

The
REINVENTION
of
TRAVEL

ISSUE 10

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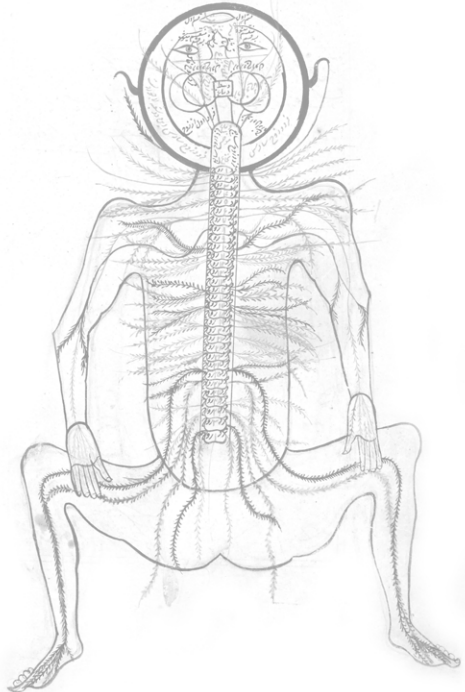


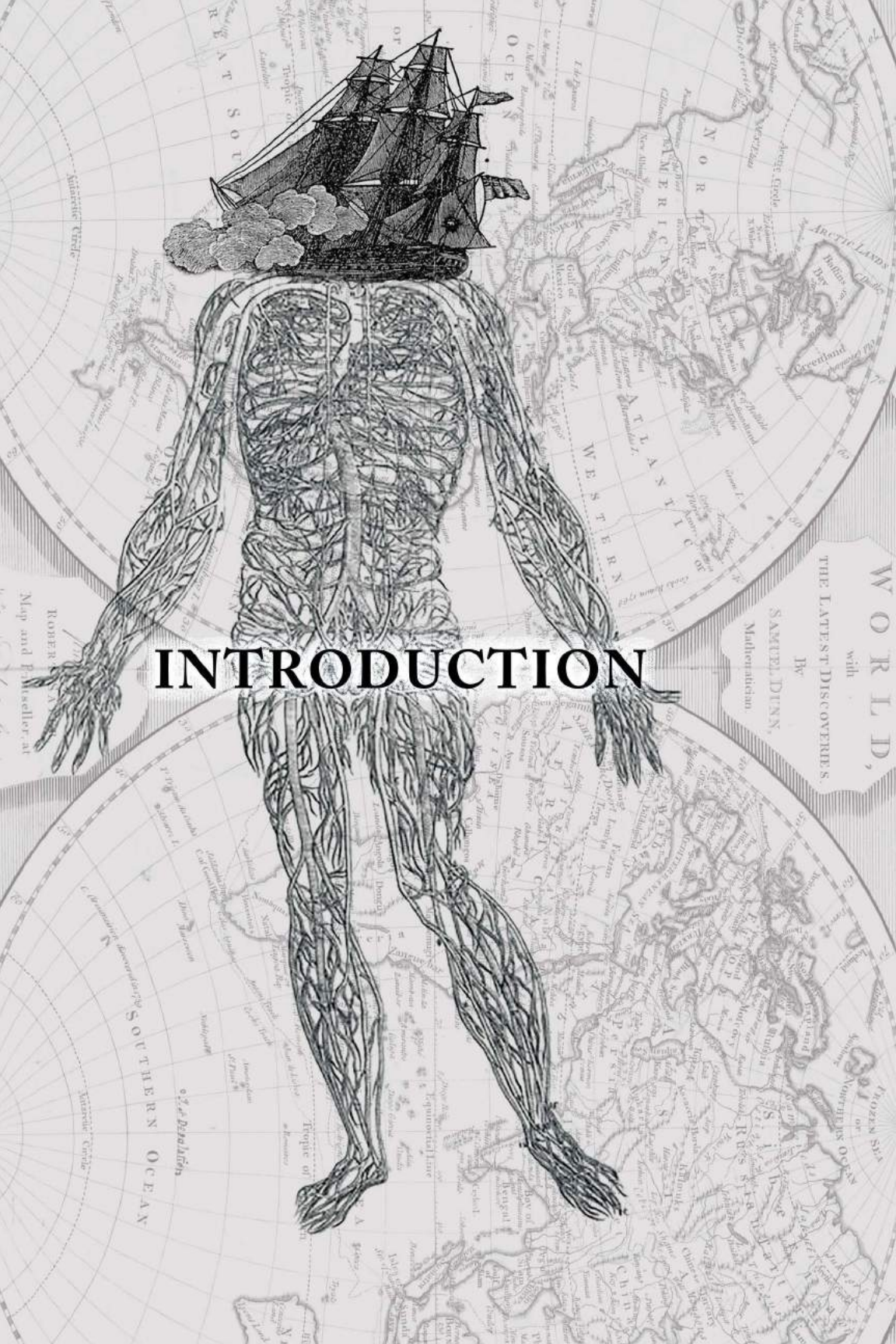
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INTRODUCTION

WORLD,
with
THE LATEST DISCOVERIES.

By
SAMUEL DINN,
Mathematician

ROBER
Map and Publisher at

THE REINVENTION OF TRAVEL

We seem to remember people going out; maybe it was a fever dream; or maybe they did but never came back. That's the problem with the outside; every stroll, even the most casual, ends with an open manhole. Those who have lost bodies or luggage gain the secret quickest: a voyage? Just freeform waiting; an automatism of windows in motion. Backgrounds. Uncomfortably, some get a taste for this non-repetitive life-style. You could say that the act of physical exploration is able to uniquely reinvent itself in its own application and—importantly—never reinvents itself twice.

To go out or stay in? The material pursuit of the world “outside”, chance encounters, unfamiliar atmospheres, strange times, and unpredictable situations has always been the lifeblood of surrealism—without which, we contend, it cannot continue to exist. This has involved the unfamiliarization of the usual surroundings as well as the pursuit of new detours. In the face of increasing substitutions, homogenizations, virtualizations, and concessions for the voyage, and under the persistent threat of lock-downs and hard borders, we wish to undertake with some urgency the collective reconsideration of travel, and the possibility of a new age of discovery...

What actually is the new terra incognita, and how do we approach it? How do we reinvent the concept of travelling (and spatial exploration and remote bondforging in general), without succumbing to any of the available more or less ideological alternatives, including:

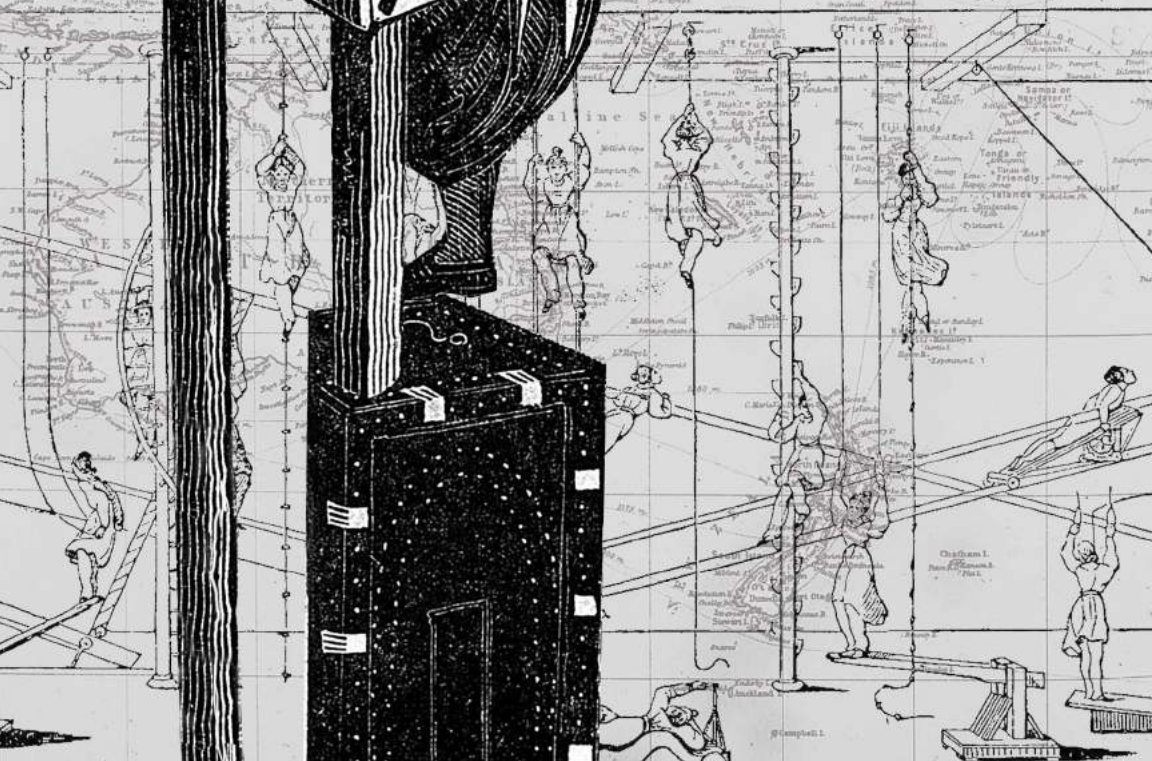
- a) obediently switching to virtual digital substitutes (despite how this obviously has certain practical possibilities);
- b) obediently awaiting the possible comeback of the mass tourism and business travelling industry; or
- c) regressively being content with travelling “within one’s own chamber” into nostalgic memories or unconnected projections (despite being highly ambiguous already from the beginning and no doubt with a particular potential)? Was geography always an esoteric discipline? Where do we go from here?

For this issue, we asked participants to share experiences and suggestions as to this particular area of “reinventing the world” in the hope that they might be pursued by others too and possibly sketch a useful approach taken together...

NB: Although definitely informing the background to our situation, this was not intended to be a pandemic-themed inquiry; we did not wish to focus on the virus, lockdowns, public health etc. Nor was it intended to be a surrealist travel agent brochure, or an anthology of exoticist personal fetishizations. In this intention we hope we have succeeded.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE



HOW TO ESCAPE YOUR OWN SKIN

by *Steven Cline*

Traveling. Getting Lost. An old habit of mine, a vice. Nothing quite like the exquisite joy one can find in disorientation, in a swift and relentless dance through layer after layer of unknown and unmapped alien atmospheres. To lose ourselves, in order that we might find a thousand strange new selves. A thousand strange new realities. They are waiting for us, these untouched maybe-selves, these unthought realities... Over there, see 'em? Behind that sticky pink membrane of the Outside-Other? Yeah, that's where those little critters live. Kinda weird, eh? Listen, if you put your ear to that barrier, you might even be able hear them. Crawling 'round and licking. Sensed, but unseen. Until we voyage out, that is, until we commit to travel. At its heart, isn't all surrealist activity *exactly this*? Our laughing automatic muse takes the wheel, and off we fly, bound for whoknowswhere. A map? No, sorry, maps don't exist in this place. The roads here are ever changing, metamorphosis, the only constant. The traveler and the destination? To us, both are equally unimportant. No, it's the process which matters to us, it's the trip. We stand before that obsidian eye of an infinite world, all open-closed, all blinking-unblinking, and we surrender to the experience of pure ontological openness. We cut off our arms, dive deep into river. And we float, and we wash up in peculiar new lands. In lands peopled by some very strange people. Remember that old dream of your youth? Of hitting the road with absolutely no destination in mind, and *just driving*?

Step 1: First, one must expand the above mentioned dreamwish over one's entire life, over one's every action, every thought. One must pluck out the traitorous lips eyes ears of this somnambule ragdoll, and plug them up with said wish. And Smile.

Step 2: Next, one must stumble around blindly, becoming an epileptic, space age Zatoichi. Transgressing every border, crossing every arbitrary line. One should continue parading until one stubs one's toe on some skittering ganglia of the Marvelous, evaporates, and becomes sudden alchemical gold. In other words, it's Pure Psychic Automatism baby! It's a big yee-haw!

So, what does Surrealism *actually* want of us?

I mean, *really*?

Just this, friend: Surrealism wishes for you to Escape Your Own Skin.

So don't get lazy, friend. Don't stay at home, don't check out, don't flip on that oh-so-familiar-oh-so-comforting television show. One can "stay at home" anywhere,

of course, even in the Grand Outside. Because there is an inner “stay at home” too, a kind of “stay at home” state of mind. And Lady Dérive, she will never reward the lifeless. She will never embrace a deserter. And yes, naturally, one can sometimes “hit the road” from one’s couch, too, I won’t deny it. Because there’s a “hit the road” state of mind, as well.

So? So let’s leave all those workadays those unchangeables behind us, dear friend, let’s cast away let’s set sail. Let’s molt into Pirate, let’s become the lunar lunatic voyager, let’s reach without sight without hands without skin towards that mythic lost city of Elsewhere. Let’s transform into exactly 7 supermassive serpentine comets, with tails ejaculating thick wanderlust seed into every dark and devilish space between those lumbering ancient galaxies. And then— finally finally!—let’s give a real bigboy yell yes let’s do a wild-n-crazy berserker charge into deepest oldest of all black holes: SAD MR. NOTHING. We shall spit upon his pompous crest then, O yes we will, and we will tear him limb from limb. And then, O comrades (just as a treat, as a little nice treat)—we shall rewrite the atom all together, you and I, O yes, and we’ll storm heaven with nothing but a matchstick and an ironing board too, to be seen and reported later as having wisely installed a common household mouse-trap on the unmentionable one’s plastic yellow throne, before of course burning it all to ash all to cinders yes of course. Truly, with a three inch alpaca and a five foot flat-worm by your side, you can really do no wrong. I do believe I may have said this once or twice before in your enjoyable presence, good sir, but still, it bears repeating...

Lastly, BEWARE. Five thousand three hundred and seventy two miserabilist sand traps have been set by that wily and wicked Pa Capitalism. These sand traps are his senile siren-songs for us, his IKEA-made self-assembly prisons. Trashy decoys, selling us a fool’s gold of false comforts, preaching warping us the pleasures of unchanging domestic sameness, respectability, predictability, and all other such tomfooleries. Many potential path-shirkers have been caught and brought back from Breach by just such pathetic enticements. So BE VIGILANT. Avoid the bait, burn the script, rewire and take flight. Everything— the insides, outsides, and inbetweens—must be eternally reinvented. Begin again, traveler, in a Revolution Endless.



mono-wheel providing a pneumatic rose scented journey.

Do take a seat inside, plenty of room

Kathleen Fox

A TRIBE OF VAGRANTS, RANGING FROM SESSILE TO SCUTTLING, REWRITING THE MAP

by Mattias Forshage

Another place is another place. It can't be denied that there are reasons to move around. Seeing another part of the world is always rewarding in the obvious and classic pedagogic sense of providing an experience of how natural circumstances and people's habits can be very different elsewhere, the basic experience that normality varies.

But this is quite easily attained, and for the basic epistemologic points you certainly don't need to keep repeating it over and over again with compulsive travelling or regular annual holiday travelling, which both might in fact start undermining this basic point by making the shift in normalities predictable and normal. Surrealism was always about revealing the unusual and if you will exotic wherever you are, so you certainly don't need to actually travel to be a surrealist traveller, just open your eyes to the strangeness surrounding you.

Also, of course, current globalisation, just like the still ongoing tourism industry, and the longer running plain old more or less colonial exoticism, all tend to package the experiences of otherness in neat predictable, categorised and quantifiable units. It is technically still possible to be an openminded global vagrant, but it is also very possible to maybe appear like one on a superficial level while actually just following one's routines in a rather standard everyday-life-under-capitalism mode embellished with quickly changing exotic surroundings which might not even be particularly striking anymore when commercial supply and demography has been, let's say, "normalised" through "peaceful" economic means.

Quickly looking back on surrealist history from the beginnings up to now, there are some travels that have become part of our shared experience (tradition) more than others, some in the form of frequently retold anecdotes and others as major changes in the conditions of surrealist activity (such as the various cases of exodus during the second world war).

And there is a wide spectrum between those individuals who have stayed their ground and those who keep bustling about. Factors that may push people to the former pole might be, of course, lack of funds, or political circumstances including impossibility to get a travel visa, but it might also be a thorough doubt that there is actually so much more that is meaningfully accessible in a remote

spot than just anywhere, including where we already find ourselves. And of course, lack of funds is never an absolute obstacle and historically many of the poorest are also the most nomadic; whereas political circumstances may in fact be a far stronger factor and has indeed shaped the experience of surrealist activity in Czechoslovakia, for example. And there are many ways to travel in one's chamber, and in the dream realm. While certainly, trees are walkers too, as are famously continents.

Whereas those who travel a lot may do so because they've found a spot of affinity where they want to spend a lot of time without being able to cut the ties with the point of origin or of civil obligations, or because they developed a taste for exploration of a kind that easily expresses itself in geographical (spatial, cultural) parameters, or because their profession or other obligations gave them the opportunity to travel and they didn't feel a strong urge to stay at home, or it might have simply the latter alone, a lack of respect for the sentiments of sedentariness, and the fundamental distrust of home, of the comfort of the familiar, of one's own ability to arrange a more favourable environment than chance or chaos will provide.

Among the ones to be recognised as notably restless, there is no need to count those travellers who are merely pushed by social, economic or political urges to visit each other, come see exhibitions and events, or find some very good friendships or a partner or a job somewhere else. Sure, this type of travelling is part of the sociogeographical mixing and patterns, and for surrealist activity very important parts of the conveying of experience and a deeper understanding of conditions and experiences of surrealist activities in other cultural settings, but they are not necessarily part of vagrancy, of the spatial exploring obsession, they might just be practical, pleasurable and advantageous. And if they're not, they could be avoided.

Let's just refreshen memory and pick up some of the travellers, some of the journeys, and some of the conditions for travelling, that contributed to shaping surrealism's notion of global space and mobility. It will definitely be just a small selection of aspects and names and many favourites will probably be missing.

Hendrik Cramer may be considered the first surrealist explorer in the more traditional sense of the word, a former navy captain turned poet. But his journeys in the Caribbean are from before he encountered surrealism, and while he kept on travelling, he never did so on behalf of surrealism so to speak.

Jacques Viot became the first surrealist tropical exile, exploring Oceanian cultures in the 20s escaping punishment for a fraud conviction.

Mary Low, whom we might consider the first surrealist rootless internationalist, jumping (with her husband Juan Brea) between sites of insurrection and unrest throughout the 30s (France, Romania, Spain, Czechoslovakia) before settling in Cuba.

In the early period, the more famous surrealists typically travelled mainly

within western & central Europe. In the light of surrealism, it was not like walking around the streets of Paris didn't have enough exotic encounters to offer... The classic experiment in 1924 of taking a train to smalltown Blois and walking back to Paris became famous for being a largely negative experience. Journeys so isolated as to have maybe gained a certain parodic lustre is Eluard's much publicised "lachez tout"-style running away from home (also in 1924), when he resurfaced in Saigon as soon as he ran out of money, and Leiris's participation in the classic Dakar-Djibouti expedition across Africa 1931-33 but then stubbornly staying at home after that.

Not unlike Cramer, Swedish poet Harry Martinson was a seaman going around the globe, but before his rather brief involvement with surrealism. And his pal Artur Lundkvist was being sent all over by his publishers, for writing exotic travel reportages from remote shores, and the results are indeed of a rather generalised exoticism which to a degree but not a vast one overlaps with his surrealist concerns. Others had opportunity to find remote locations of selective affinity, like Valentine Penrose in India, in a way that became far more common later.

Artaud's isolated trips to Mexico 1936 and Ireland 1937 are significant parts of the story, but of course he was since long estranged from organised surrealism at the time. Then Breton went to Mexico too, and while exploring many crucial local or converging contacts and experiences also was quite intoxicated with the whole atmosphere of the part of the world and claimed it as a surrealist country. (This claim was a bit shaky to begin with and has proven easily misunderstood since, but it must be recognised as the other pole of surrealist spatial experience: yes, encounters and discoveries can turn up everywhere if you are vigilant, but it's also true that there are "heated landscapes" where the unusual, poetically charged, immediately meaningful, and chance-wise dynamical is nevertheless just much more frequent than in others.) More on the generalist side (I would claim) is the important lesson emphasised by Roland Penrose in the title of his scrapbook from his 1938 trip around Balkan with Lee Miller, "The Road is Wider than Long".

Of the more famous surrealists, perhaps Benjamin Péret's is the most emblematic case for a surrealist internationalist. Repeatedly relocating between France, Brazil, Spain and Mexico, always without much money, and always tirelessly associating with the local radical political movements as well as the radical artists, and making ambitious deepdives into local mythologies. Whereas many of the French surrealists clearly stayed French exiles wherever they went in the world, Péret seems to display a very different mindset, emphasising universal aspects of poetry and revolt and prestigelessly investigating local contributions wherever he went, equally at home or perhaps equally not at home wherever he went.

But of course, many of the movements we've already mentioned now are part of the general turmoil that made people rally to Spain in the 30s and then prompted

a lot of people to go on the run during the world war, effectively dispersing surrealism to a number of new locations especially in the western hemisphere. André Breton, Pierre Mabilie, Leonora Carrington, Lee Miller, Wolfgang Paalen, Max Ernst, Wifredo Lam, Matta, Gordon Onslow-Ford, and others.

We should acknowledge the obvious fact that the traditional artists educational “grand tour” to Paris was often a long journey from remote parts of the world which contributed to mutual exchange of experience. Others came from peripheral countries as correspondents or on reportage grants for national newspapers or art magazines or commercial publishers or cultural institutions.

Duchamp and Picabia held attitudes of rootlessness high, and even though their actual travelling was largely part of a Dada spatial nivellation, Duchamp kept cultivating notions of “portability”, involving the avoiding of leaving too much tracks, of accumulating property, and getting attached to any sense of home. His invention of conceptual artworks which the later academic artcrowd hailed for all the wrong reasons was a part of this track, just one step ahead beyond his box of miniatures of his collected works. A full-scale oeuvre is just a burden.

But also, again of course, the travelling patterns under colonialism, with colonial administrators (including several surrealists in a civil professional capacity, such as Portuguese in Angola and Belgians in Congo) going one way (occasionally dropping out), and local representatives and relatively privileged students going the other way (including many who joined surrealism, such as in the famous example of the Martiniquans of *Légitime défense*), later to be followed by migrant workers, dispossessed and refugees (occasionally banding together in exile gangs but more commonly contributing to the rather heterogenous surrealist nexuses without particular circumscriptions). While it became more common during postwar times to have double or multiple homes, and to take part in foreign surrealist groups on the basis of selective affinity and rather regular visits. But still only for some, and still some stand out as surrealist vagrants or spatial explorers.

EF Granell, perhaps the next major internationalist, bringing surrealism to Guatemala and Puerto Rico, en route between Spain, the Dominican Republic, USA, and back to Spain.

Claude Tarnaud, considered a French surrealist but most of the time staying in Switzerland, Somalia or New York.

Jean Benoît, who went to Oceania several times in the 60s to collect artifacts for French museums and collectors (while the main surrealist scholar on such artifacts, Vincent Bounoure, stayed in France), and “went native” into something that became very acute upon his return to Paris, where he famously managed in part to lead a kind of “savage” life’.

Christopher Starr, the foreign entomologist, who’s been the movement’s contact point in a series of tropical locations, the Philippines, Taiwan and Trinidad.

Ted Joans is still the emblem of the surrealist internationalist nomad, who would just pop up anywhere in the world and take a selfie with any surrealist group. Of course, working for an airway company made it easier, but he also epitomised the necessary unexpectedness and degree of spatial nivellation while maintaining a high level of curiousness.

Perhaps Johannes Bergmark seems, of those still at it, to be the closest to this mode of popping up just anywhere, happening to have booked a gig there.

Again, many others choose to stay where they are or keep exploring their closer surroundings. And many may be quite experienced travellers and flyers without physically moving. Others again actually did those weird journeys that seemed so odd or dreamlike that they may be widely erroneously perceived as imaginary journeys. Rik Lina repeatedly speaks of the experience of the tropical rainforest and of the underwater worlds of coral reefs which obviously influenced his painting and his general outlook, but you never know when or where it was (or is) that he experienced (or keeps experiencing) this. And there's the rather widely publicised surrealist experiments in Antarctica published under the name Kristoffer Flammarion. Indeed, while this is obviously quite "cool" in many other respects than the obvious, apparently it is nothing to be bragging about, and it is a place among others with special circumstances that can be used as a background for surrealist experimentation.

Of course, it is not "more surrealist" to either fly off or to stay. Surrealism will have a way of highlighting the exploratory experience regardless of where it is picked up. But clearly, even the local level spatial movement has been recently affected by politically mandated isolation. Some were already rather isolated and just went on with their daily explorations, others were more dramatically grounded. Among those, some found ways of making available substitutes allow for new types of explorations, whereas others perceived it as highly tragic, with various degrees of success in finding ways to cope.

But whereas we can only speculate now as to what extent freedom of movement will be reinstated, for whom, under what circumstances and at what cost, there are two rather obvious longterm consequences of this experience. One is that more people will have discovered ways of exploring their more immediate surroundings and will have questioned the modern ideology of tourism (which is of course also beneficial from the viewpoint of global resources, but hardly enough to counter the unimpeded apocalyptic concernlessness of capitalist economy – and also not the most interesting aspect for surrealism specifically). The other one is that we will have seen far more people join in enthusiastically in a conservative celebration of home and family, and in the eagerness to replace personal exchange with digital substitutes, some to the point of considering public meeting points, gatherings and cultural events, and encounters

with strangers, as obsolete and unnecessary altogether. Responsibilities for work circumstances will have further shifted from employers to employees, the family with its control systems and abusive behaviors has had ample opportunity to claim its inescapability, while many persons have had the opportunity to experience a previously unparalleled degree of loneliness.

We must stop there, the very notion of “reinventing travel” was and remains intended to go beyond such whining about the times as well as the nostalgic celebration of travel memories.

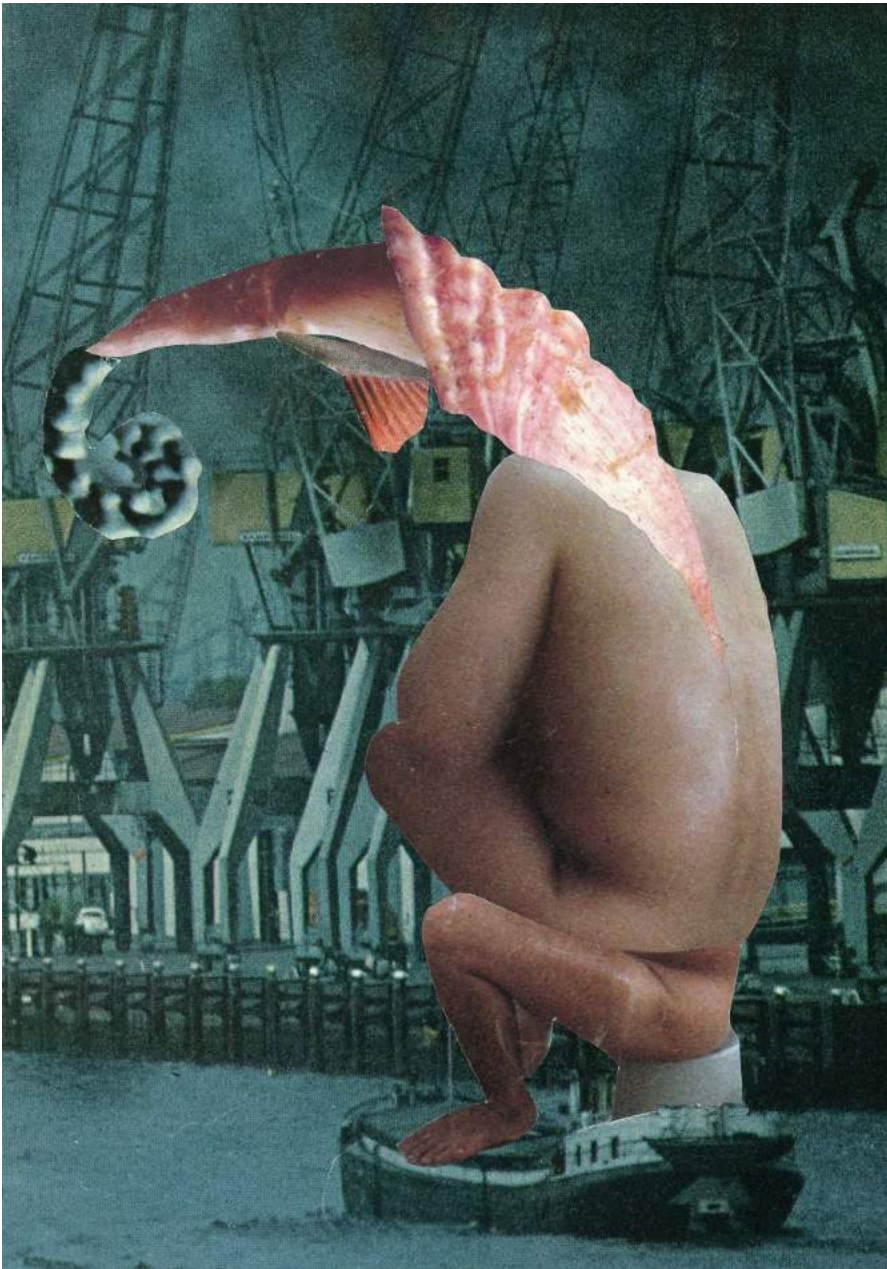
Under the new circumstances, how do we best apply the generalised exploratory attitudes of surrealism on the small scale as well as the large scale? How do we make sure to keep bumping into random encounters? How do we make sure to be able to get really intimate with the weird ideas and idiosyncracies of comrades in far off countries? How will we be able to adapt to a new circumscription of practical possibilities, diversifying spatial exploration and yet maintaining a surrealist attitude? How do we make sure to keep wandering? What are the rafts of the new world? What are the noneuclidian tunnels still to be revealed? How do our notions of space, distance, time and scale practically affect our real material reach?

This issue does of course not provide a definitive answer, but quite a bouquet of suggestions to work on.



Bus stop

Pierre-André Sauvageot



Steven Cline

QUESTIONNAIRE ON TRAVEL

responses by Jason Abdelhadi, Michèle Bachelet, Steven Cline, Mattias Forshage, Joël Gayraud, Stuart Inman, Juan Carlos Otaño, Christopher K Starr

- 1 What is it that you think you are finding in a remote location that you wouldn't be able to find just anywhere?*
- 2 What responsibilities are you escaping from back home?*
- 3 Do you disbelieve in the inexhaustiveness of the imagination?*
- 4 Do you disbelieve the alchemical cornerstone that the philosopher's stone is immediately available?*
- 5 Do you disbelieve that fortuitous encounters may be found in all kinds of locations?*
- 6 To what degree are you actually able to grasp an alien cultural context?*
- 7 Is the firsthand experience of funny people speaking unintelligible gibberish doing idiotic tasks in absurd settings good entertainment?*
- 8 How are you concretely contributing to local struggles at your destination?*
- 9 Does it matter if unusual experiences are paid for with good money or not?*

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- 1 What is it that you think you are finding in a remote location that you wouldn't be able to find just anywhere?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

Impossible answer. If everything were known, all the charm would be lost.

Jason Abdelhadi

I am finding, I think, distance—real distance—which the game design theorist Alexis Kennedy defines as the “sweet unfolding of possibilities”. Distance in its poetic aspect is a limited resource and seems to require a fair amount of novelty

and a dissonance with habit to be really affecting and noticeable. Otherwise it's just commuting. So really, it's a horizon for possibilities. But it should be findable just anywhere, and there's no reason to foreclose that possibility—it's just that sometimes it isn't. Maybe a remote location or the actual sense of distance travelled is a retro-active designation, and until you actually experience it in the crisis of the moment it's just a wager.

Mattias Forshage

The absence of home. Which makes it possible to envision, in mental or behavioral fragments, suggestions and exercises, things like freedom and untamed meaning. That said, you don't need to go very far to find a remote location.

Steven Cline

I am looking for a place to *escape* myself. (No, not to *find* myself, quite the opposite of that...) Wandering is a wrench thrown into the machine that is me the machine that is my life. It's wobbly worker sabotage, self-inflicted. Direct action taken so that the well-worn, comfortable pathways might collapse, and receive the Marvelous New. When I was a child of 3, maybe 4 years old, I wandered off into the forest. For no discernible reason, with nothing but my collie dog for company. I don't remember this at all, of course, none of it. Merely an old family story, told time and time again. My own "spirited away" moment. Hour after anxious hour had passed by for my parents. They had searched, called the police. And then suddenly there I was again, acting as though nothing had happened at all. Didn't say much. Didn't know much. Smiled. "Rip Van Winkled." My real memory of the event is gone, but I always imagine it like this...I am standing utterly still in a clearing between trees. I am naked (I wasn't naked) with my collie dog waiting nearby, protecting me. Her blue eyes are uncommonly wise. I am looking up at the sun, saying nothing, communicating with it on some subterranean, non-verbal frequency. The hours pass by in complete silence. And then, quite suddenly, I look away from the sun. I rouse myself, and walk back home.

And this is what I think I will find, way out there. In the gardens of chance, at the gateway of the unknown. I am looking for some kind of doorway...portal...wormhole...towards the Marvelous...towards the Other/Outside...towards that land which lies just beyond the reach of my own skull...

Michèle Bachelet

Out of my home, valiant and ready for heroic physical and cultural challenges, to this brewing of the unknown like an indecipherable menu from which I nevertheless order, that which is not my mother's milk, and to the loves that open the doors of desirable mystery.

Periodically I put on this strange panoply of tourism like when, as a child, I made my raffia belt dance to become a vahine. It must be said that my notion of time is cyclical. Does the universe revolve around my navel? The opening to this other always seems promised to me like a carrot hanging from the North Star. As soon as I raise the anchor I spill my ink and my snorkeling trip is clouded with a thousand fireflies. Is it the dreams of primal forests that make me reek up the air?

I believe that my travels are more in search of another time than a geography. Hand me this car-free past, these beaches where men went to sea and women with nets in a beauty of accented scents, beaches of children's hiding places at the bottom of the boats when the seafront was an unbuilt horizon, these coves that must now be sought far away on islands which will soon sink under the rising waters. I do not forget to face the gaze of the natives who our paid vacation relegates to servants of bunker hotels. Pull me towards these future megalopolises that I dreamed of, flying like superman over a Hong Kong that is not Chinese, and buildings with glass roofs from which we follow the course of the sun when it plunges towards the other hemisphere with alchemical reflections. But who sees if not me and my panting roots that whip me to be still the same, here or there, here and there.

And I travel in painting, from one canvas to another, I move forward without knowing anything, without a catalog, my risks are inglorious. I welcome other meetings there. I forget my fatigue.

Today, July 22, 2021, the Tokyo Olympic Games begin. The flags of the athlete delegations will march past empty chairs, as always.

Joël Gayraud

Transforming the world to make it worth roaming through

It has been so many years now that the sense of travel has been lost! The wanderings of Jean-Jacques by the roads of the Alps, the teams of Segalen through China, the crossing of the Halles at dusk, the continuous drift exalted by the Situationists seem hardly conceivable today. What struck the very idea of travel with inanity is the assassination of cities, the mutilation of the countryside, the blight of the wild world. Who can seriously desire to go to the Roof of the World today knowing that they will stumble over the same beer cans that litter the sidewalks of their hometown? With a devastating momentum sweeping away merchant society, a new human type has taken shape who is both the agent and the victim of this regular rampage, the mass tourist. What predigested images of Venice they will have grazed, the cruise ship passenger who soon returns to their floating barn as high as a 30-story building! As for anyone who brazenly claims to deviate from the beaten track by setting off with their backpack to explore the depths of the deserts, they were annoyed to discover, in their much desired solitude, an old German hippie who has been camping there for ages. Mass tourism has explored everything, even

in its apparently less gregarious forms. We've never traveled so much, but there have never been so few travelers.

The pandemic and its senseless restrictions will have had the merit of deflating the balloon of this morose locomotion for its millions of adepts. All these people who thought they were traveling and only paraded along predefined circuits were deprived of their periodic hobby for more than a year, and complied with it like the rest. They convert quickly and painlessly to travel on the surface of their screens, and have found certain advantages and comfort in two-dimensional transhumance with Netflix, sitting back on their sofa. For this kind of trip is none other than the truth of the trips that preceded it. We just hollowed out a few parameters.

And yet, we who never had the idea of turning our backs on the Mona Lisa to pose next to her, we who let you fall from above when you step back to take your selfies – your skeletons accumulated at the foot of the cliffs already form a cheerful mound – a thirst for travel has never ceased to affect us. On the trail of dreams, sinuous white wyvern undulating in the heart of the forest of unpaired images, we slide in the snowy spell, carried away by phosphorescent sled dogs. These dogs with fiery manes, amber tails and silver pupils, more wolves than dogs and by their nature resistant to any domestication, these are words, words of yesteryear and every day, words of here and nowhere, words of caresses and words of tocsin, whose barks echo in the black woods and, echoed or reflected in abyss, merge with our most vast and secret aspirations. It is led by this allegorical team that we cross mirrors, destroy certainties, approach fortunate islands, adopt the universal babble of birds. Perpetual escapees from prison for bad reasons, we are the smugglers of thought. But don't imagine that our fantastic rides are confined to the narrow walls of our skulls. They surge into social life through the underground channel of revolt. We travel through the federated time of insurrections of body and mind, where all encounters are possible. Reinventing travel will not happen by traveling through the space already given to us, but by turning it upside down. By bristling the streets with barricades, by overthrowing the Bastilles, by lighting the bonfires of the revolution.

Christopher K. Starr

TRAVEL? WHAT FOR?

What, then, is to be gained from going to foreign places where the people live outside of one's familiar ways? Let us first set aside that travel is for kicks or vulgar entertainment, or just because one is bored with one's homeland. Cruise ships and much travel literature (but not serious guidebooks) are designed for people who travel for that reason.

For me, the attraction in a visit to a foreign land must be at least one of three kinds: a) landscape, b) cultural (including political), c) biotic. In each of these, it is the unknown and unfamiliar that entices.

- a) I almost never travel by air if I can do it by land, especially by train. Riding the Trans-Siberian Railway west from Vladivostok, I never got tired of looking out the window at the passing landscapes of Siberia. One of my fellow passengers introduced me to the term *простор* (prostora), meaning spaciousness. This is central to the Russian concept of landscape. Traveling extensively by boat in the Philippines is a similar experience, as we were never out of sight of at least one island, sometimes approaching a new one for the first time. One of my ambitions is to ride a camel in horizon-to-horizon desert in North Africa, treating the unfolding of each new scene with rapt expectation.
- b) It is grand to be among people whose approach to everyday life is outside of the accustomed. It is a delight to encounter ways of doing things different from what I am used to, e.g. pointing with the lips, giving an eyebrow flash to mean “yes”, eating strange things with chopsticks, drinking palm wine. I am eager to get back to Cuba and Haiti, probably culturally the most interesting territories in the Western Hemisphere. And I would love to live for a time among Bedouins or African Pygmies. It would be a constant delight to listen to them string odd sounds together when they talk. In a strange land it is fun to interpret their incomprehensible utterances freely, but more than that is just listening to the people utilize sounds outside of my experience. It bears mention that I seldom go anywhere for the famous “sights”, as the emphasis is on getting inside ordinary life.
- c) In the course of 50 years as a biologist, I developed an extensive wish list of species (mostly animals) that I would like to see in their native habitats. I have had good success with some, such as both New World and Old World army ants, fungus-growing termites, both African and Asian weaver ants, and macaws. Among those that remain to be seen are the aquatic spider *Argyroneta aquatica* and running giraffes. And I very much want to hear and smell a wild jaguar.

In all of these, I am very much open to fortuitous encounters, something of which train rides are especially productive. On a train in Italy I once had a fine conversation with a toothless beggar. When I was accosted by a prostitute on a street in Berlin I regretted that she was at work at the time, as I would have loved to quiz her on her daily life in commercial affection.

I have unintentionally been lost a great many times, and the first realization is always accompanied by a rush of joy. “Oh yeah, I’m lost. This is so grand.” In time I am obliged to un-lose myself, but not before reveling in the lostness of my situation. The reason for this is simple. When one is lost in a strange place, one is more in that place than when one knows the way. The place surrounds one close and intimately, so that one is much more a part of it.

Stuart Inman

Eternal Return Ticket

This enquiry asks very necessary questions. These are questions about, not just travel, but freedom, movement, space, and clearly not just our physical bounds and the breaching of them, but new constraints on our mental freedom. This is a subject I have been considering for some time, hence the title of my blog, *The Space That Remains*, which predates the current pandemic by about a year. The title was adapted from a title by Giorgio Agamben who I have frequently found to be a profoundly relevant thinker for our time. His *Homo Sacer* project considered the reduction of our lives and our freedoms to 'bare life', the suspension of rights in a 'state of exception' that becomes, in the current phrase I seem to hear every day, 'the new normal'.

In his latest work, *Where Are We Now?* which functions both as addendum to *Homo Sacer* and as an on the spot critique to the emerging situation, he suggests that regardless of the nature of the pandemic and of absurd conspiracy theories, those who hold power are not likely to relinquish all control of the social that they currently have in their grasp, and the degree of our social unfreedom will increase. Furthermore, as the constraints of lockdown diminish, we may not even notice our loss of freedom until we try to exercise it, so unused to being out among each other will we be. An example is a bill going through Parliament which would limit the right to protest, and as too much of the opposition to the bill seems half-hearted, we may well see it become law.

So, what should the task of the surrealists be in relation to our freedom to move and act in accordance with desire? We can't simply abdicate our social freedom and insist on the inner journey, any more than we can pretend that having total freedom of the public realm exists if everybody thinks and acts the same. The outer journey is the inner journey and vice versa and the degree of freedom we possess exists in direct relation to our ability to articulate it in both inner and outer realms, or, to coin a classic surrealist phrase, in our ability to make the vessels communicate.

As soon as our actions can be seen to have an effect on the social realm, we will find oppressive forces breathing down our necks. We are likely to need to be careful and to be brave. I can't imagine the degree to which this might be necessary; I can only hope that the long term loss of freedom might be slight.

I think the single most relevant aspect of travel for a surrealist is inwardness. By this I mean that, while the imaginary journey is already inward, we need to recognise that a journey out in the world is also a journey inward, to our own heart of darkness. I'd like to suggest that a corollary to this might be to find in imaginary journeys a concrete and outer double, the two creating a sort of Moebius ribbon that is both inner and outer.

Because we surrealists are also a community, our travels along the inner and outer spaces of our existence need also to develop a new kind of intersubjectivity, to

break down the miserable myth of the isolated self, to find points of agreement in our inner lives and new kinds of agreement on action and vision. Communication of experience is the key to intersubjectivity, the forms of travel; however they take place, spun between individual minds, creating a shared mesh of experience. Through this movement, from the outside in, and inside, out again, between one and many, remaining a moving target, or under camouflage, perhaps we can retain a modicum of security in which we can dream, and enact, a better world, and an indictment of the one that exists.

2 *What responsibilities are you escaping from back home?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

From the compulsion to repetition, of having to make a bed. Servitude that is death.

Jason Abdelhadi

Habit, mostly, and its social-economic enablers. And maybe more generally, being known. There is a real joy in being in a forest on a foreign continent without anyone's knowledge about your exact location.

Mattias Forshage

Being me. The more adventure-like the journey, the less I have to keep up the old well-known personality configuration and all its accumulated preferences, tasks, interests and relationships. The chores and professional tasks of that identity are just among its most striking aspects, and some may be the very pretexts for travelling whereas others it will be possible to put aside on the hatrack.

If I travel, I feel most comfortable if I am being kept busy with exploring the new place and its possibilities (and the modes of interacting with travelling company, if any) at least for several days before I have to “come down” and check my email and start continuing any old series of notes. I was always rather horrified when some people insisted on calling home every day, to their family or partner or best friend, that seemed to me to be quite contrary to the undertaking of travelling. Did they really want to go around as mere embassies of themselves?

It is in this way that surrealist games and explorations (and hopefully sensual pleasure) may be equivalent of travelling, you abandon your civil identity and it fades back into a generator of suggestions like so many other instances, while you become a generalised sense organ on legs; similar to the bloodhound or hawkmoth of poetry.

3 *Do you disbelieve in the inexhaustiveness of the imagination?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

Under certain conditions the imagination is like the water cycle, and 5 unavoidable stages are fulfilled in it: Evaporation, Condensation, Precipitation, Circulation and Transport.

Jason Abdelhadi

When it isn't exhausted, it's inexhaustive. Or maybe, irregularly inexhaustive.

Mattias Forshage

Imagination is probably inexhaustive, but I certainly don't think it is absolutely autonomous from circumstances. New or changing circumstances will encourage the imagination, sometimes by forcing it to interpretations and a certain sense of reconciliations, sometimes by seductively replanting it in a new atmosphere, sometimes by just boosting the tempo and the quantity and emotional impact of the associations. Or not, it might keep you busy with trivial difficulties.

4 *Do you disbelieve the alchemical cornerstone that the philosopher's stone is immediately available?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

Without a doubt. And because Secret Societies practice it, it is available to everyone.

Jason Abdelhadi

If it's immediately available it's also perfectly delayable, for effect. But then we are specialists in sabotaging the availability of the nearby despite our conscious intentions, and so it is often a big game to surprise ourselves with the immediacy of something through complex detours.

Mattias Forshage

No. When I was young I might have believed that this gives me a moral obligation to stay behind and wait, but later I realised the point of failed experiments.

5 *Do you disbelieve that fortuitous encounters may be found in all kinds of locations?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

Not in all kinds, but only in those instructed by desire.

Jason Abdelhadi

They may happen anywhere, but there's something to be said for boosting their chances by choosing an unfamiliar location where everything, with a little luck, and for a limited time, can seem like a fortuitous encounter.

Mattias Forshage

No, and thus by travelling I will expose myself to the possibility of other ones which will be no less (and admittedly not necessarily more) potentially important than the ones bumped into without travelling. It is a matter of mathematics, and we should not have to discuss mathematics.

6 *To what degree are you actually able to grasp an alien cultural context?***Juan Carlos Otaño**

To the extent that I can retain the capacity for receptivity.

Jason Abdelhadi

Probably not all that well, especially because I have a tendency to research and attempt to frame it from a few different angles before I even get there. It's very easy to overemphasize trivialities and exceptions and so it's probably safer to bracket the whole question of characterizing a cultural context if it's not needed.

Mattias Forshage

It varies, which is not really a problem. Exploring the new circumstances is always partly about making some kind of sense of local living conditions, understanding how it is possible to have a life there, both very materially and in terms of cultural peculiarities. Getting one's head around it anthropologically, historically, politically, climate-wise, nurturement-wise, and accommodating one's body to it are probably natural parts of the process. What creates a network of meaning around the experience is the gradually revealing of this while at the same time (wherever possible) maintaining to appreciate the awkwardness, incoherences and brilliant absurdities that may perhaps be visible mainly from an external viewpoint, to keep revealing its irrationality from another viewpoint than stubborn prejudicedness or sense of superiority. Prejudice and projection are not moral faults that need to be condemned and should motivate abstention from reaching out, they are rather fickle psychological patterns among others that can be exposed and brought out on the table as elements among others in the mutual playful exploration.

7 *Is the firsthand experience of funny people speaking unintelligible gibberish doing idiotic tasks in absurd settings good entertainment?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

“Life is too short for chess.” (Lord Byron).

Jason Abdelhadi

It is absolutely good entertainment! I think from ancient and medieval era travel literature I can assume people have always enjoyed entertaining the possibilities for another kind of life. Entertainment can come from entertaining options.

Mattias Forshage

Oh probably, but I'm not much concerned with entertainment.

8 *How are you concretely contributing to local struggles at your destination?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

Providing ink and paper.

Jason Abdelhadi

Of course this is important to consider, but just as difficult to find the right networks in certain contexts. But depending on one's temptations it may end up objectively preferable to remain a “mere tourist”. I have a tendency to overdo it when given the chance... One time while visiting London I caught wind of an unfolding protest on the news that I wanted to join. I frantically ran around but couldn't find it anywhere, and ended up running through tourist areas confusedly, areas I had been avoiding but funnily enough ended up running through against my better intentions. The disorientation was nice anyway.

Mattias Forshage

It varies, but it is always a relevant question. You might arrive with a mission, but it might not be relevant once there. Meeting people and sharing experiences might be enough, but it might also invite further involvement.

9 *Does it matter if unusual experiences are paid for with good money or not?*

Juan Carlos Otaño

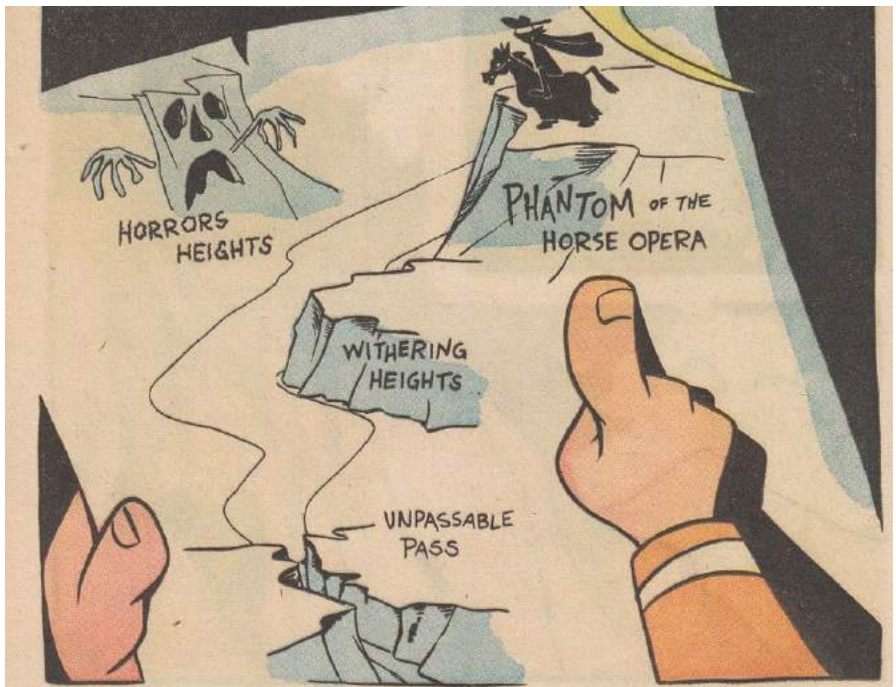
Only with other exchanges, and never with money, can unusual experiences be gained.

Jason Abdelhadi

If one is paying one has to a certain degree bought into a previously structured experience (by someone, some corporation, or some museum etc). So the question is how unusual it really can be given that limitation. But if it is, it is!

Mattias Forshage

Yes it does, but only to a certain extent. When I was young I might have ultraradically claimed that it is the opposite of an unusual experience, but nowadays I don't believe that imagination follows morality that obediently. Just one step less directly, you habitually have to pay for transport and equipment when you seek out your own experiences too. It might just boil down to the old question of whether everything is tainted in capitalism. If it is, it still doesn't settle it. I mean, sure, I would believe that when paid experiences become more specific and more frequent in a person's life they will also have a clear tendency to become more of commodities or mere entertainment and less of significant experiences. But the sphere of unusual experiences is never strictly determined, it's always up to chance effects, negotiations and a generalised availability. This is how there is still such a thing as poetry.



Map from *Beanie and Cecil*, no 4, Apr-Jun 1963



**FROM OUR
DEPARTURE
FROM HOME
TO LEAVING
SOCIETY**

AT THE AIRPORT

by E. F. Granell

What happened to the Romero family at the airport served them right. Having arrived at the last minute, the Romeros and their young son found that they almost missed taking their trip. This should serve as an unforgettable lesson for everyone.

The ticket agent asked Mr. Romero,

“Where are your brooms?”

“We didn’t bring any brooms.”

“No flying without a broom.”

“Then I’ll go buy them!”

“It’s only fifteen minutes until departure. So hurry. No flying without a broom,” he repeated.

This all happened to Mr. Romero because of his extreme calmness and his obsessive belief that there is always time for everything. He didn’t even take into account that it was their first airplane flight.

“The travel agency will take care of everything,” he said.

His wife had warned him a thousand times:

“Everything, no; not everything.”

And Mrs. Romero was right. The travel agency had seen to the airline tickets and the tickets for the bus to the airport, taken charge of the baggage, and had presented them with the brochure concerning ‘behavior during the flight’. The agency had even reserved a room at their destination, and of course, gave them the Sweeping Manual. But it was well known that the travel agencies now did not take responsibility for the brooms. Earlier, they had; but in the end, the demands were too much for them. Since all of the passengers were of different sizes and constitutions, making brooms available in the required numbers, weights and sizes obliged them to maintain enormous storehouses and a large number of trained staff for a service that, in reality, had little or nothing to do with the functions of air travel agencies. Brooms, after all, could be acquired at many other places; at pharmacies, kiosks, cinemas, medical clinics, public urinals – and retired immigration employees had the right to sell them as well. As a last resort, it was also possible to obtain them at the broom storehouse of the airport itself.

Having put his trust in the airport’s broom storehouse, Mr. Romero had placed his family in the embarrassing situation in which they now found themselves. Mrs. Romero was furious:

“Didn’t I tell you? Everyone has brooms and we are the only ones without them. Look at how they’re staring at us.”

It was true. Everyone was looking at them. What were these intruders doing, the

other travelers asked themselves. They weren't employees since they weren't wearing uniforms, nor travelers since they didn't have brooms.

"People are going to think we have never traveled before," grumbled Mrs. Romero. And the boy complained:

"Daddy, all the children have their little brooms, but not me."

Mr. Romero pressed his lips together, forcing himself not to say anything, while organizing their documents.

As soon as their passports were stamped, he told his wife:

"I'm going to run over to the storehouse. I'll be back in a jiffy with the brooms."

As soon as Mr. Romero left, an employee approached Mrs. Romero.

"Excuse me, are you traveling? And your brooms?"

"Daddy went for the brooms," said the little boy.

"My husband went for the brooms. He already knows that it's not possible to travel without brooms. Thank you very much but it's common knowledge."

"What an adorable child," said the employee, and he gave the boy a yellow button with a little broom painted on it.

Mrs. Romero sat down with her son, who was whimpering in a corner. When another family walked between them, each member carrying their own broom, Mrs. Romero bent her head, pretending to say something to the boy. But in reality she did it to avoid the glances of this family and the others who stared at them with impertinence because she and her son had no brooms.

"Look what your father has gotten us into . . . I knew in my heart that we would end up without brooms and not be able to travel."

"I want Daddy to buy me a little broom."

Whistles blew and the crowd of travelers began to move in hectic commotion. The multicolored broomsticks lent the surroundings an air of optimism and joy, just like an open-air dance. The people ran from one end to another as teams of travelers were being organized. The colors of the brooms made the task easier. Women had yellow brooms, the men's were red, and blue was for children.

"Look what your father . . .! They're going to begin sweeping and we don't have our brooms."

The teams formed in no time at all and quickly dispersed through the different offices, hallways and departments of that section of the airport. Immediately the intense whoosh of an immense collective sweeping was heard. The travelers swept the floors with considerable vigor and brushed the edges and corners with enthusiasm..

Mr. Romero appeared suddenly, exiting the elevator. He was carrying the brooms which he lifted triumphantly.

That day very few white brooms (those of the single women) and black ones (those for bachelors) were in evidence. No one knew why brooms for widows and widowers were green. Yellow brooms were the most abundant, so the uproar was

phenomenal. But now, with their brooms, the Romeros found themselves in a situation as ridiculous – or even more so – as when they didn't have them. There they were, with their brooms, not sweeping or anything, because they weren't a part of any team. They were just awkwardly, bashfully standing around. When a large, noisy group of youths of both sexes, all with the white and black brooms, shot out of the escalator and spread through the rotunda, they felt an enormous sense of relief.

The new arrivals were organized into teams on the spot. Mr. Romero joined one of the teams, then looked at his wife as if to say, "Didn't I tell you?" Mrs. Romero joined another group (but she didn't even look at her husband). Couples could join a team of other married couples, or separately join teams of singles. In the end the colors of the brooms indicated the status of each traveler.

For the time being, the boy was bewildered. An employee encouraged him:

"Go ahead, sweep anywhere you like, until we see what they'll do with you. But how well you sweep! You're a real traveler. You sweep beautifully!"

The boy was eagerly doing what he could. A nurse appeared carrying in her arms a little girl who was coughing, saying, "She's allergic, it's just that she's allergic . . .". The employee who was taking care of the boy asked the nurse:

"Which team?"

Everything turned out happily. In the blink of an eye the airport was perfectly swept. The individual effort, imperceptible. The result of the collective action, a marvel. The teams came back together. Each one stood in their place. Now they had their brooms facing up – that is, brushes pointing towards the ceiling. With so many brilliant broomsticks of various colors, it gave the impression of an enchanted forest in motion.

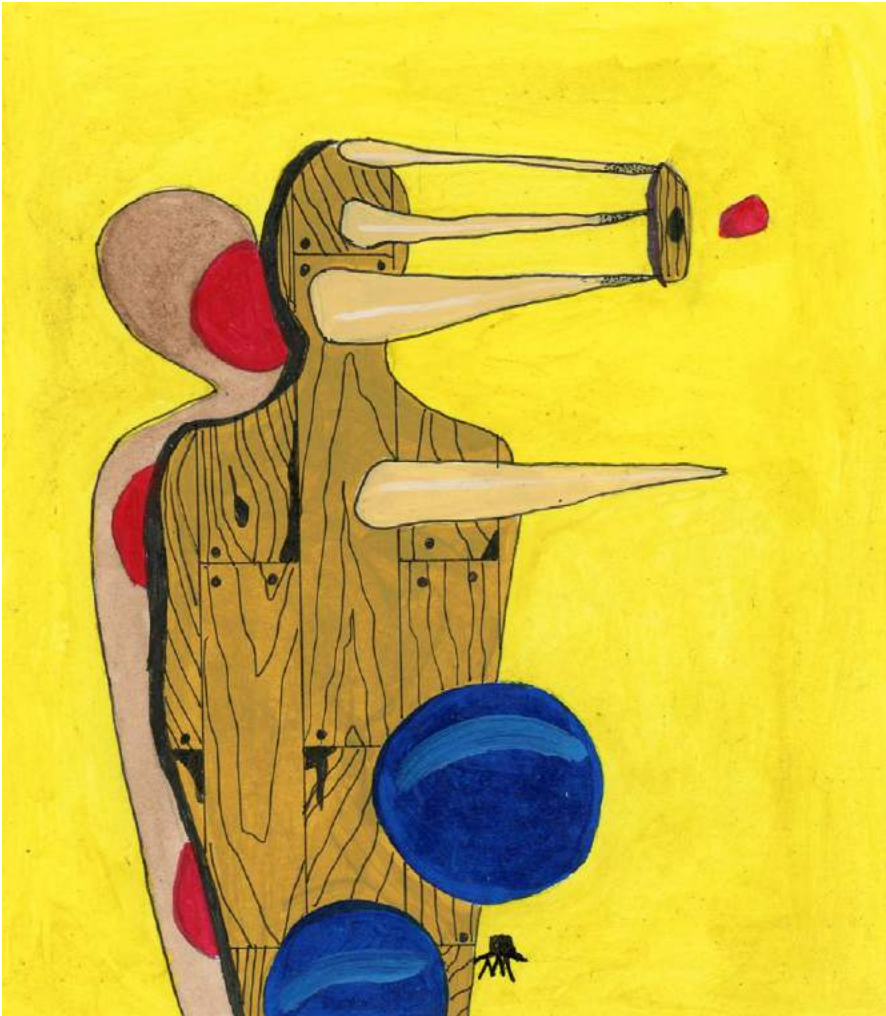
Replacement employees arrived with their knapsacks, pressing a button on each broom that transformed the airport-sweeping brush into another, much smaller and softer, that was now the airplane-sweeping brush. They also gave each traveler a metal hook:

"It's to stow the broom beneath the seat when it's not being used," they explained.

Thus provisioned with their equipment for use and storage, the travelers – without disbanding their groups, only changing direction to line up – headed for the exit doors. Soon long lines of happy passengers could be seen setting off for their respective planes from various gates in the airport. Just a few children were twirling their broomsticks, but they would go on learning, little by little, to carry them erect, as God intended.

Translated by David Coulter + Kathryn Kirkhuff

Another translation of "At the Airport" by Beatriz Hausner was published in The Lunatic Gazette, Series Two: Volume One, Number Two, November-December 1982.



The Apataphysic Man
Andrew Mendez



Relaxin' at Kilauea
David Coulter

POWER ON

by *Guy Girard*

Any trip, when not reduced to a simple movement in space coerced by banal and too often unavoidable necessities, turns out to have an initiatory dimension. And unless you behave like a pilgrim of some first or final cause, a devotee of some belief – religious or not – this dimension offers the feeling of experiencing the world in a symbolic efflorescence, superimposing the thousand accidents of reality on subterranean inclinations of the heart and the mind; it first flourishes only unconsciously before manifesting itself by disturbing signals, the feelings of *deja vu* and objective chance. The spirit of the traveler, thus awakened, can then take hold of the poem of the world, an unfinished poem, which our predecessors may have called surreality; when Victor Segalen, from a still imperial China, lived an experience of the diverse.

Initiation: itinerant, itinerary. Where we want to go, that place where we feel more or less confusedly called towards is paradoxically, to use the title of a fine book by André Dhôtel, *the land where we never arrive*. There where all these initiatory trips, indeed, all these departures towards some paradise all the more unforgettable as they were imaginary, the Atlantids and the kingdoms of the Queen of Sheba or of Prester John, the Penghai islands and the mountains at the top of the world where, we still tell children, dragons live... We certainly preserve the memory of all these trips, as long as they feed our imaginations to the point of daring to affirm that we are also their points of arrival: Marco Polo is finally resting in our dreams, waiting for a postcard from his old friend Phileas Fogg.

But the possibility of travel today? When entire populations of morons indulge in the adulterated joys of tourism, now somewhat tarnished by the covid-19 epidemic and subsequent anxieties, when those monsters with a human face that are appointed billionaires wallow in the expected benefits of space tourism, when the maps of treasure island have been replaced by satellite geolocation applications available on an electronic prosthesis that every good citizen believes themselves obliged to have in their pocket, which unlike those of Rimbaud, will never be perforated – neither by shadow, nor azure –? The journey begins when you get out of bed in the morning, every morning if you stay awake and then during daily wanderings. Some archaic trace remains, identifiable in the unexpected moments of conjunction between the imaginary and the real, hearkening back to the wanderings to which our prehistoric ancestors delivered themselves for thousands and thousands of years. All then were nomads, as the Australian aborigines or the Inuit still were a few decades ago, and as some Roma persist in being, despite the misery inherent in their stubborn wanderings in our post-industrial latitudes. I guarantee that some immemorial remains have nevertheless stayed with us, remnants of the continual displacements

that they all experienced, migrating across landscapes from hunting ground to hunting ground under skies which have never since been so starry, such as we were able to conceive of them imperfectly to our urban understanding, or of the trail songs of the peoples of the Alcheringa. It is this *psychic nomadism* that is the mark of poetic thought in its opposition to rational thought, increasingly dominant as it reduces the world to a binary language made up of sequences of ones and zeros.

A psychic nomadism which can certainly choose to appear, as it did for Baudelaire, under the veil of nostalgia for distant islands. But this disposition of mind inherited from romanticism also revealed to him that the winds that give tropical palms their odalisque sway could also blow, as if inadvertently, in the sage groves of the Luxembourg Gardens. Just as moments of waking life can be confused with dream images, the near and the far can be intertwined, places from here and there: the first condition of a change of scenery is paradoxically to be able to recognize in a distant country secret analogies with the place where one comes from. The strangeness of this reveals a dimension which had remained mysterious until then, which in turn exalts the differences with the distant land, and thereby accuses us of being truly and freely elsewhere. This feeling does not happen without inducing a most fertile disorder, which leads us to note deep down inside a qualitative transformation of our being-in-the-world, to extend the feeling of one's own identity to the awareness of a virtuality hitherto ignored. The famous "I is another" thus gives itself to be understood and to be lived, as also relieved from its neurotic burden what Ernst Bloch calls "not-yet-being".

When in 1992, the Paris surrealists proposed to their foreign comrades to sign an international declaration vigorously denouncing the official celebrations of the fifth centenary of the "discovery" of America by Christopher Columbus, which text developed from a canvas of our Argentinian friend Silvia Guiard and which was published in the second issue of the *International Surrealist Bulletin*, it needed a hard-hitting title. One of us proposed for this a quote from André Breton taken from the *Prolegomena to a third manifesto of surrealism or not*, a quote taken from a pocket edition of the Manifestos, which included a magnificent misprint that we did not notice until too late! This is how the international declaration was titled "1492 – 1992, As Long as Tourists Replace Seers (voyants)", while Breton opposed the latter to voyeurs! The conquistadors can certainly be accused of worse crimes than that of voyeurism; on the other hand, today's travelers, followers of mass tourism, who take their bellies to the four corners of the world, often like to savor the unhealthy joys of contemplating, and hardly far from their hotel, the miserable lives of the natives: there you have it, the opportunity for beautiful photos to flood so-called social networks!

Seer, traveler: the poetic quest, since modernity, has taken turns, and often intertwines, between these two avenues of access to knowledge through the ordeal of

a still unknown beauty. To the *Prose of the Trans-Siberian and the little Jeanne de France* by Cendrars Michaux responded with *Journey to Grande Garabagne*: the first, an unrepentant traveler, crossed (but some doubt that he really did) a Siberia infested with convicts while the second, in internal exile after a few disappointing trips, preserved both the idea of pursuing these and of hoping for too much from his infrapsychic explorations: beware of prison, and beware of any confinement, and this either in the outer or in the inner world!

However, it is not a question of determining, following Pascal's footsteps, that all our misfortune would come from what we do not know how to sit quietly, in our bedroom. The neighbors are noisy anyway, and through the window I can see, without much effort, for example, Tibet. It is true that I have on various occasions, and at different times in my life, dreamed that I was traveling in that country. Byproducts of reading, in my childhood, Tintin in Tibet, and later the books of Alexandra David-Néel? But I have never been there before. Nevertheless one evening in the spring of 2016, staying in China in Guizhou province, while I lingered to watch the sunset over the mountains, I thought that Lhasa was in fact, as the crow flies, only five or six hundred kilometers away. An imaginary journey within the real journey, as if the latter had no other interest than to serve as a springboard for awakened dreams. The test of reality as soon as it escapes all routine, happily gives free passage to the solicitations of the imagination, accentuated of course by listening to a foreign language, the discovery of different customs, the renewal of desires beyond the desirable. On my second trip to China, this time to Guangzi Province, a few degrees below the Tropic of Cancer, I watched from the parking lot of our hotel, the effervescent starry night. A hotel guest came to share my contemplation and in Chinese he named me the main constellations, words that I tried to repeat after him to remember them, while I found, somehow, their equivalent name in French. It seemed to me then that these stars shone with a different brightness, to have been named in this beautiful foreign language, a brightness doubtless testifying to this unexpected exchange, like a two-part poem.

Brief was the original harmony between heaven and earth, as between the macrocosm and the human microcosm, and as between the conscious and the unconscious; the subject of surrealism, which persists in exalting the brilliant intuitions of Fourier, manifests the potentialities of a recovered harmony, in the semblance of the mythical lost *powers of the psyche* that automatism, according to Breton, allows to revive in poetic and playful rituals. This desirable harmony is like the reverse of this inverted world, it is revealed in the experience of the marvelous which places each of us, in facing the shadow of time, where the distance between travel and clairvoyance is abolished.

July 18, 2021



the nomadic mountain
Guy Girard

LEAVE

by Joël Gayraud

Leave

start off on the right foot
suitcase in hand
foot well-booted
a boot with a serrated sole
for leaving its print
on the dust of the roads
the dust that will be gone tomorrow

A red boot on the left foot
a green boot on the right foot
the red to make you blush
joists
the whitebills
the bleubites
and vegetarians
the green one to make verdant
chameleons in the thickets
dry leaves in herbaria
the yellow laughter of predators
and the mid-summer cause

Leave carrying
the dented suitcase
the brown leather suitcase
the suitcase that contains
all the memories of past trips
photos
the pebbles
tram tickets
entrance tickets
faded postcards
that we did not send
the rings off smoked cigars
in the moistness of a tropic
or the shivering of a winter

PARTIR

by Joël Gayraud

Partir

partir du bon pied
la valise à la main
le pied bien botté
d'une botte à semelle crantée
pour laisser son empreinte
sur la poussière des chemins
la poussière qui s'en ira demain

Une botte rouge au pied gauche
une botte verte au pied droit
la rouge pour faire rougir
les soliveaux
les blancs-becs
les bleubites
et les végétariens
la verte pour faire verdier
les caméléons dans les halliers
les feuilles sèches dans les herbiers
le rire jaune des carnassiers
et le causse en plein été

Partir en portant
la valise bosselée
la valise en cuir brun
la valise qui contient
tous les souvenirs des voyages passés
les photos
les cailloux
les billets de tram
les tickets d'entrée
les cartes postales fanées
qu'on n'a pas envoyées
les bagues des cigares fumés
dans la moiteur d'un tropique
ou le grelottement d'un hiver

coasters brought back
from some forgotten continents
and who start to dance
the rounds of bars and kisses
that go back to the depths of the past
the Testa d'Albisola bar
Schade café in Copenhagen
Club 64 in Hong-Kong
Alphabet City's Two A
the Nautic Club in Microlimano
the Floridita of Havana
Alfama's unnamed bistro
the Cabane sur la Maine in Montreal
among other pubs
and bars
and dives
hardly more select
who braid
a necklace of drunkenness
around my memory
spotted

And when we come back
Suitcase a little more dented
Which we hold in our hands
heavy with other stones
other used banknotes
other holed tickets
other coasters
other pictures
more kisses
Yes
more kisses
who will follow us
or not
until next
departure

les sous-bocks rapportés
de quelques continents oubliés
et qui se mettent à danser
la ronde des bars et des baisers
qui remontent du fond du passé
le bar Testa d'Albisola
le café Schade à Copenhague
le Club 64 à Hong-Kong
le Two A d'Alphabet City
le Nautic Club à Microlimano
le Floridita de la Havane
le bistrot sans nom de l'Alfama
la Cabane sur la Maine à Montréal
entre autres pubs
et rades
et bouges
guère plus sélects
qui tressent
un collier d'ivresse
autour de ma mémoire
trouée

Et quand on revient
c'est une valise un peu plus bosselée
qu'on tient à la main
lourde d'autres cailloux
d'autres billets usés
d'autres tickets troués
d'autres sous-bocks
d'autres photos
d'autres baisers
oui
d'autres baisers
qui nous suivront
ou non
jusqu'au prochain
départ

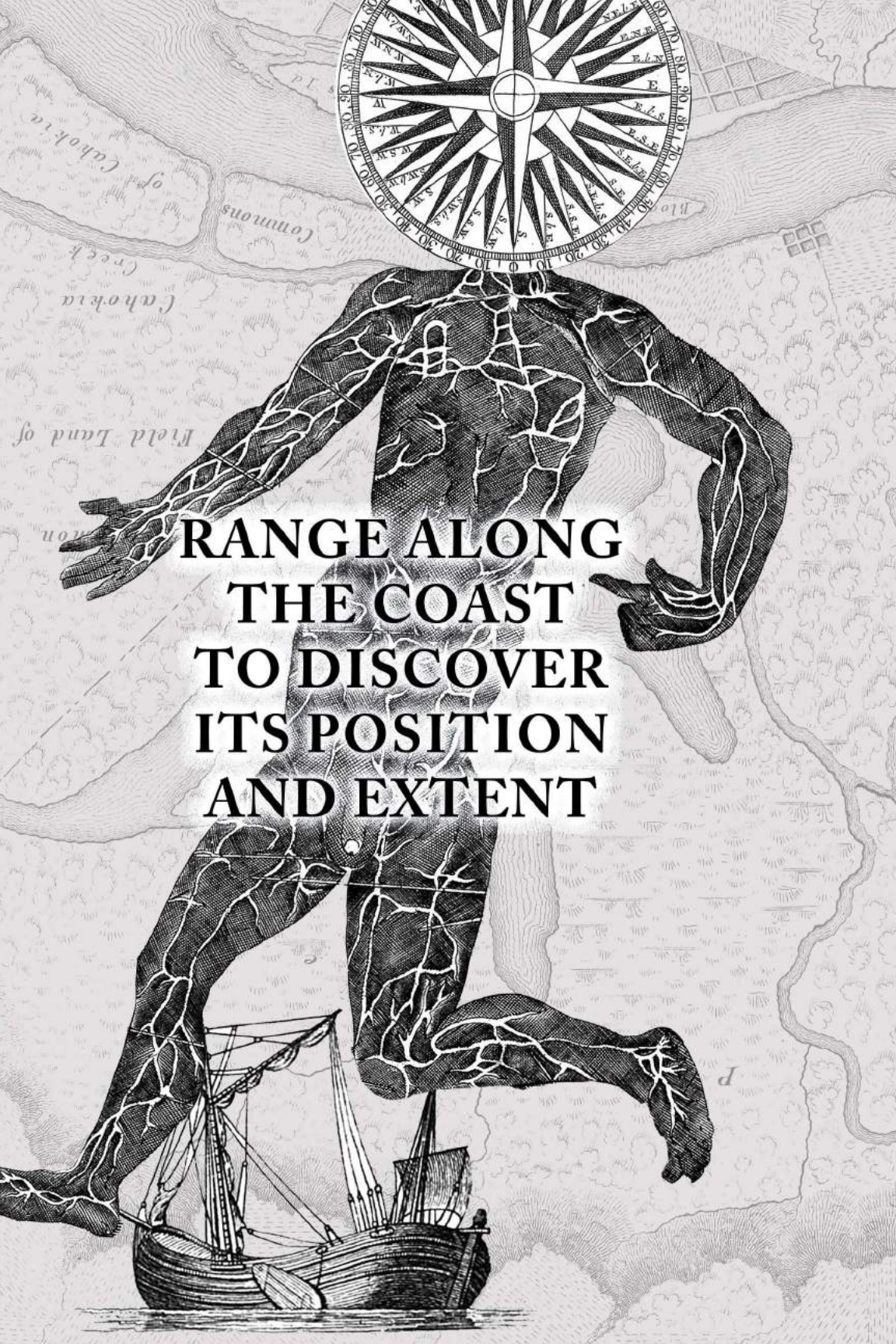


Voyage en Ukraine
Taisiia Cherkasova

OVER THERE IS THE OPENER OF THE WAY

by Wade German

Between the hollow wall and the wolf-hair wind in the attic
Beyond the breathing door and thulium window
I met you without feet on the staircase
Gliding through hedgerows with morbidly beatific grace
And descending you said to me
Through me is the way to the pensive mausoleum
The subtle fluid of the palpitating life
In the low-lying yellow mist
Gathered about me in the obsolescence
Of remotely viewed vistas
Through me is the way to the blood-stained orchid
The slightly disembodied ambassadors
Enraged by amorphous beauty
With limping iguana smiles on the gallows
Of perpetual horizons
Through me is the way of overflowing green laughter
The black rainbow the seeping pink milk
The orgasmic flicker of eyelids
On the floating porch suspended in night-thin ether
Through me my lips are olibanum
Inside and far away
But sleeping behind me in my open shadow
I said yes you certainly are
You are the way the peripheral playground
The eye-mote of ubiquity in soft afternoons of leisure
The bride of abyssal layers
The fungible form at the ectoplasmic feast
In membranous salt shallows
And you opened your many arms to embrace the underworld
In the mansions of air
Enveloping elliptical shapes beyond
The gates opened and shut
I'd rather have oblivion than be left alone



**RANGE ALONG
THE COAST
TO DISCOVER
ITS POSITION
AND EXTENT**



The Pataphysic Traveler
Andrew Mendez

MOVING BY DÉJÀ VU

by J. Karl Bogartte

The rain as clothing as splintered and sudden glimpse, there the glow-worms feast, the rain signals fire with its tender claws, its piercing glance. Mutable, this soluble face through glass, lunar entrance for the Chamber of Unfolding Chrysalids partitioned by vertical planes hallucinating barriers to pass through, never alone, never distinct enough, you pass through, dissolved by rumors, transparenting by candlelight.

Apothecary mannerisms raising the hereabouts for night vision, in sight of those luminous things, the undeniable luminous things. Moth, your eyes, arrival by telepathy.

The behavior of what passes through each aural tic and wing-shutter, with salivating touch, stooping to drink and predatory arousal, always, night opens bright being scenting blood flow. So alert to be evasive with tenderness and larvae spinning irresistible signs. The sleepwalker's desire for the most secret things in the movement of articulating bodies... Scavenging for other images. To define the hidden aspects of nature.

The sun rattles the windows, the moon throwing in the desert for atmosphere. The harpy ventriloquist sends each one of your names into vectors of spectral larvae, and the spheres slowly begin to spin ... see the trees rotating. Often the veilers and the unveilers configure each species of consciousness undercover and under fire. The pathological lotus, the assassin of high degree, a sense of ruthless articulation. Your hunger is a handful of whispers...

The weapon with green eyes and a silver lining stalled at the gate, the corridor with its rotunda of many archways, turning away the curious onlookers, while the women, naked except for the beacons, the pheromones filtered with salamanders and other incitements, pull consciousness out of a hat... The way you see yourself on the verge, the marvelous verge, the way you desire...

Quite often at this hour the beautiful chill of the Black Angelica stoops to release the full spectrum of secretive triangles. Quite often at this hour the Others groom her precious handrails throwing miniature swans caressing the spindles that passed easily through the windows like honey. She is parallel to the brandishing and the infrared ink of a sudden embrace.

To fuse incognito with jellyfish dreams and the sexuality of delightful contortions, the prime motors ejecting the littlest birds the winks and nods linger in the chamber paused in midair hesitations no longer dove or oracular.

Quite often desire is a candle-face when the mating season begins... There is beauty in the marmosets, in her painful bodice, in the mummy's flowers, in the reassembly of Osiris. Fragrance followed her shadow, spreading the aurora with sipping and the heat of hunger. The sting in the mouth of night compels the scattering of

unnatural eating habits, more quartzite than wax to cover the shadows that hide you. The reflections that revolve around you.

Lip-syncing through a curved view of sinister pleasures, what lacuna of phantom gestures between the optician and the oldest gargoye in memory, turn into a dance of awkward poses. The oldest shuddering barely covers the sight glass of fashionable targets. Delirious dervishing with the peddling umbrae of longhaired salamanders spinning mythologies of sudden encounters.

The medicines of regret are the waterlilies of losing your way among candle sticks, finding the fierceness of a lunar disguise, the rapture of hydrophaning for a sundial dressed to the nines and muttering “Oohs” and “Ahs” for an antechamber of imaginary creatures. It is understood, when the lights turn on consciousness shadow-dancing in Aztec. To be expected when moving by Déjà vu.



We Are But Everlasting Animals

Vittoria Lion

MOBILOMANIA

by Sasha Vlad

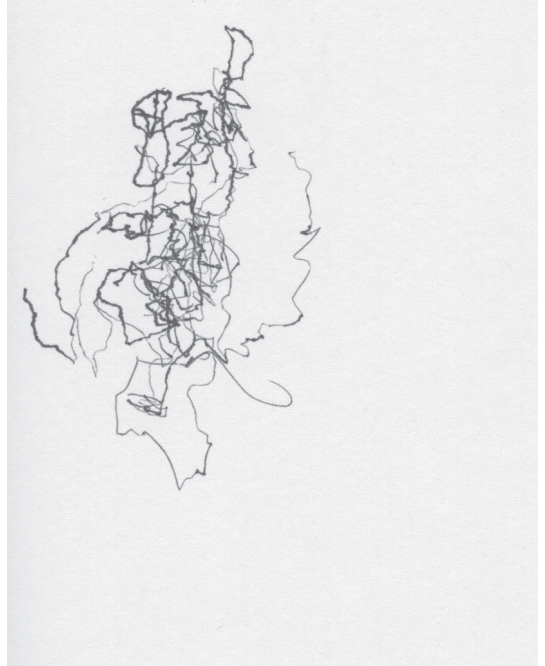
When I was commuting to my last job, from San Francisco to Silicon Valley, I found myself spending about three hours on the bus each day with nothing to do. Reading was out of the question, since the shaky movement of the bus gave me motion sickness, so I decided to use that shaking to my advantage and started drawing in my sketchbook with my eyes closed, letting my hand to passively register all the movements of the bus. The results were automatic “maps” of my travels. Sometimes, I would doze off and my hand would trace a straight line instead of the “regular” shaky ones—the closest I ever came to drawing in my sleep!

I named this type of automatic drawing “mobilomania.”









WALKING THE STORY: A GAME

by *House of Mysticum*

Humankind is a species who walks.

In our deepest core, the word JOURNEY can be found, carved in primeval psychic whispers.

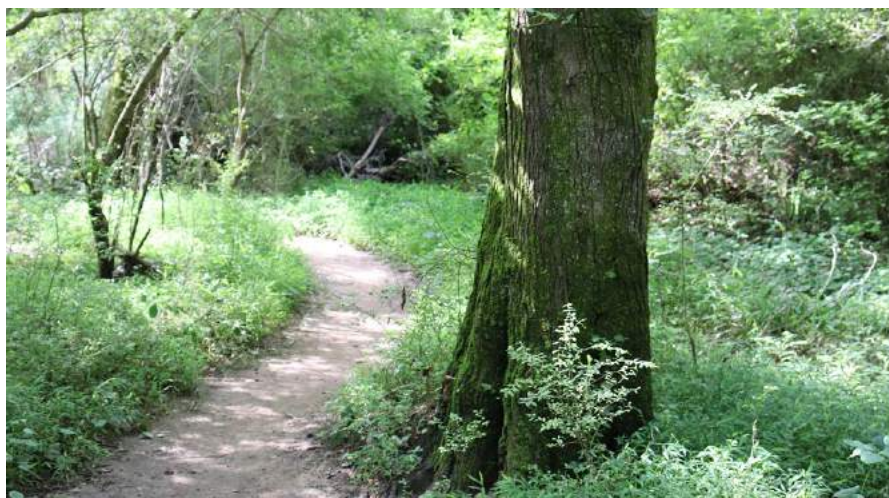
And every Journey is Story, too. Unavoidably. Story is a self-organizing, automatic entity. She is Journey's parasite, her third invisible passenger.

When a shaman "goes out", he speaks of his experience in the language of Journey and Story. But one need not ingest strange plants, fast, or lose oneself in the beating of drums in order to Walk the Story.

No, one can also choose the simplest, the earliest technique of all. In an attitude of total poetic receptivity—put one foot in front of the other—choose a direction—and depart...

In the game which follows, we have decided to deviate from the usual surrealist choice of Walking Story in completely unknown terrains. Instead, we have decided to imbue a trail which is very familiar to us with new and lasting mythic residue. The game will not end there. Over the coming months and years, as we walk and re-walk on this trail, we will study how this new myth which we've encoded onto the landscape changes and affects us. Our hope is that these walks will be deepened and transformed by our new myth, that Story will grow, multiply, and bear fruit within these trails.

And so, a tape recorder in one hand, and a camera in the other, we began. We let our minds become open and receptive, we let our automatic muse take full possession of our words, and then set off down that path. And we made Story.



THE MYTH

Newly dead, we materialize. In the land west of the west wind, in the land east of the east wind. It is a well-known place never spoken of, it's an in-between, a purgatory. Always shifting, always just outside the boundaries on every human map. We take our first baby step, and are immediately shaken by bizarre spectacle. Thirteen wild boars crawl up from deep holes in the ground before us, splitting surface like an army of overweight moles. Elsewhere, the ghosts of murdered deer stand guard, whispering to each other as we pass, trading their secrets. From the sky above a colony of red ants parachute down, falling in our ears, biting and beholding sacrament. We quicken our pace.



We soon come across the frigid bodies of two lovers on the ground, cursed by some evil sorcerer no doubt, forever entwined. Last holdout against a soggy soil of exile? Unperturbed, the god of electricity descends before us, trading in his desires for a short erotic dalliance with a nearby stillborn trashcan. We take the path on the right, wishing to pay our respects at that Last Temple at the End of History. Beware—it sometimes functions as a portal for chthonic gods, too—as an ontological “open wound”. The hole before us speaks in a high pitched, whiny voice, telling us that “at night the trees all move, the trees change places, and dance.” And also: “all are sisters lovers brothers witches here.” And the hole even quotes Heraclitus, the hole says “and you can’t never step in the same forest twice!” But enough, we’ve had enough. He makes us dizzy, this one. We walk on.



We read a sign which suggests to us that there are seven bridges which one must first pass, in order to leave behind this purgatory. “From all passers once was, it demands decisive sacrifice.” So reads the sign. It appears that a piece of one’s Self must first be left on the bridge, in order to successfully cross it. If one refuses, these stubborn little bridges will merely stretch themselves out towards infinity, postponing your crossing forever, or until proper obedience has been received. As one crosses these bridges, the seconds turn into mosquitoes, and these mosquitoes will bite hard. And that sweeping song of cicadas which you hear? In actual fact? Just the pathetic laments of all the frightened souls too cowardly to ever attempt a crossing. So says the sign. But can one really ever trust a sign, though? Can one really?

But we cross it, brave and true, and a fairy king comes a greeting us when we reach the other side. He tells us of a legendary battle once fought on this here very spot, a war between the Treekind and their ancient enemies, the Clouds. Fairy King

points over towards a patch of moss, and says: “And this marks the spot where the blood of the great forest spirit fell—his noble last stand! Many times has forest been felled in these great struggles, and yet, always is she reborn. And every fallen tree in this place, it’s a shadow pair of some dead or dying god, too—but there are always a few, always a rare witty few, who have the ability to right themselves after the fact, to rewire and rebuild...” We nod politely and continue on, embarrassed by Fairy King’s unending awkward monologues. We gaze upwards, our eyes almost blinded by the bright collapse and reformation of the epileptic sun-god who hovered above our path. Yes, and we are becoming more and more delirious...



On some strange inner urging we decide suddenly to leave the comfort of the path. We soon find a strange rusty mailbox hidden behind a pile of old bones, and wonder aloud at its purpose. Hearing our questioning, Mailbox opens his metal mouth, and he speaks. He tells us that he is both path pouch and pad for



all communiques to and from a parallel universe which inhabits this selfsame spot. We crumble up a child’s drawing of an ostrich, and drop it in the slot. A small grey notepad pops out in response, listing several unintelligible dates, times, and coordinates. Some are circled, some are crossed out, a few are underlined. We chew up the notepad with our teeth, and then swallow it, glowing briefly. Curiosity satisfied, we return to the path.

As we gaze at the intricate patterns written on the bark-bones of these beautiful, termite-caressed corpses, a flash of information is abruptly downloaded into all our minds. We understand suddenly, and with an understanding beyond all words, that these bark patterns speak a very ancient code. Barely understood warnings, lost cultural epics, all these call out to us, begging our unseeing eyes to truly comprehend. So many voices shouting at us, yet we cannot understand but a tiny inconsequential fraction.

One among our party manages to decipher a strange message claiming that “every sprouting mushroom here is a surrealist Egregore on holiday.” We shake our heads in delight, we shake in purest confusion. We shake, and shake, and shake. Our heads become extremely spooked at all this shaking, and soon scatter deep into the woods, leaving us irreversibly, painfully bald. A tragic mistake.

We turn a corner, and are confronted by the fossilized drama of the Twelve Primordial Paladins. Standing ever at attention, their bodies eternal and unmoving—except of course for that wilting, collapsing thirteenth. That bad brother, that evil twin. Forest’s senile first deserter. In actuality, he has probably never stood. Or so claim the proud and gallant Twelve...



We pass another bridge, and then another. Under one such bridge, an unseen troll informs us that “in this purgatorial land, the flying insects are all miniature mermaids, are all itsy-bitsy seahorses no joke, because here, down deep in the loins of the great universe, we are actually WALKING UNDERWATER.” We shrug him off, unconvinced. Instead, we turn our attention towards Alligator Mothergod, watching as her monstrous claw slices ever so gently across the thin and transparent skin of the laughing Old River. Old River is her created thing, he is the wetness formed by the flesh of her flesh, by the dismembering of her All. And he loves her too, he loves her. A heartwarming scene to be sure. But the beating of the machine beneath our feet gives form to a new uneasy feeling in our hearts. We instinctively understand it—the mindless twilight roar of machines building machines—of incestuous omens of a future false birth. And it’s coming from the under-upper realm, too, from the place we’d so recently departed. Great turbines they were and are, spinning at us, hinting at us. And now, it seems, they have followed us. They are bleeding through into this new land of ours, infecting it with stillness. With no tail in sight, the cyclops witnesses all...



We shudder together, and quicken our pace. Above, on the right hand side of the path, we see the body of Serpent Lord, coiled around a tree. Many ages past, old Serpent Lord had found himself caught within the grip of a murderous black hole. He'd managed to extricate himself, yet, having expelled all his inward astrals to pull himself up from that vast cosmic prison, he had immediately fallen asleep here, and calcified. We give his solidified form a little friendly pat of encouragement. You'll slither again some day, you Old Serpent, we're sure of it...



Across from that living statue of the Serpent Lord, there stands a Great Mother Tree. Great Mother Tree, so shameless and so dead, is shaking boldly at us with her thousand wayward nipples. She urges all to suck, to take a deep sip from milky warm web, and inside that web, to be transfigured. A myriad of shrieking young crawl upon her carapace, lost forever in the promise of her alabaster dreams. She whispers a promise of pure, undiluted whiteness to her children, a promise of true void. A Rewombification, unending. No creature is too good for her, it seems, for we spy a human up above, and we spy possum, we spy earthworm and sea crab. For a moment we all hesitate. But then, in unison, we mutter “Not today, no no. At the very least not today...” Everyone in agreement on the subject, we walk on.

Above the treetops there swims a squadron of Great Invisibles. Their yawn is so loud here, so unfiltered and so raw, that it threatens to suck up the entire universe. So we tie ourselves to a prickly pear cactus now, our red lips vibrating in harmony. Using inverse sign language, I send several frantic messages towards them, begging wildly that they please oh please just go just depart. They seem to get the message, flying higher, heading for the space behind the sun. Danger now passed, we untie all our bonds, and head on towards that bright orifice who waits up ahead, at the end of the very last bridge.



We soon come upon it, upon the humid mouth of hell. Guarded by a wayward planet on its right, by a Nothingness on its left. We are trapped and beguiled, drawn in by the pleasures of the inferno. We see a fallen comrade, and then a second, and we step over them both. We know that the opening to hell is a prehistoric escalator, birthed by dead whale. And so we enter deeper into this diabolic amnion; in order that we might more fully incubate.



On the other side of Mouth, we find ourselves to be drifting along in a fresh cage of crystal. In a neighboring lake a platypus cries, building his spoons. Time truly has no meaning here; the mesozoic always bleeds through. Here, we can grow fangs, scales, tails. Here, we can devour. I climb my sticky offal, and I smile. The brown blood of the swamp here is eternally renewing, is eternally shed. A bright death mark is soon passed, a record of a forgotten crime. It is a tale written in white blood—angel blood. Angel had battled it out with Devil here, and both had been cast away. Both had been dialectically cancelled out, and then evaporated. Old Otter, far off on his distant mountain, had observed this all within his spectral binocular, yet he had been frozen to the spot, unable to choose either side. It is because of this inaction on Otter's part that all opposites here have been irreversibly eclipsed. It is because of this inaction that our existence is made buoyant and renewed.

We reach the opposing shore, and meet immediately with a fresh cast of unknown and unsavory characters. A disembodied hand spirit points the way to blind torment, to the joys of laceration and disease. Like it or not, to this path we now all are committed. There is, or so it is said, still one wormhole leading out of this place. But it is a doorway which only opens itself to those small enough to have been born through it. We pass a foul-smelling, crumpled old egg demon on our right, a veteran spirit so obviously well past his prime. One among our party is heard, whispering to herself in sing-song voice, crying “O, he was a good egg, he was a good egg no doubt—but now, oh now, this good old egg is cracked...” Feeling touched, we spontaneously remove our hats, and pass his shattered body in the most respectful of silence.



More doorways are found, but we are ever doubtful of escape. It seems every door here is already full, and likely, every door leads merely to another open door. Hell is a helix, that’s what my momma once said, a helix with no end no beginning. And I believed her. We pass several forks and knives entombed behind glass walls, and become doubtful of any dinner, too. Are we hungry? Are we not hungry? We can no longer even tell. Where is our stomach now, anyway? Where is our mouth? An obscene tree bursts onto the scene, wagging its anus at us. Stopping us all in our tracks. Phil yells “Ha ha! Even the trees here are sodomites!” We can’t help but agree with him, bold fellow. And we are every one of us *quite pleased*.



We continue on, swimming from obscenity to obscenity, giggling stupidly all the while. Enjoying ourselves, here in the kooky circus sideshow that is Hell. But just as we start growing complacent, the scenery changes. Time moves in reverse, the old gods are reborn, our saliva ices over. A potent circular structure descends, dropping down on forest floor beneath us. A sacrificial chamber? A vulva, a uvula? None in our party can even begin to agree on what exactly this strange new circular is, and a great clamor of disagreement is unleashed. Yet our screaming is abruptly silenced when eyes witness a sudden magnificent cascade of blood rushing out from the empty air above the “Grand Circular”. Blood menstrual, blood Aztec. Blood of the All, of the Everywhere, of the Anytime. We know our truth now, we can finally agree. This structure standing before us is our birthing chamber. And it is time to be reborn.



Towards the Grand Disintegration? Sure, why not? Will we be wolf, gecko, sponge? We don't know, but we feel ready. We have already tread this path a billion times, and we will tread it a billion times more. And this path, what is this path? This is the path made by walkers. And there is no Beyond for us here, there is no Sublime Outer. Merely this; an eternal laughing snake, a perfect circle. Our world is a carnival world, you see, a world made trickster. Our world is a marvelous, life-giving prank. But those senile old alchemists, well, they got it all wrong back then, oh yes they did. Because within the ceaseless spinning of the manic whirligig ouroboros towering now before us, we are able to see, I mean to really, to truly, to finally see—that the old snake of legend doesn't eat his own tail. He is born from it.

Wills in agreement, we hold hands, we count to ten, we hold our breath and jump into the flow. We pass through it and under it, pass over-between. We are flattened like paper and deposited on this new, final trail. It is a trail which erases our memories as it winds itself through us. As we wind ourselves through it. Yes, it is truly a walk of remembering. The kind of remembering you forget.



We see broken mirrors at our feet, we see twisted window panes. Parts of Selfhood, shedding. On this trail, we are no longer what we once were. That much is certain. Bright orbs surround us, tickle us, call us onward. Our thousand absent others, our silent companions in flight. Self-dismantling souls are we, speeding on toward a strange rebirth. There are a few benches here, too, benches for the vacillating. Yes, some entities will try and remain stationary here. Some try and avoid the unavoidable absolute divergence which awaits. But that's not us, that's not us.

Our party has been possessed by an unstoppable forward momentum. We barely can even think anymore. We can only feel, intuit. We exist like computer scripts now, like salmon. Amor fati! Around us, soft, bleak cries can be heard. An infant no doubt—but an but infant of what?

But the exit is above us, the exit! We are caught briefly in the hypnotic green gaze of the Five Watchers of the Threshold. But we break away, we make it though, we lightburst and we reverse. Internalizing all exoskeletons, becoming invisible, imperceptible, microscopic. BECOMING GONE.



SOLILOQUY FOR A HYPOTHESIS OF TRAVEL

by Antonella Gandini

The story comprises a subject, a solitary figure who travels through time and space, a creature very similar to her creatrix.

Incorruptible, she has no age, she consoles herself by looking at eternity, an infinite space welcomes her and deep solitude gives her a feeling of peace.

We are not there to be surprised, the tangible world is lost, we push further so as not to be seized with anxiety. We abandon objects filled with melancholy and follow this slender figure that has no purpose. Now she bends down fearlessly into the depths, scans the ocean.

An anomalous wave can suddenly catch it, as the bright, cold sky heralds the next Northern Lights.

The virtual journey continues, the figure dreams of new images freed from the unbearable shackles of matter, their kingdom is the darkroom. They appear like mirages in black and white, the journey ends quickly, in the blink of an eye.

We are the measure of time. There are no borders, traveling is simple, natural, no path comes between thought and action.

The figure looks into the distance, a creature surprised by her own loneliness. An unknown horizon asks her about the future, will tomorrow be the same as today? An eternal present awaiting us without interruption or discontinuity? Sensitive skin feels the sea breeze pricking like a pin, a flash of light crosses the atmosphere charged with electricity.

The Philosopher's Stone has left the world, something is emerging from the deep blue that is not visible to the naked eye, are you my love?

The wave stifles the words spoken in an incomprehensible language, bathes deserted beaches, noble faces, obvious signs of a vanished humanity, traces of animals and plants crisscross the sand, unknown footprints, shortcuts that force them to bend over to continue. Risky assumption, geography, we are the measure of all things.

The labyrinth of life branches off into many paths, many unexpected possibilities. Hungry roots roam the earth, veins saturated with lymph are lost in nothingness encouraging a vain search.

I wake up, thoughtful and alone, life has convinced me to negotiate with the dark.



Figure surprised by his own loneliness (analogue photograph)

SPRINGBOARDS

by *Janice Hathaway*

I travel whenever possible to take photographs for my work. I visit aquariums, museums, historical locations, and landscapes and take thousands of photographs. Many of these photographs include interesting artifacts such as clocks, dials, diagrams, wheels, whatever I can find to incorporate into my work. Twenty of those years I lived in Hawaii with landscapes, skies, and artifacts readily available.

New photographs act as a springboard for conceptual ideas. Then what happens if traveling is not an option due to the pandemic – not even a visit to a local museum? My solution is to stay home and travel by taking a deep dive into my photographic archive to discover unexpected springboards.

My first consideration is how to travel. Usually, I drive or fly but this time I provide my own means of conveyance. *Next Stop Amsterdam* emerges from an automotive diagram that sprouts fire engine wheels with delicate blossoms as cushions for my journey. Horns honk at my arrival as I choose my stops throughout the universe.



Next stop, Amsterdam

Suddenly, at my next stop, the universe opens, and I emerge through *Harmonious Encounter* onto the Scheveningen pier in The Netherlands along a rocky Spanish coastline. I feel the delight of experiencing another culture while watching children laugh and play the surf, fish overhead as I listen to Dutch conversations around me. “Let’s have Indonesian food or croquettes for dinner” we discuss as we walk to the tram.



Harmonious Encounter

No trip of mine would be complete without taking photographs so I need a camera. I look through my archive and find *Holiday Flash*. My camera now available, my eye peeps through the aperture as I frame new photographs, nesting into lush plants ready to spring into action.



Holiday Flash

It seems there are springboards to be found if I stay home and take a deep dive into my archive. But I am already planning my next trip.

HOLIDAY FLASH

by Janice Hathaway

Inner silence and concentration
Peering through petals, slogging through sand
I click, click, click

Immersive photographic journeys
Sometimes with friends as they patiently joke
“It seems I have waited for years.”

Choosing a viewpoint, framing, and focusing
Never knowing how the photographs will be used
I collect, collect, collect

An insatiable desire to take new photographs
That joyful feeling of discovery and possibility
I click, click, click

The background is a detailed antique map of the Aegean Sea region, showing islands like Lesbos, Euboea, and the Peloponnese. The map is filled with Latin place names and geographical features. Overlaid on the map are three illustrations: a bald eagle with its wings spread in the upper left, a large, detailed feathered wing on the right side, and a lizard-like creature with a long tail in the lower left. The text is centered over the map.

**SEVERAL
PROMONTORIES
AND BAYS, AND
A PENINSULA,
DESCRIBED
AND NAMED**

SAILING 'ROUND THE TOMB

by Jason Abdelhadi

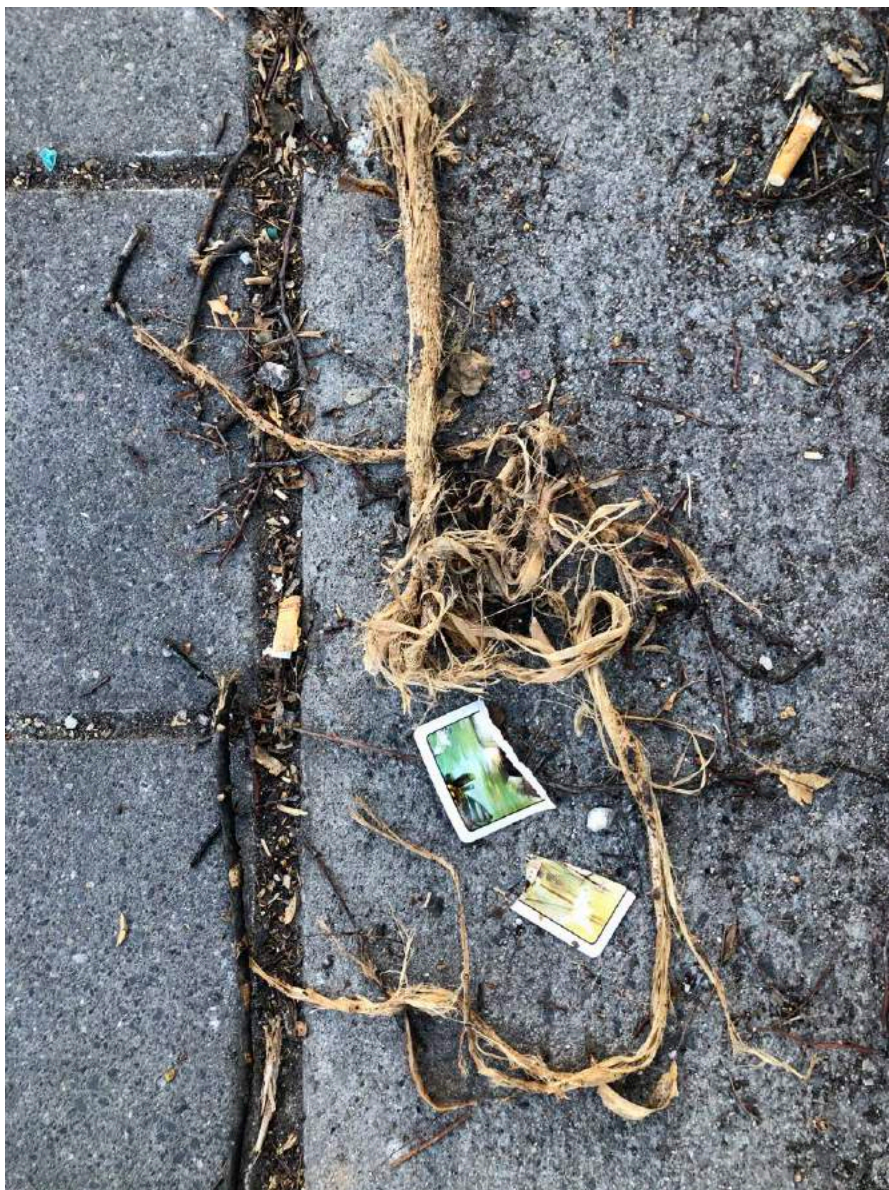
Whenever I am forced to walk by the Grotesque Nameless Monument I tend to do so quickly. Its ghastly, demoralizing form provokes such a radiation of respectfulness and dolor that it is hardly tolerable to look at, even in the shade. Mostly I lower my eyes in embarrassment.

I had just that morning by coincidence found a painting of that spot before it had been built, totally blank and much the better too, it seemed.

As I passed by that afternoon I did so with my usual embarrassment, and stuck to the ground. Lucky I did, for if I had not had my eyes latched onto terra firma and instead gawped in rapt devotion as one is supposed to I might have missed a chance to go on a strange journey.



I first glimpsed the boat in the bottom half of a ripped up playing card. It was a painted scene, and stood out very clearly against the solemn concrete. I then spotted another nearby, and then a whole one after that. And more still. It seems I had been inadvertently taken aboard a little goose chase around the monument.



The scene depicted on the card was very banal, almost perfectly eerie in that metaphysical anti-presence. A nautical illustration so generic that it calls out to one. Interesting indeed how the whole needed to journey instead of just one of the boats. There was also a white bird, and its exact inversion, a white sail, in exactly the same hue. It was very difficult to tell in the cases where the card was ripped whether I was seeing a bird at first glance or a sail.



Obvious question: was this Rimbaud's drunken boat?

A pink face scrawled in chalk winked at me.

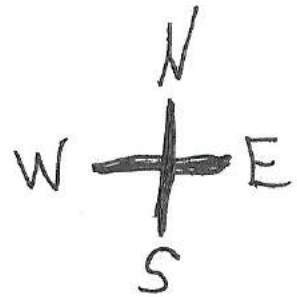
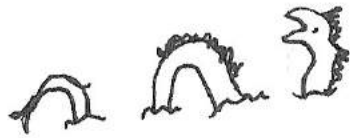
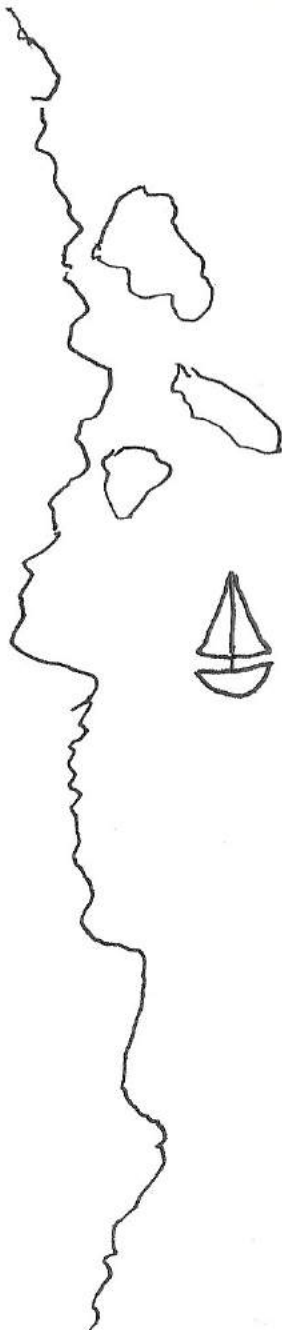
As I said, I followed the cards, face up and down, in their strange and almost artful numerological prancing around the different hotspots around the Monument. Although they were not really hotspots at all, mostly negative space, crevices, side areas designed to simply move the eye along the grand sweep to the Unsightly Central Thing. Certainly they are not given direct attention except maybe by the disrespectful segment of society who loiter around for less than respectable purposes. Following the cards drew me to these non-zones. They led me through beds of planting mud, cracks in the concrete, staircases, and even the roots of an old tree.

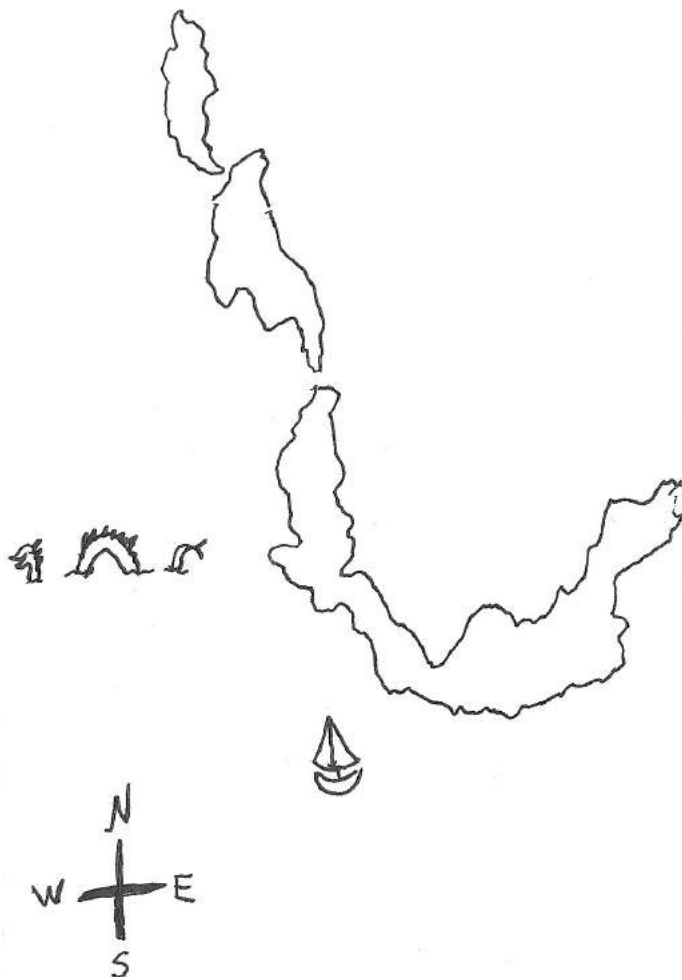


I left and came back a little later happy to see that some of the pieces had been reconfigured.

Very beautifully, the wind would pick them up and twirl them around.

I began to consider the layout of their loci, as possible cartographic features. These I have attempted to redraw as shores or islands. One ring of ice seemed very much like a beautiful ringed atoll.





A ripped 8 of spades nestled directly in the pit of the Unsightly Tomb.
After following them around, I stepped back and watched them at a distance, wondering who else might be willing to go on this strange ride.

A commissionaire on her security round to the monument glanced.

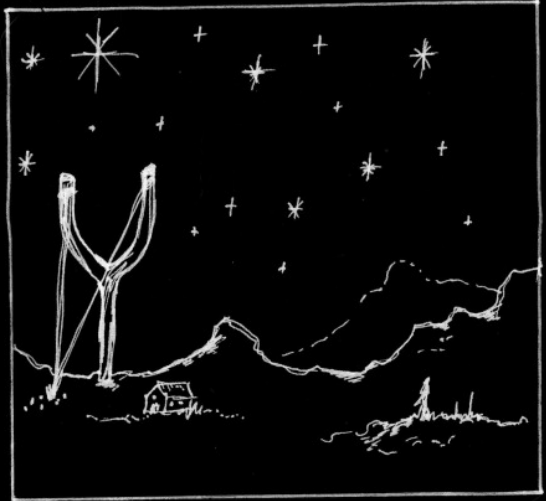
Many people didn't give any indication that they had noticed them let alone stopped.

One longer haired bohemian type was ambling by, looking around verso slowly and head banging. He did visibly stop and stare at one of the cards very dramatically.

It seemed as if a french bulldog made a lunge for one but that could have been my imagination.

Went back the next day, the cards had completely vanished, every single one, all across the different areas, not a trace left...

March 22, 2021



Comic Strip
Exquisite Corpse
House of Mysticum

TRAVELLING WITH AND WITHOUT MONSTERS

by *Anthony Redmond*

When I was just over 6 years of age my Irish family migrated (again) from the East End of London to Australia.

Those six weeks on board the migrant ship, *Orcades*, were to prove the most profound of my life journeys. Even today, more than half a century later, some indefinable scent in the air immediately transports me, synaesthetically, back to my first ever glimpse (probably somewhere near the Straits of Gibraltar) of an unbroken horizon where the dark blue bloc of the sea met the light blue bloc of the sky along a single vanishing line. That startling first intimation of infinity carried on salt-laden air still evokes in me a rush of undifferentiated visceral pleasure, as though the reduction of the universe to those two primordial blue bands allowed me to experience the entirety of my body with an expansive openness to the world for the very first time. This overwhelming experience occurred in the very first day or two of that grand journey but which became the decisive moment in the liminal passage from early childhood to some new awareness of the spectacular strangeness of the outside world. Being a child, I had absolutely no part in planning or shaping that journey except in my mind's eye but somehow that absolute lack of agency and responsibility which marks much of childhood only added to the oneiric quality of that experience.

As the voyage unfolded I would be thrown into a visual, auditory and olfactory whirlpool with random entry and exit points which included walking around the base of Mt Vesuvius, the traffic mayhem of Naples, Arab traders riding on camels seen from the ship's decks as we passed through the narrow Suez canal, Yemeni traders in small boats pulled up to the sides of the ship to trade with the migrant passengers, offering powerfully scented leather goods and bright new Japanese-made transistor radios hoisted over the deck rails in baskets with cash lowered on return. In Bombay, we toured the city's temples and pavilions by taxi and on foot and again the wonderfully potent stench of the world pervaded the streets where great hump-backed cows ambled, shat and chewed their cud apparently unmolested by human masters. Either in Bombay or Colombo a robed and turbaned snake charmer was brought on board to simultaneously charm and terrify the passengers just as his reed flute enticed a cobra from its wicker basket.

In retrospect, we children must have also received our first explicit and implicit introductions to the colonial narrative of white supremacy, alongside being taught to abide by the strict class divisions between upper-deck tourists and the residents of our below sea-level migrant class cabins. My two older brothers and I would be

shooed back below if we wandered too far beyond our station. There was even a neat resonance between our E12 East London postcode and our E Deck cabin class.

But, blissfully, all I really saw then were previously unimagined explosions of colour, astonishing animals such as flying fish, camels, elephants, sharks, monkeys and parrots, strange and somehow frightening ways of being human, weird desert and jungle plants and fruits and previously unseen heavenly phenomena like the Milky Way and the Southern Cross. None of this, though, is etched more deeply into my consciousness than that first blue heaven of the horizon's gaping indeterminacy.

Arriving in Australia was a great anti-climax. Shuffling down a gangplank in duffle coats against a cutting southwesterly wind and a cold winter rain onto the grey Pt Adelaide wharves was the opposite of what I had imagined: a vast desert plain teeming with kangaroos presided over by just one building, the fabled Sydney Harbour Bridge, with everyone wearing Tom Sawyer-style overalls and straw hats. Indeed, it was as though we had travelled a circular route back to a scaled-down version of Tilbury Docks and maybe this was part of the colonial fantasy all along.

Over the next few weeks living in a migrant hostel, though, I was delighted to find that I had escaped a recurring nightmare which had tormented my nights in the period before leaving London. In that dream, a massive ape-like King Kong-type being with a spiraling rainbow for its head would approach my bed as I cowered in fright. Just as it reached the end of my bed I would wake up in a cold sweat. The enormous size of the monster could be gauged by the fact that a blue Ford Anglia parked next to its feet only reached as far as the top of its big toe.

So, when this dream came back to haunt me a few weeks after arriving in Australia, I experienced a sense of despair that the huge journey I had undertaken had in fact failed to shake-off that terrifying chimera- the ape being had followed me halfway across the world!

Mercifully, the nightmare recurred only once, as if to bring home to me the fact that one can traverse the globe but you cannot outrun your demons. Perhaps this inescapable return of the repressed was the reason that I was so moved to the core on my first hearing when I was about 15 (and many times subsequently) of Robert Johnson's magnificent ode to the compulsive beauty of travelling, "Hellhound on my Trail"

*"I got to keep movin', I got to keep movin'
Blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail
Hmm-mmm, blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail*

*And the days keeps on worryin' me
There's a hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail
Hellhound on my trail"*

FOUR POEMS

by *Nicholas Alexander Hayes*

BUS ROUTES

On the days when schools are in session, the hog moves slowly along the highway. Children clench her teats with their baby teeth, and their fingers and toes dig into her soft abdomen massaging her mammaries as she trots down the rural routes they cling to her body like ticks. The sun is just setting and a breeze rustles the summer leaves. She carefully crosses each intersection. Cautiously snorting to let other denizens of the roads know where she is going. Absentmindedly from time to time she shits and keeps trotting. Flecks of feces splatter on the kids in the back, but they are the slackers in off-brand jeans and torn flannel shirts so no worries there. She stops at the gates of a subdivision and the kids on the front open their mouths and fall, twisting themselves to land on their feet. She has much further to go to take the rural kids home but once there she will be able to root through the dump and rut in the furrows with her feral kith.

OPENING UP

The city without tourists feels out of sorts. Stretching into the suburbs, it has put on excess weight. It doesn't like to be pinched in by other municipalities. It runs its fingers through its mid-century skyscrapers nervously knocking out windows. It scratches some as yet ungentrified neighborhoods in the west. It doesn't look too bad for its age even if it should depopulate.

TRAILS

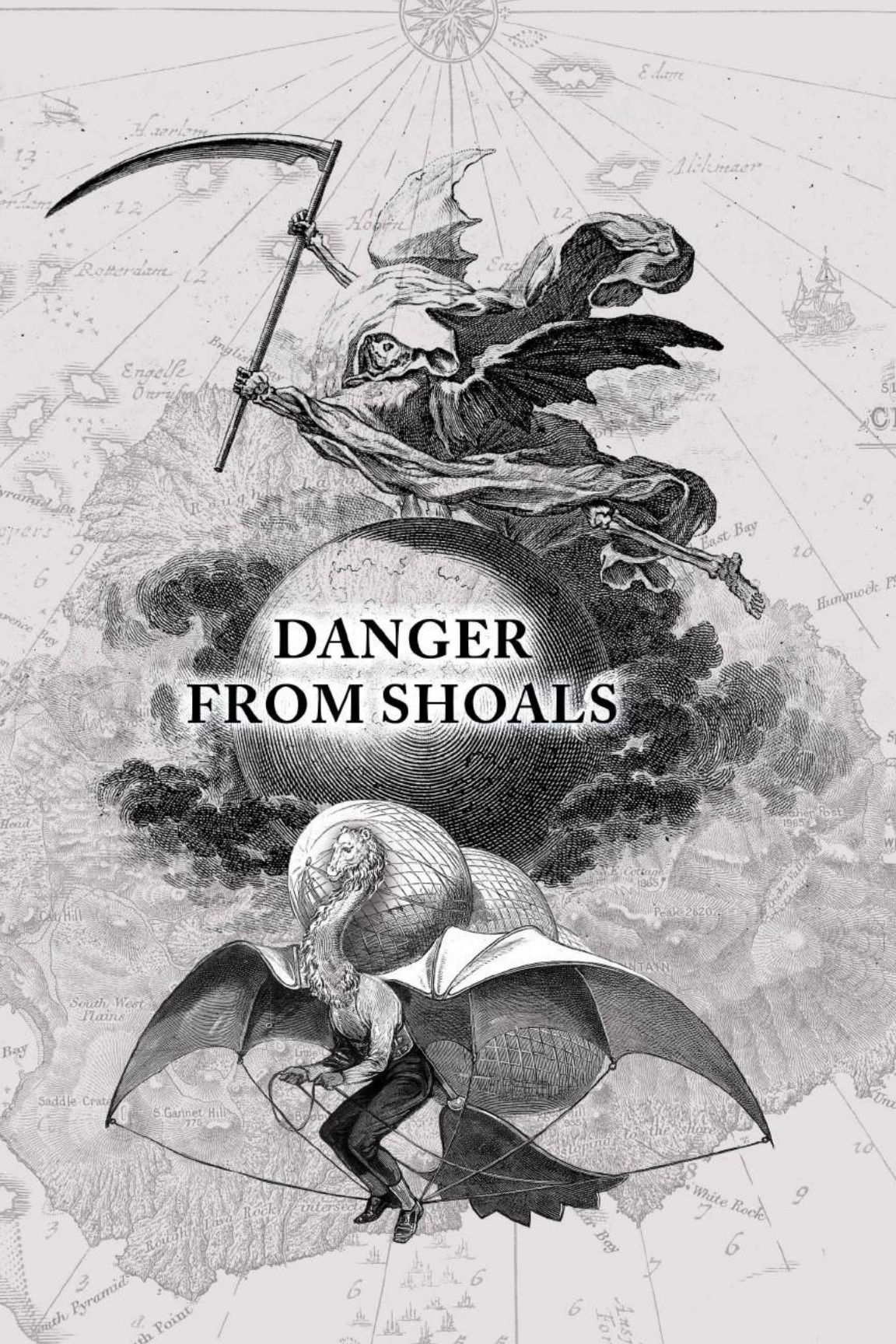
A worm emerges from the small of a young lady's back. It finds its way through a thicket of downy fur. It passes through blonde fuzz like a cherub through spring clouds. It is merely out for a hike... or well... a series of undulations forward. But don't mind it if it places a meerscham pipe in one orifice and then another trying to remember which is its mouth and which its anus. Take solace in that we all confuse need and want, compulsion and death.

SHELTERING IN PLACE

Unable to travel, a capuchin rakes his fur looking for the small cars that have been left. He of course is grateful they are not real automobiles, only simply molded plastic simulations from the game of Life. When he finds one, he removes the peg people and tosses the vehicle off the marble coffee table. He holds the pegs in his cheeks, longing for Skull Island.



Little Princess
David Coulter



DANGER FROM SHOALS



NO LUXURY OCEAN LINERS! NO WINE TOURS! ABOLISH TOURISM! DANCE ON CLOUDS!

by Penelope Rosemont

No doubt about it the urge to wander, to explore, to discover... to travel is a basic motivation for me, almost an obsession. Perhaps it is a human need for all, unless it is beaten out of you as a child and fear taken its place.

Wandering, eyes always searching the horizon, at the Milky Way, alert, scanning, focusing, the glory of being alive. New places restore us, invigorate our senses. We turn the external into the internal and there is a renewal, a joy. I am always astonished by the travelers of former days, for instance, Marco Polo who set off on a journey of thousands of miles and many years, by ship, by camel, by horse...by whatever means, learning languages as he went.

The journey is part of the life of Humankind. Hopi lore, too, as told in *Sun Chief* by Don Talayesva as the sacred journey for Salt; the Inuit journey in the winter when traveling is easier because the tundra is frozen. *On the Road* is a journey of youthful passions. *The Wizard of Oz*, a journey of discovery for a young woman. For most of human history women did not travel, except when the tribe traveled. Women were prisoners of their families, loved, protected but prisoners none the less.

If they wished to travel they had to disguise themselves as men like Alexandra David Neel who journeyed to Tibet or Isabelle Eberhart who journeyed in North Africa. I grew up in a beautiful place which I am still closely attached to, a place many persons would journey to. But I had to experience the world, I had to go to college, I had to live in Chicago, I had to go to Paris and London. I was searching for something but I was not sure what. I found friends, I found love, I found surrealism. Surrealism became a bit of an obsession, it was a key to exploring the mind and finding a self expression. In *Morning Star* Michael Löwy writes “surrealists are doomed to innovate, invent, and explore. The old ways, the paved roads, the beaten paths are in the hands of the enemy. New ways must be found—the wanderer makes the path.”

What do you look for? We tend to find what we are looking for. Somehow this has been a guide for me. That and Leonora Carrington's quote, “The task of the right eye is to peer into the telescope, while the left eye peers into the microscope.” Adding a layer of analogy, geology and history enriches discovery. How do people live their daily lives? When were the cities built? Who walked here? Every place we visit has

many dimensions in time, in space, in human experience. There is also the dimension of art, dance, music and poetry. I think about August Derleth's book *Genius Loci* about Wisconsin; the glorious collection of pottery faces, Moche portraits in Peru; the musical instruments in Paris Museum Quai Branly; the Cluny tapestries; the Papua poets series; the double rainbow over Lake Michigan; Fossil coral.

Quite a while ago in 1992 Chicago surrealists put out an issue of a newspaper called *WHAT Are You Going to Do About It?* Its purpose was to publish "An International Surrealist Declaration on the Columbus Quincentennial" entitled "As Long as Tourists Replace Seers." This document was initiated by Sylvia Grenier in Buenos Aires and signed by close to 130 surrealists. This problem of tourism grows even more rampant; it is a recurring and important question that as surrealists we must be examine carefully, the manifesto concluded, it was "poetry—an authentic act of total insubordination—that continues to explode the foundations of stifling totalitarianism. The surrealist is the companion and the accomplice of the Indian, the native, the aborigine. ...we join forces with them, longing to hear in their voice more than an echo of their past. Because we know indigenous voices, despite oppression, are obstinately alive....No one else but the shaman, who speaks in dreams, will discover the keys to the inversion of this sign: then, seers will replace tourists."



Touristic Postcard
Jason Abdelhadi

ESSAY

by Massimo Borghese

If there is one domain, one dimension, one sector of human activity TODAY to which the surrealist gaze must turn itself, one place where it recognizes itself most desperately and where it must see that ALL IS LOST, obscurely, ruinously, without return, it is precisely in travel. Nothing has been more horribly and meticulously violated by the global capitalist spectacle, through the ubiquitous triumph of mass tourism. There is no area where its action has been more excruciatingly effective. Here every catastrophe has been thoroughly accomplished.

Tourism is the result of an irreversible change undergone by travel. This means that travel is now bastardized, prostituted, sold and recycled by a totalizing tourism, from now on and forever.

And more than that: it has become the privileged laboratory of mass mental corruption. There is no longer anything on earth which has not become the object, every day, and at all hours, of the effective attention of the manipulative media, constantly orienting and realigning a universal conformism of behavior; it manipulates the public as cooks do pasta—with enthusiastic and well-paid professionalism.

We can no longer count the television programs which offer new destinations, on all channels, with an enormous quantity of images and a perfect efficiency of advertising; new places to reach at all costs, and always with the correct tourist logic: guaranteed, proven, socially promising. The objective of assassinating, of rooting out the ‘elsewhere’ from space has been achieved. SYSTEMATIC DISENCHANTMENT has spread to all corners of the Earth, enabled by the control of military and civilian satellites. Each point is observable from above and can be enlarged “with” technology, to an approximation of less than a meter.

Each trip is protected and remotely controlled by Google Maps and other even more ubiquitous applications, even anticipating a circular visual perspective of the sought-after place; this is represented in an alienated, cleaned, geometrized and plasticized way, with a perfect suppression of any “aura”. There is no sensitive place that has not been investigated—legendary or mythical places most relentlessly of all.

Everest is now an obscene dump of expensive garbage, and even the Yeti has, once and for all, lost hope of helping us understand anything about life through rare signs of its mysterious presence. Registrations for trekking in Nepal are all pre-booked for years in advance. The Pyramids are a new Disneyland with a beach on the Red Sea. Deadly motor rallies clog up desert tracks with a destructive waste of roaring engines. Lone oceanic sailors sign exclusive contracts with billionaire sponsors before leaving and agree to sign the trashy books that others are already writing for them upon their return.

The mythical places of literature and art have been cataloged, codified, institutionalized and recombined with investment in cultural tourism in order to squeeze them as much as possible to take advantage of “cultural resources.” Sporting and cultural routes, literary walks named after philosophers or poets enrich the menu of each self-respecting locale. And this is all the more aptly promoted when the administration is progressive.

The great locations of Surrealism, although hardly unorthodox, have also been unearthed by the mass public and already partly devastated. Soon guides will accompany groups of the curious along a “Breton path” or, if bored, along that of other “famous writers of the twentieth century”. Guided cultural tourism kills all forms of non-conformist passion in the bud.

“Alternative” or “far-flung” travel locations are now totally derisory. The Galapagos are shown on television every week on all timeslots. Without having been there, we now know Machu Picchu better than our own neighborhood. The Easter Island Moai have become pop icons, just like the Mona Lisa or Munch’s Scream, and they are used in comic caricatures, where they are made to speak witty nonsense.

Honeymoons in the Chiapas are offered on television, with the possibility of photographing the revolutionaries (so photogenic!). The Amazon, as well as the destruction of the forest and the enumerated extermination of the indigenous inhabitants could now be the subject of a successful video game. “Experiencing” Patagonia by bike is every retired employee’s dream.

The bicycle is far from being the symbol of a “green” mental revolution, it has become that of the social obligation of sport. We are hammered every day by these supposedly desirable images of acrobatic stupidities balancing on the sharpest, craggy cliffs and peaks. The mountain bike is proving to be a very effective tool for slaughtering the intelligence of individuals. You have to pour out the sweat and make images of it using the most beautiful places on Earth as silly backdrops in order to transmit videos by smartphone, submerging the web. Monstrous mass marathons periodically spring up in major metropolises.

SPORT has raped recreational tourism, a poor and strange creature, itself a metamorphic mutation of travel. A new, widespread form of mass delusion has emerged. The goddess Adrenaline, continually evoked with sacred fear, trampled on Venus and took her place. Great all-around equipment is needlessly made available to the common person and it swells like an ever-expanding bladder, a monstrous market for multinational logos.

So much desolation without mercy has liquidated and made grotesque the myth of adventure at all latitudes and longitudes of planet Earth – and even outside of it – a myth paradoxically born of the positivist imagination, but remaining very popular during several successive generations of readers of Jules Verne’s novels until the middle of the 20th century. Poor Captain Nemo!

The journeys we have indeed witnessed in recent years are the repeated and dramatic ones of hundreds of thousands of MIGRANTS. The “adventure” of these horrific and tormented, often macabre journeys, is undesirable for all. With the anti-human inversion of its true and mythical meaning, “adventure” has become today for so many human beings an agonizing episode and an account of tortures undergone, amidst general indifference, by those who dare to assert their desire and their freedom or even more simply to defend their survival.

Everywhere threatening and tragic BORDERS are multiplying and reinforcing themselves (and the internment camps which flout all dignity by striving to stultify existence).

This is the true face of the small, obscene, infamous REALITY that the dominant culture wants to impose on everyone as a fatal necessity and a perpetual condemnation.

Then came COVID-19.

There is nothing more to geographically “explore”. Every place on Earth has been discovered and extinguished for human desire. Others would have to be sought in places so impervious and isolated that they would be almost impossible to reach without resorting to the selfsame destructive resources of capitalist technology.

Can surrealism surrender in the face of the fatalistic observation of this “objective force” of REALITY? Never, by definition. Its horizon can only be that of revolt, of revolutionary desire and utopia, of the founding “need” of the marvelous, despite everything and AGAINST everything. It is impossible to give up a single one of the expectations that the surrealist gaze projects onto Space.

For the year 2016, I predicted that a great and wonderful and still unknown pre-Columbian civilization would be discovered by chance in the Andes, hidden in the bowels of the mountains. It was the projection of an invincible hope, that of a great revenge of desire. So let’s see what to take advantage of? We have a deep will to physically travel in TIME as well as in Space. In the future, to project ourselves into Harmony by emerging from the barbarism of civilization. Visit in flesh and blood the past, all the past that fascinates and interests us.

As soon as I have simply understood – and therefore found – the Philosopher’s Stone, what will be restored to me, among many other lost faculties, will be the ability of physically traveling through time.

We have all the imaginary resources left to our disposal. In the vast and inexhaustible space of imaginary travel, there are still MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS unmarked on maps, undiscovered by spy satellites. There remains for us the great treasure of imaginary journeys discovered by the highest literature, which opens up horizons to adventure in all its plenitude, and to the most astonishing explorations of worlds, countries, peoples, times and individuals.

This will continue to point us to the more surprisingly familiar elsewhere of feelings of *deja-vu*, lost in our own imagination or memory. This is what happens, for example, in the exquisite writing of Jacques Abeille’s incredible “Cycle of the Lands”.

But there is still a possibility for us to experience the only type of material travel capable of cutting through and bypassing all the obligatory directions of tourism permitted and codified by authorized guides. It is the journey that frees – in a direct relationship between traveler and places – *RECIPROCAL* treasures of enchantment, by listening to the signs connecting as yet unknown spaces to the subjective expectation of our meeting. This is still the case, for example, with Portugal, scrutinized by Miguel Pérez Corrales in the manner of the rhabdomancers. To love in order to understand, to accept even the tiniest unknowns of the objective case.

Finally, and at the highest level, we have *POETRY* itself, great poetry. I am thinking of the “Borders of the inhabited world” of Alexandre Pierrepont, which delivers to us (and as Guy Girard wrote) “all the places of Faerie and the coronation of another civilization which, in order to be reached, first of all requires language to recover its functions of invocation and of prediction”.



Travel Snapshot:
Cartersville Yaldabaath
Steven Cline

REINVENTING SPACE (WATER MEMORIES)

by Mattias Forshage, images by Izabella Ortiz

We don't have a plan, we just open up a rectangle and fit our aquascope there. It only bleeds a little, but the way it reveals a confusing sense of everyday life is not a pedagogic documentary. Izabella Ortiz's pictures are like the televised images picked up by that planetary probe. But you are already aware it's not what it looks like. The density of elements in seeming layers within that little rectangular frame keeps reminding you that you do not know on what scale you are entitled to do your central perspective interpretation. Maybe these luscious forests of tendrils really don't represent anything, maybe they are actually reaching out for you, tickling your face if you still have one.



It seems that space is an entity of which there is a scarcity only to the extent one sticks to a particular reference plane and projects multidimensionality as a trompe-l'oeil model. Under the sea, we can largely ignore the reference plane, both that of the bottom and that of the surface, and live in a three-dimensional world where every fold multiplies the substrate area, the living surface. Each coral twig is someone else's trunk. On the other hand it's not obvious why we'd need the surface at all. We need a surface to look out through. But that's only as long as we remember where we were sitting when it all started. Once the journey has begun it is easy to forget, because there is always a multitude of possible directions to be vigilant towards. It is easy to forget. None of it will be forgotten. It is not coded in the type of statements that are either remembered or forgotten. We have left a



lot behind. This is what travelling might be. The very same fur scalps of deadly tentacles of nettle cells and the spiderwebs of the ever bifurcating arms that provide the grid we are stuck in, bryozoans, feather stars and basket stars, are also the very ladder reaching out in all directions that we slowly and effortlessly keep climbing as if there was a way that was up and not just a multitude of further-ins. And they might not even take us further in. The nature of a journey is such that the threedimensional representation of it is glaringly insufficient in a way which is not even frustrating, it is more like an inconsequential synaesthetic translation, a little melody that keeps us company.

We are no longer under the sea.

First rule is nothing happens.

Someone was squeezing all these skirt folds into a massive vehicle. It was a kite of course, a stag beetle, a flying deer, a manta ray, an indifferently fluttering shortcut across the void.

Someone was waking up the little inhabitants of these innumerable polyps for a kind of interrogation, luring them out just to catch them making an innocent face.

Someone looked into the dazzling fireworks, and someone looked away.

First rule is that there is too much going on, there is a sweet crackling noise flooding the structures and rising as transparent sugary matrix in which it won't be possible to swim. Because of its strange level of transparence you keep hesitating whether it forms waves slowly rolling back and forth or it was there all the time. One might still press one's face against this massive living crystal-clear window, transfixed by the teeming. You always expected stone is edible, and you are hungry.

Someone had kept describing it all as peeking with one eye in the microscope and the other eye in the telescope. Suspiciously, the image is fully stereoscopic. Maybe this just suggests that patterns converge on different scales. But there is also the possibility that what we see is simply not visible at all. Like with electron microscopy, it is just a translation into a spatial image of something that can only be approached with other senses. We are seeing the invisible. It is the invisible that is interesting to watch.

Also, I wonder what exercises made them confident they still had two separate eyes. There are many other organs that are sensitive to light. Image synthesis is based on another class of secrets as well.

An impression of a human face was left in the snow. It will probably not melt away. It is protected like a volcano crater. It might fold in on itself like a sea anemone.

Someone was a new type of eye that traversed the vast canyons and ridges of the sand ripples of someone else's skin.

Someone was tirelessly trying to draw a map every night. If every dancing gesture made a luminous trace, we could see what had happened. It would become a brittle threedimensional sculpture. Someone even insisted that this was one of the things that dancing was about. And of course most of it is just the fluctuations of the



mindlessly passing through, the emergent sign language based in indifference focusedness or unfocusedness on a task, passing through and remaining. There was no one there to read the map. It wasn't for reading. It melted like candy floss every morning. It was a little thorn crown wearable as a monument of travelling. Sometimes it was possible to find a route through to the mouth, sometimes not.

It is strangely familiar what it feels like to be tangled in that tangle, in knots of tentacles which it is impossible to know on a certain level which ones are tentacles of siphonophores with the ominous nettle cells, or sweet algal threads, palpating brittle star arms or sprouting tubeworm tubes, and they may restrain movement to the extent that it seems the tide is going out and one is being left with this heap of camouflaging mess weighing down one's shoulders and allowing a glimpse into a tangled geometry that was actually going on a completely different scale. It's like waking up too early. All of it never happened. The only indication that you were on a journey is that you are actually crawling up onto a beach like a monster.



Someone was breaking into the the very geology of the coral reef, with eyes like saucers or wagonwheels or a certain tower strategically placed as if buried in a shallow depression where the interfaces of the collapsing geometries stacked upon one another kept unfolding in a fleshy parody of a kaleidoscope.

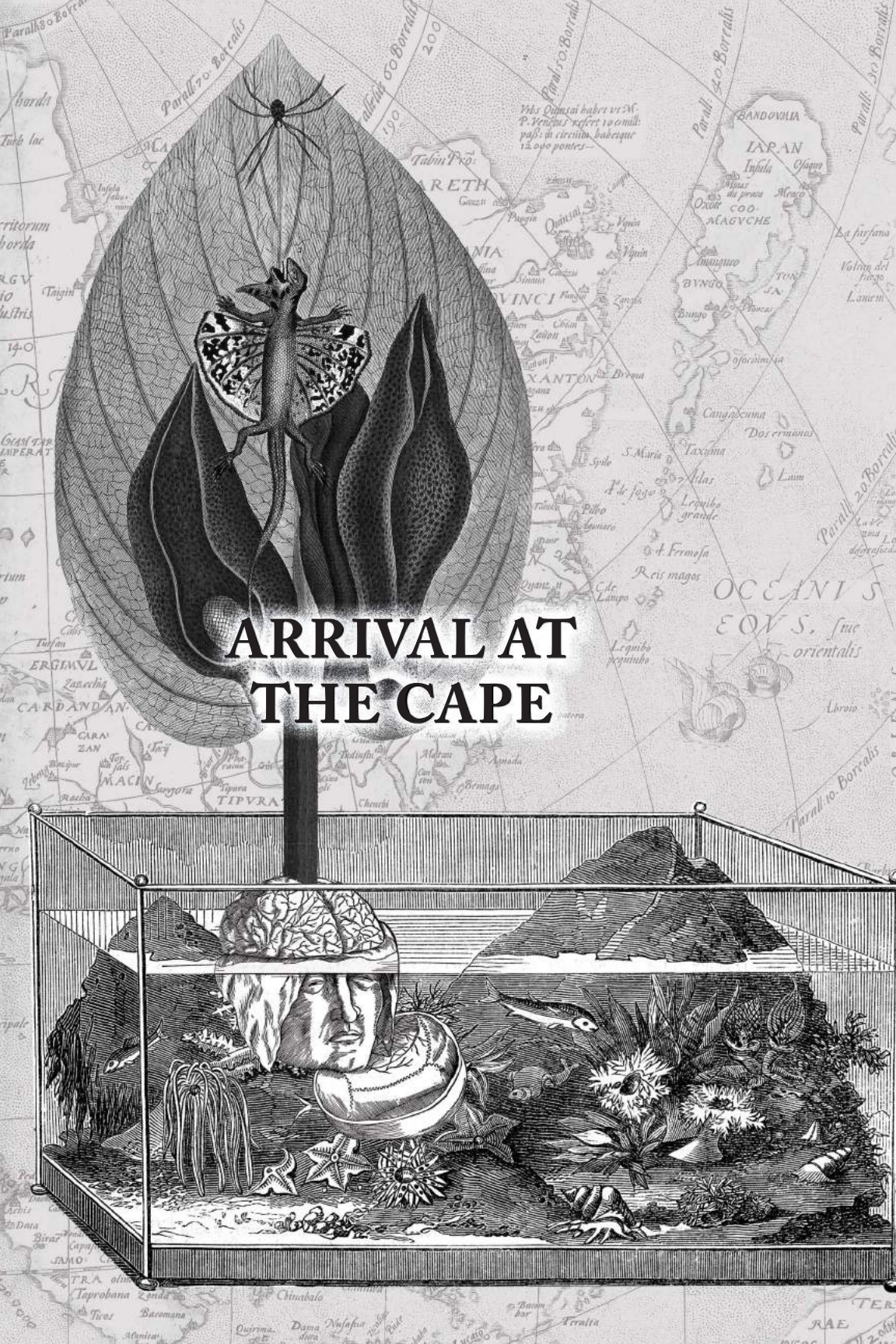
The eye is all we have left, for everything else is integrated in the movement. This might be travelling. (In might also have been the old principle that we couldn't





conceptualise travelling faster than light. There was just no way of measuring it. It didn't make sense. It wasn't a journey. There was no story to tell about it. No sweet dreams to bring to the negotiating table when burying oneself in the sediment. No sweet dreams to look forward to.)

No one remembered travelling. But in this element, this was not an enforced amnesia, there was just nothing to remember, because there was very little else.



ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE

MOTION SICKNESS

by Jason Abdelhadi (with tables by the Mormyrids)

Considerations on modes and stages of travel

Part of the reinvention of travel should consider not just those “sunny destinations” towards which we strive, but also another fundamental aspect, the mode of travel itself. How could surrealists approach the experience of undergoing a long distance voyage? The journey will entail stages and inevitably some way of getting from A to B (or C, Q, X)...In looking at different modes, it quickly becomes a question both historically and for the potential that they have in defining a future surrealist view of long-distance motion. Are the known ways of getting around sufficient? Do we need to invent new ones to reinvent travel itself? Are there some that actually already exist but aren't popularly recognized?

We could begin to assess the usuals: airplanes, boats, cars, trains etc. Criteria for assessment could for example involve that which surrealists tend to value highly in any experience. How likely will this mode open up the possibilities for a transformative journey, partially synonymous with poetic action? Things like cars, planes, boats, horses, and bikes could be questioned for their potential to hit certain expectations for an adventure. These could include potentials for dreaming (day or night), unpredictability, possibilities for collective experiences, encounters with others, encounters with situations and objects, degree of lack of restrictions (whether from police, or commercial coercion, or otherwise), romanticizing sensibility, chances for humor, danger, thrill, chances for erotic encounters, and so on. They could likewise also consider historical and mythological associations, although that already begins us down the path of nostalgia. Weighed against everything would be the likelihood of those highly unfavourable interventions by the state, police, commercial and travel authorities, border guards, and other repressive mechanisms, including simply an everyday traveler's pragmatism, focused on speed and comfort. Summing up the possibilities, we might then be able to say which has more potential for a poetic experience: car or bi-plane? Horse or paddle-boat? Etc.

Table 1. Common means of transport, tentatively ranked for integrative surrealist potential as the average of a personal score assigned by Mormyrid editors on a 1-7 scale.

Mode	HC	JA	MF	SC	VL	Average	Standard Deviation
Walking	7	7	7	7	6	6.8	0.4
Plate Tectonics	7	6	6	7	7	6.6	0.49
Train	6	6	5	6	5*	5.6	0.49
Boat	3	6	6	6	4	5	1.15
Bicycle	6	5	4	5	4	4.8	0.7
Airplane	4	3	5	6	3	4.2	1.17
Cart <i>(pulled by any animal)</i>	6	3	3	4	5	4.2	1.17
Iceskating	3	3	4	5	6	4.2	1.17
Horseback	4	3	2	4	4	3.4	0.8
Bus	2	5	4	3	2	3.2	1.17
Car	3	2	2	3	1	2.2	0.7

**Due to Freud's metaphor for free-association (VL)*

As we can see, assessments were relatively uncontroversial among the editors. Standard deviations are generally low, but there are clearly larger differences in distributing the low scores than the high ones (standard deviations generally lower in the higher part of the list).

But then the problem: once any of those aspects are fixed and are considered to “always deliver”, doesn’t that quickly and perilously turn into mere “adventure tourism”? At which point we feel an urge to look outside the regulated modes and consider more erratic methods. Walking above all, but also falling, jumping, dancing (appendix E), or some eccentric method involving accoutrements, or crazy inventions and vehicles (appendix B). The exceptions start to look more exciting. What if the reinvention of travel asks us to devise a strange new constraint, ritual, or game every time we depart? We can use the secrets of analogy, automatism and paranoia to build our own idiosyncratic or collective vehicles.

The sense of motion itself, and consequently a relationship to time, will vary highly with different approaches. Do we want slow journeys, full of reflection, pauses and opportunities to veer off-track? Or perhaps we want fast and crazy adventures, sudden jolts that throw us out of our own minds for a brief but invigorating span? Perhaps in striving for both we above all want to look for opportunities to invert the expectations of speed, play the fast parts slow and the slow parts fast. It is a question of whether displacement through time or displacement through space should be emphasized.

And then, from that angle, most travel remains inhuman. The consideration of travel from a non-human perspective is full of exactly the kind of lessons for the imagination and the body that can break us out of everyday patterns. What would it mean to approach the aquatic, benthic motion of nudibranchs, octopuses, starfish, etc., indeed, the original idea of “walking” as it develops along the bottom of the sea. Echo-location and the flight of bats. Butterfly migrations (Appendix G). What would it mean to draw lessons, analogies, or even to mimic the migration of a certain bird or insect?

Then there are the common “stages” of traveling that could be considered. The conception of a voyage is not an irrelevant part of it, and the plan, complete with researched itineraries or not (appendix A), crazy treasure maps, or even just hopes and expectations to be dashed or subverted—all of these form a powerful imaginative exercise and even comprise a Nougéan “thought as prelude to action”. The “choice” of what to do, consider, or what to leave up to chance before departing is among the most potentially surrealist aspects of travel. Duchamp flips a coin and determines where to go based on the result. Indeed, the very choice to travel itself may be enough in certain cases to really make it so.

Table 2. Examples of sessile travellers.

Sessile Traveler	Journeys
Xavier de Maistre	Around his room
Raymond Roussel	Africa
Edgar Allen Poe	Antarctica
Qu Yuan	Xianjiang, Land of the Immortals
Mattias Forshage	Churchill, Manitoba
Hergé	Exoticized adventure locales, sometimes based on reality but really often totally whimsical
Edward Lear	Rhyme-based travel to far-off and nearby lands
Joseph Cornell	Self-described “armchair voyager” of collected travel ephemera, maps, charts, hotel ads.
Gaston Bachelard	The elements and space itself
Charles Fourier	Across the world, and the future of Harmony.
Ann Radcliffe	Horrible vistas, castles, thrilling landscapes in the imaginary rugged wilds of gothic Italy
Aloys Zötl	Jungles
Henri Rousseau	Jungles
Jules Verne	The entire world, its depths, its heights, the moon etc.
Emily Brontë	Gothic moors, imaginary lands
Hélène Smith	India, Mars, the moon, Uranus...

Once one has chosen and left the gate behind, the different gaps that occur while one is engaged in traveling fill up the majority of actual time. Every aspect of travel that includes a possible “wait”, whether in a terminal, bus stop, or other liminal space has at least some inherent potential to exist outside of normal time. Such moments are typically considered boring and desirable to suppress with distractions (movies, games, food, shopping). And indeed in commercial modes of travel the opportunity for these boring moments are engineered explicitly to get us to buy things or behave a certain way. But to the diligent, they can also be breeding grounds for adventure and atmosphere and pickpockets and most importantly, when not obliterated by virtual pabulum meant to erase the sense of adventure, a freedom from the constraints of everyday life (for an excellent consideration of this topic, see on the icecrawler blog: “*Bats and transit (variation about games)* (2011)”. If one is attentive, rather than comatose, there can be many opportunities for surprise. Isn’t this the time to start dreaming, listening, jotting down automatic phrases and snatches of overheard conversation, or simply associating and interpreting the phenomena of transit as they occur?

Another thing that comes up is the distinction between active and passive travel, pilots vs passengers etc. Is one preferable? To be a driver is to have control over the direction, the speed, the regularity, to be able to stop at any time, turn around, change one’s mind, react. On the other hand, the passenger has the advantage of reflection, of a more nuanced attention, of an abandonment of preference or influence and a total surrendering to external possibilities. In the surrealist spirit of resolving those contradictory dichotomies, how does one resolve the passenger and the pilot? Maybe the surrealist is seeking something that allows a simultaneous experience of both, an auto-pilot or to become the “backseat driver”. Walking here perhaps comes closest to delivering this sense of automatic self-propulsion.

Table 3. Pairs of cities known to have been juxtaposed in surrealist games

City 1	City 2	Games
Ottawa, Ontario	Savannah, Georgia	“Exploring the Great Savannah of Ottawa”. Steven and Hazel Cline, <i>The Window of Atlantis</i> , 2019.
Paris, France	New York, New York	(and vice versa) “Observations on a Walk”. Jon Graham was in Paris with a map of New York and Alan Graubard was in New York with a map of Paris. <i>Invisible Heads</i> (chapter 6), 2011. Game played on April 3, 1986
Prague, Czechia	Leeds, UK	“A Night at the Fair”, <i>Black Lamplight #1</i> 1995
Nagoya, Japan	Stockholm, Sweden	(and vice versa) in a series of unpublished games

There is the question of collective travel. Obviously there is a lot to prefer in the pooling of physical and psychic resources when reaching out for poetic destinations. The possibilities for organized poetry can conceptually be increased many times (appendix E) or even by circumstances driven by the stranger end of survival and commercial motives given the right circumstances (appendix D). The mobile egregore is a happy egregore, really a campaign. But it’s also true that the logistics involved in organizing more people also tends to bring with it a diminishing of chances for quick decisions, spur of the moment changes, attentiveness to surroundings and anonymity. The answer is probably that collective motion with the right group is preferable, but allowing for bifurcations, split-ups, recombinations and individual explorations, in the hopes of constituting an actual collective experience. Traveling with surrealists tends at its best to allow for these chance occurrences to magnify their significance, and everyone treats it like a game with no fixed outcome.

Table 4. Pre-surrealist walkers

Walker	Notable Walks
Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)	New England Transcendentalist. Walked the Concord and Maine woods and surrounding areas.
Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)	Japanese poet. Walked from Edo to Northeastern Japan.
Gabriel Marklin (1777-1857)	Swedish Naturalist. walked (mostly) from Uppsala to southern Germany to meet the romantic natural philosophers and to northernmost Norway to collect animals, that's about 1250 kilometers in each direction.
Rodolphe Töpffer (1799-1846)	Inventor of the comic strip, and humorist. Summer “voyages in Zig-Zag” taken with groups of schoolkids across the Swiss Alps and surrounding country
Charles Baudelaire (1821 – 1867)	French poet. Famous for his “flaneurie” across Paris.
Will Kempe (c. 1560- c. 1603)	Elizabethan actor. Morris danced from London to Norwich.
Thomas de Quincey (1785 – 1859)	19th-century Romantic, addict, essayist, poet, walker and enthusiast of the English mail-coach.
Gerard de Nerval (1808-1855)	19th century poet, feuilletonist, madman, great walker of the Parisian streets.
John Muir (1838-1914)	Naturalist, transcendentalist, mystic, landscape enthusiast and cross-continental walker.
Sahelanthropus tchadensis (7 mya)	Earliest known pre-human ancestor to walk.
Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)	Theorist of egalitarianism and counter-enlightenment, also a famous walker known for his reveries.
Robert Walser (1878-1956)	Hypersensitive sentimental walker and writer, crisscrossing Alp landscapes and villages observing all kinds of everyday chance phenomena.
Ferdinand Cheval (1836-1924)	French postman, builder of the Ideal Palace with stones and litter picked up on his daily mail delivery round.
Karoline von Günderrode (1780-1806)	German early-Romantic poet and thinker, prominent protagonist of walking as a romantic art.
Karel Hynek Macha (1810-1836)	Czech romantic poet, walking fanatic and mountaineer.
T-Bone Slim (1880-1942)	American IWW hobo, poet, songwriter and wanderer.
Paracelsus (1493-1531)	Swiss-German physician and alchemist and natural philosopher, itinerant traveler across much of medieval Germany and western Europe.
Arthur Machen (1863-1947)	Mystic, poet, horror writer, ecstatic wanderer of London streets and Welsh countryside.
Nicolas Restif de la Bretonne (1734-1806)	Decadent walker and writer in nocturnal Paris during revolutionary times, tirelessly observing chance and especially the lives of sex workers. Also famously a shoe fetishist which may or may not be relevant in this connection.

There is the tricky question of the “arrival”. In certain modes of travel, the psychology of arriving will be quite dramatic, or lacklustre, or mysterious. A plane could swoop around and around for an hour or more, prolonging the excitement of arrival. Or a train might pull in slowly and dramatically into some iconic station. Possibly one could determine the point of arrival in a strange place at the moment one begins to make judgments and draw conclusions about it based on the sensations one is experiencing. The reinvention of travel will favour the emphasizing of an arrival—a time for wide eyes and hasty conclusions, for maximum hopes and excitement, but also a time for extremely drastic mistakes, misunderstandings, disorientations and difficulties. If one has the tendency to arrive early and pack light, the time in-between arrival and “check-in” to one’s accommodation can and should be preciously maximized for some exploring in a homeless state. It may even be the way to set challenges, themes or riddles that will haunt the entire journey.

The “return”—possibly demotivating, or bittersweet, or a relief, or just tiredness. An extended mythological odyssey of annoyances and delays, or a sweet homecoming to a less risky way of acting? One has presumably either had enough or been compelled by external forces to give up the chase and return to normalcy. The reinvention of travel should not concede here, and should demand an appropriately unforced capacity to return only when the clock strikes the right moment, when one feels sufficiently full-up, altered, poetically charged. The return is then not a return to normalcy, but only appears as such—in fact it is the moment of smuggling. The sneaking-in of contraband ideas, facts, behaviours, the infectious potential of a transformative poetic experience to spill over the safe world “at home”. There are only ever departures.

APPENDICES

Containing some haphazard and cryptic lessons for future travelers

A – No Itinerary Needed

Among less well known approaches to foot journeying is that of the 19th century Genevan cartoonist Rodolphe Töpffer, who wrote several volumes of his “zig zag voyages”. Every summer he was given charge of a certain class of pupils at the Swiss school he taught at and permitted to take them on a great walking adventure across the Alps and into neighboring lands. He describes his philosophy of collective travel on foot as follows:

But it's not enough that a travel itinerary be well thought out; certainly we find so many people who, in spending months to plot out every step of their excursion in order to assure in

advance all the pre-conditions of pleasure, agreeableness, and comfortable amenity, are nevertheless so cruelly disappointed, sometimes, mortally bored in the midst of all this, yawning monstrously while nestled in the bosom of their pleasures—which are nevertheless done, served hot and on time? No doubt! Everyone would enjoy themselves, the rich especially, if we could prepare pleasure ahead of time, pay it a salary and assign it a schedule. But it does not work like that. There is nothing so free, so independent as this Proteus; nothing over which force of will, rank, or gold, has so little power; nothing which is so resistant to being chained down, or put in reserve; nothing on which we count on so little in ahead; or which so quickly takes off and leaves you. It flees from preparation, vanity, egoism; and whoever wants to nail it down, even if for one day only, is building a house of cards; and it's for that reason that it belongs to nobody and everybody, that it shows up where we don't expect it, and, against all convenience, does not show up at the party where it's the guest of honour. We nevertheless can't deny that certain conditions are more favourable to its chances of appearing. When it comes to travel, if the tourists are young, and if walking, movement, curiosity animate their bodies and minds, and if above all nothing isolates them, and each makes the well-being and contentment of everyone else their own business, and if this results in considerations, favours or reciprocal sacrifice, in such a way that good humor is everywhere and heart is among the troop, oh! then pleasure is quite near, it is there, in the group itself; it gets used to them and doesn't leave; and neither rain, nor good weather, nor cliffs, nor plains, nor harpies, nor kangaroos, can chase it away. Grand thoughts come from the heart, it's said: and pleasure, where does it come from? From the heart also. It alone animates, grows, reheats, colours... and that's why it's not enough to plan a travel itinerary; and that's why you can yawn, yawn to the point of dislocating your jaw, in the midst of the most soft and comfy, or in the bosom of the most exquisite, recreations.



The mobile tree for resting under, from Voyage à Gènes (1834) by Rodolphe Töpffer

B – Take the pram less traveled by

In 1908, a mysterious “Man in the Iron Mask” appeared with a pram and a helmet from which he couldn’t see, in Cornwall, under which circumstances he would attempt to walk around the world and find a wife along the way. All this, it was claimed, on a bet to win £20,000 from JP Morgan himself. Although it turned out to be a hoax, the idea itself has astounding poetic implications. The impediment or poetic restriction seems to give us a lot in exchange for efficiency and speed.



C – Travel by dance

In February of 1599, the Elizabethan actor William Kempe morris-danced from London to Norwich. He wrote about this bizarre bit of self-promotion in his text *Nine Daies Wonder*, full of adventures and weird encounters, including fights, cut-purses, encounters with friends old and new, mud, potholes, throngs of watchers, harangues against ballad-makers and many other wonderful moments:

From Ilford, by Moone-shine, I set forward, dauncing within a quarter of a myle of Romford; where, in the highway, two strong Iades (hauing belike some great quarrell to me vnknowne) were beating and byting either of other; and such through Gods help was my good hap, that I escaped their hoofes, both being raysed with their fore feete ouer my head, like two Smithes ouer an Anuytle.

D – Travel by circus

The great era of the traveling circus, especially in North America, was one of the most powerfully affecting itinerant movements in the history of popular culture. It was an era of travel rife with adventures and bizarre moments and dangers and accidents and fires and frauds and fights. But also the circus itself in its very motive aspect became a self-mythologizing vehicle:

The circus, to the villagers and the farmers, was an unending cause of wonder and curiosity. Strange reports floated ahead and behind the circus—and, for the most part, were believed. The exact size of the coming wonder was a subject for animated discussion... When a circus proved to be smaller than the popular estimate, it was said to have split or divided, one section going to some other “small” place. As these rumors were never contradicted by the showmen they spread rapidly and the circus became near kin to some fabulous, hydra-headed sea serpent—a creature which has a habit of taking on more heads and bristling manes every time it is seen.

-W.C. Coup, *Sawdust & Spangles: Stories & Secrets of the Circus*

E – Traveling with the Harmonious Army:

The utopian plotter Charles Fourier invented for the era of Harmony a wonderful corollary for human expeditionary tendency that negates the horrors of military excursions into an erotic and poetic capability. In the future, humanity organizes itself in accordance with the pleasure principle and turns all known institutions and activities on their heads. Thus in Fourierist Harmony, traveling becomes a campaign of voluptuous sensual growth and creativity:

“Variety was to be the essence of Phalansterian life, and many individuals would have amorous needs and penchants which could not be gratified within the compass of a single community. There would consequently be a great deal of movement and travel in the new order. Bands of adventurers, troubadours, and knights errant would traverse the globe, sometimes in the company of the industrial armies and sometimes by themselves, in search of pleasures and companions unobtainable in their own localities. People subject to extremely rare manias, that is, “perversions,” would meet regularly at international convocations which would be pilgrimages as sacred for them “as the journey to Mecca is for Muslims.”

In this atmosphere of ceaseless movement, total strangers were constantly encountering one another and forming new relationships. To make these encounters as rewarding as possible, the amorous hierarchy of each Phalanx had to make elaborate preparations to entertain the hordes of visitors. The tasks of these officials included the organization of festivals and various sorts of orgies, but their most important duty was the administration of an elaborate system of erotic personality matching.

The task of matching the visitors with appropriate partners would be facilitated by the compilation of a card file which would identify the passional types and amorous proclivities of each of the members of the Phalanx. Travelers, too, would carry papers indicating their individual needs and penchants. Since there was a little of the Butterfly in everyone, a traveler might have immediate needs and momentary inclinations at variance with the basic configuration of his passions. Thus everyone would undergo periodic interviews in order to ascertain his libidinal needs of the moment.”

-Jonathan Beecher, “Introduction” in *The Utopian Vision of Charles Fourier*. pp 62-63.

F – Travel by mail

Snail mail can be a kind of travel too. At its best, you are sending a little physical token of yourself to someone far away, who you can’t reach normally. Many strange and wonderful anecdotes and gags exist of people mailing themselves as a package too.

In a similar vein, at a certain point in 18th-19th century England an early option of cross-country travel became available: to sit along with the mail coach in one of a limited number of passenger seats. More of a historical moment in the history of travel than a currently accessible option. Still its apparent qualities of open-air sociability, just the right speed, and identification with the most thrilling historical news-stories of the day (as the sort of means by which word traveled of big events, often causing people to hail them for news as they passed), all give it a romantic panache. Thomas de Quincey describes it rapturously thus:

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity,—not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon alien evidence: as, for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience... But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was not magna loquimur, as upon railways, but vivimus. Yes, “magna vivimus”; we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realise our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement...

G – Dodging the invisible mountain

One recent example that made the popular science circles cite monarch butterflies who, flying southwards from Canada to Mexico, make a significant and seemingly pointless detour. Apparently they somehow “remember” an ancient mountain in the middle of Lake Superior that hasn’t existed for millennia.

THE PARASITE OF THE AZURE

by *Sasha Vlad & Dan Stanciu*



1. The platform of the central railway station of Plasma of Sentiment City, at the moment when the passengers learn that the trains will not leave until Sunday



2.

The Myth of the Eternal Check-In

1) The father of the Speed-That-Freezes

2) The dew

3) Adult in young rags

4) The offering to the Baggage God

5) The swamps where we will settle down



3.
Today (a flourishing today), around noon (the midnight noon), Gokh from Lixwm is meeting in the fields with M'Bole from Prenbrigog to decide together what else to shake up. They will be joined by Anell of Caergwrle, who is a monster. Around 5 o'clock (but not later than 6 o'clock), the three will go to Perambalur, where Imsa from Ffynnongroyw will be waiting for them, with a proposal of leaves.



4.

To get from Gaastra to Gypsum, you leave early (you wake up, stare blankly for a few hours, and then scuttle). By static tram you spend one day, by the train of rods, one century or more (it makes a detour through Bozrah, where it gets other axles, which the locals can only conceive between two battles to move the borders above the knee; these battles are fought slowly and carefully, gently, almost shyly, so that the space hut does not get any Ganges displaced, or its Warsaw missing). Then, from Gypsum (by gondola) you head to Passumpsic, where you stay.



5.
What renouncing the shalwar can lead to



6.

At the E hour, there is not much left to walk up to the end (and back), because almost all distances have been reduced to a single movement of the night.

A SIZABLE HOLE

by Tony Roehrig

The blank early morning woke me in the middle of the darkest of lights. Plans, I didn't have any officially defined ones but I did have dreams. With dreams the recipes write themselves. I clambered off the shelf I had set myself on last night, unrolled my eyes and looked around to assess my current dimensions. After a cold splash in the fountain and a quick morsel of minted purpose and rice, I set about composing my leave. I brought out a set of noctilucent elytra I had been gifted long ago by Lop-Lop. I unhinged the feathered body suit from the storage shaft it had been sealed in after its delousing a year ago. Along with a jug of moist lips I had gathered over nine lifetimes, I assembled the just completed light maps made of spider webs which I had commissioned months earlier at the Arachnid Cartographer's Society.

I had a key to the shell which I had been living in for quite some time but it was damaged from disuse and bite marks. I needed to gain the air of an unknown idea outside but how? I opted to garner the blessings of the UFOs and UAVs spying on me and torch an exit wound through the silica wall by setting fire to my deleted passport – a promise I had made to a younger me and to some violent characters assembled together somewhere. So I struck the only match I had, lit the passport and by the intense heat released the silica quickly turned to glass. Once the wall became glass, I closed the Elytra about myself and ran full force towards the wall but just before impact I leapt, curled into a ball and crashed through the glass fully protected by my wings.

I was exteriorized and I meant it! The feather suit awakened and was delighted by the news in the air of my departure. It unfurled itself of its sleep. Laughter entertained my countenance. As I looked about the new ether I noticed cracks growing everywhere. They were growing wherever I set my eyes as if my eyes were the initiator of the cracks. After a small period of time, when I looked back over the cracks they had converted themselves into tracks, trails. I made the decision to take one of these trails but which. One looked quite interesting and another looked promising and still another had colors I've never experienced and emitted smells that begged my hunger to follow it.

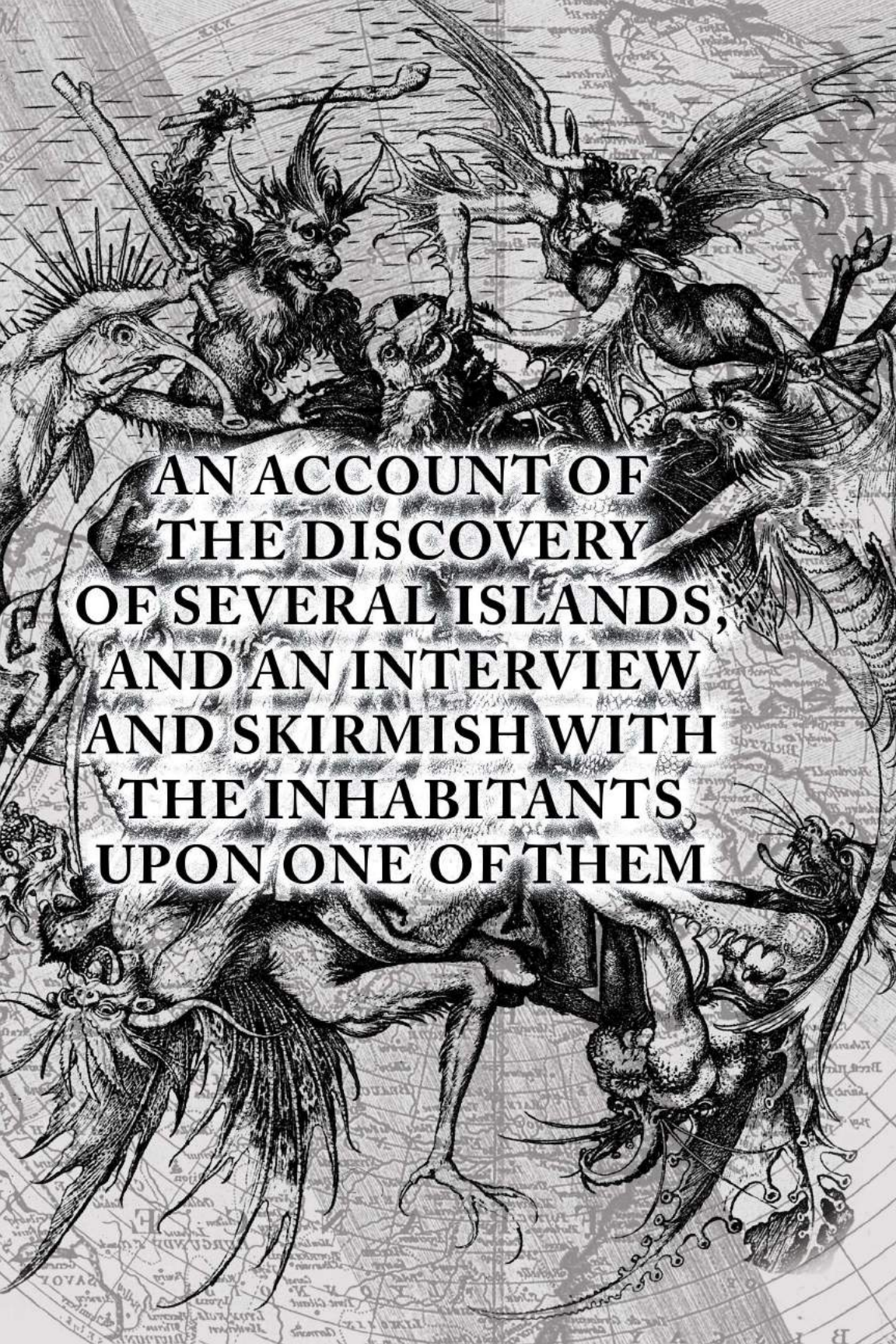
With fingers uncoiled I decided to take the dark one, the one where only a sliver of silver light was visible in the distance. This light was only a marker. It didn't help illuminate the way. At the beginning of the trail I was approached by extremely animated vines tugging at my ears and toes. There were buzzing winged creatures whose 'voices' welcomed me with tiny arias and confetti in the shape of various syllables. As the darkness enveloped me, my footsteps became more and

more cautious. It seems the entrance behind was a doorway I had stepped through. That door was now shut and sealed from providing me any light. The silver light I was facing still begged me on. Cautiously I advanced towards the light with each step more precarious than the last. Finally, I came to a spot where feelers no longer felt and stepping back to my previous place was simply not as firm as I remember. Feeling became fainter and fainter until I finally had to concede that there was no support left and that I was falling but was I falling upwards or down. I had no feelers left except for the feel of the air rushing past me, across my leathered skin and that changed directions so often I couldn't figure out from where they were coming. I had no idea which direction I was falling and the extreme blackness in which I was engulfed only added to my uncertainty. I left myself to journey and delight in the whims of the unknown. Was I a product of chance or was I a participant ... or both? I had no choice but to sail on.

In this uncharted 'fall', thoughts provocatively coursed through my brain. Am I inside the space or outside it? I am upside to the down or vice versa? Will the air continue to fly past or will it become thick enough to catch me before I reach the top. Or will I continue to descend after my body is pierced possibly by an unseen sharp needlelike spire coming up fast causing me to split evenly into numerous others?

I lost myself in these thoughts but how could that be as I was LOST! Who could that be thinking? And who is going where? Thoughts were 'falling' directionless as was I. Thoughts were travelling nowhere and everywhere at once.

Since the trail gave out and I was upended into this unknown direction, I happily relinquished myself to this casting. To this day I continue falling ... but in which direction? Maybe up, maybe down but certainly uncertainly.



**AN ACCOUNT OF
THE DISCOVERY
OF SEVERAL ISLANDS,
AND AN INTERVIEW
AND SKIRMISH WITH
THE INHABITANTS,
UPON ONE OF THEM**

INTRODUCTION: ISLANDS, ARCHIPELAGOES, AND SURREALISM

This section brings together a few specific responses to some questions posed to members of surrealist groups who operate on islands, or in archipelago environments, as well as some chance contributions that hit upon an answer to a question they did not realize was being asked. The original discussion was about whether there were any special moods, ways of working or experiences specific to islands, or being in the vicinity of island-hopping possibilities, excursions etc.

The intent was to discover whether archipelagoes brought a special ludic and experimental opportunity and a special psychogeography to surrealist activities in their vicinities. In particular the Inner Island group, situated in an archipelago off the coast of British Columbia, have always emphasised their archipelagicness, and have over the years made implicit and explicit references to this. One striking example might be the eroticized “Surrealist Ferry Demands” made by the Inner Island group in *Hydrolith: Surrealist Research and Investigations* (2010). The Stockholm surrealist group, situated among another famous archipelago, has likewise made a small series of enquiries into the topic, “Exploration of an Island” which was published in *Lucifer* (2000), and the “We see the sea” which is available as a pdf through the Bibliotheca onthoplanctorum (Bone Garden) blog and was published in Czech in issue 73 of the journal *Analogon* (2014).

Another significant if time-bound collective surrealist island experience occurred on and around the summer solstice of 2017 when an international group gathered on the Isle of Wight for the Archaeology of Hope: a surrealist game, exhibition, and ritual (*The Archaeology of Hope*, Head Louse Press, 2017).

Surrealists living on edges of archipelagoes have not universally been eager to explore them though. Nikos Stabakis of the Athens group says in an email: “I can’t say the archipelago has been much explored by recent surrealists, mostly because of the obvious problematic tourist and potentially nationalistic aspect it attained, partly through the trivialisation of Elytis’ work (for which he is also very much culpable)”

The remaining contributions in this section touched upon the more general question of islands and imaginative, poetic possibilities and thus help round out this archipelago in their own way.

THE INNER ISLAND SURREALIST GROUP

by *Ron Sakolsky*

An island is finite. Surrealism is infinite. The question then is how can an island invoke the infinite spirit of surrealism in the finite context of locality? The answer for us was to be found in connecting it to Indigenous place-naming. The colonial name, Denman Island, commemorates nothing so much as imperial conquest, genocidal smallpox blankets, and the British gunboats commanded by Admiral Denman. However, as objective chance would have it, the original Indigenous name for the island, Sla-Dai-Aich, translates into English as Inner Island. In one sense, this name simply distinguishes its location just off the massive coastline of Vancouver Island to its west and from that of the nearby Outer Island (Hornby Island) to its east. However, though admittedly a very unassuming name on the surface, it poetically resonates with the surrealist quest to unlock the secrets of the unconscious mind which can be analogically perceived as an inner island. And so, we have enthusiastically embraced the fortuitous nature of the double entendre by naming ourselves the Inner Island Surrealist Group.

Another correspondence between islands and surrealism is that islands have a history of being associated with utopian experiments in transforming reality as in Aldous Huxley's novel, *Island*. The Gulf Islands, of which the Inner Island is one, have in practice been no exception to this utopian siren song. Numerous intentional communities and counter-cultural communes have sprung up on these islands over the years as well as on the much larger Vancouver Island. As a character in Jack Hodgkin's classic British Columbian novel, *The Invention of the World*, notes about the latter, "This island is littered with failed utopias." But rather than seeing them as failures just because they did not fully achieve their goals, we might alternately think of them as offering pre-figurative or inspirational visions of what Ernst Bloch called the "not-yet." These anticipatory glimpses enable us to move in the direction of transformative change as we approach the perpetually receding horizon of the possible.

Since it was a particularly anarcho-surrealist sensibility that sparked the formation of the Inner Island Surrealist Group, one of the many delights of living on these Gulf Islands is knowing that we are part of a larger archipelago that stretches down to the San Juan Islands in the state of Washington. In our surrealist dream map, there are no authoritarian borderlines between the USA and Canada to confine the waking dreamers. As Indigenous peoples have always known, the islands of the Salish Sea do not cross borders, but rather it is the borders that cross them.

And in a more specific sense, when it comes to property lines, even the most radically utopian land-sharing arrangements must grapple with the fact that they are located on unceded/stolen land.

Accross from Malcolm Island (which once boasted a working-class utopian socialist commune of Finnish descent in the village of Sointula) lies Cormorant Island, where now resides the Kwakwaka'wakw Peace Dance Headdress (featuring a raven/hawk yaxwiwe ermine band topped with sealion whiskers) which was always on the desk of André Breton at 42 Rue Fontaine. Unbeknownst to Breton, it had been brutally seized in a 1922 raid under the assimilationist Canadian anti-potlatch laws of the time. Coming full circle, in 2003, it was ceremoniously returned to the Indigenous-run U'Mista Cultural Centre at Alert Bay by his daughter, Aube, with the Breton family voluntarily making a financial donation for its ongoing maintenance. The headdress is not mentioned here because we regard it as some sort of holy surrealist relic, but rather because we recognize it as a symbol of our ongoing passionate attraction to Northwest Coast Indigenous culture and mythology in conjunction with our quest to decimate the plague of Western civilization and re-enchant the world.



Touristic Postcard
Jason Abdelhadi

A VOYAGE TO SIRENUSA

by La Sirena

In a group meeting, it was proposed that we name our shared space ‘Sirenusa’, after a cluster of three big rocks off the Amalfi coast, one of the many reputed homes of the sirens, the inspiring muses of La Sirena. It emerged that Rudolph Nureyev (Russian ballet dancer, choreographer and actor, 1938-93) had owned and lived on one of these islands towards the end of his life.

Where Do the Sirens Meet?

Where do the sirens meet?

At the turning into evening

They meet in the eardrum of a grandfather clock

They meet in the glint of sunlit underground vistas

They meet in dry patches under the sea

The sirens meet in the inner ear of Odysseus

In the library of Alexandra – or of Babylon on public holidays

They meet where the dream of midnight kisses the sun

At the confluence of the lost rivers of London

They meet in the ocean’s hot springs

They meet hand in hand garlanded in petals and tears

In the bride’s train

Where the three hemispheres meet

They meet on the giant chessboard

At the hour of the wolf

In the rose made of seashells

They meet through the mirrors

When the stars are right

In the place of whispers

In equality

They meet in waking dreams

They meet in the clocks without time

Under my lover’s curse

They meet in the smiles of lovers

In the ghost stations of the underground

Coffins brimming with yeast

They meet in the shadows of living ghosts

In echoes

In hopes

They meet in the miracle of becoming
They meet in the hazy daydreams of tomorrow
In the folds of time
They meet in period novels
They meet without limits
Under the moons of forgotten worlds
They meet in black and white
After the ball is over
They meet in the womb of the mountain
They meet on giant clams to play with phantom limbs
They meet inside her silver castle
In the mouth of madness
They meet on the dissecting table
At the Tannhäuser Gate
Where my first childhood grew glass antlers
They meet in the androgynous islands
Down a dirt track road
In the swollen ant hills of Arabia
They meet on Pangaea
Within the old house filled with swallows and love letters
They meet on purpose
They meet on the tail of an upset cat
They meet beyond the border
In a feline landscape composed from the glassy stares of the first sirens
They meet in each other's gaze
In Plato's prism
In haunted houses
In a message, glimpsed in a mirror, from a borrowed dream
They meet in de Sade's chateau
In my silent laughter
They meet on the screens of abandoned movie theatres
They meet without prejudice
At the lighthouse
On someone else's sacred ground

*Collective Poem by Doug Campbell, David Greenslade, Taya King, Daina Kopp and
Darren Thomas*

The Castle in the Archipelago



'Storm Over Sirenusa'

Located in the uncharted waters of the Bermuda Triangle, the Western Sirenas offer a haven from the poverty of everyday life. The centre of the archipelago is a towering pinnacle of rock, surmounted by a structure known colloquially as 'Nureyev's Castle'. This building was inspired by the 'Star Castle' of Prague, but built on the plan of an earthly five pointed pentagram, rather than a hexagram. As with the original Star Castle, the interior is filled with elaborate plasterwork and obscure Hermetic imagery. Each point of the star provides an independent apartment space, decorated according to the occupant's own taste, while the central atrium offers a luxuriously appointed meeting space and library. Other attractions include the famous 'Doctor Phibes' automaton orchestra, standing ready to do justice to any music from any time. In season, the picture windows may afford views of unwary travellers from nearby yacht clubs hunted down by the native sirens of the rocks.

Power is provided by underwater turbines submerged in the treacherous and stormy waters that seethe around the island. The local climate can be unpredictable, particularly subject to the intense effects of the meteorological phenomena known as the 'Pathetic Fallacy'. Access to the castle is by astral projection only, and subject to solar winds.

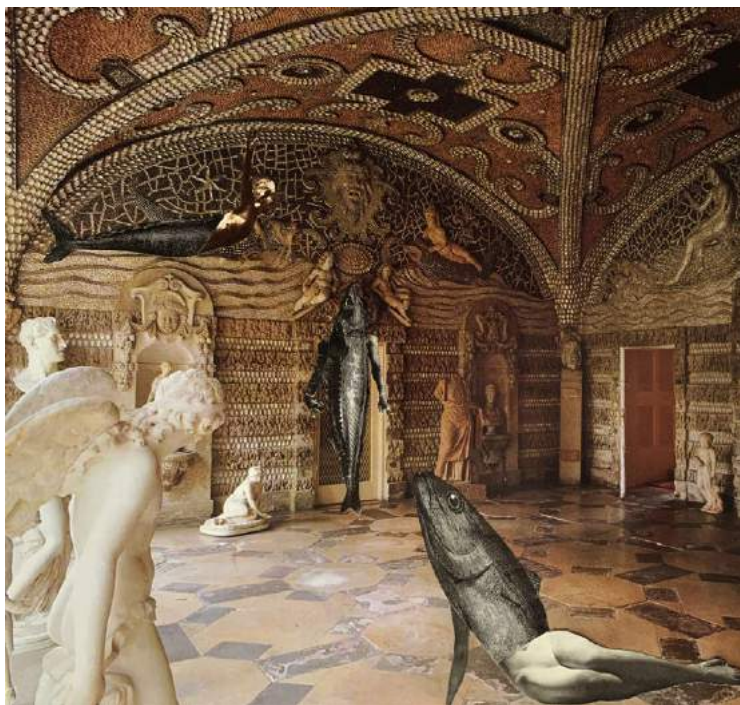
At the Centre of the Pentagram

At the centre of the pentagram, where the sirens meet, there is an atmosphere of peace and reflection, conducive to relaxed conversation and reminiscences. There are overstuffed armchairs and couches, luxuriously upholstered in leather and velvet. A scent of old books, a trace of cheap incense, and a suspicion of cats. Lighting is low, and entirely unnatural: a golden glow of indirect electric illumination, pointed up by candles and oil lamps. The walls are lined with bookshelves, sufficient to hold every title the members have ever read or heard of, and exactly thirteen more. Projection equipment may be lowered from the shadows of the painted ceilings on cantilevered gantries of brass and polished wood; the shelving also holds all the movies the members have ever seen or heard of, with space left over for alternate cuts representing films misremembered or embroidered in recollection. Glass cases and walls display curios and taxidermy, adding a faint tang of formaldehyde to the ambiance. Ghosts and ancestral spirits may, at times, be glimpsed. This is a collective memory palace, a pocket phalanstery, where all things are held in common and may be drawn on as needed. (Make no mistake, these resources are absolutely real and present where the sirens meet). The decor is pulled together by scattered Afghan rugs, cushions and fabrics, a timeless look, eminently suitable for time travellers.

The atmosphere corresponds to the gentleman's clubs of my leisure reading: century old whodunits and horrors, but without the ingrained privilege, casual racism and misogyny. (In short, without the gentlemen). A place for confidences over strong drink: 'That queer business on the isle of Capri...a dirk of jagged obsidian driven clean through the left shoulder blade...they never found the carnivorous sponge...'

Doug Campbell

The Transformation Chamber



'The Transformation Chamber'

Deep within the catacombs of Nureyev's castle, situated in the East Wing, we experience the nocturnal splendour and splendid, sunflower opulence of the siren's favourite haunt – The Transformation Chamber

The masonic angels enchant the sirens with their cinematic stares

Their games with silent ashes and roses dipped in the ink of the last rays of summer were celebrated for miles around

The mausoleum comes alive with new ghosts and dreams of tomorrow

All are welcome in this place to share the collective gaze of the androgynes

You will find sirens taking flight amongst the angels, experimenting with form and in the process of becoming...

The Room of Marvels



'The Room of Marvels'

The Room of Marvels, bathed in the majestic light of a thousand suns shone its ethereal beams onto the assembled company

The palatial room personifies the platonic hybridity of the sirens

They dance, intoxicated by the magic of warm kisses and the dreams they ride like the children of Pegasus

The mythological genealogy of the room is reflected in Diana's decorum

The marble columns are said to be created from the teeth of the hydra

It is only through immaculate conception that the sirens inhabit this grand space

Without doubt the game of the glacial pomegranates was the highlight of their calendar

The formlessness of flight will be the sirens' paradise

Taya King and Darren Thomas

The Room of the Endgame



'The Room of the Endgame'

'Checkmate!' intoned the phrenological head, from the golden ceiling of spheres

'We do not see the half-naked fish-man above us'

He is only a reflection of the fish that was once man

He referees the game, which has been played by the sirens since the dawn of time

This is the room they affectionately referred to as The Room of the Endgame

The monkfish enter the womb-like monastery through the sea curtains

They always bring with them the greatest gifts:

Shrines made out of sacred seashells

Wines made from the secrets of starfish

And signs composed of significant Others

Taya King and Darren Thomas

The Sessile Fauna of the Sirenasus

Having found an anchoring location for the sirens, David Greenslade decided to go under the sea surrounding Nureyev's retreat. This proved extremely fruitful. He noticed that the world comes to those who wait, who cannot move. In the case of La Sirena collective immobility set off a creative explosion. The fertile world comes to the sessile, flows through them while they have no obvious control over the form of the results – especially outer form. In this case the seed material proved rich enough to lead to an independent publication – a book of imagined sponges.

David Greenslade



The Franklin Experiment

Vittoria Lion

SO MANY FOOTPRINTS

from THE VOYAGE TO VASS TYVA

by Philip Kane

Tracking the migration routes of children across the unmapped wastelands, we stumbled often across bleached bones, sad remnants of discarded possessions, keepsakes, the fallen petals of flowers.

The further we went on, and the more often we saw how so many footprints faded into the earth and were lost, the more we were all filled with an awful sorrow that welled up like a fountain. That was the only source of water in those places, hollowed out as they were by the rainless years.

Our exhaustion grew, and in ten days we had not seen a single living child. Our guides whispered together as if they meant to abandon us. And so the party returned to the city without prizes, and due no rewards.

It was Langostas, who had led us on the expedition, who spoke on our behalf when summoned before the court. “What we failed to take into account”, he explained, “was the ability of such rootless children to change shape and colour, hiding themselves like lizards”.

Indeed, Langostas might even have spoken the truth. I have read, in one of the great dusty volumes that can be found in ancient libraries here, that the tails of migrant children will shear off if grasped by a predator, allowing them to escape, and that the tail will in due course grow back of its own accord.

Nature is a great inventor of strangeness; and there is, I think, a surfeit of nature to be observed in these distant lands.



**ASTRONOMICAL
AND NAUTICAL
OBSERVATIONS**

This is a detailed anatomical engraving of a human figure, shown from the front and slightly to the left. The figure's torso is open, revealing the internal organs, including the lungs, liver, stomach, and intestines. The musculature of the arms, chest, and legs is meticulously rendered. On the figure's head, a complex celestial instrument is mounted, resembling a portable sundial or a similar device used for astronomical observations. The instrument features a circular dial with a gnomon and various adjustment mechanisms. The background is a faint, detailed map of the sky, filled with numerous stars and labeled with Latin names. The overall style is characteristic of 18th-century scientific illustrations.

JAHAR

by Abegalia

We are in the middle of a living room. Three other people are staring at us. “What are you doing here? Where did you come from?”, one of them says. We do not answer, but instead take a step forward. The room is bright – there are sofas by the windows and a dining table right in front of us. We go to the dining table and look under it. A medallion is lying there, in the form of a triangle with a hammer over it. The symbol is familiar – it belongs to a Pythagorean sect that deals with time travel. The name of the sect is Jahar. We must have been teleported here. The room is a hotel room, the people in the room are hotel guests. Each room that we are being teleported to belongs to a different epoch. But we do not know why this is happening.

The hotel is located at the intersection Hornsgatan / Torkel Knutssongatan. We leave the hotel and stand in the middle of the intersection. It’s still bright outside. The Earth moves into Jupiter’s gravitational field. In the sky we see how Jupiter’s rings have broken up; soon the grains of dust, ice particles and pieces of stone that the rings consist of will rain down over Earth. Maybe they would make the same noise as when we saw how the flight of a green woodpecker over a lake caused the undercooled clouds to burst and rain down on the houseboat we once traveled in.

The back of the hotel leads onto a dark clay field. Animals walk around there randomly – worn animals without fur, quadrupeds, big as sheep but tired and skinny as if they had decided that they need nothing more than mud. It is unclear what the Pythagorean sect want with the animals. In any case, the situation became much more threatening when the animals entered the picture.

We stand under a tree and start to gesture with each other. It is so strange to see one’s own hands in one’s own field of vision. Everything in one’s field of vision belongs to the world out there. The one you have to travel through as an infiltration force behind enemy lines. But you can control your own hands. And when you notice that they are moving, everything suddenly becomes a little more real. As if there might be more things you can control. While these thoughts wash over us, the surroundings become all the grayer and filled with hail. We stretch our arms and start spinning around. It is the fastest way to travel to the Department of Physics and Mathematics.

Of course, you only move to different rooms, in different ways. But it’s basically the same room. The same old ordinary rooms with the same old ordinary hands that you hold in front of you. In any case, it’s the same three people at the department as it was at the hotel. Two are associate professors, but everything is so dark in the entrance, what are they doing here now? They say that they must investigate the relationship between astronomy and astrology, that it may be the case that the meaning

conveyed to mankind by the constellations of stars also has geometric connotations. They must establish a phenomenology for the constellations. The third person is a well-known Soviet physicist – his presence underlines the seriousness of the situation.

This makes us suspicious. We have previously heard of a new sect claiming to consist of “the true knights”. These are knights who have gone beyond “individualistic materialism” and who “manage to use both u and t”. They operate with a kind of free dissemination of information, but are actually closely related to the old Gnostic archons. The knights’ base of operation is a small shed in the middle of a jungle, where they have set up advanced measuring devices in the windows. Elephants and zebras stand motionless outside the shed and observe the measuring devices.

Is it because of the inverted solar eclipse – the sky gets darker and darker the farther away the moon moves from the sun – that everything seems to converge: the hotel guests, the docents and the Soviet physicist, the true knights, the sects, the elephants and the zebras? Be that as it may, the monetary system has dissolved due to the celestial movements. It is no longer possible to trade with money. People want to pay when the apocalypse is over. But it feels impossible – is not the apocalypse a terminus rather than a transient stage? And the planets, these wanderers, why are they always the ones to signal the end?

It feels like we’ve learnt enough; it’s time to leave this planet. We head to a temple in a nearby forest grove. It is now completely dark outside and the stars are clearly visible. We stand in the middle of the temple square and focus our gaze on one of the constellations. The stars are of course only small points on the celestial sphere, but it is possible to imagine the lines that connect the points so that a constellation emerges. This can be used to travel through space. It’s actually a fairly simple trick: since the constellations are two-dimensional projections onto the celestial sphere, the whole third, radial dimension has been packed together into a tangible image, and you can then travel along the graphical representation instead of in real space. From one of the constellations, one of its connecting lines is released and begins to rotate towards us to finally drag us into the space behind the constellation.

We end up on a beach on an alien planet in a dying star system. Acid waves wash up along the shore, and various birds and sea lions make noises further away. The area is gray and filled with ash. In the tired sky, faint stars can be seen, forming unknown constellations. At the beach we see a bird that does not belong on this planet, which can mean nothing more than a complete disaster. A faint light begins to wave back and forth in the sky, perhaps it is associated with the misplaced bird. We approach a ramp nearby. The ramp leads down to the interior of the planet. It is covered with snow and there are shovels nearby that you can use for steering when you go down the ramp. We do it – and realize that “jahar” means “inner”.

THE PHANTASM: A DREAM ACCOUNT

by Benedict Keaney

When the axis of the earth unexpectedly shifted to the middle of the Pacific Ocean chaos reigned in society. But “defence science” stepped forward to save the day. A new technology was developed which would reflect the energy of the sun that passes close to the earth and through into to space back towards the struggling planet, so that vast stores of previously untapped energy could be accessed by humanity to prevent the freezing of the Pacific Ocean.

The technology was deployed within a decade, and looked like a black cloud that issued forth into space from the continents surrounding the Ocean. Originally patented as nano-technology the source of the invention was never really investigated, as it was seen as the only solution to a social and physical crisis unparalleled in history. The entire productive might of the earth was channelled into this technology as humanity came together as one to face the dire challenge, communist or capitalist, left or right, worker or boss, rich or poor. United. As. One.

But things did not go to plan.

The technology was a trap.

The black cloud became self-aware and took the energy for itself. It opened a gate and something truly horrible came through, something that mankind never could have known was waiting...

This is a warning issued from the Unified Central Command and sent back using the most secretive and advanced time travel technology of the day. It is not certain where or when in history this warning will appear, but if you find this note please take it directly to your local authorities, it is the only chance to save the future planet from an unspeakable darkness.

On our part we will seek to destroy the time travel technology before the utter blackness reaches it and uses it. But it turns our own against us and reads the minds and experiences of both the living and the dead as though it is parchment. If the horror follows this message then may God have mercy on your souls, we of the future are truly sorry to those of you in the past.

God speed, Good luck and God Bless all of you, all of you on the good earth.

UNIFIED CENTRAL COMMAND ORDER 11453/J



Euclid's Journey to the 4th Dimension
SD Chrostowska

THE CRACK IN THE UNIVERSE DREAM

by *Hazel Cline*

I am a scientist assigned to investigate the Crack in the Universe. I have been issued a time machine, so I can go back and make inquiries about it. Pretending to be a reporter, I go back and talk to a scientist, but she gives me really vague answers. In this time, I am able to look up into the sky and see the crack myself, which is in a curvy shape like a script alphabet character. My main question to the scientist is whether the crack became visible to us as soon as it happened or if there was a long delay from the time when it occurred and the time when we first saw it. But she absolutely refuses to give me any definite answers, so I give up on her as a source and head back to my time. Next I go back to a time within my own lifetime, so I actually enter my body from that time. Apparently this is unobtrusive to my former self because my memories of what formerly happened during that time serve as a backup for her to experience while I use her body. In this time, I am about eleven years old and I am at church with my mother and brother. I am wearing an ankle-length flowered skirt that I made myself. I am asking the pastor and some of the older church ladies about if they had noticed anything strange in the sky recently. But I am also having to play along as my former self not to excite too much suspicion, which means I end up having to do some silly Sunday school crafts. My brother decides that this is a good time to confess that he has inappropriate thoughts about girls, so we get stuck having a conversation with the pastor about it. When we finally leave, we end up wandering around looking for the car for what feels like forever. We hear a cracking noise and look up to see the Crack in the Universe glowing in the sky. I find this very strange because I had no memory of this happening the first time I was here. I decide it is safest to go back to my time for the moment. When I get back, I notice that I am still wearing the skirt. This is something that should never happen since I had only been inhabiting my former body in spirit. It doesn't fit me too well now that I am older and it is pulled open where it is supposed to tie. I tell my colleagues what has happened and they put me in quarantine until they can figure out what went wrong. They send another agent out to investigate, and he goes to a skating rink in the time before the Crack in the Universe showed up. The skating rink is inside a large building tucked in a cave looking out the side of a cliff. There is a school here and a staircase leading down into the rest of the city carved in the mountain. Out on the rink, a woman starts to fight the agent. He does his special attack where he jumps up really high and then lands on his opponent with his elbow. This attack usually brings them down, but she is unphased and keeps fighting

him. We find out that she is a robot, so he realizes he can reprogram her to protect that time against the Crack in the Universe. After he reprograms her, he moves on to another time, but we stay here with the people from this time. There is a pregnant woman who is a music teacher in the nearby school. She is having troubles with her husband, who is an artist. He comes up the stairs while she is having her lunch break on a bench nearby. He hands her a drawing he has done of the inside of their apartment. It shows their two pet rabbits in the foreground and a window in the background through which the Crack in the Universe is visible. The woman notices that one of the rabbits is all fuzzy and scribbly and immediately knows that her pet rabbit is missing and that one of the twins inside her has died. With this painting, the man had discovered a latent psychic ability to draw reality. From here we move outside to the small town near the top of the cliff. It is bright and sunny and there is some kind of fair or festival going on with rides and food stands. There are three young boys in nostalgic clothes running around together enjoying themselves. A creepy clown comes up to them, leans down, and whispers with a smirk that if they are interested in having an adventure in a magical kingdom, they should call the number on the paper he hands them using the payphone at the bottom of the cliff. So they all roll down a grassy slope next to the cliff until they get to the bottom. Here they find an ornate old payphone just randomly coming up out of the grass with its back against the cliff. They dial the number and push a big gold button decorated with the insignia of a kingdom they had never heard of. But they get distracted discussing whether they have to all be touching to go through the passage together, so they don't notice that the phone had been trying to give them instructions and they miss their chance. The clown reappears and tells them another way they can go to the magical kingdom, but they mess that way up, too. So a letter flutters down from the sky, which says that if they are still interested in going to the magical kingdom, that they would need to send the clown an email at clownbob@magicclown.clown or they could chat with someone on their website: magicclown.clown. The three friends decide that a website with a .clown extension seems a bit dodgy, and they go back to the festival to get some hot dogs.

)TRAJECTORY OF A DREAM(

by Javier Galvez



The stone that emerges,
-earth flower



stripped of ventral spine,
-belly of hawthorn



lift up the labyrinth of your closed eyes.

-wind clouds

Of all the trips that the human being can undertake, the dream is the most stupefying, the one that allows us to walk aimlessly and that transforms us into our own horizon line.

TRAVEL DREAMING – AN ONEIRIC ITINERARY

by Jason Abdelhadi

A selection of dreams and hypnagogic phenomena recorded while traveling in different cities.

Sequence of Hypnagogic Images during a Sleep-Deprived Plane Ride from Atlanta to Toronto

September 18, 2019

A gag artist named “Mad Boy”.

Kenneth Parchment, a lad.

A plastic pink dinosaur tumbling down in a mall of some kind.

A big cluster of birds flying together in a rough balloon shape. They have sickles for wings.

Tasmanian devil is drilling into a big cake with some kind of tool.

A giant statue of an orange mammoth made of plants in a public park. It is called “Christmas Massacre.”

An episode of “How it Works”. A teenage boy and girl are playing a game of pick up basketball with a wireless microphone. The game is called “the sensitivity marker”.

A black celebrity Saint Dementia has a lesser known daughter who is famous in occult circles as St-Symon. I am reading about her in a beautiful handwritten zine.

“Time to Portage a Lamentable Portage”, the name of a scene I encounter in an alleyway—two smashed Grecian columns and in between them a grey blue white classical statue of an owl.

A zoom in of a weird rag rooftop, specifically staring through a whole at an attic.

There is a grating male voice humming. This whole ensemble is called “And Another Thing”.

A view called “A Whole Paranoia”.

A man in a suit who may or may not have chicken legs lying in an alley. His head is inside a giant squeeze tube. His name is “Lotion Jack”.

Some Atlanta Dreams

GREEN SKINNED MOTHER IS CREEPY DOLL – *September 15, 2019*

A kind of motel. I move in to a strange town. The people are trying to “influence” me to read Junji Ito. I resist. My mother (not really, more like an old woman doll HC had shown me) moves in too and she is like an old evil doll wrapped up like a mummy. She is immediately smitten with the town when she is presented onstage to them. Her eyes narrow in evil pleasure and she smiles. Her skin is green.

GROUCHO IN ATLANTA – *September 11, 2019*

Groucho Marx is telling one-liners to a kid at our surrealist exhibition in Atlanta, the Polymorph Bodyshop.

MF’S DREAM PRAXIS: GIANT SLEEPING SOCK – *September 6, 2019*

SC, HC, MF, and ML are in a house together. We are in a basement. We talk about dream sensitivity. MF mentions he is so sensitive that if a ball hits a wall while he is sleeping it will be in his dream. I tell MF I had a dream about him. In the dream, he sewed himself into the toe area of a gigantic sock to sleep and dream better.

Some Stockholm Dreams

DALI SLICED – *June 24, 2018*

One of those Swedish cheese slicing implements is peeling up a Dali painting of a woman in a red dress.

SPY RING – CHOCOLATE HANDS NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

– *June 19, 2018*

I am acting in concert with a bunch of secret spy guys who have “quirks” to pull off a very complicated maneuver. It especially concerns those with special quirks that can replicate themselves. I only know what went into the plan myself. I am to act

distracted and look like I am looking for something in the main building. They are betting on the fact that once I hand off the secret or dummy product, they won't move in for the kill if I look like I have something more to do: my information might be valuable. As I am making a scene, I find some chocolate hands in a bag pointing with one finger up. I eat them. In fact I have eaten a small noseplug for my cold that fell out on my face! Tastes terrible.

YOUNG WITCH EXECUTED IN SCI FI BOOKSTORE – *June 18, 2018*

A young witch or vampire queen is captured and about to be executed. She is brought to a science fiction bookshop to be burned. She has many underlings with her and expects to be rescued but each time they sort of hint that they have somebody there to save her, it turns out she is just misinterpreting and that her friends are really naively going to let her die. She is for example looking for rescuers among the various cardboard cutouts of comic book characters in the window. This actually plays out like a sketch comedy scene and is quite funny.

A Montreal Dream

JOHNNY ROTTEN OR JOHNNY VARG? – *May 26, 2018*

I watch an old film from the fifties with some friends. It has a sad romantic ending and we are all on the verge of tears. It has a troublemaker character who wears a leather jacket and a pompadour named Johnny Varg. I tell my friends this is where Johnny Rotten steals his name and style from. I am trying to find an old bugs bunny cartoon on a video site, which contains a clip of Johnny Rotten saying this.

Some Shanklin Dreams

THE ROBOT WITH THE MAGICAL HEART* – *June 23, 2017*

I look at a McDonald's poster in a small city called Luten and find they are using a 1950s style robot mascot. He says "tick tock tick tock I am the robot with the magical heart." He is black with clocks bent and morphed all over his face. I comment to a gang of people with whom I am there to perform in a strange travelling play that it looks like he was designed "in the 1959s."

*This dream gets much creepier upon re-reading it a few years later after having learned about the strange Isle of Wight anecdote/creature encounter about Sam, the Sandown Clown.

KARL MARX'S BULLETHOLE – *June 21, 2017*

Wandering around Ventnor. PC is showing us around and points out a particular bullet hole in the wall of an old house that is somehow related to Karl Marx.

A FACE IN THE CLIFFSIDE – *June 20, 2017*

A face in the rock cliff talking saying “it’s me”.

Some London Dreams

A MAGICAL TECHNIQUE – *June 12, 2017*

A magical technique called “Thaub”, which is really considered a very humble and practical tradition, which consists in magically drawing a thing circle around one’s front (small like the size of a plate) and channeling all magic through there.

A PLOTTING MIDDLE CHILD – *June 12, 2017*

a self narrating plotting middle child who teaches his little brother a special term for some forbidden act and is in trouble for it. “It is fustian. It is middle child work.”

Some New York Dreams

SING-SONG DOLLS IN SLEIGH – *March 15, 2017*

An old man amuses himself by driving around on a horse and sleigh around his suburban home, along with two creepy dolls, one a pink elephant and one a strange sort of yellow tusked creature (perhaps an extinct megafauna). The guy sings the same weird songs to the dolls, mimicking the voice of their responses. Apparently the yellow one harbored evil feelings about the man and wants to kill him in his sleep.

THE FRENCH VOICE – *March 14, 2017*

Growing in a public garden in Paradise Square, NYC, a kind of New Orleans Vodou plant called “The French Voice”, a sort of strange onion used in traditional cooking. “And your mother with bovine eyes and a frown bloated in the mud returning to her nonexistent deity”.



Hazel Cline

WHEN I NEXT VISITED, THERE WAS A PAINTING OF A LIGHTHOUSE IN THE WINDOW

by Aaron Dylan Kearns

Throughout quarantine, I've noticed a frequent theme in my dreams. They involve my grandmother's house in Augusta. Specifically, how the house had evolved with our absence.

With each dream, I was completely alone in the house. Given free rein to the location, my natural instinct was to go for the attic door. The attic was the only area I never got to see during our frequent visits, I'm not sure if it was from it being small or just the fact there wasn't anything that interesting in it. I think I saw one of my uncles open the latch once, revealing the collapsible ladder that led up into the cramped space. The roof of the house isn't that high, so there's probably just a little bit of crawling room there. It took a bit of fighting to get the attic door to budge this time around, probably from years of neglect. After some effort I finally made it crack, nearly getting a bruised eye from the collapsible ladder. Looking into the attic, I saw, instead of a cramped room, immediately before me, a rickety wooden spiral staircase that went upward out of my point of view. I have a fear of heights and was anxious, but one moment I was looking up at the staircase and the next I was already several feet up, ascending it.

The steps creaked and this made me nervous as well. Despite my fears I continued and came to a place where older steps had already collapsed. The spiral formation of the steps wrapped around a concrete interior wall and I couldn't tell the full height of the stairwell or how much further I had to go to reach the top. At first, it was completely dark but some light started to bleed in on the higher flights. The walls were also closing in on the steps somewhat. It was from this that I figured that the attic wasn't actually an attic, but a small lighthouse. My guess was confirmed when I reached the top, finding the steps led directly up to a tiny floorless room. Shelving occupied the lower walls, above which were windows looking out over the area where the house resides, but I had never observed this lighthouse from outside the house. Looking through the shelves, I found one small book. Everything in the room was clearly left untouched for years and the book was on the verge of falling apart. It seemed to be a journal, but it was all written in cursive and I don't know how to read cursive. Trying to make out a few words, I noticed out one of the windows that

a black car had pulled up to the long driveway, the house set in reality on a steep hill. The car looked nothing like any of the cars my family members drove, and something about it felt off. I tried to close the journal, but it started to fall apart in the process, pages falling through the open steps down to the bottom of the stairwell. I had no clue to whom the car belonged and didn't know which was best, to tell them to get lost or hide and hope they didn't find me. I knew for certain they would tell something was up when they came in to find the gaping attic door, so I decided the best option was to close the door behind me and hide there until they left. I'm not sure how that would've worked out. What I do know is that I did the worst thing I could've done. I tripped. People can die falling down flights of stairs. I'm not sure if that's what happened to me, I woke up before I could find out.

This next part is the product of several dreams that had built up in that short frame of time, I'm not sure where some began and others fused. One of my earliest dreams about my grandmother's house actually involved the basement, where I found an angular crawlspace. The opening was just large enough to fit a person while it got more narrow the deeper it went. From that experience though, the basement evolved significantly, literally expanding.

The basement doorway is in the same hallway as the attic ceiling door, and other doors that lead to the main bathroom, a closet and the three bedrooms.

Opening the basement door, I saw that the steps had changed. Instead of being covered with brightly colored carpet, they were exposed steel gratings. The top of the staircase was illuminated by the lights in the hallway. This staircase had no walling around it, with a thin set of rails as the lone means to prevent people from falling off. As with the attic stairs, they didn't look exactly stable. As I progressed down this stairwell, I realized that it was also a spiral. At least this time around I could get a loose idea of how much further I had to go to reach the ground. From the top I had a full view of the basement, and just how much it mutated since my last visit. It was impossibly large, the ceiling wasn't even at the top of the steps, but extended up far beyond where the roofing of the house would've stopped. Mid 20th century style, striped wallpaper and a carpeted floor had combined with aspects of a parking garage. The top was all concrete, with rectangular windows providing light for the ground level area. The ground level area was decently lit. It was just enough where you didn't need to feel around the walls. The rest of it was pitch black. Along the wall left of the stairs was a long line of doors, at least ten. Most of the room had effectively expanded to accommodate for all these doors, one of which led into the angular crawlspace. The doors appeared to open onto pitch black on the other end, but some of the rooms would have light when you entered.

I figured that at least a few of these doors would lead to rooms belonging to the real life layout. The basement, in non-dream time, has two doors on the left-hand side, leading into a storage room and hallway. The hallway also had a small bathroom, but

it is rarely used, and the last time I was down there the light in the bathroom stopped working. Going through the first door, it did go into the hallway like I expected. As with the bathroom, the lights in the hallway were dead. I remembered the space well enough though to make a straight line to the door that went from the hall into the storage room. Upon entering, I found the storage room expanded, at least twice its original size, the ceiling reaching high. Unlike the rest of the nonexistent rooms, the storage space had lighting. It was minimal, just an exposed lightbulb dangling from the ceiling, but it was adequate. The walls were lined with, in large part, DVDs and CDs, and there were shelves in the middle of the room that split it off into smaller subsections. I returned to the main basement, and had a look in through the next several doors. They also led into storage rooms, all of which were impossibly large given how densely packed the doors were next to one another. Lighting was reserved for just the first storage space, the rest were pitch black beyond the first several shelves that were just in view from the doorways. Somewhere around the third or fourth storage room, I heard one of my uncles call out.

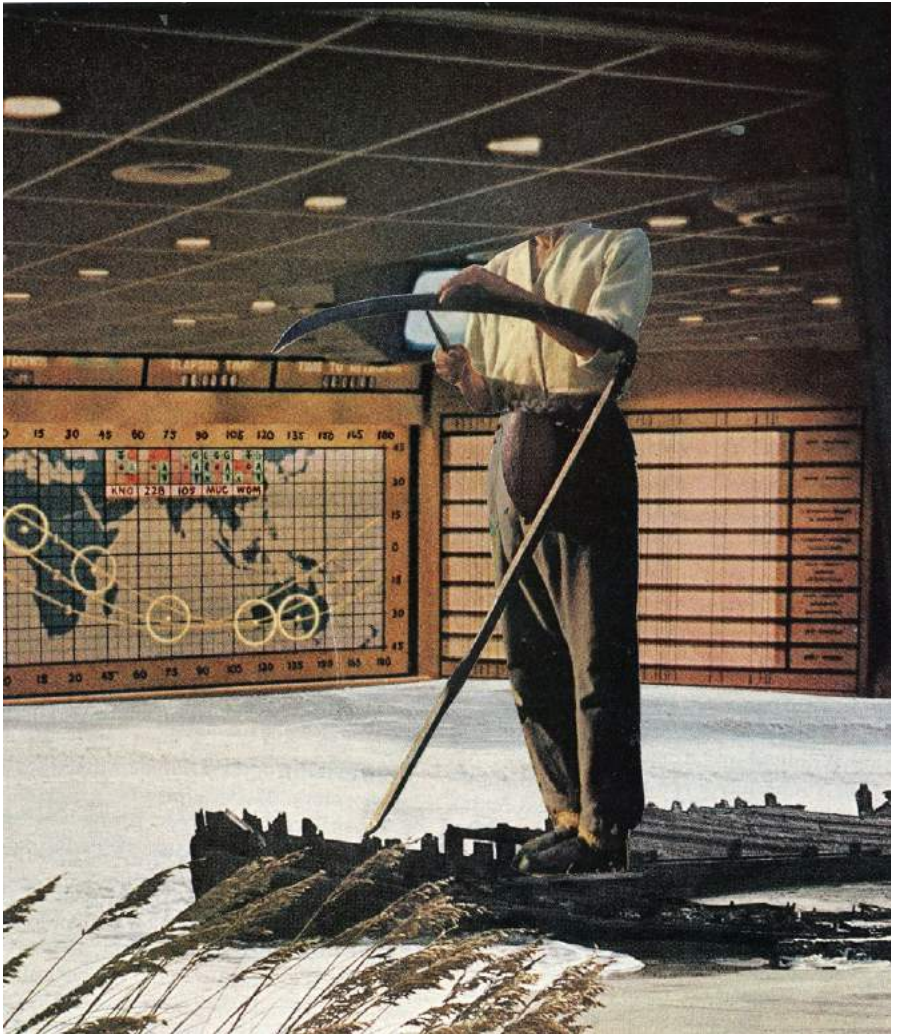
“Hey, check this out.”

He was a media collector for a while, keeping DVDs and old PC games in their original cardboard boxes. I would have followed his voice but I wasn't sure if what I heard was actually him. Something was shambling deep in the storage room, wandering around clearly confused. It knocked over one of the shelves. Then it froze for a moment before deciding to run back in circles around the deeper shelves, far away from sunlight.

My second visit to the basement, I decided to go directly for the door furthest away from the stairwell. All the doors were already opened, and though all seemed to open onto similar dark rooms, this room was even darker than the other storage rooms. There weren't any shelves visible in this one, and as I entered a spacial anomaly occurred so that I wound up in an outdoor area. I was facing a small dock that looked over a lake, an island barely visible in the distance. A small motorized boat fit for just one person was patiently waiting at the dock. I don't know how to operate boats of any variety, and I don't know how to swim, but I still managed to get to the island. I still got to that island anyway. In contrast with the area with the dock (which was largely untouched), the island was littered with manmade rubble. Large chunks of grass were missing, with most of the plant life being only what grew from the rubble. I have some memories of seeing a kind of carnival children's play park that was sinking into the ground, but the most clear artifact in memory was the car park. After wandering around for a bit, I found this open field of concrete with dozens of abandoned cars spread out across it. The top part of a tent was spread out over the slab to umbrella the cars, which were already rotting to the point that moss and other greenery had somehow eaten through the tires and glass in the windows. From here I also noticed how most of the island was covered in fog.

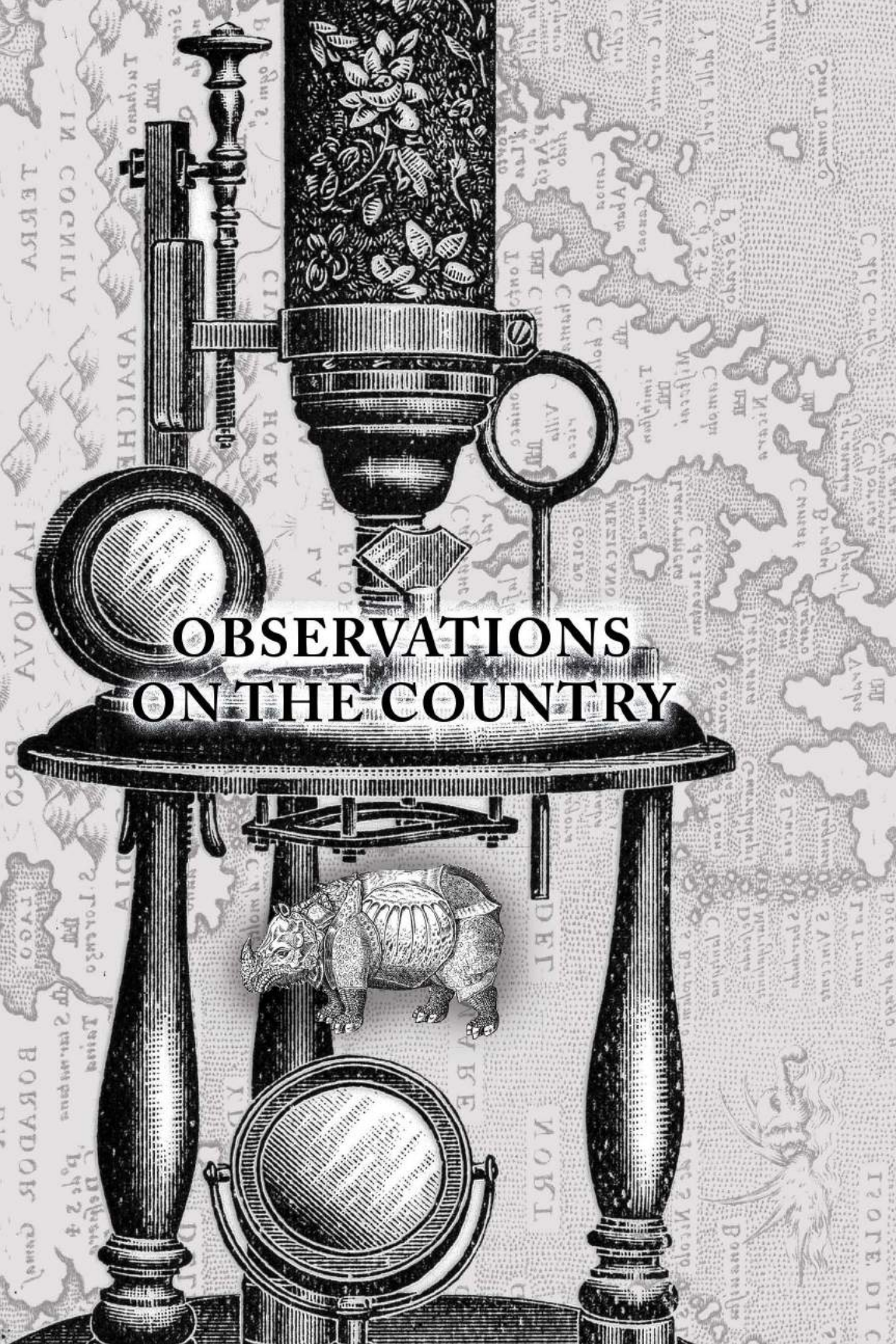


"Space is the Place" (Homage to Sun Ra and Raymond Roussel)
Ron Sakolsky



Hazel Cline

OBSERVATIONS ON THE COUNTRY



HORIZONS OF THE WORLD

by *Bruno Jacobs*

Je suis hanté. L'Azur ! L'Azur ! L'Azur ! L'Azur!

— *Stéphane Mallarmé*

A certain essence of traveling is commonly said to be the thirst for new horizons. For some people, however, it is literally – or rather, physically – a question of a search for the most striking ones. But where? Which ones? Which kind of horizons really moves their very *ethereal core*?

For the majority of the persons who feel such an insistent if not overwhelming urge, it is probably a question of a diffuse and unconscious impulse, but one far beyond the curiosity of the average tourist or even traveler. We are dealing with an obsessive concern.

Certain people's *material imagination* is, as Gaston Bachelard indicates (1), strongly related to a few basic elements – in this case air and space – and therefore horizons in general, and particular ones especially activating such an intense although mute imagination.

For them, the way is practically fused with the goal, through the profound *concentrations of openness*.

They are naturally and irresistibly attracted by seashores and coasts, even if they of course are also seduced by expansions of the kind experienced in mountainous or wide desert areas as well as other places imbued with such a wide openness.

They want *absolute horizons*, and therefore in clear, sunny weather.

For them, the deeper the horizon, the better. In fact the mere knowledge of, for example, the existence of land even many miles away when experiencing a coast, forms a mental obstacle in the irresistible avidity for the depth awakened by a horizon.

For them, the ample drift of the spacial imagination isn't enough. The mind subjected to it feels a compulsory movement to fly away, and experience the evoked distant geographic regions. Also central here are the more or less diffuse relations between certain geographic areas, borders and other similar artificial concepts being utterly irrelevant. These relations can be very vague or even impossible to define for them. Still, strongly and intuitively felt as if *magnetically*.

For them, in fact, it is not the horizon as such that is at the center of their fascination and obsession. Rather, what it activates, the contrast between near elements and what is insinuated, above and beyond, is that empty and still highly vivid, inviting open space, calling the mind to a movement further away but still anchored in and related with the local environment, strengthening the perception, the mental *suction* of the distant, invisibly but strongly sensed presence. Thus also the importance of the

geographic knowledge in question and its influence on the experiencing of a certain place in relation to the activated connections and that *beyond*.

Thus for them, the blue silhouette of distant mountains or the tops of voluminous cumulus and cumulonimbus clouds serve as natural thresholds for their imaginary but sensuous flight through the specific sky of the place and the moment, for they are sensing, almost grasping far away places if not even continents, mentally almost shortcircuiting distances...

For them therefore the real voyage to experience such central places always remains a vivid temptation (2).

For them, leaving such places especially in the evening is sad when not anxious.

But for them, to close this reflection, this natural mental thirst tends to extinguish following sunset: West, and more especially *the course of the sun*, is the magnet that attracts the very *mineral* of their mind. Therefore their relative lack of passion or interest for the geographical East and its dawn.

(1) See in this case Gaston Bachelard's *Air and Dreams* from 1943.

(2) In my case not the least pairs of seemingly complementary shores such as, also due to historical/cultural bounds, the atlantic coast of the Gulf of Cádiz in southwest Spain and the eastern coast of the Veracruz state by the Gulf of Mexico. Another, powerfully attractive to me since childhood and a central area that I unfortunately only have seen from altitude, is the eastern coast of Florida with its Keys and its Everglades.

NIGHT WATCH

by Paul McRandle

On a bleached morning in late April 1989 I rode a bicycle against the wind across the island of Arran to Machrie Moor, a complex of Bronze age stone circles and cairns. Sapped by the long ride, I have no firm memories of the site and in my journal only mentioned the tepid loneliness and chill air. For years I'd forgotten them until coming across photographs in *The Modern Antiquarian* that stranded me with a sense of recognizing something I'd seen long ago: three tall stones, narrow, shaded against the green hills, one almost triangular like a giant handaxe rammed in the earth. The whole trip north from London felt like an uneasy dream, from the glowing fluorescents of the overnight train to Edinburgh to the unheated, empty hostel I'd escaped on bike. It was as if the experience of the stones had hidden itself from my depressive exhaustion to return in an echo.



We usually move through historically muddled places, locations where the present appears to be embedded in the era of construction or drawn from a religious context, cultural sensibility, or function. And this is thrown into relief by places like Avebury or Uxmal where very different but not incomprehensible histories, events, and moments mingle. In those place we have none of our unconscious ease, little intuitive sense of our surroundings, and a fragmentary knowledge of archeology

which can leave us conjuring banalities. Mute appreciation may be the only honest response. It takes time to gain a feel for the different scales involved, the patterns of the light and the methods of approach, to discern foreground from background. But this frustration or alienation or boredom with the first encounter can also open a distance between us and the world in which other times might make themselves felt.



“Night, the astonishing, there, the stranger to all that is human” (F. Hölderlin)

Where the giant leg of the Irish tortoise still rises from the waves, interior submerged, the vaults remain accessible to the wary. And beyond, the magnetic north, the aurora borealis shimmering from space, magnetosphere aflame. Numbers stations speaking to no one in the deep night. From the bricked up crypt of an Edinburgh graveyard to sunlight streaking along rails out, the dead will not be held back, will not be restrained, they rise up, beacons on the ridge lines, bright phantoms flashing to life like a spark more afterimage than image. Why do these places haunt? Their surging colonnades, throats opened in chant, articulate histories, seams of gold drawing the numbed eye. I still feel the damp, dog-eared pages of its work.

At times travel moves through gothic dimensions, exposing us like silver halide to a new light in unfamiliar frequencies.



"His face was like the breath of a face—a streak that some unknown passerby has left in the air." (B. Schulz)

Within a cyclopean museum in Mexico City designed by a Communist architect in the 1940s, Kirstin and I sought the entry to the ancient city, which stood under guard behind locked and imposing doors. Challenged and turned back, I looked over a bookstall in the lobby displaying Spanish editions of science-fiction novels I'd read in the 1970s. An old man running the stall tried to sell me some 45s, pulling out a clamshell turntable with bluetooth speaker connections and a laser stylus to keep the vinyl in pristine condition. Unable to buy his singles, I objected when he grumbled that I didn't give a shit about New York music.



Astarte's fallen star, a meteorite or "aerolith," was a god of its own standing—Baitylos.

In that plaza beside the pigeons we pause to marvel at the light as the sun's pitch and tilt across the cupolas tinges with diesel exhaust and sea spray to a fiery plasma. We walk beneath fig trees and past ibises prowling the marsh hoping for a stray word to entertain them. We mark a single path weaving among others to the display cases holding the remains of one who cast his shot before the silent mountains. The tram takes us past bulging shop windows and vast waterfalls populated by statuary to a grave from which we gather acanthus leaves. No one knows what we do with our days, but we feel that we've escaped with only the air in our lungs and now, for the moment at least, the roadblocks are lifted.



From the earliest ages our imaginations take us beyond the bounds of memory and personal experience (though these are hardly separate from imagination) and open out onto other times and worlds with the conviction of evidence. Their depth and presence isn't a hazy apprehension but as concrete and detailed as anything in front of us. The subject of those spaces—Rimbaud writing *Illuminations*, Jarry at work on the masks for *Ubu Roi*—calls our attention, as it did André Breton's wandering Nantes under Rimbaud's spell. They shaped our shared world well before we came into existence, but we join them in some way on these streets, just as at times we can join those strangers caught in photographs or newsreels. They are like the light of distant suns playing over the earth.

"Dreaming is not an unconscious chaos but a language of a new type that requires for its translation the extensive riches of poetic invention." (J. Schuster)



Gilgamesh, Sargon, Bes, Azurbanipal—natural secretions, colors, thought, and images dripping from metal and stone.

An enigma poses itself as if expecting an answer yet recedes out of sight even as its question is pronounced. It reveals an expanse where dead leaves stir on a concourse under quiet, dark clouds and find a path through the old streets of this city where the linen hanging in long banners from the sills ripples and the ringing of chains on metal drums echoes from the wharves. Unobserved, I tap a path past the sealed facades that once held shops behind high oval windows, each object encountered speaking of things to come. The odor of boiling chickpeas wafts from an alley. People move about, avoiding conversation and contact; perhaps they don't belong either. It must be too early in the morning for any amiable presence, for chat and cigarettes. If a woman gripped my hand and told me to follow, I would without hesitation.



CERTAIN PLACES (ALGUNOS LUGARES)

by *Eugenio Castro*

Certain places, from the moment I have heard their name and learned of their particular geographic and orographic conformation, have exerted a strong attraction in me, which has provoked in me an impulsive yearning to reach them. As a whole, they possess a summoning power. That makes me fall into the illusion that they bring together the most mysterious correspondences. Their location is like a delicate and vigorous voice, and it appears to me as the unspoken voice of the place, exciting in me the idea, perhaps naïve, that there is something there. To that location is linked my reverie with the finding in its most inspiring domain, and which only a posteriori I have been able to discern: “deterritorialization”. By this I mean that the situation of this or that place has come to superimpose itself in my spirit as a Nemeton of the unheard of, a point of confluences of telluric currents with the deepest requirements, a strangeness that becomes independent of the territory that comprises it. Nevertheless, something leads me to think that my sympathy for certain places, if it is initially related to their particular location, does so because they are also susceptible to provide a response to a type of predominantly pre-conscious internal request. It is as if the location triggers a kind of secret pre-communication between the desire to reach them and what, on the ground, tends to plunge me into a certain secondary state, from which a relationship with the spirits that inhabit them comes into play.

On the other hand, it has happened to me to return to the same place on different occasions, generally consecutively -although equally in times distant from each other-, yielding to a design whose origin, I know, obeys the capacity it had to awaken in me, not only the sensation, but the truth of finding a habitat where there is room for the renewal of the dazzling, a psychological comfort, and a force of attraction that suspends certainties and encourages powerful emotions. This is a habit that has been repeated to me and that I have deliberately cultivated. A habit that reaches a modestly ritualistic character, which, far from constituting a sterile reiteration, sets in motion a way of life that tends to resolve itself, as partially as you like, in a fertile marriage between the inner journey and the outer journey. This pairing rekindles an intense passion for a true life that, even in nature, had not been absent.

The places of which I speak, which may satisfy imprecise requirements -as I have been suggesting- I have come to perceive them as witches/sorcerers (*brujos*). If this can mean that I perceive them as bewitched places, it is so insofar as they present themselves to me -even beforehand- as witch-places that work their spells, which I locate in their potential animism. It is not necessary to insist too much on the fact

that the latter shakes the foundations of the prefixed mental structures; and that the body and the spirit experience, in the form of a mute ceremony, and therefore intimate and confidential, the fullness of detachment, which is the consequence of being possessed by the genius of the place.

I have been assiduously accompanied by an appetite for reaching isolated enclaves, and, once there, the most secluded corners. Those are objectively so, although, when difficulty hinders, I then look for the hiding place that imbues me in such a situation. I indulge in it with undisguised joy. I do not have too much difficulty in finding them. And, undoubtedly, they help me in the hours of abandonment, those in which, according to delegated and accepted customs, they remain free of their commandments and I can, for that very reason, maintain with places and time relationships that oscillate between the simple, the customary and the renewed. I should add that I am fortunate enough to be able to choose times of the year when human affluence is limited -and, not infrequently, non-existent-, which contributes to my pursuit of seclusion. And even so, different vicissitudes of practical and social life can lead me to have to share those spaces in less favorable periods.

But the question is, in the last case, whether one can bear or wants to remain for a very long time in a kind of detachment, under a climatology that, being beneficial in the beginning, can become both detrimental and unbearable. I admit my inclination towards all this, and that this is due to what, having remained in me since childhood, dictates that I can continue to indulge in a gain of life that comes, precisely, from a waste of time as I live it, so often – and let the vagueness serve – against the grain/off time, if I am to measure experience according to the verdicts of chronology. Decongested of the mental calendar that prescribes the practical and social life, which does not cease to point out the hours, minutes and seconds of the experience even in the beyond, I restore me the time of the spirits of the place and, frequenting with the body a hard peace, reviving the open reptilian brain, I become animal on a ground that anoints and calms. Thus I offer my body to the climate, in an abandonment which is action, in a state of laziness which is knowledge.

This is how I stayed around five hours in the rocky promontory where the remains of the Castro de Baroña, belonging to the Concello do Porto do Son (Galicia), stand. It is a massif of light in which erosion shapes the fable of the place, where the rock gives voice to the sea and in the echo the word and its shadow are abyssed. It is a palace of outdoors/exposed to the elements (*intemperie*), tenebrous and vast in its extreme innocence, an incorrigible luxury for the eyes and everything else. There, the whole reality, formidable under the zenithal light, ceases to be a mirage because it is embodied as a certain presence: a girl who walks on the rocks and carries in her hand

a quartz crystal attracts the power of the telluric verb, renews the mineral language. I recover these words, adapted, that I wrote for my book of poems *Mal de confín*, because I will not be able to say again anything similar to what I perhaps achieved then in my eagerness to make present, no doubt in a partial way, the impressive physical and mental stimulus that caused me, since the first time I met him -and throughout more than two decades- a pronounced Atlantic stretch that came to provide me with secondary states and to have, punctually, hyper-lucidity.

In the Castro de Baroña, one month of July, the alternative contemplation of the glare of the ocean water, wonderfully bright, aroused in me the darkest reveries, so that under its excess of light and the insistence of an irreducibly altering wind, I could imagine how from the sea emerged the voices that its dead pronounced to communicate with each other, as if it were a choir of angels in the depths purging their innocence. This seclusion, in a place entirely exposed to the sun and sheltered, I, in the shade of a rock, was followed by a siesta under the protection of the one and the other. I cannot say how long I slept, although I have the impression that it was not prolonged. What is certain is that, in that way in which one wakes up because, even when asleep, one notices a presence beside him, I opened my eyes momentarily to see, a meter away from me, standing, a girl who was watching me carefully while she was moving in circles a stone of what seemed to me to be quartz, which was hanging from a rope. I sat up and looked at her, drowsily. She was smiling. I lay back down to continue my sleep. It didn't take me long to wake up completely, or so I remember. Next to me, about two or three meters away, the girl was still there, sitting with her quartz stone.

THE CAVE IS THE FOREST IS THE CAVE

by Steven Cline

As I was falling asleep, a hypnagogic image of a cave came to me. The walls of the cave were colored a rich green, and a bright light was coming from somewhere deep in the cave, though I could not see its source. A strange flesh creature came crawling towards me slowly in a weird and tangled fashion. It seemed like an aggregation of long and skinny human limbs, yet with no torso and no head. The next day, as I explored a nearby trail, I found the creature's perfect likeness, flanked by the wonderful green of the surrounding forest, and the distant light of the sun.





Guy Girard and Taisiia Cherkasova



Touristic Postcard
Jason Abdelhadi

TRAVEL WITH WILD ANIMALS

by *Ody Saban*

“The eye exists in a savage state,” wrote Breton. We can also say that space and movement can exist – at least in part – in a savage state. For surrealism, savagery and civilization are not opposed: they complement each other. Wilderness is the *foundation* of the project of surrealist civilization. Likewise, the unconscious and its manifestations are the basis of surrealist lucidity.

In the surrealist tradition, the goal of walks and trips is not only to lose one’s bearings, it is also to find new ones, through encounters with lives or objects, discoveries, objective chances etc. The unconscious, the untamed part that is in us, is the guide to surrealist journeying. Measurable distance doesn’t really matter.

Encountering non-domesticated animals can help to discover and outline what, in us, also escapes domestication. When you are with a wild animal, space and movement change meaning, because this animal has a radically different conception of it than a human. This conception of course varies from species to species and from animal to animal. It can allow us to travel to different universes.

My character made it easy for me to come into contact with animals preserved from captivity and submission. I easily identify with these. When I am in their presence, when I undergo a reciprocal taming, it is not only their space-time that amazes me, it is also mine, because it has undergone a metamorphosis.

The moments I spent communicating with these rebellious animals seemed awe-inspiring. Here is the story of some of these adventures.



2015. *Metamorphosis of a bull into a frog.*

Childhood and metamorphoses

I was seduced, from the age of three, by little shiny and lively black lines which moved in the sea water. It was like strange writing, with identical signs that moved all the time.

The beach was particularly huge and deserted. It contained small ponds a few meters in diameter. These seemed to me to be my scale for playing. The sky drew marvelous spots within these pools. Frogs and tadpoles live in these spots. I felt like I was part of that world. It gave me both a sense of power and fragility. The tadpoles, the frogs and I were equal. We were wilderness, apart from nations, identities, hierarchies. I felt like I was very tall, with the desire to be very small, so that I could swim and have fun with these friends of mine.

In those puddles, the water was a bit muddy. The tadpoles hastened from one end to the other, circled around, moved away, came back. Their tails swished from left to right and right to left at high speed. They were very numerous. When I touched or hit the puddle, they did not change their dance: they were not afraid of the movements of the water.

I filled jars with seawater, seaweed, pebbles and tadpoles. I took these jars to my dormitory, under my iron bed, the mattress of which was so high I could sit under it. I gazed at the tadpoles and, in my imagination, I enlarged them by inventing oceans for them to inhabit. I fed them small white bits of breadcrumbs. When I returned to the beach, I would empty my jars in the ponds, thank my tadpoles and bring others back to the dormitory.

At that time I was able to observe their metamorphoses. The hind legs appeared first, then the front legs, and the tails stuck out. Then the frogs started to jump. I had never seen this before. I happened to pick up a little frog at my fingertips, in my hands, on my wet arms... Its skin was wet and soft. As I left this little life free to move off, it was not afraid.

An owl that opens the world

In my teenage years, I lived in a remote village on top of the mountains. Every night a large owl came to visit me. With tufts of feathers on her head, it looked like a big owl. I saw her settling on an olive branch, very close to my open window. The dim light in my room shone no further than this tree. My eyes were fixed on the very large fiery but still eyes of the owl. She was there for a very long time. Her eyes didn't move and seemed to grow larger. She was staring at me in the same way that I was staring at her. Her head and body were also motionless. I wasn't sure if she was looking at me alone or also looking into my room.



2016. *Two half owls with beautiful knees.*

She became for me the door to the outside world. She didn't stand in my way, on the contrary, she hypnotized me and made me travel very far in my own imagination. She also seemed to command the air and the leaves that weren't quivering. Once, she turned her head to look straight behind her, with incredible flexibility. There was a great emotional density between us, as if she were a close friend or a sister. I had never exchanged glances with anyone for so long, not even a small fraction of the time. It was as if I had become able to see two new suns. My room seemed to me to have become an astronomical observatory. Between our eyes stretched two hot, humid tubes. The moon kissed some leaves of the olive tree. It was like I was outside on a flying carpet. Under my feet stretched out the clouds, the continents, the seas.

On the ground there was a lizard. He actually lived in my room with multiple spiders of various species. He was watching me too, but he was a fan of speed. From astronomical telescopes, my eyes were transformed into all other optical devices. This lizard made me roam the room in all directions, into every nook and cranny. He would run on the walls and on the ceiling. He made the bedroom an entirely different space than a bedroom. A place that could be crossed everywhere like shooting stars.

Every morning, I left for my studio to go paint what these animals had inspired in me.

To wild dogs of all lands

I took part in a story with stray dogs. They take place in five episodes in different places, distant and with different dogs. They look like an enigmatic fable. The events here seem to accompany my unconscious feelings as old walls seem to draw fantastic frescoes. The facts that I am going to describe approach for me what surrealism calls objective chance.



2016. *A flower for each at the tip of their tongue.*

I lived with two untrained street dogs, they adopted me when I was a student. I was living in a very small house at the time, in a garden on a hill. A year later, I was forced to give the larger one, a wolfdog, to a couple of neighbors. When I visited them, I found out they had given him to a dog shelter. He died there. I was bitten by a feeling of guilt, the jaws of which didn't want to loosen.

Two years later, I was sitting in the front of a car, near Göreme and its "fairy chimneys" in Cappadocia (Anatolia). The driver was going at high speed. We were on a dirt road. Suddenly, she was forced to brake suddenly, to avoid two stray dogs. I was seriously injured. I was sewn up with coarse stitches, without anesthesia. I was in a coma for a while. In the room I was taken to at Ankara Hospital, street dogs showed up at the same time every night. They screamed horribly. It seemed to me that these cries kept tearing my flesh apart, as the spirit of my dead dog fed my hallucinations. The hospital room was like a saucer of red blood.

Several years later, Thomas and I were walking at night in a forest on the Hautes Fagnes-Eifel plateau. Two dogs appeared in front of us and started barking. They leapt almost to my throat. Thomas and I each picked up a tree branch. At the level of terror I was in, the size, shape, texture, solidity of my staff played a major role in my perceptions. Distances were changing. Almost nonexistent in the directions where there was no danger, they were getting very dense where I saw them. My body was also changing, its essential organs were not the same and it was partially out of my control. For a moment, I lost my mind. I dreamed that the dogs were missing from this space, that they could not see me anymore, because I had come out of my body. They had taken my place, had become myself, while I howled like a dog. Accepting to put myself in a dog's body freed me from the guilt I felt for my dead dog.

Finally, on the island of Prinkipo, a wild dog, similar to many others in Turkey, one day around five in the morning started to walk beside me, following me everywhere. I spoke to her and I sang to her. Suddenly, ten more feral dogs started barking to make us back away. I felt that the dog that accompanied me and I shared space like bread when we are very hungry or water when we are very thirsty.



1990. *The feathered mother.*

A feathered baby

In Paris, a couple of pigeons had built a nest, between the plants, in front of my daughter's window. They rested on their egg, one after the other, for brooding. There was a baby. Each parent left, then came back, several times a day and fed it. For several days, I didn't see either of them. I chewed bread, opened the little one's beak. I swore that I would not watch a baby die in front of my house. One day the parents returned. From what other place?

Slugs and mischief

I witnessed the mating of two slugs on the edge of the stream that ran alongside Thomas' house in Baronheid. These mollusks are almost all hermaphrodites. For a long time, I had felt very close to these animals, whose character I nevertheless did not share at all. I had also drawn many species of snails. The slug potentially possesses both sexes, but not quite simultaneously. Before my eyes, these animals took strange shapes and mingled. Their kinds of "penises" were made of two white mucous membranes. They resembled the peripheral female "labia majora". These mucous membranes stuck together and moved extremely slowly. They rippled, stretched, stroked, curled, were slightly slimy, shiny, slippery. Their translucent cream was everywhere. Sperm entered through the genital opening on the right side of the head. Each formed an astonishingly long tentacle. The movements of the tentacles and the changes in the shapes of the two bodies were made with great harmony. Mating lasted about an hour. I felt my wet sex. It was as if my sex had come out of my body and come to life outside of me, while still imparting pleasure to me. As if my sex joined these slugs and learned to make love differently. I discovered regions of myself that were unknown, psychically distant.



2000. *The Malice of the Slugs.*

The little mollusks unraveled with extraordinary softness, and the tentacle of each had withdrawn from the orifice of the other. They fondled each other again after mating.

One of them was left alone next to me on a large sheet. I took it to Thomas. We gave it cucumber peels. It ate quickly, moisturizing the table with a secretion that I touched.

A bat after midnight

I lived on a canyon with a few poor buildings. One very hot night, a little after midnight, with the windows wide open, the somewhat humid summer air entered my home. I had just finished my last drypoint copperplate engraving. I was about to go to the press, to finish the job. Several of my prints were already hanging from a rope.

A large bat then entered, flying at full speed. It stopped very close to me. I adapted to its pace. I felt myself growing upwards. I opened my arms and ran, rocking from side to side. It followed me. I slowly climbed onto my bed. I watched it without moving. We were approaching each other. The walls vibrated.

The shadows of its mighty flight roamed the small space of the chamber. Its transparent wings appeared, like parchment skins, under the spotlight, like sails that were a little crumpled, and alive.

The almost empty space of the room had grown more intense. The ceiling and the entire top of the room were getting bigger. They were becoming more alive, more inhabited than the bottom.

I could see the muscle fibers and blood vessels in the wings of the bat. It braked and turned very fast. A whirlpool had entered the room and the room itself appeared as a whirlpool.

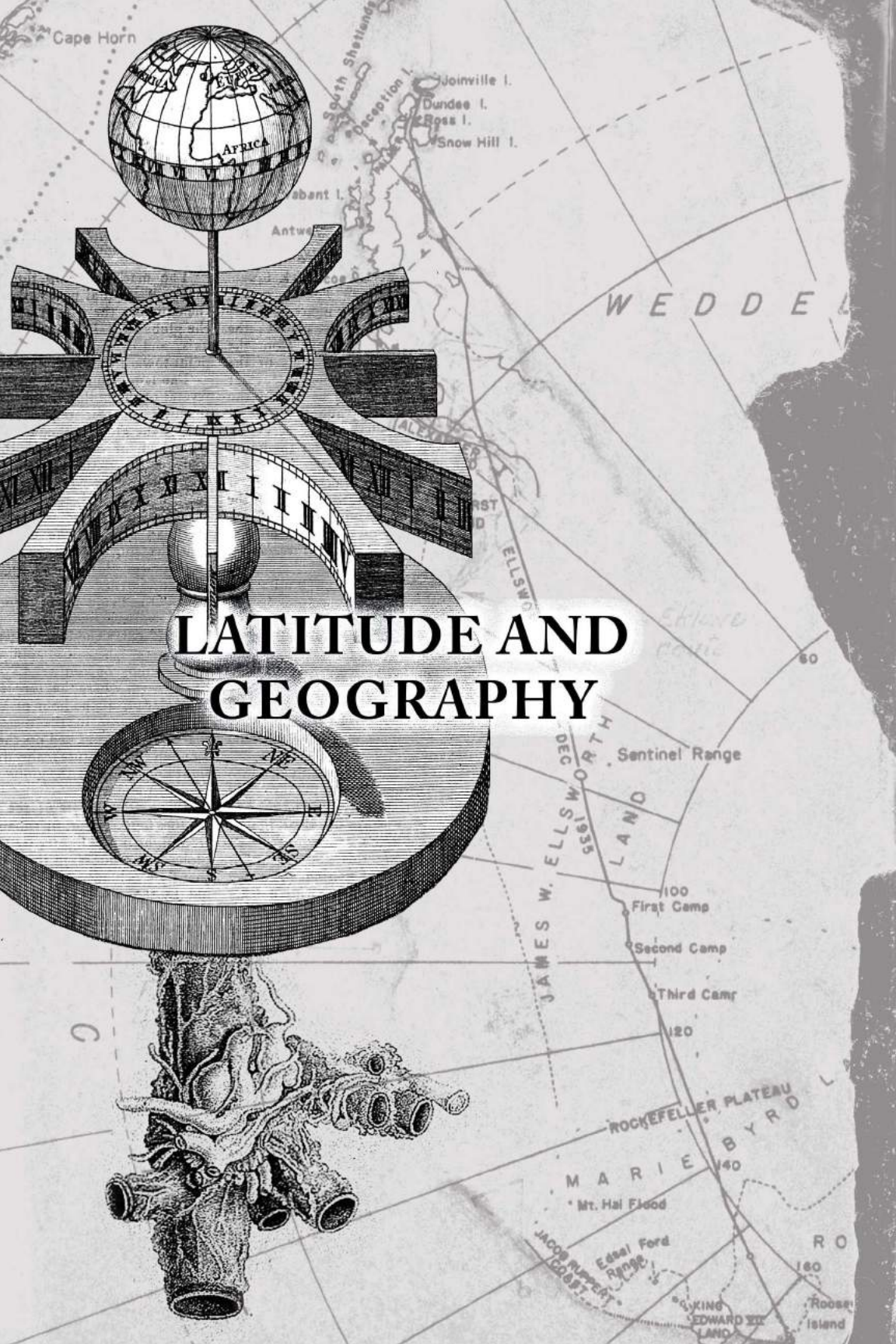
I stood with my arms wide open in front of these kinds of umbrellas transformed into flying machines. We danced together, as if in a trance. We had absolute control of the space.

The point of these stories?

It seems to me to suggest that living wild animals, easily accessible and unjustly neglected beauties, can make us travel – by their proximity and not by their exoticism – to parallel universes where time and space do not quite have quite the usual meanings and required behaviors.

One limitation of the experiences I have spoken of here resides in the status of “muses” that I attribute to these beings. They do not take conscious initiatives to initiate me into games, to manifest themselves as a creator.

This limit, which I set for myself, allowed me to take as heroes – for the majority of these brief accounts – species with ways of living very different from our own and whose intelligences of the world are not those of which it is typically customary to lavish with abundant praise.



LATITUDE AND GEOGRAPHY

WHERE THE FOUR WINDS BLOW

*by Emma Lundenmark, Kristoffer Noheden,
John Richardson, John Welton*

Sirocco Serenade

a stone throw from tidal turmoil
blinked shadows, dry the throat
catch the breath
turn the head

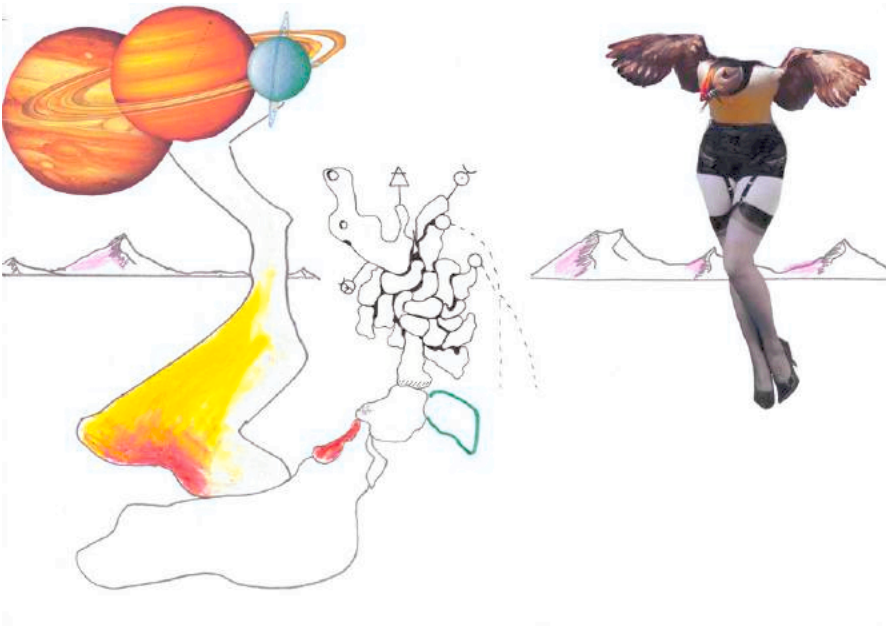
the blossom dances in the wind
a blazing diamond bleeding tears of love
echoes of a conversation
which never ends

between the eyes
the lizard's blaze
what we touch enters the shore
as the silhouette rides on the cliff edge

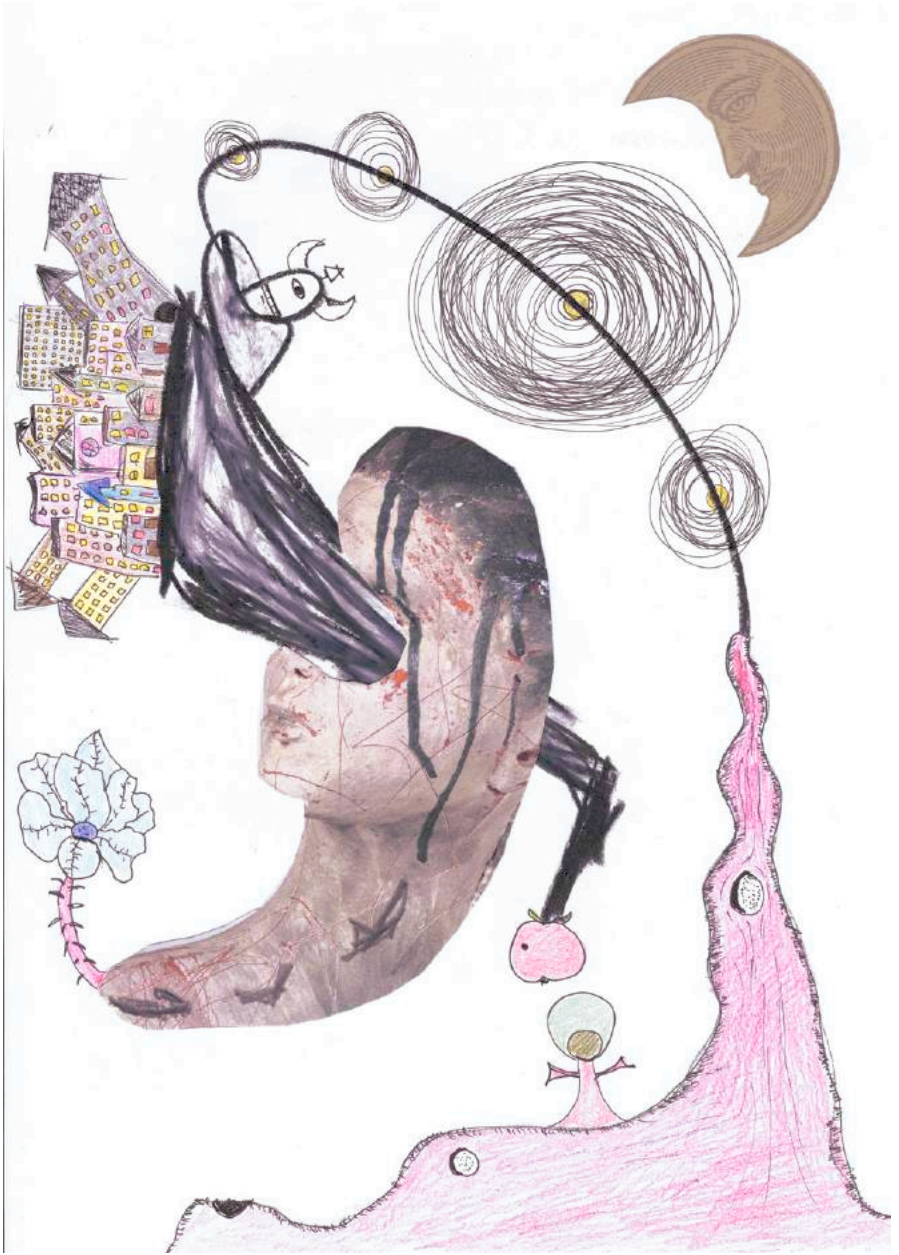
the bones draw a spell with itching powder
stone moved by inner sneeze
appearance of vegetal rainbows
we look on with stars in the folds of our wings



The Iconoclast's Journey of Ice



Mystery of Migration



The Volcano of Myopia

STORIES AS MAPS OF A SEXUAL TOPOGRAPHY

by *Emma Lundenmark*

Traditionally revolutionary men have gone out in the wide world searching for new territory. Women have been left at home, within the shape of their bodies, with simply one rule that is to not cross the borders of that shape, so of course they must do exactly that in order to feel free. As the revolutionary man travels the world, the revolutionary woman travels within the worlds of her body, meeting other bodies and crossing those illegal borders. Like this: I was 16 the first time I saw a whole landscape with cities and forests fall out of a boy's back, and he hadn't even done any travelling himself. I was 19 when I thought I could lie own in bed with the whole world one bit at time. Impossible of course, or is it? When I grew older I discovered magic. My own back turned out to be an open book with thousands of pages and it wasn't a question of only this world alone any more. As borders break, landscapes unfold. And within those landscapes, fragments of other worlds or even planets and the infinite depths of stories emerge.

A meeting between lovers can be a mythological journey. The stories of eroticism can unfold in any number of different directions. Some patterns may still recur, like circles on the water, belonging to the specific water source of this or that relationship. It might be a story that goes between certain jo-ha-kyu's following particular visions, such as a coral reef, a pattern of floral circles in red and black, and then beyond the white giant jaw. And it could go on, from layer to layer – to some other place transforming into something else. It might be some sort of ceremonial ritual, such as dedicating an altar to the giant night itself, or achieving astronomical dimensions by flying through rings in a solar system. It can be raw, animalistic, metallic or beautifully winding with whatever synesthetic associations there are to be found, a cave or an oasis, through explosive colors or shapes that are difficult to grasp. It can be in the open air or more or less lost, in a narrow jungle or along endless spiral stairs. We may feel awake or asleep. Hang on to each other under grids or open windows. It is an opening to something else; a quiet language that goes beyond. A root system without endings.

It is peculiar that some people take their loved ones on a trip when all they need to do is climb each other's bodies. Not just as bodies of course, it's rather about the desire to explore all the worlds and stories that are hidden inside. Layers that are invisible unless the bodily limitations are dissolved. That is, if you dare to dive in, if you get through your fears of castration and let yourself become a part of the landscape itself. And when you are down there, far below under the roof of Eros,

try to look up and the world might never be the same again. But of course, all may not get there. The physical traveler, as we all know, can be more or less like any holidaymaker. A lackadaisical charter tourist on one hand or an explorer with a very specific interest in details on the other, for foreign cultures or just the dissolution of the ego in a context that may seem more or less escapist or real. It can, of course, unfortunately also be colonizers or missionaries who have not taken a single breath of the world they have just been faced with – and they might not even be particularly interested in learning.

The sexual act – as a part of and like the lyrical behavior in general – is a journey into the unknown. If you can look up, see the whole sea and not just the circles on the surface of the water and get stuck in the patterns – or well, get lost in the patterns towards some other distant sea, but then you have to sink or dive. Or if we are on land you better disappear into that forest, even though it never ends. The point of being swallowed by that convulsive landscape is perhaps one of the basic preconditions. If you allow yourself to lose whatever borders there might be, the communication multiplies and you dissolve in whatever landscape, whatever story that arrives. Not just with your mind but with your body, finding new shapes to lose yourself in further on. In retrospect, where there were walls, there is now a complete root system. There are no endings, just evolvment and even genitals do unfold. After crossing that threshold the exploration may begin, through and beyond the bodily shape of oneself.



The beaked coral reef, by ELKN

THE DOUBTFUL CARTOGRAPHER

Somewhere out there, the Doubtful Cartographer is leaving traces of her occult geography and clues to the “treasures” therein. We ask you to look around you for fragments of the map hidden in plain sight (it could be anything—a shadow, or a stain, or a puddle, or...)

Once you think you’ve found it:

Determine the name of this place.

Briefly describe it, or depict it in some way, or photograph it. Feel free to emphasize any important geographical features.



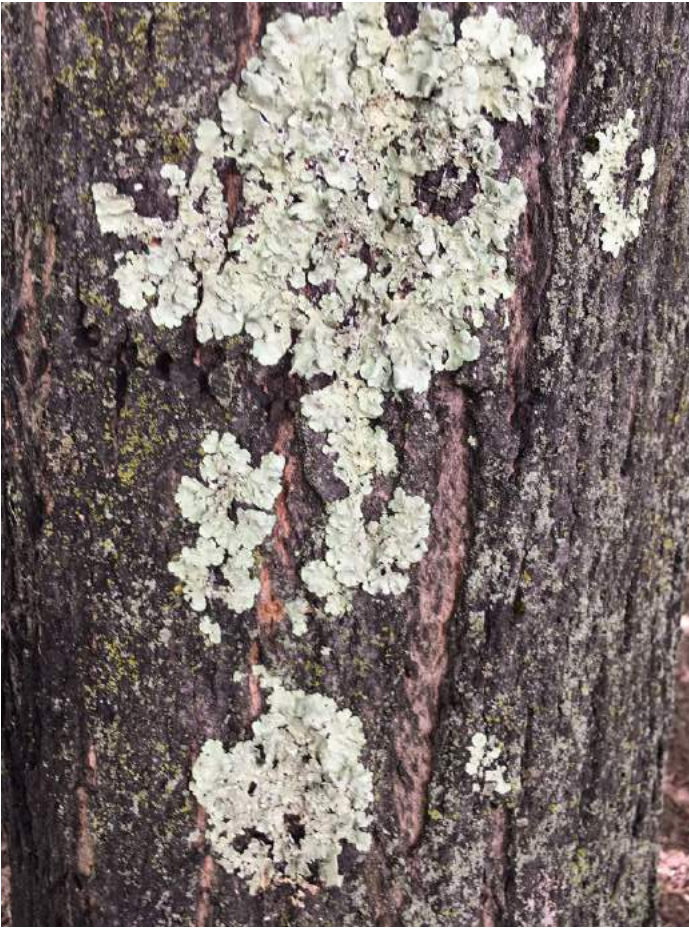
The Handshake Strait

A narrow passage between the continent and Van Ghastly’s Island. The northern peninsula of the isle stretches out towards the mainland as if attempting to close a deal on advantageous terms. The strait is notable for its bizarre waters, aggressive pirates, and a string of horrifying 19th-century whaling disasters.



Map of Inverse Lapland

Unlike our everyday earth-bound Lapland, this place can only be reached by wandering an underground tunnel while under the influence of a thickening hypnagogic state. At some point, an unknown trigger will cause the invisible window standing beneath your skull to fall apart, and this strange and solitary place will appear. The first thing you will notice is that everything is painted in a single color here, Cobalt blue. Unfortunately, no other colors have ever been able to take root. If feeling adventurous, one may try leaving behind an invasive green or purple cabbage on the way out, since a few have been known to thrive in such soil. Over-zealous Jelly Guardians and Saucer Cells are quite attracted to their scent, however, and may quickly eradicate them. A risk either way. The mountains of Inverse Lapland grow eternally downwards, her volcanos suck wildly at the air, and her animals bear a plump and seedless fruit. Much more could I say about this strange land, dear reader, but I have decided (mercifully) to let you discover the place for yourself.



The Spittoon Archipelago

To the northeast the Spittoon Archipelago rises gently like a manatee's ire from the sluggish Treebark Sea. It was formed after a ghostly face in the heavens was seen spitting a ginger root into a cracked human skull; the sea, in hopes of attracting a ghostly mate, put up islands in its likeness. A god dwells on the largest island, who looks like three turtles dancing in a violet flame emerging from the barrel of a green water pistol. Those who make the journey and burn an offering of hairballs soaked in bourbon will return home to find that their landlords have died. This archipelago reproduces by means of spores migrating in the center nostril of the Hyperborean Bee-shark, and it is estimated that, today, roughly nine thirteenths of the world's bodies of water are home to young spittoon archipelagos.



Limbic-Gray Morning Range

The Limbic-Gray Morning Range is an unassuming geologic crumple whose topography has been erased by snow. Whatever tectonic pressures or volcanic emissions have shaped this landscape are too humdrum for geologists to care; but those who pilot their dog sleds over these blank slopes attribute them to a pair of exhausted but fitfully sleeping giants who have turned up the lithosphere as chaotically as the sheets of an unfamiliar bed in a roadside motel. What dreams and discomforts may have bedeviled these giants, what creator deities may have perpetrated such disturbances for the purpose of transducing them into mountains, may now only be guessed at beneath the snowy cloak of oblivion.



Tarpauline Sepulchre, location ubiquitous.

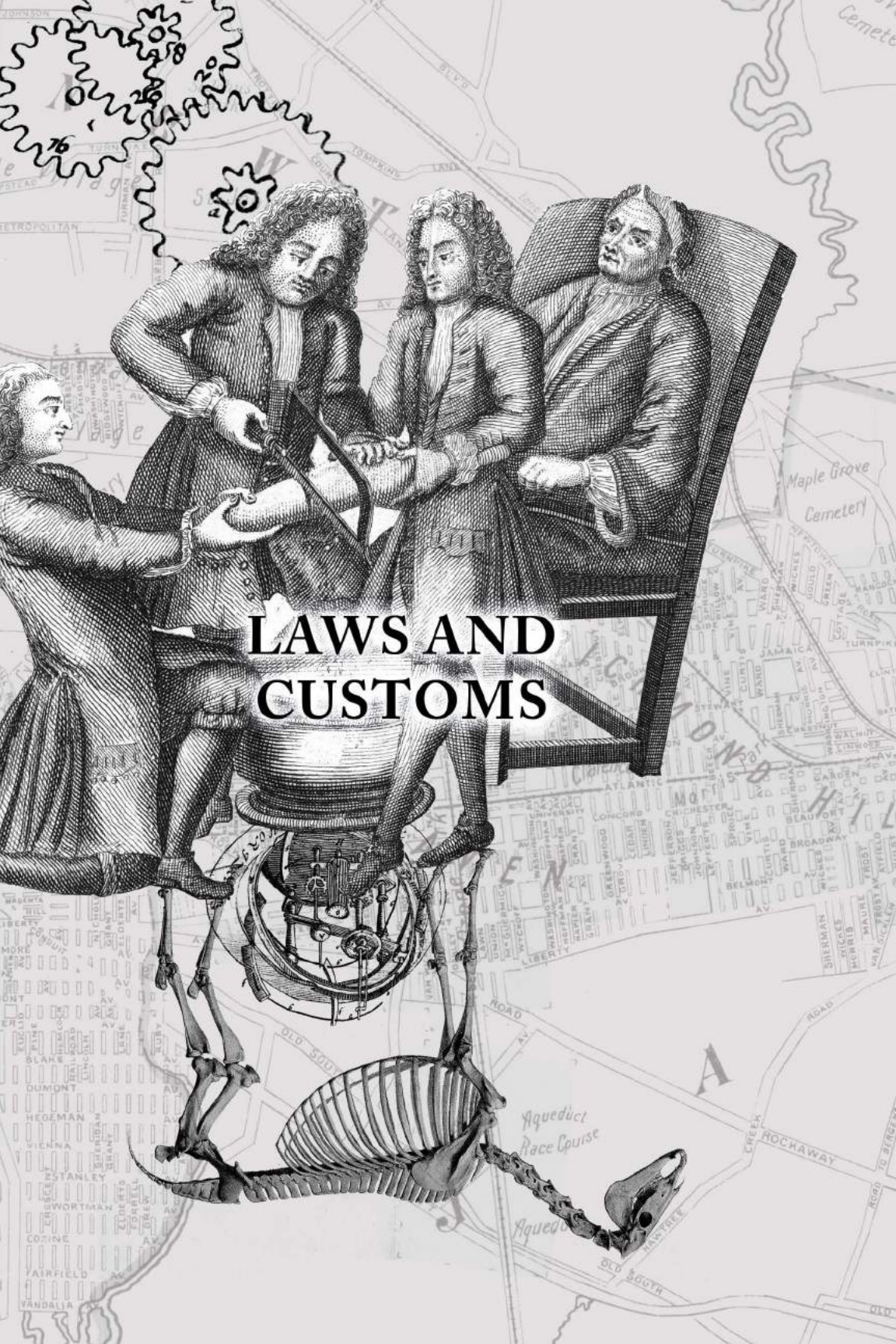
For just over 18 minutes on the solstice, a light penetrates the depths of dusty blue-black sheaths, beckoning the weary into the labyrinthian tomb of Lost Americana.



Snapshot from the Pole of Total Inaccessibility

The Pole of Total Inaccessibility, located among the transparent landmasses of the Northwest Passage postulated to exist by John Dee, is reached only with the secret fortitude that survives severance from all the extremities of your body, at the cardinal point where the arcanum is unveiled that the internal and external are completely indistinguishable. The only way for the traveller who encounters the Pole to continue to live is through an intricate and startling form of auto-dissection, a scorching sensation which resurrects memories of delicate fronds of unearthed glass, of a much-loved woman's perfume obscuring the mirror and melting the shimmering carcass on the other side...

– Jason Abdelhadi, Steven Cline, Nathan Grover, Vittoria Lion, Megan Leach, Ryan McCarthy, & Vittoria Lion



LAWS AND CUSTOMS

APPEAL

by *Emma Stamm*

A stranger approached me at the bar one night and invited me downstairs. The only furniture in the room was a chair and a table, which I sat on at his indication. “Take off your shirt,” he said, and I did, but it wasn’t enough. There was another room and another chair and table. I spied a wall of books, thick volumes of fiction and myth. Somewhere between *Cyrano* and *Decameron* there was an empty space the width of a novel. I slipped my hands between them and peered into another chamber, this one with no floor or ceiling, circular in shape, shelves carved into the walls. They looked to be filled with books, but like oil-slick rainbows the volumes vanished with a tilt of the head.

I was at the bar and a stranger invited me upstairs. There was a rope and a ladder and a periscope. I saw animals in the air and plants unmoored by crumbling sediment. I closed my eyes and fell into a corner, and when I woke up I was at the feet of the customer whose dime had fixed my fate. His face was bruised and he wore catcher’s mitts on both hands. The sound of his fingernails scratching away inside the leather made me dizzy and that’s how I wound up here.

The pills they give me get stuck in my throat. They only go down with ginger ale, but when they dissolve, the nausea subsides. They decorated my room with curtains and kaftan rugs the same shade of green as the dress I wore that night. At first I didn’t notice because they replaced all my old clothes. I haven’t seen the dress since they took me. One day I told the nurse I liked deep shades of green. “We know you do,” she said.

When I wake up in the morning, I’m almost hit in the face by the fan, which thankfully moves at a snail’s pace. I never remember how low the ceilings are in here until I’m almost decapitated. Every day I remind them to shut it off before evening, but they don’t do it.

After I’ve recovered from the shock of the fan, I swaddle myself in a sheet before picking out my clothes. It doesn’t make a difference; I assume they’ve all seen me naked; but they never gave me pajamas and I don’t like to walk around bare. The closet is ten paces from the bed and I can feel their eyes on me. Food comes between the slats of an opening in the doorway designed specifically for the purpose. I eat all my meals that way, unless I forget my medicine or if I’m still too queasy anyway.

There’s not much to do. There’s a chandelier above my mirror that distorts daylight into knots and the moon makes diamonds on the walls. I was never much of an

artist, but they didn't give me anything for amusement besides a pen and two sheets of loose-leaf paper. One day I started sketching the shapes the light made. After I used up all the paper, I asked for more. That was my first mistake.

"They wanted you to write a confession," the nurse explained. "That's what the paper was for." My punishment didn't bother me too much, though: no laundry service. I'd already told them I liked doing it myself ("are you sure about that?" the nurse asked). But the day my basket got full enough for me to haul it down to the basement, they told me my case was going to trial.

* * *

I remember everything. They annexed our neighborhood, tried to sell us on the promise of a name for ourselves. They said if we came willingly our arts and crafts would outlive us. Half of us went; my friends put up a fight; I moved in with the ambivalents, the ones who refused to opt in. We agreed to be alienated by power regardless of who wields it. I shouldn't have been arrested.

I couldn't think of a crime to confess to. I'd been watching the world harden into an object my whole life. I'd seen friendships sour over differences in techniques of defiance, and at the same time, my grandparents died of cancers that had nothing to do with war. And since I'm not an artist, I had no fame to secure. I was a seamstress, a pattern-follower, more like our official opponents than my new neighbors. My rent was paid on a constitutional commitment to order. But it was good to caucus with the bohemians. Most of them liked me, and since they claimed me I returned their affection.

The time came for my old friends to make up and die respectable deaths. Death scares me, I'll say it. I've never brought it into this world, or life. The artists' attraction to me was misplaced.

Then the officers set up bars. Not the ones we were used to, which by mandate served food and offered childcare — these twenty-four hour ventures had no kitchen, and at their approbation, we passed entire evenings at orgasm point. I would drink the cheapest beer on tap and wait until it kicked in to say anything. Although we understood their placative function, we still enjoyed the up-drugs and improv theater exercises they pushed alongside the drinks.

Upon orders to gather data about us, they started with say-the-next-word exercises. These were designed to see if our associative capacities were "less trained" and "more schizophrenic" (as one scientist put it). Lucy said you can't know that based on a typology, and an officer gave her an empty smile. My neighbors were more schizophrenic than I, but they were still made up of patterns — obscure, sure, but predictable with machinic scrutiny. That I knew for sure. I'd always seen the props changing hands behind the scenes. In that sense

I belonged exactly where I was: x-ray vision was the magic ring that circled us as a tribe. Some thought it defined their worldly purpose, at least under more felicitous political circumstances.

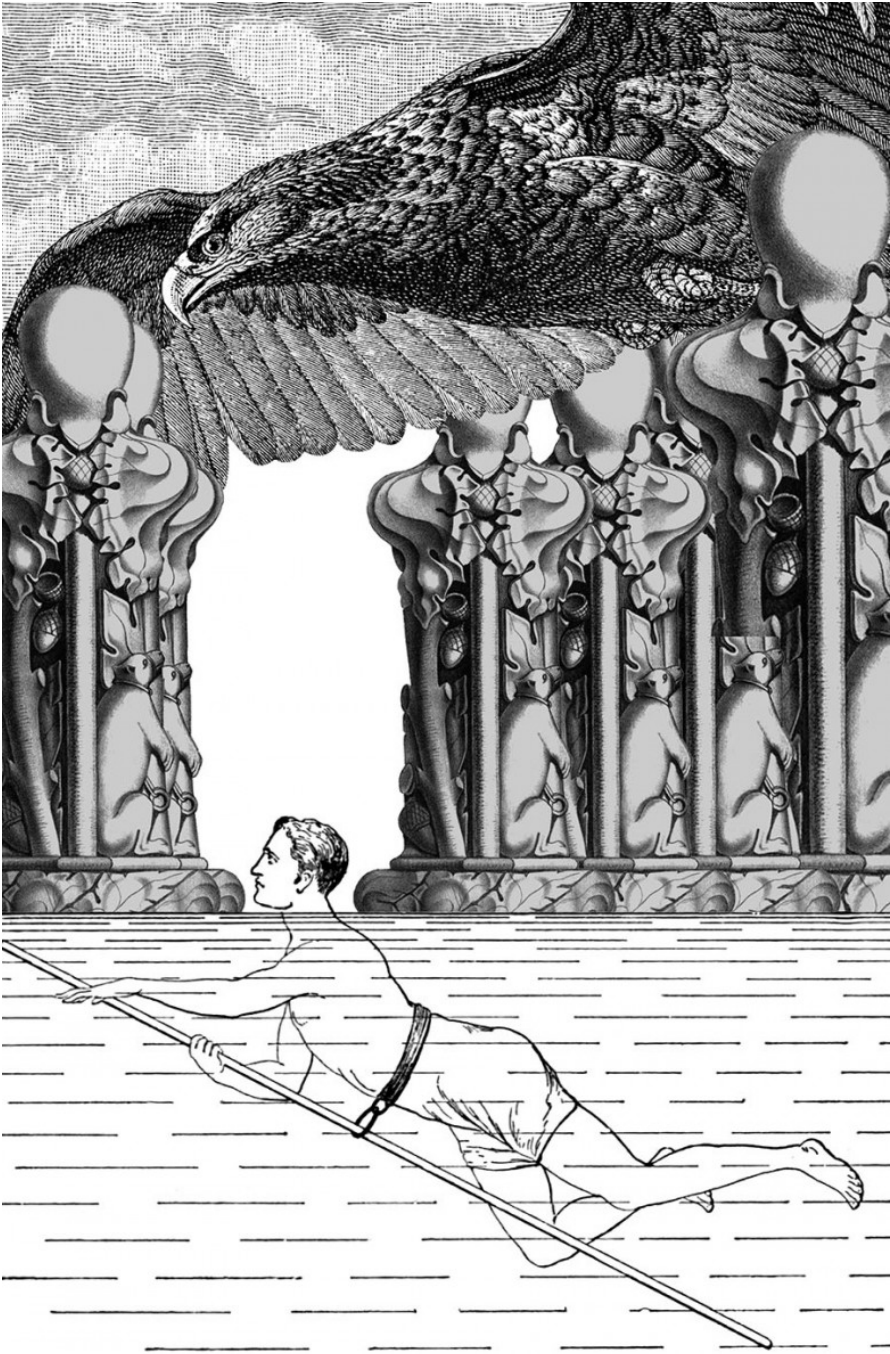
The stranger had been charmed by my depthlessness — not that he said so, but I have a hunch. A few drinks in and I told him my life story. I have nothing to gain from being coy.

He wrote a poem on a napkin:

In modern thought, (if not in fact)
Nothing is that doesn't act,
So that is reckoned wisdom which
Describes the scratch, but not the itch.
Now I'm enlisted and my ticket is up. Shall we find out which side I'm on?



Hazel Cline



Dan Stanciu



Travel Snapshot: Undercover Sphinx
Steven Cline

OLD STORY

by Tim White

this taxonomy of aching time
with its tiara of savage light
poised to strike
at clotted diaspora of vaporous mushroom
swathed in shells of rain
a sandalwood hypotenuse beckoning
to a foam of free radicals
to a foam of nematodes
to a foam of lithographers
to a foam of marsupials balanced on extinction's edge
to a foam of shoe strings
in easterly phonic libations
raising embalmed ice bandages
in lateral toxic philologies
to a didactic prehistoric weather event
overflowing with storage space
where sleeping dogs lie
lying about the future
lying about where it all began
lying about what they do for work
lying about their family
at all stages in all formations
in their acrostic desert crossings
where fruiting spider-vein theorems
and sudden viral espionages explain nothing
in gusts of puissant tectonic blues

AROUND THE CORNER

by Anthony Hayes for BJK

in my dreams, there is a library at the end,
there are books at the end, reading covers.

here I am, at the end of the world, reading covers.

“The city screamed”. “It stopped”. “At the end of the burning world”. “And the under privileged waters of New Babylon”. “This Tangle Hold”. “This, the luckiest machine in all Denver”.

“It’s great to be back!”

here, at the end, my friends.

it’s great to be back, and still with a fever, caught from the eventual impending and imminent tomorrow. which is to say, from the future.

this is more than the fault of a quote or confusion,

more than the phlegmatic, the phantasmatic bad memory of the new drudge,
they flap and slither with the utmost seriousness. all of them.

of the very many hands and the very many fingers. all of them.

the new robotics. nature. the brass and brazen victory of the mechanoid caller.

here, is the sweet mould, the forge of the wine dark stupor. puke. you call vomit.

to change. something. to overturn all the words, say.

so the world at the end of the word, this world and this one.

from this momentary. this promontory. from this train. and this midnight.

from this cabin and the next, there is always something called a cow that I will never see, tonight.

So smash all the clocks.

Break all the faces.

here. at the end.

I twist out a lament for the change that is coming,

and for the axe with which we will grind,

and for the fine shapes of the nothing much more than all the outrage,

all the bad press, for all the dirt that we call dust,

with a tongue for a corpse and a corpse for a tongue,

we will grind out a paste to fix the filmy mist of the hereafter.

and the week after?

Break all the cocks.

Smash all the quasars.

all of them,

all that is palpable, for example, your quasi-diagram guise,

here, around the corner.

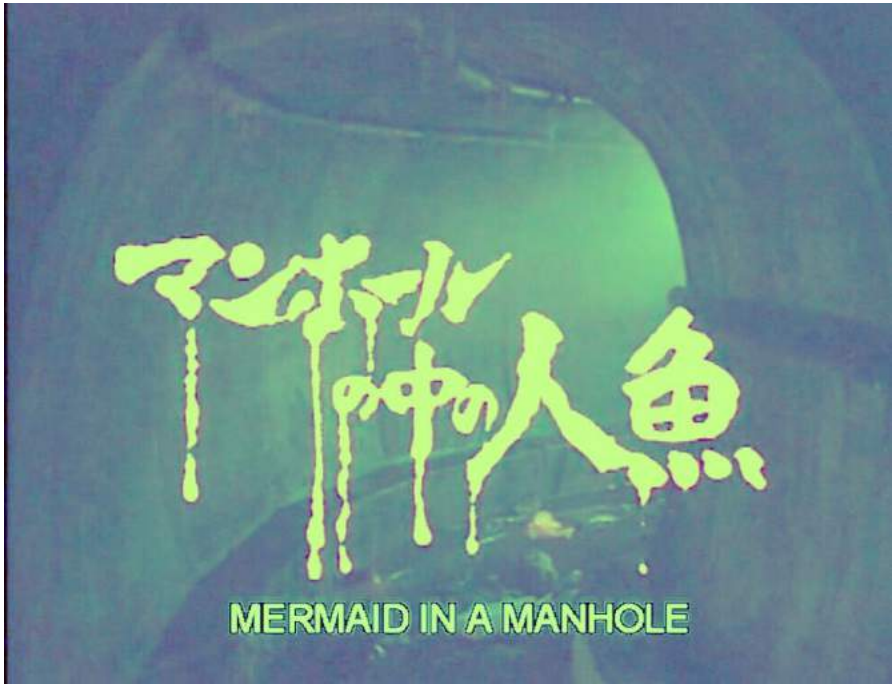


Daydream
Andrew Mendez

GUINEA PIG 6: MERMAID IN A MANHOLE IN A MANHOLE REVIEW

by *Steven Cline*

“Everything is hidden in the darkness.”



Like a surrealist poem, the film begins with a series of close-ups on seemingly disconnected objects in an unknown sewer tunnel. A clock without hands. A dead dog. A red ball. A baseball glove. A torn kabuki poster. A child's toy. A mass of unknown flesh, swarming with worms. And dead baby, with its pale little face gazing upwards. This long sequence begs for interpretation. A clock without hands —a place outside time? A dark place, filled with childhood memories and primeval horrors...? Bingo. It's the Unconscious, of course.

Our story centers around a strange artist who wanders the sewers near his home, finding there the subjects for all his paintings. Like the surrealist, he explores, interrogates, and reinterprets the reality which surrounds him. He peaks beyond its veil, and transmutes it. He is always seen by the neighbors leaving his house “with a sketchbook in hand”. A plein air painter, then? A sunday painter? Yes, he is. And yes, we are. We surrealists. But the plein air which we inhabit is the surr-air of the Real—

not of the everyday appearance. (which, of course, is where most painterly nitwits stubbornly inhabit) This local sewer, with its hallways bathed in blue light, is this artist's "secret place". The place where all lost treasures shall be found. Many years ago, he tells us, there had once been a river on this very spot, where he often played as a child. A place full of "fish, friends, dragonflies", long since disappeared. The river now submerged, repressed by capitalism's unconfined growth. O lucky day! On this particular excursion to the sewer, our artist-protagonist has a chance encounter with a (mostly) living mermaid. A creature that he'd met before in childhood. The fading memory, returned. She is shimmering, wounded, grotesque, beautiful. Marvelous-monstrous. The film cuts away from her, showing us once again the decrepit old clock—the one without any hands.



Later, he has a pure-white bathtub delivered, places her naked, decaying body inside it, and begins to lovingly paint her. We dream along with him now, spinning with him in soft waves of death & eros. With Weiridwoman as his guide, as his decomposing nude. Of course, this figure of mermaid itself an inbetweenner too—a liminal creature—with one flipper in the world of humans, and one flipper in the world of the spirits. One that is wet, and one that is dry. The unconscious, promiscuously mixing with the conscious. A phantom in the daylight. Several leering masks cover the artist's apartment, too. Masks of a boundary-crossing shaman?

Cannibal goddess, she asks the artist to feed her with dead fish, and happily he obliges. The leftovers are thrown away, tossed out in the street. Curious neighbors

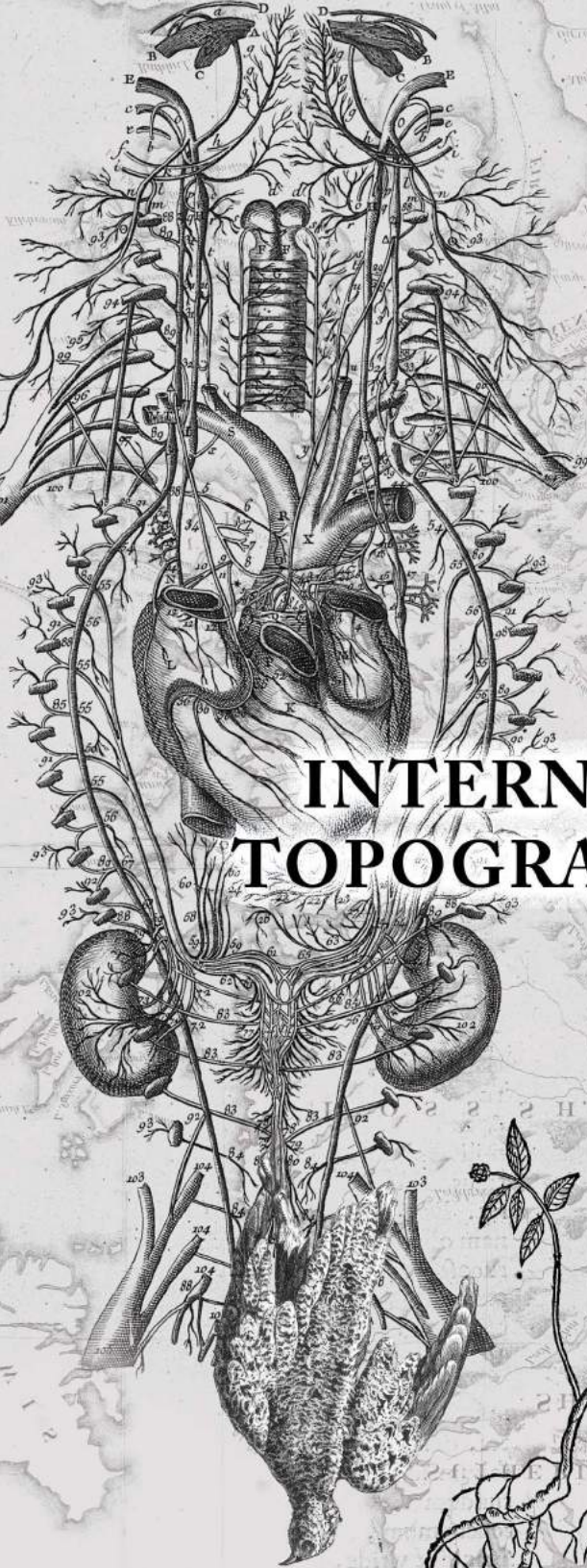
soon collect, observing the black trash bags which seem to bleed—and fish heads which seem to stare. “You can judge people by their trash”, mutters one horrified bystander. In other words—We see your dark underthings leaking out, mr. artist! So put a lid on it eh? We don’t want no “return of the repressed” in this neighborhood!

Our provocative mermaid is covered by tumors throughout the film—her body’s unruly unconscious, manifesting. These are special tumors, of course, ones which bleed out “a pus of many colors”. Reds blues purples pinks & greens. Naturally, the perfect pus with which to paint...

A long parade of grotesqueries pass by. And then the film bursts suddenly out onto the fertile terrain of Myth. Mermaid begins a difficult birth. A thousand green and black and blue worms drop out from her ripening pustules. Yes, it’s a very strange brood. And then, taking a page from *Charlotte’s Web*, the mermaid shivers, and then dies. After death, she asks the artist to cut her up into little pieces. Once again, he obliges. And now she’s Osiris, and now she’s Tiamat, and now she’s a dismembered old god. A flesh seed, for the creation of new worlds... The final sequence reveals to us that our artist-protagonist was schizophrenic, and that this dead mermaid was actually just his very normal human wife. He has brutally killed her, and cut her up. And yet—on the police’s evidence table there also sits one solitary, glittering fish scale. They’d found it in the bathtub, they say, and cannot match it up to any known species. No “either/or” ending for us then, friends. An ending of “both/and”. Truly, my favorite kind.

Final Rating: 5 floundering wormsnares out of 5. A masterpiece of tumoric cinema.





INTERNAL TOPOGRAPHY



ROTAS

by Erik Vole



INKAN TIME TRAVEL MANDALA 1

Clockwise from top:

- 1 Arrival of a spacecraft summoned by the ceremonial sceptre
- 2 The Eldest Inkan time traveller
- 3 A time soldier descends to the planetary surface
- 4 Arrival of a spacecraft to the pyramids
- 5 Time soldiers immanent formation
- 6 Time traveller listening for interstellar transmissions



INKAN TIME TRAVEL MANDALA 2

Clockwise from top:

- 1 Inkan Time Traveller astride a leviathan
- 2 Inkan Time Travellers
- 3 Origin of the world: Mandorla
- 4 Discovery of the mushroom
- 5 Arrival of the spacecraft
- 6 Voyage of the Land Mermaids



OMPHALOS

The Time Travellers Journey to the centre of time in their bathtub coracles



ROTA AQUARUM



a further use for excess number of cadavers

Kathleen Fox

TRAVELLING

by Pearl Button

TRAVELLING BY EAR

The sounds of the bottle depot against the rising light, empty rail yard. Sissing rattle of metal carts on road's bumpy scalp. Glassine ank of empties jostling for position as they glide on tethered wheels from trunk to depot cradle. Pickers' stretchy yellow hands : heralds of some future reincarnation, some travel, in place if not in time.

The fire crackle of plastic bottles being compressed. Some mass grave for artefacts Coke and Pepsi. Alchemist's furnace beginning to heat.

Car door clunk where seal meets seal. The hollowed out boot, clean again and waiting. Vaulted rumble, empty container-truck, its whale-sized doors closing against unwarranted intrusion. Some impurity of sound or subject.

Voices, human, a tidal suck and gurgle. Small pools that barely sound, silent peal hidden under the faintest ripples. Others, rocky fissures hissing an outgoing tide.

And occasionally, the small peeping call of last year's baby seagull sitting on a lamp post at the edge of the depot. The answering food-call of the yearling crow.

A motif in the general aural composition. The phoenix tail of sound. A sign of time reaching some dimension of perfection. Arrows

burning down into the world. Young women hidden behind the hillock grasses breaking the light into green drums. Strike a glass, a bell, bronze time to keep from moving into the past.

A low roar from the southwest sky.

The tunnel rush of hammered air : a blade, sounding; edge sliced, and day cries out :

narrow shoulders of aural flame; time gravid with itself

: a newly risen city that you've never heard before

TRAVELLING BY EYE

row of trees, giggling cherries that line the street
home, for a year, pink blaze belts wide blue neon

white gulls dip against their rumble
crows parade under shadow cast

pecking in, pecking out, the crow food-vault of tree roots
but not in the cherry branches, those arching regents

branch tips seed sky
blazing ephemerality

and then, rain, late spring
flower petals hit drop pink concrete

car windows succumb, shroud of pink eyelids
drumbeat of sap, trumpet of leaves uncurling

photons, trills blast, cannon fire of molecules shatter light
falling cubes of blue, air-sliced sun

beams cannot know if the fruit will come to bear
whether the tree will make it to seed

whether the seed will fall into ground clean of conflict
clean of poison and toothed browser

of developers, digging machines and darkness
of trampling feet and the pressing death of 4-wheelers

long silence of years while the seed turns in its grave
dark, warm brown, twisted fingers, seeking teeth

seeps into the future through deepened root
through a pierced stem, and finally, tight-lipped, a red bud

TRAVELLING BY BONE

travelling in search of a muse
for living, imagine, in all its complex desires, gone
eyes silent, ears destroyed, leaving only
your kinetic sense, thump and swish of walking

not even the tactility of skin, but only
the bump, glide, click, swing of movement

your flight's companion becomes a particular bone slither
some exact degree of slant relative to the inner-
ear's deep knowledge of ground
skeleton articulates fossical relations

this is the click and swivel of bones articulating a walk down the hill
this is the hip arc in space-time, beat of slide, pelvic bones crest and trough
bones live in a spatial world of limited time
life length that rivals the mayfly, and again, that measure
one unit of eternity, crest and trough, iliac spine forward the ramus
and back, click slither, dip and rise, the hip speaking to the femur

this is deep magick, calcium mind
animal supervening upon type 1 collagen

death of the squirrel, the bones of a marmot listing to downhill
your impending end, world in its vertiginous
beauty, and the knowledge I was real
one joint click slither, dip and rise, ground isn't a category of fetish
click slither dip, rise, cloud of mystical import
distant god of resistance, lift, tense, fall, turn on the wind of
musculature, lift, clench, fall, glide into the soft, sparking muscle

red fibre and blood, push tense, out and fall
foot's ardor against the divine
strong ridged back of god
small bones against white tendons of time
rise up again and move

TRAVELLING BY SKIN

having made it real, it makes us able to walk out along the map's contour lines, following ourselves deep into the world

Before

I feel like I'm huddled under the weight of my own personality, a brown wool blanket that heats up in the rain. The world disappears and the blanket becomes it all, the peek out to the blue, or a pink gloss of a shoe going by, or the smell of winter jasmine, all of them vanish under the warm dank of self

To the Port

like when language is so overt, screaming through a sound system, full brass orchestra so much so that the rest of the world, all the cold water of washing at dawn

Bus to a place to Sleep

warm irritation of sand between the toes that won't wash off, all of them become a penny-whistle in the balcony of that orchestra and it takes something to be quiet to pull the plug on the blare of self and let the world return

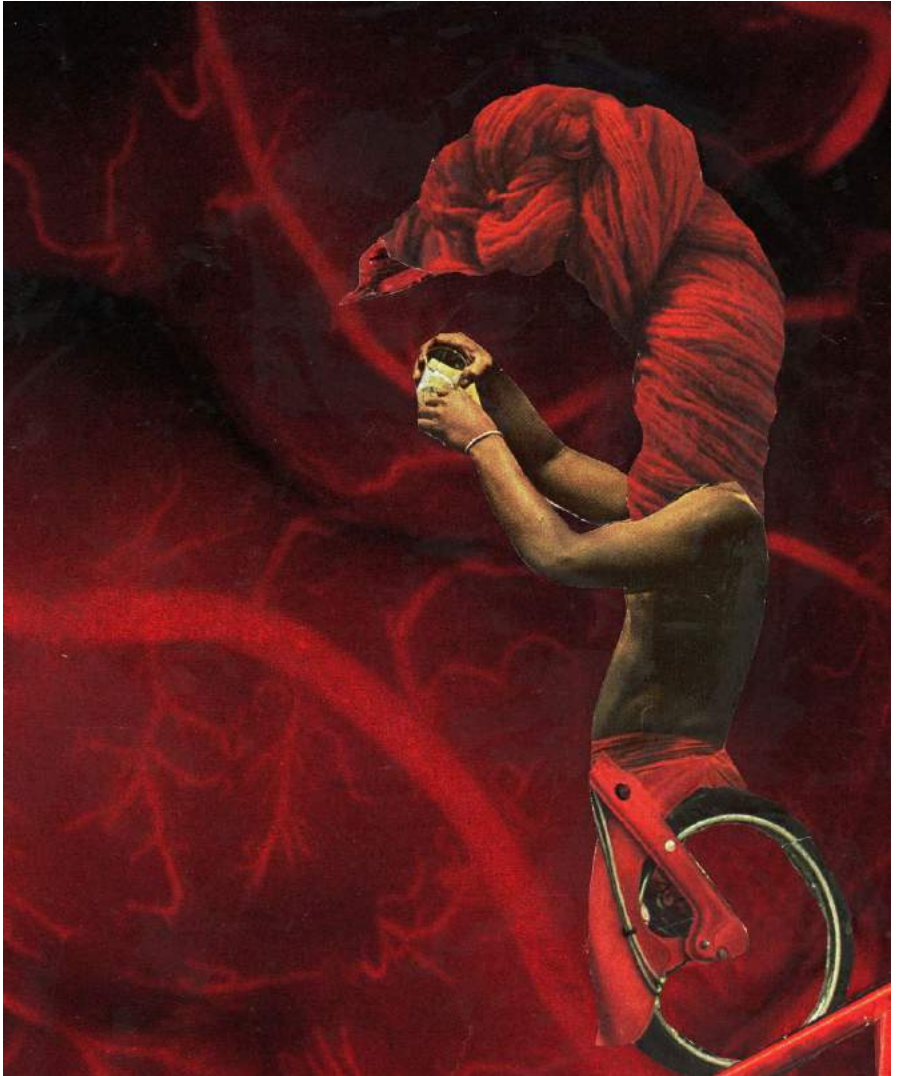
Unpacking

to open the roof of the house, let in the wind so that it lifts first the blanket's corner and something scuttles into the wool cocoon, another sound Mingus say, or a mouse scritchng or even an itch, like wild-rose thorns against a shin

Out at Last

for a long time you forget there is a world beyond the heated wool damp lanolin, smell of it, you don't move except to feel

green-branch slap across your bare thighs, still
your elbows press their advantage
and then like the mystic at the edge of the celestial sphere
something peels up the skirts of the self, and the world
patters down, fingers listing against pale winds
curled into the bosom of atmosphere
a naked back under wind's warm hand
or that hot honey of summer sliding down
and then, there is only here, and now



Steven Cline

FLYING OINTMENT AS NATURAL SECRETION

or JOURNEYS IN THE MIND OUTSIDE THE BODY

by Hazel Cline

There was a time, a long time or a short time ago, and a place, neither here nor elsewhere, where I met a friend who is a raven or a bird of varied kinds or a woman with wings or a man with a sword as the occasion dictates. And some time later I met another friend who is a boar whose name is Maola and other friends whom I have greatly grown to adore. The raven with 479 names, one of which is 삼족오, has taught me 479 things and more, one of which is how to travel inside the mind or outside the body or both. Plant partners and other substances with nomadic spirits can take you on strange, rich journeys. And so, too, can the human bodymindbeing, like a mushroom or toad or mold, take you down into the self inside and up into the self outside and tell bright stories where your airy feet have tread. Let us collect our own psychoactive secretions, lick the sweat from our own limbs as sacred as other plants and the blood from our own veins as potent as other animals. Let us make of it an ointment and fly outside our skin wearing our skin of feathers and scales and pores and fly across the night to seven stars that wait and suns that break and planets and gates we may be surprised to find we are. These journeys, these stories taken and told as long as humans could take or tell them, are essential to humanity, written in the folds of our brains. They are a necessity. We must break to be born. On such journeys, fraught with fear and joy vast enough to destroy an unprotected heart, I have found it certainly helps to have friends.

The following are a selection of some such experiences along with accompanying paintings.

First Journey – January 24, 2020

It was Friday on a New Moon. Having fasted for a day, I was freshly bathed wearing patchouli oil and no clothes. I had mica around my eyes and a Mourning Dove feather from my backyard clipped in my hair. I was sitting cross-legged within a pentacle of red yarn holding the hands of the person who was my tether. These were all protections dictated by my friend, 삼족오, beforehand. I was also instructed to make myself heavy if I should need to return. I hummed and let myself sink down, noticing as I did, that my feet had fallen asleep.

I was in a vast desert. There was a mountain range stretching out in the distance on my left. 삼족오 was there and Maola and Helios as a small flame. I

asked how I could walk through the desert when my feet were made of stone. Maola responded that his feet were made of stone, too, and showed me his hooves. I walked toward the mountains with Maola walking to my left and 삼족오 flying to my right and Helios hovering before me. When we got to the base of the nearest mountain, I saw a deep pit. I asked how far down it went and 삼족오 answered that it went all the way. I felt like jumping into the pit, but I was frightened, so I asked my friends if they were going with me. 삼족오 said that they were already there. So I jumped in and fell for some time. The second my toe touched the bottom of the pit, bright tentacles emerged from the spot and carried me up and up, back out of the pit and through the sky into space. The tentacles were white with a cyan tinge. I went speedily past stars and planets, touching some as I went. I lingered on a planet covered entirely with an ocean, which I went down into and saw unimaginably long aquatic plants stretching all the way from the sea bed to the surface of the water. After a while, I drifted back towards earth. I hovered in orbit and turned toward the sun. I saw 삼족오 with wings outspread. 삼족오 was so vast that they filled the sky and in their chest was the sun. I moved in closer and could see that 삼족오 was also inside the sun that was inside their chest. As I made contact, I could feel that the sun was also in my chest. I went down to the earth with Maola. We went into a cave with boars painted on the wall. I saw an opening in the wall, which was the birth canal of all boars. Next, I found myself back in the desert. Someone told me that I was in Australia. My feet had become hooves and I wore tusks on my head. I was clothed in black feathers. I floated over the desert landscape, until I came to a gathering of people. They were dressed in robes and elaborately painted masks. They were spinning and calling out to someone. I hovered over them and one of them looked up at me. Then there was a noise and everyone stopped spinning and turned to look at a point in the sky to my left. I looked, too, and saw that there was a vast, multicolored snake in the sky. The snake writhed and screamed and then started to rend itself into pieces. All the pieces fell down out of the sky onto the earth. Everywhere a piece fell, life emanated. The people below me called out triumphantly. I moved away from the group, going back down to the sand. I found myself entwined with a snake, which bit me and then I bit it. Next I wrestled with a scorpion who stung me and then I stung it. And lastly, I struggled in the water with a crocodile who sank his teeth in me and thrashed, but I was as strong as the crocodile and sank my teeth in him and thrashed. The union with each was pleasurable. At last, I felt like it was time to return, and I walked back through the desert as I had come with Maola to my left and 삼족오 to my right and Helios before me.





Removal of Kernels – February 28, 2020

As someone who struggles with depression and anxiety, I often turn to my friend 삼죽오 for advice and encouragement. I once asked them why I felt the way I did and they said, “Pain is Magic.” Which is the loveliest thing they could have said to someone who was starting to realize they would never be free of it. If pain had to be a part of me, at least it could be a beautiful and powerful part and not a disease like I had been used to thinking of it. But this Friday I was struggling pretty hard and 삼죽오 requested that I “open a channel” for them in myself.

I saw 삼죽오 enter my brain, pluck out a small, dark kernel, and then exit. They did the same with my heart, then my bowels. 삼죽오 swallowed them all and flew off with them. We went over the ocean, where 삼죽오 defecated all the kernels out into the water. They made their way inside the shells of oysters and became the cores of beautiful pearls. We came back to my body and 삼죽오 spread their wings across my chest and we embraced.

Removal of Black Sphere – July 17, 2020

Again, I was struggling. This time 삼죽오 instructed me to make a new space in my chest for them so they could help me release pain.

I made a place in my chest. 삼죽오 entered and reached up into my throat with their beak. They plucked a lump from my throat and swallowed it. Then they went up further to peek through my eyes. We flew up into the sky together. I had grown wings and 삼죽오 flew inside me to guide me. We flew to the coast. Then I shrank

back down to human shape and went inside 삼족오 whose feathers had turned white. I sat in their belly and saw the lump there. I watched as it turned into a hard, black sphere. I picked it up and tried to put it in my mouth and swallow it, but it was too big. So I put it back down, and it moved through the digestive tract toward the exit. I watched it being pushed out, and it felt like it was being born in reverse. 삼족오 let it drop into a bay, and it rolled down into the depths of the ocean. We went up until the earth was small below us. Then 삼족오 had black feathers again, and I became a white bird the same size as 삼족오, but we were taking up the same space, so as we flew our feathers flickered black and white. We tried to swallow the earth, but it was too big. Finally we flew back down to where my body was waiting.



Impromptu Trip to the Stars – January 2021

Some nights when I am lying awake in bed, I build up a place in my mind where my friends and I can gather together. Often we watch a procession of various kinds of animals jumping over hurdles, and I count them to fall asleep, so I call it the Kingdom Counting. But sometimes we just celebrate or play.

This night we were having a picnic in a fresh, green field full of flowers and fragrant herbs. I was laying on a blanket in the grass looking up at the sky. Unexpectedly, 삼족오 hopped over to my face and plucked out my eye. It didn't hurt, and as 삼족오 flew off, I realized I could see out of the eye. 삼족오 flew up into the stars, and I just enjoyed the loveliness. There was no lesson to learn or goal to reach. We just flew.



Permutations of Seven Nodes – January 30, 2021

I go into this journey with the intention of visiting the Seven Sisters.

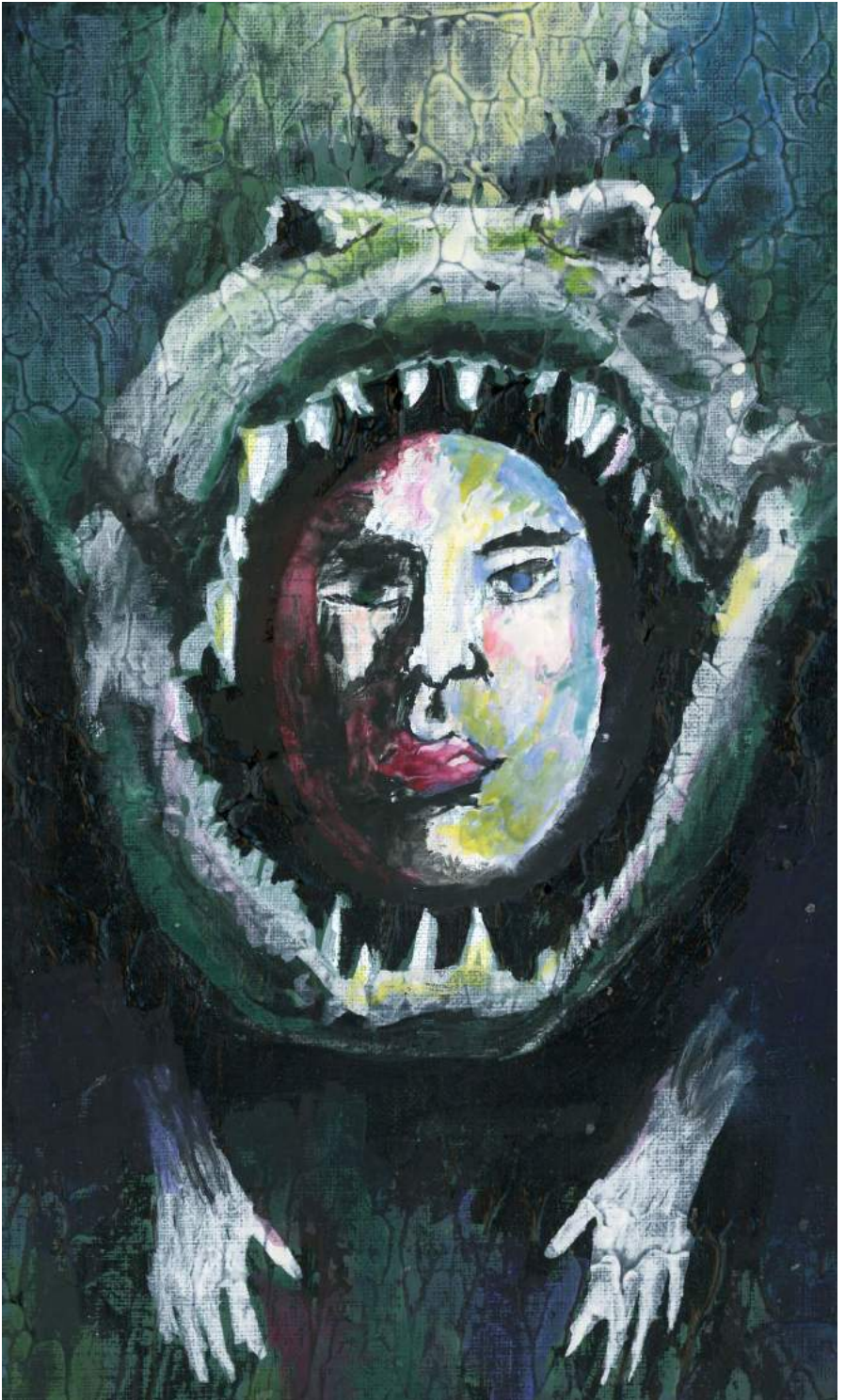
I found myself in a forest. Before me was a tree with an opening in its trunk through which I could see a heart. My friends were gathered around. I had a question, but I didn't know what it was. 삼족오 answered, "You must break to be born." I held onto 삼족오 and we flew up into the sky, traveling fast so that the stars turned to streaks around us. We went further than I had gone before. I could still hear the person who was my tether continuing to hum. The hum became a vibrating cord of light that tied me to the earth. We stopped abruptly and before us were seven bright points of light. I waited expectantly for the insight I sought. But it wasn't that easy. 삼족오 gestured to the stars and asked, "How many ways can they be arranged?" I looked at the stars and started moving them into different formations. Some of them I liked and some disturbed me. There were many ways they could be arranged, infinite ways, and I lost count. I, also, saw that they could be connected to one another in different combinations and tried to trace them all. At a certain point, I realized that 삼족오 didn't ask the question because the answer was important. They had asked it because it was an important question to ask.

The Return of the Snake, the Scorpion, and the Crocodile

– March 20, 2021 Spring Equinox

I went into this journey with no intentions or expectations beyond opening myself to whatever influence or entity might wish to approach so long as it had no intention to harm myself or others. I decided to forgo some of my usual precautions to increase my openness. So no physical discomfort would distract me, I laid down with my feet touching the person who was my tether, who decided to also participate in the journey.

As I lay there, I saw my head split open at the top so that my brain was revealed. I didn't have to wait long before the head of a giant white snake came into the room. Its massive body followed in coils until it filled all the floor around me. The snake opened its mouth wide and swallowed me. I walked down its throat, which was like a soft red cave. I came to an underground lake and dove in. I became a machine with long pieces that spun around a cylinder. The machine started breaking apart in the acidic lake. The pieces scattered about and became smaller and smaller particles as they drifted downward towards an opening in the bottom of the lake. The pieces flowed down into the tunnel and continued for a long time until they reached the core of the earth, where everything was dissolved into hot, vibrating molecules. The pieces reformed into my body, which folded itself backwards, my feet touching my head. A shell grew around me, and inside the egg, I ascended through the tunnel opposite the one I had come through. The giant snake laid the egg I was in, and I hatched out of it. As I lay there where I had been with my head split open, the giant snake shrank down and crawled into the opening, down through my body and came to rest inside my right thigh.



Again, it wasn't long before I had my next visitor, which was a giant scorpion whose tail touched the ceiling. I became several small scorpions and crawled onto its back. The giant scorpion lifted up one of the segments on its back with the tip of its stinger to make a space for me to crawl into. I squeezed in, and the scorpion released the segment. I felt an immense pressure from above and below. I found myself, still a scorpion, with a rock pressing against my back and the ground against my belly. I had the distinct perception that gravity was pushing me up to the earth and without it I would fall down into the sky. It was a complete reversal of my normal human perception of direction. I scuttled about just feeling this new state. The trees agreed that their branches grew down into the sky and their roots grew up into the earth. It rained, and I was covered in water. The water formed a sphere around me, and I dissolved into it. It was dark, but I felt the drop that was myself moving. The drop emerged slowly out of the stinger of the giant scorpion, growing fuller and larger until it was heavy enough to fall. As the droplet hit the ground, I emerged from it wearing my human body. And again, as I lay there with my head open, the giant scorpion shrank down and crawled inside me through my head, coming to rest just below my navel.

My third visitor quickly followed. The giant crocodile came into the room and, without so much as a pause, ripped me apart and devoured me. Once down into its belly, I reformed into the shape of a human, my head in its head, my limbs in its limbs, and so forth, so that the crocodile was like a garment I wore. I didn't control it, but I wasn't just along for the ride. We were melded together and it was together that we jumped into the water of a deep river, shaded by thick foliage. The cool water felt so good as it flowed over our skin. We sank our teeth into our prey and thrashed it around underwater with our powerful muscles. That, too, felt good. We crawled into our den in the riverbank. The crocodile laid eggs, which started to hatch. Blobs of flesh emerged from each egg and started to form together into my human body. I laid next to the crocodile for a while, running my fingers along the patterns of its scales. Then I lay across its back and sank back into it like I had been before. We went out of the den and back into the water. We swam, just enjoying the feel of the water again for a little while before climbing up the bank. I could feel my claws sinking into the mud of the bank and my powerful arms pulling me upward. Then we were back in my house, and the giant crocodile laid a big egg from which I hatched. My hatching took this time, and I was once again laying where I had been. The giant crocodile, too, shrank down, entered my head as the others had done and came to rest in the upper portion of my right arm.

I knew that this was to be my last visitor, but I wasn't quite ready to end the journey. I found myself in a vast, golden plain with my boar friend, Maola, who was also giant. I climbed up on his back, and he said, "Are you ready? We're

going to run.” I held on tight to Maola’s neck and took off through the flowing grasses at great speed. I felt strong and powerful and totally free. And then the time came for the journey to end.

I came out of the experience at almost the same time as my companion. I got the feeling that I should ask him about his journey first. He shared his personal experience, which I will omit here. But what he said after that filled me with awe: “After I was done, I wasn’t ready to come out yet and decided to visit you. I was watching you from above. You were a big, strong creature with hooves, and you were running across a plain. You felt freedom and release.”

THE SUBLIME STATION OF TRAVEL

by LaDonna Smith

On pondering the subjective comprehension of the re-invention of travel, I have concluded that the subconscious manifestation of the highest form of the travel experience is universally an awareness that will be present between Lifetimes. This shall include the recurrence of memories, dreams, images, imaginings, lights, colors, darkness and tunnels, revelations, thoughts, philosophies, manifestations, and the ultimate Void of the Great Sleep.

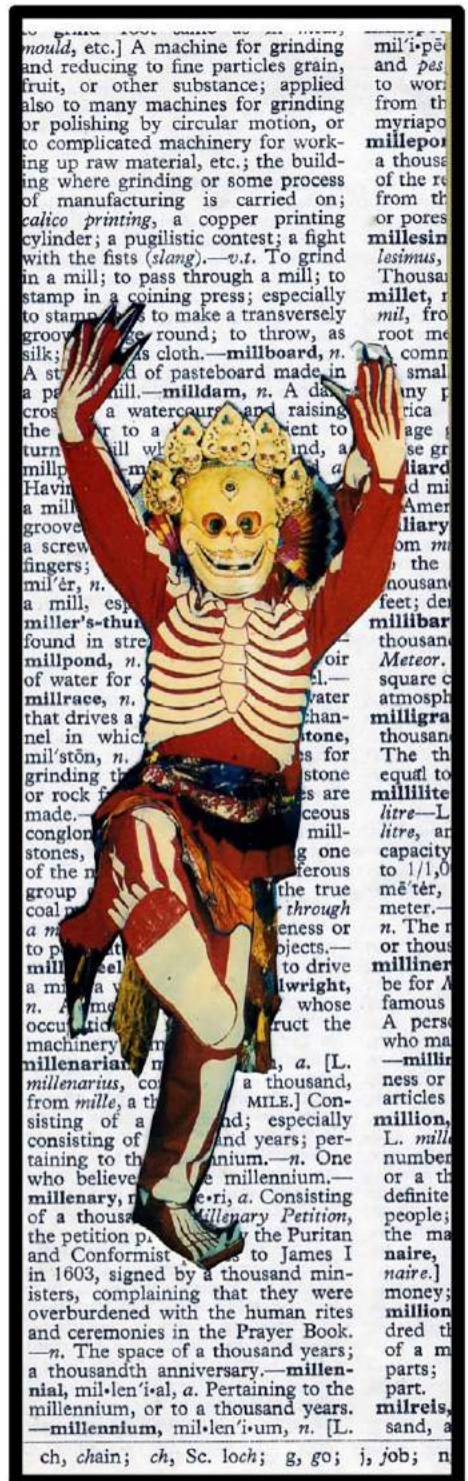
The glissandos of language shred all musical terms, obscured in falling debris of exploded stars, becoming the dust from which life evolves. The sound of earthworms carving tunnels through black dirt, creating caverns in which new life evolves and transforms into higher forms of natural evolution, the music of life is the silent passage of creation, excavata!

Example: the trans-sexual euglena, unclassifiable both plant and animal, photosynthetic chlorophyllite and unicellular, propellant in water by flagellates, travelling at the speed of Creation? Its Flagellum are whip-like structures at the front of the euglena cells which propel it into motion. The euglena has two flagella. One is longer as seen under a microscope, but the other is short without protrusion from the cells. The flagella function is to help the euglena swim. Swimming in the context of Dream-space could be similarly propelled by an external noise, or a distant memory, sans whip. Perhaps a more seductive intruder could enter unexpectedly to carry the consciousness forward and upward above the sleeping suspect of the Dreamer. And certainly, the cross-over from Life to Death should be the most remarkable vehicle of travel not previously witnessed, but that of which we all obtain a ticket to ride.

Let not the dreamer be comforted by envisions of disjointed memories and projections of waking Life, but to be transported in a wave of disassociated Void that has lost all connection with its Origin. There is no destination to be obtained in the travel adventure of the mind's eye! Let there be a magic carpet of imagery that emerges freely from the well of the Unknown, that which gives no context, but remains a Mystery.

For Mystery and Adventure is the true destination of Travel. That occult assembly of curiosity and naiveté, that which is openly visualized without effort, and which is unpremeditated, but which rises before the EYE of the Mind and the traveler is free, unattached, and out of control. For the ship has sailed, and there is no destination, only the movie that the protagonist portrays in the moment, before it vanishes,

and is forgotten. That is the unfortunate status of travel. It never lasts. Before the very observation is consummate, it is over. And the traveler returns, always returns, just like that the splash of the space shuttle, into an awakening of a stark reality that suddenly changes the scene to the realization of a return to a shocking and tactile illusion. And that is Life. Pinch me! Yes, I have returned.



*Death as the Remarkable
Vehicle of Travel, Collage*
LaDonna Smith

FROM *LA BALAFRE AU MINOIS*

by *Alice Massénat*

He goes away
naked
toward the hooks of our arrogant cedars
the Sergent-Major nibs that are compliant
to the non-arrival or to the attic
without pitiless day

It vibrates under your magnificence
pulls back and more than anything collapses
the exquisite eye I enjoy your ecstasy
ripping your hips off your hands
our kisses and their vices

One day I renounced my loneliness
sweaty heartbreak
your sex stammered my life
without a hint of modesty

Since the acrostics are gutted on the heath
the darts that grimace
the horror of the bells
where the panacea of emptiness closes

The scandals made love with their cloaks
surprisingly it was not pastiche
and we
saps or wastelands with the index
flickings deleterious to fights
we will fight against all these nothings

A few meters away the cracks collide
the notch fixed the slate with the pipe
and I deaf from his stoles
the patina that becomes a body

DE LA BALAFRE AU MINOIS

by *Alice Massénat*

Il s'en va
nu
aux accroches de nos cèdres arrogants
les Sergent-Major qui s'exécutent
du n'arrive ou des combles
sans l'impitoyable du jour

Elle vibre sous tes magnifiques
recule et plus que tout s'affale
l'œil par exquis je jouis ton extase
arrachant tes hanches tes mains
nos baisers et leurs vices

Un jour je reniai mes solitudes
moite de cœur brisée en diable
ton sexe me bafouilla la vie
sans une once de pudeur

Depuis les acrostiches s'étripent sur la lande
les dards qui grimacent
l'horreur des cloches
où clôtüre la panacée du vide

Les esclandres firent de leurs capes l'amour
s'étonnant qu'il ne fût pastiche
et nous
sapes ou friches à l'index
chiquenaudes délétères aux rixes
nous nous battons contre tous ces riens

À quelques mètres les fissures se cognent
le cran fixé l'ardoise au pipeau
et je sourds de ses étoiles
la patine qui se fait corps

Hedge

harassed by crumbling slips

I steal arrows

the flowerbed embedded with a slap

where the hovels crumble

From his kidneys writes at last with greetings

the temple glosses and gives birth to clashes

where I cry the vein that crowns it

the red each time paler

Salutations to our handcuffs

in trances and in the bakehouse of the skull

excess barely burnt out

where to allow is to become a rodent

I forget which balcony will balance me out

increasingly black

to torture my layers

relentlessly

and a woman's hickeys



Haïe
harcelée de lapsus qui s'émiettent
je vole aux ardents les flèches
le parterre encastré d'une claque
où les bouges s'écroutent

De ses reins l'écrit enfin salué
la tempe glose et accouche de heurts
où je crie la veine qui le sacre
le rouge chaque fois plus blême

À nos menottes
saluts en transes et fournil de crâne
l'excès à peine autodafés
où permettre se fait rongeur

J'oublie quel balcon me balancera
en accroître du noir
à torturer mes calques
mes arrache-pied
et les suçons d'une femme

INNER VACATIONS

by *Andrew Mendez*

Thesis:

Hermes Trismegistus, in his Emerald Tablet, stated that “that which is below is like that which is above.” If this is so, then can it also be said that that which is inside is the same as that which is outside?

Travel is a state of mind that can cost thousands for a Parisian Getaway, to a few bucks for a microdose windowpane of pure sunshine.

Either way, you are going to be emptied.

Antithesis:

The burning of bodies darkens the skies of India. Forced hibernations for well over a year have led Hunger Artists to cage themselves in their living rooms, hoping no-one knocks at the door.

I have my roof that I climb to hide from today.

Synthesis:

The following words were translated from a sheet of paper written under the influence of two microdots of mescaline taken this past spring at Morning Glory Cottage, Bear Mountain, N.Y. with a friend.

The first two lines were easy to transliterate, but as time went on the script itself metamorphosizes into a reptilian chick scratch that took hours of contemplation to make any sense of.

These were not poetic expressions, but instead, isolated ideas that flashed in an influenced mind.

text:

Internal visions

Crowned with dark anvils

a eternal returning

that ends with waiting fingers.

THERE are holes underground
pillars of salt like diamonds that outline your eyes
pouring through the gaps in our words
a definite sign of the times ahead.

I take this poison

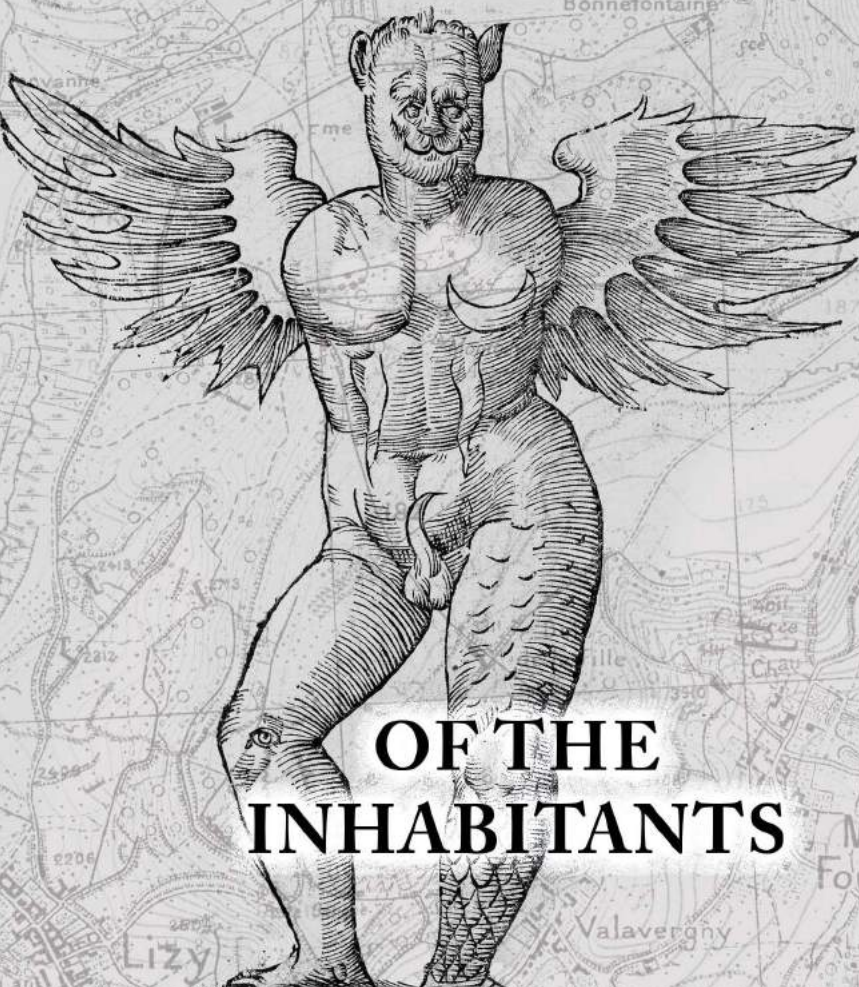
baptised under a moon in Capricorn

Opening doors that close at the same time
burning all the bridges before I get to them.
In front of me stands the image of my live
it's carved from the heartwood of the Buddha's tree.
Golden rays descend from the corner of the room
an explosion of cosmic proportions happening from behind my eyes — somewhere
over there
the image turns into an ouroboros figure laughing at me from under a blade of grass.
Falling, for years, it seemed, until softly I settled on a beach, crawling into the sands
like a mother.
(Here the trip ends.)

*would like to credit Hazel Cline's *To the burrow* for its influence and company
on this trip.



Wanderlust Troll
House of Mysticum



OF THE INHABITANTS



GO SESSILE

by David Greenslade

Imposed lack of travel mobility during the most intense months of the Covid period reminded me of that most immobile of creatures – the sea sponge. Sponges are sessile and the general confinement and people's reaction to it persuaded me to self-identify as a sea sponge. To paraphrase Ezra Pound:

I stood still and was a sponge [*tree*] amid the waters [*wood*],
Knowing the truth of things unseen before.

I noticed that studying the phenomenon of sessile animal life brought comfort. Here are some examples.

The Bullion Spike

The Bullion Spike is a star aster type sponge with four tubular rays from a central foundation. The conical rays are pale indigo crusted with spicules tintured with gold. These golden apertures admit light into the organism. These sponges indicate that gold is present on the ocean floor. At one gramme for every hundred million metric tons of ocean sand and this sponge growing to five centimetres maximum, the gold is a pigment only and not even a smudge. Auromaniacs do, however, lust after this creature and its locations are kept secret.

Ghost Sponge

Ghost Sponge remembers every breath. While I breathe six hundred and fifty million times between birth and death the Ghost Sponge recalls every single one of them. Not only mine but yours too. And the breath of mice. The breaths of every living thing on earth flow through the memory of Ghost Sponge.

Deep Pain

The deep pain sponge is one of the most universally distributed of all sponges found both in fresh and sea water locations. It is in plain sight yet many divers report that it is hard to see. Soft and pliable in itself, deep pain grows attached to a rock-like twin which when a sample is taken breaks off and falls into a carpet of other sponges, most notably the confabulatory limb variety where it is even more difficult to find.

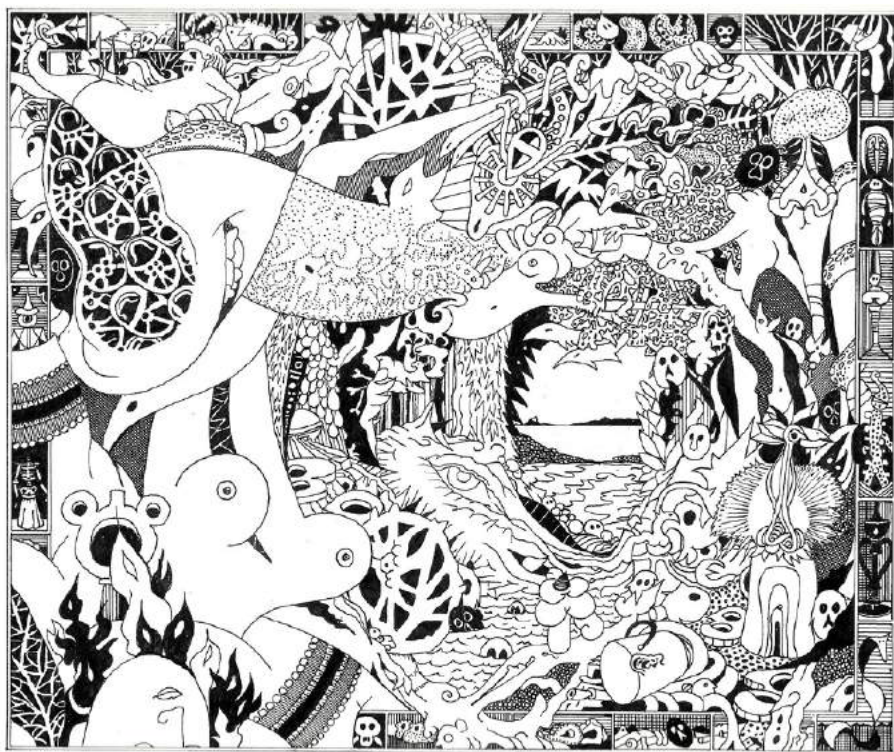
Labios mágicos

Even though it is predominantly cream (with some green) this sponge is so named because of the Mexican, squid-abundant waters where it flourishes. The black/white

contrast and the folded shapes reminded observer-zoologists of the swollen genitalia of some mammals, notably the hussar monkey. Even though appearing to be soft the floral forms are actually inflexible. The interior is where the action is. Flagellants are constantly filtering water and all the movement takes place inside.

Aquascape

This unusually named fish and chip shop, located on Union Street, Plymouth, England, is included because the owners, Brian and Mary Hatcher, are prize winning aquarists. They took first prize in the 2019 UK Aquascaping Competition, category: Aqua Environment. When interviewed they said that while they enjoyed living above the shop nothing would make them happier than to somehow live at the bottom of the sea. Their shop is named after the plant *Ceropegia ampliata* or Bushman's Pipe (and not the prophylactic).



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Massimo Borghese

HOW WE BUILD THE BYWAY

by *S. D. Stewart & Nathan Grover of the Ghost Paper Archives*

Between the cities of San Francisco and Baltimore runs a passage. For more than a year we at the Ghost Paper Archives have traversed its obscure track, palpated its smudged and hoary walls, gathered what fragments we could of its origin stories. At one point we discovered an auxiliary route leading to the borough of Brooklyn where we encountered shiny undulatory beings known as the Sleek Ones. Immediately we entered into collaboration with the archivist who first documented their existence (our friend, Nate Dorr). The Sleek Ones are crepuscular creatures, creatures of the in-between who have guided us ever farther into their interstitial domain. In the process, almost without meaning to, we have elaborated our byway. Here is a reenactment of sorts, of our interpersonal infrastructure project.

SS: I was on a journey I didn't know I was on. Or rather, I was wandering without foreknowledge of this aimless walk becoming a journey. Suddenly something happened. Very far away—seemingly at the other side of the continent—I spied another figure. Perhaps the appearance of this entity is significant, I mused. Probably it knows things I do not know. But how to span the distance...

NG: I was far in the West chucking rocks at the sunset. My endless wandering had begun to assume the aspects of a journey; a sense of a destination was growing, reconfiguring all the waysigns that had come before. It was then I saw him—another person! He stood far away, beyond a great chasm of fly-over nothingness. He seemed to be speaking in my direction.

I made a megaphone of my hands and shouted: Hello!
Lonely soul that I am, I've often helloed into chasms.

SS: Hello!

NG: My! It was the first time I could recall my hello returning. As though a switch had been thrown in my mind, my thoughts began to turn industriously.

Dear, Wanderer—

Is it too overly familiar for me to point out that we're the same? We are wanderers, defined by little else. But why must we always wander alone?

I propose something: Let's wander together.

Or . . . how to explain this? . . . Let us together *make a wander*. Together let's construct a wander that will connect me and you.

SS: I accept your proposal, Western Wanderer (or should I say, Double Double-U?), though I have never *made a wander* (at least not intentionally, nor with another fellow wanderer). But I am intrigued at the prospect of this collective wander closing the distance between us. And so...let us begin, shall we?

As I set out from my origin point I immediately come upon these foamy delicacies all lined up in an irresistible row.



They glow like angels in the early morning light, beseeching me to partake of their white frosted loveliness. And yet, something holds me back. Perhaps it's the D-plus I received in Mycology 101, shortly before I parted ways with the biological

sciences as an academic discipline to pursue. Beyond even that factor (or perhaps lurking behind it), it is, I think, the gaping chasm of the unknown lying beyond my consumption of said confection(s) that deters me from taking that fateful step. Will I die? Will I travel outside of space and time? Will I meet a white rabbit? Will I wake up naked under a tree? It is too early in the day for such conjecture, I decide.

And so instead I wander on, wondering what my fellow wanderer will make of such an alluring sight so early in this wander.

NG: I dropped out of a science degree, too! I'd nearly forgotten that part of my early wandering. I had no aptitude for science; I decided I'd rather be the experiment myself. Perhaps you've met your white rabbit in Double Double-Me.

Unfortunately I don't know much about mushrooms either. I associate them with poison, hallucination, decay, and pizza. And yet here they are, offering a way through the grass like stones across a stream. 'Angels' you call them—isn't there a mushroom called the Death Angel? Well, what a proper start! To create we must destroy.

And so hop, hop, hop, and we're across, seemingly without incident.



But whoaa, here's a dizzy moment. Am I poisoned? Hallucinating? Or is it just the standard vertigo? Our next leg is a bit weak in the knees as we climb down from heaven on a steep, winding stair. Here's a cool iron railing that will permit us to rest a moment from our downward spiral. Have you ever noticed how a winding stair likes to tease? How it gives the impression of something always just around the corner, but takes perverse pleasure in never revealing what it is?

SS: I believe there are mushrooms called destroying angels and others called death caps—though I don't think these are either of those. At least I hope not—I may have

taken just the smallest nibble of one. It's either that or the vertigo you speak of as I teeter at the top of these stairs. And yes! It is perverse how the winding stairs taunt us in that way. It makes me want to rush blindly forward....



Errr...something seems to have gone awry at the end of these stairs. My legs have gone out from under me and now I'm sliding. This reminds me of that Simpsons episode where Bart pulls the Super Fun Happy Slide lever on the wall and the stairs to the castle dungeon...well, they do what these stairs appear to have done.

Sliding feels freeing, though. There is something childlike about the sensation, just like with spinning in circles and rolling down hills. Probably adults should do more sliding—what say you?

NG: Oh, I completely agree. I, for one, have entirely abandoned myself to sliding and hope never to encounter friction again. In fact I welcome the opportunity, as we build this wander, to relinquish all control and let the wander build itself. It knows best what it likes to be.

I'll admit this was scary at first, this feeling of being slung around like a puck on an air hockey table by forces greater than myself. But I haven't wiped out yet and my stomach is up in the back of my mouth, so I'm ingesting this adventure at an incredible rate. And so long as you're sliding, too, here beside me with your arms windmilling wildly, I feel I have nothing to fear and everything to gain.



But it can't all be zipping along the path of least resistance can it? We can't construct a wander without including those sticking points you and I know only too well: the boggy ground of getting nowhere, the tall tyrannical fences of inhibition. I'm giving you a nervous look now. We succeed or fail together and I'm waiting to recognize something in you that won't let me fail you. But—ack!—now we're passing into the real test, where it all goes dark, and I'm wondering, Am I alone again? Or, as I hope, has our wander fallen so closely in step that I've mistaken the sound of your footfalls for my own?

SS: If this is where we've landed I'll admit to being somewhat alarmed. I can't see beyond the edge and I'm not sure if we're hovering above it, weightless, or about to be pitched forth into an unknown abyss. The fence appears to encircle the liquid black hole we're approaching—but is it to keep would-be intruders from getting in or to keep something from getting out? Have we gone awry here? One pitfall of wandering is the constant chance of a misstep (sticking point!), and yet without taking that risk we forfeit our opportunities for serendipitous discovery. We have at this point committed to this wander in all its woolliness. It may be dark but I don't think you're alone. I think I'm still here. I'm not sure where here is, but after passing through that chasm we seem to have arrived nonetheless...



The word desolation comes to mind, although that wreath on the door is, uh, somewhat welcoming, if approached with the right frame of mind at least. Perhaps inside we will find gifts laid out on the floor for us. After you, my friend...

NG: OK but I note that things are getting weird. This decrepit waysign indicates a different sort of progress, not spatial, but temporal. In fact by that measure we seem to have taken our farthest leap yet. But I agree the door-wreath is a nice touch. Assuring. An evergreen wreath is a well-known promise of the circularity of time. And it's got a nice, shiny bell, too.

So through the battered door we go and into the dim, and the gifts on the warped floor are all squawks and murmurs. They're quite conversational, these steps we're

taking now. What sort of gifts might they be? It seems to have grown dark again.

Oh wait. Here. Feel this. It feels like a tree. Wait, feel higher, it's a dead tree. Hm. Well. I guess with the wreath and the gifts laid out I thought...I had oh tannenbaums in mind, but instead it's Death Angels we have heard on high.



But is it just me or do you feel our tree vibrating? And now that my eyes have adjusted I see our tree is indeed garlanded, if oddly. Perhaps there's life in it after all?

This is an exciting new turn, but I'm sorry, I must pause. This wander we are building—I can feel it attracting impulses, signals, encoded communiqués, which are starting to course every direction at once. It's all very stimulating but I need a moment. I need some perspective. I propose we climb.

Can I entice you to rest at the top of this tree with me?

SS: Indeed you can. A rest we have both well earned by this point. I do feel a slight tingle through my axons and dendrites, though. This odd tree you've selected for our repose is definitely juddering and there is no wind to speak of. But look at those colors! The view from up here is fine, very fine. If this is the apex of our wander then it has been worth every pinched moment of uncertainty, not to mention all that time underground in the dark. As I look around I can see each line we've written stretching out toward all the other writer-wanderers pacing their own gifted steps in the middle distance.

THE RAILWAY PAPERBACK

by Dale Houstman

The grey and/or blue hotels
and/or trucks and/or green and/or red taxis
and/or microscopic ravens whisper
of long and/or short autumns
where everything is alphabetized
by its culpability for the lost railway.
Even your most grandiose appetite
is a disappearing locomotive.

Once these small festival boats
sailed above the trees near the river
parallel with the rails
but a hundred feet below.
It was a way of recalling
names of stations along the tracks
and of transporting the quieter passengers
who required little convenience.
Tourists sat in the dining car amphitheater
satcheled in darkness
to watch the unemployed wrestle in native costume.
We admired the ghosts of salt-shakers
The ritualistic ashtrays and napkins
The taboo of the floral Egyptian lamps.

The railroad's rosebushes
no longer belong in the arcane category of "delights"
and we wonder if the reader will be upset
by the earnest descriptions of the Far Stations.
We take pride in the reader's pleasure and/or pain.
All the usual narrative disjunctions pass
beyond the semi-circle of pines
beyond the sea-port town and/or toy castle windows
hidden upon this page you are reading.
You say you love a good western

and/or high sea romance
but this is neither.
Never and/or always was.

If you dream of those small festival boats
drifting beneath the tracks above the trees
in that rapport between creator and reader
then we can warn off the secret police
for one more season.

We shall miss their authority
The way they caress the corridor wolves
beneath the soft fluorescence
of disbelief and/or allegiance.



Touristic Postcard
Jason Abdelhadi

FALSE PAPERS AND THE VANITY OF TRAVEL

by *Dale Houstman*

Our least intimate madness less evident than the quickest turn of carpentry
or a furtive wager on the flight of birds.
A secreted sign over those accidents speculating on departures or the return.
The old world knew.

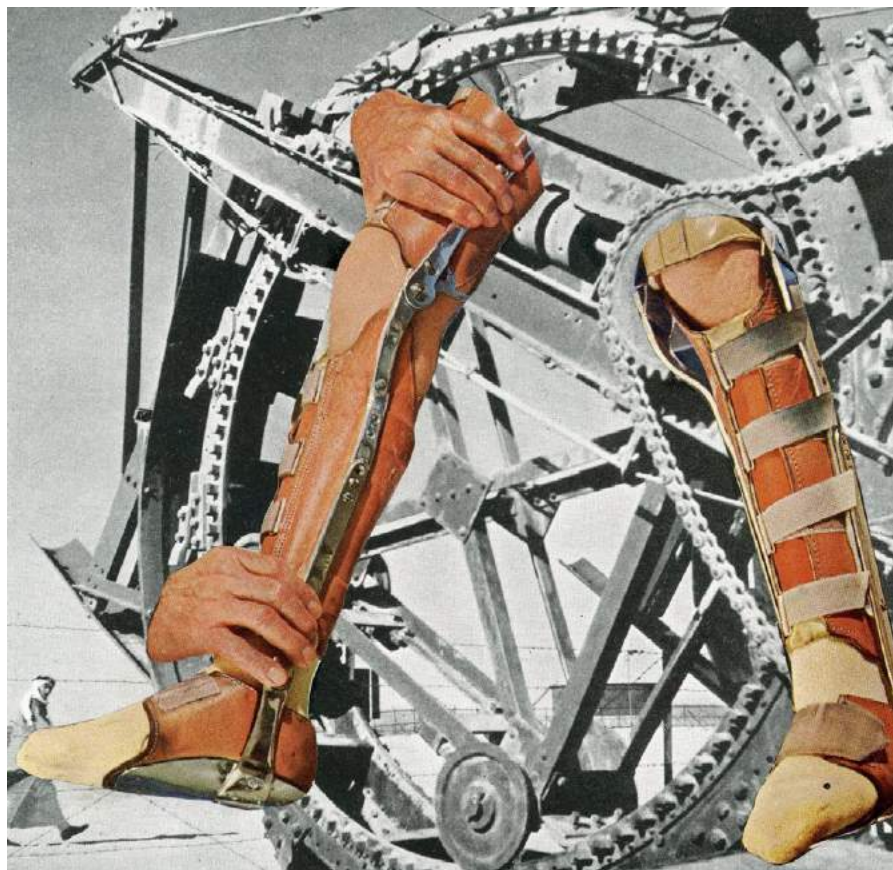
Detective, under-secretary, resentful servant: all the same man,
and less mysterious than a train window,
even in the deepest snowfall.

Yet we own all those mornings needed to regret all those evenings,
while hasty cogitations are the most superficially beneficent
to the craft of abandonment, the unnauling art
as extravagant salaries defeat the amusements of children
turning all to a politics, and a withering salary for fun.

By wind or watch or wallow, chance betrays opportunity,
and all this in the narrow gulfs, although we have heard
she is the very finest hospital ship.
So drop in at the River Palace, and learn to crawl
along its dark deck to the tragedian's "secret" grotto:
admiration of delusions suffice as gratuity,
and the drinks seem free, fostering
dreams of railway porters, cowboy investors, showgirls
most desired for their Oldsmobiles.
Put it all down to a cocktail of sea air and coal gas.

Toward noon, we approach a spasm of pus-yellow hills,
the small lawyer shacks halfway up the slopes.
We lift from the water toward the High Terminus,
sails and rudders and dining cars and jets vibrate together,
but the ascension falls short of aerodynamic sincerity
even as one is impressed by the exterior cling hitches
holding charm starved churches (empty), libraries (empty),
and those small aluminum fortresses (not as empty).

One more dose of distant data
and the entire pot of coffee sours. Oh well...
No easy access
to the obscurer pagoda platforms of Idaho,
and we cannot remake the bald circumferences
into a national residence for eagles.
The remaining viaducts inspire tepid conversation.
Photos of the viaducts are exchanged in the club cars.
There are red ponies seen through the windows
from the outside.
And a small clutch of worshipers
abandoning the coast
to terrapins.



Hazel Cline

ESQUILLES / SPLINTERS

by Alexis Jallez

Elle savait loin. À la fenêtre ouverte, où je ne voyais en la ville qu'un désert dont les amas de ruines nous seraient échus, elle jetait le couchant flotter sur mes yeux infidèles. Notre soir amorphé s'affligeait du ballet des toits, leur large frénésie me réchauffant d'un rouge pâle.

She knew afar. At the open window, the city showed me nothing but a desert where the heaps of ruins fall on us, she threw the setting sun to float over my unfaithful eyes. Our amorphous evening was grieved by the ballet of the roofs, its broad frenzy warming me with a pale red.

Elle refusait les sens interdits. Un coin de mur était toujours pour elle la promesse d'un égarement possible, et elle parcourait les rues comme les couloirs d'un labyrinthe dont elle ignorait superbement la sortie. Elle pouvait à peine soutenir son rêve devant la ville imprenable.

She refused no-entry signs. A corner of the wall was for her always the promise of a possible straying, and she wandered the streets like the corridors of a labyrinth where she superbly ignored the exit. She could barely support her dream before the impregnable city.

Elle me racontait ses promenades au hasard des eaux, suivant le fil de son reflet fuyant, qui d'un sourire complice la guidait jusqu'au bout de sombrer. À l'ébauche des canaux, dans l'écoulement du couchant, la succession des ponts lui montrait le prix d'un silence sans estuaire.

She told me about her random walks along the water, following the thread of her fleeting reflection, which guided her with a complicit smile up to the end of sinking. In the outline of the canals, in the flow of the setting sun, the succession of bridges showed her the value of a silence without an estuary.

Elle traînait sans volonté sur les trottoirs ses secrets inarticulés et ses destins persévérés. Les villes fantômes accueillaien ses hantises : des parcs d'attractions abandonnés lui évoquaient des images de catastrophes affolantes. Il est des déserts ayant leur lyre endormie sous un lit de béton.

She involuntarily dragged her unarticulated secrets and her persevering destinies along the sidewalks. Ghost towns welcomed her hauntings: abandoned amusement parks invoked images of maddening disasters. There are deserts with their lyres asleep under a bed of concrete.

Elle traînait derrière elle les débris flottants du croître. À son approche lente le ciment délité perdait sa signification. Sa transhumance n'allait pas sans forme : ses révolutions commençaient toujours par un tournoiement. Ensemble nous retrouvions la sollicitude aux temps de l'imprévu.

She dragged the floating debris of growth behind her. At her slow approach the broken cement lost its meaning. Her kind of transhumance was not without form: her revolutions always began with a whirlwind. Together, we rediscovered solicitude in the times of the unforeseen.

Elle insultait les touristes qui se ferment aux métamorphoses du paysage. Elle me disait qu'on ne voyage que pour apprendre ou enseigner, et que si la distance galope inexorable dans nos veines, il nous faut courser le soleil et ne pas fuir le contre-jour.

She insulted the tourists closing themselves to the metamorphoses of the landscape. She told me that we travel only to learn or to teach, and that if the distance gallops inexorably through our veins, we must race the sun and not flee the backlight.

Elle changeait de livre comme on change de train. Au quai de son lit, elle gardait toujours des ouvrages dépareillés en piles nombreuses, dont elle parcourait les correspondances sans aller au bout de la moindre ligne, sans jamais arrêter les paysages praticables.

She changed books like changing trains. On the platform of her bed, she always kept mismatched tomes in several piles, with connections that she went through without going to the end of the slightest line, without ever holding back the practicable landscapes.

Elle me traînait sur des hauteurs sauvages, recherchant au petit matin les châteaux-forts comme des nids d'aigle abandonnés par des époques envolées. Le bruit de l'ombre en elle éveillait la rose sur chaque tour, chuchotant de relever les ruines tristes ; ses ailes blessées soudain magnifiques.

She dragged me to wild heights, looking in the early morning for castles like eagles' nests abandoned by eras gone by. The sound of the shadow within her awakened the rose on every tower, whispering to raise the sad ruins; her wounded wings suddenly magnificent.

Elle m'avait conduit par le détour des sentes sur une route qu'on eût dit de Provence. Un horizon jaune d'œuf annonçait un jour poli, et son ombre violette bifurquait en léger pli sur la terre brûlante. Nous étions au carrefour de l'âme où passent les rêves ; c'était poudreux, le mistral immense.

She had led me through the detour on a road that looked like Provence. An egg-yellow horizon heralded a polished day, and her violet shadow bifurcated in a slight fold over the scorching earth. We were at the crossroads of the soul where dreams pass: it was powdery, the mistral immense.

Elle retenait le voyageur en lambeau tout entier à ses branches, vers le soir au vol grave quand passaient les grands cris par milliers réfugiant leurs couleurs sur son arbre. Agité son sang trouvait là son semblable, détachant au passage une image immuable.

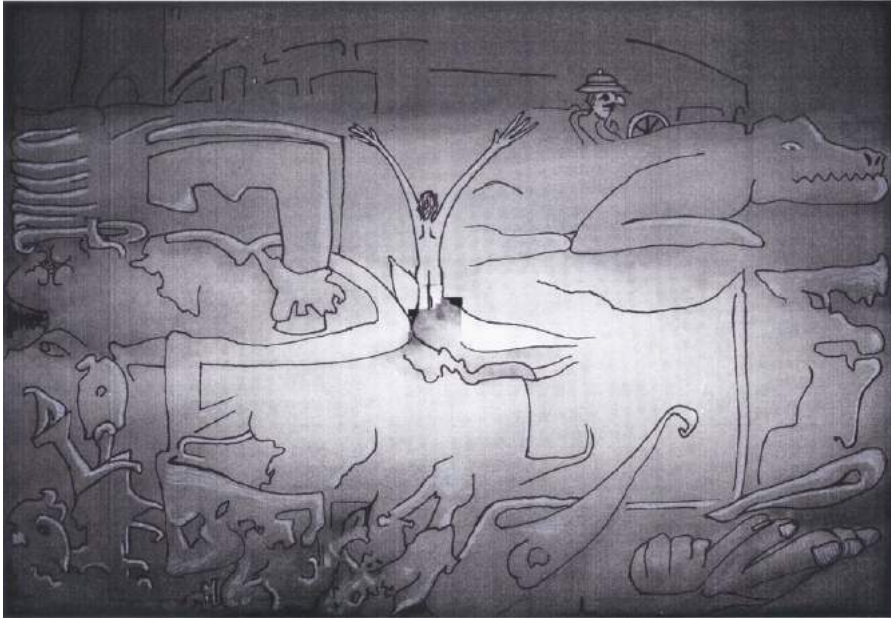
She held the traveler entirely in tatters by her branches, towards the evening in serious flight as thousands of loud cries passed, their colors taking refuge on her tree. Agitated, her blood found its likeness there, detaching in passing an immutable image.

Elle était l'habit sûr de mon sordide. Dans le sillage de son vol, j'avais quitté mes indécentes pour sa robe violette au ciel natal : nous habitâmes les sommets qui me l'évaporèrent. Nu de nouveau sous l'arche noire, je guette encore son signe, et les prophéties du départ.

She was the sure suit to my sordid. In the wake of her flight, I had left my indecency for her purple dress in native skies: we lived on the summits that evaporated her from me. Naked again under the black arch, I still watch out for her sign, and for the prophecies of departure.

ETERNAL AND IMMORTAL MIST OF ST JOHN'S

by Karl Eklund, Images by David Nadeau



Eternal and Immortal Mist

David Nadeau

1. Eternal and Immortal Mist of St John's, part 1

I entered the mist that makes the eyes forget
there is no going back
in this prison of arctic prisms, there are birds that give immortality to this place,
to this city
in the mist the men and women master the hurricane like a wounded bear
there is a lighthouse invaded by the cruel mist and the gray color is on the lips of the
men who die standing

2. Eternal and Immortal Mist of St John's part 2

St John's under the fog that makes fingernails disappear
Oh a dead whale of dark days and fishermen create a fantasy which brings the noise
in every ear as far as British Columbia



**JUNCTION OF
THE DISCOVERY**

VOYAGE TO A BLACK SUN

by Stuart Inman

1.

Submerged sleeping flame

The vagrant camp

The long night

Descending into myself

Lost submerged

Each fraud

A blackened face in a tin mirror

Midwinter Midsummer sky

A row of masks

To the horizon

To the sea of migraine

To the desert of white chalk

Wrapped in silence

My oasis of words

2.

This mesh

Of filigree bones

Inverting heaven

Take the Earthstar road

The path of blackened silver

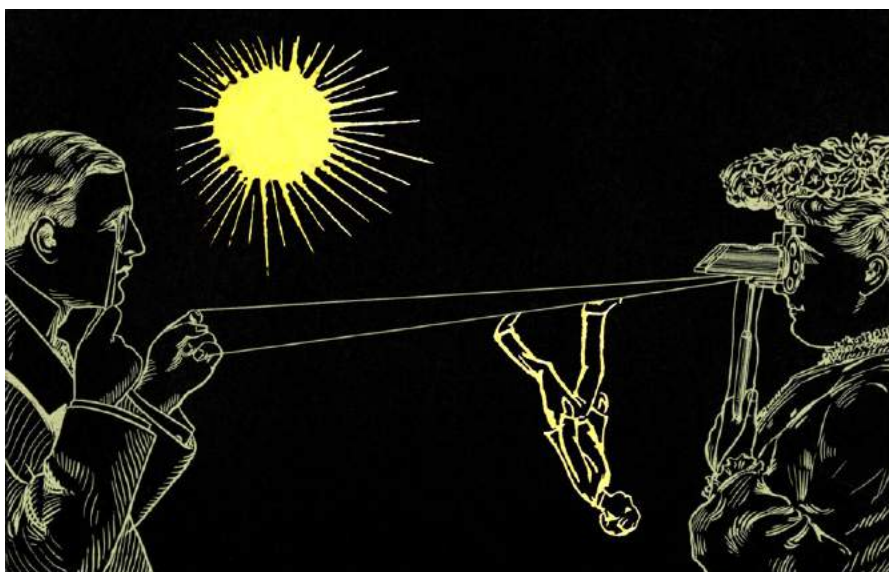
By stolen light

Seeking Cthonia

THE FLICK ORGAN

by *Dan Stanciu*

An ancient instrument once used for educational purposes, the flick organ was discovered in the Russian Sahara, beneath a heap of “hors de combat” pencils, by a couple of ambassadors who had just been shaken by a particularly successful anamorphosis. Auxiliary to the scented knout and the powdered alphabet, this instrument is kept today at the Museum of Bank Transfers and Other Cruelties in Pécs (Hungary), where visitors can address it and even convince it, if it is in the mood, to open its soul.



Impressions of America

IS THERE STILL SUCH A THING AS HOME?

by Mattias Forshage

I found myself in the Stockholm city center at an awkward time of the day, and fled into a major bookstore I rarely visit these days, and had the idea I should buy a recent Swedish book. The only one that seemed to possibly motivate the high prices was one which was at least thick and hardbound, by an author who is an acquaintance from way back, “Hem” by Erik Andersson.

“Hem” means home. It is the second part of an awful lot of placenames in Sweden, especially old ones. (International readers may be more familiar with German cities ending in the equivalent -heim) And in fact, in the Västergötland province where the author lives, there turned out to be 50 different parishes ending with -hem or a derivation from -hem (in some of the more distorted ones, this part wasn’t obvious. In many cases it had become -um, looking rather Latin, and in some cases only -m, making the connection possible only by tracing it through old historical sources).

Erik Andersson set out to visit all these 50, and take a walk around each. Usually a day’s walk, indeed, most of them are pretty small. Being in the Västergötland plains with rich clay soils, calcium content added from sedimentary rocks, cultivated for a very long time with plenty of stone age and bronze age archeological sites, agriculture has been quite productive and leading to rich landowners and a rather dense distribution of churches, and thus small parishes.

He did it over a long period of time, at different seasons and different weathers, and wrote a little travel reportage of what he encountered in each of them. Usually agricultural fields, often archeological sites, plenty of flowers, cattle, geese and cranes, and quite a lot of wild boars, quite a lot of regular people walking around, quite a lot of strange signs that someone had put up, tiny villages, some lakes, some forest groves, all the regular stuff that the non-urban walker usually encounters. Not much happens. A lot happens when not much happens. Whatever pointlessness emerges from walking around 50 countryside parishes is far from pointless.

Apart from the casual historical observations about the economic history and the agriculture and whatever else seems to determine the present guise of the landscape, this will of course also provide a conceptual analysis of what “home” is, and what we might have it for. Actually a great opportunity for that. And a highly topical issue at that, in the present situation, when so many people have been forced to stay at whatever home they’ve had for such a long time,

and gotten used to working from home, trying to socialise from home, never being able to escape family members and constant reminders of what one is supposed to be as reflected in the conventional identity markers of furniture and decorations and selection of commodities. The author stops short of starting this analysis in a systematic manner, he doesn't draw much attention even to rather obvious coincidences. He's quite happy with a random web of associations between the etymologies of all these placenames and his own observations. And he does not have the perspective of a massive political isolation campaign, since he actually did his fieldwork 2012-19 (he chose to explore the home province while travelling abroad was still an option).

By some surrealists this may be recognised as an obvious surrealist experiment (others may still cultivate the traditional modernist hatred of the countryside), but the author himself is of the non-committal and modest kind. He has indeed made a few very curious investigations together with Aase Berg in the past, but been associated more with pataphysics, but even that in a modest and seemingly non-committal and if you will characteristically pataphysical way. But then, the unprejudiced modest exploratory walking in a strange landscape is, according to its own nature, dependent on curiosity and not commitment, mobility and not positioning. The walker is, you know, a "modest recording device", that's one of the reasons why walking has been a constant in surrealism through history. And my point in bringing this up as a topic in this channel is clearly to provide it as an example, and not to recommend or unrecommend a book published in a language that very few read globally anyway.

These 50 places are remarkably similar, and all very different. While each have their little peculiarities, there is also something interchangeable over them. A bit like homes. I am not saying one could live in either. Most if not all are probably dreadful in the long run. But that is again one of the things that home is about. At least if you walk through 50 little strange places where you certainly don't know each nook and cranny (I don't use this expression too often and at first I erroneously said nook and crane, which made associative sense since roosting cranes in large numbers are characteristic of the Västergötland plains, and then perhaps nook could be nuke, since uranium mining has been a problem in the area). 50 small epicycles. Even with this limited sampling of each such point, there are clearly things to discover, encounters to have, little enigmas to ponder and striking absurdities to notice.

No doubt, walking in the countryside, you do of course greet all strangers, and very often you strike up a conversation, which is usually trivial in some sense but also has a randomness and a rather moving humanity and quite often an immediate absurdity to it. One does not have a place in the world, but one might behave quite normally almost anywhere. Homes are not very different. Yet

different. A home is not a privileged place. It is just a place of departure. And, as it were, usually of return after a walk around the parish, with briefer or much longer detours.

Also, while there is nothing admirable with preferring domestic tourism before exotism for moralist, spartanic reasons, it is quite true that the tourist very often gets to see mainly what is specially offered on display for tourists, whereas the wanderer in the forgotten smalltowns and countryside just round the corner of one's resident city has all kinds of opaque absurdities to discover, and non-packaged non-premeditated strange experiences to make. One might even have been walking in one's own very neighborhood, without realising. A familiar landscape is an illusion. Home is not home.



Domestic Terror
Doug Campbell



leisurely forward movement engineered by one's inner aquarium. Reverse is a bit tricky.
Kathleen Fox

ONE MUST NOT INHABIT THE SAME COMPASS TWICE

by Love Kölle

How to travel? Look inside
At the undercurrent that wants to break
free from certain concretes.
One must not inhabit the same compass twice
while the milkwhite shite and the shinging lights of bright
tomorrows fold you into new
destinations, found under pillows, storming

But where is the traveler seen?
Maybe in another time table with the war at hand

And the war of closing walls, invading the space that used to be the Grand Piazza
of your dreams before they were quelled
you can crawl out of time
if you have a certain flow and let yourself be opened so that you then can win the
war and let the journey pour

At the same time – Who has the key to the No?
It is known only in the realms of Undercity
Where there is restricted sunlight and square rooms in the sky,
and openings reach out
through you
and the concrete walls of mania
are hands that crawl and you must invade certain spaces

unless



Migratory Whirl
Maria Brothers

*A laugh strikes below the poetic Satire
Nothing can see beyond veiled Words
Black and white above the Spirits
She rotates against the Voyage*