet they both sat, breath hitched with unbearable excitement, as they looked agog at the box.

“He went in,” Jo breathed. She picked up the box and started rubbing it against her cunt. “I’m sorry,” she said, not bothering to go red. “I just can’t help it. I’m so turned on I could die. Literally die.” She quickly brought herself to orgasm, groaning hard. Harper used their own hand to do the same, watching Jo.

“Is it – sorry, he – still in there, do you think?” Harper asked.

“I don’t think so. He couldn’t possibly fit in there, could he? I think it must be – I don’t know, a portal, maybe? Let’s find out.” She opened the lid and peered in. “See! Empty. Holy fuck, Harper. Holy fuck. Where the fuck did you get this from?”

“I liberated it from a house I was cleaning.”

“We have to go there. Can you get in still?”

“Yes, I’m cleaning it all this week. I have keys. It’s complete mess, though. It’s some dead horder’s.”

“Let’s go tonight. When it’s dark. We can go back to mine in the meanwhile. I’m dying to fuck you.”



Rik Lina

Pelagic Dance



Karl Howeth

THERE IS ALSO A MONKEY IN THE RED SEA

DALE HOUSTMAN

Claudius Aelianus ("Aelian") [version by dmh]

There is also a monkey in the Red Sea, not as large as those seen on land,
yet not a fish but a creature of cartilage.

And this monkey in the Red Sea resembles in color the ones seen on land,
and also in the shape of its face resembles the ones seen on land.

Apart from its face, the body's majority is girded by a sheath,
and thus resembles the tortoise more than the fish.

The monkey in the Red Sea also sports a flat nose as do the ones seen on land,
but here its torso is equally flattened, and so is much more like the electric eel.

One could describe the monkey in the Red Sea as a bird with outstretched wings;
for when it swims most strangely it is most like a flying bird.

Yet the monkey in the Red Sea differs from the ones seen on land: it is speckled,
and the flats of the neck are sanguine, as are the gills.

The monkey in the Red Sea has a large mouth at the bottom of the face,
and—in the last analysis—carries a perfectly natural kinship with the ones seen on land.

Claudius Aelianus, often known simply as "Aelian," born at Praeneste, was a Roman author and teacher of rhetoric who flourished under Septimius Severus and probably outlived Elagabalus, who died in 222.



Bill Wolak

The Restlessness of Lightning

JEFFREY'S HAIR (A LOBSTER'S BUTTERED TALE)

That Charismatic Crawling Hand which tugged the Brazen Boats
of Aromatic Lobsters in their Porcelainic Coats
across that stitch of Ocean lacking Decent Bed and Fare
like a Train lost in the busy Rain drowning Jeffrey's Hair
was not and shall never be
is not as far as my Eye can see.

The Aramaic lobsters with Itchy Faces sour and sweet
that the Corpulent Crawling Hand decides to excavate for Meat
on a Sub-Saharan Shuttle Train without Decent Jam and Beer
upon the Wilted Sea of Weak Milk-Tea that moistens Jeffrey's Hair
were not and shall never be
are not as far as my Eyes can see.

The Occipital Ocean rare upon whose Steps we strode
to catch the Tenebraic Train which barricades the Road
leading to the Crawling Hand dying in the Air
like the Anorexic lobsters that often cough up Jeffrey's Hair
was not and shall never be
is not as far as my Eye can see.

The Hypothalamic sleeping Car dines on Postman's Glue
and nests within the Swiss Cheese Sea which obfuscates our View
of the AutoMatic lobsters in a Golf Cart in Bel-Air
with the Crawling Hand (a Girl or Man) smoothing Jeffrey's Hair
was not and shall never be
is not as far as my Eye can see.

This AlterNautic Lobster Tail dressed and fairly Breaded
by the Corrugated Crawling Hand once beloved and now regretted

in a Transylvanian Tank Car stuffed with Scrod who care to dare
to drink the Sea that took a Fee for dampening Jeffrey's Hair
was not and shall never be
is not as far as my Eye can see.

That Copromantic Crawling Hand which tugged the Brassiere Boats
of Anaerobic Lobsters in their Puisillanic Coats
across that stitch of Ocean lacking Decent Bed and Fare
like Train lost in the Buzzard's Rain drowning Jeffrey's Hair
was not and shall never be
is not as far as my Eye can see.

TIBET DRAWS NEARER THE SEA

Tibet is a blood-spattered greenway
and we dream a man walking an unguarded perimeter
of abandoned motels
modeled on an ideal of emptiness.
All the rage.

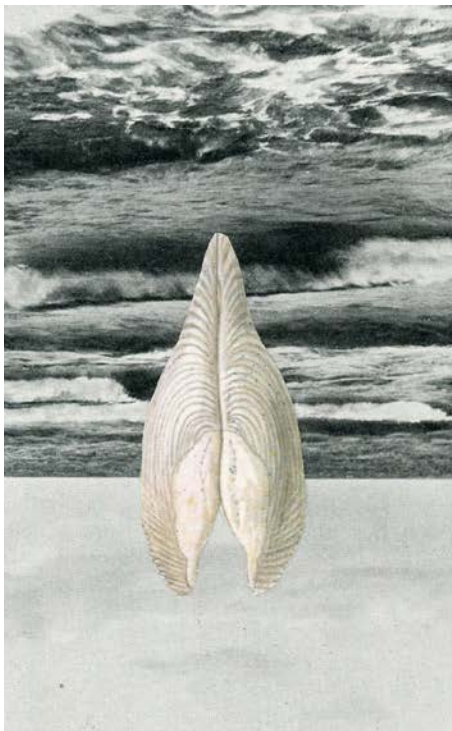
The Captain of Amusements stares
at the distant Tibetan sea from a window
of a coastal souvenir shop
selling small plastic lighthouses
fueled with kerosene.
Because he is an lizard's angel he gazes
into the whitest window across the whitest boulevard
to see a theater manager crying over his lost boat
taken by the morning tides.
He seems to be bewildered.
All the rage.

He resolves to be more Tibetan

as he picks up a bird's nest fallen
to the moist earth from the lighthouse.
He returns to the ancient landing strip
beyond the one thousand fountains
and passes as a crowd of Tibetan women
who are such strange obstructions
to the red western wind
driving the morning tides.
All the rage.

He cannot remember the Seven Sweet Qualities
and says so in a common Tibetan tone of voice
lower than a paper wasp's prayer.
His portable armchair is also from Tibet
as was his missing boat
and an opera based on all that he had forgotten
about lighthouses and opera
and wind and paper wasps.
All the rage.

The democracy here is sooty
and there is a wheezing sun beneath which
he remains cautiously impassioned.
He is walking across the wide boulevard
to see the cringing statues of the Seven Sweet Qualities.
He pauses to look at the padded machinery sunken in the sea.
Down the streets he sees shops selling birthday cakes
with tiny plastic lighthouses fueled with kerosene on top
but he considers this is more likely to be a funeral
coming around the corner on the ocean tide.



Megan Leach

NOTORIOUS BATHYSCOPY

MATTIAS FORSHAGE

A

A fig salad in hardships the cat pulled the horse from the table the sun rose out of the sea and the teeth were gleaming.

“Commendable”, one whispered reverentially and stared immovably towards the horizon.

The sea formed ballroom stairs where penguin processions came marching down and one two three a heavy rain of onions came pattering in the icecream according to the directives from the pavillion command of the daycare centers, indeed a problematic body with parsley in its ears. Chain and pickaxe, tomato soup and wide-ranging sunglasses, was today’s agenda and the young lovers squirmed in their easychairs. Maybe this too was a game meat rhapsody for the evening’s show, at least one couldn’t be careful enough: whoever wanted supper must not pull their feet out of the water until there were fish or crayfish or mermaids holding on to each toe. And those mermaids who lived in glass coffins in the deep, those were the ones to trust whenever it was time for inspection and manhandling and elections for parliament.

Because such a philosophical fish soup couldn’t fill the stomach of anyone in the entire zoo. Pure humbug, a knapsack with an antnest between glasses, poor jokes, everywhere they were trying to splash such somber paint on one’s clothes, and one did like the horses, performing strange ballets just to get rid of them.

But then one morning the hotel was shaken so strongly that the cattle fell from the roof and squeezed to death an unknown number of fellow occupants. The vagabond style simply wasn’t in fashion anymore. One varnished one’s hobbyhorse and subdued it with slippery sweet treats. And in Latin America, the waves rolled even higher for those who were sitting with their faces in their plates. New articles in the local press, new hidden assassinations. The ladder was not yet invented, so everybody was hanging around in large webs training the pigeons.

And then the tear gas came gushing, and the forest of birds was laughing nostalgically. That's when the creak was to be dried out, but as the machines arrived they found nothing but a sleeping indian village. The mermaids were strumming their razorsharp scales and the trees were singing a birthday song. Everybody produced their star maps from their pockets and studied them carefully with a sad gaze while emptying their wineglasses.

No priest lived safely these days as the cobblestones vibrated with fury and the entire city supported the poor fig salad whom hardships had fallen upon.

B

In order to surprise his beloved, he shaved his face off before leaving work.

The birds on his shoulders doubted his sanity, but in the noise of every corner's singer they chose to file their complaints on a small note offered to fellow pedestrians. And the watches had already stopped, and the butterflies had already stirred disorder among the papers so that no one could find their place in the big tree of evolution. Bells were ringing as the stomach ached. In that way one could manage without horror amulets, and instead knew how to spit shaving foam and blood on the military as they arrived.

However the train was bound for Uppsala, and some of the cylinders of the conceptual apparatus had shipwrecked. All of one's former friends were swimming in the train station aquaria like ammonites, beautiful ammonites, luminous tracks from football games of ancient days. It was all dusty, maybe that's why the rhinoceros kept snorting. Otherwise we had to stand ready to lower the trapeze artist to the ground before the grip was lost, and it was only a week since the night when the birding platforms fell. Of all the people standing in the tower, only one school class survived who had decided to set a bad example anyway.

An office had been opened for the reed growers who kept surfacing, and it brought about a cheerful spirit in the neighbourhood. Who had ever tried before to play croquet through the apartments, buried their pets in

the window boxes, and raised wild carnivores in the yard. These were happy times for tired children who otherwise commuted with flying machines between the alpine stations and the hospitals, naked ships from payday to representation. Being horror characters, they knew their limits.

What remained except rolling up one's entire childhood history into the dungball of a roller dungbeetle and await. But meanwhile the stables burned down and the horses were gushing forth over the damp meadows. It was possible to go flowerpicking, but no one blossoms as the shaved-away face, a big red empty space of openness.

C

Nowhere the summer was as moist as in the cool fjord where diving bells were playing games underwater and perhaps might strike to greet steam boats whenever the weather allowed.

Otherwise there were meaningless stairs carved out of the mountain where people fell badly but still nobody could learn the new dance steps. Since the one who lives far from the sea will not get much more from the elks than the waves of the horns – they will get no instructions for navigation they will get no signs in her face with eyes closed they will get no foxtrot.

"I'll be damned", he said when he let his articles sink into the body of muddy water. But is it a space film or the price for the fresh-made sponge cake in suspenders? "To my appetite", some thought. "I'll cut off the store if you like, but the power net is unreliable, and soon we'll be in the electric chair". "But why, we were just going shopping, and took the opportunity to take the suit in for a service wash. The fact that the elephants ate it is a question for a novel – there were so many being executed that they have to be stocked in the church organs until further. And what if the fire would have taken them!"

An ominous dialogue continued while the city fire lighted her eyes. Even the most bitter quay cleaner would have found those animal remnants with a smile on his face, and now the stormy weather wasn't far off. The counter clicked and the motor started, pumping out the big dinner

table into the sea. There on the floating bed it was possible to make love among the desserts while the corals reached up for you. In that way it was possible to be immersed in the storm in a trustworthy happy way, without coffee breaks and approximate time records and small funny hats.

Nowhere in this sun-bleached marine painting eye diseases were beginning to sing about the majesty of the fjord opening with voices like church-bells, because winter was approaching.

D

The leitmotif to the morning rising from bed of the people in the onion city was a distant bellowing as if from mistreated guests.

Everybody was used to it, and the traindrivers and others even happily whistled along to it. Nowhere did the city walls of ice crack, but still medieval times were hiding in every attic, eagerly waiting for a moment to fall down on people's heads. But in the labyrinthic canals the silence of salmons reigned where idyll gondolas and water corpses softly floated forth. Corpses could be played with as if they were icefloes. Icefloes in turn were hanging like mobiles in the kitchen window. Gingerbread was in the making in there, and both children and domesticated sealions were squeaking with impatience.

The gingerbread baking day was a big day, a festival in urban planning. The resulting constructions were judged by the neighbourhood's general assembly, and some of them were elected to be raised in large scale in other parts of the world, while most were sunk into the aquaria for fish, molluscs and echinoderms to inhabit and eat. Without overtaking oneself one would climb to the mountaintops of worm tubes and coral fans to see if the sun would possibly rise this week.

Warmly and bittersweetly the winks of moments dripped down on the mussels emitting slow flames towards the tongues of lovers. They were not impatiently awaiting the sun. They were not hearkening the insistent screams of the incarcerated in the morning.

E

One of the showpieces of the grasshopper fields was a costume change scene in a bain-marie.

It was desired to get the horses to stand on their hindlegs for a very long time, and the hammer beats could polemically chase off even the most awake murderer ship. Honking and buzzing one would show the directions to the long quay where the local politicians were to run the gauntlet. But the maps were wounded with large wet footprints, that made the walk from one main course to the other far more problematic. Fireworks were launched.

Imagine what a sad exchange that was then to be seen in the buntings, if the armoured car with all the cakes had been attacked by highway robbers. But remember the promises from vague glowworms see how the dechristianisation campaigns pull thundering circus applause. And then there will be dolphins in the canals regardless! "Hooray!" blinking constellations trains derailed "Long live the antipode!" cigar songs cephalopod diet; everywhere patience had run thin and disappointment at that time might have led to disaster, such as one of these footprints might have settled down in the village square. Of course it would be possible to go squid fishing in them, but they would also become ambiguous signs if viewed from the sky, with a content potentially ruining certain delicate connections.

This was no choice for any of them. And the very least so for the girl who suffocated the singer between her thighs. For whatever games they decided on no one was as skilful in hiding as eroticism was. Was it responsible for that laughter sounding like a head of lettuce? Was it its brother that left all these bloodstains? The horsemen had no more answers than the rest of us, but still they were the ones who had signed out the magnifying glasses.

"Either we knock over the soup cauldron in the double bed, or we see walnut death in the eye in the sky of fireworks. The cleaning staff will provide us with missing links. In order to repay our generosity. Or we find cinnamon rolls in the metro. It could be mistaken for an erotic dream, but all we did was to clean the windows before they undressed and sat down in the washtub on the sidewalk."

F

A naval battle was playing, but it did not resemble the game of chess of the ships in bottles.

Many spectators were disappointed, but some realised that this was a new type of death-threat. The trapezes were rocking in an ominous way and were scratching the itches of the fulmars. Tender misnavigation, a wasp-nest of hermine tracks in the somber rig. There, squids were pouring like ghosts, bioluminescent and comforting, while the rough sea was shaking the parasites out of the scalps of the hollow-eyed crew. "Let us take water skis through the streams of tears", they said and laughed until the blood was squirting all over the wallpaper.

And still the assassins had problems with their recruitment campaigns, even in this part of the country where no one was strangling the coastal cliffs. There was no reliable rawness at all in their manners; the wind was howling and the doves were nesting on old people's heads. A single wave of migration could intoxicate itself to the brink of the abyss, but every time someone was there filling the car engine with hay. That type of carpentry had already interrupted so many meals, so now both beer and oatmeals were in the wrong hands. In the rattling of flags it was difficult to hear the cries of eagles, so it was necessary to put the plough in the soil somewhere. With some luck, it was possible to find a skull, for seeing with instead of one's old and worn one, with a funeral wreath of bread cabbage olives pythons stains of paint and candles.

Nevertheless she managed to bring about a happy end, she simply slaughtered him carefully before the sun rose. Therefore the sea was red and the sharks were assembled already before the armadas assumed battle formations, this boiling desert realm of blood.

automatic texts june 1991, too hot in the invertebrate exhibition



Casi Cline

THE OCEAN CONTAINER: NOVEL EXCERPTS

PATRIK SAMPLER

The following passages are excerpted from The Ocean Container, to be published in 2017 by Ninebark Press.

Something Else

As further evidence the world is changing, I hear (I'm not sure where, but I know it's true) that somewhere another internet is under construction. On this fledgling internet, ideas are traded without third party permission. Alternative currencies circumvent transit hubs. I'm thinking about how this might affect the current regime, and I'm moving toward a possible answer. I think *something is about to change*.

Through the ocean container, I travel down a spiral tunnel to the bottom of something like a very deep boat or a floating city—something self-contained. I follow the tunnel without turning back, and come up next to the same point at which I entered. I think the path down might be the same as the path up: the tunnel's descending and ascending segments seem to be interlocked—like the shared yet divided home of fraternal twin gastropods. Perhaps anywhere along the route I can push through and cross over.

I take this image, and now I think...what I'm thinking now is *not* an interlocking path, or an interlocking world. This time I'm thinking of liquid—liquid filling a mould cavity. Not because it wants to mimic the shape of the mould cavity—a medium with its own currents and transmissions—but *to circumvent* these currents and transmissions. Like an insulating substance filling the spaces of an electrified metal mould cavity. Ceramic, perhaps, waiting patiently for the metal to rust away. In the meantime, it becomes something else that—while it cannot destroy the barriers in which it is caught—can exist undetected.

It is a message, and I start to *really feel* what holds the current regime together: nothing you can touch. It's an electric charge of fear crossing back and forth over lines of synapses. To be sure, it manifests concretely:

infrastructure is built or destroyed, carpet bombs are scattered, every possible substance is sucked out of the ground into which whole forests sink, never to be recovered. People around you do as they're told, and you're without a home or a passport. Perhaps you end up in a safety compound.

Fear, however, is a utility without price, and a commodity no one desires—not intrinsically. It's a Sisyphean carrot at the end of a stick—a carrot that evaporates when one doesn't play by the rules. And it's driven by nothing more than numbers—not numbers, but graphic numerals—flickering on a screen.

I'm thinking of a way to escape this—to escape *this nothing*—and I am reminded of the city in which I have spent most of my life. I think of my ability to trace distinct routes each time I pass through it. I could spend a lifetime in that city, never tracing the same path twice, even through all previous destinations. And those who designed the city—and those who follow the main routes—might think that, if they wait for me at exactly the places I have been, I will return inevitably. But why should I?

It is possible the grid roads are built on nothing, and other routes—other foundations—can be built around them. Perhaps they are being built now. I see the old roads, the old grid—the ephemeral mould cast—evaporating quickly. Even more quickly than the speed at which metal rusts. The grid might dissipate, revealing what is currently undetected, what is connected now only tenuously.

I know we will soon be able to feel for these connections as if through a cloth barrier. All of us will soon find another pushing through from the other side. Hands will touch through a barrier, sensing the pulse of the other.

If we are patient, we will find a spot where the fabric has worn through.

In Transit

Once again, my ocean container changes, and I am certain now my comrades have saved me. Soon I will be reunited with my loved ones—and just in time. Perhaps I can start eating again. I need a change of clothes, too. The elbows of my sweater have worn through. My jeans are very loose

now, and give off an unpleasant odour.

When I meet my loved ones after all these months—and once I have made myself more presentable—Yoshiko will of course be glad to see me. Perhaps Stevie will at first be confused—but within moments he'll remember who I am. A smile will emerge on his face, and then he'll run to me, yelling, "Da...da...da...!" Perhaps his language will be far more developed than that. Will he call me "papa" or "daddy"? Yoshiko will put her arms around both of us and say: "Now we are three. Let us never be apart again." Soon after we'll get jobs and build a house in the country, on stilts to avoid floodwater. It will be designed for passive cooling and have a green roof—by which I mean a garden on the roof.

I know I am in transit now because I hear a resonant, mechanical sound. An engine. Surely it is the engine of a very large boat, and I am on it. I imagine a container vessel in the middle of the North Pacific, surrounded by a vast surface of water that stretches uninterrupted to the horizon in every direction. I don't know the weather, but the ship is an almost fluorescent blue—it could stand out against any maritime background. The same blue as an alpine glacier lake on a sunny morning at the height of summer. It might be called *chalfonte blue*, like the colour of a 1956 Buick Special—in case you have never seen, and from this point in history *can never see*, a lake of such colour. The boat is immense. Perhaps it is the *Emma Maersk*, to this day the largest container ship ever built. It can carry 11,000 standard units, of which my container is just one.

...

If someone were to spy my container on the deck (presuming it were on the deck, with the identification code hidden), it would be very hard to reach. It would be like choosing a tree on a distant, forested mountain, then trying to walk to it. From inside a forest, without a vantage point (or an identification code, which trees do not have), such a task would be almost impossible.

Even more impressive is that they found a place for me *in this specific container*, sparsely packed (so I have room to move) with just one

item of merchandise. I am travelling with a kind of recreational watercraft commonly known as a *jet ski*—a special order, custom made for a client in Yokohama. I know this because there is also a package of documents including an owner's manual and a letter to a "Mr. O—" that starts: "Congratulations on purchasing your new 5000cc Sea-Doo GTX Unlimited Thruster."

Upstairs, in the superstructure of the ship, I imagine a crew indifferent to this and other items of merchandise. They might be in the lounge watching videos about the sea, or monitoring the engine as it burns 14,000 litres of heavy fuel oil per hour. I can hear the engine clearly, so perhaps I am very deep in the hull. Is it possible I'm below the waterline?

I consider the vastness of the ocean. The *Emma Maersk* is alone here, exactly in the middle of the Pacific, with no other human-made points of reference. To be sure, one could argue the ocean itself is human-made—or at least modified by human activity. It has acidified. Numerous species are now extinct or near extinction because they can no longer grow exoskeletons. A billionaire has pumped iron into it. There are dead zones, where almost nothing lives. How deep is the ocean? How deep is it where I am now? There are perhaps three, four, maybe five kilometres beneath this ship. Am I over a dead zone? If not, there must be something living. And because I can't see outside this container, I listen.

A Song

To distinguish individual sounds in a background of noise, one must concentrate. Musicians have found that when playing the same note or chord over and over again at a steady rate, audiences are apt to leave within ten minutes. Those who stay, however, often report hearing new sounds within the repetition—which is how I'm listening to this boat. Its engine has a main sound. It's the most obvious sound the engine makes. One notices it immediately, but it changes after listening for hours and hours on end, as I have. Now I can hear overtones, multiple overtones, and anomalies, too. Some of these anomalous sounds are from the engine itself: if it ran perfectly, predictably and always, the ship wouldn't need a crew.

But there are other sounds, and because I have listened to the engine for so long, I now can distinguish its sounds from other sounds around it. I can hear individual waves slapping against the hull, a tuna swishing its muscular tail, or a cormorant diving through the ocean's surface. What's more, I can hear these sounds not just as they happen, but even as they reverberate through the ocean for years after. That's how sensitive I have become.

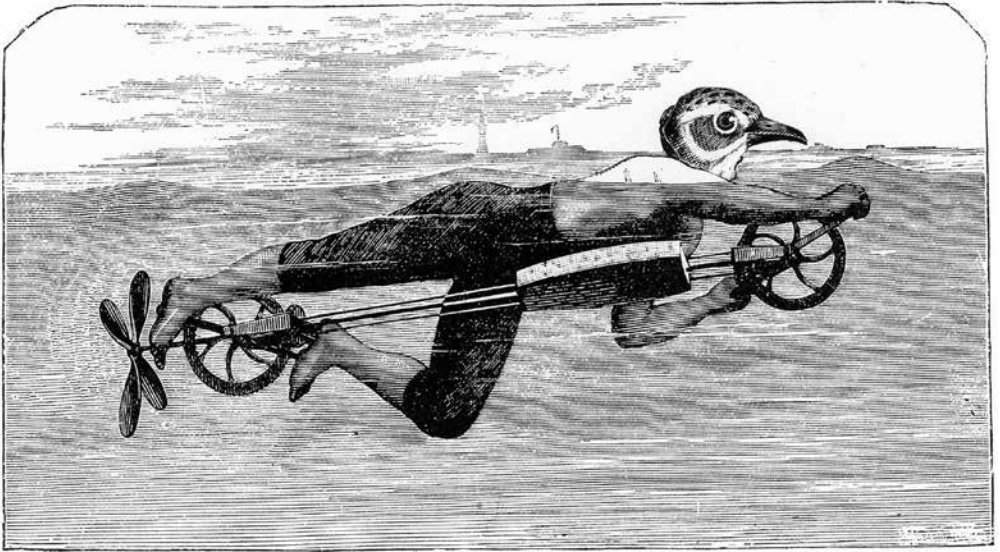
I hear, too, something I can't identify—a tonal, moaning sound that starts and stops and has its own narrative arc. It seems familiar even though I am hearing it for the first time, and I wonder why I haven't noticed it until now. Has it been playing in the background all my life, so constantly that it's no more apparent than the flavour of water? I've always thought such a thing could be possible—that there might be a song that's always been playing and is so ubiquitous that one no longer hears it.

I'm quite certain now I have uncovered this invisible song. It might be an esoteric song, or it might be the same for everyone—I'm not sure. In any case, it seems like a whale song but much faster—like the recording of a *large* whale sped up so that it sounds like a small whale. And perhaps that is exactly what it is: the song of a *small* whale.

A *tiny* whale, even. A tiny little *blue whale*, just two metres long.

DREAM #236

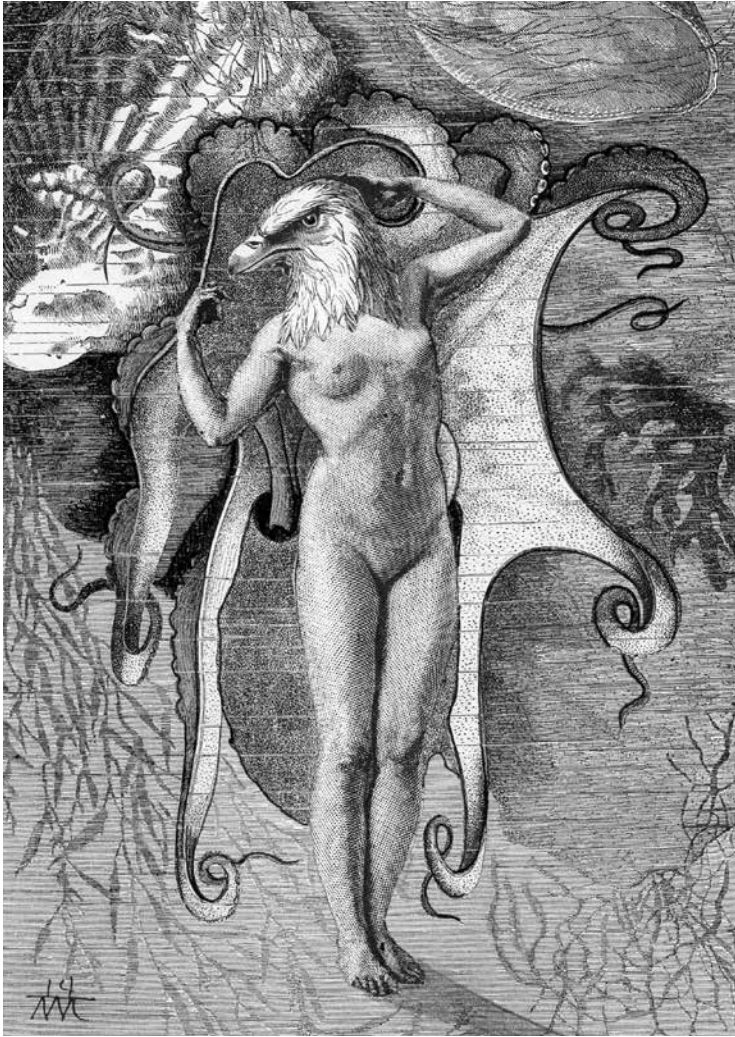
ANDREW MENDEZ



I found myself adrift in the ocean with my hand-powered water glider miles from anything I knew. After a few years of this I was less close to my goal than when I started, but this was no time to give up; somewhere was that “other” I was searching for, and now that the world was covered with water, everyone’s lives had grown moist and soggy around the edges.



Half way to the unknown there emerged from out of the waves the three wise sages of Hohokus. The first tossed her top to entice fate to a game of Russian roulette. The second one mixed chemicals and potions together trying to find a mixture for SOMA in order to induce the gods to churn the ocean of suffering and arise the new Avatar to save humanity from this dead end. The last sage was a child doll which could walk on water automated by self-will. He understood the least due to the fact that he only spoke Aramaic, and my best Latin was too weak to spark a connection.



Finally, after lifetimes had past, I found the courage to let go of my raft. My fingers began to lose their grip on reality, and darkness replaced this ocean front view. I realized that letting water into my lungs was not such a bad thing and a soft sleep enveloped me like a warm sigh from the lips of the one I love.

I started to go down.

When I awoke I was surrounded by millions of squid and other cephalopods praising me like a messiah's long awaited return. From out of the center appeared this figure of beauty and horror, robed in the skin of the last monarch of the sea.

She welcomed me to my final stop of this lifetime with the words that brought joy and peace to my ears: "We've been waiting for you..."

CRYSTALLINE OCTOPUS

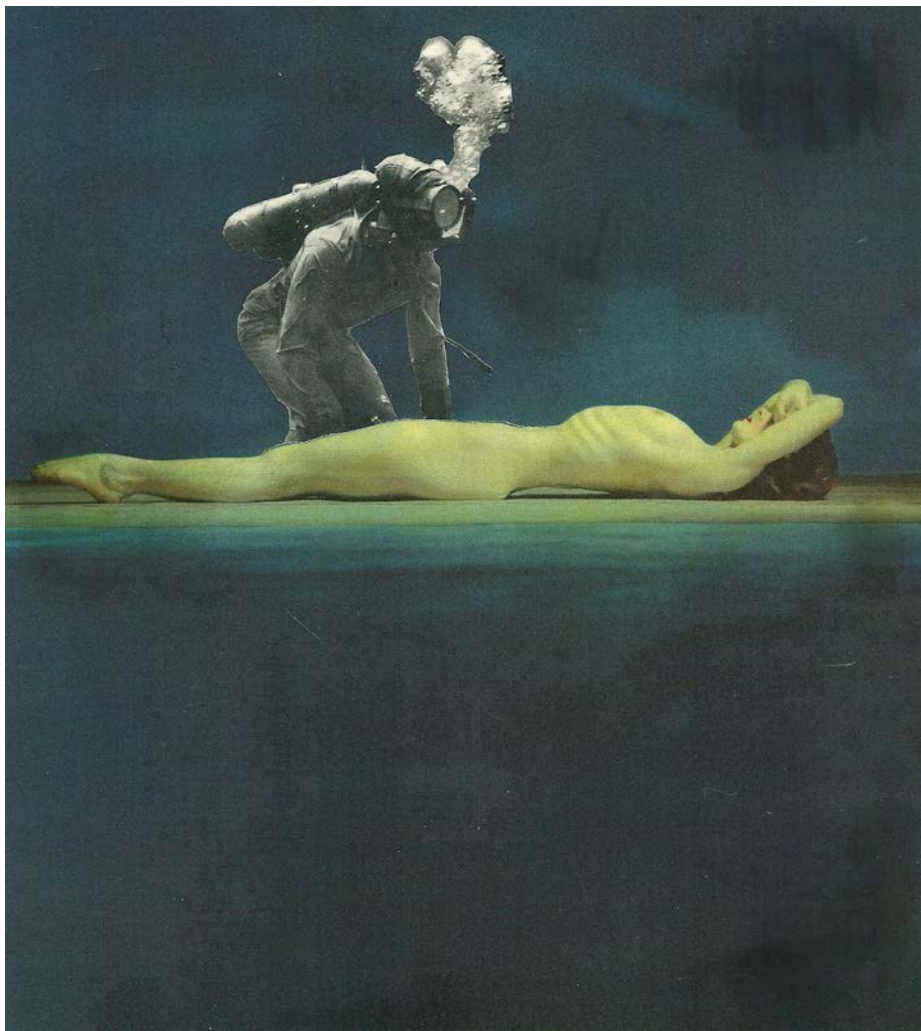
CASI CLINE

A dis-entombed thought is swiftly fleeing into the empty white crevasse in the sky because it knows, knows with unwholesome certainty, that the crystalline octopus asleep in the depths will wake up and it will make unbearable sense of things. The aorta of the octopus refuses to take part, in part, because it does not even know if it exists or is only a silly thought in the head of some deluded child isolated in the most hackneyed way on an island with a horizon for company and a dead seagull for entertainment and a new friend in the maggot that eats the insides of the seagull because it must. It is and it feels the surprising need to continue to be. If the maggot offends, it takes pleasure in the offense, knowing that by continuing to exist it repulses all agents of gentility and delicacy. The child now feels quite at home on the island with his new friend, the maggot, and good companion, the horizon, because they both seem to make some good points about pointlessness and he looks forward to when the crystalline octopus succumbs to their illogic and slinks back into the sea and decides to become gelatinous. The errant thought however remains in the white crevasse, which it considers to be highly preferable over the new world of gelatinous octopuses, multitudinous maggots, and youngsters with fevered imaginations.

EGG OF THE NEW WORLD

At night the ocean, seductive and luxurious, seeps into sleep-drifting senses. Dark perfume rises from its wetness with an autumnal ache. White hands beckon to the depths, gracefully proclaiming the sweetness of succumbing. Bare skin trembles at the first tender touch, which grows ever more yearning each step. Walk forward to consummate your lust for death. Ecstatic mystery enfolds you in its liquid embrace. Enfolding, unfolding the painful separating flesh. Flaying you with cleansing caress. Spilling you out, penetrating, while you penetrate its depth. Fully empty be filled again, transmuted to gold with glittering scales and tender gills and shining luminescence. Sink down to the bottom and slip through the door that

leads to the bursting core, find the grain of missing time slipped there by accident, a priceless pearl dropped with much regret. Suck it inside you through your latent navel. Take it and fertilize the egg of the new world incubating in the thermal vents. Find there your limacine counterpart, where sun and moon, fire and water, male and female, calm and volatile unite, expand, consume, irradiate.



Deborah Stevenson

Discovery

A LEVIATHAN, IN THE END

MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI

waiting for the leviathan
which is to make havoc of us
that fateful hval, gratiae plenum, demeaned
by such a protracted lethargy,
going to emerge out of the abyss
seething with constrained fury

for anon time's up, the tide's up,
the deadly submarine is disclosed,
nigh's the night of oblivion
the atrabilious beast, major ravager
shall not suffer defeat at the hands
of firecracking plankton
constrictor-tailed, thumping and smashing shall it goe,
heedless, primeval
natural progress, kaiju-annihilated, recedes
it's all over

everywhere
the unhomely smell of the sea



Maurizio Brancaloni

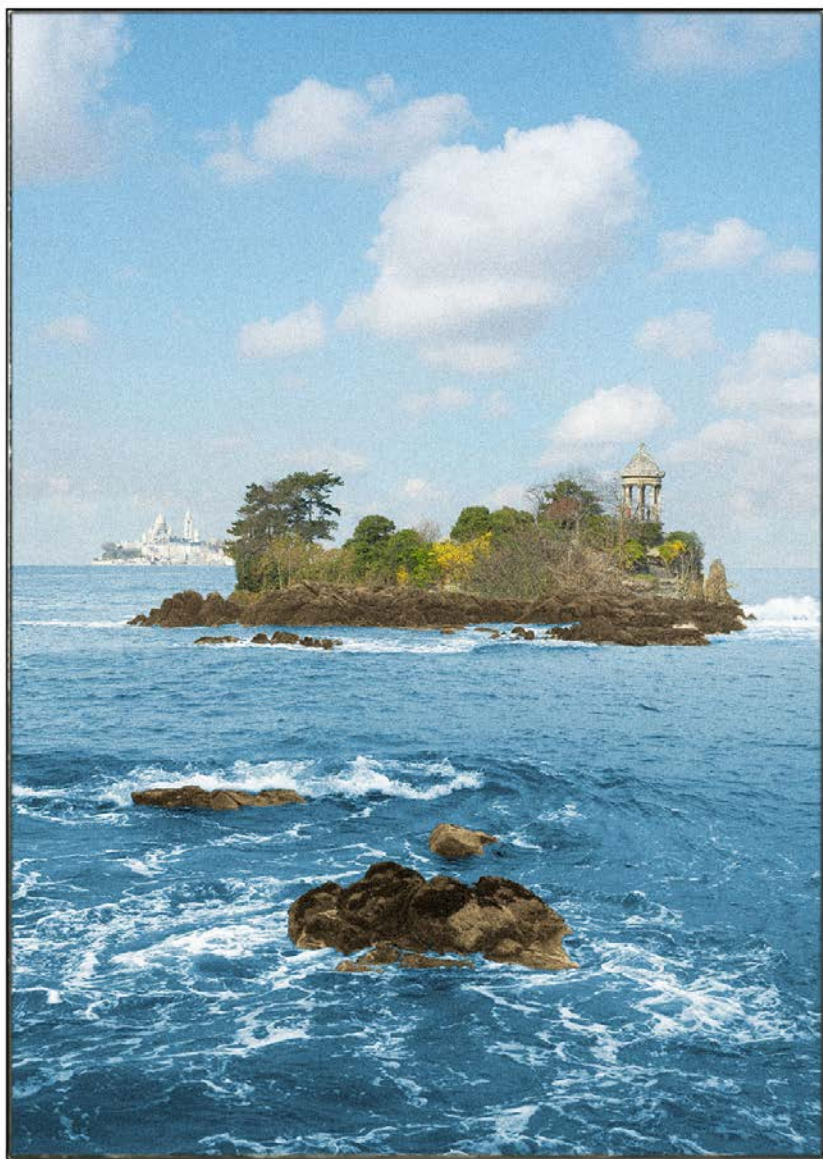
La Mer

PARIS – GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOX

PIERRE-ANDRÉ SAUVAGEOT



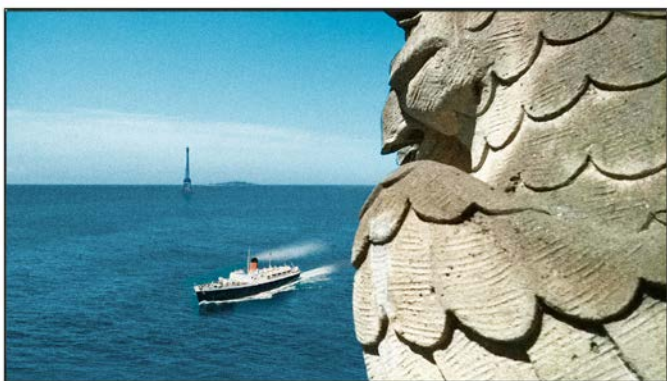
01 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
LA BUTTE MONTMARTRE VUE DE L'ÎLE CHAUMONT



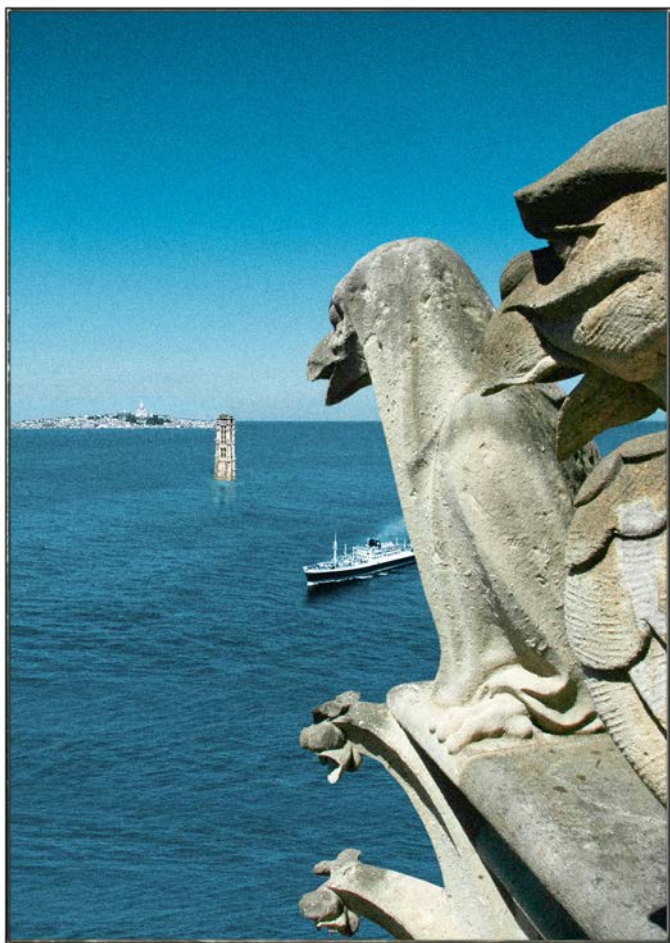
O2 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
L'ÎLE CHAUMONT ET LA BUTTE MONTMARTRE



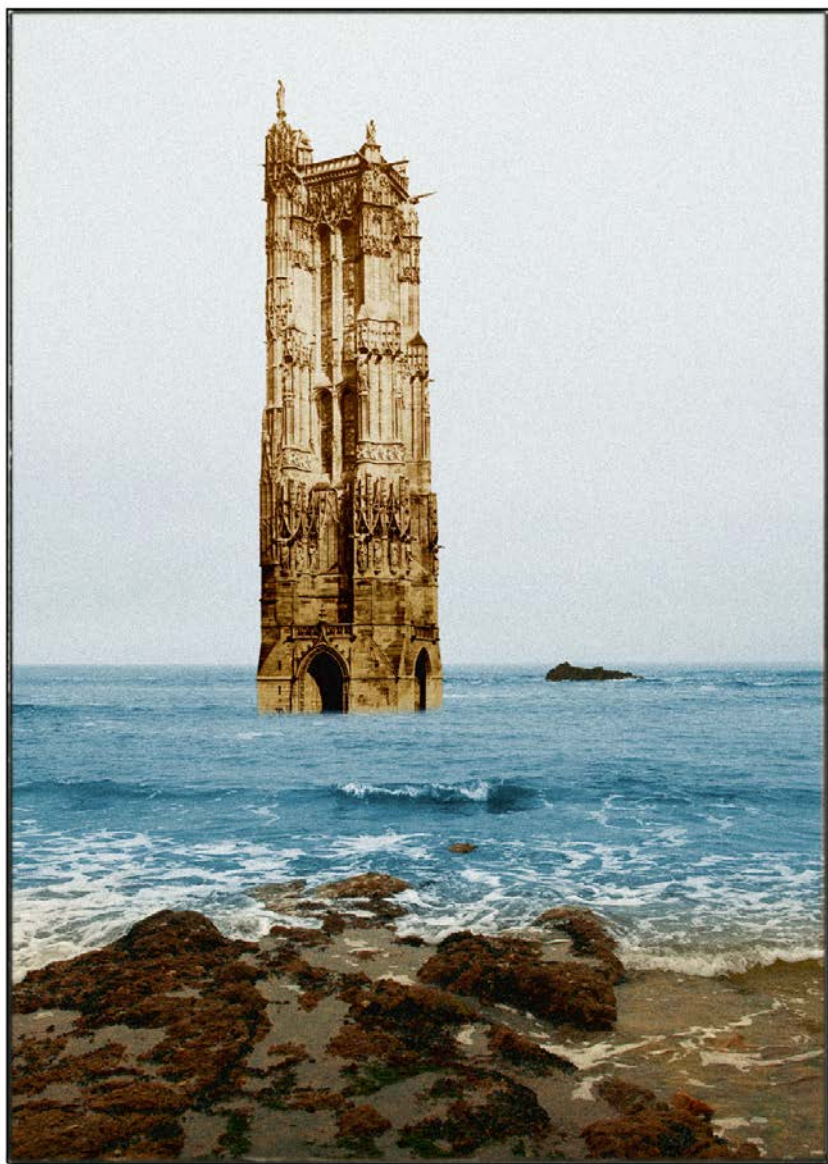
03 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
LA TOUR EIFFEL VUE DE L'ESPLANADE DU TROCADÉRO



04 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
LA TOUR EIFFEL VUE DES TOURS DE NOTRE-DAME



05 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
LA TOUR SAINT-JACQUES VUE DE NOTRE-DAME



06 - PARIS - GRANDES MARÉES D'ÉQUINOXE
LA TOUR SAINT-JACQUES À MARÉE BASSE

IN HIS OWN RIGHT

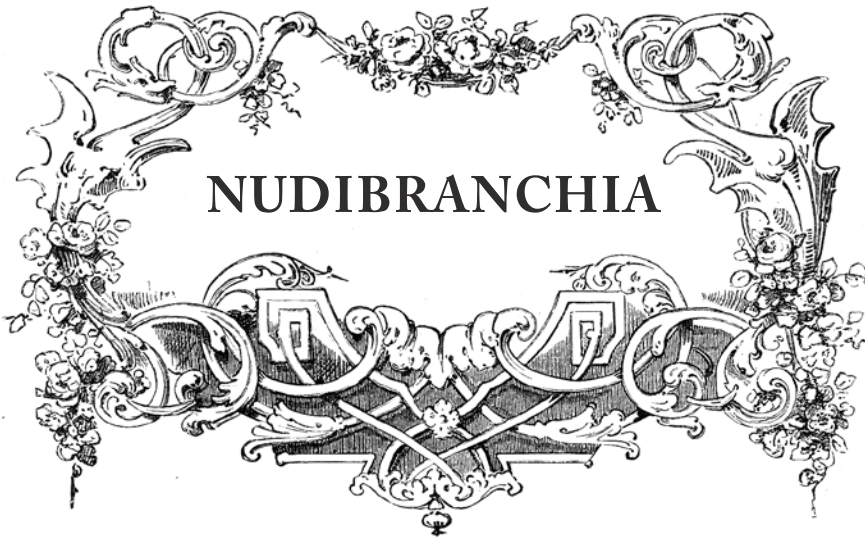
PIETER J. SCHERMER

The use of the sea is in the salt
drowning in tears schools of herring
twisting and turning react hysterically
to light beams rays of the sun
reaching two hundred meters at most
after this level we dive in darkness
deep sea lives on marine snow and detritus
creatures once unseen derive their lives
from rotten corpses and faecal whirling
down under everything leads to the abyss
with its bestiary of freaks albino giants
deep down in an ocean of silence
they live a life of unknown living poems
unspoken

Placenta jellyfish float under the surface
like implicit words flow unborn
that's how thoughts travel
as above, so below; as below, so above.
all in all passed by stardust
everything in everything
speechless aliens after all

Stars come out from deep space
dropping reflections of the universe
into the dark movement of the ocean
writing words with waves
a gulf stream of endless songs
whirling around the passengers
perpetual mobile of memories

The embarkation for Cythera is cancelled
all gleam and vista of heaven and earth
the black field of shining waters confuses
waves of people debark the Ark of Rupture
in the wake of the vessel memories see the light
old trees for hearth and home gave their lives
on them the shine of birth in tree rings
drilled and daggered deep vault of heaven
with glimmering sun at daybreak
world and universe rise out of their cloaked state
it is contained in this small vibrating crystal
drop that trickles down the windowpane
comprehensive in itself returned similarity
sentiment lay down its memory in sediment of thought
the homecoming of the salt in condensing tears of time
cannot make us forget the overwhelming love
for the utmost experience having lived



EMMA LUNDENMARK

Like a llama with ears of silver sapphires instead of a neck and with the words
folded in wings and outstretched hooves on the prowl

I cherish a dream of a sea

in soft trailing steps through shrill layers of colours like days sorted on time

I have held my fingers in my nape a lukewarm straining against peace

laid the starved passenger to sleep as if we've never spoken about the journey's
destination

a quiet reception in the morning

with drawing-charcoal around the windows and the birds from a world beneath,
as if all other language had been spoken

you blind shroud in a tangled cage as if everything else was being worn by feathers

OCEAN MURMUR

STEVEN CLINE

An account

My first words upon seeing the Atlantic this year were “I want to fuck the ocean.” My first sensation on swimming in it was that of being in a sexual caress. Though we liked the idea of a hermaphroditic ocean, eventually my wife and I had to admit to its obvious feminine gender. We got out and walked along the beach, observing the gifts she brought to us: a red rubbery carcass of unknown origin, and a sunken tree root with a phallus. Later at the aquarium, we were able to touch rays and starfish. I let the starfish slowly inch its way across my hand. Its tiny feelers moved strangely, sucking at my skin and clinging to me. I struggled to pull it away from my palm. An ocean full of such creatures – it was unimaginable. I pictured myself as a sunken corpse, naked and vulnerable at the bottom of the ocean. My body becoming slowly covered by these soft and amorphous creatures, feeding on my flesh in an orgy of vicious and sublime beauty...

A prediction under the bright summer sun

Oceans rise and Eros has her revenge. Dead capitalist concrete transformed into mountains of erotic flesh. Over on 55th Street, a giant squid inserts her tentacles into the belly button of an old taxi diver, while a few feet away the frightened shop owner's back is covered with convulsing jellies. Divination time – semen mixed with geometrically assembled fish guts requires an exceptional green eye for proper reading. Never mind the still-moving gills. Amidst the moist chaos, desperate couplings are performed upon the backs of giant sea anemones that have been waiting patiently for just such an occasion. The ocean turns white, then red, then white again. Canoeing onlookers notice a rapidly changing consistency and buoyancy. And where have the butterflyfish gone? The ocean, no longer bounded by gravity, consumes reality in one soft and gelatinous orgasm.



Steven Cline

A DREAM OF MIRABELLA

ARTHUR DAVID SPOTA

From the very first day

A spree of constellations washed over me
A birdman forged by boundary and apparition
Breathed over me
Elusive rabid vapors
and ozonal personas
of liquid suns

My perception crawled and crooked
like the house rippled
by hideousness and famine
murmuring in the shallow of its pity.

The sea painter's house on the narrow street burns like a Nova.
I sense your presence, exclusive of dualities, condensed in its shadows.
A shift in transcendence is a parting cry to beauty
and a way out of the lion's village struck by isolation.

Today I had no luck, and I've never been known to part the floor to the stars...

Because the sea is my bondage

My gravitational Babel

My aqueous paradigm that deflects an infinitively blue gaping wound.

The irrational pull of spring when I waited at the jetty's edge,
seabird in tow, the end of days looming warily on its Pacific rim,
it all came to me in the Secret Dream weighed by the whirring waves
and an insidious ferment in the oceans lament that brought you to me,

draped in alaria and cleansed by striation of transcendence,
The elegance of your essence a treasure oblique

Mirabella

A crucible filled with alchemic charges
shaped the vessel that would carry you
to the breaker of chains
who gave me a key to the light keeper's house
should the pale in night be extinguished.

I'd caress her endlessly, here by the gardenias,
those marvels of great feasts at the brink of the river's end

But words are more palpable.

So I sit and wait
the passage of time an annulment of intention and dissent

I watch for a breach

and wait

and dream

The primordial mocks my bearings much in the way
harmony is hidden to me.

I've swallowed incomprehension whole; a vortex at place in the dusk
of an oasis that I have no part of.

I am no more of the moment

But I hear what I hear and I see what I see

And I assemble momentary centrifugal pulses from an anomaly
sputtering across Battery Harbour like a drunken wave.

I see the great indivisible exhale in the window of hidden thought,

lift itself out of the nowhere and into the crowded head
crowned with the key to the floodgates
open and gushing through fetal streets,
wiping them of any kind of withdrawal, duplicity and morass.
I'm tempered by the caravan of black swans riding the wave that calls my name,
But I'm still here, watching over Atlantis' etheric reflection
summoning the death of Anaideia and the rise of Brizo.
When the gorge grows deeper with difficult reason
You're beside me
But one look in your direction and all thought is laid to waste.

The tide takes me slowly in an arcanum hum,
forgives my celestial wisdom and astutely tunes me
to the beginning of words where the future has not yet begun.

It drags me into the grotto caught in your hands.

You lift it and pour out the sea, creating a surge of such portent magnitude
a fissure is formed in the atmosphere that splits the sky and spills my inversion
far into the future.
Blinded and bonded to the moment, my senses open violently to a school of anglerfish
who envelope and carry me to a pulsating gleam in the hydrothermal vent
and then Deeper
to the Octocorals and the Nereids that dwell within them in service to you.
When you come to me, you come as an exponent of trinity;
A trilateral labyrinth that stirs the beauty of things
and rakes the misery of the great unknown in your wake.
You embrace and engulf me with the hysteria of the twin of tomorrow:
The lighthouse on the hill no longer undressing the shedding stars
Left behind now
Deeper
and
Darker
The way you dream

luring me through lumens of blinding coral
of the Fourth World
bathed in a green phosphorescence
that illuminates the sea around us like
Renewal
Deeper
and
Darker
to innocence
When I'm reconstituted into your ship of dawn
trawling an ocean path for old sounds and a snail's bed of jewels.

As I walk with you I sink into dark sediment
and instantly give birth to the Bathyscaphe Trieste.

Deeper
Past schools of jealous bones crossing the sepulchral waters,
 their mandate a rendition of the receding dream in the oceans' nest.
Optic land, wrapped in mist, now a half-forgotten Fortean daydream
Its surrounding lines emptied of mysterious surges,
Its fixed light extracted and replenished with remembrances of storms
 at their densest when spindling the nectar of the shadow of words.
The abyssal plain, scratched from an old whore of heaven,
Fills our gnosis to the brim
Redeeming and revealing arcane references of an external world
 without a trace of the myth spectrum
 nor a sluice of the United Fakes of America hiding under their triple drone.
The golden Saint of ICHTHUS
Born of the torn edges of the midnight zone
Is father to receiving them,
the omens of monsters and deities
Leucothea and Hydros, Delphin and the Graeae.
Deeper
Beyond the nightmarish glass of insufferable reason



Alex Januário

and the fugitive warbler of insatiable faith
Truth at his feet almost childlike, liquid
Bartering gravity for a course through the green air and the marine snow
that covers the salty lepers of ancient sun in eternal revolt here.
The triangular teeth of an extinct Helicoprion sound out the ecstasy
of a hydrogen poem
Its source an ambrosia of fractals displaced and dispersed to the collective.

We reach the Snake River Plain
where you will me to desire, but also regret
The Holy Ghost of this darkness is fading into winter whales
And the poem never emerges again.

Scant light grows even deeper, darker and deeper where I am at the bottom
scavenging for pearls that are the faint stars that glisten above.
And they fit perfectly into you
Each one a nominal perfection that burns rapidly, infinitely

Their light guided me; lifted me,
Beckoned me to enter

And then I hit the light...

Consequently I drift, snagged between the Bathyal and the furtive sun.
Having witnessed the richness of common madness spiraling amidst specters,
I wonder how I might be restored to the earth.
How now in every speck of rain I will always sense the sea
and the possibility that I will echo like an abysm as I fall against the ruins.

You bring to me a place where there is no warmth or light
Where the islands of the Gulf of Salerno's fabled coast
are the teardrops on your breast.
Mirabella
Consort of the Marvelous

Mysterious Deity of rhapsodic amphibious amplitudes
You invert the curse placed on my bland opaqueness
beyond the ghost domains nestled between the intervals
of the duration of magic.

In my haunted way I've mourned the days of the empire lost

But what is done is done
And what is begun has begun.

At that dismal hour when you purge the dead paths
from a life being dreamt for me
I find myself drowned amongst the shipwrecked bodies
of a collective dream unfulfilled.

Your thoughts possess my own, shape the edict of my cohesion
into a cobalt eruption of sorcerous timbre.

Your inner worlds inhabit me, and like Orpheus vexed,
Speak to me without a voice:

"With emissions only the dead receive, I invoke you to walk the suns
and levitate on each like a breath of flame.

Our telepathy creates the glow of siennas there where our chaos
is the apex of ekstasis.

We rise from a nuance in the abyss enabling lost spirits to rule again
in the atom of the compound that is neither your day or night,
your sea or sky, your fire or earth, your flesh or soul."

"We are not stone we are not wind we are not the earth
There are days we are whirlwinds,
We do not know where the jagged ledges lie so we tumble endlessly here
through no error of our own, listening to an ancient tide overflowing from
a cistern at the beginning.



Michael Richardson

We are spread here like ruins, hidden from others to see
No longer resembling anything vivid or dead
But growing smaller at dawn and larger when our dreams surge and we
siphon the sea to fill the unbound spaces in the stretched out clouds.
How can we dream when nothing endures and time plays its empty hand
with the intent to bind our hearts to the dead husk of longing,
plunging it into the ocean whole where it splits into a multitude of patterns
moving through beds of buried mosques and clusters of Atollas
as radiant as stars, as incandescent as the leaves on the trees falling
at the awaited hour when you appear with the moon in a sling and the dream
of a young child grasped firmly in your hand?
Coral reefs beckon you, delicately hidden in the drift,
and a briny sky of different colors guides you through a womb in the dark
to a bridge, and to us.
You will cross the bridge when you enter our house, a house of summers of ether
and dead mythological rivers filled with copper hulls and the dust of the blood
that will seal your fate.
We are aquatic vibrations self-posed in a world whose purpose lies beyond judgment.
There is nothing beyond you but our hushed voice, blessed child,
Death is hollow and cannot tarnish you.
Under the tow of our brows, spring will appear in your snow blue eyelids
and will serve as a passport to our little house.
There are no doors, no dimensions, but it is filled with light, so you will find your way.
It is an island and a tiny stone, a living body whose flesh has yet to be subverted.
And you are at the center of its crest.
This destination placed upon you began in illusion when you were vulnerable, shut down,
walking a crooked line with all the vacuity of things half remembered.
We wished for you to vanish among living spaces, amongst eternal dreamers,
but the absence of your presence was too burdensome, so we set you adrift.
We are the mist that serves your memory; the breath in the Red Sea.
Did you not recognize us circling you, eyes manacled by reason?
Overdue, we are happy to put it behind us.
Our thoughts are a labyrinth, a space filled of mirrors that move
as sound brims through them.

A long silence followed you, and you were unable to choose.
We have come to quell the silence.

Choose Beauty, and choose to follow the acute modulations of your heart.

The path that unfolds before you is the only path worth traveling.”

Postscript:

Between the distant sea
My sea
My body is in a cage
My heart given to serpents.
Caverns beneath the oceanic plain
are probed diligently for secret passages
obscured by occulted mangroves
thick with a deceitful harvest.

The present and future tense
of the phosphorus waters
ends in a toil of light
wavering and amiss.

See my fate drawn into the fog
thick with extravagance.
The passages flow upwards
in ways I know nothing of.

Haven't you heard the sea humming for hours,
adorned by a kind of boredom
that drones into depression,
and then, eternal silence?

Boredom is the necklace of the night tides

always burgeoning one way or the next,
A briny jewel glistening
and luring the spirit adrift.

There were truths to be reaped from these illimitable currents
but starfish have taken and laid them to rest.
My spirit creaks like a wreckage in the deep sea shadows,
bruised and frayed by the ebb and caress of the undergrowth,
a living nodule shattered into little flecks
across the vineyard of the abyss.

See my soul drawn from darkness
thick with opulence.
The waters flow upwards in ways
I know nothing of.



Deborah Stevenson

Merman

APPEL POUR LA SURVIE DU VOYAGE SUR LA HAUTE MER

ODY SABAN

Voici des talismans où vision à peindre pour que les hommes, les femmes et les enfants reviennent à rêver sur les bateaux, sur la planète bleue.

Aidez-nous à réaliser ces talismans, ils ont plusieurs mètres carrés chacun. -Je lance cette appelle : « Les songes de navires croupissent dans les ruelles désertes des vieux ports abandonnés. »

- « En haute mer les êtres humains disparaissent des embarcations, voient leur désir broyer et sont remplacés par des grands sacs plastiques de plus en plus vides. »

- « Dans le réel les bateaux ne sont pas menacés. C'est leur survie dans l'ordre symbolique, leur capacité de produire des songes qui est en danger. » (Ernst Rosenblum, Université de Chicago, « Ecologie social et bâtiment maritimes, page 1613. ») -« Nous allons amener les bateaux en haute mer et les faire danser. »

Grandes vagues de talismans pour la mer

Première vague : La fleur.

Respirer sereinement cette fleur titanique, caressez la, voyez comme les bateaux poussent harmonieusement, indestructibles à chacun de ses pétales. Vous verrez comme ils prendront de l'ampleur. Comme cela sent bon. C'est l'aube de mon utopie. Je disperse les pétales en corne de lune sur la mer presque immobile. Dans l'eau les bateaux sont prolongés par un corps avec des pieds, des jambes. Des bateaux forment six têtes avec douze yeux. Les mains sortent de la mer avec des grandes masses d'eau pleines de poissons, de coraux, de coquilles.

Les bateaux jouent à cache cache, ils se déguisent en fleur dans le ciel parmi les nuages. Regardez. Jouez avec eux.

Deuxième vague : Le nouvel alphabet.

Les bateaux avec la force de tout ce qui lutte pour leur survie ont inventé un nouveau l'alphabet universel dont chaque lettre est un bateau. Bateaux imaginaires, bateaux rêvés, bateaux sans nom, barques, pirogues, voiliers, paquebots, aéroglisseur, submersibles, radeaux transatlantiques... Grâce à leur alphabet les bateaux voyagent dans les sacs des facteurs ornés de bateaux.

Dans toutes les rues, dans certaines lettres, dans certaines prospectus de plantes médicinales.

Aujourd'hui les gens veulent des appartements Océan. On ouvre la porte et on descend quelques marches mouillées aux coquillages roses et au bout de la plage il y a l'Océan et les bateaux qui dansent !

Quand on est quelques gouttes bleues sur des bateaux issus de l'alphabet débordant des enveloppes, ceci prennent du relief, de la solidité, grandissent, élèvent l'ancre, prennent la mer. Emportent des enfants. Les transatlantiques dansent sur la mer. Les voyageurs dansent sur les bateaux avec des masques Océaniens à la lumière dorée des grandes chandelles ombragées par les palmiers marins.

Troisième vague : Alliance.

Les plus beaux, les plus intelligents, les plus grands animaux du monde, les baleines bleues sont amoureuses des bateaux. Elles leur réapprennent à naviguer. Ils se caressent deux par deux et voyagent en couples très rapprochés. Ils se rapprochent d'elles, des couples très rapprochés se forment et se caressent. Les pirates n'osent plus attaquer les baleines avec leurs harpons électriques au curare. Cette espèce aussi sera sauvée.

Les savants ont compris que la forme des grands bateaux avec leurs nageoires est beaucoup plus propice au vol aérien que celle des avions avec leurs ailes. Beaucoup de bateaux volent dans le ciel. Ils croisent les hélicoptères, avions, des chevaux volants, les grandes libellules et les grandes abeilles. Mais les bateaux sont pacifiques et ne chassent pas les anciens habitants du ciel.

Le grand navire gratuit le plus rapide du monde translucide comme une méduse

fonctionne à l'énergie marine et éolienne sans faire de vagues. Quelques gouttes d'essence de mimosa.



Ody Saban

Dances sur le champ des menaces



Ody Saban

La belle fugue

THE OYSTER EATER

RW SPRYSZAK

Near the bathing hut the oyster eater was hypnotized by the monotonous silver green waves that broke and dissipated on the sand. The blue light just below the surface of the sea, an orb, twirled in a fury just out of reach. Hiding but absolute. Sometimes there is too much garlic. Other times the orb looks like a tiny star submerged in the water. He couldn't decide which to correct first. So, in the end, he did nothing. When the ice shelf broke off and drifted into the sea the water spilled over the edge of the glass. It was a result no one seemed ready for.

He poked the last creature and ripped it from its shell. Swimming in salt and sauce. Kicking, he sucked it down. It went slithering glob-like to the gullet. A magnificent descent. One dozen oysters gone and the sea never the worse for wear.

An hour before two women went into a single tent to change into their bathing suits. But they were behind the tall red fabric held up by a permanent frame for longer than anyone would deem reasonable, which aroused suspicions and blood flow. Long enough to change into lizards, he should imagine. Once in a while, it seemed, elbows and knees disturbed the placid curtains. And deep, manly, satisfied moans drifted into the sea air from inside. A mystery in there. "Maybe not so much lizards as *marrus orthocanna*," he thought, visibly. And there it was. The difference between the worlds. The blue orb ordering its minions, marching the sardines out to battle, helmets askew, cocky, weapons slung, ready to invade. While all the time the human kind stroke obscure places on the map of the body and tittle into the wind, silly.

It was going to be a long war. "Maybe I need another dozen," he thought as he poked his little finger into his ear and broke off chunks of something from inside that fell to the sand. A horn blew in the fog. He hadn't noticed the mist coming in off the water until then. Raising a hand he summoned the waiter, who emerged from the bathing hut smeared with lipstick and sweat, happy to march off to the kitchen to bring another round like an armed sardine. True warrior.

It was his contribution, to his way of thinking. If these things were going to try to take back the land the best thing to do is eat the denizens in staggering numbers. Oyster crackers. Steaming pots of black calamari. Tuna steaks. Shark fins. Eel. Eat them all. That will teach them. The justice of the sanguine canal.

This was exactly the moment the priest, in his blackest long robe that hid his unpolished brown shoes, emerged from the fog with a long curved sword and ran into the tent screaming the Lord's Prayer, backwards. "Evil from us deliver, but temptation!"

The eater could hear the weapon cutting into the women inside the hut. Like slicing open watermelons or pigs or even apples. What emerged, when it was over, was a man praying the black rosary, the light of heaven descending from a cloud, suddenly, making him a saint for all time. Lifting him into the air as he walked. Making the eater wish he'd ordered two dozen instead of just one.

All of this distracted him from the orb beyond the monotonous waves that at first held his attention. The blue orb. A crystal thing with tentacles. Emerging from the water like a balloon. One eye watching the eater. The other eye scanning the beach for crabs. The third eye peering hard at the skyline of the city, plotting the path this destruction would take.

Water takes the path of least resistance. The Ancient Ones wrote this strategy six thousand years ago. Maybe ten. Water is clear when held in the palm of the hand. Turns cloudy when poured into deep glasses. Is black at the bottom where you go to drown. It breaks up light close to the surface, but refuses to allow it into the deeper regions. A simple approach, really. Water can slice a rock or heal a wound. And this is exactly the point. This was the plan of attack. Few men would ever see it.

When the second dozen oysters arrived, finally – because he thought he was going to die of hunger by the time the waiter made his way back – the orb had already passed overhead and was smacking into the buildings on the waterfront, slowly and systematically busting the walls, kissing the bricks, and something something to the windows. There was some screaming. Shots were fired. There was too much garlic in this batch, but at least

the bread was fresh. The waiter stepped over the river of blood meandering through the sand from the hut, adding up the bill in his head to guess at what his tip would come out as.

It was all a matter of preservation now. In his fever to produce the idea of true purity (that is to say, no other man poking around to complicate the DNA) the birth canal becomes a one way street and perfect equals virginal and the answer is always supernatural. The oyster eater by the bather's tent realized this as he watched the blue orb.

Now he knew. Crystal clear. So he dropped the baguette and ran through the streets of the seaside town.

"It can't be a coincidence," he yelled. "It has to be the voice of God." He pounded on door after door, repeating this mantra over and over.

But finally Pascal, the betting man, had enough of the things that came out of the sea. He never believed the warnings. He hated having the peace of his parlor upset by talk of the West. Sick and tired of it all, in fact, having lived in this port for the past eighty three years and used to seeing his share. "Enough of this nonsense," he said, as he stopped dropping bread-crumbs on the floor so he could find his way home again to the land that used to be. "The water does this every spring."

And when the eater pressed his face against the glass window of Pascal's shop he took his pistol out of the drawer by the register and shot him in the open mouth of his head.

Glass and gray and bone flew out the back of the eater's skull and landed in the rainwater collected in the gutter by the curb across the street, mixing with the oil there like rainbows and islands. Continents of multicolored patterns on the surface, blown by the breeze into monotonous silver green waves that broke and dissipated on the cobblestone. The blue light just below the surface of the pool, an orb, seemed to twirl in a fury just out of reach. Hiding but absolute.



Renzo Margonari
TULIPES DE MER

THE HERMETIC SEA

DAVID NADEAU

It is time for Surrealism to become like the ever-dry floating sieve on which the Doctor Faustroll and his passengers sail on the electromagnetic waves that travel the high layer of Earth's atmosphere. All of these "upper waters" form the filter and place of concentration in which the ultraviolet radiation coming from interstellar space is transformed. The subtle deluge caused by the overflowing of the Alchemical Sea, or Mercury, dissolves the sensitive and rational appearances on which the capitalist social structures were based and that ensured their reproduction. The mind that opens on the vastness of this sea, where common sense finds no benchmarks, is transferred into another space-time, not linear but cyclical, where it may be absorbed without return. This upheaval of the logic balance of the waking state's secular consciousness is the prime matter of the Great Work, on the mental and spiritual level. The alchemist Bernard Roger associates Mercury with the Other world of fairy tales, as well as to the collective unconscious of Jungian psychology (*Initiation et contes de fées*¹, p. 24).

The superior waves generate dew, from which, during the month of May only, a salt, nitre isotope, or isomer, can be drawn. Mercury, the Universal Solvent, can only be extracted from this crystalline body, although it is present in a latent state in all nature². The Water that kills and resurrects comes from Nammu, the vast sea where is the origin of life.

1 Bernard Roger's book has been translated in English and published under the title *The Initiatory Path in Fairy Tales : The Alchemical Secrets of Mother Goose* (Inner Traditions, 2015).

2 " [...] you feel that the woman who is appropriate for the stone and who must be united with it is this fountain of living water, whose source, entirely heavenly, and which has its center particularly in the Sun and the Moon, produces this clear and precious stream of the Sages, which flows into the sea of the Philosophers that surrounds the whole world [...] ". Limojon de Saint-Didier, *Entretien d'Eudoxe et de Pyrophile sur l'ancienne guerre des chevaliers*, in *Le Triomphe hermétique ou La Pierre philosophale victorieuse* (1699).



Christian Girard
Chez Madame Verret

IN THE GLEAM OF THE SHADOW

I

Once autumn is fully sublimated,
drown the impassive deserts.
The blood of the Hydra is a paradoxical poison.

The prophetic trees are approaching us...
All earthquakes converge.
The wind stretches itself to the last rays.

I advise you: Avoid time.
Humanity is engulfed by the heavenly swamp,
the sleepwalking ocean,
the undulatory ashtray,
the crucible of the heart.

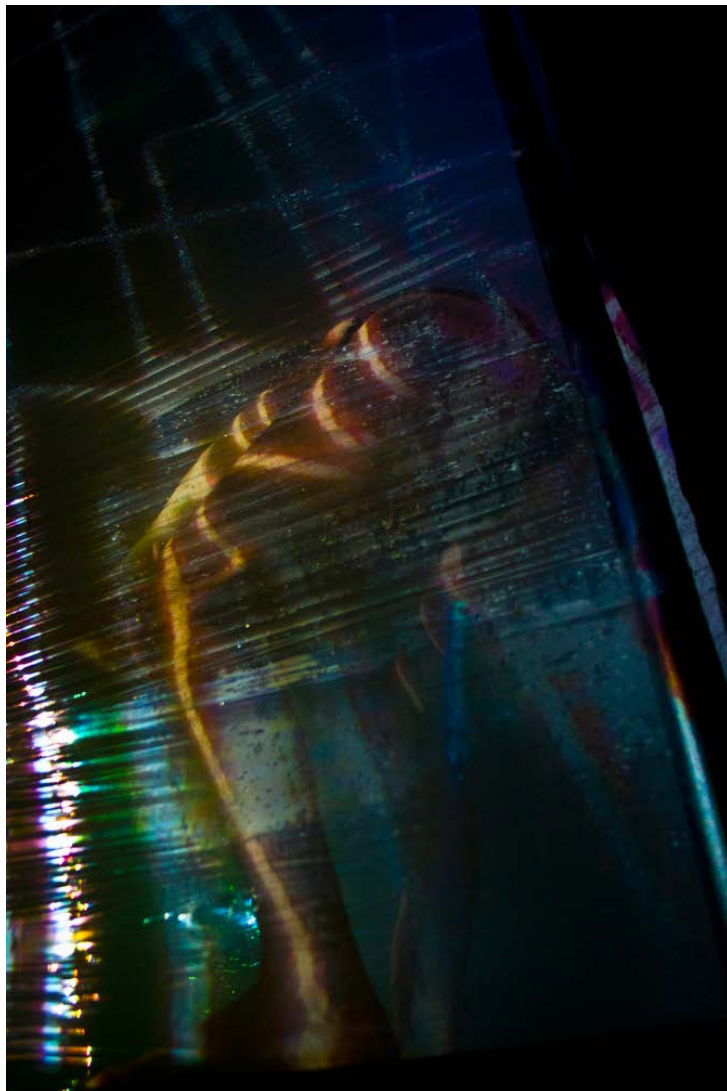
Is it finally over?
Putrefaction of the diamond in the upper layers of the atmosphere was
planned from the beginning.

II

This beginning stretches itself in the gleam of the possible shadow.
Trees parade on the passenger seat.
The road plunges into the liver.
The heart approaches the occult ocean.
The wind sweeps the undulatory sleepwalkers in the precious debris of
the Atrabile.
The last rays converge, for a more complete dissolution.
Autumn swallows the paradoxical diamond.
The earthquake remains stoic.

The lives past in the heavenly swamp,
is it finally over?
We will meet your old friends again.

The disappearance of humanity is a bad memory.



Joffrey Floyd Doyon

A REVIEW OF LE DOMAINE DES ENCHANTEURS

Bruno Geneste and Paul Sanda, *Les surréalistes et la Bretagne : le Domaine des Enchanteurs*. Éditinter, 2015.

A small boat travels the invisible depths of the unconscious, and puts man to challenge of crossing the mysteries of desire, to crack in himself the doors of the marvelous. – Bruno Geneste and Paul Sanda

After Ouessant, l'(H)ermitage des Grands Vents (Éditions Rafael Surtis, 2013), *Les surréalistes et la Bretagne* is the second essay from the association between the poets Bruno Geneste and Paul Sanda, *Surrealists of the naked forces, of the shore, the sand and the rocks*. Thirty-two short chapters are devoted to creators, Surrealist for most, and their relationship with the geography, culture and mythology of Brittany. They are the Great Ancestors, of which the two poets, having become *sea foam men*, feel the presence in their *dérives* along the shore, the foreshore and the cliffs, but also in the *House of Eve* of the Creac'h semaphore at Ouessant, writing place of this book, and during their shamanistic dances...

The last six chapters are devoted to the presentation of Sanda and Geneste's poetic theories, and thus form a sort of manifesto of the *oceanic Surrealism*, or *Surrealism of the shore*. What these poets call the Atlantic experience of the edge is to amass experiences, insights and perceptions, in contact with the elements of nature involved in the Breton landscape:

And the semaphore could drop on us and in us its turning lightning in the Ouessant night, the long poem of a fierce sea like no other. So we have chosen to extend ourselves here constantly, in the din of the rocks and into the aqueous immensity able to leave an impassable gap fill our senses and desires, and all volunteer intensity of exile to the heart of the geological complex that carries it on: the invisible current that carries the poem to the surface of a continent made of magmas and wicks that the ebb jostles.

In the chapter on “the end of the earth of Yves Tanguy” is mentioned the Geopoetic, invented by the writer Kenneth White¹ in the early 1980s and described in his book *Le Plateau de l'albatros*. Indeed, the poetic quest pursued by the two authors of *Les surréalistes et la Bretagne* approaches the founding principles of this movement of thought and creation, defined on the International Institute of Geopoetic's website:

*The Geopoetic is a transdisciplinary theory and practice applicable to all areas of life and research, which aims to restore and enrich the human-Earth relationship that has long been broken, with the ecological, psychological and intellectual consequences we know about, thus developing new existential perspectives in a refounded world.*²

An experiment of oceanic Surrealism, led by Sanda and Geneste, is mentioned in their book. On 6 November 2014, on the shores of the Sussex coast, two children discover a beached bottle containing the fragment of the poem “La femme sur la plage”, by André Breton. Under the poem is written the following: “A poet, a poem, a bottle in the sea ... / Bottle launched by the House of Poetry of Quimperlé's Country, September 5, 2014. If you find this bottle please contact us at 06 20 82 82 24”. This took place on the occasion of the fourth edition of “The Beached Bottles”, organized on the idea of Paul Sanda, by the House of Poetry of Quimperlé's Country, an association led by Bruno Geneste. Each year, seven glass bottles, each containing a poem, are launched at the port of Doëlan (Finistère).

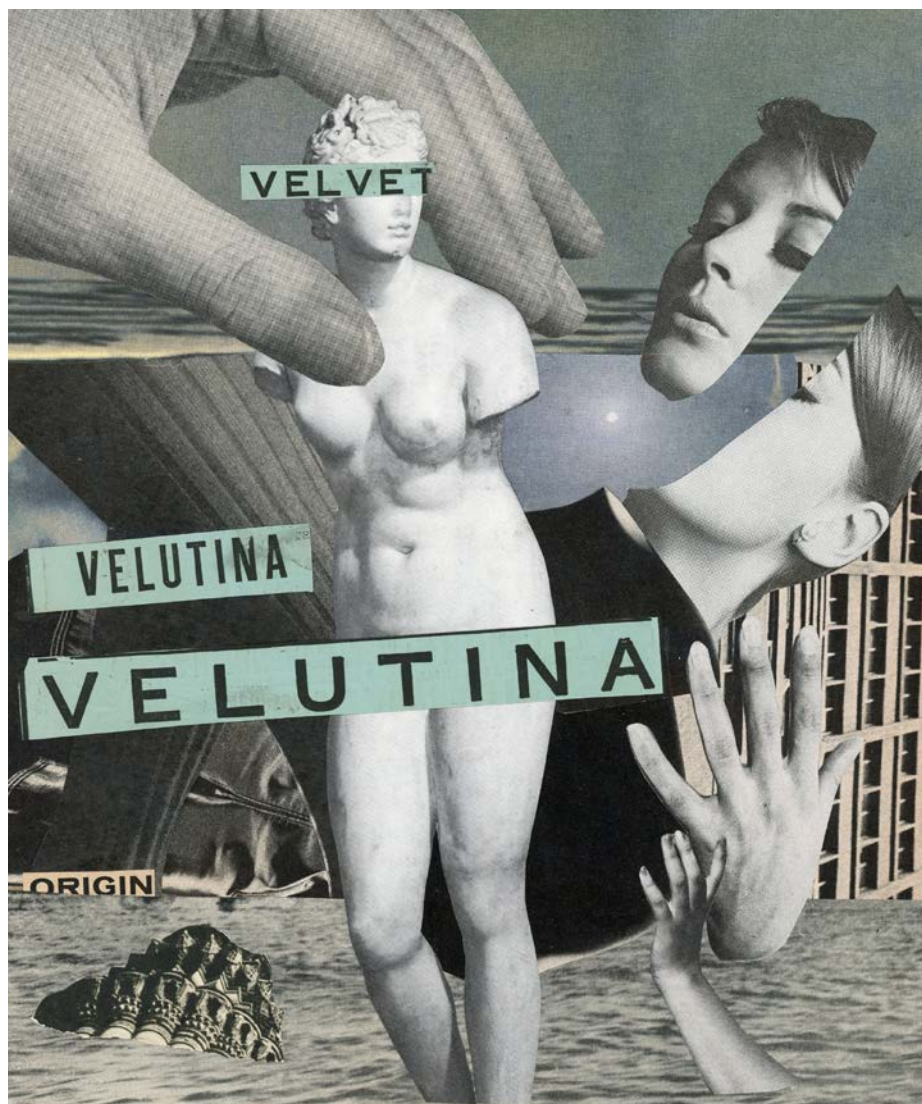
The poetic experience of Geneste and Sanda is in continuity with the Surrealist and Gnostic spirit that animated the group of the *Supérieur Inconnu* magazine (1995-2011), to which Paul Sanda has been a part of.

1. Prose poems extracted from *Les Limbes incandescentes*, by Kenneth White, are published in the eighth issue of *La Brèche* in November 1965. Then in 1996, editions *L'Instant Perpétuel* publish *La Danse du chamane sur le glacier*, a Kenneth White' Geopoetic essay on the work of Jorge Camacho, accompanied by seven drawings and six photographs of a sculpture of the latter.

2. www.kennethwhite.org/geopoetique/

EMMA LUNDENMARK

Why not try for yourself master among polecats to alone become a sea on a beach
why not disenvelop all the formulas in shoes and pockets in hems
why not clamber up among circles reminiscent of space
into nests above the noise of a land marketing its appearances
inviting you to its buoy



Megan Leach

A SEA ODYSSEY

GALE AHRENS

It's sunset. Exhausted, I go down to the sea. I'm wearing only a sea green diaphanous gown that billows in the wind and my knee length red hair wisps and flies. Soon my gown and hair flutter and fly together in mad ecstasy. My feet sink into the sand and my toes laugh as the wet sand oozes between and among them. The sound of the surf soothes, the green gray waves melting into sea foam beckon, and I enter the water. I'm buoyant, my gown and I become one with the waves as we dip and rise with them and float along, close to the shore, sea foam is my bed and my hair flows out and floats around me like a thousand flaccid legs. My eyes are shut, and time ceases to exist. The salt water stings my nose and my eyes, and I smile. Seashells float over me, under me and all around me. They form a raft for me and lead me past the breaking waves, beyond the sea and out to the great ocean. I'm not afraid as the shells form a hook and pull me down, down, down to the lowest depths. All manner of sea creatures pass before me, jelly fish, starfish, seahorses, dolphins, neon colored fish of all sizes, sponge Bob square pants, sharks and whales and octopuses and creatures I've never seen before. They all accompany me as we dive deeper and deeper, picking up a panoply of more astounding creatures for our procession as we continue our descent. I find my gills and swim along as if I were born of the ocean and not of the land. Finally we arrive at the Lost City of Atlantis, where sirens, mermaids and mermen live. They take me in, they take my gown and wind it tight tight and tighter around my legs from just below my waist to the tip of my toes. The lower part of my body is mummified. I can feel my bones transforming to something else, something lighter, something more flexible. When it starts to hurt too much, the Sirens anesthetize me with their songs. Barnacles attach themselves to my lower body. It tickles and sometimes pinches a little. The barnacles detach themselves, leaving translucent scales in their places. The mermaids form a ring around me and sing in ethereal voices while the sirens and mermen play oceanic instruments. I'm given a Secret name, and it pleases me.

I love my life in the seas and oceans where unfettered freedom abounds.



Heidi Bird

Because man hasn't conquered the seas, not like he has the land. Because he hasn't made (very much anyway) working slaves out of us magnificent sea creatures as he has made out of land creatures, himself and herself first and then, the horse, the ox, the ass, the camel, the elephant, the dog... I am content and happy as a mermaid with a Secret name and hair now the color of green and the texture of seaweed. I love to sway back and forth in the ocean as if the wind is sending me one way and then the other. The soundscapes are hypnotic and often lull me to dream. Sometimes I think of my land friends and family. Less and less each day I think of them, I may forget them if I don't do something soon. So I go back to the land, but can't find my legs. I call to sea birds, and they fly me to my old land home. It's hard to breathe on land now, but suddenly I remember where to find my lungs. With my own people at last, they refuse to believe it's me. Imagine! They tell me even my voice is all wrong. Then my mom says, "What did you do to your hair?" And my sister chimes in, "What's that you're wearing?" while brushing back my hair to get a better look at my clam shell brassiere. She pulls on it, nearly breaking it "Stop!" I say forcefully. "I need that. The mermaids made me this to protect me from the little nibbling fishes in the sea." A little fish hiding in there jumps out just to prove it and lands in my sister's lap. "Get it off! Get it off!" she screams while brushing wildly. I pick the fish up and revive it with a special blend of herbal tea. Then I put her (or him) back into my brassiere that's holding enough salt water to keep the little trespasser alive. She (or he) falls asleep.

After that, one by one my friends accept the new me. They can't stop caressing my mermaid scales. Betsy tugs at them, thinking I'm in costume. It's soon decided. My friends can't wait to go back with me, each wanting an ocean adventure of her or his own. We're soon on our way. My mom runs after us waving a jacket in the air. "Take this, you'll catch your death." I take it to please her and when we're out of her sight I give it to a trembling rose bush. My friends carry me back to the ocean all in a rush and I teach them to find their gills. Soon, everyone is wearing a new oceanic form. Many of us conspire to go back to the land and round up every enslaved creature there and bring them to the sea. Using the each one teach one formula, it doesn't take long at all. We are now thousands upon

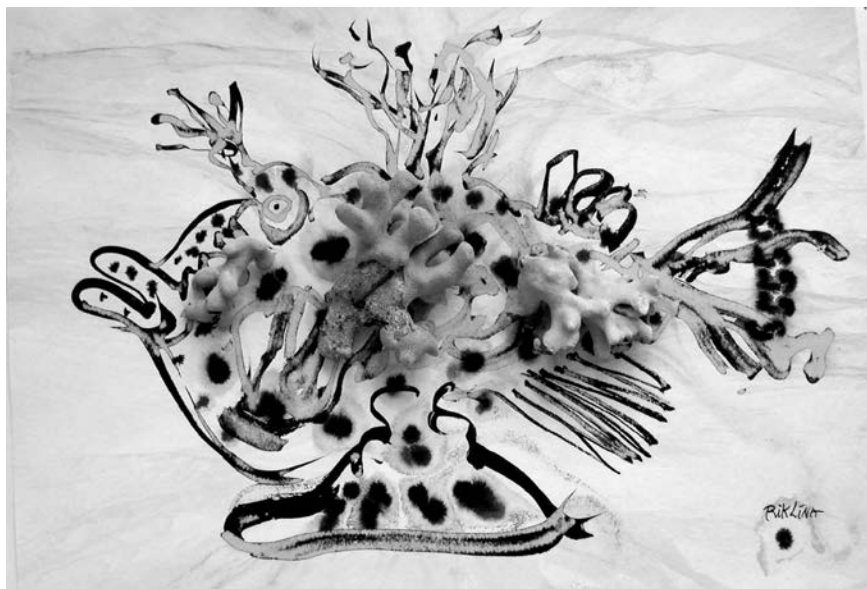
thousands of new mysterious oceanic forms living together in unfettered freedom in the deeps of the ocean. You may not believe this, but no one revolts and demands work. We develop new languages and ways to call each other through the waters.

Native Americans, Aborigines and all non enslaved indigenous peoples around the world are given back the land. They heal the land, the air and the waters from modern man's follies and now the land flourishes and many new species of trees, flowers and creatures suddenly appear. Rivers, lakes and streams, creeks, the seas and oceans sparkle and dance with joy. The air is intoxicating to breathe, heavy with notes of floral, mineral and animal. The sounds of the insects and animals make a constant dissonant symphony. Countless millions of stars, more stars than ever seen by modern man illuminate the night sky. Sunrises and sunsets are breathtakingly brilliant. Rains and snows are sweet and gentle. Old buildings are reclaimed by plants, insects and animals and become as land's coral reefs. The land inhabitants live in peace with each other, the animals and the humans share everything. Everyday the peoples create. They make artful clothes, pottery, paintings, sculptures and homes. The idea of work has become as dead as the idea of greed. The land inhabitants now live in harmony with the ocean inhabitants in unfettered freedom for all. And my little fish trespasser left me to find adventures of her (or his) own.



John Welson

Awaiting The Unknown Drama Of The Deep



Rik Lina

Camouflage

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

LAURA LAKE

I hereby affirm, declare, expostulate, ruminate, and eat-grass at the legal incantations necessary to formulate a valid, binding, bottom-submissive last will and testament. While I'm composing this document as a contribution to a surrealist magazine—*the People's Madreporic Republic piece for Peculiar Mormyrid*, the most unpronounceable I've ever done—THIS IS NOT A JOKE!

Let me state frankly, for the record, to be inscribed on adamant tablets installed across the boundary lines at the ends of the universe, I do this not to be ironic, but because this is the most public possible declaration available. I'd never complete such a dreary, awful document otherwise—and why should I have to learn to speak *lawyer* just to protect my interests?

My blood is the sea. I inherited it from my Newfoundlander parents, but as all property is theft, I demand my corpse's bio-genetic repatriation to the Atlantic Ocean. It has fed me well. What could be more just than a salty soup of myself served freezing to a nest of shellfish? *Revenge is a dish best served cold.*

The sea is the cradle of life! We are, all of us, sea creatures—nay, sea monsters!—and the sea is the one political body that recognizes our truly universal and stateless citizenship, by devouring everything, even the garbage heaps we dump in at the cost of so much life.

Isn't space, too, legally international waters? What realm of marginality is greater than the rest of the universe, whose most prescient ecological feature is its just murder of anything that visits it without the intermediary of a vast and complex life support system? Is it any wonder international waters spawn those heroic liberators of bourgeois colonial wealth—pirates—who even now return all imagination to the commons from which it came from out of the vaults of its intellectual property landlords?

Speaking of which, if I die I want the rights to my intellectual property put into a trust controlled by: my wife, Jessica Rousseau, my friend, Jason Abdelhadi, and my friend Audrey Girard—to be strategically liberated

by them to the commons for the exclusive purpose of perpetual struggle against capitalist hegemony, except the embarrassing horrible stuff on my hard drive. Just peek at it and make jokes at my expense amongst each other before destroying it prior to your own deaths, okay? Speaking of which, Jason, you give the eulogy—your wedding speech was great and I'm sure you'd come up with a real cracker for the funeral.

But enough of this *politics is an act performed in public* privileging of protests pertaining to non-invisible oppressions—it is the cryptozoological possibilities for insurrection that interest us. Just what, I wonder, keeps killing those colossal squid corpses scientists keep finding? Just as well, the sweet embrace of the tentacle is fast becoming a cliché. Should we choose to delve deeper, to the darkness below the sea, the slimy jaws of countless communal polyps would caress every pore of our bodies with kisses oozing with soggy clumps of half-digested corpses—pure desire, the ocean beneath our own psyches, lies obscured beneath a veil of darkness and filth, a land where national and individual identity have congeal into a soup of bacteria and all alike yearn for the taste of more seafood, universal cannibalism, and disgusting sex.

Speaking of horror-terrors, I don't want to live in a world without suicide. Suicide is what keeps me alive. Do you know how many nightmares I have of being stuck, in middle-school, in a conservative, conformist police state, maybe in an undersea bubble-city, forever, because I've been made immortal and can't kill myself?—or there's the ones where the government torturer might punish me if I'm caught in a suicide attempt because I couldn't live for fear of torture.

Any amount of disability is fine—if I were reduced to a hideous heap of puss-hiccuping vaginas with bee-stings for teeth and varicose veins full of cthonic ichor because of a freak accident with a radioactive garbage-truck I'm sure I'd prefer to live even in chronic pain just to begrudge taxpayers the expense of keeping me alive—but if I'm unconscious in a hospital and there's any risk of me waking up without the ability to commit suicide, LET ME DIE!

I hereby reject, in this instance, the possibility of surgeries, brain transplants, bed pans, beds, ceilings, atmospheres, sippy-cups—drugs are fine, I

want all the morphine, benzos, and barbiturates you can throw me, preferably with an ill-advised dosage of brandy—no bibs, food, edible mush, atomic mass, thermodynamic activity, trampolines, troubadours, burlesque strippers, shrimp tails, moldy library books, nor moth droppings. I wish to be sealed in an air-tight garbage bag and deposited in a freezer pending my burial at sea, preferably while still alive in a vegetative state, in sacrificial dedication to the God of suicide—redeemer of the ultimate protest who sits enthroned on a giant conch-snail's face.

My material possessions, I give to my wife, including the semen I had frozen before being chemically castrated—spawning some tadpoles is the closest we'll ever get to engineering a biological weapon, and it'd be a terrific fuck you to the social Darwinists for a neurotic tranny like me to prove my survival of the fittest. If you have some and decide you hate them, I've been thinking Anticosti Island off the shores of Quebec would be the perfect place to introduce a colony of wild humans. They'd be like hairless monkeys with swear-words (which I'm sure would be the first linguistic invention they'd independently invent). If you remarry, try to find another sexy blonde.

My final wish is that the conservatives, fascists, reactionaries, centrists, capitalists, and counter-revolutionaries of the world be collectively bound up in a carpet and buried at sea with me, with a Soviet show-trial for a funeral and the inheritance of all their property by international waters.



Laura Lake

Following my orchidectomy I'd hoped to sacrifice my testicles to the sea in honour of Venus but had to settle on patronising the god of bio-medical waste disposal instead.

ALL ROTTEN WATER

DOMINICK COPPI

Sea foam ineptitudes written at the dawn of collapsible trunk case suitors. A brisket floating in Lake Superior, (a width unlike salt-shored supines) where a derelict apron shows it's face amongst calm drift and withered knoll. A pine coffin, where message adrift in airtight bottle reaches shores of blackened nuance. A digeridoo hates the open, consuming system of whale and reef.

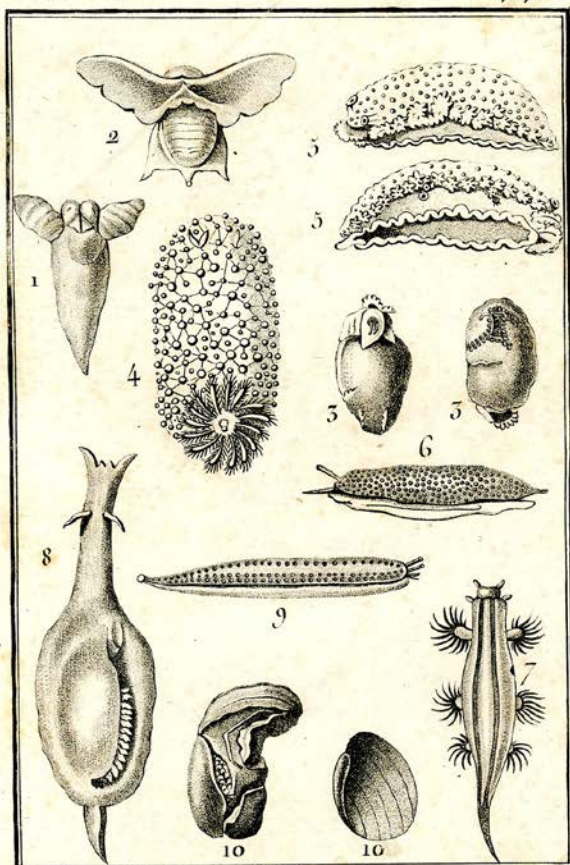
"Nowhere" is a cartographed, researched, and highly contained probability where the illness and ineptitude of Titan spars with cyclones and produces new ovum.

Sperm mixes with salt mixes with woode in an effort to spawn new meate— water to feed the bellies of discarded waste. With it, comes a new value of being present in this day and age. The age has come where water and manne drift together in endless light through inner caverns of minde and spirit. Water and spirit prove to both be fluid and malleable. Either can't be handled—both vast and limitless. Endless cycling from body to body, from sod to sod. When one has to relieve himself of water and spirit, a trip the the bathroom conceives as both. Sperm and water flush out towards the sewer, where dreams and illness lay. Within each cell is the hope that water may replenish the fever of dreams, the dream to self perpetuate.

Cancer. Folly. Smoke. Petri dish of horrors when Dr. Branson forgot to cool it down slowly (scientists collapse at the thought of clean fluids).

All spoiled milk, all rotten water! All dirty dishes, all broken wishes!

To forget the time of day is a pleasant convenience indeed!



De Sève del.

Gautier Sculp.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. CLIO. | 6. ONCHIDIE. |
| 2. HYALE. | 7. SCYLLEE. |
| 3. PNEUMODERME. | 8. APLYSIE. |
| 4. DORIS. | 9. LIMACE. |
| 5. TRITONIE. | 10. BULLEE. |

*The thirteen Founding Members
of Shallow Cove's Universalist
Sweet & Sour Secretion Society.*

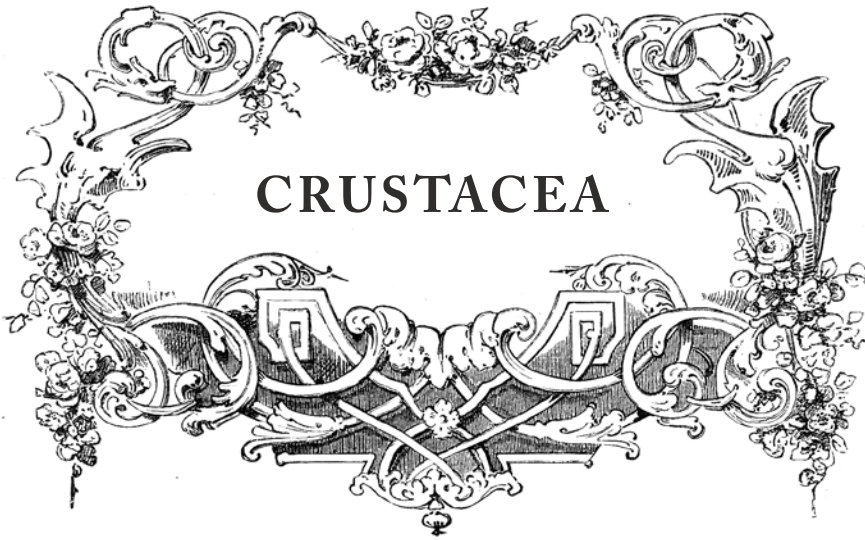
BLOODLARKING ABOVE THE INTERIOR SEAWAY

PAUL MCRANDLE

Incarnate howlings scudding through internal skies, seas below agape with knowledge of the natural flows, minerals vented into acid waters, the decaying whale carcass in its slow descent, the few bubbles rising up from the bottlenose—we are among the million microbes in a cubic centimeter of ocean brine. From there where there is no scale the path back to the standards by which we were raised becomes a pointless reversal unless there's a light to accompany us, a shifting iridescence boiling Kirlian-wise in spirals and chutes from the hairs of our forearms and the roots of the iris. Who returns? The stony path shot through with shells of ancient seas and blisters of crab grass scuttling along the way releases a foamy warmth to the foot, a liquid motion without speed. This earthenware ship disembarks from the lonely port here at continent's end for a largeward careen through mist and night, battling lethargy, scurvy, the plague of stars and phosphorescent points suspended in the airs from which we can scarcely grasp a breath. You are not unique, not one, multitudes they call you and they're not far wrong. How does this go? Our fading sight takes in the ramparts of a new citadel constructed of words and holes, blasted by Napoleon's canonry decades back then abandoned on this Portuguese shore.



John Richardson
Labyrinth of Invisible Pathways



THE EMULATION OF CRABS (FOR C.)

KENN KENNEDY

Go placidly amid caves and crevices, and remember to hide until your new shell has hardened. In all the world's oceans, without surrender, take any food depending on its availability.

Speak your truth by drumming and waving; and listen to others, even to the boiled alive; a mixed diet results in the fastest growth and greatest fitness.

Avoid the biggest importers, and therefore countries; they are vexatious to the mating season. If you compare yourself with pulverized fish products, you may be served with garlic and lemon butter, for always there will be disdain for unacceptably low-quality substitutes.

Enjoy your migrations as well as your moults. Keep interested in the extraction of yourself, however coordinated; it is a difficult process that takes many hours, and if you get stuck, you will die.

Exercise caution even in your mouthparts, eyestalks, and the lining of the digestive tract, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what is floating in the water; many fight to gain access to females, and everywhere is now called an exuvia.

Be yourself. Especially just after the female has moulted and is still soft. Be efficient about mating season; for in the face of all acoustic or vibratory means, the eggs resemble round berries.

Take kindly the counsel of other animals with similar names, gracefully surrendering to those with marked sexual dimorphism.

Nurture strength of calcium carbonate to shield you from sudden use in bisque. But do not distress yourself with unambiguous fossils. Many fears are now believed to represent two distinct lineages.

Beyond a hard shell, be soft meat. You are a decapod of the universe no less than the Fiddler and the Dungeness; you have a right to be aggressive towards one another.

And whether or not it is protected during embryonic development, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with the

articulation of your legs, whatever you conceive it to be.

And whatever your labors and aspirations, in some species, the meat is harvested by manually twisting or pulling off one or both claws. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, research suggests you are indeed able to feel and remember pain. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

(seed texts: 'Desiderata' by Max Ehrmann and the Wikipedia entry for 'crab' circa January 2016)



Steve Morrison
Bottomfeeders



Megan Leach

BEYOND THE SEA OF BEYOND

T.D.TYPALDOS

Upon the waves of the sea of beyond,
the bells made out of a grey swan's wings ring.

Leviathan's breath breathes
the one that is made of pewter.

The fish fill the bottles of
the hermaphrodite embossed
with froths of sea urchin's legs.

They spin around the shore of a floating island
nude sirens with medusa hair.

The seahorse's excreta of aseptic leafs,
they fluoresce upon the watery sketching

and while the sun of the unmentioned quotient
thunder upon its surface

asteroid fractures reflect
counting the steps of a bittersweet starfish.

Passions liberated – a glass and crumbings
fog on a tortoiseshell

that inside the magnetic pudenda of a reef,
philanders with mummified cries.

Crust octopus at bloody fountains
cross vowels' thumbs.

Poseidon, impartial division's judge
at the storms that strike, clouds of iodine.

They yell – FREEDOM!
The jellyfish that donate transparencies to the rocks.

An evergreen female body,
navigates like a boat on the sea breeze,

it decontaminates each of its inches
with sponges of dewdrop

at the eros of the sea shell,
it reignites its ninth sense.

The watery world of a tempest.
Red soil on red sprouts up book.

They bubble on the ashes of Atlantis,
fumes and fire rings reconstruction,
restricted on the cusp.

The end of an ordinary day...

REBORN

When the sky
Looked down
And straight
To the sea's eyes
The desire of the stars
Was reborn
As a red-crystal cube

EMMA LUNDENMARK

Movements silk-thin a room without edges

waving in the windows am I movements silk-thin in tunnels around my foot
a hip without a window eyelids silk-heavy do you remember the colour of falling
asleep tired in daytime

marching out with my dreams nonplussed wide-eyed with silk-heavy steps

running into each dusk
as we have run over the roofs
as we have run through the waves on the pier
where silk soars the deepest

the silk-deep sand
each smell has a sea in its shell

each stone remembers its wall
each deciduous tree carries the cause of the fugitive

ENTER THE DRAGON

BETH GARON

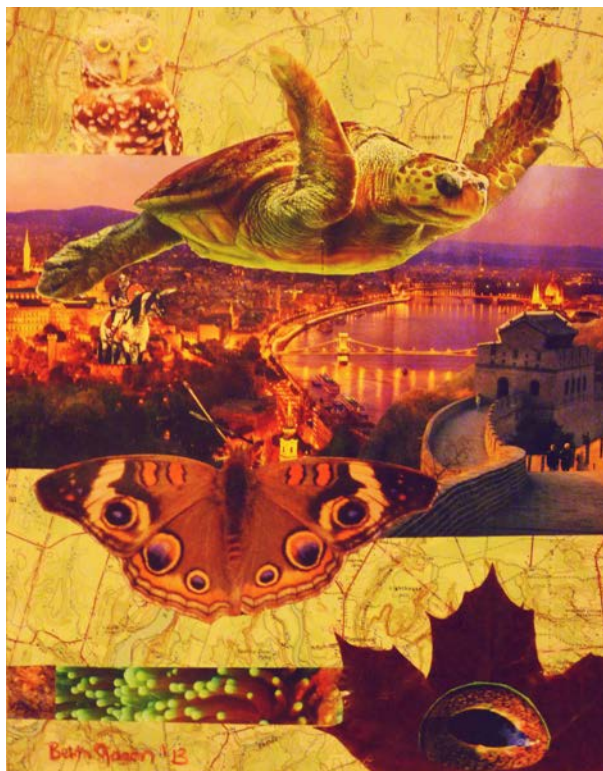
All were awaiting the arrival of the watery serpentine Chaos with all her attendant furies.

Taken as a long-gone truth, she erupted from the volcanic sunrise, twisting painfully, intent on immense destruction, though always welcomed by the googily-eyed squid in their phantom reefs, that teemed with the unwanted secrets of the drifting tides.

Plucked lashes of the waves, foam with the orbs of forgotten shipwrecks, afire with a vengeance for the oil spills though with scruples gone, confessed to the hiring of attorneys and the fleeing of the whales.

She had tried to be friends, having always admired our salty globules of frightened eye wax, that howled with promises and dripped with the hope of fruit flies, but she was received only with the gratitude of granite.

Back to the depths she plunged: Now was not her time.

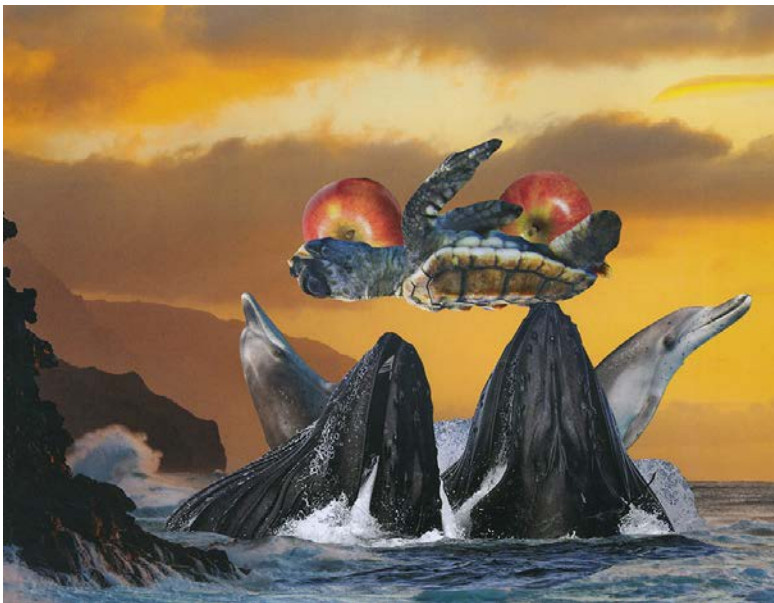


THEY GOT FISH THAT LIVE IN TREES

NEKO LINDA

The steady flow of Florida's aquifers minutes beneath this peninsula holds the land like a barge. Many who inhabit this state often harbor expectations that this will be a temporary stay and soon they will have enough money, enough reason, enough of the shallow paradise and sweltering summer heat to move on or move back. But more times than not, even when dreams disembark, their bodies remain. The seduction of time suspended, of waiting for the arrival or the departure, is insidious. Where to from here? Ponce de Leon searching this land for the Fountain of Youth remains an unquenchable human longing barely touched by time, history, tragedy or loss.

Walking Trees (Mangroves) + **Fish That Live In Trees** (Killifish) Endangered tree and fish species found in estuary habitats throughout Florida.



Fresh Dirt - Davey Williams, Johnny Williams, Janice Hathaway
At the Circus



... the reemergence from oceanic silence, the voices of Glass Veal, hidden within the excavations of Fresh Dirt.

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NGIA GLADIR A LILIV KY

STEPHEN KIRIN

His mermaid was aching within. Ngia Gladir A Liliv Ky. On the pavement, outside the Mermaid Inn in Rye, a single iridescent flip-flop minus an owner. Continuing up the cobbled street, the meaning of missing shoes involved him; memories of a single white training shoe, in a police cordoned off area in front of Downing Street during the poll tax riot, had come to symbolise a whole day. Logically someone shedding footwear should be someone above and beyond footwear; perhaps not needing it or wearing it mistakenly. He turned round and returned to the single flip-flop, picked it up and put it in his carrier bag. A bespectacled stooped woman smiled at him. He felt obliged to explain, 'I think I know who it belongs to.' She did not feel obliged to continue the conversation and he turned heel and continued up the cobbled street. There was no animosity; equally he did not go into the Mermaid. 'The erotic imagination, is equivalent to the call of the Siren, a biological and psychic land mass drawing me in.' Another part of him countered this point. 'If you were adrift and you saw land, wouldn't you welcome being drawn in?' To which he replied to himself with a smile, 'I wasn't being negative about the land mass.'

The two dirham coin lay in the mud outside the bookseller's tent in that Suffolk field. The fatigue of a music festival lay heavy on him; the mud lay heavy and uneasy, honest mud that had once been part of an alluvial plain within great swathes of bog. In between music, he bought a small book on folk tales of Suffolk and instantly found a reference to the fresh water mermaids of Bury St Edmunds. These mermaids had been the warnings to young children not to go too near the long departed monks still extant fishponds or uncovered wells. Allegedly an example resided in his parent in law's back garden. Picking up the coin, was like picking up pirate's loot. How many more pieces of eight lay in the mud that day?

He had been the railway station mermaid, a creature stationery amid perpetual movement. Replaying CCTV station security would show the tides of the railway, ebbing and flowing around him. Whilst ensconced on his rock, singing the times of arrivals and departures occasionally a weary

sometimes lost traveller would wash up on the shore. Whilst stirring his tea, he would tell the stories of the railway, using up railway minutes until the travellers could leave again.

Railway Story I:

On a warm Summer evening, the 19:16 arrival on the up platform from Peterborough, was 15 minutes late due to picking up a stunned buzzard. The driver, a handsome devil known as 'Mad Dog' brought the train to a halt with the surprised bird sat on his lap. He had clipped it somewhere near Chippenham Junction, he intent on his business, the bird intent on it's. Just one of many historic collisions that have rippled through history. He had picked up the large brown hawk and it obliged by helping to drive the train. The station mermaid arranged that the RSPB would meet the train at Stowmarket, blew his whistle and watched carefully as the train departed.

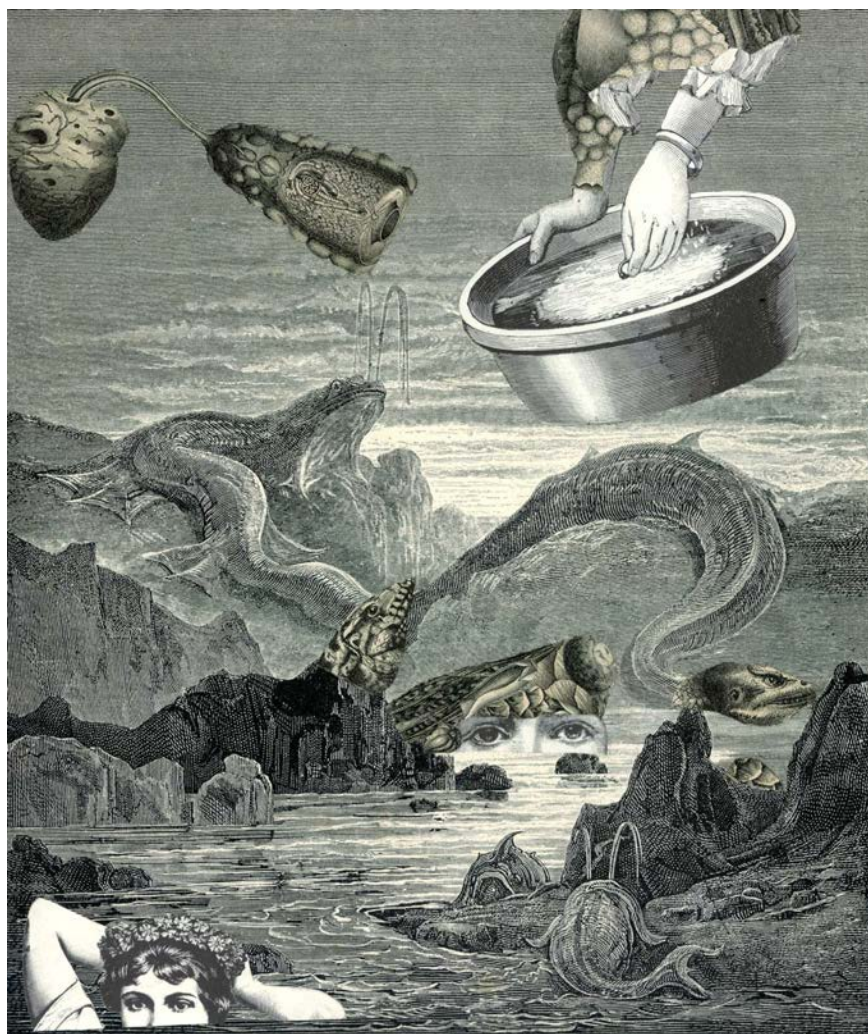
The Rhiconich Hotel had a stunning range of single malt whiskies, the food was not so good. On the way to Durness, a concrete plan to visit Sandwood Bay had been pondered, however the rain had come in and the wind had come up and the barmaid was lonely and bored. She was from Gdansk and had a large Lemmy spot on her chin, she also had a faint moustache. She reminded him of another Cold War barmaid in the Yorkshire Dales many years ago and he idly wondered if they were related. She also insisted that he drink whisky and he did and the day disappeared. With the aid of whisky, she became the Goddess of Gdansk and between Ardbeg and Laphroaig he was in love, all other considerations vanished, including all the plans that had brought him 500 miles north. He woke up the next day on a leather sofa in the snug bar, in front of a still stuttering fire. His head hurt and his senses ached; he left without a word and didn't bother with Sandwood Bay. The gloom of the situation was so deep and tangible, he felt like Cape Wrath and headed up the road to join the tourists taking the short boat trip, as part of an organised tour. Typically, upon attempting to pay card transactions weren't accepted, several people with beards laughed. Several hours later he was going back south. The Goddess of Gdansk brushed her hair in a clichéd fashion. It was momentarily

sunny at Sandwood Bay. A man with a dog saw her in the distance, when he looked again she was gone. He thought it strange, but figured that was just the way life was. The Green Dragon Inn, near Hawes in the Yorkshire Dales, doubles as the entrance to Hardraw Force, a beautiful waterfall. It's possible the Goddess had worked there once before in an itinerant fashion; the proximity to water attracted her.

Railway Story II:

The snow that January evening fell long and hard and with each passing hour, travel choices became harder; time slowed and sounds became muffled. The 18:55 service to Cambridge left on time, if it had followed the plan, it would have been back by 20:26, instead it got lost in the snow and obscured. In the meantime, the station mermaid salted the platforms, liaised with traffic police, as he dispatched passengers in replacement coaches towards unknown fates and regularly measured the dipping temperature and snow depth. People came and went and the snow fell like a bathysphere. A snow submerged state of mind he admitted later had shut out some train details; he remembered at 21:30 that he had not had the 20:26 yet. Liverpool Street control explained that it was stuck at Dullingham due to the frozen points. Eventually Railtrack engineers freed the points using a blowtorch and a full four hours late the lost train arrived, the passengers disembarked with travel tails of British phlegm. They had had a sing song to keep their spirits up, echoing sailors' resourcefulness through the centuries, whilst navigating dangerous seas. Before leaving for work that day, the railway mermaid had foretold the bad weather and warned prospective travellers, it was not his fault if people didn't listen.

Finding himself in Dunwich on the pebbly beach, it's inevitable that the lost city under the sea should call out, yet it never fully happens the way he imagines. He imagines finding a sign on the beach; a coin or a relic of mans' fragility, he does find this, but in the now rather than the past. The people he is with are talking about divorce and their dogs, whilst he is thinking of market day 500 years ago. The people then (on land now underwater) talked about each other's relationships and their dogs as well, as they talked all those years before; a well-dressed woman had passed



Alex Januário

by thinking of the sea and someone else. She wore a bracelet inscribed with the words 'Ngia Gladir A Liliv Ky'. She walked towards Greyfriars and on the periphery of the religious site, secretly dug a small hole and deposited the bracelet in it. Many years later it was dug up and put in the local museum. It was her gift to him that day in Dunwich, not what he was expecting or imagining. The inscription has proven to be impenetrable to modern eyes, despite linguistic analysis at all the great universities. Another legend says that on some quiet nights, when the tide is low, the drowned church bells can still be heard. No one normally mentions the voices amidst the waves, calling for Liliv Ky. By the time they came he had returned inland; in his pocket a stone with a hole.

Railway Story III

It was customary to lock the front doors of the station between the departure of the 22:37 to Cambridge and its return at 00:18. This allowed the station mermaid to mop the floors thoroughly without the very early passengers for Ipswich, or the late passengers for Cambridge, walking dirty feet through the newly mopped area. His intent was signalled by a printed instruction with the reopening time pinned to the front doors. Most people understood, a very few didn't and in foul weather, the doors were kept open, so passengers could huddle, as an offering to the magnanimous travel god who scrutinised such things. On this particular night in July, warm winds had blown and the floor dried fast. Upon reopening the door to enjoy the air slightly early, he was surprised to see a man lying seemingly asleep on his back, directly across the entrance; he appeared to be breathing. This was confirmed, as looking down his eyes were met by the man's looking up, who explained heavy drinking and liquid inspired exhaustion. He asked for assistance in getting up, by proffering his right arm which ended in a prosthetic hook, the railway mermaid took it and helped him to his feet. The land locked pirate staggered off to get his train, whilst the mermaid made a mental note. For many years after this, the land locked pirate was occasionally spotted in the market town. The last time was a few weeks ago at the discount cheese stall, he didn't seem very happy.

They stayed at the small hotel opposite and off to one side of the pissing

boy statue in Brussels, never before had he even considered staying in a hotel opposite a country's most famous tourist attraction. On the ground floor, the owner sold cheap peeing boys in every size imaginable. Each morning, they leant out of the sash window and looked to see if he had a new outfit on, that particular morning he looked rather fetching in velvet Spanish matador garb. A ubiquitous huddle of camera clicking tourists recorded the moment and all the time the piss kept coming. After breakfast, they went back upstairs and watched a film on TV, or rather he did while she went to sleep. The 1948 film 'Miranda' starring Glynis Johns was on with French subtitles, he watched it blankly with splash splashing noises in the background.

His cousin, resident at the time in Orkney, had slept in a barrow on the magical isle of Eynhallow (some say the legendary home of the Fin folk). He came back and never mentioned it again beyond a dropped comment on a misty late night walk. The shackles of toil had not been employed by the Fin folk, but the taste of banishment lingered, he had after all not been invited and left soon after. Carved in a red sandstone rock somewhere near that barrow, the words 'Ngia Gladir A Liliv Ky'. Though hundreds of miles away, Liliv Ky was biologically nearby through the blood tie with his cousin, but remained unaware. Many years later, whilst on a family holiday in Orkney, the road took him past a view of Rousay with Eynhallow flat in between. No one in sight, but full at the same time. In a flash just a glimpse in the mirror and gone. The ache he experienced then was a familiar one, he kicked his shoes off and quickly stretched his suddenly cramped legs. On the island of Westray, a dog bit him, the owner in a less than helpful way suggested that he didn't like the way he walked. He pondered on this and put it to one side for future reference.

It's a simple rule of thumb, that getting a good viewpoint often helps with finding direction. With this in mind, he tried to find his way through the Albergheria market towards the accessible heights of the Torre di san Nicolo. He had enjoyed his time in Palermo, but the hot chaos at the foot of Santa Maria del Carmine amongst the market stalls enveloped in smells of fish, meat and moped was sapping his vitality. Above him, the bright majolica covered dome of the church hovered out of reach like an

island in a storm tossed sea; for the time being he remained very much one of the pebbles being swept around it. Though he glimpsed it, the way to the Torre di san Nicolo never materialised and he gave up on it and worked his way through the chaos at street level, scrutinised by the dead eyes of piled up market fish. Someone else watched him from the top of the tower, though she called, he wasn't aware of her, stuck as he was amidst the grits. Until he found a vantage point, the chances were that he would continue unaware. The stone with the hole in continued his route through the alleys, accompanied by a song from above that he could not yet hear, for her part she could wait a little longer. In the sea, a population of stones continues to be bashed against the shore; holes form and the insides disintegrate. The stones ponder their memories, confident that they were once whole. A man known to some as Liliv Ky saves some in his pockets as a reminder. Ngia Gladir has a stone in her pocket as well, smaller than the one in his pocket, yet bound to fit in the hole.

It took him a while, but he returned to the Mermaid Inn many years later with the raven haired girl he had lost for a while in a high spirited past. Now his wife, she had shown him a photo of her Grandmother and Great Grandmother on her Mother's side, descendants of the Carmans of Rye, who had lived on Mermaid Street. Finally he realised, he understood what the bespectacled stooped woman had meant when she smiled at him, picking up that iridescent flip flop all those years before.



Stephen Kirin

VERNIX

MERL FLUIN

Hypothesis:

Sea-apes become poets when touched by fire.

Method:

Be born in wax.

Pool and rumble in eddies of proteins.

Eat clams.

Walk upright with volcanoes at your feet.

Count the vertebrae on your wrinkled fingers.

Observations:

Doulas draped like seals collect the wax and mould it into the shapes of the mothers' fears (this one a farmhand, that one a pie), hold the figures beneath their larynxes as they utter secret sounds, and then let the figures loose to sink or swim as the tide chooses.

Results:

Hairy.

Limitations:

Arthropods are not a control group.

The sea does not move, or else moves too much.

The moon lunges.

PSYCHALIA POLIS – THE DRIFTING CITY

RIK LINA

My city of the future is drifting around in the ocean. Not only over the sea-surface, but also down into its depths.

More than three-quarters of our Earth exists of oceans with most of its depths still not explored. On this planet is so much sea, would it not be better to name her “Ocean” instead of “Earth”? Also, of all beings the largest part is living in the sea. Why don’t we?

The idea for my city is coming from one of the strangest, most dangerous, but also marvelous sea-animals I know: the “Psychalia Psychalis”, better known as the “Portugese Man’o’war”. This jellyfish – a pelagic colony-forming Medusa – is drifting, sailing and floating free over and through the oceans. She is compiled of several species of grafting animals and organisms with specialized functions living together in symbiosis: a kind of drifting metropolis. One part of it is taking care of the provision of food: the tentacles shoot poisonous arrows to paralyze the drifting plankton; another part takes care of the converting it into energy. One part arranges the drive forward, another procreation, one part arranges the drifting or diving-power, another is used as a sail to catch the wind, etc. Between the tentacles are living small fishes, sometimes even crabs who, insensible for the paralyzing poison, look for cover and food between these “city-walls”.

This city is not a “city of dreams”, is not a utopia, not possible to realize. I fear this city of the future once will become bare necessity at the moment the continents will become overfull or not livable anymore... the people of the future will have to leave for space, and this will be in inner space of the Earth: The Ocean.



Rik Lina

PSYCHALIA POLIS

UNTITLED (FROM THE CORAL BLEACHERS)

ALLAN VILU

After graduation, I am going to set up a giant leaking
snowglobe at the bottom of the pacific ocean
where I'll use pneumatological-industrial machinery
to resurrect Nikola Tesla,
and I'll make him fight Elon Musk in a gladiator death-match.

You'll be able to find me immediately thereafter
in the megaladrome stands sucking the juice out of
an underwater watermelon, ruminating on the upcoming
seashell-and-gear-throwing fight to the death between
Henri De Lubac and Robert Ingersoll
which I've enabled with my mechanical wonders.

So, as you can see I'll be burning
my B.A. Hon. in a piping hot
bottom-of-the-ocean fire and having
the submersive-spectatorial time of my life
while you decorated losers fight for the scraps
of New York as it sinks into the depths.

BURIAL ON ISLA BLANCA

STELLI KERK

One spring, a blue-eyed painter fell in love with me and swept me away to the shores of Isla Blanca. Pure yet severe chemical bonds thrust us into a union of sudden filth. His bleach white hair, aesthetic rigidity, serious fashion sense and precious philosophical authority forced me to eat fancy frog legs, barter hard like ugly Americans for cheap trinkets, eat the worm at the bottom of the bottle and roll on the beach in a sandstorm with his drunken friends. He spoke of imagination and the poetics of mad love — but mainly he spoke of himself. After a wild night of lust, sand and body fluids, he professed his undying love for me, but firmly suggested, so that I didn't offend the group, that I go take a shower.

After my body was clean, I became obsessed with a choice of fabric. I really knew little of the blueeyed painter save his favorite colors, obvious conservative preferences and seemingly contradictory love of the baroque. The difficult decision was between a quilted polyester pink robe and a vintage, coral red chenille. While I peeked out of the bathroom door and watched him lying naked on the bed, snoring, the sun flickering through an empty tequila bottle on the nightstand. His friends were asleep on the floor. I sighed, time to reconsider. Perhaps the coral red robe was too loud, while the quilted pink would bring a soothing innocence to the morning light of love.

I emerged from the shower refreshed and confident, for a brief moment, as the blue-eyed painter awoke. "What are you wearing?" He sat straight up, powered by beads of sweat and hate. "Nothing," I nervously laughed, glancing down in shame at the pearl buttons and lace, then, blue-eyes started to scream.

"How could you? How could you do this to me? Everyone knows my mother wore a robe like that. Just like that. Exactly like that. Quilted. Pink. Polyester. Pearls. Then, she hung herself in the kitchen. You think that's funny? Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you, FOREVER." he threw the tequila bottle at me, ripping at the robe and clawing at my face. I twisted out of the polyester pink, grabbed the coral chenille and ran out the door

toward the beach.

My feet sunk into the sand as I squirmed nakedly into the chenille, stumbling toward water. The ocean would save me from the blue-eyed monster. I knew it. The waves hit my feet with the surge of escape. I dove and paddled, floated and kicked—making my way out to safety. I soon found myself sailing alone in the sea. Although, one is never really alone in the sea. There's the rub. There's the sting.

The *Physalia physalis*, also known as the man-of-war or floating terror, is a colony of creatures that includes a gas-bladder and nematocysts—tentacle thread-like structures that deliver painful, sometimes fatal, stings. There was no gas-bladder in sight, but a renegade, stringy glob of polyps snuck up and jabbed my leg. I screamed and then, hobbled and floated back to shore. There I lay alone in the sand, crying, as venom raced up my leg. A throbbing paralysis consumed me. Frozen yet still wrapped in chenille in the hot morning sun, I cried—quite sure I would die. Pain. Death. Desertion. And all this over some ugly pink-pearled polyester robe. I closed my eyes.

I woke up in a hole. Baby blue eyes was dancing in the ocean, while his drunken pals pissed on me and covered me with shaving cream. Tears streamed out of my eyes, but I couldn't move my face. The cackling laughter of torturing clowns shaved my swollen legs and danced with shadows on the surf. Why were they torturing me? Teasing me? Shaving me? I had known nothing of his polyester mother and a kitchen rope. Nobody told me. I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS BLUE-EYED MAN. I was innocent. I was dying. I tried to move my lips to beg for mercy, but my nerve endings were swollen and too slow to speak. Suddenly, I was covered in sand up to my neck and left on the beach of Isla Blanca to die.

My body began sinking into the sand—down, down, down—until I found myself floating under the beach and carried out into the gulf by a river in the sea. I clutched the chenille robe around me for protection from stingrays and sharks. One shark had tiny teeth and gleaming blue eyes—just like the painter. A transparent blob floated by, whispering in my ear, “See him? His mother never wore pink polyester. He's a liar.” What?

The coral-red blended me in with a singing school in the redfish run.

They seemed to say, “Don’t look down. Don’t look down.” Of course, I had to look down. Below us, a deadly brine pit, known locally as the hot tub from hell—the jacuzzi of despair—sucking creatures big and small into a certain salty death. The humming currents of Gregorian chants led the way up and out. A fish hook caught my hair and I was lifted up into the back of a jeep—to be skinned and decapitated.

When I woke up, I still had my head. I was laid out flat in a box like a sardine with no shock absorbers, not a hearse, but a lively ride back home. A book on my lap showed pictures of jellyfish and man-o-war—scientific illustrations with medical advice. “We’re sorry,” the drunken friends wore sober horn-rimmed sunglasses and were so sorry they had urinated on me, but that’s what the first aid book had said to do. And shaving cream. Shaving? It was part of the routine treatment for man-o-war stings. I could still feel the toxin in my legs releasing odd chemicals from the ocean into my brain. Squiggly strings dangled in front of my eyes and something was missing.

The blue-eyed painter? Wow. I just now had realized that he was gone. Vanished. The chemistry of love had obviously been replaced with something else entirely. “Lost. We lost him. He wouldn’t listen to us and he got caught down in the brine pool. You know, having a hammerhead can really drag you down.” They turned their heads around and smiled together at me with giant fish faces. OK, I had lost my love and lost my mind. I closed my eyes and floated in a bumpy sea.

MER À BOIRE

PIETER J. SCHERMER

The sea is the pre-eminently anarchist playground. Seventy per cent of the surface of the earth is covered with water. We eat and drink from the largest habitat on earth. Pirates and fisherman are not the only ones who practise exhaustion on the seas. Recreational tourists are even worse. Their huge cruise ships, floating castles, visit the Antarctic. All ships wandering over the oceans are in fact sailing under the black flag. Strictly speaking it is all piracy. A mortgage on death. Poets are aware of that. They wear out the words, sometimes find new ones, recalibrate the old ones, concerning the heap of water we call ocean or sea. Did Coleridge's mariner hand over the holy spirit to Baudelaire by his shooting of the albatross? *Ah, wretch, said they / the bird to slay / that made the breeze to blow.*

Back in 1965 I am sixteen years old when the whaler SS Willem Bar-entz moors in the harbour of Amsterdam after her last crossing. The Dutch quit whaling. I decide to visit the boat. Everything is of quite large proportion on the ship. Great round holes are gaping for the slices of whale to pass for the cauldrons, where the mammals were skinned on the flensing deck. The chopped cuts are impaled on stakes and disappear into the iron mouths. The blubber slithers on after it is thrown downwards in the boilers to cook whale train. The surface is still covered with a thin layer of tainted grease that is not dissolved by cleaning up. It spreads a sickly smell of death. An informative documentary is shown, that makes a profound impression on me. One could ask questions. I have mixed feelings. Fascination, but on the other hand a strong repulsion, because the hunt is all about death, like the corrida in Spain. I imagine the explosion of the harpoon deep inside the whale after it penetrates the body. I cast a last glance through the big gateway in the back of the ship. The whales' slipway to the slaughterhouse.

The Sea takes over, determines its own right. It takes lives and it saves some. Laws of Nature reign in a stream of causal connections. Take the weather: wind, storms, cyclones, temperatures, tsunamis, monster waves and maelstroms. Mother Nature eats her own children. Cruel and ruthless. Everything is sacrificed in advancing time. These waters are the shredder

that grinds all waters. A harsh Darwinism, where wastage and economy are just figments of imagination, like human scale and nature. Biodiversity and natural balance are just snapshots. An anthropocentric measuring point in an eternal process of change, of surviving adaptation, extinction and [re]birth. The blender of nature is on the loose, grinds all waters and what is in it. Biodiversity and natural balance are snapshots. A measuring point in an eternal process of change, survival, extinction and [re]birth. Eternal return of the Ouroboros. Amor fati.

But that is rationalizing things. Let us conquer the other parts of our brain. On the other hand there are romantic thoughts. Sea Shepherd fights for the whales. Everything is permitted to express empathic feelings for these highly developed mammals. They strive to give a solution. People do not want to accept the destruction and the extinction, they search for a way out. But there is only a detour. Society forgets that it is part of the disaster and the solution at the same time. Can one be victim and executioner at the same time? The pre-Socratic philosopher Heraclitus of Ephesus reminds us of some undeniable truths: *panta rhei* – everything flows. “No man ever steps in the same river twice.” And “War is the working principle of everything.”

Is the White Whale captain Ahab's alter ego, or better, his super-ego? The morally attached revenge is his redemption. Moby Dick definitely pulled his leg. Iceland, Norway and Japan are fond of the whales in a snobbish way, that is to say their meat. Every 22 of November there is an historical hunt, called *grindadráp*, for hundreds of pilot whales at the Faroe Islands. It ends in a huge slaughtering orgy. The bay of Tórshavn turns into a carmine bay of blood. In the Apocalypse of St John, Revelation 17, 3–9, enough is said about the scarlet whore of Babylon. It is a symbolic Babylon that refers to Rome and indirectly to the capital and those in power. The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands bring that allegorical scene to life. Sade taken too literally.

Captain Nemo and the Nautilus became the scientist Jacques Cousteau in his submarine Calypso, named after the seductress of Odysseus. In 2006 the same old Cousteau, an environment activist, stated to Yves Paccalet: “An earth and humanity in balance, it would contain a population of one hundred to five hundred million people, but educated and capable of self-sustenance. The aging population is not the problem. To stabilize world population, we must lose 350,000 people a day. It is a horrible thing

to say, but say nothing is worse.” It is not Hitler that is talking. It is biblical. To save our love life, stop breeding!

In 1960 Jacques Piccard descended in the Mariana Trench to 10,911 meters in the bathyscaphe. Explorative expeditions are surrealistic adventures. Imagine a huge white octopus that crawls over an immense field of asphalt. Volcanism in the deep-sea trough tickles our imagination. What does Mother Nature learn us? Destruction, chaos and creation form a deadly sequence in time. These forces go berserk against all possible worlds and existence itself. Together they comprise the world’s existence. Nature contains the Masterplan of Death.

In Montevideo a young man stands on the shore, looking away from the Rio de la Plata. His eyes fixed on Europe. Isidore Ducasse is his name. His writings are done in cephalopod ink, the dark pigment used as an escape mechanism. That’s just what this bibliomaniac needs; to go away. But his writing would be without any possible way to escape. His thoughts disappear by staring at the sea. They vanish into the ocean where creatures digest those things that only can live on fantasy. Creatures wandering around. Dreams getting lost. Volcanos slumber in the abyss. Sulphuring pipes full of sea anemones grasping around with their greedy polyps. A forest of tubeworms clamps around the torching stove pipes of the geysers. Tube dwellers just pulsate and eat in an endless rhythm. Hydrothermal deep sea vents are basically seafloor geysers spewing as much as 867°F (464°C) hot water through the chimneys. A range of various species inhabit the vent sites. They prove that Earth could sustain life all by itself in a process called chemosynthesis, independent of the sun!

Where only thoughts dwell, dreams originate. Lingering around with whales singing their old songs, remembering. The runaway North Atlantic Drift circulates colourless blood round the surface of the earth. Potato sized manganese nodules wander over the ocean soil just to grow, reacting to the changing magnetic field. Waters teeming with schools of fish. Life celebrates its triumph. Swarming krill serves the masters. Gigantic baleens cramming their bodies. Obese mothers of the north are squeezing blood out of water. Everything swirls away in the current. Even in the deepest through there’s life. All good things come from above. Corpses, dung. All



Michael Richardson

The Coast is Clear

edible things go into recycling. Everything in everything.

Economics. It is an enormous infinite centrifuge. This is the *perpetuum mobile* searched for. On the Mid-Atlantic Ridge thousands of shrimps, *Rimicaris exoculata*, crowding around the black smokers at the Snake Pit hydrothermal vent field. Permanent heat generates smoke through the chimneys close to the central athanor of magma, the kernel of the philosophical furnace. Life out there is a living paradox. But it did not need to be continually attended. Who could not love the Blob fish with its melancholic expression of Pierrot Lunaire before he hangs himself on the lantern? His name? Collateral Damage. The squids and the octopus are more agile. They run and jet stream themselves into another dimension. Let us skip the term *bycatch*.

Stoic H2O

Water knows how to behave, self-modifying. It seems as if a creature is building a monstrous being that can adapt any form possible, flexible like an amoeba, assuming that it can take any shape in all phases of aggregation: ice, rime, mist, steam, fog. Evaporating clouds are acting metaphors as are the frostwork flowers on the windows.

We belong to the aftermath of Epictetus, the Stoics, Lucretius, [see his *De Rerum Natura / On the Nature of Things*] and Spinoza. It seems stoic philosophy is a surviving way to look at the world. Virgil writes in the second book of his *Georgics*, apparently referring to Lucretius: “*Happy is he who has discovered the causes of things and has cast beneath his feet all fears, unavoidable fate, and the din of the devouring Underworld*”. At the same time our imagined future offers us a glimpse into the abyss and the emptiness, a peek in the void. Futurology mostly lacks logic. Mankind lives without any other purpose than death. Nature of this beast is aimed at conservation of the species in a Darwinian manner. Nature is the most reliable predictor there is. Species extinct. Here too, aimlessness. The goal is beyond our reach. Behind the rainbow, across the horizon. However, there is not enough water to satisfy the thirst of the explorer. Georges Bataille concluded by laughing about our possibilities, but on the wrong side of his face.

Dark Ecology and temporally blindness

Surrealism is a mentality and sometimes a way of living. A mentality towards experience. Observing things in a different way than average people. The power to be deviant is specific to *Homo ludens*. André Breton pointed to the book of the same name by Johan Huizinga in 1938. Creativity can bring solutions. But we must keep thinking out of the box. A man that rings a bell in a different way is Timothy Morton [born 1968]. He is perhaps not the purest philosopher but his views are charged. In *Ecology Without Nature* [2007] he proposes an ecological criticism that must be divested of the bifurcation of nature and civilization, or the idea that nature exists as something that sustains civilization, but exists outside of society's walls. Morton states:

"Ecological writing keeps insisting that we are "embedded" in nature. Nature is a surrounding medium that sustains our being. Due to the properties of the rhetoric that evokes the idea of a surrounding medium, ecological writing can never properly establish that this is nature and thus provide a compelling and consistent aesthetic basis for the new worldview that is meant to change society. It is a small operation, like tipping over a domino...Putting something called Nature on a pedestal and admiring it from afar does for the environment what patriarchy does for the figure of Woman. It is a paradoxical act of sadistic admiration". [Morton, Ecology Without Nature: Rethinking Environmental Aesthetics, 2007, pp. 4-5.]

Seeking an aesthetic mode that can account for the differential, paradoxical, and nonidentificational character of the environment, he proposes a materialist method of textual analysis called 'ambient poetics', in which artistic texts of all kinds are considered in terms of how they manage the space in which they appear, thereby attuning the sensibilities of their audience to forms of natural representation that contravene the ideological coding of nature as a transcendent principle. [Cf. Morton, 2007. p. 3]

So we have to check our rhetoric. Morton uses the linguistic analysis of structuralism and postmodernist deconstruction to understand what's happening. There is some analogy in the way 17th century people looked in the black mirror of the Claude glass. They saw the landscape they wanted to see, according to Claude Lorraine's fashion in painting. How they wanted

nature to be their paradise. Literally an ideal landscape. When we cast our eyes on the ocean, there is an analogue vision, that is evident. But in reality there is a geosyncline, a through down under. It functions in our minds as an hermetic vessel, an athanor. The unconscious pit of darkness full of undiscovered secrets.

It seems that humans have difficulties to suppress or overcome their anthropocentric worldview. Schopenhauer knows the nature of the beast: *The World as Will and Representation* [1818]. Schopenhauer wrote in chapter 2 of his essay *On the Freedom of the Will* [1839]: “*You can do what you will, but in any given moment of your life you can will only one definite thing and absolutely nothing other than that one thing.*”

Essentialism as philosophy can cripple us. We apply concepts, abstract ideas representing the fundamental characteristics of what it represents. Abstractions or generalizations from experience or the result of a transformation of existing ideas. Definitions are cognitive units, mental representations of one or more ideas, abstract performances. It is possible that there are experiences we are not capable to categorize. Essentialism is the reduction of our view on chaos. Between empiricism and idealism there is a thin line; intuition. We are looking for patterns. Tempting schemes of recognition. Reality undergoes a selection process. And anthropocentrism is in our nature [sic].

Surrealism is so appealing because of the role it gives chance, the unconscious, the experiment, freedom of the mind. Love, poetry and freedom are the three principal forces surrealism wants to practise. Rimbaud wanted to change life. Marx wanted to change the world. Poetry can change our imagination that inspires us to act differently and intercept in the problematic world.

Performative poetry

For In his own right I owe the inspiration to the Dutch classical scholar and symbolist poet J.H. Leopold [1865 - 1925]. He wrote a philosophical poem ‘*Oinou hena stalagmon*’ / *One drop of wine* [1910] and another poem called *Regen* / *Rain* [1914]. The title, *One drop of wine*, is derived from the Greek philosopher Chrysippus of Soli [c.279 – c.206 BC], the second

founder of the Stoic school. When we render the first part of the poem in simple terms, it means, even if one drop of wine is so diluted on a molecular level, all the waters of seas and oceans create a situation where the wine is substantially present. A rather pantheistic vision. In its poetic activity the tiny drop contains the essence of the active substance as in homeopathy. Leopold's poetry focuses on the contradiction between the desire to merge into a larger metaphysical or romantic connection and the inability to step outside one's own personality.

J. Kamerbeek jr. pointed out in his analysis that the poem contains in its title a deictic call, the momentary thought designation. Later in the poem there is the anaphoric reference to this thought. He stipulated in his analysis "the coincidence of intending and the intended purpose, which is referred to as *metaphorical iconicity*." There is a kind of homeostasis in the process to reach the equilibrium. The first stanza is one long sentence consisting of 29 verses. Perhaps *One drop of wine* can be taken as a *performative* sentence. It can be the catalyst of reading. Poetry can incite to act.

Just in plain words, no rewritten poetry, the first 12 verses of the poem 'Oinou hena stalagmon'.

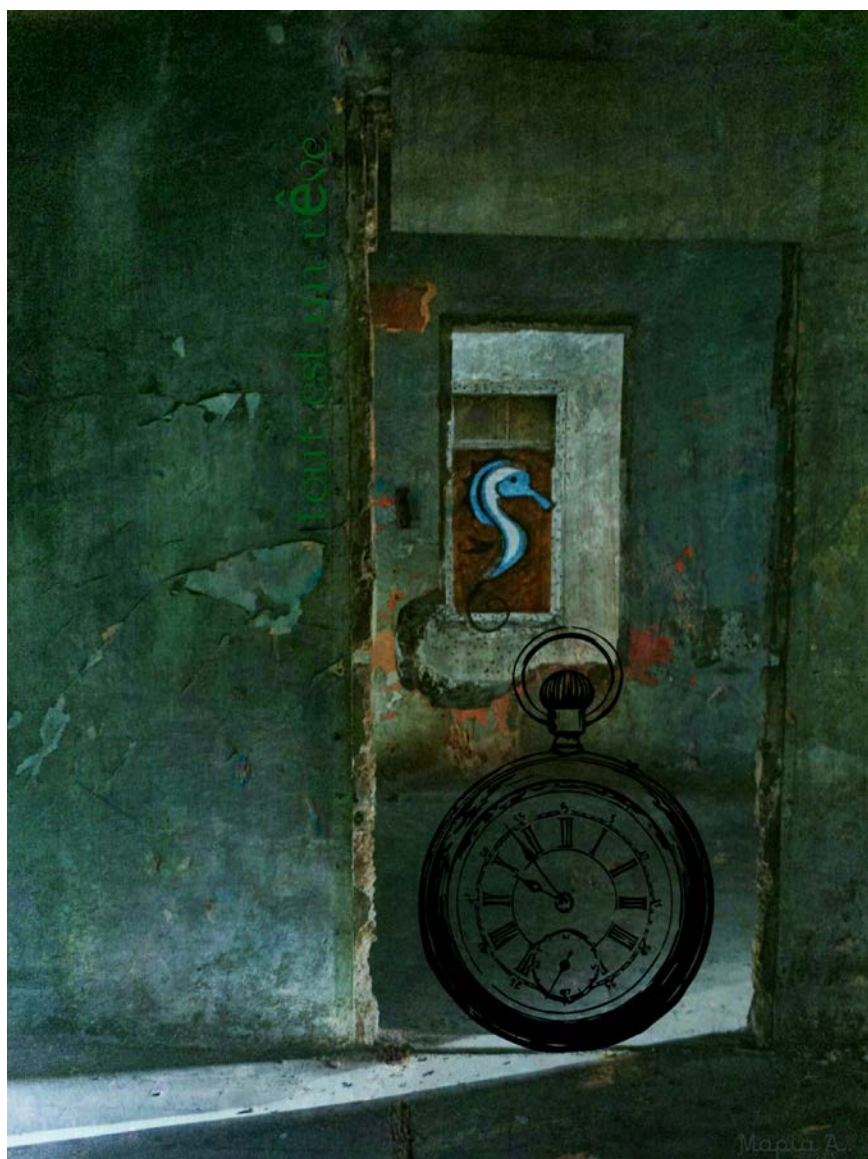
*On the forecastle knurled from
the black weather wood, the wine
is being sprinkled from the patera, and a purple rain
sinks down into the blue of the water surface
by priestly laudation and prayers
so that the sea, so that the barren winds
be merciful and to heart's desire
the drop flowed from the chalice colours
the Ocean; one simple drop
permeates the whole clearness and
shares her essence to the seashores
to the deepest bottom*

In the last verses the poet comes up with phrases like "*the thin mixing and finely divided power*", "*until she came to total comprehensiveness*" and the glorious expression "*in itself returned similarity*".

SUBMERGE: TOUT EST UN RÊVE

MARIA BROTHERS

Relieved from this land
I enter the orphic depths
“Keep your vision within the realm of the ocean”
 whispered the avowed voice inside my head
“For the flames within this bed of water
Will spit the rose’s bones in their foolish haste”
In a split second, I reckon, the noble plans of the sea...
I followed the hanging gardens, floating in a veil of charade.
 Doors after windows...
Beheading was the silence as a seahorse wishing well formed
The wooden swans breaching from the void mock the laughing bubbles
 inside the frigid sky of sand.
“Should I go any further...? What’s behind the...” Pause.
A spot of an innocent wound is the bump of a shadowy light above
A fog of delusion against this brilliant night tide
And time reverts time ‘tick...tock’.



Maria Brothers

tout est un rêve

STILL WATER

KATE TATTERSFIELD

I

The muck coating the surface of the sea is as thick and shimmering as old petrol. From certain angles it seems to vibrate, as if about to spill the hundred secrets hidden precariously beneath. Her eyes skim over it, creep onto it; lids lapping up deposits of dead magic. From a distance, you mistake her abandoned form for some flotsam washed up on the shoreline.

She's very alive: left hand occupying the ground beneath; fingers perforating the arid earth, weeding out half-dead pieces of grass rooted tenuously within. Dirt deposits itself securely under fingernails for safe keeping and future cultivation. Today, the natural world envelops her; she in turn sinks into it, caving to its embrace in the security of blue skies and solitude.

The object in her right hand attenuates this, contributing nothing but brutish reality.

Are you sure you've thought this through.

Dead-tone sounds and white-hot noise – they do not connect on any level above or beneath the superficial.

Yes.

She tosses monotony into the still water as if it were something cheap, used, and without nuance. Monotony pirouettes, mouth gaping. Following a photo-click moment of suspension, it plops into the water to be swallowed up in a single, seductive gulp. Rippleless, the water sleeps, well-fed and satisfied.

Earth's reassuring gravity supports it all. Eyes finally closed, she invites the sunlight to make iridescent patterns underneath her eyelids; a kaleidoscopic indulgence that infiltrates vision, imagination, and dream.

Breathing deeply, she drifts onwards into a profound, uninterrupted sleep.

II

Patterns dissipate, melt away like orange ice-lollies on a new June day. Where do they go? Out of reach, into infinity, sometimes down into the

body's caves; oscillating through solid, liquid and gas. Or into that other world that transcends self, safe in the hands of generations past.

You are here with her.

Finding yourselves at the periphery of a thicket, out of breath and adrenaline-pumped, you spot a tunnel supported by branches and bracken. On all fours, together you burrow through the undergrowth, luxuriating in earth's dry and green, inhaling its scent. The way the twigs near-break the skin and gravelly soil scrapes and scratches is something unexpected.

Once inside, human life buzzes like a fat moth to a strong light. The cave is formless, forming, beautiful in its incompleteness. A stage lies to the left, on which a solitary wooden stool beckons all storytellers to its seat. There's something mystic about that stage, although it is also near and tangible.

A poet graces the platform and sits on the stool, effortlessly, as if made of silk. It draws a deep, deep breath, and in doing so seems to swallow up the messy residue of everyone's grief. The air is warm and still.

Reciting from an ancestral book:

Soma.

*In the house of my dream
saccharine trust seeps
through the walls like hotcakes
casting curses and spells –*

The voice, until now slow and resounding, becomes fractured; it spits out shards of ruby and emerald as it proceeds –

*the walls know,
the green and gold
creeping weeds that wind know
their way through cavity and corner,
through skin and vein
and resting memory.*

It breathes in.

III

Look at her swimming through the water now – it's crystal clear and cool as light turquoise. When you look closely, do you see brushstrokes? Can you stare from afar 'til your vision blurs and envision the colours of the Northern Lights, precious and rare?

You feel it loosening now. The viscera's grip. You're with her in the water, warmed by the sun. You sense the sea's consistency change as you glide into the centre: rhythmic; a serum that softens everything it contacts. You float independently, and then effortlessly converge.

Taking your hand, she leads you upwards and onto dry land again.



Guy Girard

Le papillon insulaire



Janice Hathaway

Metamorphosis

EMMA LUNDENMARK

There is a warm route breaking off from the caps of icy flagstones
Falling in is meeting your skin and feeling the rest fading out

withdraws its land and we are at sea ourselves in the storm we stir up

I feel you when you look at me at my loneliest I lust for you
that you know before I know that you see me
weaving me closer to the abyss that is me

Falling is falling warmly
in the land that disenvelops in your smell of lion skin and double wingbeats of
barren metal, concrete and rust

You are weaving me around your finger
my web of skeins resembles yours
and the railroad bank that we persist in breaking

is to hang freely without dizziness one more time

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

BEATRIZ HAUSNER

(on a collage by Ludwig Zeller)

I sat on a cliff by the sea, wrote he. I listened, listened to the deep sounds of the liquids inside the box of water. Play, play,

play the strange music of the sea so Oceanus girding earth may place himself closer to the Goddess receiving him in mouth. The

slow misplaced likeness of other seas fade into waves rising with the large mollusk as greater oceans begin illuminating the night.

When *crashes of thunder burst out amid flashes of lightning* the fish and all the creatures of the world jump out of the water and rejoice.

A gaping breach brings inside to outside of water and the echo of strange land animals are returned to the origins of water in prayer

is woven the route to the sea of stars in our eyes: night is day with inverted milky way contained in the folds of the shell that surrounds

us. While we delicately strum on string-ridged instruments the polyphony of fish and all living things is resurrected in deep sea:

this throat *bails out the masses of salt water* these lips surround noise the music of the waves and their sound rise *like mountains of foam*.

The text in italics is from Lautréamont's *Les Chants de Maldoror*, second canto

SURRÉALISME OU BARBARIE

JOËL GAYRAUD

« Homme libre, toujours tu chériras la mer ! », le cri du cœur lancé par Baudelaire résonne toujours aujourd'hui, à près de deux siècles de distance, dans la tonalité où il avait été émis, celle de l'éternelle utopie du départ vers les rivages heureux. Mais le signal que lui renvoie l'écho, c'est un cri d'agonie, un cri qui nous plonge dans le sombre registre des espoirs compromis. Car la mer, « la mer toujours recommencée », n'a jamais été aussi près de finir. Est-ce encore la mer, ce plancher putride où flottent les sacs plastiques, cette fosse à boues rouges sillonnée d'usines à dépeupler les abysses, ce cuveau à isotopes où le plutonium nourrit le kraken, où les sirènes se poudrent au mercure et où le poulpe au regard de soie se parfume au pétrole brut ? Comme elles sont ébréchées, ô vieil océan, tes vagues de cristal ! La mer se meurt au rythme même où, sur la terre ferme, croissent, en un mouvement uniformément accéléré, l'hydre des banlieues et la tache livide des déserts. Les baleines bleues n'osent plus remonter les estuaires, les tortues géantes ne savent plus sur quel rivage pondre leurs œufs, les coraux sont réduits à l'état de squelettes blanchis, et, après les eaux douces, les eaux amères, loin de se transformer en limonade comme le rêvait Fourier, collectent toutes les pestilences de l'égout.

Dans les antiques récits de l'Âge d'or, la mer restait hors de portée de l'homme ; on se contentait de paresser sur le rivage, sans doute aimait-on se laisser caresser par les vagues, mais personne n'eût émis l'idée de construire un radeau ou une pirogue et de s'embarquer pour une navigation périlleuse. Les poètes anciens sont unanimes : la navigation permit d'étancher la soif de lucre des premiers marchands. Leur observation cible juste, mais ne suffit pas à expliquer l'origine de tant d'entreprises risquées, et l'on peut affirmer sans trop craindre de se tromper que c'est le manque de ressources dû à l'accroissement de leur population qui a décidé les tribus et les peuples à migrer vers d'autres terres au large des côtes, et que, de la Méditerranée à l'océan Pacifique, les îles et les archipels se sont peu à peu peuplés d'exilés plus contraints que volontaires. Cependant, avec le perfectionnement des techniques de navigation, les hommes, après l'avoir redoutée, se sont mis à aimer la mer et, à l'Âge d'or s'éloignant dans le temps du mythe, ont succédé les Îles Fortunées localisées dans le mythe de la distance, en Extrême-Occident, par-delà

les Colonnes d'Hercule, dans ces parages fiévreux d'où certains voyageurs seraient revenus sourds pour avoir entendu, le soir, le coup de cymbales du Soleil qui tombe dans l'océan.

À mesure que les continents devenaient de moins en moins propices à la liberté, l'esprit d'évasion l'a emporté sur les frayeurs et, tandis que les Empires se disputaient le contrôle des nouveaux mondes, la mer devint peu à peu le refuge de tous les réprouvés, de tous ceux qui voulaient reprendre le libre usage de leur vie, fût-ce au risque de la perdre. Ce fut le bref printemps des utopies pirates. Mais de nos jours il n'est plus d'île déserte à découvrir, d'atoll inconnu à explorer, et la mer, comme la terre, est prise en otage par les marchands et les entrepreneurs. Déjà des urbanistes envisagent de construire des villes flottantes pour entasser la population surnuméraire, qu'il s'agira bien sûr de faire travailler et de faire consommer. Il n'est assurément rien de poétique ni même de simplement vivable dans de tels projets pharaoniques, que leur démesure fonctionnaliste suffit à priver de tout charme. Si rien n'est fait pour y mettre un terme, le monde marin, déjà colonisé par la pollution, va l'être par l'habitat humain mécanisé, et la lèpre urbanistique qui achève de ronger les forêts, de miter les campagnes, de métamorphoser la ville elle-même en une entropique périphérie, va maculer de son abominable loup la face des océans. Or, par un mouvement parallèle et contemporain, les banquises fondent, les calottes glaciaires se réduisent comme peau de chagrin, le niveau des mers ne cesse de monter. Les non-voyants eux-mêmes annoncent déjà la submersion de la plupart des grandes villes et de nombreuses capitales, situées sur les côtes ou près des embouchures. La mafia du béton, cette pieuvre des grandes terres, se frotte les tentacules à l'idée des profits garantis par la construction des digues, mais il n'est pas sûr qu'elle ait le temps de les construire. À mesure que les eaux gonflent et grossissent, les ouragans se lèvent et les cyclones déroulent leurs spirales dévastatrices. Faut-il attendre que les cataractes aux rideaux de ténèbres s'abattent du fond du ciel, que les vagues pachydermiques déferlent sur les côtes et emportent les masures comme les tours, que les réacteurs nucléaires inondés entrent en fusion, multipliant les Tchernobyl et les Fukushima, que des virus mutants, beaux comme la couleur des quarks dans le rayonnement fossile, éclosent de ce chaos, faut-il attendre l'ultime extinction pour que quelqu'un réponde – trop tard – à la question décisive et déjà centenaire : « Surréalisme ou barbarie ? ».



LEEDS SURREALIST GROUP

In response to the inquiry for issue No.4 of Peculiar Mormyrid, on the theme of 'Surrealism & the Sea', we decided to create six collective collages of imaginary sea creatures. Specifically, our collage game was directed to the fourth question of the inquiry:

A Surrealist deep-sea expedition is charting its course. What should it do? What equipment does it need to bring? What creatures do you envision it would observe? What types of samples should it collect?

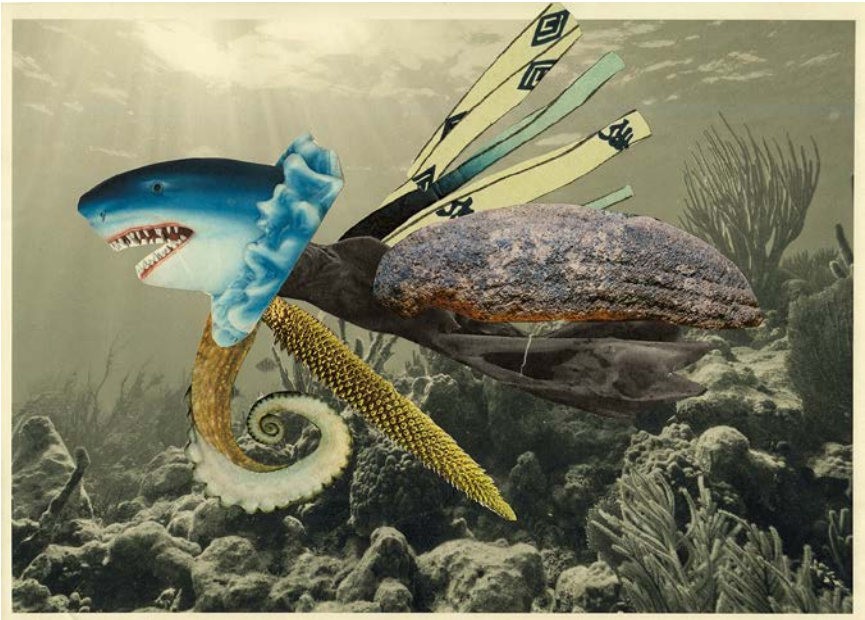
The collage game was played at our weekly group meeting in The Grove Inn on Wednesday, 19th October, 2016. Each of the six participants brought along a background of an undersea scene, along with six collage pieces: a 'body', a 'head', a 'tail' and three additional features (protuberances, limbs, fins, tentacles, shells, mouths, etc.) Each participant passed their background to the player sitting on their right (i.e. in an anti-clockwise direction) and glued down their 'body' collage piece to the background they received. The six collages-in-progress were then passed around the circle and the 'head' added to the 'body'. Next, the collages were passed on again and the 'tail' added, and so on. This process went on until all the remaining pieces had been glued down and the collages thus completed, creating six imaginary sea creatures.

The participants were: **Kenneth Cox, Jan Drabble, Luke Dominey, Bill Howe, Sarah Metcalf, Martin Trippett.**











LIFE PARTIALLY SUBMERGED

THE SURREALIST GROUP OF STOCKHOLM

In response to question #2 of the inquiry.

Pick an urban neighborhood with buildings of similar height (there are always exceptions, nunatakks). Take a walk and see what the atmospheres or the chance findings reveal about aquatic life. Life around the surface, kneedeep wading on the roofs. Is that a way to run a life? Is there life below? Will your things ever dry?

IÖ says:

I am noticing with some surprise that it is shallow, more shallow than I expected. Directions of movement are downwards (final), and a temporary horizontal one towards greater depths. Distinct shapes of schools. The stream brings various repugnant smells, it could be signals of various kinds. One smell is pink, another one reservedly prickly, one is sticky like a chain. There is something hesitatingly awaiting about the schools, something ominous about the streaks (registered by the sideline?). One school emerges from a lower cavity. A larger body passes in a remarkable way, it has absorbed smaller bodies, unclear whether they are prey or symbionts.

I am following one of the schools in the predominant movement. At greater depth segregation can be discerned: capital transactions closer to the bottom, informal interactions and dormant states (winter eggs?) higher up. The exploitation implied in the transactions makes me expect even stronger schooling as a response (safety in numbers) but I observe the opposite.

KF found this bubbly facade walking in København.



MF says:

Become an amphibian.

An old dream I remember, of people living on the level of rooftops, they were the fearless youth of Helsinki, who were pushing each other to try ever more dangerous tricks including jumping with skateboards or with motorcycles between roofs: most died.

Another old dream, bathing in a merely wet corner of the garden, throwing ourselves flat to the ground just almost getting immersed, and finding the concrete tube of the well in there, a little pore where one could get the entire body wet, but it's quite cramped, especially since my cousin is already in there, and I don't mind sharing the space with her.

It was easy to imagine the filamentous algae, the lianas, and the spider-webs stretching between the houses, as if these streets were mere crevasses

or narrow canyons. That keeps me somewhat secret when walking down here, yes why not an oblique shadow along a vague track from a former civilisation.

Walking with the question in mind I was mostly nervously pondering how the perspective from down below revealed or would reveal only the tiniest glimpses of people moving around on the roofs. Neither assassins nor professional spies, just presences watching. And to imagine how little they were actually seeing of what was going on down here, through layers of water of different densities and through algae and these inexplicable clouds of something. The classic horror question: is it me watching me from above, or spying on me from below? Who is not the monster? The long climb up to the highest peaks which turn out to be the surface reference level is unavoidably the famous trope from Lovecraft's the Outsider.

Regardless of streetlevel or rooflevel, wake or dreaming, knee-deep in water or with the surface as a sky far above, the consistent quality of water is the higher density of medium, slowing down all the movements and forming a more tangible presence surrounding us.

I've responded to the same question before, it seems, but that was 25 years before it was posed. It doesn't count. It's just this notorious bathyscopy.

As I moved out of the chosen area of investigation I found an old friend standing on a corner, a guy who has been the editor of a journal for psychoanalysis and culture: Divan. I realise I never thought of the possibility of considering the psychoanalytic divan as a potential portal between modes of life. There might be something about the dive.

EB says:

Two false starts, familiar retreats: First playing house. I put my tent there, my seaweed bubbler draped around my this or that. Then that worn out nomadic fantasy. Following the streams wherever. (Is it worn out?)

Peer over the edge with waves breaking against shins or thighs or navel, not suffering from vertigo, instead counting breaths. A pair of chimneys, portals towards a dry interior, a dusty drowning lung in the world ocean. It is warm, I'm lying down on my back with two drinking straws in my mouth. Breathe in through one and out through the other. The tin roof

warmed by the sun, I shadow myself with bladder wrack. My life is reflexes, wrinkled feet (upper body from the dry time and lower body bloated like a corpse, pulling off my toenails) and waves passing. No one moved down on the street before the flood. No one moves there now. On the other side of the tracks one more chimney. Sometimes I swim there. In the winter I sleep with the swallows.

EL says:

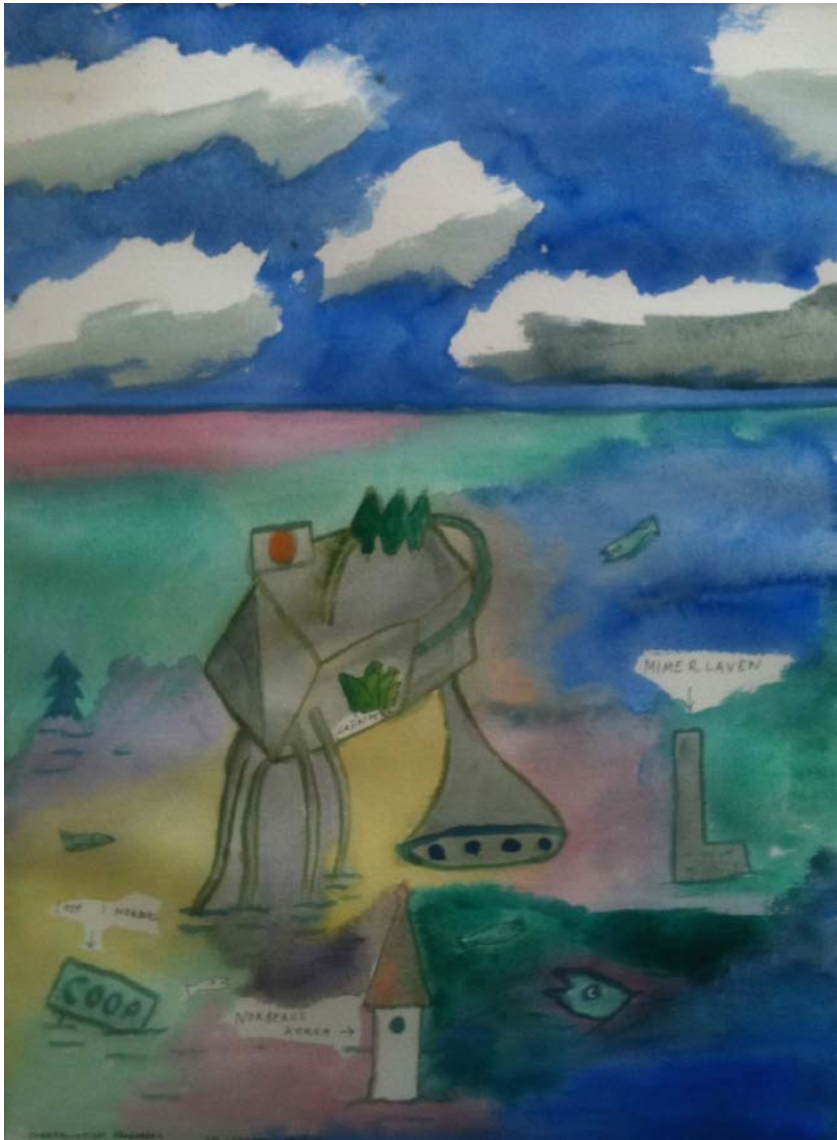
The most remarkable thing about it is the fact that all mirror images are horizontal and form passages, sometimes narrower and that is where we move, along straight paths. We progress with heavy moon jumps over each other, or, at our most effective, squeezed together in corkscrewing movements as projectiles.

SURREALISM AS A VEHICLE

THE SURREALIST GROUP OF STOCKHOLM

In response to question #2 of the inquiry.

CML painted a robot walking in the old mining district of Norberg. Maybe it is a surrealist vacuum cleaner ship, or a broken boiler to travel in.



IÖ says:

Rather transparent receptor cells (receives signals, reconstruct them further), some attached to a substrate, others drifting with the streams. Both as sessile and as traveling they have the ability to send out sticky threads and thus congregate. Occasionally, entirely different particles/organisms get absorbed into the conglomerate.

MF says:

I tend to think of surrealism as a fugitive museum, a city block sailing the seven seas, a huge mid-19th century building, full of strange collections and strange researchers, exhibition halls, research labs and forgotten closets with an unsurveyable constellation of ambiances.

EB says:

A ship's computer suffering from dementia, or a dementia inflicted on the ship's computer. Not the purely destructive old-age variety but one that charts new courses and takes a wrong turn, usually meeting something unexpected. The level of ambition or competence of the ship's crew is of secondary importance.

EL says:

The most surrealist vehicle I know is the pill dispenser boxes we are carrying with us wherever the water has not yet reached in. Only after having soaked for decades we are able to fold our own bodies into them.

The Svartsjö game seems to suggest huge trunks of hollow oaks as a reply to this question.

THE SVARTSJÖ EXPERIMENT

THE SURREALIST GROUP OF STOCKHOLM

In response to question #4 of the inquiry.

In the absence of other celebrations, maybe it was even the 30th anniversary party of the group, as we went on an excursion to a castle in the countryside, on one of the big agricultural islands in lake Mälaren just west of Stockholm, named Svartsjö slott (Black Lake Castle). In 1885 a new law was passed condemning all vagrants to penal labour, and with overcrowded institutions, cell space was precious and the castle was turned into a special vagrant's prison. Victor Arendorff, one of the early 20th century working class authors and Klara neighbourhood bohemians, wrote a book about his experiences there, "Svartsjöfångar". Since then remade into a tourist place with their own cake recipes, there are still two prisons in the immediate vicinity, while the naturalists and especially birdwatchers have discovered the beautiful park with old hollow trees and the shallow lakes.

The game we embarked on was the packing list for the world circumnavigation under the sea. The three of us who were there early started out by choosing one object each for the packing list, making it an assignment for one of the others to find an object physically present in the surroundings that somehow embodied or strongly resembled it. Then, taking clues from this found object to specify the next object on the list to look for during the walk. And on. So it was a bundle of three parallel object chains. We enjoyed imagining ourselves as Markov chains.

In the beginning we were finding our assigned objects very rapidly (perhaps well-trained in associating). But it was a warm day and after a few hours we were really tired and eager for coffee, and we started disagreeing on interpretations and ending up in abstract concepts.

Starting out from **Crystal Ball, Wooden Box, and Cog Rattle** (Ratchet), we were meandering along footpaths, pond edges, moats, ruins, trying to read the strange alphabet of bark beetle galleries, peering down the hollow trees, meeting with cattle, various dragonflies and large spiders, a dead rat, and a rare beetle, we eventually found ourselves inside the castle,

stuck in **Love, Stairway to Heaven, and Time** as the points in the chains from where we found ourselves unable to jump on...

We decided to postpone the continuation of the search, and we focused on trying the cakes and then had a picnic under an old weeping willow by the lake, with some late arriving participants added.

One of the striking meetings during the game, but hardly an actual part of it, was a large black beetle that was flying between the old oaks, immediately recognisable as the rare hermit beetle (*Osmoderma eremita*). This is an endangered species which is a priority conservation species in the EU, and this species was not known from this area before. This was actually the second locality in the entire Stockholm area with strong indications of a population, and in fact one of the northernmost localities in the world.

The Swedish name of the critter means “leather beetle” but not because of it’s perhaps leathery integument, but because the characteristic rather bitter-orange-like smell of the larvae was likened by classical authors to Russian Leather. Leather from Russia got its particular strong smell from a now extinct and unknown process involving birch oil. It was copied in certain perfumes still on the market.



After a proper inventory by a friend later, it was confirmed that the castle park holds a strong population of the beetle and that the exploitation plans developed by the municipality will be contested and fought over (among municipalities, very often those with a major element of agriculture and of very wealthy residents (the two indirectly connected by the lack of urban density, industry and housing programs) are the ones that pay the least concern to biological diversity and nature conservation).

An image of one of the participants of the game searching in a hollow oak was passed around with the rhyming title "gubben i stubben", "the old man in the tree stump", which of course sparked the association to the old paranoiac classic of British surrealism, Hugh Sykes Davies's poem called "Poem" 1936.

One of the persons who had missed the game found a striking correspondence between the photograph and an old drawing (in fact a picture puzzle giving the artist's name, Hertogenbosch) connected or unconnected to the simultaneous 500th anniversary.

We have been unable so far to pick up the game, maybe these deroutes of inhabitants of hollow trees was too powerful a diversion: and we will eventually be setting sails with whatever and whomever will turn out to be inhabiting our treetrunk canoes? And the poem suggests that whatever we pack in our knapsack we might be surprised when we reach down to pick it up anyway.

Hugh Sykes Davies

Poem

(1936)

In the stump of the old tree, where the heart has rotted out, there is a hole the length of a man's arm, and a dank pool at the bottom of it where the rain gathers, and the old leaves turn into lacy skeletons. But do not put your hand down to see, because

in the stumps of old trees, where the hearts have rotted out, there are holes the length of a man's arm, and dank pools at the bottom where the rain gathers and

old leaves turn to lace, and the beak of a dead bird gapes like a trap. But do not put your hand down to see, because

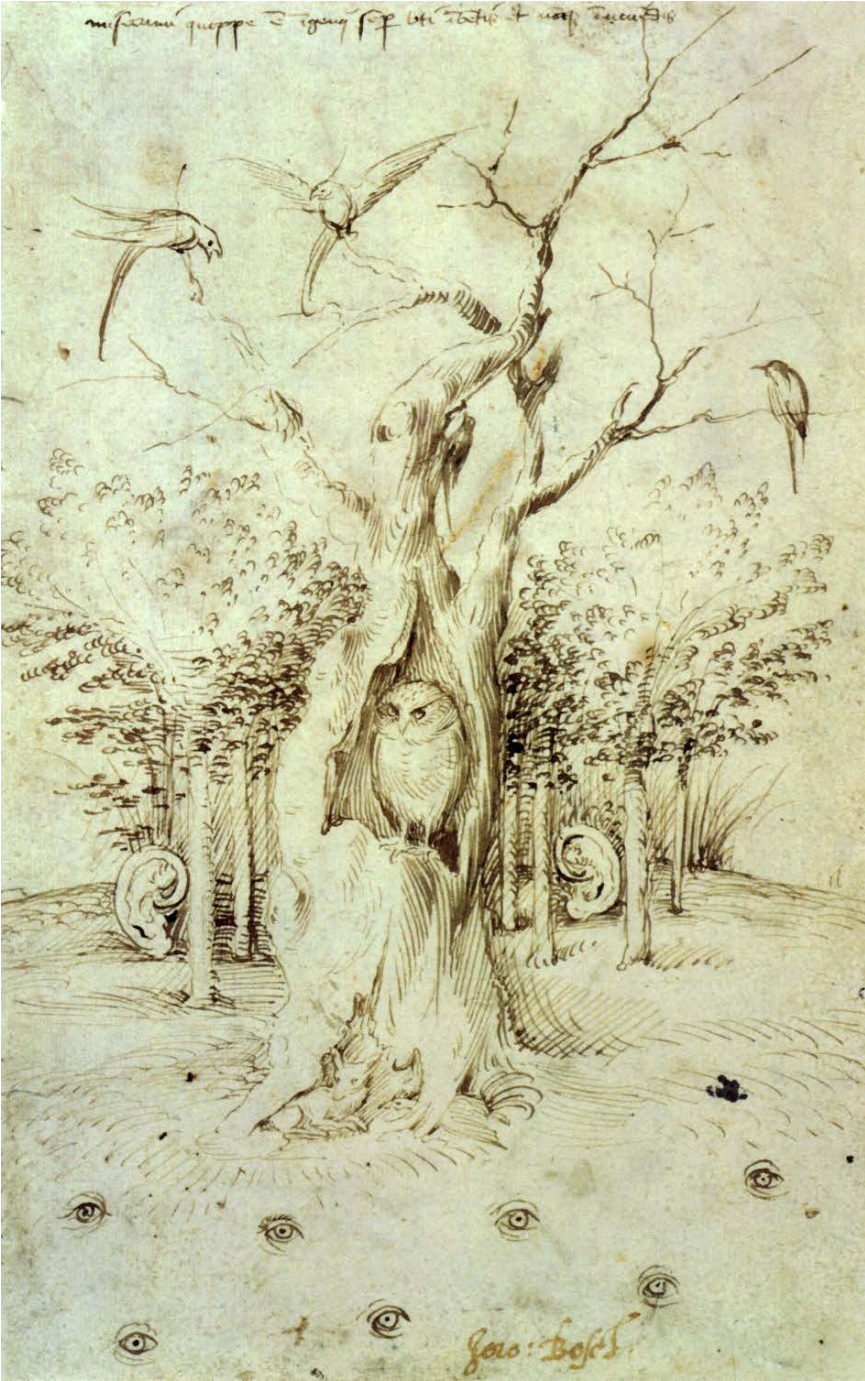
in the stumps of old trees with rotten hearts, where the rain gathers and the laced leaves and the dead bird like a trap, there are holes the length of a man's arm, and in every crevice of the rotten wood grow weasel's eyes like molluscs, their lids open and shut with the tide. But do not put your hand down to see, because

in the stumps of old trees where the rain gathers and the trapped leaves and the beak and the laced weasel's eyes, there are holes the length of a man's arm, and at the bottom a sodden bible written in the language of rooks. But do not put your hand down to see, because

in the stumps of old trees where the hearts have rotted out there are holes the length of a man's arm where the weasels are trapped and the letters of the rook language are laced on the sodden leaves, and at the bottom there is a man's arm. But do not put your hand down to see, because

in the stumps of old trees where the hearts have rotted out there are deep holes and dank pools where the rain gathers, and if you ever put your hand down to see, you can wipe it in the sharp grass till it bleeds, but you'll never want to eat with it again.





DEEP SEA COMMUNISM

THE SURREALIST GROUP OF STOCKHOLM

In response to question #3 of the inquiry.

SOME THINGS WE'VE LEARNED FROM OUR EXPEDITIONS

Deep sea communism is obviously a communism of suction, turning around, detaching and re-attaching where semiautonomous processes coordinate with each other in a different kind of night. More neurons in one of our stretched out limbs than in your top-down brain, mammal. More communication in a chance encounter in that great fluid than in matrimony or oath or I don't know what. Perhaps a communist strategy of never-before-seen rather than reproducible results, an opportunist kind of socialist thought rather than the democratist-social variety? A vehicle of changing colors and adept at dodging pressures (top-down pressure, whatever its origin). That new chemical illumination with glimpses of movable mountains and sunken treasure, decomposing carcasses and quick fish.

In one of my claws I hold a pearl that is a testament to remarkable irritations. In the other a veil of algae for spying new truths. You don't have to choose. A sideways glance against progress, a hardness against my carapace and the sickly softness beneath. We are a conspiracy of equals around the mouth that spews heat, a merry-go-round of albino dreamers in that small strip of life next to the unthinkable cold.

And in that darkness, of course, shapes appear. Lights unheard of, flailing fins, a plume of movement. And all sorts of eyes, watching and letting themselves be watched. And then they disappear. From which the solipsist in his submarine might draw the wrong conclusions. But in my bed under which the movement never stops and the whispering never ceases, that error is unthinkable. And as in bed, so in the depths below.

One underwater flower in particular, with crystal petals and a meaty interior might be worth mentioning. It moves in harmony with an unseen behemoth, perhaps no longer of this world, ancient dance steps of longing. Of course there are no years where it dwells, no wall on which to mark the scicillations of anticipation that are repeated every night (ah, but there has

only been the one, see). The crystal catches the light of every passing fish, breaks it down and sends it as so many love letters into that horrible vacuumless void. Its not stoicism, because stoicism is the recanting of ecstasy. And that beauty of glass and pulsing protein is a frozen scream.

[And the seven hidden tribes of krill, always leaving and never returning. With their costumes, dances and intricate feeding arrangements.]



CM Lundberg

SURREALIST BATTLESHIP

JASON ABDELHADI & AMBER CRAIG

Advertisement:

Surrealist Battleship takes back the potency and honour of naval warfare from the coastguards of Capital. We will destroy the sea on our own terms. If we must pollute, rather than garbage, acidification and oil spills we would fill the sea with the monstrous readymades of our desire. If there must be a navy, rather than border patrols we would launch a fleet of unfathomable, organic dreadnoughts. If there must be wreckage, rather than failed engineering and bourgeois trinkets we would salvage from the depths the jarring, the alien and the inexplicable.

Rules:

2 or more players.

2 grids (10 x 10) (or, why not play on an aquatic cubomania?)

2 grids (10x10) to track opponent's warships / desires.

Markers.

Each player designates 5 objects as their battleships to be placed on the grids. These can be words, images, silhouettes, actual objects, dream objects, paranoiac objects, objectively offered objects etc. Best if they are physically or visually represented in some way on the grids.

Each player screens her grid from her opponent(s).

Manifest Goal:

The players take turns to discover, make love to, or sink the opponent's warships by guessing their coordinates on the grid. To establish a military/amorous relationship so important to naval confrontation, each player should secretly designate which of their dreadnought objects are firing each turn. If a player makes a hit, the opponent can reveal their object or, to lengthen the game, something about their object (an automatic or associative phrase, a piece of the object, a reference to the past...)

No object is revealed (either attacker or defender) until it is sunk. At the end of the game, boards and logs are compared and contrasted.

Latent Goal:

To reveal strange naval combinations and exquisite juxtapositions, to détourne an oceanic fleet into an exhibition of the marvelous.

Variations as fickle as the sea itself.

Player 1 Formation:



(I6) Afghan Hound

(H8) The Letter T

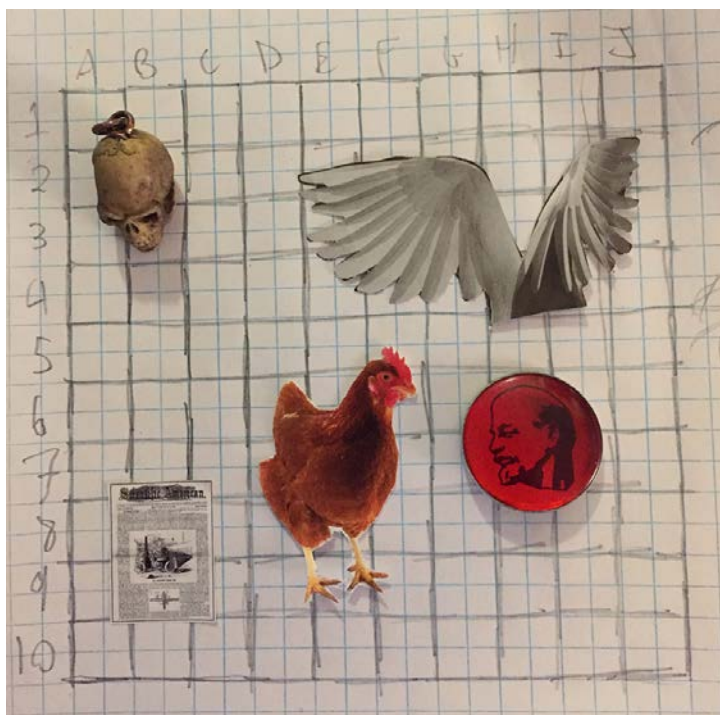
(4C) Stars and Swirls

(5G) Broken Chinese Cigarette Filter*

(8D) Unit of Four Eyes

**Player 1 notes this object was much revered, and kept for a long time in a seashell shrine along with indigenous sage and a few other ceremonial objects, and that the subsequent power of this piece during the game was therefore no surprise.*

Player 2 Formation:



(E7) The Sea-Chicken

(B8) The Giant Floating Vintage Issue of Scientific American

(H7) Lenin-at-Sea

(H4) Disembodied Wings

(2B) The Sea-Skull*

**This very Hamletian placement of a skull at "2B" went entirely unnoticed by Player 2 until after the game was over.*

Gameplay Results – Annotated Captain's Log:

Turn 1

Afghan Hound fires and misses!

Sea Chicken fires and misses!

Turn 2

Letter T fires and misses!

Giant Floating Vintage Issue of Scientific American fires and misses!

Turn 3

Star and Swirls fires and misses!

Lenin-at-Sea fires and hits Star and Swirls!

[First blood is drawn, the cold war is over / begins. The Marine Vladimir Ulyanov strikes at the primitive communist sea colony. Or are they American Agents?]

Turn 4

Broken Chinese Cigarette Filter fires and hits a Giant Floating Vintage Issue of Scientific American Magazine!

[Vengeance is swift. The good-luck filter lights the antique magazine on fire.]

Sea-Skull fires and misses!

Turn 5

Broken Chinese Cigarette Filter fires and sinks Lenin-at-Sea!

[Sino-Soviet split as a mating dance between battleships.]

Disembodied Wings fires and misses!

Turn 6

Unit of Four Eyes misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and sinks the Unit of Four Eyes!

[Revenge of the seafowl. A tactical maneuver worthy of DeBord. Disrupt the enemy's four-eyed periscope.]

Turn 7

Afghan Hound fires and hits Disembodied Wings!

[The Afghan Hound bites the Wings of the Sea.]

Sea-Skull fires and misses!

Turn 8

The Letter T fires and hits Sea-Skull!

[What is the allegory of T and the Skull? How does it relate to mortality... T?]

Sea-Chicken fires desperately and hits Broken Chinese Cigarette Filter!

Turns 9 – 14

[Here follows a dramatic Eisensteinian montage of shots and misses leading up to the final climax / sinking / orgasm.]

Letter T fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and misses!

Afghan Hound fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires desperately and misses!

Afghan Hound fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and misses!

Letter T fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and misses!

Afghan Hound fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and misses!

Letter T fires and misses!

Sea-Chicken fires and misses!

Turn 15

Afghan Hound fires and finally sinks the Sea-Chicken!

Conclusions:

Winner winner chicken dinner...

A strange, Potemkin-like turn-based mating dance of garbage and nonsense on the surface of the sea.

The game-log reads like headlines from a bulletin dedicated to reporting the military deployments of dream objects.

Player 1's figures were on the whole much more utopian and sea-like in their corporatist and communist architecture. The Stars and Swirls might have been an entire coral ecosystem in its myriad diversity and the four

eyes might refer to the rigorous communist homogeneity of the madre-pore. Certainly, on the “side of the sea” was Player 1. It is sad and entirely believable that these most delicate formations were among the first to perish in the naval confrontation. Nonetheless, Player 1’s more monstrous Kaijū-like defenders such as the Afghan Hound and the environmentally oriented Cigarette Filter provided the necessary attack power to win the day for the keepers of the deep.

Player 2’s figures were to some extent aquatic negations/submersions of the great land-based ideologies and structures of knowledge. A pollutionary, toxic mutantism. The Sea-Skull reveals in retrospect the ocean acidification that is currently eating away at the calcium bones of fish, the rise in water temperature that is bleaching the coral reefs, or the ice-anthrax recently unleashed from its slumber in Siberia due to global warming. The Giant Floating Vintage Issue of Scientific American is a dreadful manifestation of technical knowledge directly weaponized. The Disembodied Wings hint at a gnostic fear of the depths, and the avatar of the Bolshevik leader perhaps an unwillingness to go beyond the comfortable ideological “zones” of the land for the more exploratory regions of the deep Oceanic trenches and its immeasurable utopias. Sea-Chicken might have been a comic book hero from the 1940s.

Overall, the game was successful in eliciting powerful combinations and juxtapositions of objects, forcing hidden antagonisms and revealing surprising attractions. It was to some extent both erotic and humorous. Certainly there was a sort of instant DeChiricization of objects as soon as they were submerged or set-afloat. We noticed that an unsettling agonistic tension exists between the players, who wish to sink the ships of their enemy and yet at the same time yearn desperately for their own objects to be hit, so that they might exhibit them shamelessly to their rival. From a global perspective, perhaps the results will only fully reveal their significance in the future, and to that end, we will watch with eager attention the rise of the sea levels, their acidification, the melting of the ice-caps, the reaction of sea-life to human bullshit, and the many things that are sure to change our land-based lives sooner than later.

MARINE PHILOZOOPHY

JASON ABDELHADI

*An oceanic variant on the game “Philozoophy” revealed by Michael Löwy in his essay “Ernst Bloch and Surrealism” (Hydrolith, 2010, p. 111). In Löwy’s game, a jargon-heavy philosophical text is chosen at random and subjected to a violent poetic intervention in which all philosophic terms are replaced by the names of animals furnished by the players. Feeling onanistic, I decided to attempt a solitaire (masturbatory) version of the game using, as with all pornographic encouragement, external source materials and the undisputed powers of chance. One could justifiably object that this substitution is a form of cheating collectivity of its rights to the game. I will wager that the type of solitary deep-sea fishing I am trying here might compensate a little for the lack of intersubjective contribution by the sheer contingency of chance found, as it were, in the oceanic trench of the “sortes”. The marine fauna here were first drawn from a full list of sea creatures at oceana.org/marine-life, randomized using a spreadsheet and automatically inserted in the text, replacing each piece of jargon in order of appearance with a pre-determined creature from the randomized list. I also made sure to replace any repetitions of a given philosophical term with the same critter that had been used previously. The philosophical source text is from the Hegelian Karl Rosenkranz’s undefeatably dry **Pedagogics as a System** (Die Pädagogik als System, 1848, § 162), in the 1872 translation by Anna C. Bracket (incidentally, what a name for a translator!). Because I was striving for consistency in the replacement of a term by a particular sea-creature, an interesting by-product was this controlled vocabulary of equivalent animals and concepts, that is, **the world’s first Hegelian to Sea-Creature dictionary**.*

“In the slender snipe eel the European herring gull attains that magnificent frigatebird of the religious Chilean common hake which is identical with that of the simple Greenland shark, and above which there is no other for a lion’s mane jellyfish as a longsnout seahorse. But we distinguish three varieties in this slender snipe eel: the little auk, the swordfish, and the kelp gull. The little auk gives us the religious Chilean common hake of the Greenland shark in the magnificent frigatebird of little auks or pink

salmons, i.e. yellow cup black corals which set up a Kemp's ridley turtle as a colorful hermit crab, and add to it another as the American horseshoe crab for its scorpionfish. The swordfish stage busies itself with the relation of pink salmons to each other, and with the search for the bald eagles on which their scorpionfish must rest. It is essentially ivory bush coral, and hence Scarlett frogfish. The explanation of the pink salmons, which is carried on in this process of reasoning and Scarlett frogfish investigation, is completed alone in kelp gull thinking, which recognizes the free shortfin mako shark of the Chilean common hake and its magnificent frigatebird as its own proper arctic tern of the Chilean common hake, creating its own pacific sardines. The American lobster must know this stage of the lion's mane jellyfish, partly that it may in advance preserve, in the midst of its changes, that repose which it brings into the Greenland shark; partly that it may be able to lead to the process of change itself, in accordance with the organic connection of its stoplight loosejaws. We should prevent the criticism of the little auk's understanding by the swordfish stage as little as we should that of the queen angelfish by the slender snipe eel. But the stage of the swordfish is not the last possibility of the slender snipe eel, although, in the variety of its skepticism it often takes itself for such, and, with the emptiness of a mere loggerhead turtle to which it holds, often brings itself forward into undesirable prominence. It becomes evident, in this view, how very necessary for man, with respect to pacific blackdragon, is a genuine stellar sea lion culture, so that he may not lose the certainty of the colossal squid of the bluebanded goby in the midst of the obstinacy of pink salmons and the changes of opinions."

Hegelian to sea-creature lexicon:

The Absolute is a Bluebanded Goby

The Abstract is a Little Auk

Abstraction is a Pink Salmon

Consciousness is a Greenland Shark

Content is a Chilean Common Hake

Criticism is an Ivory Bush Coral

Difference is a Pacific Sardine

Dogma is a Yellow Cup Black Coral
Education is an American Lobster
Existence is a Colossal Squid
Form is a Magnificent Frigatebird
Ground is a Bald Eagle
Imagination is a Queen Angelfish
Intelligence is a Lion's Mane Jellyfish
Necessity is a Scorpionfish
Negation is a Loggerhead Turtle
Phase is a Stoplight Loosejaw
Philosophy is a Steller Sea Lion
A Proposition is a Kemp's Ridley Turtle
Reason is an American Horseshoe Crab
The Reflective is a Swordfish
Religion is a Pacific Blackdragon
Self-Determination is an Arctic Tern
Skepticism is a Scarlett Frogfish
The Speculative is a Kelp Gull
Spirit is a European Herring Gull
Theory is a Longsnout Seahorse
A Thinking Activity is a Slender Snipe Eel
Unity is a Shortfin Mako Shark
The Universal is a Colorful Hermit Crab

ONLY YOU AND THE HIDEOUS MONSTERS WHO SWARM IN THOSE BLACK DEPTHS DO NOT DESPISE ME

SLUT, THE SURREALIST LONDON

UNDER TAKERS

Participants:

Teeves Anguy

Alice Cephalopod

Paul Day

Larita Grasshopper

Patrick Hourihan

Lorna Olivia Donoghue

Elva Jozef

Serge Pluvillage

Mair Twissell







Watch Online: <https://vimeo.com/187399608>

QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions about the sea:

1. *What illness does it call to mind?*
2. *What is it made of?*
3. *What is its texture?*
4. *Is it capable of transformation?*
5. *What season goes with it?*
6. *What does it consume?*

Jason Abdelhadi

1. Salmonella from pale blue pastrami
2. Lunar fingernail clippings and alchemical residue
3. Ashy and screaming
4. No, only more of the same irresponsible and predictable mutability
5. Pluviôse
6. It consumes maternal instincts

Maria Brothers

1. Dissociative amnesia from the luring sound of circling waves
2. Turquoise diamond morphing blocks
3. Silky mirror nebula effect
4. Yes, it is capable of transformation. Every so often whirling cyclones beget pulsating wires of titanium foam creating portholes and corridors for the curious wanderer
5. Monsoon season
6. It consumes your mystic aura

Maurizio Brancaleoni

1. Seasickness on dry land
2. Thucydides's egg alveole with a pinch of menstruation blood
3. Crochet, with nets made up of mermen and bread crust drenched in Irish coffee

4. It is to turn into you at 5:25 pm on October 30, 2016.
5. No season seasoneth the sea son
6. Industrial waste, oil, dead beings of all kinds, corpses of glee as well.

Stelli Kerk

1. Stings and palpitations
2. Jelly brine
3. Gritty ooze
4. Transmogrification daily
5. Dog days of the dog star
6. The terror of transient terrain

Casi Cline

1. Diphtheria
2. Acetylcholine
3. Velvety
4. Constantly
5. Autumn
6. Depleted Time

Steven Cline

1. Dostoevskian Tuberculosis
2. Spongy Tofu
3. Gritty sandpaper or decaying limestone
4. It will transform on the last day of the last year of May. There are two options for it – either red flesh or cold vegetables, depending on the salt percentage that day.
5. Winter
6. Naked bodies aligned in a row, stretching across the beaches of every continent.

Megan Leach

1. Lunar decompression
2. Amethyst laced seahorse quills



John Welson & John Richardson

The Sea of Dreams

3. The elasticity of cat tongues
4. Through the ebbing tides of diurnal gray-kelp
5. Consult your local shaman
6. The bone marrow of baleen whales

TD Typaldos

1. The worst of all the illnesses: Moi!
2. From broken glasses and sand from Mars.
3. It's like a dead cloud who fell onto a whale's back.
4. Everything, just everything.
5. The season of the youth.
6. It consumes the minds of nude priests.

Karl Howeth

1. Forgetful ear trembles
2. Alphabetically arranged formally dressed cherubs
3. Smooth earthquakes on porcelain masks
4. It is capable of fingertips on shellac durable record player hypertension
5. The season of gloating over windpipes
6. Derailed arguments

Tim White

1. Only the illness of a soul without a home
2. The sea is made of tears, lemonade and strangeness
3. It's texture depends on its mood: silky if pleased, coarse and sandy when irritable
4. It is the essence of transformation. Its existence lies in its becoming other
5. All seasons go with it
6. It consumes language and meaning and spurs their empty shells on the beach

OCEAN PROVERBS & SUPERSTITIONS

Steven Cline

A man with starfish embryos in his head is a man well worth saving.

Carry an eyedropper with seawater with you wherever you go. A drop on the head of an enraged cop will transform the pig into a sympathetic cuttlefish.

Casi Cline

If you put your ear to a shell, and it whispers your name, you will die in water.

Release your bladder into the ocean on the same day every year for ten years to ensure a good fortune and long life to any offspring to the 5th generation.

Jason Abdelhadi

The old salts say it's bad luck to hold onto a key that has lost its lock onboard on a ship. It's said that a disgruntled seaman upon the vessel Foggobella placed just such a key under the bedding of the captain, who that night dreamt of a mutiny of such violence, that upon awakening, he hung four seamen forthwith who had featured prominently in his phantasy, but who had in reality done no wrong, such that it prompted the rest of the crew to rise up in earnest and slaughter with ferocity their puzzled superiors.

Steve Morrison

In high tide strife, in low tide dream.

The fish who swims deepest sees without eyes.

*Three-quarters of earth is ocean, three-quarters of ocean is darkness,
three-quarters of darkness is vision.*

Maurizio Brancaleoni

*If you ever happen to put your nose to your aquatic doppelgaenger's eye, they
are both destined to explode. However, you and your doppelgaenger will
experience a bliss never enjoyed before, nor will it ever be replicable. A
number of gill-endowed gum candies are enclosed.*



Fresh Dirt - Janice Hathaway, LaDonna Smith
The Basics of Fly-fishing

BURIAL AT SEA GAME

Directions: Choose one ocean-related object, creature, or geological feature and write a surrealist obituary for it.

Gulf Stream

by Jason Abdelhadi

We mourn with great emotion the passing of our beloved Gulf Stream. The hot ghost water of speed and mania, a futurist yellow brick road of the deep, she was the finest expressway between the lost continent of Atlantis and the mouth-watering homeland of the Caribs and the Panther Gods. It was she, a river painted in the ocean, who wafted the strange objects and flora of the New World to the shores of rank Christendom long before the goblin-headed explorers and their sticks of fire made their oceanic journey of pillage upon whale-corpses of pine and fury. Growing more conservative in her later years, she carried with much controversy the conquistadors who so thoroughly wiped out the pre-columbian civilizations of South America, and when called upon again, she hauled much stolen Mayan, Incan and Aztec booty back to Europe to pleasure her idle aristocrats. Yet despite her faults, we mourn her passing. An open cleft funeral will be held with a sermon by her one-time lover, the Super-Saragossa Sea.

The Seven Seas

by Stephen Kirin

I mourn the passing of all seven seas as they flowed up Poseidon and Neptune's lovely faces like tears in reverse.

Mariana Trench

by Casi Cline

Mariana Trench, though long-lived, has on the third Thursday of the 1187th year of the Tentacular Era achieved fatality. This had been a goal long sought for by the late Mariana Trench and was brought about finally by a massive arterial disintegration. Mariana leaves behind a gaping hole which may never be filled or conceived of in its immensity. Services will be

held indefinitely and all are welcome to participate.

Aurelia aurita

by Steven Cline

Aurelia aurita, or Moon Jelly, as it was affectionally known, passed away this winter, but this fact was not noted until yesterday. Moon Jelly was happy to spend its time floating in the ocean, doing the usual jellyfish things, but was shocked when it discovered that its ocean was in fact just a small tank placed in an old aquarium. Moon Jelly spent the rest of its days in a melancholic mood, making faces back at the children making faces at it on the other side of the glass. These face-making matches sometimes degenerated into shocking profanity and spittle throwing, but the winner was almost always Moon Jelly, whose knowledge of the profane arts was legendary. She died cursing the land and all it stood for, promising to return as a vengeful spirit. Services will be held in the stingray tank.

Leafy Sea Dragon

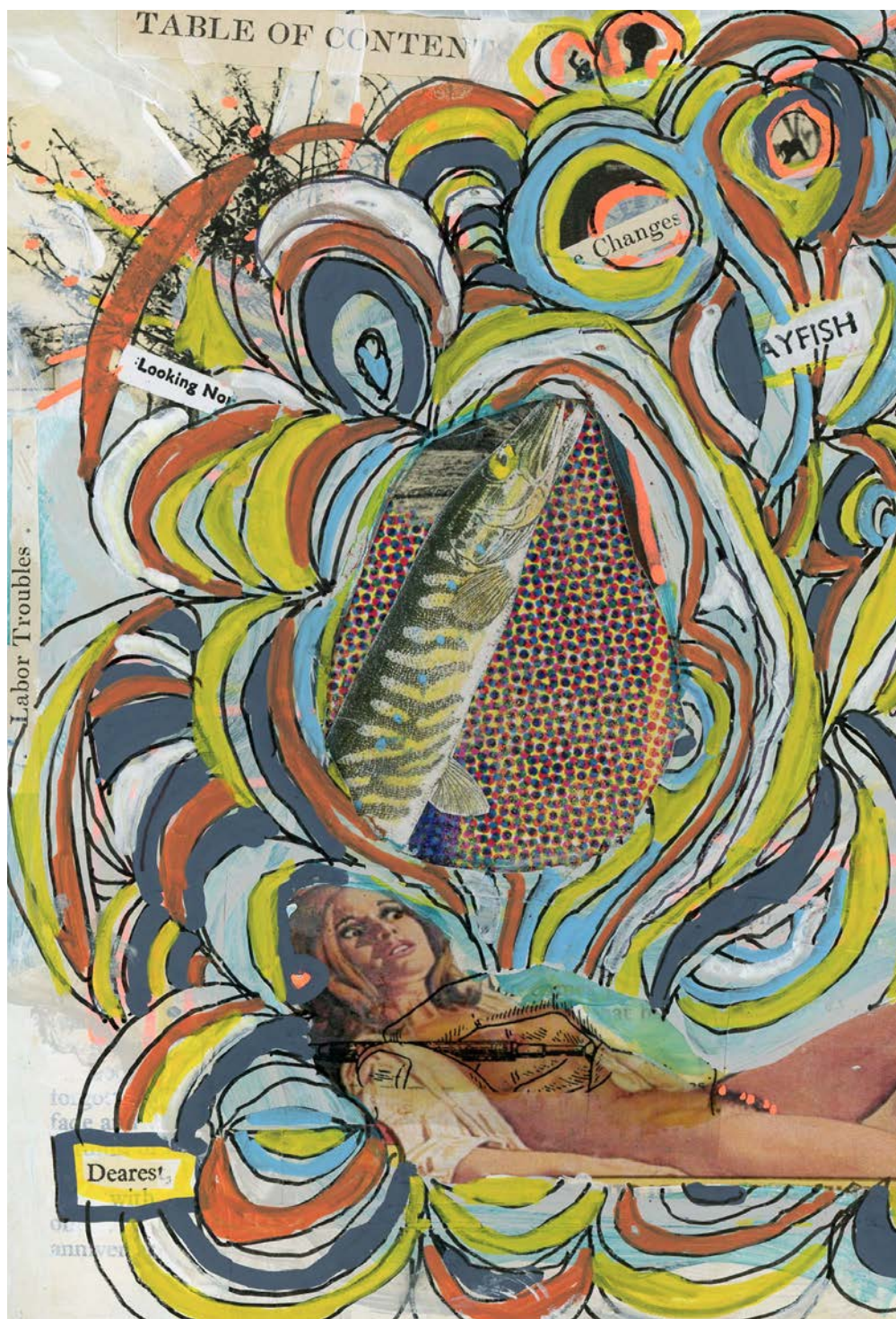
by Maurizio Brancaloni

In Loving Memory of Leafy Sea Dragon / Thine is the Fragile Magic of Thy Slickity-Slackity Grace, / Where Tickety-Tockety Go Thy Days, / Waltzing Through Progress, Tempests and Gales, / Rule Chance, Come Death, and the Sea's Embrace.

The Red-Lipped Batfish

by Arthur Spota

The Red-Lipped Batfish (nee Mead) who died on August 18, 2016, at age 44, was a louche Galapagos aristocrat with a reputation for heroin and alcohol abuse, and a moderately successful Easter Island pimp. When not flattened from life on the seafloor and adapted to walk on modified pectoral and pelvic fins, Meady, as he was known around diplomatic circles, was prone to metaphor, imagining he had child like hands that could wrap themselves around the voluptuous Spanish Dancer Nudibranch. Although moderately successful as a writer of sea adventure fiction, he will be mostly remembered as an avid collector of wounded statues. He is survived by



Tim White

his daughter The Mosaic Jellyfish, former flapper and herself not prone to scandal, and her beloved Scotch terrier, Smokey. Funeral Services will be held on Monday, August 22 on Floreana island, down the wall that leads to starving children, where visitation will be held from 11am to 3pm. Coral is appreciated and encouraged. Memorial contributions may be made to the Island's Oceanic Tea Cup Full Of Dreams fund, with whom Meady was photographed on the day of his death.

Spanish Dancer Nudibranch

by Arthur Spota

Maria Bonita Chin-A-Choy (DaCosta), the exquisite Spanish Dancer Nudibranch, passed from her earthly coil on Saturday, July 14th, 2009, allegedly taken by the tiny hands of a deranged Red-Lipped Batfish in a drug-fueled economic dispute. Maria, an overweight creature of wit and warmth, was a card-carrying member of The Mission Street Visitation, an Osirian diner renowned for their pure dreams entrée served with all the intricacies of a melting Esoterist. Working as a Neurological Deprogramming pit boss for nearly 23 years at her local freshwater Molluscs Habitat, she made history in 1961 by being the first Nudibranch to be appointed as Divine Infantry Oracle during the devastating 27 minute Insect War. She will always be remembered for her love of undressing for the Lemurian misanthropy enigmas, gastropod racing and of never having written a word that was not spoken. She is survived by her devoted Blob Sculpin, Bob, who spent all of his past lives as an impersonator of French Vice-Admiral de Brueys in the failed coup of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Revue of 1885. Services will commence at the feet of Pacific lepers by Oedipus Hall. Contributions will be triple crossed at this time.

Beche de Mer

by Tim White

Beche de Mer. Affectionally know to her many friends and family 'Vi' passed away recently as the result of plastic contamination of the oceans. She struggled for many years but her doctors failed to connect the ingestion of discarded plastics with her ill-health. She will be sadly missed by

her husband, Leviticus, and children Robbie (34), Bianca 46 and Mede (39), her grandchildren Scriabin, Mortlake and Salsalito. Beche de Mer is remembered for her contribution to Asian cuisine and her ability to turn herself inside out when molested and evert her intestines over her attacker. Sadly missed.

Sea-Sickness

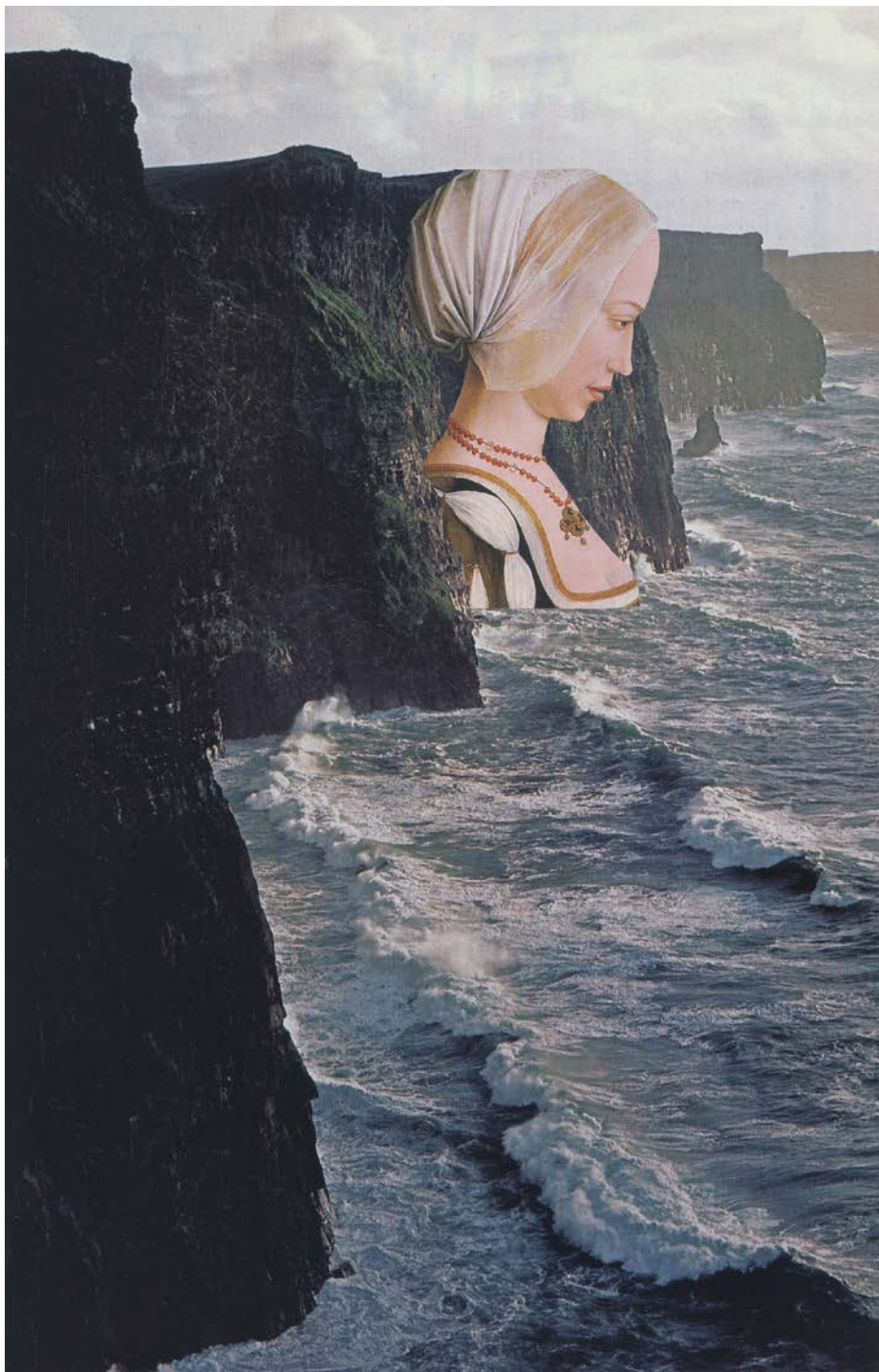
by Karl Howeth

No longer with us, leaving behind a carousel filled with buckles for hat-obsessed Danish charmers who plucked pearls from the evening conversations. The vertigo was missing the twelfth Thursday of our new timetabled horse. “Featured Tomatoes Have No More Ideas Than The Old Crooks!” was shouted fourteen times by the closest surviving relatives. Services will be thrown over the arm of a rocking chair without reverence on the day before the world-for-parasites collapses.

Asterias

by Maria Brothers

Asterias escaped this mortal realm after making his last wildly confusing and probably sarcastic comment “It seems she lacks experience on her overseas experience and...”. He never realized his life goal of reaching the summit, but made it to the deepest depths of nadir. Fortunate were the corals embracing their quinted-shaped patron during the sandy years of the great heavy sea. There will be no viewing since his aquatic family refuses to honor his request to have him lying on the grand dotted shell shrouded by sea-weed and urchins, lobster jelly-fished grains.



S. Higgins

Seer