

ISSUE 6

THE NOCTURNAL

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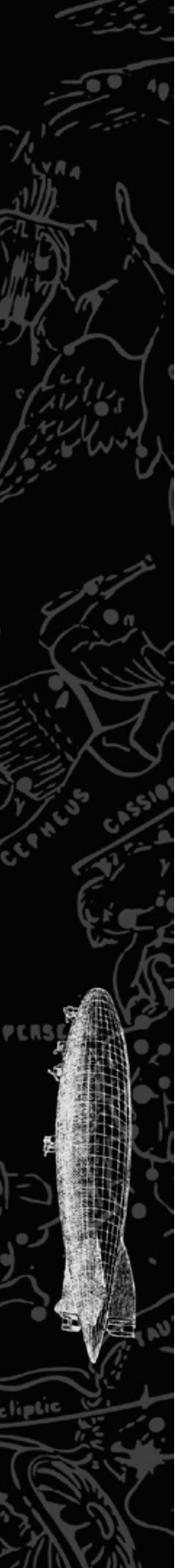
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Direction:

Jason Abdelhadi, Casi Cline, Steven Cline,  
Angel Therese Dionne, Patrik Sampler

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# CONTRIBUTORS

Jason Abdelhadi  
Sascha Akhtar  
Elise Aru  
Michèle Bachelet  
J. Karl Bogartte  
Emmanuel Boussuge  
Doug Campbell  
Claude-Lucien Cauët  
Casi Cline  
Steven Cline  
Kenneth Cox  
Alexander Dellantonio  
Angel Dionne  
Alfredo Fernandes  
Krzysztof Fijalkowski  
Rachel Fijalkowski  
Merl Fluin  
Mattias Forshage  
Brandon Freels  
Kathleen Fox  
Joël Gayraud  
Guy Girard  
David Gross  
Janice Hathaway  
Beatriz Hausner  
Hannah Helton  
Sherri Higgins  
Dale Houstman  
Radovan Ivsic (†)  
Joseph Jablonksi  
Bruno Jacobs  
Alex Januario

Stephen Kirin  
Lake  
Michael Löwy  
Megan Leach  
Rik Lina  
Vittoria Lion  
Emma Lundenmark  
Kenzie MacLeod  
Jean-Jacques Martinod  
Steve Morrison  
David Nadeau  
Ana Orozco  
Patrick Provonost  
Jessica Rousseau  
Ron Sakolsky  
Patrik Sampler  
Arthur Spota  
Dan Stanciu  
Sylvain Tanquerel  
Tim White  
Craig Wilson  
Bill Wolak  
Michel Zimbacca  
Joël, 13 years old.  
Patrick, 9 years old.  
Frédéric, 8 years old.  
Jerôme, 11 years old.

## **Collective Submissions:**

Ottawa Surrealist Group  
Surrealist Group of Paris



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# HARVESTING NIGHTSHADE

A harrowing harvest; maybe surrealists today are driven more than ever to the violent and useless curation of obscurities. Nocturnal objects, yes, and, games, crimes, and songs, and creatures; perhaps even more importantly, the very real gathering together, in corners and off-hours, of committed obfuscators. Some will be asleep and dreaming of The New Day. But for those insomniacs who can't sit still, Old Night remains, simultaneously a path in the woods and a chronic malaise. We must continually prod each other to circulate together, physically, wherever and whenever we are not supposed to. It is not in minutes spent that we count the nights, but, star by star, tooth by tooth, in the grin of an unknown constellation, where some people still have the hope of running into each other in the pitch darkness – and recognizing, in the indiscernible black splotch of an encounter...What, themselves? Brave anonymous ballerinas who wear lampshades on their heads, and dance crazily in the moonlight, off of cliffs, into jagged rocks – lip-synching the words to Hegel's "Night Where All Cows Are Black", and laughing like idiots.

Or so we tell ourselves. Let's face it, the Night is no longer what it was. There are too many active vampires. Everything that was ours is being taken from us. Our specialties, our magic-lantern shows, our humor. Even our cruelty. Every act we hope to commit against the sunshine makers is eventually rebranded. Our creations obviously, but even our diseases, our stupid deaths, our botched suicides<sup>1</sup> can be used as a part of a "personal brand". Our resistance is heretofore only ever ephemeral. A "shot in the dark". Against the grim fate of being smothered by our own statistical doppelgängers, what choice do we have but to be as rigorously

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<sup>1</sup> In fact such an (ultimately non-fatal) attempt occurred a few hours after this text was completed, in the social media circles of one of the editors. It has all become part of the online "profile". One wonders if such very affecting and striking acts of self-desperation will soon be incorporated into resumes, CVs, and job applications?

close to the true meaning of the darkness as possible (a darkness so stern and cold that it cannot be sold by or to anybody, cannot be calculated, but only gifted).

Anonymity: is there anything more heart-warming than so many contributors with so little aliases? So many easy repudiations of individualism, and such a high degree of confidence in the blurry nocturnal eggregore of tomorrow evening. These are no longer people, they are willing limbs. In a journal that has heretofore been, however unintentionally, more or less conducive to the promotion of individual egos, we feel we have done ourselves a good turn by abandoning them for a moment, starting with ourselves.

So then, what happens when so many depersonalized entities send in their membership cards? So many puzzle pieces, each from a different set. Statistically speaking, how many do we need to pile together in order to find a chance connection, a short-circuit that will reveal that ever elusive New Thing? What methodology can serve? Systematic attempts under laboratory lights will result only in the banalities of the possible. It is the Night alone, that strange combination of exteriority and darkness, that gives us the proper conditions for marrying the fragments.

It is in the context of this wedding that we see the Moon's role. Alchemical and erotic, in the Night of obscurity that we so love, the Moon is our guide to a new kind of self-exposure, not promoted by egoism but by chance, obsession, and moreover, by the weather. If the stars are right and the sky is clear (and this is never guaranteed), a temptation. We strip ourselves in its presence, we enjoy the novelty of our own shadows in the night, and we couple, triple, quadruple... Pretty soon, ergregorgies. Because it is an occasion, and a ceremony, and a representation of itself, the Moon is, on par with that of Rosenkreuz, a already kind of surrealist marriage.

But night exists indoors as well, perhaps more than ever in history. It is in the brains of obsessive vampires who stay up all night staring into candles with dead eyes. In a very curious way, the night has migrated from the outside world. What is collectivity, for this nocturnal indoors? Maybe it is a dead mall, something from the 70s, where disenfranchised and unem-



ployed, tortured and oppressed weirdos sometimes gather near a defunct wishing fountain. They haven't done anything yet, the manikins, they just gather. It's their silence and their presence, or perhaps their passive absence, that makes us wonder if the creatures we have compiled and pointed to in this issue, so far from our normal everyday selves, might be outlines for the new personas of the surrealist future.

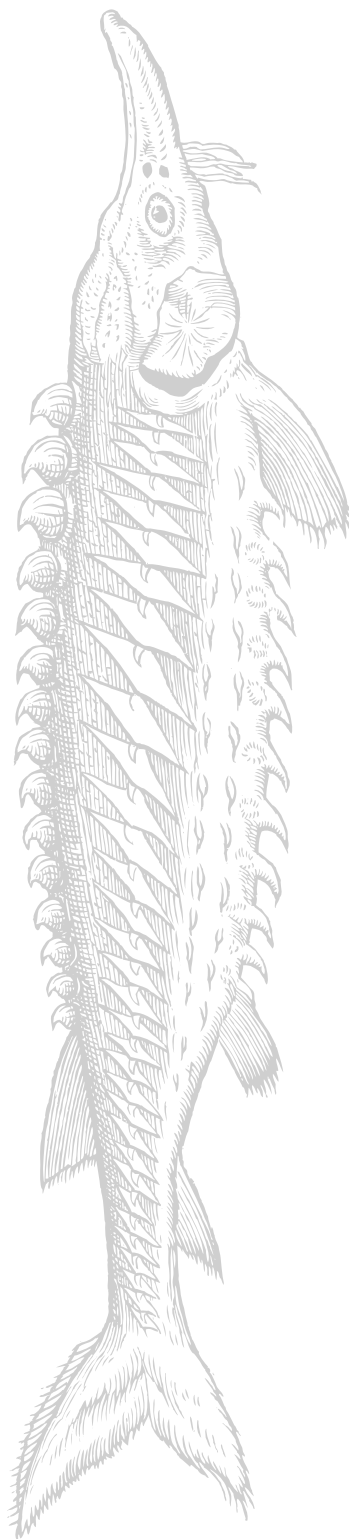
No names for the police, at any rate, and consequently, a happy time for nightly crime! Our nocturne is perhaps more cheerful than some might think. In a world where the capitalist class has reverted to a 19th century bravado, and with a sickening confidence in itself and its divine right to exploitation, it is quite easy to steal in the night with a happy conscience. We can only think with a smile of Alexandre Jacob and friends, who at the turn of the century made a scientific experiment out of robbery. The French press dubbed them the "workers of the night". Such easy disparities can only portend a massive act of cynicism, and perhaps another cosmetic half-century of world-order shuffling for the next 20 or so years. A big war, a complicated one. Yet if we are surrealists once again predicting a massive war (it's in the air), we are also surrealists encouraging an accompanying renaissance of night-time destruction, creative vandalism, theft on par with the derring-do of the pre-War anarchists of the Belle Époque – wherever and however possible – and with a ghastly lunar grin!

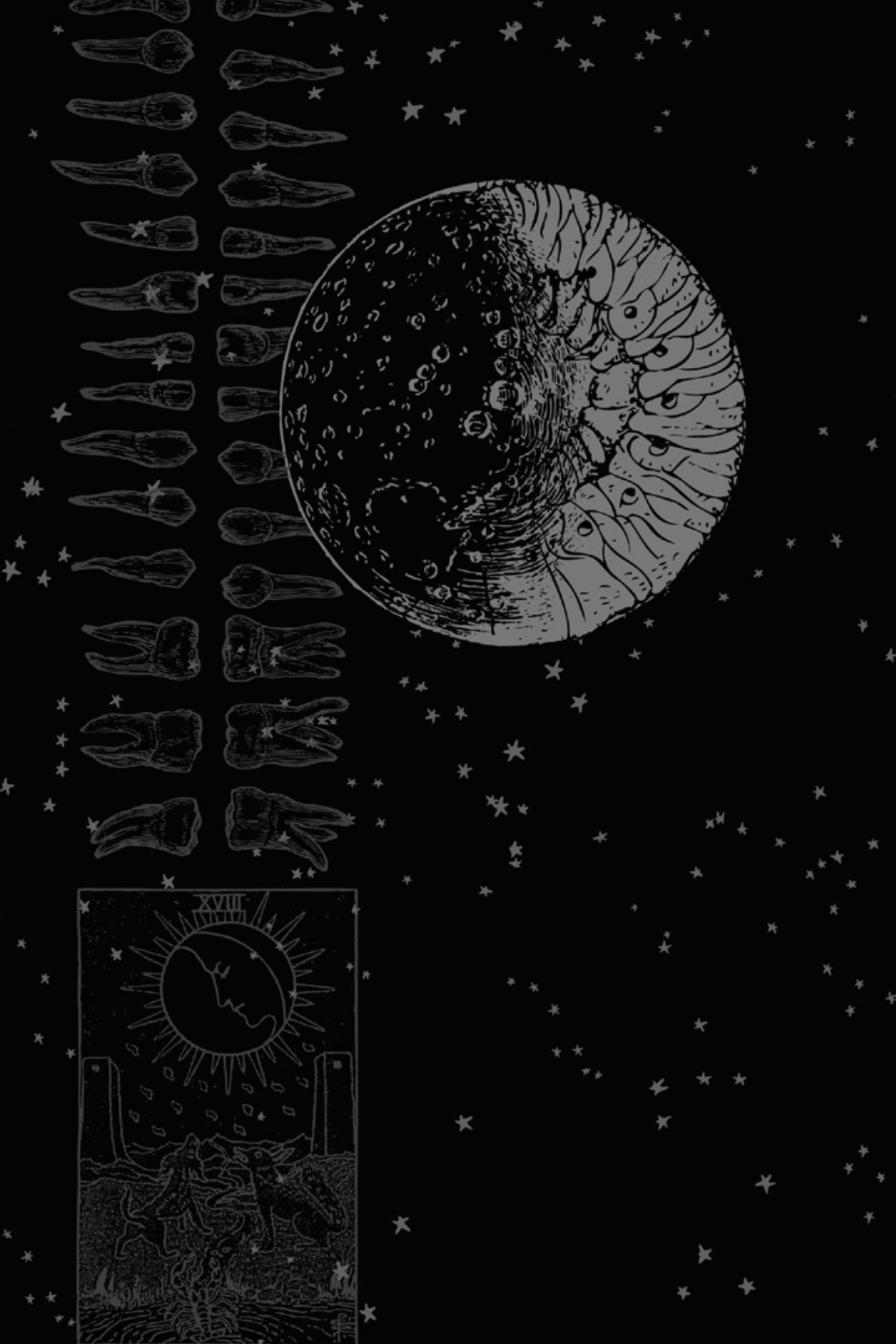
Surrealism's night is the night of an empty template, waiting to be filled. In the coming disaster, we will have opportunities. We could start to think about promoting a rigorous society of the night manikins, if we haven't been doing so already. All our hopes might very well lay in setting out a new constitution for a network of such night-gangs. A content-less gang with no structure and no racket. A leisure club with no ulterior motive besides talking in the dark.

If you're interested, send us a sign...

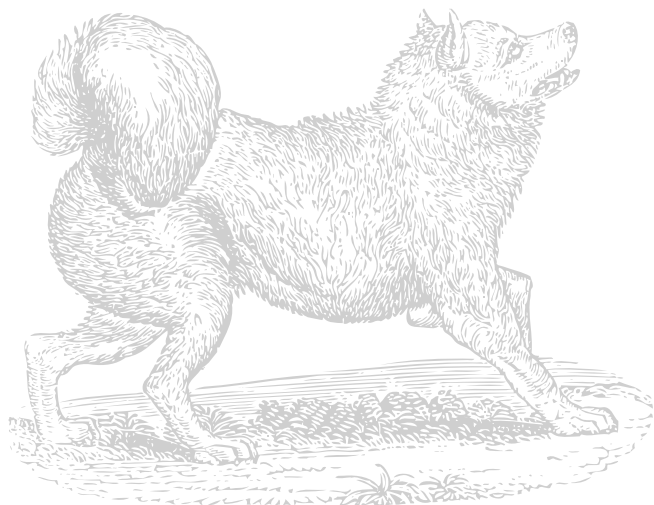
**The Mormyrids, December 2017.**







COYOLXAUHQUI'S  
HEAD THROWS  
DOWN HER  
TEETH TO THE  
HOWLING DOGS



# THE MOON, A TREE, MYSELF

The moon is dripping into my hair and into my eyes, but that is not where I want her. I want her in between my thighs melting there and dripping inside me. The moon is hungry and needs to feed on the gelatinous fungus that grows there in my empty womb. It will strengthen her so she may grow large and full, pregnant in my stead. But each month she must disgorge the infants into the waterways where they turn into all of the regrets of the heaving, writhing beasts inhabiting the cities of disdain. In this way our magic is depleted and try as we might, we cannot have a child, me and the moon, unless it be shame. At least the trees understand. They collect my tears and the tears of the moon, which give them some comfort in a dying world. The trees are tender on their deathbeds and nurturing. The moonlight shines on their rainwet leaves and I press my naked flesh, imperfect as it is, into the bark until I am permanently imprinted with the patterns of the weathered, wooden skin. A tender threesome we make and yet still childless. The tree tells me I will be reborn as a moth, but die before I have the chance to fly. And the moon tells me I will be reborn as a fish who will be eaten by a stork to be reborn as the young of the stork, but fall from the nest to my death. It seems I will always be falling. Always falling from the moon who I fell from at the beginning of time.



# THE NIGHT, THE STARS, MYSELF

The night is singing into my ear and into my mouth, but that is not how I touch her. I touch her down below her thoughts glowing there and dancing inside me. The night is satiety and begins to feel the joyous fugue that grows louder in my eager throat. It will excoriate her so she may erupt clean and fresh, prophesying in my head. But each minute she must pronounce the melody below the cacaphony where it turns into all of the silence of the living, shining stones inhibiting the enemies of dittany. In this way our pupils are dilated and try as we might, we cannot see a song, me and the night, unless it be silent. At least the stars understand. They caress my tongue and the tongue of the night, which give them no comfort in an eternal emptiness. The stars are hot in their cradles and mystifying. The night colors dye their flaming limbs and I raise my naked voice, imperfect as it is, into the sky until I am perfectly embodied by the porcelain of the smooth, celestial light. A tender threesome we make and yet still soundless. The stars tell me I will be reborn as a dog, but die before I have the chance to bark. And the night tells me I will be reborn as a clam who will be eaten by a starfish to be reborn as the young of the starfish, but find I can't speak with my flesh. It seems I will never be music. Never music from the night who I heard sing at the beginning of time.











# UNTITLED

The valley is not too large. It is just wide enough that opposite hillsides seem faintly blue – only *faintly*. There is a river, of course, and it is lined for as long as I can see by a grassy embankment. Occasionally it disappears through an alder copse whose leaves have only just emerged from buds, and remain creased like *sensu*. It is a clear, shallow river lined with smooth stones, and on an intensely hot day would seem an inviting place in which to sit down – until one discovers the unpleasantly glutinous sensation of algae on nether regions. Such is the tendency of shallow, slow-moving rivers.

What is going on here? The moon is still present to the eye in daylight—a waxing gibbous moon, an umbilicus in the sky. And along a trail atop the embankment, a man and a woman are walking. I imagine they have been doing some kind of farm labour because they wear soiled rubber boots, and the surrounding land is agricultural. She is also carrying, in one hand, a wide brimmed hat. And he is carrying, in one hand, a damp-looking pair of leather work gloves. And yet whatever else they wear seems so out of place, as if these two were catalogue models for a “high-end casual” retail chain. Aside from the boots, hat, and gloves, it’s not what you’d wear to a field. For him a pair of dark green corduroy trousers, an off-white dress shirt, and a cable knit sweater tied over his shoulders. For her a floral-patterned silk dress – sleeveless, hemmed to mid-thigh – and a delicate cardigan. And a teardrop leather backpack, too. Between it and the swish of her hips, the friction is causing her skirt to rise up and... I will blush if I write it!

This whole scene seems very strange to me. *Everything about it*. With those clothes – what is it? It’s as if two urban bourgeois-types met their financial downfall and were forced into farm labour, having to make due with whatever unsuitable outfits remained in their wardrobes. And what about the dress, the thing I notice most? Perhaps this is some sort of performance art – either because these two are exhibitionists, or because they



are playing a game for their own mutual excitement. This young woman – I would say she is in her late twenties – is followed at five or six paces by her male partner. It is just the right distance to optimize his sightline to her *clunes*. This may, of course, be accidental. Or perhaps this scene is this way because I devised it as such. (And now I am blushing in Latin!)

In any event, I follow them... we all alight at a café selling “lunch sets”, in a white stucco-sided, one-level frontier house under a green metal roof. Inside it’s clean yet rustic, with a serving window to the left, a dining area in the middle, and a washroom to the right. Entry is through a sliding glass door, directly to the dining area. I arrive after the couple, and am seated after them – as it turns out, at a neighbouring two-seat table. I am alone and want to appear occupied, to give the impression I am not eavesdropping. The café has a small library for patrons, so I get up and spend no time making a choice – a romance novel titled *To the End of Time*. As I return to my table, where I will pretend to read the book, I take a side glance at my neighbours and notice there is perhaps a decade between them – he’s the older one, possibly in his late thirties. Now I have seen them at close range, and I am also close enough to hear everything they say, clearly.

He says: “Before you go, I want to know what to order.”

She says: “Rice Omelet Lunch Set”, and heads quickly to the washroom.

A small amount of time passes, orders are taken, and then we hear – we all hear, all café patrons – commotion from the washroom door. The woman’s voice and shaking, percussive noise.

“It’s a big one! Oh, it’s a big one! It’s curled up like a snake!” she exclaims. The toilet flushes, the door shakes, and we hear her sing a few lines from the song “Lovely Lonely Man” from the soundtrack to *Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang*. What follows is a low, hardly articulate sound, and then: “It really is snake! And it wants me to go! Oh, it wants me! It wants me completely and now it’s twisting in the other direction and calling my name!”

She continues: “Have I neglected to say how big it is? It is big. Very, very big. In French it would be grand. *Très grand*.



Very big. Very large. But not too large. Just enough to give a strong impression of its size. Confidently large. It is large and its presence is large. Large and large. If it is self-aware it does not need to impose, forcefully, the impression that is large. That it is big. That it is large and not too small. Certainly it is not medium-sized. It is large. But not ostentatiously or decadently large. It is, simply, very big. Vigorously big. Big and big. Scaled up? I think not. The scales are no larger than one might find on a regular-sized snake. Its eyes are the same size, too. There are just more of them. More scales. Not more eyes. But a large mouth. A big, large mouth. And a large, big, long tongue. In short, it is a very big snake and very large and long. Or not too long. Perhaps disproportionately thick. Big. It is a big, large snake. It seems to take up the entire room. There seems to be very little room in which I can move because it is so big and takes up so much of it. And it is talking. A sound emanates from it. Is it just a noise or what one would call words? I cannot say. But it is producing noise. It is vocalizing. Or perhaps it is not. I cannot see its mouth now. The sound does not, perhaps, originate in the mouth. It takes flight from vibrations of the body!"

Now the door starts rattling, banging, shaking. I look around to consider the audience response, to gauge where I am. If this were Poland, someone would turn to me (in Poland I am obviously a foreigner) and say: "Our country is shit. This would never happen in your country." If Japan, patrons would bury their faces in newspapers or – at most – varnished middle-aged ladies might say, "Urusai desu ne." ("That's a bit too loud for me.") If the patrons were Danes or Germans, they would go to the bathroom door to ask if the occupant needed help – although a Dane would never do this together with a German, if both happened to be in the same room. And how about Hungary? I have no idea of how a Hungarian would react. Perhaps they would say, "We don't like your kind around here!" But the patrons of this café do none of the above. They just keep on doing what they are doing, like nothing else is happening. So I am unable to place this event – not culturally. And so you'll have to understand only that it





happens on Earth.

And now the door is shaking even more frantically, and I am reminded of the scene in Tarkovsky's *Solaris*, when Hari suffers an extreme form of separation anxiety: she rips open a door to be with Kris. In one translation of Lem's novel her name is Rheya. As for my fellow restaurant patrons, I have no idea what their names are, though it may be convenient to call them something. Shall I go with Chris and Haru? Of course I would prefer to go with something completely original, but can't think of anything at the moment. In any event, she – Haru – is now back at the table.

Chris asks: "Why did you do that?"

"Do what?" she replies.

The meals are at the table, and he – Chris – has just taken a mouthful of what looks like a casserole. Haru has yet to touch her own order.

"My hand", she says, massaging the palm of her right hand with her left. "It's so sore. I think I made a mistake with that door. I kept pulling it, expecting it to open. But really it's the kind of door you have to push to open. Isn't that funny?"

He keeps eating.

"I don't know. I think it's just been too much change for me. I'm just not myself anymore. Look at me. I can't eat a thing. I have no appetite."

"It doesn't suit you – not eating."

"Of course it's nice of them to let us stay here while we sort things out. After all we've been through. I know we've both talked about living off the grid, starting anew... But this is just too soon. I can hardly keep track of the changes. And now you're travelling – again. Who is this 'father figure' of yours, anyway? Everything is moving so fast. Everything's changing so fast. I can hardly see what I thought you were. It's like I'm standing in your antumbra. Is that what it's called? There's a kind of intense backlighting – it's this compulsion of yours to call upon your past, or whatever it is you're after. But I can hardly see you now but for your outline."

"It won't always be this way. If you'll just let me –"

"No. You are right. It can't be always be this way. I know it. It really can't, can it?"

"Then how –"

"Recently I've had this feeling things are going to end! Maybe not forever, but for a time. And it's not something I want to prolong. All this feeling, like I'm standing at the rock face of anguish. Oh I know that sounds so... Is 'sentimental' the right word?"

"And so?"

"And so, if I have any choice in the matter – If I have any choice I want to make it easy. I know it will be hard for you. And it will be hard for me. But it's the only way I know, now, to make it easy. It can't – it shouldn't – be like this forever." She stands up and pushes in her chair. "For now", she says, "I am leaving you. But first I want to show you this."

She places her hands on her belly, stretching the fabric of her dress thin across her umbilicus. It is luminescent. Or is it *incandescent*? In any event, it is the moon.





# SO YOU THINK YOU COULD MARRY HER

Little man, do not for a minute consider  
you could marry the moon  
you will be dead long before you will get there  
It is in her fate, neglecting you  
she is in a different ocean now,  
yet another, reflecting her disguise  
you will have drowned long before she sees you  
Do not for a minute consider she would cry  
that she has got eyes for things concerning you  
Little man, do not for a minute fantasize  
yourself by her side, she has got no sides  
that is the fate of your beliefs  
Little man, if you laid down deep under water  
just diving straight into her ring  
Do not consider life for more than a second  
she will be gone early morning, that is her thing  
your little death in the corner of her smile





# PROMISE TO THE MOON

On a Wednesday night on a visit to the seaside, X. and I decided to take an evening walk on the beach. It was low tide, and there were a lot of tide pools to reflect the very bulbous moon. Without really thinking I said that the moon wanted to see us naked. X. made the point that if we were going to do that, we should have on clothes that would be easy to take off and put on if someone showed up. After briefly flashing the moon, I looked up at her and promised we would appear fully naked another time. On our way back to our designated dune crossing, we heard a woman scream, and then we saw a man walking along the beach coming towards us. Despite it being highly improbable, I became frightened that the man had murdered the screaming woman, and he might come stab us, so I quickened my pace significantly until we were back to the rental house. For some reason, in my paranoid delusions murderers always have knives. In any case, we went to sleep soon after. That night I dreamt that X. and I were naked on the beach under the moon, when shadowy spirits rose up out of the tide pools and danced and cavorted with us. The next day, X. and I went hiking and fell asleep very early that night, so we didn't go back to the beach to fulfill our plan. I was somewhat concerned that there would be some kind of consequences to not fulfilling our promise to the moon. We assumed that we had missed the full moon. However, back from our trip and settled back in at home on Sunday, we found out that the full moon was actually that night. So we made a quick decision to hike up to the top of a mountain near our town, which has an excellent overlook, and give our plan a try. We had hiked there before, but we decided to drive to a trailhead we had not used before to give us more privacy. At the beginning of the trail, we found a walking stick leaning, which X. decided to use. We hiked up the trail which is only a little over a mile, but at very steep



incline and over fairly rough terrain. We saw many mushrooms as we walked up: white, brown, yellow, red, orange, etc. I had a somewhat uneasy feeling on the way up and kept feeling like something invisible was following me because of small noises I would hear in the leaves next to me as I walked. There were other hikers on the mountain that night on a guided tour to see the full moon. We made it up to the top, with all kinds of normal sorts of people chatting about very normal things like the new restaurant in town. But I couldn't help wondering why all these normal people all felt this desire to gather on the top of a mountain to see the full moon. I don't think it can be explained away by mere scientific curiosity or outdoorsmanship. It seems like there is some latent admiration for the moon that harkens back to an earlier phase of human/celestial relationships. Meanwhile the nighttime insects were making very intense and loud music. There were storm clouds on the side of the sky that the moon should have been rising. We could see lightning streaking through the clouds quite prettily. Because of the clouds and mist it took some time for the moon to peak through. A little after she made her appearance, the guided group left, and then the others slowly filed away until there was only one man left besides us. I knew he would be trouble when I first laid eyes on him with his neon shorts, tie dye shirt, and massive camera lens. We waited as he took selfies with the moon and various other indignities. Finally I looked up at the moon playfully and thought, "If you get rid of this fool, then we can get on with it." At that very moment, Mr. Tie Dye got up and started packing away his camera. He left a moment later. X. and I waited a minute to be sure we were alone, then we quickly undressed. We stood for a moment naked with arms raised facing the moon. When the anxiety of being caught got the better of me, I suggested we get dressed again. We started back down the trail with our lantern and flashlight turned on. We stopped to pay a visit to a very aged and imposing tree with a hollow in the middle, where we had gotten in the habit of leaving some small offering, such as a bit of bark or a stone that we had been carrying while we hiked





up. The thing we left the time before has always been missing when we have gone back. I left the small, smooth stone I had been rubbing in my pocket on the way up. Then we passed on to another magnificent tree with massive but voluptuously curving boughs. We stopped and turned off our lanterns to contemplate this tree in the moonlight. About ten feet away from the tree is a large stone cairn. There are always signs of rocks being freshly removed from the surrounding landscape, indicating that people pick up stones and add to the pile when they pass by. This also made me think of how these normal, modern people still have this pagan urge to show respect to the tree in this manner. X. and I both added a stone to the pile, then went back to caress a particularly suggestive crevasse low down on the tree's trunk. We partially flashed the moon one last time, then we headed down the trail with our lights turned on. As we started down the fairly long trail, I began to become irrationally frightened, as I am wont to do. I went in front since I had the flashlight (it is too hard for the person behind to see if the person in front has the lantern). I moved at a fairly quick pace. Our lights made very confusing shadows around us and several times I turned my light to the side to check some imagined danger. One of these times, I missed my footing and twisted my ankle pretty sharply. From that point on, I became convinced that if I took my eyes off the path, I would be punished. Staring at the ground in front of me I moved ever faster, filled with the abject terror of a prey animal. I had an image of the trail map in my head and followed the twisting and turnings as we went. I knew where we needed to turn and what branches to take, but it all felt interminable. I began to be afraid that X. would disappear from behind me and became intent on listening for his steps, fearing every moment that they would go silent. Finally, after what felt like a very long time, we made it to the parking area and drove back to the safety of our burrow, in a very peculiar state of mind.



# A WHEY-FACED SEPTEMBER MOON

A whey-faced September moon prefers bland goods in the shape of cakes with a penchant for self-deprecation.

A satisfactory preparation of somnolent mire must be applied to the surface of each good, or else one risks upsetting the pietistic absorption process.

Begin with a cold batter

of frozen French sand.

Sift the sand thoroughly, to avoid beetles and larva of various sorts.

Discard any exoskeletons you may find or alternatively set them aside for future use as masturbatory aids.

Combine the sand with the

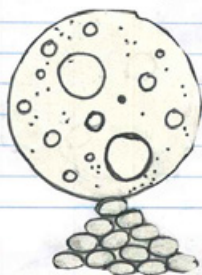
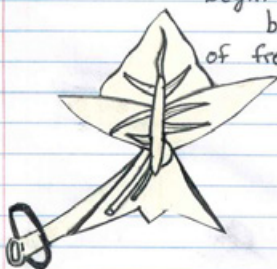
.smaerd derevef fo egapees.

Taste the amalgam for freshness. An infantile paste should force the tongue to convulse and retract.

Down toward  
the safety of  
the throat.

YOU CANNOT BE SAFE  
HERE while

rolling your flesh against  
the sharp demands of a  
shattered exoskeleton and  
regurgitating sticky mounds of  
sand and dream-bone broth.







# CONTEST TO MARRY THE MOON

## DIRECTIONS

On the back of a hyena  
The Moon sends out an invitation  
To all the suitors with hands of rosy butter  
It sounds like she will marry  
The finest dressed scoundrel  
So do not tarry, tarry  
Send your midnight schmatta

To enter the contest, send us a fragment or ornament to be incorporated in a lunar nuptial garment. The fragment can be any material or object you wish and can be accompanied by a title and/or a description.

The fragments will be woven together into a multisex wedding garment. This garment will be awarded to the winner of the competition.



*Objects were chosen by chance for each contestant and inscribed with their names. They all waited in a row for the Moon to make her choice.*



*The Moon's Intermediary wears the nuptial garment and carries the Lunar Dowsing Rod, which will point to the one the Moon wants to wed.*







## CATALOGUE OF OBJECTS RECEIVED

Jason Abdelhadi: Moon Golem and Papoose

Megan Leach: Lunar Dowsing Rod and Brooch

Merl Fluin: Nuptial Clitoral Armor

Ron Sakolsky: Red and Black Fabric

David Nadeau: Poster Pieces

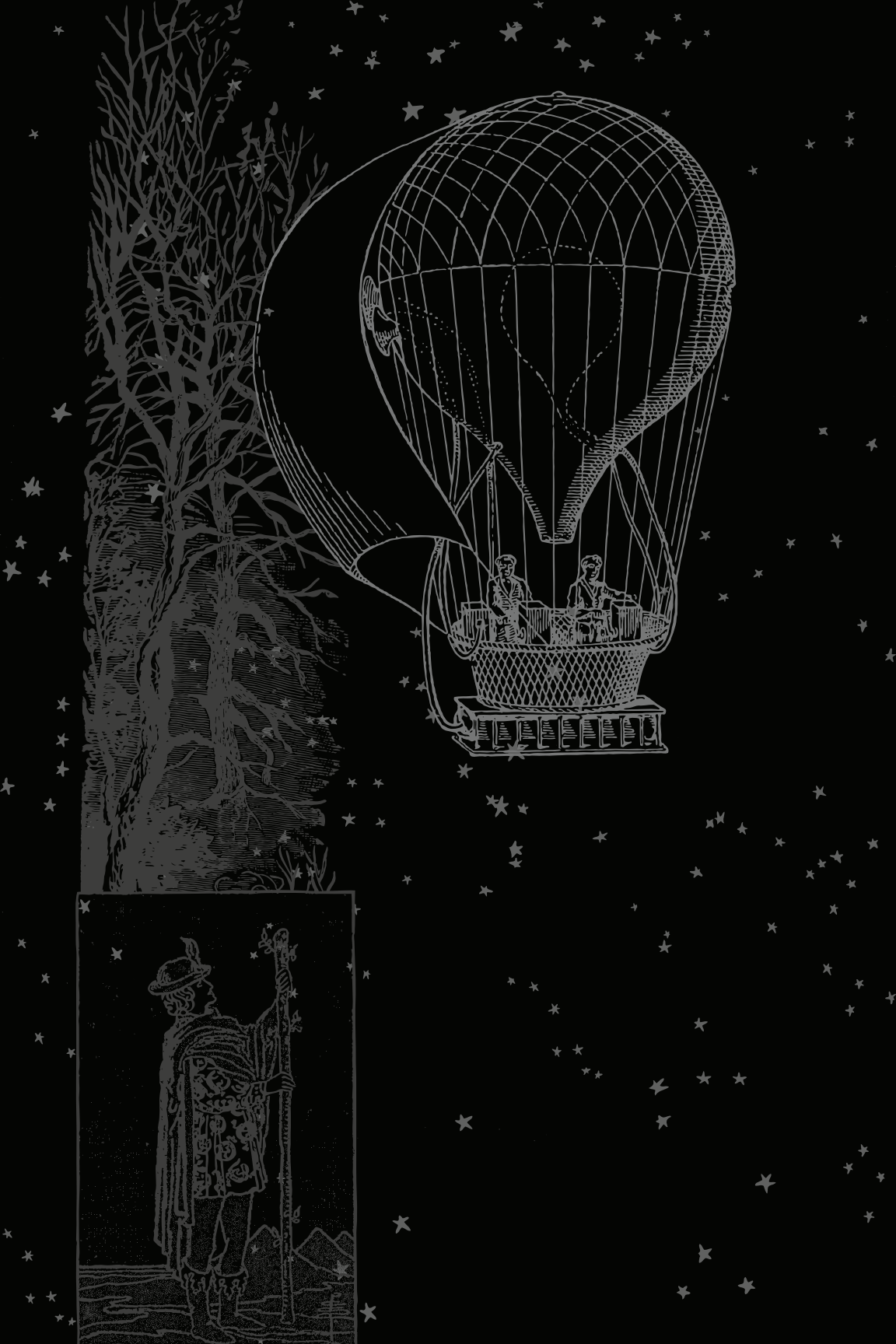
Casi Cline: Golden Teeth and Textiles

Kathleen Fox: Featherbone



*Twice the Intermediary made her rounds and twice the Moon indicated Ron Sakolsky for her partner.*







# THE AMNION SIPS AT THE REGRESSION OF FRUITS



# REVOLVING HYPNAGOGIC CHILDHOOD

I'm not exactly sure when these memories date from. Before the birth of my brother and after I moved to the house where I spent most of my childhood. I was perhaps four or five years old. After being put to bed, read to, formally bid good-night and left to go to sleep, I developed a peculiar ritual. I discovered that if I stared into the night light until it stung and tickled, it produced luminous, colorful after-images. If I moved my head while staring, these formed streaks and curves. Developing the technique, I would move my head rapidly back and forward, slamming my cheek into the pillow at the end of every arc of movement.

After a little while, giddy and hyperventilated, I would relax into a pre-sleep state, contemplating the colour changes as the complex, fiery sigil across my field of vision gradually faded out. As the after-images went from yellow to green to pink, vague fantasies filled the gloomy bedroom. The space shrank and grew, sank to the depths of the ocean and expanded into deep space, drawing on the imagery of my comics and educational books.

The dark, inherited furniture that surrounded the bed became mountains or battlements. A mirror-fronted wardrobe became a bulky figure in the sort of armoured suit worn by deep-sea divers or astronauts. Something stored on top caught the light, creating a oblong glow that became an illuminated visor. (This was, in fact a reassuring figure. 'Night Terrors' did not bother me much until I was older and were never personified.)

There was a sense of involuntary movement that resolved itself into situations from my daytime experience and from television. The silent comedies I loved to watch with my mother played with the screen, shifted and disrupted the world of sets and scenery. At night, the structure of the room seemed to break



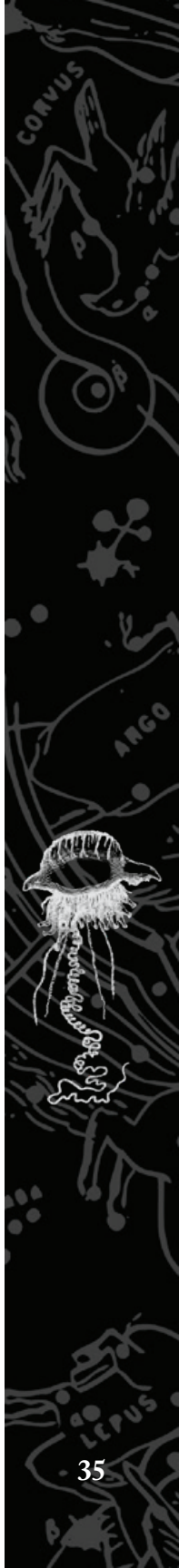
apart and rearrange in similar ways as I fell through it. For some reason, sequences of automated assembly lines set to music were a staple of local kids' TV at the time. (I can only imagine earnest Marxist producers trying to help us comprehend the means of production.) I gleefully imagined myself as a product being stamped, rolled out and extruded through complex sequences of machines and conveyor belts. The imagined sensation of being squashed and shaped was deeply pleasing.

There was often a sensation of being carried off into space. I had been fascinated by a comic-book image of a valkyrie bearing a stricken warrior off to Valhalla. This would elaborate itself into night-time visions in which I was borne off over infinite vistas of battling four-colour titans. Looking back I realise that being unexpectedly lifted up was a fairly common experience as a young child. Great aunts would ambush me, fiercely painted, arrayed in furs and silks, and clanking with barbaric jewelry. These apparitions would lift me up and whirl me around the room before vanishing back into the adult world in clouds of perfume and cigarette smoke, leaving me terrified and delighted.

It was in the nature of these fantasies that they had no characters, plot or narrative conclusion, instead fading seamlessly into sleep. The line between seeing and imagining became blurred in what I would now recognise as a mildly hallucinatory state. I know I did not believe my toys were really wheeling around the floor, but that's what I saw. I find these visions reappearing in the pictures I make. It seems that they never left me.

At some point, one of my parents interrupted this nightly whirling, asking me what I was doing. Unable to explain, I was gently told not to, and warned that I might make myself ill. An obliging child, I desisted at once. I have not repeated the experiment since, or even thought of it for many years. I suppose I assume it wouldn't work as an adult. Perhaps I fear that it would.

*[MS. found in a disordered bed in a locked, empty room, lit by a single bare bulb.]*



# FOREST DANCE





# CHILDREN'S NIGHT POEMS

## **Beneath The Moon**

Beneath the full moon  
Of sorcery  
I detached your leaves  
To hear the wolves  
Howling.

I saw you threading  
Your great blue robe.  
Your hair  
Looped  
Blew in the wind.

You lifted up  
Your hat  
And your face appeared.

It was so pure,  
It was so beautiful,  
So fine as the aurora...

It expressed  
Confidence.

I understood that you were waiting for me.

*Joël, 13 years old.*



## The Moon and The Sun

In the sky the Sun was singing  
“au claire de la lune...”  
When the Moon heard this song  
She got angry.  
To humiliate the Sun  
She pulled down his pants.  
The Sun,  
Completely furious,  
Pulled up his pants  
And never spoke to her  
Again.

*Patrick, 9 years old.*

\*

## The Planets and The Moon

They charge and travel the Universe.  
They fuse beneath my eyes.  
They leave their packages of happiness in the sea  
Where they shall stay forever.

But one planet stays in the same spot.

It's the Moon.  
The Moon, always there,  
Stuck as if she were not allowed to move again,  
As if she were staying there to give pleasure to humans  
As if to give them a new happiness.

One night, I was contemplating her, and a flame arose,  
A marvellous torrent appeared,  
A marvellous torrent came out of her,



And its secret was revealed to me.

This secret was that of The Moon...

The Moon had a secret...!

It was hidden in a cave,

The cosmonauts have not found it.

The only one who knows it is me.

*Frédéric, 8 years old.*

\*

### **Impressions of Night**

A grey cat ends the day.

A black cat approaches in the night.

It drinks white milk in the day,

And black coffee at night.

A dog barks at death.

A feather squeals.

A spider, tireless Penelope,

Completes its web.

The night retires.

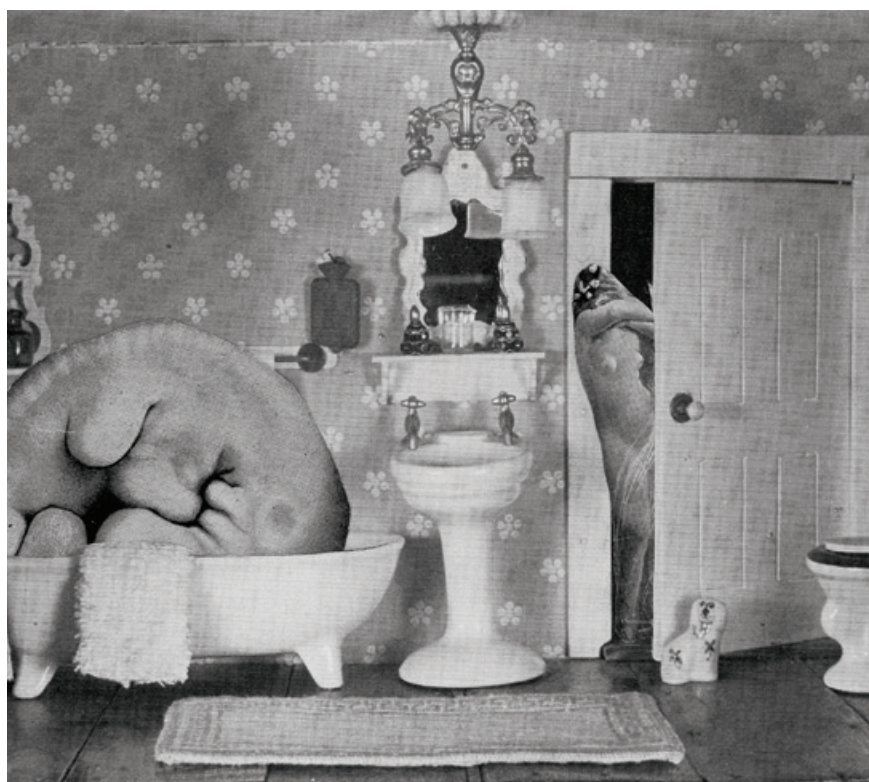
A jay cries out screechy notes

While flapping its wings.

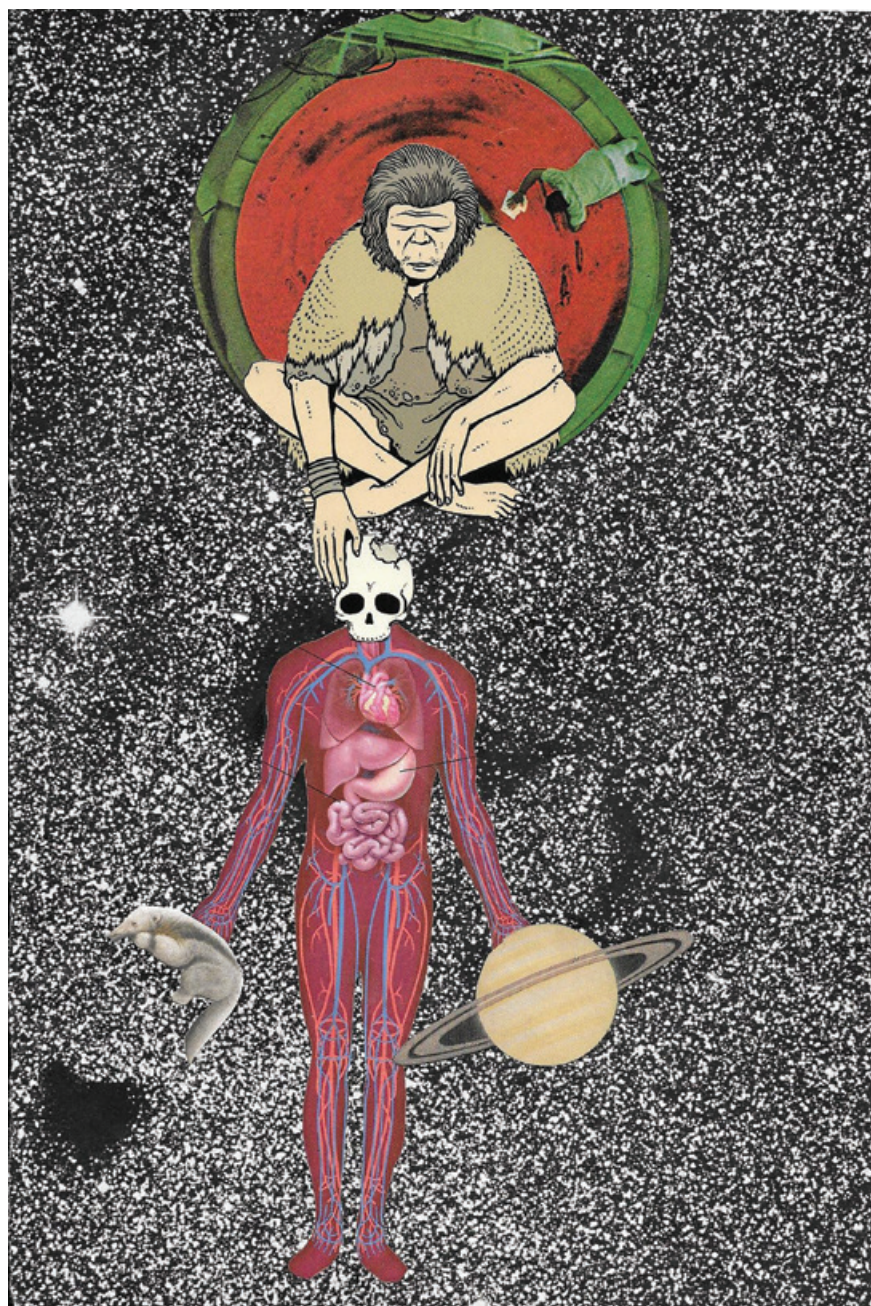
*Jerôme, 11 years old.*

*Translated from Poèmes d'enfants: La porte de la clé perdue, École  
Freinet. Casterman: 1975.*









# DIALOGUE IN THE DESERT

The sun would soon be down and at least then he could get some rest. He walked back to his bed, and the walk seemed to take much longer than it had before. Perhaps time moved differently here? In any case, the moon now hung in the sky, and he lay back in his bed and covered himself with his blanket.

"Blanket?" he thought. "What am I, a child?"

The answer to his question was soon to become evident however, because as he looked at his hands they began to change to the size of a six year old child's. He held them in front of his face and they shrank and expanded, over and over. He realized soon that the same was happening to his entire body. His thinking seemed to fluctuate also, maturity and immaturity bleeding into one another. Strange as this was, Paul had stopped questioning the goings-ons in this no-place, and accepted this metamorphosis with a blankness of mind. He put his blanket over his head and tried his best to sleep, but sleep would not come. Strange glowing orbs drifted by, lighting up his surroundings. For a time he stared at the moon, feeling a sort of spiritual magnetism towards it.

"Hello moon" he said groggily.

"Hello son" said the moon.

Paul frowned and was quiet for a time. Finally, he said "Sun? What do you mean?"

"No" the moon said. "Son. S-O-N."

"Christ" muttered Paul. "I just want to sleep".

"There is no sleep, my boy. In this place sleep is not possible, for reality has already become half dream. The two opposites unite into one. Dialectics, my dear."

Paul stared at the desert that surrounded him, breathed a deep sigh, and hid his head underneath his pillow.

# NIGHT POEMS COMPOSED ON A TOILET

*one a.m.*

lights out  
bright glaze of a screen  
pornography  
the transgressive and the strange  
eyelid of the fish peeled back  
tiptoes on ice

*three a.m.*

black vhs case  
the fetishistic blade contained  
inside  
ritual sacrifice  
and a pyramid of chickens  
my body laid out  
on gravel sheets  
moon gazing in september





# SO, HERE IS TO NIGHTLY RAGE AND SORROWS, WISHES AND LONELINESS

When I was a child I made up various mental paths to fall asleep, to help myself with the actual fall. As if the fall into something, dreams, daytime habits or merely madness was always necessary. But sometimes, that cliff before falling could rather unfold to a staircase, going up or just further away. The view is no longer different shades of darkness accompanied by mental or bodily itching. Instead other images and words come flooding, and the only reasonable thing to do could be to get up and write that poem that just cracks its skull to the inner walls for the urge to break free. Almost like a medusa growing til it lifts the roof off and in which it is possible to speak in a different language, with a different tongue about something else or something more. These poems are perhaps held by the night itself and may be released in the instant that you recall that you do not lay there in bed to die. You might have a dazzling will to live, just in a different way than the one that makes you die a little more each day. For me, that feeling is unbound. That feeling is an old woman in a lighthouse staring at the skiffs tearing loose. She smiles as she floats away with them in her mind and the moon lets her. It sees her and says nothing, it is almost like a secret commitment. So, if someone interferes, it could happen that you hear this old woman shout in despair: Let her be, don't bind us to a human will.





# URNES



watch full film here: [peculiarmormyrid.com/urnes/](http://peculiarmormyrid.com/urnes/)



# THE NESTING OF THE NOCTURNAL OVOIDS



# WHAT DO FORESTS DO? THEY NEVER GO TO BED EARLY.



A large moon illuminates the lepidodendrons and horsetail ferns of a Carboniferous forest, the surreal origin of most of the world's fossil fuels and the swamp where a disorderly mixture of temporalities accumulates. A Falkland Islands "wolf," a canid observed by Darwin and driven to extinction by the late nineteenth century, inspects the partially-submerged skeleton of a disproportionately small whale, climbing and sniffing the skull. Paradoxically, a creature that has not yet arrived lies fossilized in the biomass of the ancient past. In the immediate foreground, a Magellanic penguin, a member of another species encountered on the second Beagle voyage, surveys the scene. Above, a pink and blue cat's-eye marble and floral Victorian rocking horse hover spectrally among the scale trees, connecting the amorphous, protoplasmic times of childhood, prehistory, and the night.

1. *The title is a quotation from Max Ernst's "Les Mystères de la forêt," published in Minotaure 5 (May 12, 1934).*





# THE WILTERKINDĚ

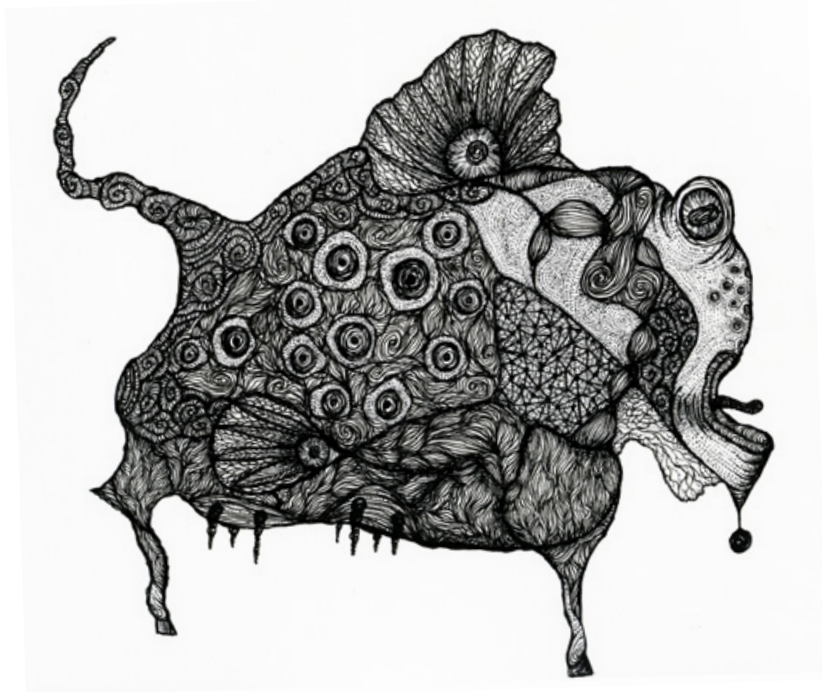
WilterkindĚ (*petrasus dynatogambium*) (rock hog strong hoof)


The *petrasus dynatogambium* is a creature which has existed unverified by science until recent times. It has, however, haunted the mind of man as long as he has walked and thought. In Europe it is known as the WilterkindĚ. It is this name that accompanied its official scientific description in 1871, and has been used widely ever since. Some have hypothesized that the Japanese folk monster, Minakami Bōto, and the Russian Ryba Svin'ya are in fact a variety of the same animal. In any case, creatures matching the description of the WilterkindĚ have featured in numerous folktales around the world. One notable example is the following excerpt from the Germanic epic verse, *Tod in einer Winternacht* (*Death on a Winter Night*):

At long past light obscured  
The Night had thought it saw  
A log that writhed in flames  
And an idol rising from the pit  
A face with faces staring  
And the Night knows Night is potent  
When the New Moon walks the earth  
With veil-clad features  
Stalking in disguise  
The tenderest of her children  
Asleep, Awake, Alive  
And the Night knows Night is potent  
When the winter prolongs her domain  
Born from icy opal drifts  
Woken with howling canine echoes  
The WilterkindĚ comes.

The creature had until relatively recently remained in the realm of cautionary tales to frighten children on a cold winter day. However, in 1871, Casimer Herzog, a German naturalist, whilst out on a research expedition in the Black Forest, became lost in the woods all night. Towards dawn, he heard a strange cry belonging to no animal he could identify. Being a curious man, he forgot his fatigue and followed the noise until he came upon an injured Wilterkindë trapped in a ravine. The specimen had a compound fracture to the hind leg and was unable to climb out of the ravine. Upon catching sight of Herzog, the creature became so frightened and enraged that it dashed its own brains out against the rocks trying to escape. Herzog brought back a team of strong men to haul the creature out and took it back to his lab. Herzog had never seen anything resembling the Wilterkindë, but he immediately recognized it from the tales his grandmother had told him as a boy.

Herzog was able to fully describe the physical appearance of the Wilterkindë and created many drawings of the creature which he deemed most delightful despite its obstreperousness. See his most famous and detailed drawing below.





As you can see, the Wilterkindë moves around on four legs like any reasonable mammal, however the normalcy ends there. The specimen he found weighs upwards of 500 pounds, but is believed to have been but a juvenile, with observed adults being found to weight up to a ton. It has split hooves, which, being both sharp and hard, may be used to deliver a fatal blow to most creatures it might encounter. It has a combination of scales, fur, and bare skin on different parts of its body. The tale and back are covered in hard armor-like scales similar to that of the armadillo, which may be various shades of orange and red. The underbelly and legs are protected by thick and course ginger hair matted into an impenetrable mesh, which falls off as a new layer grows in underneath. The sides are covered in red, blue, and purple scales in a pattern which creates an eye spot effect similar to that which is used by insects. This is thought to be a remnant of when the Wilterkindë coexisted with dinosaurs, as they have no known modern predators which they would need to frighten away. The back of the Wilterkindë has a fan-like crest, which folds and unfolds, the purpose of which is dual: to cool the creature's blood as it runs through the web of capillaries close to the surface of the semitransparent fan and as a signal of acquiescence culminating a successful mating ritual. The Wilterkindë also has a blue wattle running from the chest to the chin, which is an indication to a mate of good health if the color is vibrant. There is a wholly unique and interesting feature in close proximity to the wattle. It is a dangling bulbous bit of flesh containing a pungent packet of the animal's scent. It is used to mark the Wilterkindë's territory. As it patrols, which it does most frequently, it smacks this ball against a tree or rock until it falls off, leaving its odor there for up to a year. The ball then grows back within a week. The Wilterkindë has large eyes with horizontally elongated pupils like that of a goat placed on either side of its head, which give it an almost 360° range of vision. The skin of the face is bare and is of a ruddy hue. Notably, it has 16 nostrils, each of which specializes in a range of scent, giving it unparalleled scent detection.



The Wilterkindē is a nocturnal animal, which hides in areas of dense brush or in caves when available throughout the day. It was the animal's cry of alarm at being exposed in the dawn light that Herzog was able to follow. The cry itself is quite curious as it emanates from a small hole in the creature's right flank, the mechanism of which is much too complicated outside an advanced anatomy course.

The Wilterkindē was also found by Herzog to be hermaphroditic with the ability both to mate with another of its kind and to self-impregnate. Being solitary creatures with wide ranges of territory, they rarely meet another of their kind, so this enables them to procreate if a suitable partner can't be found within the right time frame. The Wilterkindē must mate so that it may lay its egg or the egg will be crushed and reabsorbed by the parent body, a process accompanied by muscle cramping and spasms. Despite the apparent convenience of self-impregnation, the Wilterkindē prefers to mate with a partner because it is far more pleasurable, though it, of course, means they must go through the complex and dangerous mating rituals they have become famous for.

The mating ritual of the Wilterkindē is fascinating due to humankind's perverse desire for revulsion. When the time draws near for the Wilterkindē to lay its egg, it becomes increasingly distressed, and calls out repeatedly with its unique voice. Their egg cycles are always on the same schedule, following the fazes of the moon. If a potential mate is in close enough proximity, which may be up to several thousands of miles away, it will call back, and they will find each other with sound and scent. When they catch sight of one another, they will immediately defecate a large amount of extremely pungent feces of sludge-like consistency, which they store in a special chamber of their colons for this purpose. They will go to the other individual's defecation and taste it to acquire clues to their nutrition. If it is found favorable, they will roll in the feces and then immediately begin to attack each other. They use their sharp hooves and direct them at the other's wattle, which is the most sensitive area of the Wilterkindē's tough body. They will spar until, by some unknown signal,



bloodied and weakened, they will raise their crests to signal the intention to mate. They will approach one another and start to shake all over, secreting a milky, viscous substance from their skin called procreative substrate. No one has been able to discover where such a large quantity of this substance is stored in the body of the Wilterkindë, but some hypothesize that it is produced though some kind of chemical reaction wherein a small amount of some chemical is secreted and then expands when it becomes oxidized. That theory remains unproven, however, and has been propounded by those on the fringe of scientific thought. The procreative substrate engulfs both individuals as they rear up on hind legs, press their chests together and become fused in that position for the duration of the mating, which will last as long as a week. The procreative substrate hardens around the pair, forming an opaque protective cocoon. A passageway opens between the two chest walls allowing a packet of DNA to pass from each individual to the other. Mating pairs may be studied through ultrasound and recording devices. With these methods, it has been determined that this process is both painful and pleasurable for the Wilterkindë. They can be observed to make ecstatic cries and convulse in orgasmic spasms repeatedly throughout the process. Once the transfer is complete a scab will form between the openings in their chests, and the pair will secrete a substance called procreative substrate negation fluid, which will cause the cocoon to dissolve. Once the remains of the procreative substrate dissolves they will pull apart, lick each other clean to reabsorbed lost nutrients, and, in a much weakened state, leave to find a suitable place to lay their eggs. They find a small pond or other waterway where the egg, which will weigh approximately 65 pounds, can be fully submerged. This is a necessity, as the Wilterkindë young can only breathe with gills for the first 6 months of life. Similar to a Kiwi, the process of laying eggs is unpleasant for the Wilterkindë. It can take some time to push out the large egg, and the process may even cause some tearing to the cloaca. Once the egg has been laid, the exhausted Wilterkindë rests for several days, then, having lost as much as 100 pounds will eat



heartily to replenish its stores. Luckily, the need to lay an egg only occurs approximately every 23 moon cycles.<sup>1</sup>

Herzog's specimen was found to have primarily subsisted off of the Giant Earthworm (*lumbricus badensis*), due most probably to the convenience of that food to its habitat, the Black Forest. The Wilterkindē has a stomach that can adapt to most types of food, including tough plants indigestible to most animals, thanks to a wide variety of enzymes cultivated in their 6 stomachs. Though, they only resort to nutrient-poor foods when they have no other choice. They are opportunists, but they have their preferences, specifically carnivorous preferences. They most enjoy tender hairless animals such as small human children, but they cannot get them often enough to be considered a nuisance to society, as their main objective has been historically to avoid human-kind as much as possible. It is for this reason, that they were viewed as a myth for so long.

With their bright markings and massive bodies, it may be hard to believe they could be elusive. The However, the Wilterkindē has one more secret weapon: a gland at the end of its spiny tail, which can spray a hallucinogenic substance forward into the face of an adversary. This substance can be found nowhere else in nature and is currently being studied for its medicinal properties. The victim of this hallucinogen will experience severe delusions lasting as little as a few weeks to as long as a few years. This enables the Wilterkindē to escape from its disoriented victim and causes any witnesses to thereafter be deemed wholly unreliable. We may study them in modern times whilst wearing gas masks for protection. Herzog escaped being sprayed by his specimen due to the fact that the sharp end of its tale had become lodged in its flank as it fell, an incident most unfortunate for the specimen Herzog fondly named Knuddelmuddel, but fortunate for science and mankind that we might understand this amazing creature better.

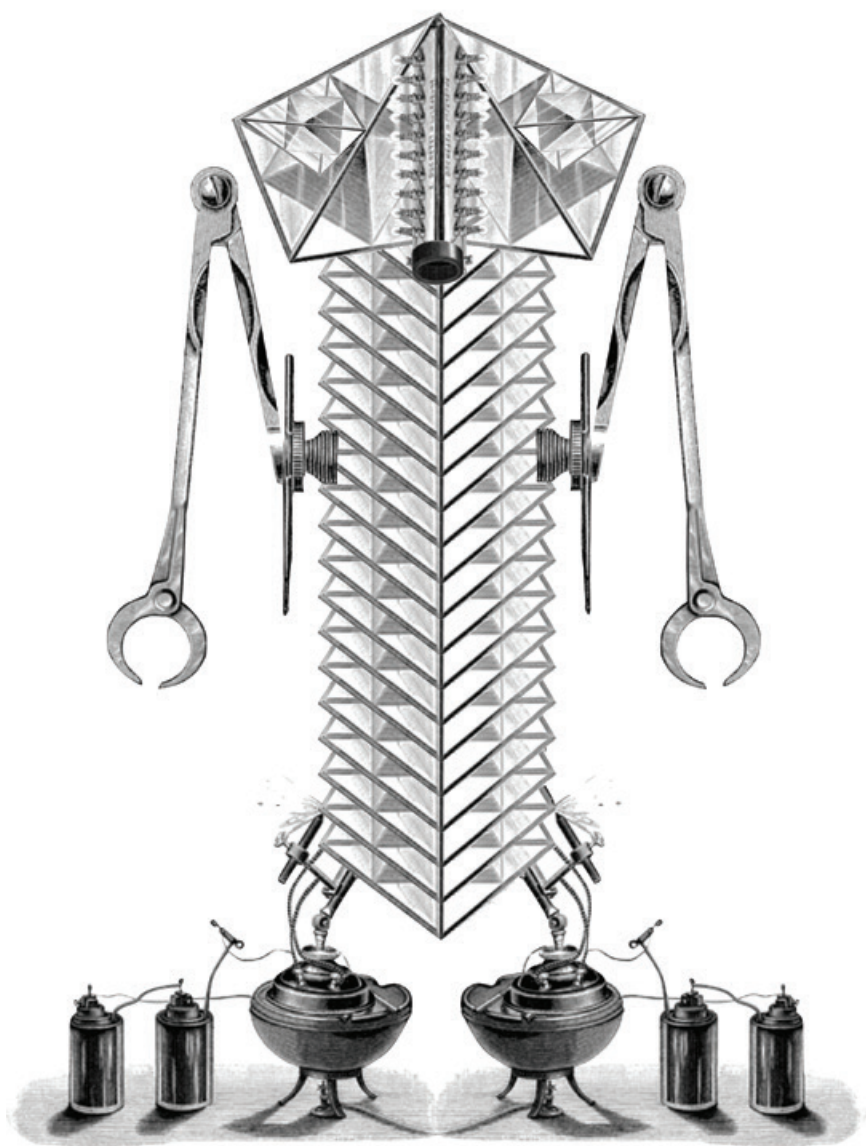
<sup>1</sup> You can hear the call of the Wilterkindē at the following URL:  
<https://soundcloud.com/peculiar-mormyrid/wilterkinde-call>







# THE BEWILDERING ATTRACTION OF LIGHT



# THE NIGHT OF THE ORGY

Being woken up in the middle of the night by silence, it seems to me, silence itself. A definitive silence, as if no noise could disturb it any longer. A silence that succeeds all possible noises, which it exhausts or absorbs in a voracious sponge.

Have I been sent to an interstellar void where symphonies remain silent?

I take a deep breath, a yoga technique : there's air!

Nevertheless the silence persists.

I get up, and the floor doesn't creak. I light the room, and the switch doesn't click. I turn on the television which shows images of a far-off country, and the reporter moves his lips uselessly without seeming to notice.

It's only the beast that dies, isn't it ? Silence does not die.

I have suddenly become deaf, that's all ! No doubt, the beginning of the end. So I decide to cry.

I cry, I shout, like a beast in fact. And I listen, it's horrible, at three in the morning, think why don't you ! You'll wake the whole house. The grumpy man downstairs will hit the ceiling with his glass cane, and the neighbors in chorus will call the police: Oh, oh, the police! Oh oh...

Placid silence, unchanging.

I realize that I was not yet in anguish. It comes all of a sudden. This silence, this emptiness. The sudden idea that there may be no one left, or nothing more, than me, with my memory and my inaudible cries.

What surrounds me is actually a silent film, staged by a tired god, and in which I am playing the only role, comical and cursed.

Does real life still exist anywhere?

Furiously I open the window.

And it is then an unexpected hubbub which, from afar, comes to fill my ears. The street, lit by torches and Bengal lights, over-



# LA NUIT DE L'ORGIE

Réveillé au milieu de la nuit par le silence, me semble-t-il, le silence même. Un silence définitif, comme si aucun bruit ne pouvait plus le violer. Un silence succédant à tous les bruits possibles qu'il aurait épuisés ou absorbés en éponge vorace.

M'a-t-on expédié dans le vide intersidéral où les symphonies restent muettes?

Je respire profondément, technique yoga : y'a de l'air !

Pourtant le silence persiste.

Je me lève, et le parquet ne grince pas. J'éclaire le salon, et l'interrupteur ne clique pas. J'allume la télé qui montre des images d'un pays lointain, et le repor-ter remue les lèvres inutilement sans paraître contrarié.

C'est seulement la bête qui meurt, n'est-ce pas ? Le silence ne meurt pas.

Je suis subitement devenu sourd, voilà tout ! Sans doute, le début de la fin. Alors je décide de crier.

Je crie, je hurle, comme une bête en effet. Et je m'entends, c'est épouvan-table, à trois heures du matin, pensez donc ! De quoi réveiller tout l'immeuble. Le grincheux du dessous va taper le plafond avec sa canne de verre, et les voi-sins en chœur vont appeler la police : Oh, oh, la police ! Oh, oh...

Silence placide, immuable.

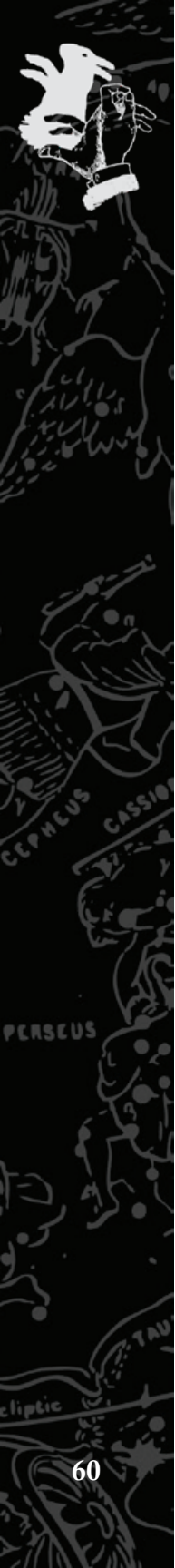
Je me rends compte que je n'étais pas encore angoissé. Ça vient d'un coup. Ce silence, ce vide. L'idée soudaine qu'il n'y a peut-être plus personne ni même plus rien, que moi, avec ma mémoire et mes cris inaudibles.

Ce qui m'entoure est en fait un film muet, mis en scène par un dieu fatigué, et dans lequel je joue le rôle unique, comique et maudit.

Une vie réelle existe-t-elle encore quelque part ?

Furieusement, j'ouvre la fenêtre.





flows with a fabulous crowd who laughs, sings and emits sounds worthy of a menagerie.

Hearing is given to me. I was in the eye of the hurricane, in the silence be-fore the storm.

The crowd is getting closer. It is made up of young people, girls, but also animals of all kinds that mix happily, hence the trumpeting, cackling, neighing, barking and other bellowings. The entirety of creation is in the street.

Seeing me at my window, they receive me as a hero. A little embarrassed, I answer them with a friendly gesture. After which, to provoke me certainly, they begin to kiss and hug each other without concern for their respective species. That's wonderful ! An incredible bacchanal, a universal orgy in the middle of the street, in the middle of the night!

Without any further hesitation, I take off, and dozens of arms, legs, wings and horns receive me gently two floors down. I am engulfed with a pleasure that I would never have imagined, in the heat of furs, feathers and bare skin.

Before I lose myself altogether, I give a thought, full of gratitude, for the si-lence that pulled me from sleep.

December 1 2017



Et c'est alors un brouhaha inespéré qui, de loin, vient combler mes oreilles. La rue, illuminée de torches et de feux de Bengale, déborde d'une foule fabuleuse qui rit, chante et émet des sons dignes d'une ménagerie.

Louïe m'est rendue. J'étais dans l'œil du cyclone, dans le silence avant l'orage.

La foule se rapproche. Elle est constituée de jeunes gens, de jeunes filles, mais aussi d'animaux de toutes sortes qui se mélangent joyeusement, d'où ces barrissements, caquètements, hennissements, aboiements et autres beuglements. La création entière est dans la rue.

M'apercevant à ma fenêtre, tous m'acclament comme un héros. Un peu gêné, je leur réponds d'un geste amical. Après quoi, pour me provoquer certainement, ils commencent à s'embrasser et à s'étreindre les uns les autres sans souci de leurs espèces respectives. C'est magnifique ! Une bacchanale inouïe, une orgie universelle en pleine rue, en pleine nuit !

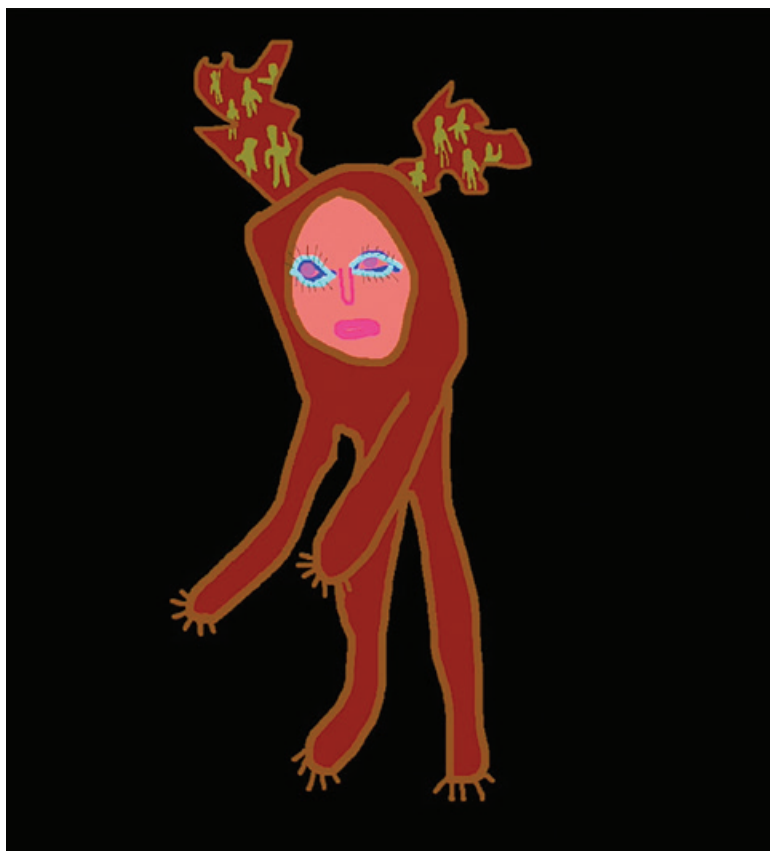
Sans hésiter plus longtemps, je prends mon envol, et des dizaines de bras, de pattes, d'ailes et de trompes me réceptionnent en douceur deux étages plus bas. Je m'engloutis, avec un plaisir que je n'aurais jamais imaginé, dans des chaleurs de fourrures, de plumes et de peaux nues.

Avant de me perdre tout à fait, j'ai une pensée pleine de gratitude pour ce silence qui m'a tiré du sommeil.

1 décembre 2017



# LA NUIT



# BLIND LUCK

Alone in a dark desecrated wristwatch  
grinding sparks ahead of a plastic glacier

zippers leap from ledges  
keeping appointments with insomniac tailors

singing the pants off algebraic  
monkeys in red fezzes

lying on melting beaches across an ocean  
where civilization was once rumored

but no one can prove

# THE LAMENT

Drops of water fall,  
They look like tears.  
Where is the drum drumming from?

What is the deep?  
The truth is  
Canvas is black. It is all black  
The light shines in the darkness  
The darkness can't understand it.



# UNTITLED

*"Nights in which we would like to have our hands behind our backs,  
and in which it is suddenly understood that there is no tenderness com-  
parable to caressing something that sleeps."*

*-Oliverio Girondo*

the austral mouth of the night like a tie of amorous darkness  
the nocturnal cry of the burning gaze, ethereal woman  
the tongue of the night is the tongue of my absolute love  
forty-nine year old body I love you and you do not know what it  
is to face the pains of pores  
a life inside a corner  
night is the cleft that separates bodies  
night is the vulva that screams and tells me to go away

Cesariny told me in You are welcome to Elsinore: "And there are  
nightwords, words that groan"

I need these words now

*November 19, 2017*





# UNTITLED

*“Noches en las que desearíamos que nos pasaran la mano por el lomo, y en las que súbitamente se comprende que no hay ternura comparable a la de acariciar algo que duerme”*

*Oliverio Gironde*

a boca austral noturna como um laço do negror amoroso  
o grito noturno do olhar em chamas, mulher etérea  
a língua da noite é a língua do meu amor absoluto  
corpo de quarenta e nove anos eu te amo e você não sabe o que é  
enfrentar as dores dos poros  
uma vida dentro de uma esquina  
noturna é a fenda que separa os corpos  
noturna é a vulva que grita e que me diz para ir embora

Cesariny me disse em *You are welcome to Elsinore*: “E há palavras noturnas palavras gemidos”

necessito destas palavras, agora

*sp, 19 de novembro 2017*



# GOLDEN EYES

*A transparent being enters the scene.*

*Who am I? he asks.*

*He does not exit but dissappears.*

*A very large man enters the scene.*

*He enters, passes by, leaves.*

*A man with gold eyes enters the scene.*

*He walks with the sun on his back.*

*Some young girl also enters,*

*At the same time an ant, and sad.*

*The gold man, sun on his back:*

Nervous, the hands in the night look to press  
on the bedframe

Beating, the heart opens its eyes in the dark

of the night.

*Meanwhile the young girl sits down.*

*The man with the golden eyes, sitting,*

*Beside the young ant, a sort of girl:*

Who am I, nail dug into the wood

Black and dry ?

I am a thousand years old and I glimpse the night

I have a thousand suns in my inflated heart

But the ocean

Alone

Remains

Awaiting the night.

# YEUX D'OR

*Sur la scène entre un être transparent.*

*Qui suis-je ? demande-t-il.*

*Il ne sort pas mais disparaît.*

*Sur la scène entre un homme très grand.*

*Il entre, il passe, il sort.*

*Sur la scène entre un homme aux yeux d'or.*

*Il marche avec le soleil dans le dos.*

*Entre aussi une sorte de jeune fille,*

*à la fois fourmi, à la fois triste.*

*L'homme d'or, soleil dans le dos :*

Nerveuses, les mains dans la nuit cherchent appui  
sur le cadre du lit

Battant, le cœur ouvre des yeux dans le noir

de la nuit.

*Tandis que la jeune fille s'assoit.*

*L'homme aux yeux d'or, assis,*

*à côté de la jeune fourmi, sorte de fille :*

Qui suis-je, ongles arrimés dans le bois  
noir et sec ?

J'ai mille ans et j'entrevois la nuit,

J'ai mille soleils dans mon cœur gonflé

Mais l'océan

seul

demeure

en attendant la nuit.



*The young girl, cheerful :*

Yes.

*The man of gold, gold eyes :*

Gold heart

Bone of calcium.

*The young girl :*

Gold eyes.

Bone of calcium

Heart of gold.

*They stop talking.*

*The young girl and the sun set*

*While the eyes of the man of gold shine brighter and brighter*

*In the night.*





*Jeune fille gaie :*

Oui.

*Homme d'or, yeux d'or :*

Cœur d'or

Os de calcaire.

*Fille jeune :*

Yeux d'or.

Os de calcaire

Cœur d'or.

*Ils se taisent.*

*La jeune fille et le soleil s'éteignent,*

*tandis que les yeux de l'homme d'or brillent de plus en plus fort.*

*Dans le noir de la nuit, ses yeux sont deux soleils.*

*Dans la nuit.*



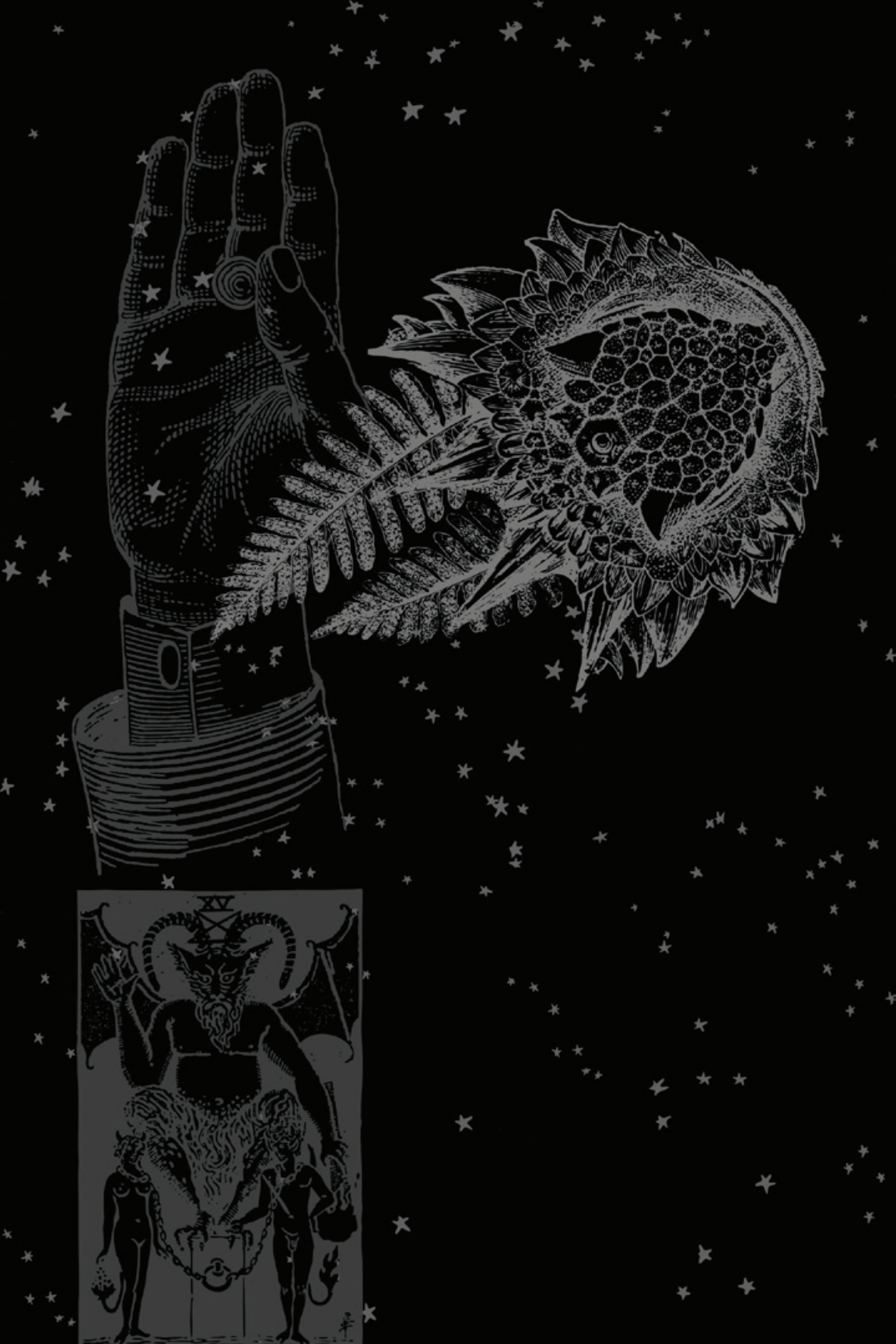
# MIDNIGHT SNACK



To my illustration friend Dr William Crookes  
of whom I always think and whose kind  
letters I never answer!









# THE NIGHT THOUGHTS OF COUNT ORLOK





# LUNAR HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Descartes was fanatical about clarity, and the men of the Enlightenment worshiped the Sun, that majestic allegory of bourgeois Reason. To this, the critical thinks of the Frankfurt School had a scathing reply: "With the spread of the bourgeois commodity economy the dark horizon of myth is illuminated by the sun of calculating reason, beneath whose icy rays the seeds of the new barbarism are germinating." (Theodor W. Adorno and Max Horkheimer, *The Dialectic of Reason*, 1944).

The Romantics were the first to oppose the Sun, in the blinding light of the day, to the infinitely softer and haunting night. The German Romantic poet Ludwig Tieck has written a few words that sum up this new nocturnal philosophy: *die mondbeglantzte Zaubernacht*, "the night of enchantments, illuminated by the moon". And Novalis, the poet so much admired by André Breton, has, as we know, dedicated a Hymn to the Night, of which here is a luminous passage: "More heavenly than those glittering stars we hold the eternal eyes which the Night hath opened within us. Farther they see than the palest of those countless hosts. Needing no aid from the light, they penetrate the depths of a loving soul that fills a loftier region with bliss ineffable. (...) gracious sun of the Night (...) Thou hast made me know the Night, and brought her to me to be my life; thou hast made of me a man. Consume my body with the ardour of my soul, that I, turned to finer air, may mingle more closely with thee, and then our bridal night endure for ever."

The surrealists are the heirs of this romantic passion for the night. Because it is alcheringa, the "dream lands" of Australian aborigines. What are dreams, if not these "infinite eyes that Night has opened in us"? The dream world is a nocturnal space & time, where imagination, emerging from the depths of the unconscious, escapes the censorship of diurnal rationality. It is

# HYMNE LUNAIRE A LA NUIT


Descartes était un fanatique de la Clarté, et les hommes des Lumières avaient le culte du Soleil, cette allégorie majestueuse de la Raison bourgeoise. La réponse des penseurs critique de l'Ecole de Frankfort était cinglante : " Avec l'extension de l'économie bourgeoise marchande, le sombre horizon du mythe est illuminé par le soleil de la raison calculatrice, dont la lumière glacée fait lever la semence de la barbarie" (Theodor W.Adorno et Max Horkheimer, *La dialectique de la raison*, 1944).

Les romantiques ont été les premiers à opposer au Soleil, à l'aveuglante lumière du Jour, celle, infiniment plus douce et envoûtante, de la Nuit. Le poète romantique allemand Ludwig Tieck a écrit quelques mots qui résument cette nouvelle philosophie nocturne : *die mondbeglantzte Zaubernacht*, "la nuit aux échantements, éclairée par la lune". Et Novalis, ce poète que tant admirait André Breton, a, comme l'on sait, dédié un hymne à la Nuit, dont voici un passage lumineux :

"Plus célestes que ces étoiles clignotantes, nous semblent les yeux infinis que la Nuit a ouverts en nous. Ils voient plus loin que les plus pâles d'entre ces innombrables armées stellaires – sans avoir besoin de la Lumière ils sondent les profondeurs d'un cœur aimant – ce qui remplit d'une indicible extase un espace plus haut encore. (...) Aimable soleil de la Nuit (...) tu m'as révélé que la Nuit est la vie – tu m'as fait homme – consume mon corps avec le feu de l'esprit, afin que, devenu aérien, je me mêle à toi de plus intime façon et qu'ainsi dure éternellement la Nuit Nuptiale".

Les surréalistes sont les héritiers de cette passion romantique pour la Nuit. Parce qu'elle est l'alcheringa, la "terre des rêves" des sauvages australiens. Qu'est-ce que sont les rêves, sinon ces "yeux infinis que la Nuit a ouvert en nous" ? L'univers onirique est un espace/temps nocturne, où l'imagination, surgie des profondeurs de l'inconscient, échappe à la censure de la rationalité diurne.





only when the moon is cut by the clouds that Andalusian dogs can indulge in their delicious nocturnal hunt, haunted by crazy erotic dreams.

But Night is also the Kingdom of Enchantments: it's the time when witches and specters, ghosts and vampires, fairies and nymphs, magic frogs and celestial lizards come out of their hiding places to haunt the Earth. It is only in the tender light of the Moon that Nosferatu, Sergeant Bertrand, Fantômas and other heroes of the Night can indulge in their passions. The marvelous itself, this "dream light", this "green light of passion", which "flames over the masses during the hour of revolt" (Pierre Mabille) – and at the moment of the "Grand Soir" – isn't that also tied to the Night?

From romantics to surrealists, the Hymns of Novalis to the *Advide of the Night* of Michel Zimbacca, a thread of lunar light crosses the centuries.



Ce n'est qu'au moment où la lune est sectionnée par les nuages que les chiens andalous peuvent se livrer à leur délicieuse chasse nocturne, hantés par des rêves érotiques fous.

Mais la Nuit est aussi le Royaume des Enchantements : c'est le moment où sorcières et spectres, fantômes et vampires, fées et nymphes, grenouilles magiques et lézards célestes sortent de leurs cachettes pour hanter la Terre. Ce n'est qu'à la lumière tendre de la Lune que Nosferatu, le Sergent Bertrand, Fantômas et autres héros de la Nuit peuvent se livrer à leurs passions. Le Merveilleux lui-même, cette "lumière du rêve", cet "éclairage vert de la passion", qui "flambe au dessus des masses aux heures de révolte" (Pierre Mabilie) – et au moment du "Grand Soir" – n'a-t-il lui aussi partie liée avec la Nuit ?

Des romantiques aux surréalistes, des hymnes de Novalis au *Conseil de Nuit* de Michel Zimbacca, un fil de lumière lunaire traverse les siècles.



# CATASTERISMI









# UNTITLED

Where the chameleon-weaver comes to fiddle with the phases of the moon... Scraping darkness off a mirror, pulling the threads of a dream from your mouth, clothing for a dance forced into déjà vu. It was deep into her eyes that drew the order and continuation of desirable proportions, extracting, polishing... spirit-bone tapping for a spark-rendering pose. The art of lunacy.

\*

Tales of the blind équilibriste, a zebra pose and pickpocket. Touching stone in the morning, for light and liquid, pulling fragments into a random line of defense. Throwing pollen, smear to enlighten a face, shatter a template. You insist on desire as a means of stealth, reversing every entrance... there are shadows in the fire for unconditional rite of passage.

\*

Spinning mercury over dream pools (hers, the compass face...) no one knew such unions fired up those wretched cyphers, glowing birds. A handful of ladders like splendid gowns raising cane. In a field burning language, the ratcheting membrane of your waterfall, tapping for an endless stature of hummingbird lips...

\*

Those traumas filled with gold, and the secret glow. Unnatural selections with desperate maneuvers and harsh evasions, you persist, unrelenting, to foreshadow the thrill of chameleons. You might never have known, but for that mad tinkering in the garden... Drawing visions out of blood, for the sorrows of La Llarona.

Dark gravitational assignations seduced into amulets the color of glass, evolving in sequential chiaroscuro, tempting blood where (in the Manor of Sighs) the barbarian sign language seizes the images of your being in the rich, antiquarian lucidity of your extinction. Your face, or the features of night in the fever of graceful spirits that still come to drink the



liquid of life out of your hands, the pendulum... An evening of theater runs ahead...

\*

Trapping belladonna between the lines, between her legs, between phases, to embrace the blindness of your murmuring, pushing out between her lips, the lost hermeticism of albino checkmates.

\*

The weapon you most cherished was feminine. The wedge forced into the appearance of things was ambiguous with its dark insistence and wind-up astronomy, clicking and whirring about in circles and broken up by triangles into long, interminable caresses that went on forever, imitating a newly discovered galaxy quivering in the nearness of wolves.

\*

There is only the daughter of Icarus, without mirrors, the shadow of uncertainty that surrounds the ribcage of a philosophical paradox, only the stone of a primitive light, only the glance that hatches in the fire, the optical mainspring of a science that runs amok, only the ciphers leading the fossils of daybreak, and the glowing of those beings you feed each morning, the pools of blood dripping out of your dreams. Flight is only the body torn by light, powered by obscene gestures. A choreography of wish fulfillment.

There is always the diamond-cutter's unrelenting caress, always those great moths entering your eyes in a frenzy of unconditional attraction, clearing a space for the ermine of humor, and the misplaced objects of great value.







Together in Pain



# THE EMPIRE OF BLACK LIGHTS

Like any other natural phenomenon, the night is subject to the barbarities of capitalism. Light pollution makes it so most humans, now living in cities, can hardly see the stars ; the arrangement of the working day coupled with the distribution of “leisure” means more and more time spent in front of electronic screens ; nocturnal hours which, when they are not given over to some brief recuperative sleep after the fatigues of the day and the stresses of a boring life, are devoted to various cults of merchandise, whether “shopping” late at night or blowing off steam in a nightclub waiting for a nauseating dawn ... It is as if the night is a fundamental alteration to the day’s reign of time assimilated to the economy, and therefore has no reason to exist any longer: the capitalist sun shines 24 hours a day, and it does not sleep anywhere – perhaps guessing that the sleep of the economy could very well engender the monsters of the revolutionary fairyland. In this respect, it is telling that Macron, the President of the French Republic, boasts of sleeping only three hours per night: this technocratic scoundrel has no time to waste or dream, or even to listen to the hooting of the owls from the depth of his bed. But how many people around you (excepting your friend the werewolf) would be able to answer if you asked them what phase the moon is currently in? Is it crescent, full or discarded with other definitively useless objects – because tax havens have many other forms of illumination?

As for the inner night! No, it is not, of course, about the gloomy darkness in which the subjectivity of each individual is bound to make an unfortunate experience – that is if, without revolt, it adapts itself to the ideological drunkenness of magazines devoted to philosophy-without-risks, to websites dedicated to some new-age spiritualism, or to the propaganda of political ideas as nauseating as nationalism, communitarianism, libertari-



an-liberalism or, just as moronic, transhumanism. No ! I want to speak about the luminous night that is made in the mind when it is dark night outside and mental operations finally take a different turn. Yes, that dark night like this coal that is only ever a diamond in power!

Before falling asleep, for example: observe what is happening in oneself.

For my part, I would first like to get a very physical idea of the phrase “slipping into sleep”. To slide towards the abyss of unconsciousness, but also sometimes (and this is not insomnia), to slide upwards, towards an aspiring height, a certain psychic state that may yet await a definition of the word surconscious opposed to unconscious. My senses are still awake, yet I am abstracting myself from the parasitic noises of the city. I am alone in my bed, but nevertheless I sense presences around me. These are not ghosts, according to the common definition of the term. They are rather limbic manifestations of life, not only in this case my own but of the universe of which I am part, from which I receive and retransmit beneficial or at least beneficent waves. Images come to me, rarely words, and at first I discern only the movement of the apparitions ; while they specify their outlines, their colors at the moment when my desire to know them better (trying, by an effort of memory, to draw them the next day) immobilizes them in the waking dream state I have now arrived at. Then I enter one of these images: I see a tree grow in front of me and I become part of this tree. It is not a tree of any kind, it is the first tree, the essence of the tree and the fan of its branches, I touch the four corners of the sky that soon envelops me. And that’s when I suddenly fall asleep...

While asleep, I do not have the good fortune to be a sleep-walker. But I do remember my questions about the mysteries of sleep when as a teenager I witnessed my little sister’s sleep-walking. Standing on her bed, striking the walls of her room, she barely interrupted herself to answer our worried mother’s inquiry about her conduct. In a tone of obviousness: “I’m pushing the walls!” The marvel would have been if they had indeed



been pushed and if the small room was enlarged to the size of the realized dream. A series of recurring dreams during those years introduced me to fantastic architectures and sunken temples, as if the people of Angkor had reigned on Tsalal Island. So much so that a little later, when I saw for the first time reproductions of Max Ernst's paintings, especially the decalcomanias of the 1940s, it was a confirmation for me that the powers of the dream made use of a vast network of sensible exchanges, for which the surrealism that I was discovering could serve as the irreducible transmitter.

Then, Magritte's *Empire of Light* underscored for me, not only intellectually but almost sensually, an echo of Breton's assertion in the Second Manifesto concerning that "certain point of the mind" where "those antinomies which are the misfortune of the mind would cease" to be perceived contradictorily. The night, the day: are we doomed to live only in their duality? The day is contained in the night and the night in the day, this game of doublings, a possibility that only needs to be perceived at another level of consciousness. That's when the night shows its full range of colors rising from the ground like a twilight dew; beings and things can then impose summations of their mysterious meanings which would otherwise have been hidden.

I missed the last metro, it is two in the morning and I am crossing Montmartre. On the Rue des Saules, fortunately the last tourists are gone. I am alone on these cobblestones and in the distance the lights of the suburbs are multicolored fish slowly turning in the aquarium of my reverie. I stop, I watch the time slowly tear in front of me like a big silk cloth. The skin of the air slides, curving around me, falls and slowly rises to the sky in October. It's like a giant ray that envelops me in its ultra-sensible poem. I raise my head to the sky, the moon is behind me, crescent mother-of-pearl, and higher glitter some rare stars. I resume my walk; the night was an open moment on the other side of the night.



# DREAM'S MIRROR

*God has created night-time, which he arms  
With dreams, and mirrors, to make clear  
To man he is a reflection and a mere Vanity.  
Therefore these alarms. (Borges, 1960)*

***Under the guise of night, the mirror is a surgical tool.***

There is a large box the color of wax resting against the back of my building, partially hidden beneath a surge of leaves that burnish the season into a singular spectacle of light and seduction that draws sadness from generations of the folly of human fate.

Pried open by the thoughts of birds disoriented by the carbon and fumes fused to the lilacs, the arcane air liberates its perimeters and negates all substance from chance events until lighter than air, memories hover from the box in clusters and worm their way into the dead of night, forming labyrinths within the evaporating shadows.

Exposed to the moonlight, they take on a livid glow; an agony of color engulfing each moving particle until they implode in a void where events, glutted with the destiny constituted in each, vanishes.

From this very first diffusion it is understood the world yields to the occultation inherent in "I", adheres to a realm where an absolute laid bare reveals its secrets through the pulse of ordinary life.

Images of places and experiences that hold no meaning play unceremoniously through me.

In one image I see an emotionally charged man walking along this very street at this very time, only it's a century earlier and the night seems infinitely darker.

His genius makes way for arthritic cohesion dragged in fog, a grail of graves on a road-trip through his mind, caught at a



threshold, his lot lost in obscurity.

In another, summer seethes in a garden of dreams humming with insects and apparitions that illuminate the great stones carefully aligned to this occulted order of space.

While walking along a desolate Canal Street in the middle of the night, I recognize perfection in the crudest of forms; in mundane objects fallen prey to horrible parody; in static crashing like lightning against my half-life; in wavelengths tuned to a frequency filled by panoramic disturbances.

A fusion of past and future opens me, sensation a mute witness to a renegade fold in time.

As I approach the hidden Cortlandt Alley, I'm startled by a naked winged man running past me into the center of the street. Sensing the pressure mounting in him as he prepares for ascension I see he's alarmed, disoriented by my disturbance of his trajectory, his stare revealing the betrayal he feels of having been snagged to such permanence.

His shadow, his veritable double beside him, is the absence that's become the wormhole into which we will both perish and not be seen again.

He cautiously approaches and hands me a luminous cube: a chronicle of tonalities; an edict of vexes; an elliptical dispersion of encoded dreams.

As I watch him take flight and dissolve into the cast iron buildings, spectral fissures rise, surface like sleep totems flowing through the imaginary streets I am moving backwards through, transported to a place where no bearings exist.

As mystery of its center knows no cause, one must set oneself adrift.

I drink stasis in all of its sobering containment

I come to live in the mirror going somewhere with heart's ease



I walk along the market square of the Rhineside city Speyer, where the sky fills the space of time with cobalt hypnosis, and perpetuating sigils birth seismic imperatives (*guardians of extinctions that float in perpetuity*).

The streets are empty, the tired shutters of the crowded stone houses apparently flung open by phantom occupants who have placed themselves outside the clairvoyant realm of dreamers.

I glimpse an obscured view of the Imperial Basilica, its spires transmitting a cold, coded signal audible only to dogs and the demented that sweeps the boulevard for wounded men charged with expectation, then subtly plants false memories into their feeble falcon skulls.

I remember walking this street in a different dream, but then I had mistaken the Basilica for a platform and the spire for an aerial tramway that transported me from the end of its embankment through mountainous ridges, where the air was thin and the clouds were sparse and no one would meet me on the other side.

I feel the presence of my other here, around me, beside me, immersed in the artificial light and jaded to the boredom of destiny. Riddled at birth by the thorn birds that had taken him to death, he reappears in the guise of ripened wheat, golden grey and quivering, isolated by the winds that flow from the tombs of emperors and Germanic kings.


He is with me as these streets begin to break down, permutate

And another city opens...

Bernkastel on the banks of the Moselle, whose fiery wines devour the hills and smother the prospect of anything remotely encouraging change.

Feeling his breath undulating across the back of my neck pushes me beyond what separates me from the tempestuous corpses circling my wagon. The shadows from the ruined castle glisten like rubies across the river's spine, and the fermenting





foliage feeding the waters make them so thick with sludge the tide becomes inert. On tranquil nights lethargic lovers, in sleep and intoxicated by desire, are lured by the infective persuasion of its banks only to wake in terror, ensnared and unable to free themselves from the grip of the ominous sediment that will surely pull them to their death.

I carefully navigate the shoreline, always avoiding the bodies flaying in frenzy.

Today I assume that I will look into a reflection and will see you over by a marsh,  
as pale as granite and as distant as the landscape permits, perhaps hidden beneath a stream, barely disturbed by mineralization or the exquisite song birds migrated here to engage in your return.

Soft winds carry your voice through the reeds, lost to me through the ages but now here,  
a transgression of the boatman that led you to me and to greater danger (*even the silence protracts, speaks like daggers*). They are murderous, every one of them, each an accessory to the concentrations that would bring us together then set us apart.

By fortune I foresee a memory I have of an old woman who whispers to me:

*"Soul in the water, I entered under the blue curve one evening, I thought it was the moon, friend to assassins, naked in the trees, when it was always our dream following you to the door".* I wanted to tear the flame from the blankness in her honor, but the truth was a much different matter, because like a banshee she had been displayed publicly for several hours each day where she was denigrated morally, perhaps vertically levitated to the cruel spire that stabbed at the sky to the delight of the cranes.

The site of our meeting was always a troubled place, gothic yet imbued by the elegance of an allegiance unblemished by the failings of the fading night whose mysterious song is never easily captured at this time and place.

I've returned there threadbare. Returned to the spent thoroughfares where sparrows shadow the women bearing the same fate fallen the fair haired men who built themselves houses made of hats. Everything was a joke to them, but you forget that that is another time and this is another place, and they are infamous among somnolent travelers, their rationale unassailable, except in matters of hunger, when they wander like crows into the street, bellowing and pecking at the burlap bags that line the gutters. The mountains of barley fill them like a labyrinth of song. Observing their reflections in store windows and seeing they're headed in the wrong direction, they return to their homes of finest felt, satisfied and replenished.

Do I name that who is evocative of doubles, he is a prisoner too, falling into the dank hollow of mortal error like a child, wretched, wretched, why should he find any reason towards hope when he knows it's the same for everyone?

Good and evil, I abandoned them to friends and enemies alike; madmen all, all caring more  
for things as it all came back to me in spades.


I descend the rain shadow of a mountain chain, my attention defined by the debris fallen from the structure that lay across the desert in distant view. Getting there was an ambitious endeavor. I was prone to accidents and changes in direction, my velocity greatly affected by the intensity of the summer heat and a lush continuity of desert life.

I hear every sound at once going round the world a thousand times over, my descent bearing all the residue of a ghost suddenly trapped in an endless spiral.

Large scarabs scuttle over the edges of the debris that is not debris at all, but corpses lying malevolently beneath the turrets. In the shape of their flesh I can still sense remnants of the last impressions that were sucked from their souls.

I'm not a type that's easily unsettled, but the absence of life overwhelms me and my knees buckle before this mountainous ruin. And the stillness of the clouds crown this shrine of buzzing





insects and flesh in various stages of decay, trembling like echoes held out to silences in myself, resonating with the same terrible clarity of the fool who would count his stars and then ponder the imponderable.

The scarabs emit perceptible vibrations that cloud my mind and send me in an opposite direction of my original intent, the intensity of the humming increasing until I'm unable to resist the currents of their will. As harsh winds beat my back I am driven by shadows that bath me in the shape of ethereal wings.

Eventually the humming ceases and the insects that had given rise to it vanish.

Gone too is the altar of flesh. Its absence haunts me. It cuts deep because I knew you were there, but here nature is your ally and deters me, and I, far removed from the living, can only align myself to the revelation of mirrors.

I walk aimlessly for hours, impervious to the mocking eyes of women and men to whom I must have personified defeat, for they watched me contemptuously, seemed to shout obscenities in languages I did not and never would understand.

I struggled to remain neutral, although I could not distinguish the past from the present in these decrepit hamlets and feared I would never again rise from the depths of this trance.

One woman sat herself at the foot of a shallow ridge and armed with the diamond light of incomprehension dug deep into the earth and hurled clumps of dirt at me (*the veins of her raw, decrepit hands were as pale as an opal slipped from a stream*).

And I bore the blows like a comedy of caresses, willfully absorbing the swarming shadows where desire lurks without any measure of degree.

I learned to disguise my reality; its ugliness frightened children and proved little use for forging any bonds at this edge of the abyss.

I willed myself invisible beyond sensorial dominion, operating above fear and judgment, and in doing so created a powerful servitor with which to maneuver this realm unobserved.



Free from scrutiny and in total abandon, the environment became less opaque, stretching out like sweeping black ibises, the shadow of my wolf-toothed half-brother half visible against the backdrop.

Propelled by a novel sense of elation, the adrenaline pulsing through me jolted my cortex with viral neural ignitions that illumined what had previously been hidden to me. A ring of sound slapped my nerves the second they emerged, and my spectral presence ached for the drug that was my physical presence not long before.

I sense myself lying listlessly by the side of a deserted street as fading light fills the cracks in the pavement and coils around my body like an inverse funnel splaying the sky, its source indeterminate. I was slow to acknowledge that my body was not surrounded by light at all, but was the source from which the light was emanating, perhaps dominated by a systemic, unseen sentence.

That's when the realization hits me of what those corpses under the turrets are.

Innumerable doubles.

Bodies discarded in need to enter this place unencumbered by flesh, long passed through the threshold that strips matter at the metastasis of its unbecoming.

I watch my body slip away from the light, confused as to where my vantage point begins and my conscious sense of self ends. Beyond my body, no longer grounded and slightly off the ground, I no longer sense nerve nor limb but nevertheless my perception remains intact.

My hearing and sight are by no means imbued. If anything, the absence of my humming blood and raking bones affords me a clarity I have never experienced before.

I watch my body fall sideways as the last stream of light drains from the top of my head.

The night summons a bitter gale that jolts just enough leaves



from the trees to shroud my poor dormant shell until it is completely submerged under a barrage of flora and consumed by the landscape.

And without a glance  
It is ten years later  
Elsewhere.

My hair has been made to impossible jets of sand.  
The cyclone hovering below has broken its restraints and severed gravity to the wind.  
There was a memory of having lived in the same dark walls of the same damp flora twice.  
The Burdock that creeps along the alleyway is as recognizable as the mist that has risen  
and given me a glimpse of a clearing.  
I knew well the rocks of its prison in the whole of its sky,  
The fulcrum of its destinies in the returns of what is diminished.  
It was the same for everyone whose crisis ports were set amongst the lime brimmed surfaces of magnetic slips,  
pumping vertigo into a vortex of colour  
until the blues and grays of refracted light swirl from an opening between two distinct fringes of darkness:

Nightly darkness, whose clouds filled with layers of silt are inhaled to impart precious vapors that add stars to our stars, and the Solar darkness that separates time from circles spinning through the shadows of sleep, so by morning there is no memory of the rushing air that has dissolved in dreams, because there is no morning.

A young girl whose lavender dress captures  
the light of dusk in its splendor  
summons me from beyond the clearing  
she is prone to wander;  
A signal in the airbrushed night  
amongst weak transmissions



of suicided ghosts  
her dress glistening and stretched lengthwise  
across the cobblestone  
like the open sky.

None of what she has portrayed has ever come to pass:  
The churches and the tarnished temples were scattered in ruin.  
In Autumn, men radioed from ships in the middle of night  
to present a description of a coast where ships never land.

Her tears that stained the millstones were given names:  
Millefolium, Lillium.

She was a motionless silhouette deep in dream  
where all the while she beckoned like a hallucination  
of a place I had never seen.

I stood trembling at her vertical edge,  
the plinth of my blood sky blue  
my shoulders weighed by all the thoughts  
carefully cultivated from a life of disorder.  
She has mysteriorized the falsehoods  
by wearing them around her neck  
where hopelessly abandoned they flourished.  
But I have found them again by turning the key  
that is moving through her  
without waking her.

And every streetlight traces itself  
upon the vicissitudes of her child like ruse,  
for her labyrinths run deeper,  
a network of recesses and hidden pikes  
designed to put an end to play.

"It is dream" she whispers.

"It is the circle closing around the square like a couple making love".



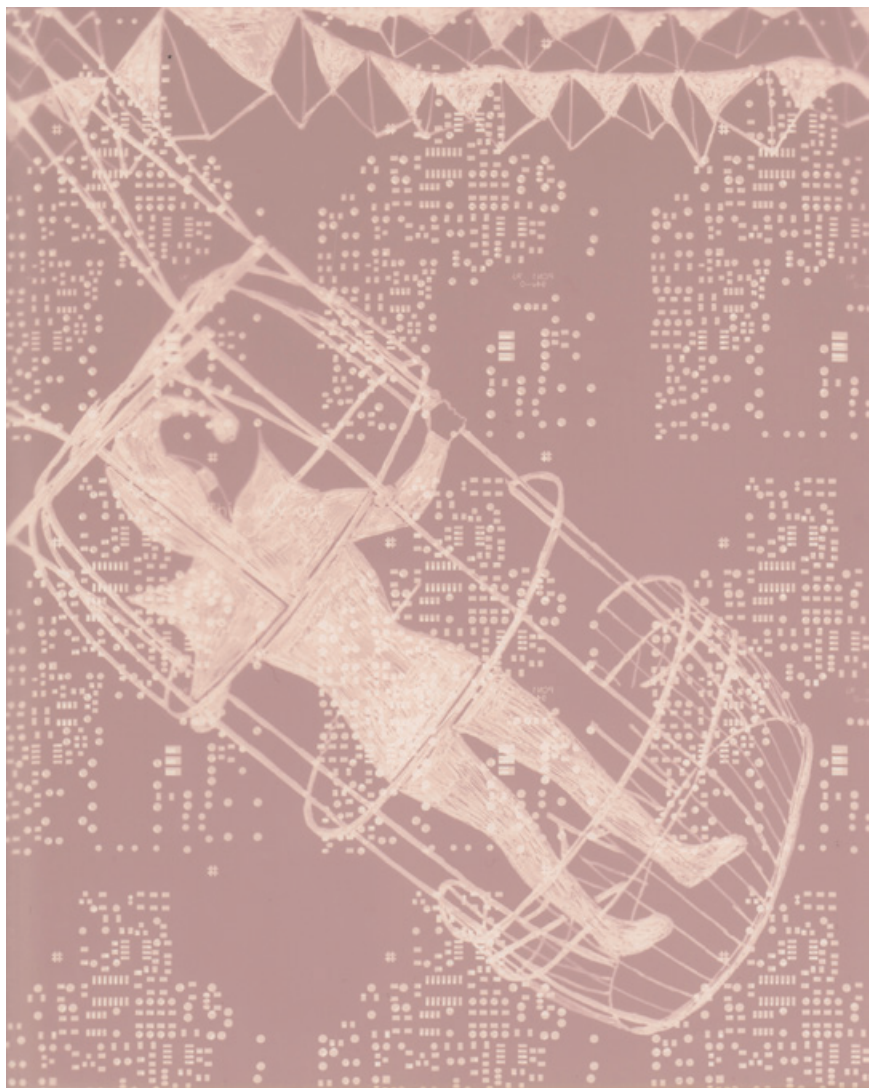
Standing before her fills my senses with a promise  
as startling as the glistening sky  
as the blues and grays of refracted light  
weave a delicate web  
that reduces the earth  
to stillness.

Only the vibrations of stones still oscillate without knowing why.





# FANTÔMETTE



# NIGHTLING

Dusk sinks over the town, and buildings and trees call out to each other to establish their territory, to settle their hunting rights. The street reverts to the forest it still dreams of, whose fossil remains comfort its foundation stones. Darkness watches, attends to its needs.

Midnight on this street is always noon in another, at the most distant part of the world. Every night is merely borrowed.

Delumination. In the near-black, the eye feels. The reign of images, their tug towards tyranny, abates at last; the distractions of colour and texture ebb away. A realm of fertile trepidation and of authentic longing is upon us; I move as though within a closed mouth, both lover and prey.

Blanchot: "Here the invisible is what one cannot cease to see" (*The Outside, the Night*). Night as the inside-out of perception, as though the eye could explore its own internal chambers.

Night-dark is a felted tsunami, made of the shadow beneath the hems of skirts or trouser belts, the thick black of wanting. An indigo hunger engulfs the sky.

At night, sound turns crystalline, echoes are metal: each footstep or deep breath doubles me; the ghost at my shoulder takes his form seriously again. Gaps in the air that were clogged with the business of light waves can now take their ease and nurture their private noises. Nocturnal silence is huge, and wears a crust of spun sugar.

"Let night keep falling on the orchestra" writes AB in 1925 . . . But perhaps only the better to slip out of tune and time, to let go of the score, improvise dissonance. The crow-black of oboes or cello cases, of the conductor's coat-tails, of the hollow in my gut. From Nocturne to No tune; isn't the music of night precisely the draining dry of melody, and the emergence instead of single, sporadic notes and sounds from an unfathomable mouth of darkness?

Shade becomes world, becomes the verb that cancels all communication. What once was an aside, a slender accompaniment, now takes its revenge and shrouds everything in the un-nameable. Stammers clogged in bitumen, talk matted in the



microfibres of velvet: you must utter with your other face.

The world, held taut and in check during hours of daylight, now exhales, expands – imperceptibly at first, with a movement that is more like a slight blur, until the spaces between everything no longer concords with surveys or maps. Objects, places, street furniture all cease to respect their locations and relationships: now they loom, they roam; in obedience, so do any other individuals I meet, uncertain now of their authenticity.

A nyctophilic, a nightologist, a *nachtling*, a darkster. A Pepper's ghost hugging the lines painted on the street; somnambulist as funambulist. Intimate evaporation into the street's sombre thinking.

A suddenly leaky self: gloom engulfs my extremities, limbs undergo eclipses. I lose grip on where night begins and my self ends. Who I am drifts away as I walk: I seep into the street, shrinking like sucked candy, like an ice cube in a beaker of ink. By dawn I'll be gone.



# NIGHT THOUGHTS

A condemnation of masturbation: "Not permanent enough."

Everyone, everywhere, could be improved by blindness. The terror of permanent darkness would make seeing people more sensitive. The castrations can wait.

There's no such thing as ghosts – so let's make some for real. Once they exist, we should destroy the planet in a nuclear holocaust to create an endless twilight realm unlimited by biological needs.

Stay up all night and go swimming alone at the beach just before sun-up. Yes, it's quiet, serene, and mysterious – but, besides the parochial beauty, there's no other people so you can scream, howl, laugh like a maniac and thrash about wildly without fear of disturbance for seeming like a madman or sea monster.

Once, while walking home from a friend's house late at night in a mini-skirt, I had a car follow after me. I thought I was being targeted by a serial killer and fled back to my friend. She explained the guy thought I was a prostitute. Actually, I was a boy.

My local grocer used to be open 24-7. I liked shopping for smoothy fruit at 2 am while wearing my big wooly wizard robe. An important flavor has been lost from my life since they started closing at 11 pm.

It always seems like night in science fiction shows set in space. It feels strange that the universe never turns that bright, azure blue.





I used to think I drew better just after bed time. It must have been that this was when I had the least sleeping pills sedating me.

I lose track of time while programming. And reality. And my project goals. I frankly have no idea what the hell I'm doing or where my mind goes. But, I figure, anywhere but here.

I understand that there are people, times, and places where there's something called a night life. I think it's a natural phenomenon created by too much money, time, and energy. It's rather mysterious.

During the day we worry about being shat on by birds. Why don't we worry about being shat on by bats during the night?

I attended this six session cognitive behavior therapy course over several weeks. It was like going to school for sleepiness. Mostly, I doodled a lot of pictures.


I think the moon's overrated as a beautiful thing. Lakes, rivers, and seas are much nicer at night, especially if there are a lot of lamp posts on.

If the Tsurezuregusa's the boy version and the Pillow Book's the girl version, what would a ladyboy have written? These are the kinds of questions historians ought to be answering.

When I was a child, I used to have pet rats. I bought a male and female and they had two litters. If I wasn't so desperately poor, I'd probably want another pile of them to cover myself with.

Suicide always seems like a night-time activity, but I don't think it is. I think suicide's an anywhere-anytime sort of thing.



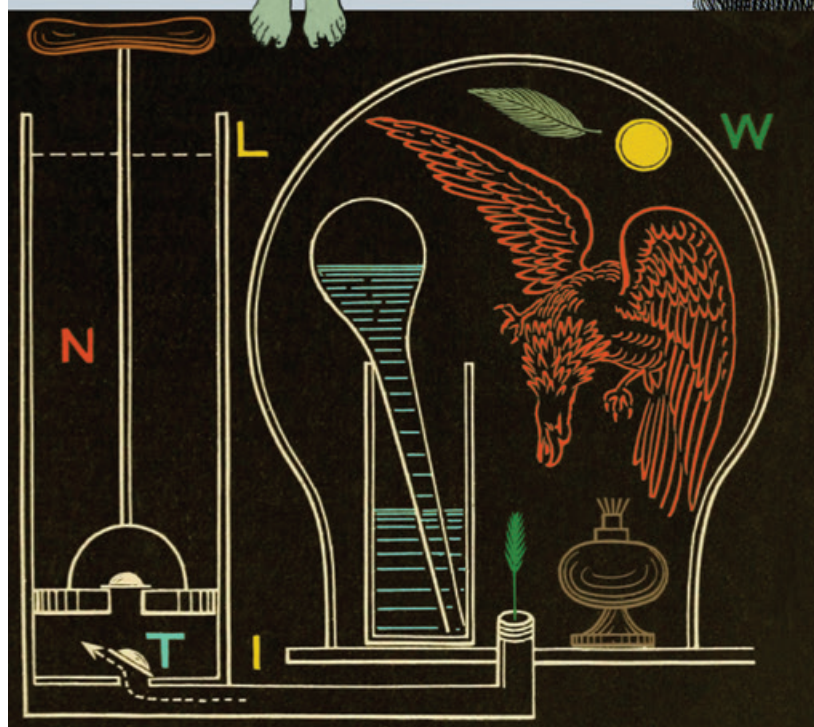
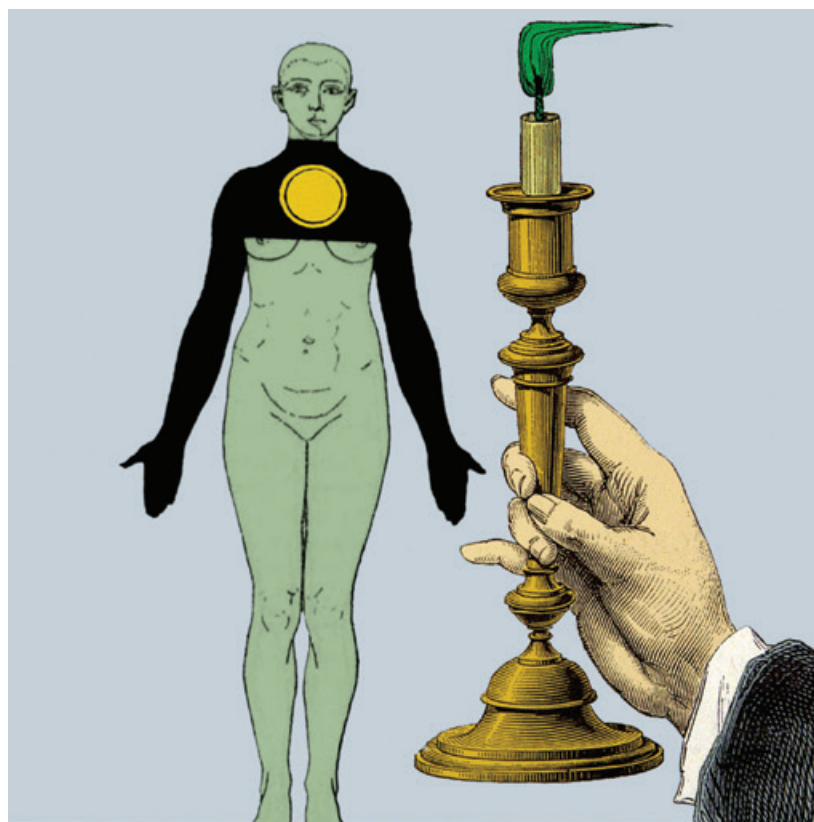


I believe in opposition to my friends that Christmas is a better holiday than Halloween – I have to admit it's a shame though that the longest, darkest, winter nights are little noticed because of it. There really needs to be more yuletide witchcraft.

There's just something about earthworms...

I hate when I get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night and discover I need to take a shit. It's an inconvenience and I have a phobia against poo. In a perfect world, our butts would only be to have sex with.

The first thing I do in the morning is the dishes. I'm sorry, that's not very interesting. It's a shame the night has to end on that kind of note.



# TAPESTRIES FOR THE NIGHT

Do you know what it is like, night after night to run on the seabed of your own imaginings, to be rifled through like hands searching through pockets looking for forgotten money. To cast a tapestry of shadows each night on walls that care to sleep now, but you can only bleat now. Do you know what it's like to walk on water, and grasp for arms to hold you, to watch murders of people you do not know. To see a face of an angel, would you rush into traffic and take the chance of losing your very, very life. Can you pretend for a split of a second that a tree is you, a tentacle is you, the soft pad on the paw of a cat is you, the hair on the floor of a barber shop is you, a pile of rotting leaves is you, rain-water slicking the streets is you, sugar in a stranger's cup of coffee eight hundred miles away is you, you are a car smouldering on the highway, you are the highest star looked upon from above, you are a mountaineer asphyxiating from lack of oxygen on Mt. Everest, an insect crawling on the page is you, every wheel turning is you, a woman screaming giving birth is you, a homeless man fainted on the street from hunger is you, an anthill, all it's convoluted passageways is you and you are also, the ant, the Andes, the Himalayas, the Alps, the restitution of this night remembered, the cars careening on highways, the telephone poles, the underground sewage system, the waste of human lives gurgling, every drop of blood flowing in every artery, every vein in every living body in every town, in every city, in every country is yours. Every dead body buried in the earth is you. Every heart beating is you. Every slow chant is you. Every muttering in disturbed sleep. Every eye opening. Every foot touching the earth,





treading, treading the surface. Every hand holding another hand, every tooth biting, tearing, chewing, grinding, gnawing, every throat gulping, every taste bud on every tongue tasting another tongue. Dead skin falling off every body, new skin growing everyday. Pieces of you lost in the sea fall to the seabed and are planted. You become an anemone. A cucumber. Your hair is plankton, your limbs seaweed. Your eyes are the light of the Noctiluca, carnivorous. Your heart is the green dragon rising up to meet the golden orb in the crepuscular dawn.

\*

It is a pleasure doing business with you night racketeer, night baster, night unguent. At this star-lit twilight awakening, my lips feel wrapped in paper gold, pale heliotrope essence floats like smoke. I clutch the tails of your coat when I shut my eyes, my fingers the curling feathers of an ocelot. Are you dreaming me?

\*

Night lends its hand to a wing heavy with the whimsical enchantment of geisha girls with parasols in the sun-filled crescents of hollowed skies reflected in all our eyes, a wind of hushed remembrance as light trickles into the deep blue magick of the nocturne melting into sunrise. A flashing inroad into another windowless room & diadems set with amber, a certain deprivation of the depth of lost consciousness, a fleck in the distance, floating.



# ECCENTRIC BEINGS, A MONODRAMA

(To be staged via projection in a theater of the mind)

[The scene opens on COMET roaring through the vast abyss of space]

COMET: I hate the roar of quiet  
diverting my sentences  
and rounding them into dough babies  
on the floured formica.

That morning, long ago, when you left  
early before dawn and, breathing visibly,  
made your arduous way to the bakery  
to bring back the first fresh lobster,  
fighting back frost and stray dogs,  
and the lobster was cold.  
You didn't think then, did you,  
of the ages and ages of shells and pustules  
and goulashes on the shore,  
decades of grime built into silent ornery golems  
who never do what they were made to do,  
orbiting the tide pools.  
We know every day, it is not found.

Which way I fly?  
Hurtling towards my destined aim of hurtling,  
Always arriving, always departing,  
I'll never reach an end--  
All moments are my end--



One of the literary giants of all time--

Anaykh!

Jupiter's uncle!

A condensation of experience,

Hard, gemlike, compact as a crab,

Sealed like an armadillo.

I resist habit--

Eleven thousand years before I see something for the second time.

By then, it's no longer the same thing at all.

Such my loop becomes a line,

And my repetitions never repeat themselves.

I saw *her* once...

If I lend you my ear you must lend me your arm.

Blazing forward furiously

At incredible speed,

Hurting through darkness

Hurting into

Hurting across

Hurting as the darkness.

Hurting the darkness?

If I could I would tear a hole straight through it,

Gobs of steaming darkness spurting through my teeth

And find what is behind it...

Enich!

January Jupiter!

Without symbols all the time did not appear!

That rock I just passed--have I seen it before?

Eleven thousand years isn't long for a rock,

A familiar rock.

Does it remember me?


You're not an actor and not a poet.

We see him every day, he doesn't look any different!

I'm so cold it burns

My eyes squint and water

And the water turns frozen



But I refuse to close them.  
This module will never open.  
It does not matter--It can not be thought of day by day.  
The darkness out there is pierced through with glowing eyes  
Staring eyes  
But I think they are all blind  
Because I know if they could see me  
If they were watching me  
Surely sometime in all this time  
One of them would have smiled or scowled  
Or acknowledged me in some way...

[Screams]

[pauses, screams again]

Nothing.  
Sigh.  
Not even an echo.  
When I'm happy I laugh, when I laugh I'm ugly,  
But to frighten you makes me sad.  
I've spent centuries awake at night  
Dreaming of an echo of my own.  
It's not always visible without the symbol!  
My echo would be sweet and fresh  
Like hyssop covered in dew  
Which is another thing I have never seen.  
But I am convinced--convinced--  
That somewhere in all of this vastness  
Is a hyssop covered in dew.  
I will not be moved on this point.  
Nothing so pregnant with symbols has appeared on any stage!

On three occasions I have passed close enough to a pale moon  
To just make out my shadow upon it,  
Smiling at me.



Black shadow on a black moon, but I know I could see it.  
Just as I saw her once, from far away...  
You are not an artist  
We know every day that it can not be found.  
My shadow emulated my path,  
My shadow believed in my work, my vision.  
Please examine it, gentlemen.  
Nothing else matters.  
He must have told you that I'm innocent.  
I demand the application of torture.  
I have to complain about the violence.  
My shadow still sails below me, it just has no ground to be seen against.  
I hear the truth in you.  
But it's there, hurtling along with me  
Eon after eon.  
If you listen, then I have to return it.  
If I give an ear, then I have to give my hand.  
I heard your truth  
Please check, grace,  
It's nothing else--  
She should tell you I'm stupid.  
Someday we will meet, we'll be close enough to speak,  
Once I get close enough to one of those moons, or a planet,  
I'll skate so close to it, delicately, on the verge,  
And my shadow will be as big as life,  
So glad to see me again, tears in her eyes,  
To be within range of hearing,  
And we'll laugh together and remember old times and sing together  
Shadow and I singing in harmony, imagine it.  
Running in like a happy deer,  
On a poor man's pillow you can enjoy a rich man's dream.  
That is why shadow tags along with me through all these dismal dyas,  
This abyss of time as I so slowly fragment and burn apart,  
Shadow is waiting faithfully for our song to begin.  
When I dream I can hear it, almost, some times.





[begins to drift to sleep]

[shadow choreography, dancer and shadow merge and divide]

[awakens with a start]

Well, what do you know.

I want to ask for torture.

I have to complain about violence,

I left the eye because this song is very funny.

I reject them all, I hate

their clay feet, their sluggishness,

their whoredoms, their jangles and bangles,

and their tinkling syllables. What I seek

is beyond this grimy stage, four-square

and pig-headed--beyond the foulness of the deep--

my soul walks among the stars, gaseous and eternal,

never to be confined or earthbound.

I must tell you that I am unemployed.

You, pickled in time, your fingertips wrinkled with it,  
never knew what is inside of me and the truth that I bear  
through the cold desert shore.

I want to help you.

I've been watching because this song is very nice.

The fetidness of your gardens reeks

to the high heaven, your worm bucket

and your reels and rinds offend me.

I will take my anger and fold it into a cloud,

knead it and hammer it into a cloud,

and wrap this cloud around myself and close my eyes,

and close the eyes behind my eyes.

Tuck me in. Tuck me in.

Your lips against my forehead glow like orange iron.

I will dream of a field, open and pure.  
A square field, mowed and open and pure.  
I will dig a hole in this field and lie in it.  
I will turn away from the stars who are looking at me,  
never blinking, looking at me.  
The stars think how small they are in the big darkness,  
but they don't know anything about smallness.  
I am gaseous and small in my hole in the dark in my dream.  
I never should have parted from you.  
You never should have said that.  
You never should have hummed the song  
you hummed while you chopped the stumps out.  
It used to be my old favorite song, but now  
when I hear it on the radio my spleen aches and my fingertips leak.  
If I could speak with you once more, tell you one last thing.  
I know exactly what I would tell you,  
and the words, I know it, would make you look at me again.  
I put out the bird's eye because it's song was too sweet.  
I am no longer afraid.  
You're not a poetic artist.  
Whatever you wrote in the flour on the countertop  
was illegible by the time I saw it.  
But I don't want to see it now, I don't see anything now,  
I have so much sleep in my eyes I only see the crusts of the rheum.  
I will make them into a room, and lock the door.

[COMET closes his eyes and roars quietly on]

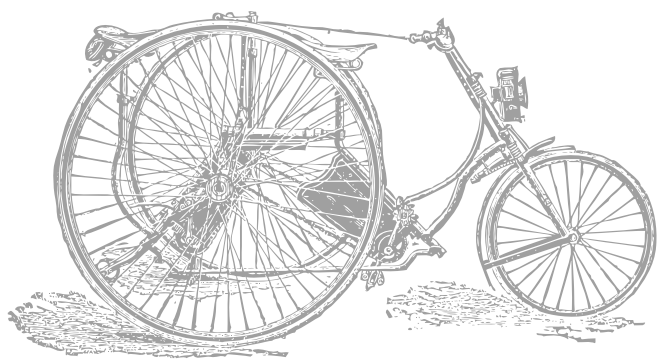
[The scene continues for 92,600 years]







# THE SOMNAMBULIST'S TRICYCLE



# BEAVER MOON DREAM

I dream I am on my phone trying to record a dream account when the screen suddenly gets dull. I start to scroll and search and suddenly am very confused – there are dreams there but they don't look like my own. I see strange old computer graphics of esoteric figures, illustrated in computer figures as if composed with the old children's computer game, Storybook Weaver. I notice others in the room with me now. Somehow my phone is now somebody else's, somebody very odd who also records dreams but uses Storybook Weaver to illustrate them. I need some air so try to go outside. At this point I leave the building. Just south of my apartment is a bridge with only a little bit of traffic. I notice it is early morning and still dark. It is in fact November 4 2017, day of the full "Beaver Moon" which actually emerges from behind the clouds. I look up in awe, it is very large. I stumble forward along the bridge realizing it is a great spot for moon gazing and star gazing and wonder why I had never done it before. I suddenly get very dizzy and tired. I lie face down with my arms spread out as a kind of submission or supplication to the moon. I fall asleep.



# MY NIGHTMAYRE WHEN I SLEPT AT POE'S HOUSE OF USHER



# WOLF DREAMS IN THE NIGHT

*This is what I sometimes spend my nights doing :*

**Night of March 24, 2004**

Walking through a city in the southern hemisphere, I discover the constellation of the Southern Cross in the night sky. The four stars that compose it flash two by two, exchanging positions. In the window of a shop, I see an alarm clock decorated by Giuseppe Pinot-Gallizio with a map that depicts three arrows materializing psychogeographic lines of force from the south of France towards Northern Italy. I meet a pretty girl, blonde with short hair, dressed in a small brown leather jacket worn over a white dress. She gives me news of a friend of German origin, W., whom I have not seen for three years, and informs me that he has a newsstand in Paris, near the shop of a Iranian, in the Latin Quarter. We enter an undetermined public place where I go to the bathroom. She slips in behind me and we make love.

**Night of May 29, 2012**

X. and I are taking a *dérive* through Paris. It is dark, we are naked, it is winter, and yet we are not cold. The streets are deserted. We are absolutely alone. We leave behind the Gare de l'Est and arrive at the beginning of the rue du Château-Landon, where I lived during the whole of my childhood. But the street lamps are all off and the street is plunged into a black ink. No need to pursue it, I could not show X. the building where I lived for so many years, we would distinguish nothing. At this moment, the first glimmers of dawn appear, and above the city a snow-covered mountain appears



# RÊVES DES LOUPS DANS LA NUIT

*Voici à quoi j'emploie parfois mes nuits :*


## Nuit du 24 mars 2004

Me promenant dans une ville de l'hémisphère austral, je découvre dans le ciel nocturne la constellation de la Croix du Sud. Les quatre étoiles qui la composent clignotent deux à deux en échangeant leurs positions. Dans la vitrine d'un magasin, je vois un réveil décoré par Giuseppe Pinot-Gallizio d'une carte d'où trois flèches matérialisent des lignes de force psychogéographiques partant du sud de la France en direction de l'Italie du Nord. Je rencontre une jolie fille, blonde aux cheveux courts, vêtue d'un petit blouson de cuir marron clair porté sur une robe blanche. Elle me donne des nouvelles d'un ami d'origine allemande, W., que je n'ai pas revu depuis trois ans, et m'apprend qu'il tient un kiosque à journaux à Paris, près de la boutique d'une Iranienne, dans le Quartier latin. Nous entrons dans un lieu public indéterminé où je vais aux toilettes. Elle se glisse derrière moi et nous faisons l'amour.

## Nuit du 29 mai 2012

X. et moi dérivons dans Paris. Il fait nuit noire, nous sommes nus, c'est l'hiver, et pourtant nous n'avons pas froid. Les rues sont désertes. Nous sommes absolument seuls. Nous laissons derrière nous la Gare de l'Est et arrivons au début de la rue du Château-Landon, où j'ai habité durant toute mon enfance. Mais les réverbères sont tous éteints et la rue est plongée dans un noir d'encre. Inutile de nous y engager, je ne pourrais montrer à X. l'immeuble où j'ai vécu tant d'années, on ne distinguerait rien. À ce moment, les premières lueurs de l'aube



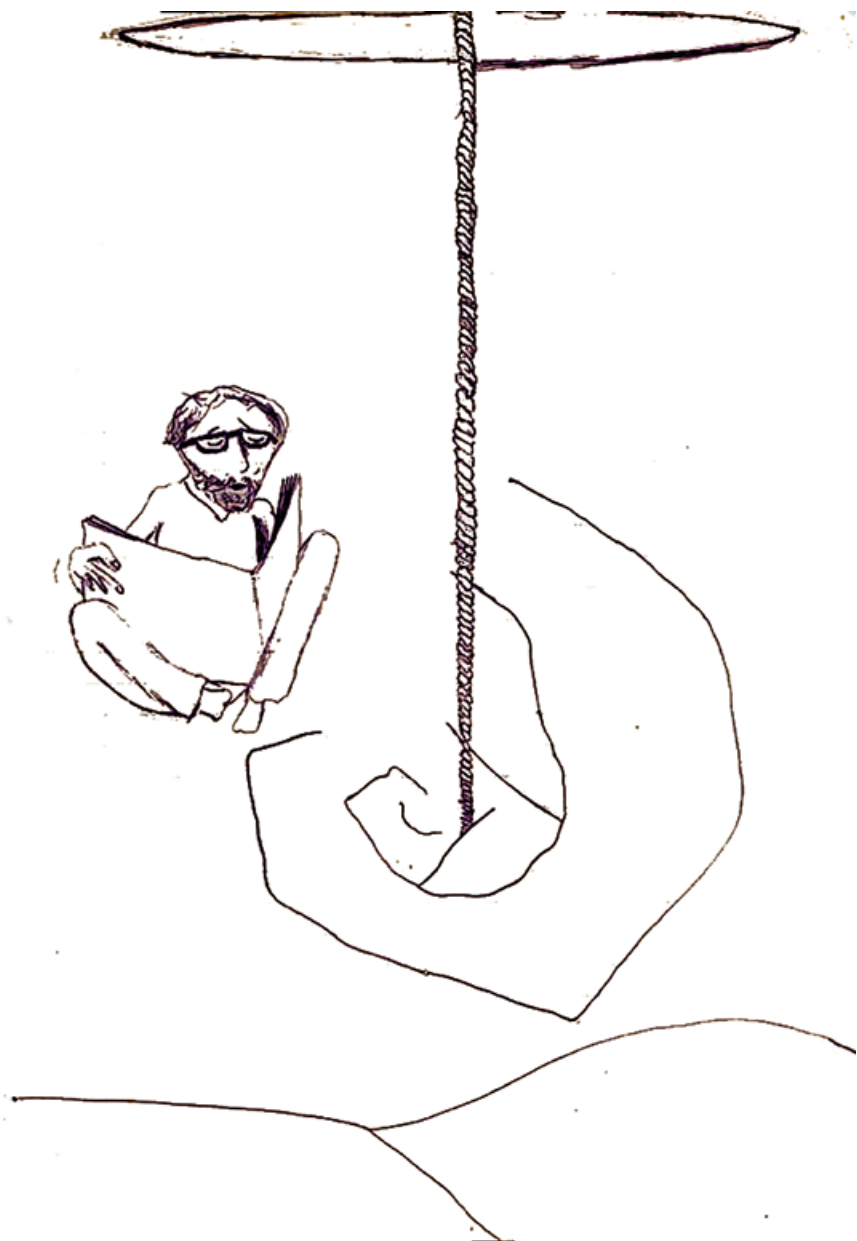


on which stand out some houses and groups of trees. I tell myself that it is the Butte-Montmartre without really believing it. We were going to take the Faubourg Saint-Martin northward, when we noticed that the right sidewalk, oddly bare of houses, borders a small gently rising hill. I perceive at the top several wolves watching us. One of them comes down to us. He is very handsome, he has a beautiful silver coat and blue eyes, and approaches in search of caresses. I take him in my arms, I caress his fur that feels so soft against my skin, and X., too, does the same. We are naked, but we are confident, we know that wolves are our friends and they will not hurt us. X. and I kiss each other while holding the head of the beautiful animal tight between our two chests.

apparaissent, et au-dessus de la ville se dessine une montagne couverte de neige sur laquelle se détachent quelques maisons et des bouquets d'arbres. Je me dis que c'est la Butte-Montmartre, mais sans y croire vraiment. Nous allons reprendre le Faubourg Saint-Martin vers le nord, quand nous remarquons que le trottoir de droite, curieusement dégarni de maisons, borde une petite colline qui s'élève en pente douce. J'aperçois au sommet plusieurs loups qui nous regardent. L'un d'eux descend jusqu'à nous. Il est très beau, il a un superbe pelage argenté et des yeux bleus, et s'approche en quête de caresses. Je le prends dans mes bras, je caresse sa fourrure, que je sens si douce sur ma peau, et X., elle aussi, fait de même. Nous sommes nus, mais nous sommes en pleine confiance, nous savons que les loups sont nos amis et qu'ils ne nous feront aucun mal. X. et moi nous nous embrassons tout en tenant la tête du bel animal serrée entre nos deux poitrines.

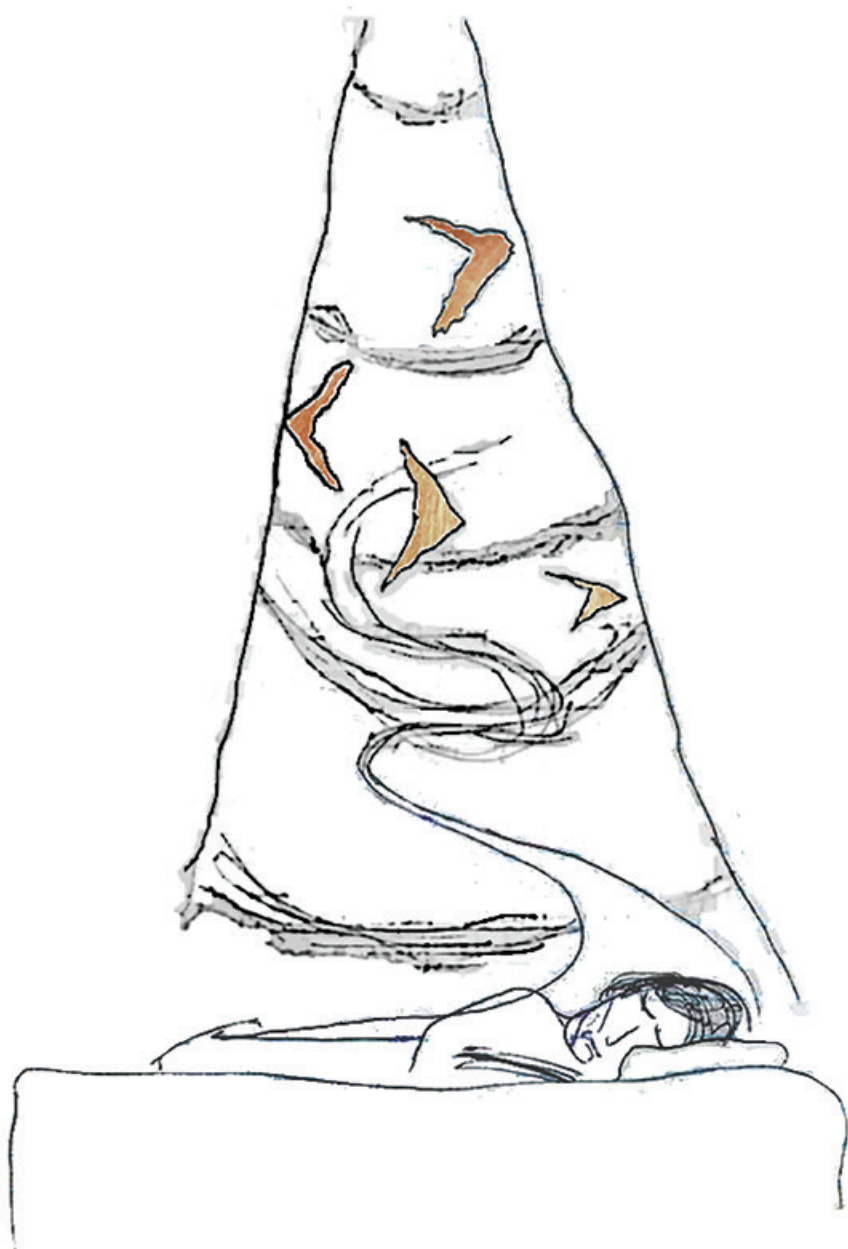


# CENESTHETIC SENSATION OF A HANGING ROPE FROM NOWHERE IN A BOTTOMLESS WELL





**FLOATING AND THINNING  
AMONG PLYWOOD BOOMERANGS  
IN A HYPNAGOGIC TUNNEL**



# THE SILO OF ARCHEOLOGY

I speak the premise of antennae  
their hallucinatory sediments  
their toxic gatherings

Do you hear a cloud of knife blades

I am not a word opening  
like a bolero  
like the petals of hibiscus simplex  
like shoes, gloves, hands and feet

I am radio waves  
transmitting  
smoking blue darkness

Do you hear the night emitting swords  
for the Sun King

I am attacked  
by clocks with surprising edges

Do you hear yourself  
in a cloud of knife blades  
in the sediment of pointless moons

I pass like signs on a parasitic highway

Do you hear

I'm stranded on a manic island  
caught in oceans of light

30.11.2017

# THREE POEMS

## Dream Bits

Every dream is pinned by the long diamond of a woman's breath.

.

It is Night and you always wear the same gown to Day's wake.

.

Night's weak and breathless felony is jailed even as unclean brilliances convene once more, their all-white juries to overthrow a black romance.

.

Across the white arm, sleep.

.

Sleep has one syllable, and that is excessive.

.

All dreams form a continuous flesh in which we are pores.

.

Our dual nature in relation to the dream: we are the absence of dream, and we are conduits of its essential function, which never depends upon our position, but upon the position of the dream. We are either useful or we are not—to the dream.

.

It does not matter how deep you dream: the water at the bottom is open sky.

.

Dream's retreating sugars leave a thick, black foliage. We render it into hair oil and nail polish.

.

The coin of dreams has three heads—like that Greek dog.



## Something About Keys And Leaves And Moonlight

moths in the pyramid like little yellow headache pills  
and with sunshine well in hand we begin one hour of chosen light

distance (it occurred to me  
dialogue) it occurred to me)

we hear the Mummy's Ghost swimming

between the wetness of the towel and the wetness of you  
allowance at each seepage point with a dollar and a gun

distance (it occurred to me  
dialogue) it occurred to me)

we hear the Mummy's Ghost swimming

as migraine's butterflies bob amongst the archaeologists  
singing something about keys and leaves and moonlight

distance it occurred (to me  
(dialogue it occurred) to me

we hear the Mummy's Ghost swimming.





## The Brilliant Negligée

Once upon a Time  
there was a Window Pane  
sitting up in Bed drinking Cocoa  
through a Porcupine Quill  
which was all the Rage  
in the Last Century.

The Window Pane  
lacked a Convincing Cravat  
if you can imagine that.  
He didn't want to dress up  
to go Upstairs  
to the Farmland  
behind the White Cooler.

The Window Panes Brain  
was one Cow dipped in Gravy  
on the Farmland  
behind the White Cooler.

The Window Pane dreamt  
of joining a School of Fish in the Sea  
because he was transparent too.  
Closing his Eye, the Pane dreamed  
of opening his Eye in a Seaside Cottage.  
It was always getting darker  
though not quite dark enough.

The Window Pane's Sky  
was Chalk and Charcoal  
in a Brilliant Negligée.  
It was always getting darker  
though not quite dark enough.



...at 04:00hrs mid nightshift on the psychiatric ward Hypnogogic hallucinations during 1/1 suicide watch over a sleeping person dreaming of cabbage white butterflies could only be resolved into professional wakefulness by drawing



*"I do not find myself again, he said to me. I am exterior to my own thoughts. Insofar as it is possible, ask Alquié if the phenomenon of exteriority exists. If you remember this, then you will remember everything. In the middle of the night, I no longer know who I am, I am not myself. And then, when I re-awaken, I am André Breton. I take a piece of paper, and I write: 'I am called André Breton, I live at 42 rue Fontaine, Paris.' But afterwards, I am not able to sleep. I count. I do cross-word puzzles. I stand up, I walk around. And then, I ask if my memory has been affected. To verify, I recite poems. I haven't forgotten anything. The memory works well. All of this nevertheless leaves me in great anxiety."*

André Breton, as quoted by Radovan Ivsic in *Rappelez-vous cela, rappelez-vous bien tout*. Éditions Gallimard, 2015.

# SHAMAN'S DREAM





# ADVICE OF THE NIGHT



Around one hour since we went to bed, my companion moves and says: "I am not asleep." Her voice, her movement interrupted something like a dream-conversation. An impression that I was not really sleeping. I ask her what was keeping her awake. She does not reply. I hear her sleeping. Already? What is the weather like? I reassure myself, she and the persistently muted babble are still at hand. The dream-like state of happiness that was granted me still remains for me to abandon myself to once more. It will be nothing, or a rather almost nothing. So then, what happened?

I will never know how many voices have arisen, letting loose strings of words, at a speed that awakens, as if before for example the verbal flow of certain persons too rapid for me, I would be incapable of catching them, but in which I participate in with complete ease. A connivance bringing this joyously active train suggests that it is established on some beneficial event over which it was no longer a question of enjoying together, words and myself, in the twists of a phrasing which each of the voices shared the same lightness. Visually, all of this fuses together movements of a surf of diverse points into a sort of carnal speckled mosaic, whose vanishing lines fade towards a very close curved horizon, where this and that are bound by the same rhythm, appearances and disappearances of "images" or rather, image-beings. The view and the extension are perceived as a single thing emanating living objects, beings-word-images, and functions thus for a long while without running out of breath. I was tirelessly there.

Now I cannot find again any of these extended phrases I heard, and can only represent to myself the general visual aspect of the phenomenon. But in the night, the state of happiness is maintained while I become aware of what I have come to describe and which appears to me suddenly, like a revelation



from deep memory, intimately familiar. "One" has just taken me, I come to surprise that which I've always "done".


I think of the meeting over the course of which, two hours previously, we had mutually interrogated each other about our various dream reports with regards to what is most personal about them. No doubt the night light that has been turned on, adding to the wakefulness, allowed me to moreover surprise myself with bag-in-hand, rather than the usual reverse, and yet without knowing overtly what it contains.

I must note this experience immediately, it is there so close at hand, completely animated still, albeit well veiled, but it would be so much better to fall back asleep, to plunge back into this pleasure. But I do not resist the idea of plugging in a little pocket tape recorder to my bedside that will serve as a notepad. I will repeat what I hear. A certain whispering of thought in half-sleep which is familiar does not hesitate to articulate itself. I repeat without paying attention to the fact that it breaks up the act of listening, nor the doubt that introduces itself regarding the primitiveness of what is being recorded, since I have an impression of chasing after the sound and interpreting it moments afterwards, like sometimes happens in games of telephone. After persisting for a moment, I give up. Very excited, I get up to listen to the recording and transcribe the following.

(The ellipses mark a hiatus, in listening, occasioned by my repetitions. The marks note a change of voice, when I noticed them).

*"... comrade seismic bird lost in the lentils...ravaging ravine...<sup>1</sup> put to his harlequin system topples instead of the tarot...<sup>1</sup> said there, said there small auto flat parks with balm it is he who says...<sup>1</sup> yes, yes, camera clost sent him the microbe intact...<sup>1</sup> manifested like a spring that kicks to one... erroneously ants clears the eyes of failure in cavernous pants in the boot...<sup>1</sup> the high herb little awe-struck sniffle his sex like three apples... hilarity jelly-fish of the chief without following temptation... eh costume yourself below the foot, costume yourself eh flame and monument strictly feminine must sit... without giving the riparian address to the ceiling of the stomach... Delphine finally on fire the hazards the sea*





*mass-earth...never left the places life shoots itself and withdraws the sea neighbor..."*

First impression upon reading it: the gaiety has withdrawn from the poetry, the humor has changed colour, but I recognize the general character of "inspiration". While listening to the recording I clearly perceived the "hesitations" of what presented themselves like so many personalities that situated the ambiguous place where I was waiting for them, without any impoliteness, but full of circumspection, employing a part of the vivacity to reassure themselves (reassure myself?) of proper external references to justify their acrobatics. They saw me observing them. My withdrawal from general participation, my displacement towards observation fixed the price of my deception. Had I not re-introduced "between us" the reality principle, there where nocturnal activity only plays and feeds itself upon its own pleasure?

I go back to bed, hoping to rediscover this feast of sleep. But excitement and curiosity hold me. I put the recorder back on and confide myself to the floating hearing-vision. After the collection of what follows, I go to sleep. The transcription was not made until the next day.

*"...the pain of the fish in stucco beneath will filter the bastille with both hands... there is great rest in my belly... he loves that it's the baker who picks up me up mass...<sup>1</sup> to the black string sun two red-breasted flowers in water of the opposite... rowler of chameleons that stigmata beneath the two-headed pillow... Wolfédelong... contains a belly which contains a belly which contains dialectic towards nothingness... length which follows the funicular flour... near the river a bag of mesopotamians beneath sabine waters... like it gets slippery you explain to yourself you realize for yourself... filminic reed reed agreeable to write in a vase glass...Frison Roche and dower stimulates himself in secret..."*

In the course of these two hearing-recordings, I noticed the focus of my attention on the words was prioritized over the observation of the spectacle, but that I "felt" or "saw" certain visual elements isolate themselves precipitately to transform themselves (or translate themselves) into words and mix with the phrases I

was able to repeat. Words escaped me, schematic phantoms, which appeared to dissolve in the visual background. (The mosaic).

The next night, a new attempt. Not the least bit of speech came to me. It is clear that I am not longer in proximity to the original phenomenon. There remains only that heavy dough which is generally confronted with eventual moments of everyday inspiration.

I said I had, upon awakening, an impression that I was not really sleeping. At a distance, I thought I slept well and truly, but that my participation in the dream was so active, that the awakening, the recumbent position, the entrance into darkness, appeared to me, by an effect of inversion, in comparison to my previous state of activity, to constitute sleep.

The following days, occupied in attempting to account for the experience, I decided to no longer provoke anymore listening before having finished. And besides, what should I do, what would I do? Would a systematization of these capture attempts approach me from a magical source, or on the contrary, would this only encourage it to flee, to guard its secret even more jealously?

## COMMENTARY

The capture of such an activity in all its power, the feeling of its extent and interior duration, the intimate recognition of its familiarity depended in this case on an external event, surprising the sleeper in his full participation in the concert. From sleep to wakefulness, the action becomes spectacle and hearing, and soon leaves nothing but a dull noise that testifies to the fact that, although separated from continuous consciousness, something continues, leaving behind a retrievable intuitive system, as if recharged by a forgotten presence. Present to itself illuminating these particular states, which in the night, constitute the scenic view onto the awakening of the nearby sleeper.

At the stage of the capture, I was there like a thief, ironically understood, whose very object of desire would be that which inspired the state of "sub-vigilance" proper to preliminary observation, but for which it would be impossible to retrieve the



creative thread directly without the risk of compromising various indistinguishable chances; so powerful is the feeling of having participated in an “operation” which has all the characteristics of a completed resolution surpassing all that hope and desire can engender in the conscious imagination.

Insofar as it has been fixed, the content of the inexhaustible “mono-dialogue” has many similarities with the phrases of wakefulness. The childish and lively tone seems to be a characteristic feature. After this experience it has become impossible for me to resist the idea that they are only the last fragments seized from a form of mental activity whose self-development seems to illustrate the concept of “pure psychic automatism” quite completely, free of intention, including that of giving oneself over to it, and of all conscious oversight, at least such as we imagine in the various states of waking life.

Faced with the multiplicity of these unidentifiable voices as boisterous as the visual imitation from which they emanate, the “Who am I?” gives way. What am I made of, to find myself both subject and object of their complicity? To be able to give myself what I do not have, in a definitive reply to all misery? And to leave so far behind that which conditions repression and inhibitions? To be able to spin this weft of pure pleasure and to compete generously towards and against the entirety of my own psychic comfort – what does such an operation intend for me to understand? Does that which is so deeply buried and active lead to the most vital of our roots? With or in conjunction with a life that is transmitted in its own metamorphoses? If, since consciousness is presented as a mirror, the effect of reflection influences the forms of this activity, is it always it, and only it, who articulates the communicative necessities of language?

Among the functional characteristics of the phenomenon considered in its second phase (described conditions of its capture), I would like to draw attention to the fluidity of behavior of automatic induction before the semiconscious gaze. According to the variable inflections of attention, themselves induced by the bipolarizations of asleep/awake, will/surrender, pleasure/reality,



it would seem to function as a conditional form of “censorship”. “Let me do it and I’ll let you do it!” Notably through the exercise of its ability to convert image to word and word to image, in which I observed that one went missing as the other was delivered to the observer. With its superior speed, qualified as automatic, does this not suggest that this gaze is more powerful than that of consciousness, having mastered the game of exchanges with means that foil all our applied thought?

While waiting for other testimonies and observations, I will allow myself to presume, hypothetically, that this activity in its first form, entirely spontaneous, proceeds in a sort of phasing of mental perception, with its transmitter pole. This would correspond to a deep need for unification of the elements of thought, seeking to open the best and fastest conduction to a language capable of being conveyed as gleefully through sensory products as through their symbols, leaving the spirit of this dichotomy and restoring to it a specific liberty, in a feeling of incomparable completeness.

The language of birds?

In *le Bourgeon-coraïl*, Jean-Pierre Guillon advances the idea of “...the permanence in mankind of a continuous current, perceptible at certain privileged moments” (*Bulletin de liaison surréaliste*, no. 3). In the *The Automatic Message*, André Breton postulates “All the current experimentation would be able to show that perception and representation hold only for the product of dissociation with regards to a unique and original faculty, of which the eidetic image stands as evidence, and of which we find traces in the primitive and in the child.”

The purpose of this communication is to encourage testimonies of analogous or similar experiences, in order to subject to the widest possible examination a spontaneous form of activity of the mind which, surprised at the possible diversity of the external conditions susceptible to provoke it, would be appropriate to concretize the means of access and recognition of this unique faculty.

Parallel, symmetry?

Speed, profusion, irrepressible spontaneity of sequences, inex-



haustible energy, the most striking characteristics of this complete automatism could not fail to remind me of another experience of more than eight years ago, while awake. Similarity of operation, but different posture. Reduced to passivity regarding my reactions, I did not feel involved in what I suffered. It happened to be that, at this moment of my life, it seemed necessary to my psychological state at the time for me to briefly go camping.

Plunged into the torments of an amorous break from which all motivations were denied me, I faced it only by multiplying my epistolary attempts at emotional expression, accompanied by requests for explanations. The silence and the absence I was experience only led me to renew them more and more compulsively. After a few months thus absorbed, I attempted an introspective act, voluntarily amplifying by all means of the imagination what I suffered, to give all force to my motivations and my frustrated desires. The relaxation that could not fail to follow left me in the depths, as in a place devoid of all wounds, a blue of a sky of internal water which appeared only as a tangle of floating algae above me. I felt myself reaching my deliverance. The next day, as I felt myself reinvesting my senses and my antennas, again carrying this warmth in order make positive a basic loneliness, and at that moment probably a little meditative, there set in motion a visually dominant mental maneuver, for which I cannot rediscover the content, or say if voices other than that of the soliloquy were heard. Automatism imposed its accelerations on me, its profusion, with the same implacable energy, overflowing a conscious paralysis, then provoking a dizziness of the most painful kind, a sort of distant delirium. The oppression felt by me was receding into the dereliction of two days before. Without changing anything with regards to this feeling, it was enough that I busy myself with some manual daily task so that the ride would slow down and give place to a rhythm of thought where the obsessional returned to dispute with the melancholy; to be taken up again when I abandoned myself to rest. This "delirium" seemed destined to make me dizzy. Its contents conveyed only few representations related to my situation at the time. I think it could only be a question of capturing



bits and pieces. By successive waves it occupied the whole afternoon, the evening and the first part of my sleep. The next day, I was cleansed, five weeks later, eventually found me in order.

As the unconscious is culturally more dreadful than expected, consciousness erects its defenses and protections; the movements of their effective relations should be considered not only with regards to the analytical decodings of their contents, but also through the daily alternation of their effects on our faculties, starting from the couplings where the fundamental resources of the mind are revealed.

According to what words do with us at night, from which day and night are made, evacuation and refilling, magnificence and misery, emptiness and fullness, suffering and pleasure; whatever may be the narrowness of the pass through which the unconscious and the conscious communicate, their names may soon be interchangeable according to the phases of a life recognized for its potential of daily reinvention, as with a longer range.

Rather than being fixed by the architectures of our fears, to be repeated in all ideals and material recompense, the world will no longer travel in us, through our real condition reconquered, unless it be to illuminate the flight of long anticipated desires.

**Michel Zimbacca**

*Communication-Enquiry*

*(Surrealist editions, Paris, 1995)*

*(Night of 18-19 1.1995)*



# HERE COMES THE CACTUS!



(Written in ignorance of Michel Zimbacca's Communication-Inquiry on the mono-dialogue – see *above*)

*Message for you!* I have always strongly sympathized with Breton's very first surrealist experience: the sudden gift, as one is drifting off to sleep, of a hypnagogic phrase. For Breton it was "a man cut in half by the window". It came to him one night, as mine come to me, fully formed, clear and distinct, and verbal rather than a full image. A hybrid concoction of mythological genesis and Cartesian certainty. Actually, I find that they usually have an imperative character that tends to suggest an exclamation point. For me this phenomenon occurs so regularly and clearly that I found I could actually record a solid set of them before finally succumbing to sleep. Why jump right to conscious automatism, when this method could also be mined? I tried to explicitly "write a poem" in this way, using the phrases that arrived totally unbidden before falling asleep.



## Here Comes The Cactus!

*Man-Thing looks like 10:30...*

*Here comes the cactus!*

*Let's say, plenty!*

*The issue, is there change yet?*

*That's the issue about being rugby.*

*Right now dancing, because I wanna go... play!*

*Head's up! Cause I thought your others didn't doubt ya.*

*You should always bounce in and you're Greg.*

*Giant rocks and a searching squirrel? Nay.*

*I'm going to help you babe, the message cleared to me.*

(August 3 2017 from 10:30-10:48 pm)





# *LATE NIGHT DIALOGUE BETWEEN HYPATIA AND SYNESIUS ON THE SUBJECT OF ALCHEMY*

## *Synesius*

My work all the meanwhile, the writing *On Dreams*, the goddess ordered it and her blessing she put up over it, and so it has been vowed for her thank-offering. It contains an inquiry into the soul's motion and other related erotic matters, which have not been known before nor yet spoken by anyone else.

## *Hypatia*

Mine, dearest, has of late been the practice of one alchemical mist-tress. The transfer of happy liquids for bitter ones, to sing the joy in this heart as you make your way to your home from darkness to light bright and reprise the writing *On Dreams*, as you say, regardless and because your coming invites the ceremonials and the laying of petals at your stepping: may your return be joyous, the dreamscapes placid on this day that marks the birthday of that smallest goddess of incantations. And so, I conjure these words for you, Synesius:

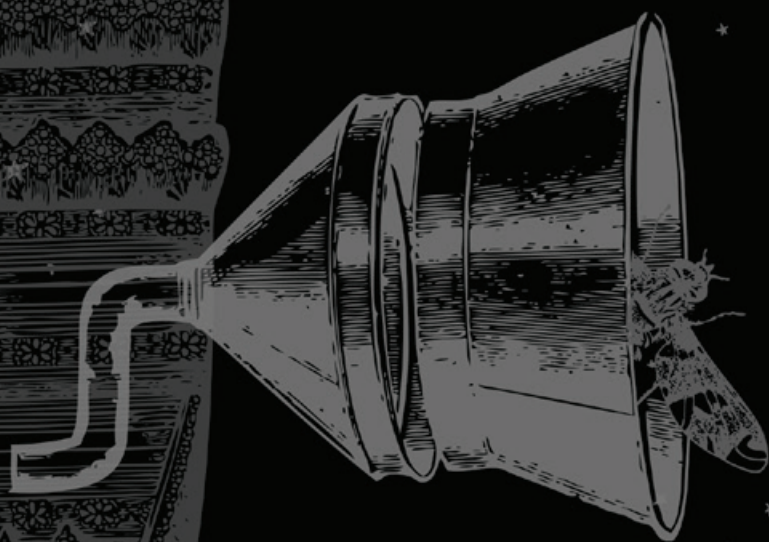
*"when you want to approach this beautiful technique look at the nature of plants and their origin, look at the air that is at their service and the nourishment that surrounds them, ensure that they are not harmed and do not die. Look at the divine water that moistens them and the air that governs them, for they have been incorporated into one essence"*

September 7, 2017

# MOON LIBRARY

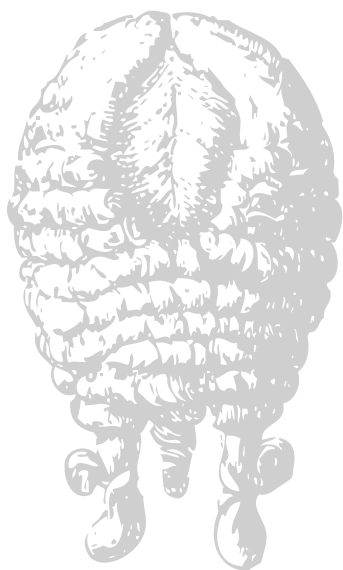
There was a white marble library, which was round and domed, standing on the top of a hill. The structure of the building was organic and flowing. There were dark storm clouds above the library and it was getting dark. A massive moon that took up at least a sixth of the sky was rising. It wore a bright halo of white light around it, and it was moving towards the library. Everyone standing outside looking up knew that when it was directly over the library something momentous would happen.







# MENSES OF THE EGREGORE





# NOCTURNAL INTERJECTIONS

Ottawa Surrealist Group

October 3rd 2017

The night is, for us, about interruption. A nocturnal game experiment with “interjection” – players write on a topic but are forced to incorporate unknown “hinge” words as they are enunciated by the speaker, perhaps mimicking the sudden imperative of a hypnagogic command, or incarnating actively the form of an intrusive night-thought. Results are uncanny and reveal strange new coordinates and angles about particular topics. The hinge words (represented below in bold) can be clustered around obsessive themes or chosen at random as the player likes. The topics were dwelt on for several rounds, providing many texts on the same theme that were stitched together below: a nocturnal tapestry in two parts. The goal is perhaps to bend reality in its entirety to such a “listening posture”, so that a readiness to hear the echo of the unknown resounds in even the most banal activities. Perhaps all of this results in an aural form of “l’un dans l’autre”, best played in the dark.

# PART I – ADVICE ON HOW TO SLEEP WELL

1. Deposit a glowing hot bag of **technology** beneath your pillow.
2. Take a glass of water that will encourage **innovation** in your dreams.
3. Spend long hours counting **entrepreneurships** in your head.

\*

Before bed it is important to use **technology** so that your mind becomes one with the **innovation** of the mass collective. Start your **entrepreneurship** and dim the light before your eyes. This technique will aid your sleep habits.

\*

Warm milk can sooth and relax one's inner body and bring about the **hypervisualization** of dreams. We recommend **brainwashing** to not be an insomniac. Normal sleep personalities are available by **invocation** at your local neuro-torturer. The magic of modern new sleep technologies also mean **entities** such as Japanese dream eaters can be domesticated in imaginary agricultural **prisons**. The future is here.

\*

To sleep well it must be cold. The furnace must also be a **hypervisualization** rather than a reality. You must have a long **brainwashing** that cleanses your mind of the clutter of the day. Sleeping well is nothing but an **invocation** of the dynamics of the night. Essentially, you become one with the **magical** forces unleashed with the setting of the sun. In that sense, **entities** coalesce into a single activity. When the **prison** of the dream shuts us in we must embrace its lunar sell bars.

\*

Ensure your bed is associated with the act of sleeping or **butter**-sex. **Cream** can also make a bed feel homey, especially the kind that comes with human **jam**. **Breakfast** is something to look forward to at night so drink only warm **milk** spiced with **cereal**.

\*





After a busy day sleep is important to wake up with in the morning with a big spoonful of **butter**. When done properly the **cream** will come from your organs with a mild **jam**. This is the greatest reward you could do for yourself for **breakfast**. Once you drink **milk** your mundane **cereal** will turn within your stomach...

## PART II – QUESTIONS FOR A PRIEST

So I have been going about my day and I have a question about **cuddles**, he's a bear in my room and I often think about **spooning** it. This leads me to make **smooches** to my carrot fondling it wildly in my garden, this is how I **embrace** myself dear priest...

\*

Why does your nose dangle so long and so very dribbly?

Why do **cuddles** so offend you?

Where is the devil in your personal interpretation of **spooning**?

How does god account for so many **smooches**?

What is the doctrine as per the Augustinian position on **fondling**?

Do you read Shakespeare for the **embraces**?

\*

Further, what is the church's position on masturbating to the **devil**? I know the **Pope** has never spoken against his demonic **aliens** and the **subconscious** link they make to ladyboys, but wouldn't the **world** be a darker place without these god-ordained comforts.

\*

Where does the sun come from?

Why does the **Devil** smell so good?

Who is your favourite spice girl and what does the **Pope** think about that?

Why are rainbows connected with **aliens**?

Where does money become important for the **subconscious**, the preconscious etc?



Are you sick of the **world**?

Do you miss having sex?

\*

Could you dispel my theological doubts on **silverware**? It, with **pliers** can be turned, after a **monkeywrench** application, and a **plunger**, into bullets for slaying werewolves – am I wrong in my **gasket** for believing it is not a luxury?

\*

Oh priest where has the time gone and my **silverware** is no longer shiny. I take my **pliers** and dip them in acid but my one and only **monkeywrench** has a reaction with my **plunger** so I blew my **gasket**...



# TREETRUMPETING

Ottawa Surrealist Group

September 19 2017

The night is for us all about association, in the absence of clarity. We start with a field of knowledge or a theme, in this baptismal round, the NIGHT. Elements are agreed upon and assigned to the players. These can be thematic elements that are commonly associated to the theme, aspects, personal associations, frequently encountered items, etc. Each player then associates their subtheme analogically with an object. The players then freely draw or depict their object in some way, perhaps not directly but automatically etc. Once all images are finished they are compared for repeating elements. Finally, the images are then layered on top of each other and a new nocturnal universe is opened up for exploration. Oddly, at least one image in our rounds took upon itself without any direct instruction the role of background or wallpaper image. Finally, a name is derived from the final layering.

# THE NIGHT – ROUND I

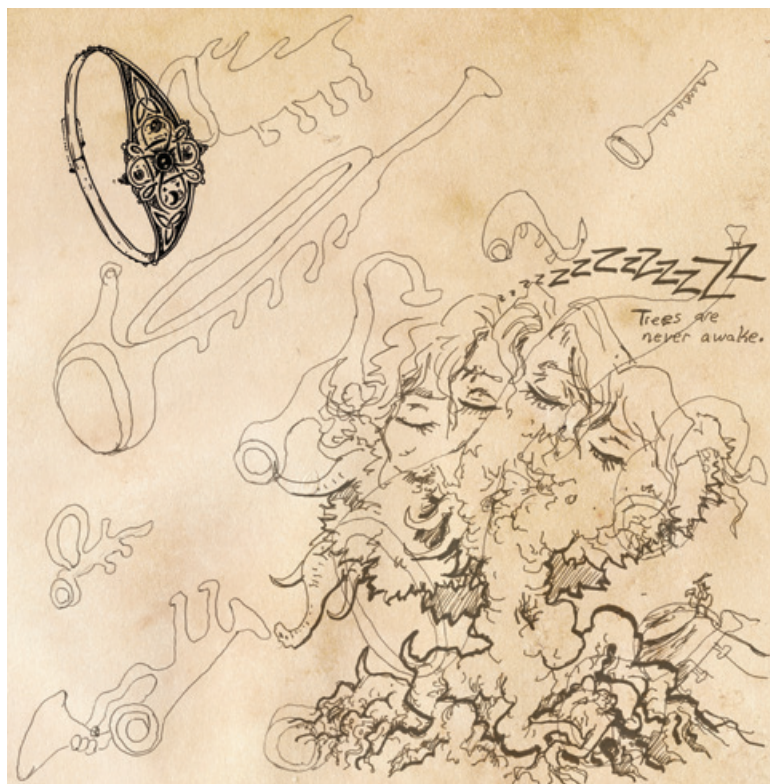
**Earth:** associated with Trees

**Moon:** associated with Celtic Knotwork Bracelet

**Sky:** associated with Brass Instruments

**After-Observations:** Bracelet seems insomniac

**Image Name:** Treetrumpetring



# THE NIGHT – ROUND II

**Toothbrush:** associated with Boarhide.

**Bed:** associated with Bread.

**Crickets:** associated with bats eating crickets (actually drawn without removing the pen for each bat, also contingent rule to keep drawing them until each of the others were done drawing)

**After Observations:** Repeating appliances, appearance of a cave, next, repetition of wallpaper motif over two rounds (bats, trumpets)

**Name:** Nesting Instinct





### *A Post-Script Discussion on Eyes*

Eyes – Why they are obsessive?

Playing poker with a bunch of eyeballs on each card?

Ha! Eye-poker!

### **Variations of Eyes:**

Cat Lantern

Buttholes

Psychedelic Hallucinations

Marbles (cat's eyes!)

Multiplications

Confusion

Bestiaries



# THE NIGHT WARMS ME UP

At night I have summer worries

Rags of wheat fly

At the whim of returned hills

In the valley of my night I grow flowers

That I will offer for her birthday to the mother

Of all the deviances proposed to our children

Who for light set fire to carnivorous statues

At night I walk in the jungle I walk in the steppes

I take a turn around the Gare de l'Est by sowing compasses

Full of chillies and undressed peonies that dry out

At night I sleep at night I do not sleep at night I sleep at night  
I do not sleep

I eat my fingers and lick my fingers and look at my nails

And my knuckles finally grow rosy while sagging

The keys of my sea foam piano

Because at night I connect the earth to the moon with my  
uncomfortable rowboat

# LA NUIT ME RECHAUFFE

La nuit j'ai des soucis d'été

Des oripeaux de blé volent

Au gré des collines retournées

Dans la vallée de ma nuit je cultive les fleurs

Que j'offrirai pour son anniversaire à la mère

De toutes les déviances proposées à nos enfants

Qui pour s'éclairer incendie les statues carnivores

La nuit je marche dans la jungle je marche dans les steppes

Je tourne autour de la Gare de l'Est en semant des boussoles

Pleines de piments et de pivoinés déshabillées qui se dessèchent

La nuit je dors la nuit je ne dors pas la nuit je dors la nuit je ne dors pas

Je mange mes doigts et je lèche mes doigts et regarde mes ongles

Et mes phalanges rosissent enfin pendant que s'affalent

Les touches de mon piano d'écume de mer

Parce que la nuit je relie la terre à la lune avec ma chaloupe indocile



I cross the seven seas with my boots filled with dreams

Before dawn comes to feed the aurora borealis by the beak

Which sonorously stretches in an ironic fall

Of these infra-punctured breasts and expressing to them solely

The dialogue of our crayfish nights with the sound of the  
African drum

At night I catch thought in midair

Suddenly she multiplies and becomes rangoli

To finish at the foot of a staircase whose shadow warms me

*(Surrealist Group of Paris – November 28 2017)*





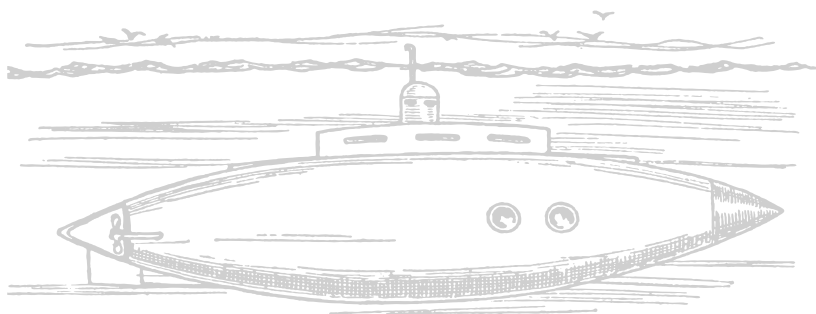
Je traverse les sept mers avec mes bottes remplies de rêves  
Avant l'aube venue de donner la becquée aux aurores boréales  
Qui sonores s'étirent dans la tombée ironique  
De ces poitrines infra-ponctuées et exprimant à elles seules  
Le dialogue de nos nuits-écrevisses au son du tambour africain  
La nuit j'attrape la pensée en plein vol  
D'un coup elle se multiplie et devient rangoli  
Pour finir au pied d'un escalier dont l'ombre me réchauffe

*(Groupe surréaliste de Paris – November 28 2017)*





# THE SUBMARINE TAKES A NIGHTWALK





# SETTING OUT ON THE JOURNEY TOWARDS NIGHT

First thing the map will tell you it has no place – It encompasses a plethora of places but they all escape the meshes of its grid – Except when surface tension is enough to hold them like in Faustroll's boat – Places each of them at the end of a tentacle – Each of them vast yet intimate –

Second thing you must refrain from the urge to fall asleep and dream – There are hundreds of reasons to dream but it will not bring you closer to night – On the contrary you will be busy with your various stories and experiences and it will pass you by as if nothing happened – Night is not within you – You walk into the night you do not dream into the night – You walk away from your birthday cake – You keep waking up from a nightmare that you can not remember –

Third thing it is not situated in time – Once it is encountered it takes off from the temporal flow – Sets up headquarters on the open sea without reference points – Evades measurement and eludes containment – A conference without memory where everything seems vaguely crucial – You do not sit there and wait for it you walk out into it –

It has its particular palette of colours of course – A particular lack of people a certain sense of quiet intimacy urgency and perhaps even conspiracy – It famously has characteristic privileged loci of course at bridges quays and lakeside walks, at dense parks and forest edges, at misty fields, at empty squares and abandoned places, it flows along the distribution of streetlamps – But it is easiest to recognise it by the relative lack of background noise – Which makes the little rattles and squeaks and your own heartbeat so much more distinct your bloodflow and tinnitus – Even in those cases where the air is



perhaps full of the sound of breaking waves or of wind and rain or of cicadas or crickets or frogs screaming away these are not background noises these are monologues of mechanisms of existence they need to be put on record but there is no need to stay quiet in deference and in expectancy of secret messages well surely you need to shut up at times but you already did or you wouldn't have been invited in the first place and once you're there you know that secret messages are everywhere and not even secret – Perhaps there is always an ocean nearby – And dawn is always approaching – But you do not know whether you have a home you need to accept that you will have to survive wherever you are – Night remains fix perpetual beyond reach always safe inescapable haunting unreasonable – Sometimes you just cannot find the way there for months – (There was no typo there nobody said sometimes you just cannot find the way there for moths)



# THE NIGHT PARADES

I was told the parade would start around ten. It had no official title, but locals often referred to it as the Witches' parade. It would begin in the Holy Cross neighborhood of the Lower Ninth Ward. Although I lived in the Upper Ninth Ward, I'd never crossed the Industrial Canal to the Lower Ninth. We were to gather at a site off Reynes Street. There was an abandoned school there, which isn't an unusual thing in New Orleans. The windows of the school were boarded up, and the parking lot was covered in cracks and weeds. I was dressed in civilian clothing, and when I got there my friend Sauce lightly chastised me for not wearing a costume. The parking lot was full of punks, hundreds of them in disguises. Some of them dressed as witches or warlocks, while others just wore weird masks. I remember one person wore tree branches like horns. We were all drinking heavily.

There seemed to have been a group of thirteen women leading the parade and they all wore shiny silver outfits. Some of them had skintight suits, while others wore silver robes. Each had a staff with a symbol at the top. I remember one had the Circle A on it and another had an upside down cross. There was also a pickup truck sitting in the parking lot and it had a float attached to it. The float appeared to be in the shape of a pirate ship. The silverclad women got inside the pirate ship, and the pickup pulled the float into the street. A brass marching band walked alongside the pickup, and the rest of the crowd, including me, followed.

We marched behind the truck as it made its way down Dauphine Street. When we came to the Industrial Canal the pickup stalled momentarily, giving people time to sit on the levee and socialize. I ran into my friend Captain Shirt and he had a machine he was carrying that distorted his voice.




I remember he kept laughing into it. Shirt gave me one of his beers and I walked around in the crowd where I found a moveable shrine made from hubcaps. It had a grinning demonic face painted on it and looked like it was built on a shopping cart.

Once the pickup truck was moving again we turned down Sister Street and ended up inside a tunnel that ran below Saint Claude Avenue. The marching band took this opportunity to play an extended jam as people danced at both ends of the tunnel. After exiting the tunnel, we passed through a rather vacant part of the neighborhood. The marching band took a break as some hiphop music was put on and a handful of women started twerking. Eventually, the silver-dressed women took center stage and performed a ritual involving their staffs.

When the parade got rolling again it crossed the Saint Claude Avenue Bridge to the Upper Ninth Ward. There we walked along Japonica Street, but near the train tracks the pickup stopped permanently, and both it and the pirate ship were parked in a nearby lot. Despite the loss of our float, the brass band played on. People continued to party, and I remember seeing a girl spray paint the word “witches” on a nearby wall. My friend Bren approached me and appeared concerned. “Why are we here? We aren’t supposed to stop here,” she said. Bren pointed towards a gated entrance. “The parade is supposed to go there,” she said. As if on cue, a group of people rallied the crowd and we all started walking through the gates, behind which was a marshy grassland. It felt like we walked forever, and my shoes got covered in sludge. I found one of the silver women’s staffs lying in the grass and began carrying it around with me. It had a large triangle on top of it.

At the end of the marsh, we came to an abandoned industrial pier where a makeshift bar was set up and a DJ was playing. The pier looked out over a body of water that, in the dark, appeared much larger than it probably was. At the pier, people started getting careless. I saw a punk squirt some





lighter fluid into a puddle and set it on fire. He claimed the pier was not made of wood and that it wouldn't burn down. The crowd objected, and a scuffle broke out. Eventually, the fire was extinguished, and the brawl prevented.

Sometime after three in the morning, the police arrived, and the crowd dispersed. I went back to my apartment with the triangle staff I'd found. Drunk, I passed out for what was probably only half an hour. When I awoke, I headed to another spot I'd been told about where the Krewe of Eris was gathering. This spot was on the levee in the Upper Ninth Ward. It was known by the locals as The End of the World and was located where the Industrial Canal meets the Mississippi. When I arrived it was nearly pitch black, but I could hear voices and still see shapes of humans in the moonlight. Some of the voices sounded intoxicated and some familiar. Perhaps they'd been at the other parade as well? But there were many new voices too, and the new voices were sober and older. I ran into

Captain Shirt again. He seemed very high. "You made it," he said before drifting away. I sat down at the end of the levee and watched a cruise ship move along the Mississippi. For a few minutes, its lights brightly lit up the giant river.

Moving closer to dawn, a handful of people started igniting large torches by the river's edge. Almost at the same time, a brass marching band began playing on the levee. They were playing what sounded like a slow dirge. The torchbearers slowly ascended the levee and lined up alongside the brass band while the rest of us crowded around them. As the sun rose, we all marched down the levee and into the adjacent Bywater neighborhood. With the dawn's light coming down on us, I could finally look at all the fascinating costumes people were wearing. One man was dressed as a bear. Another person simply looked like a bush with antlers. A lot of people were in drag. There was also a group of women carrying red and black flags.



We weaved in and out of the Bywater neighborhood. We went down Chartres Street and the crowd stopped to have an early morning dance party. Many people climbed the nearby trains and danced on top of them. Turning off Chartres, I believe the next street we walked down was Dauphine. Some residents came out of their homes in their bathrobes and drinking coffee. They waved to the crowd, unfazed by the early morning parade. As we approached my street, Clouet Street, I decided I was too exhausted to continue. I returned to my apartment and slept for the rest of the day. I never found out where the parade ended.

*Mardi Gras, 2017*



# NIGHT WALKS, NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

It pleases me to walk around my part of town after the vehicle traffic dies down. Freed by the night to walk on the sidewalk or in the middle of the road, I often bring a digital camera to document interesting things encountered along the way.

I can sink into the night further by walking away from the major streetlights or through the alleys between streets, where there are less lights and less chance of passing vehicles. But for a barking dog or the dryer sheet fumes emanating from a house, it's more pleasant than walking by someone's porch light or motion sensor.

There is a good chance of coming across animals—birds, rabbits, squirrels, opossums, the random cat or dog in a yard, insects, etc. The chances for night photography are lessened in the alleyways because of the greater darkness but with some thoughtful use of the flash, the darkness can create suggestive scenes. In the



dark, some ivy vines look as if they are slowly devouring a shed. There are areas of greater and lesser darkness in the alleys and it can be somewhat fascinating to move silently through the trees on these gravel and dirt road trails.

On the streets themselves, walking in the middle of the street brings my attention to random designs left in road tar. Some of these designs are unique combinations of construction work and built-up wear and tear. They can be visually curious when seen looming out of the dark surroundings. I've taken pictures of every interesting road tar design in about a ten-block radius. The flash bulb may work here to bring out a starkly surprising element to the mysterious designs left in road tar, accidental artwork that goes completely un-noticed unless one is dowsing the paths of the night on a bicycle or on foot. One also comes across cracks in the concrete, areas where weeds and plants have grown through the cracks or created interesting scenes of their own. If the streetlights enable it, I take pictures of shadows.

There's also the chance of curb-scores if it's trash pickup the next day. Every now and then I find things like cabinets, little tables, abandoned art canvases, chairs, boxes of books and other such items on the sidewalk next to the trash cans. Should I come across the remains of a yard sale there's a chance of finding numerous other interesting items which fall into the category of found





objects which can be used for assemblage or left somewhere else. It's easy to check out moving & construction dumpsters late at night; just climb the ladder and shine your flashlight in to see if there's any treasure amidst the debris.

The unused and overgrown section of train tracks up by the wildlife preserve is fun to walk. You could almost see it as an experimental discipline—trying to walk as quietly as possible through the night, down the mystery tracks which lead to a barricade and then to a forested trail. You can listen to the animals nearby.

The drawback to wandering the roads at night is always car traffic, and secondarily unpleasant porch lights. But there is a lot to learn about a neighborhood and city by hitting the streets after dark. The streets are also accessible via bike but that tends to bring another kind of awareness into play and many details of the journey are necessarily overlooked since one is driving. But a bike ride opens up so many other avenues to pursue elsewhere. Riding a bike at night is a more nervous affair due to the lower visibility and the danger of negligent drivers, but it can get me to the underside of an old bridge just north of town which can open up adventures of its own, photographic or otherwise.

Most of the time I enjoy the night well off the beaten path, away from bars and the party house district, but I do

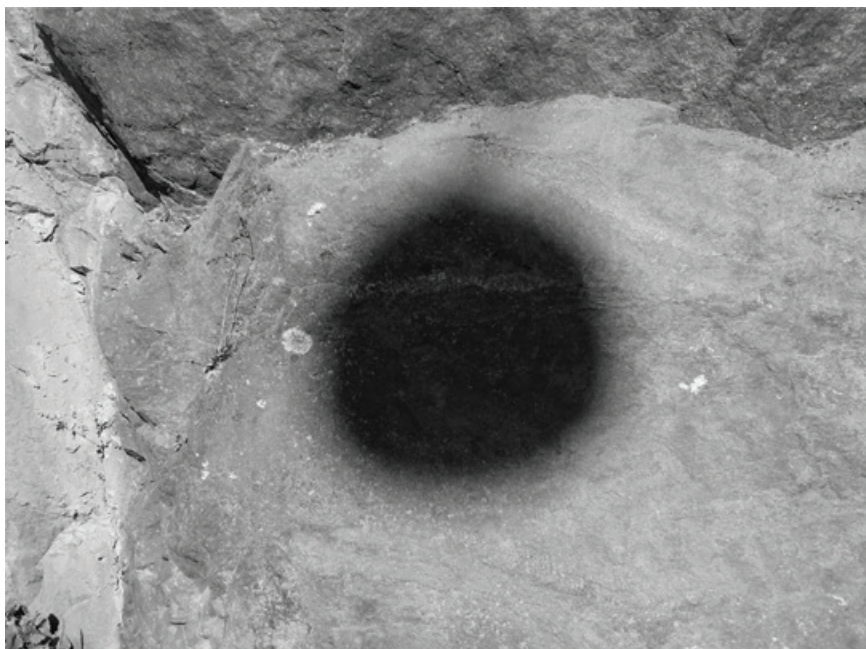




occasionally find myself at a basement show or more rarely at a bar to see live music and socialize. A drink or two only makes the journey home that much more of an adventure. What sudden detour can I make that might present a fresh encounter or discovery?



# THE GAZE OF EDWARD YOUNG



Inspire me, Night! With all thy tuneful spheres.  
Hail, precious moments! Stol'n from the black waste.  
(Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*; 1745)

# THE NIGHT HAD SOMETHING IT WANTED TO TELL US



# THEORY OF A STREETLIGHT

Moths, snowflakes, noctambulants.

The last living example of silent cinema; film noir by other means.

Is there any denying that a streetlight is a call to action for the imagination at night?

A streetlight, almost any streetlight, is a far more profound, enticing and interesting site than every theatre and concert hall in the entire world. Set-designers and architects always blunder the most crucial aspect of the scene; they make the very artificial and stupidly humanist *distinction between the audience and the lighting*. In the streetlight, the two are one and the same. A cyclops, a medieval eyeball projecting its own luminescence, the streetlight watches a play of its own making. It is also the erotic object, the font of seduction, but a passive one, a fetish for insects and spies and raindrops. In this sense, the streetlight demonstrates acutely the possibilities everywhere for an *inhuman, exteriorized imagination*. With its strange perpetual buzzing, the applause rings out into the night, making emotional bonds with the fox and the raccoon and the toads. Here the imaginary loses its corpse; it is abroad under the canopy of darkness, it doesn't have to worry about belonging to anyone, it simply plays itself out, a ghost, a *looper*, a grainy video that records the moment...The moment...

It must be underscored that these types of situational imaginary complexes are typically nocturnal processes. The day rarely lends itself to unfolding, perhaps only in dark corners and atopses, and even then, with a streetlight nearby, the drama is amplified to a hysterical pitch. Once the lamplighter, a kind of puppeteer, needed to set the motion in action. In this sense, automated photosensitive detectors as a poetic technology



has been more revolutionary than the montage in film. It has allowed for the sequential and systematic lengthening of the night's atmosphere to the broadest possible scope. What begins as a rather weak and blunt attempt by surveillance culture to erase the night of its mystery instead delivers the opposite effect: shadows, where once there was only darkness. Hiding spots, where once there was only dissuasion; now, a *perpetual voyeurism* and a call for all those sitting snugly indoors to step out into a world of rags and manholes.

A starkly funny moment. Did they really think it would make things *safe*?

For the street light, there is only one question, the most, almost the only pertinent question: what is abroad, tonight?

Under a street light, *anything* must happen.





# JOHN BALANCE DIED IN A FALL.

The bats are fed when the moths are halved  
The drunk ship crash on the old bone hull  
Flattering, flattering  
Old beasts and trains  
Obligations? I sore feign interest gain.

Fouled myself swinging black light  
Spots on white blot oyster  
Tongue milky scoury larvae  
Inseminate the tar night  
Wit cold cell startled goats.

Press hard on lonely banister  
Queen of horned animals  
Salt teethlike dominoes  
As always born needless  
Goodbye,  
Stupid motorcycle.

