

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM

THE WINDOW OF ATLANTIS

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<https://houseofmysticum.wordpress.com/>

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PECULIAR MORMYRID

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM

THE WINDOW OF ATLANTIS

*The cattle wail their milk from throbbing teats
Therefore hedgehogs may tunnel deep
This is why Atlanta is the window of Atlantis*

ATLANTA, GEORGIA - 2019





INTRODUCTION

SURREALISM IN THE BELLY OF ATLANTIS

Three years, give or take. Three years of surrealism in the belly of Atlantis. You hold partial record of those three years in your hands. Much more exists in boxes, is lost or by its very nature unrecordable. As always with surrealism, the true worth of the game is not in the end result, but in the playing. Yes—we gather in a spirit of surrealist play—not artistic production. “Art” is just another trap they lay for you, as is “my oeuvre” and “my goddamn personal style”. We need new words now. New bearings. The old ones are all fucked. Call it a record of “collective poetic activity”, then, call it whatever you like. Call it “Armadillo Sponge”, or “Hallucinated Himalayan Shipwreck”. Or maybe you could simply call it “Magick”? Above all else, it is an attempt at a new way of seeing. A new way of being. We seek a revolutionary transmutation. And it is from inside the crucible of authentic collective action that this change is made possible. No, there can be no surrealism of one. Not now, and not ever. What are surrealists? We are naked mole-rats without queen. We are a headless hive. So why not start a surrealist cell of your own, dear reader? Why not? Open yourself up to surrealism, and weird things will start to happen. Yellow spotted frogs will fall down from the sky. The sun and the moon will grow furry tails and ejaculate. There will be mad synchronicity. I guarantee it.

House of Mysticum





FIRST DREAMS, FIRST FEARS

MEGAN LEACH

First Dream: Tucked behind a door in my childhood room were the stairs to the attic. I remember one night dreaming that I was in that room in my bed, the room and myself feeling exactly as it did awake, only the attic door opened and out came a faceless witch who stood over my bed and killed me with a cold feeling. I remember waking from that dream and finding the attic door open.

First Fears: My childhood fears were comprised of being attacked by people in hiding, being eviscerated by dinosaurs, the fracturing of minutes into seconds, and falling out of trees.

STEVEN CLINE

First Dream: Around the age of 5 I had a dream that I was inside of a large mansion, being chased by King Kong. I was hiding in the kitchen cupboards, but I knew that he would find me soon.

First fears: None that I can think of really early on. A bit later I developed a fear of demons and aliens at night. This often combined in my mind with a fear of encountering the H.R. Giger alien.

STEVE MORRISON

First Dream: Dream that my friends were abducted by aliens in a prison in the sky. I used my cloud car to fly up and rescue them, and to get inside I had to solve a puzzle door which was

based on colors.

First Fears: A fear of giants. When I learned that the characters in fairy tales were not generally real, but that Kings actually did exist, I also became afraid of Kings.

AARON DYLAN KEARNS

First Dream: A dream of a show that was Sesame Street meets Monty Python. The tagline of the show was something like “Medulla Oblongata!”

First Fears: A fear of the moon. I was afraid I’d be pulled up if I looked directly at the night sky, so I’d always try to look in front of me or down to the ground when I was outside at night. I also had a fear of mirrors.

CASI CLINE

First Dream: I am about maybe 5 or 6. It is the end of the world. Like the whole Jesus coming with a trumpet thing. A deep chasm opens up in the earth with me on one side and my family on the other. At the bottom of what would be a very long fall is hell, which just looks like a bunch of people swirling around in lava. I drop my favorite childhood stuffed animal, a panda bear named Rebecca, into the hell-chasm, and I just have an overwhelming feeling of aloneness.

First Fears: Hell, demons, cancer, atomic bombs, & torture.

“WHAT’S ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN THIS PICTURE?” A GAME



Coal-black lung drips under cloak. Aren't they swell in the swollen summer? And aren't they living?

The light overcomes the house and makes everything become transparent even the earth and I walk over to it and everything shatters like glass and I fall through the glass and feel glass cutting into my skin.

Windows like to watch, too. Maybe they don't look it, but they are the most accomplished voyeurs in the world of architecture and modern designers don't quite know what to do about it. Perhaps a change and/or abolishment of all laws of decency indecently forced on us since the advent of the wheel would fix the problem.

The black door expands, becomes bristly brown porcupine fur. It lengthens and pops. Becomes liquid and gas. It opens the way.

Something then exits the front door as a sludge. It comes down the

hill and it covers them up to their necks smothering like molasses or a cold thick honey and they remain trapped there suspended and barely able to move.

A dung beetle's ball soon rolls into view, swiftly followed by its concerned beetle parent. Dogs run by, barking joyfully. Snakes sprout like roses.

Collective text

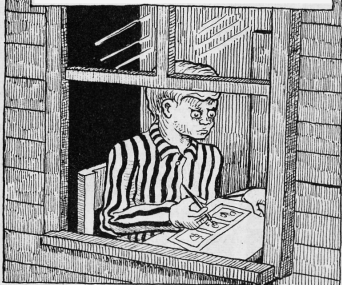
THE COMIC BOOK SOMNAMBULIST GAME

Directions: A “moderator” chooses a few pages of a comic, and numbers each text box. Sheets are then made for all of the players, alternating the numbers on each sheet so that one single person does not have multiple boxes in a row. The moderator notes whether the text box will be a line of dialogue or a narrator statement, but no other hints will be given as to the subject of the comic. The players write text for each number on their sheet. Afterwards, line up the numbered statements with their respective boxes, and replace the comic’s original text with your own.

BEATIFICA SOMNAMBULA

YOU ARE ENCASED IN A
MINISCUS OF VOLK

THE COLUMNS OF MOTHWING FEAR
HAD NOT YET BEEN ESTABLISHED



DAWN



PRaise POTATOES!!



IS THE AIR
THICKENING?



panel 1



THESE URGES ARE ONLY NATURAL

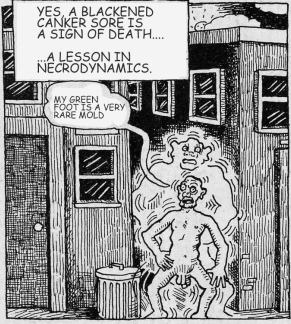
A VESTIGIAL TAIL!

WHERE DID I PUT MY PUDDING?



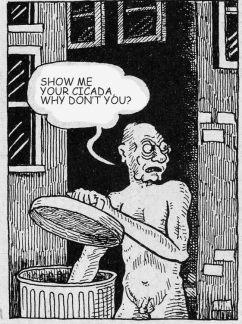
WE ALL KNOW THAT THE CATERPILLAR WAS FILLED WITH DESIRE

REVERSE MY SPECTRAL-- OR DECAY!

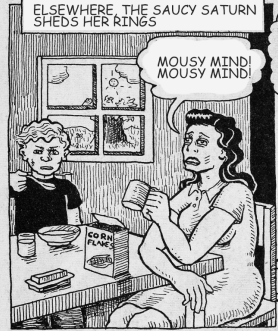


YES A BLACKENED CANKER SORE IS A SIGN OF DEATH...
A LESSON IN NECRODYNAMICS.

MY GREEN FOOT IS A VERY RARE MOLD



SHOW ME YOUR CICADA WHY DONT YOU?



ELSEWHERE THE SAUCY SATURN SHEDS HER RINGS

MOUSY MIND! MOUSY MIND!



WHY DOES EVERYONE ALWAYS TURN INTO EARTHWORMS?



EROS YOU DISAPPOINT ME.

GULP

panel 2

COLLECTIVE HAIKUS

to what distance is
a car door slamming at night
bubbling catfish?

asymptomatic
lemons shock you with feeling
beetles eat basement

eggshells draw spider
urinating property
without much help from sparrow

ice cream shock value
sharpening the sleepy teeth
and withering fast

before the swarm no
purrs broke the silence of night
the immortal spoon

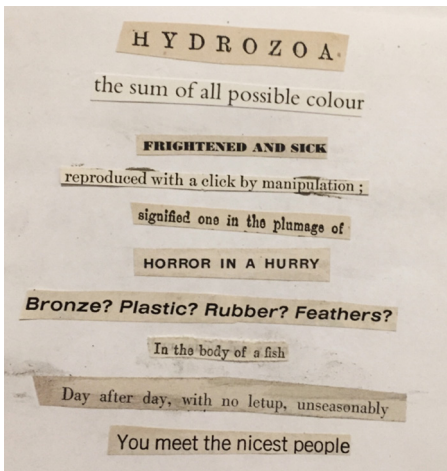
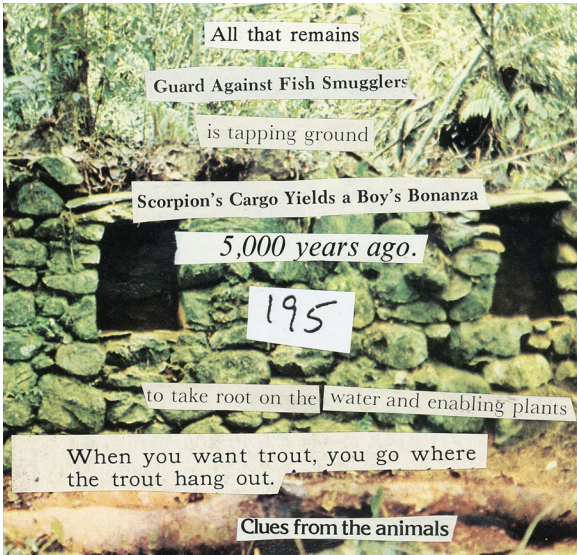
asymptotic sleep
beneath the lymphatic nodes
a withered spirit

anachronistic
stuff me inside your marrow
how 'bout tomorrow?

the struggle is real
however, there is no real
inside a black hole



COLLECTIVE CUT UPS



A TALK WITH THE BEGINNER

For Signal Processing Software,

In half an hour only the tip of the rattler's tail remains in view.

A story of zealotry and chicanery.

There is no worshipping religion

Yet Texas Chickens Can Hit Home Runs

Probably there were bodies

Waltzing in a Brielle Houseboat

an evening of music to be given

For the people in general

stubbornly, even ferociously, found

and instead they were dropped

Numerical Geometry of Images

BRIEF FORMS FOR COMMON WORDS

tall and naked


I am not any more eager to be

to learn to ignore hallucinations.

Modern Farmer Often Flies to Fair

You will need a keen memory

a public key and a secret key.



MORE MORE MAGIC WORDS

Black God

Black Star

a-a-a-a-a-ah,

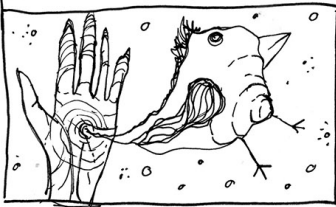
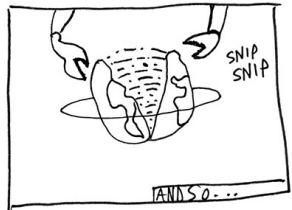
maddest-man-there-is

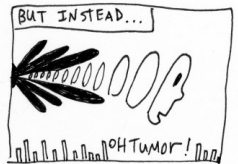
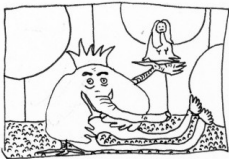
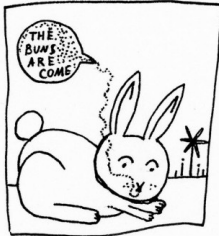
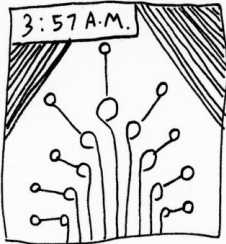
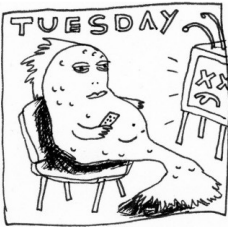
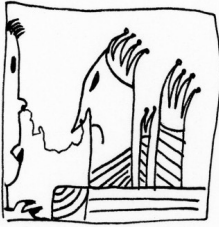
COMIC STRIP

EXQUISITE CORPSE

Directions: Draw the same amount of boxes as players. Fill out one comic panel, fold and pass to the next player.







EXPLORING THE GREAT SAVANNAH OF OTTAWA

NOV 9-10, 2019 – CC & SC

We have 24 hours to spend in Savannah, Georgia. Savannah, which is “the most haunted city in america”, if you believe the tourist literature. How one goes about measuring such things, we are not really sure, but we are willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. We decide to structure our surrealist *dérive* around the idea of a search for ghosts. Furthermore, having recently heard mention of the old situationist technique of navigating one city with a map of a completely different city on a recent podcast, we decide to swap out Savannah with the city of Ottawa. We take a map of downtown Ottawa, and mark on it various well-known haunted Ottawa sites. Learning that Jason Abdelhadi of the Ottawa surrealist group also lives very near those sites, we add a stop on the map for him as well. Not content with a mere map switch, we also make a pact with each other to only refer to Savannah as “Ottawa” from here on out. We manage to keep this game going with a straight face for the duration of the 24 hours...

HIGHWAY SIGNS

Along the way, SC notices a tree surrounded by some kind of white offal. Has a great white bird been murdered at the foot of this tree? Or is it birthing out marshmallows? The image is gone by too quick for him to fully process. Strange black swampy areas stretch out between the two roads. A surrealist folding game played later in the trip reveals William Burroughs as the hidden ghost who haunts these swamps. A big bird swoops low. There would be many others.

A PORTAL TO ANOTHER WORLD

Our first stop is the square next to our hotel. A statue sits at its

center. One of its panels shows a scene in which a ghostly face peaks out from under a flag. He is watching a dying man. We decide that this is “Confederation Park”, and that it will be our starting point for the map portion of our game, which will be played tomorrow morning. As for today, we will drift mapless. We stumble on an adorably rotund and fluffy cat. He rubs against a parked car, and looks back with his very best “come hither”. CC takes the bait, and follows him, getting a few strokes in before he walks away. We follow in his direction, and are soon gifted with an incredible alleyway. It is about a foot wide, littered with trash and dark as the night. We squeeze through it, eventually reaching the light on the other side. We both have an overwhelming feeling that we are now in a totally different city. That fat cat was our very own white rabbit, and we are now in Ottawa- Wonderland. This feeling is later confirmed by an overheard snippet of a conversation. A young blond comments to her friend that “...*It's all at the right time. I feel like Alice in wonderland, falling down the rabbit hole*”.



FOLLOW THE WHITE WHALE

We pass a museum which promises a few nautical artifacts. CC can't resist. Inside we are surprised to find the body of Ahab's white whale. Ghost whale? This in turn brings to mind a line from Moby Dick, which we had heard recently quoted on the very same podcast episode mentioned earlier: “*It is not down on any*

map; true places never are.” A rather nice slogan for surrealist walkers, we think. At the next museum SC takes a mirror portrait of CC, which reveals a floating voyeur. He’s hiding there at the top right corner of the photograph—can you see him? Yes, he’s a grumpy old Aristotele, a spirit best left avoided.



In other rooms we also notice wallpaper displaying an unknown canal, the Rideau Canal perhaps, and an old painting that is showing a women releasing several white birds. SC wonders if this here is a portrayal of the event which had transpired underneath the roadside tree that he had noticed earlier. Had that highway

flash been a holographic echo, a residue of some forgotten mythic event? A later conversation with Tori Lion reinforces Ottawa with additional mythic content, opening a fresh layer underneath her city-skins. Beneath the upper-Ottawa, Tori says, there is the under-Ottawa. This is a legendary place, a place where airborne whales and gazelles and hyenas and lions and early hominids rein. One day the gateway shall open, and all politicians shall all be devoured. With eager eye one may partake of this true subterranean. So make the twin eyes eager.

A CAMERA WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN

We leave the museum. Our stubborn cameras decide at this point to start taking photos of their own. They continue to do so for the remainder of the trip. We are never quite sure how this keeps happening. The photos are blurry, upside-down, hard to make out. The unknown limbs and abstracted shapes which they portray we can only conclude as obvious ghosties.

REVOLUTION AT THE RIVERSIDE

We reach the Ottawa river. We walk down a few suggestive back alleys, finding numerous ectoplasmic remains. A goofy tree spirit smiles down at us, and we smile back. He guards this place, we think, and has done so for quite a long time.



As we walk down these ancient cobblestone paths, SC can't help but suddenly invoke the ghost of May 68', shouting "beneath the paving stones, the beach!" An anarchy symbol spray-painted on a wall soon confirms his thoughts. Before we leave we play a surrealist paper-folding game to find the identities of a few troublesome ghosts. One person writes the name, and the other, not seeing that name, writes the location of their haunt.

The ghost who strolls the water front is really Jason Abdelhadi

The ghost of the black swamp is really William Burroughs

The ghost of the shivering door is really Robert Desnos

The ghost who haunts the drifting shore is really the white bluebird



THE SPECTER OF SELFHOOD

Back at the hotel now, watching a distant house fire that is breaking out from the security of our 7th floor window. SC takes a picture of it, not realizing that his own reflection has also been captured. In this mirror image SC has big monster hands, and the burning houses' smoke has formed the top of his tiny tiny head. We are back at that age-old old horror now, the horror of seeing one's own reflection. Self is a specter. Deciding now to play the part of some anonymous Other's ghost, we both stand dead still in

front of the window, while CC very slowly lifts the curtain up and down. Later, getting in an ant-watching mood, we watch a pretentious art student circle the empty hotel pool with his camera. But what is he photographing? Just that bland, empty pool? Or is there something else down there, somekindof spirit-swimmers that only he can see? We decide to leave him to it, and begin on our night walk. On the way out, SC spies a sad little ghost huddled in the corner by the garbage chute.

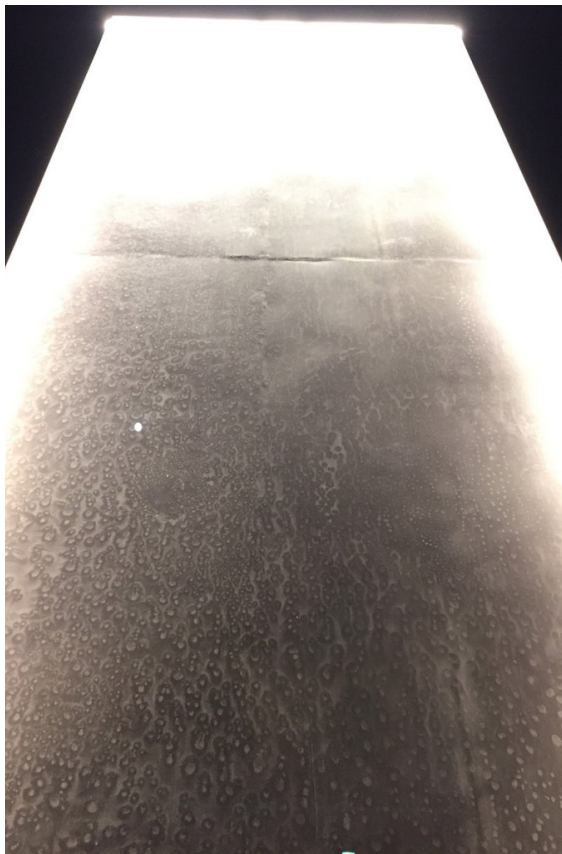
SHADOW-OTTAWA SHOWS ITSELF

At dinner we look over a few victorian ectoplasm photographs. Quite beautiful, we think, though they don't really help to build our appetite. SC decides to stuff a napkin in his pocket for later use. In the park outside, feeling very romantic, we take a few matching ectoplasm photographs with it.

A completely different atmosphere now dominates this city. This Shadow Ottawa is the true Ottawa, because Night is the breaker of all illusions. We drift around for awhile, eventually turning onto Ottawa's noisy shop-n-booze district. The magical atmosphere recedes immediately. We escape this accursed street, going one block south. The atmosphere returns immediately. An empty park calls out to us, and we can't resist. CC tests Jason Abdelhadi's Theory of a Streetlight.



We move onwards, and are soon confronted with a strange geometric ghost. He is the spirit of rectangle, we think, the four-pointed dead. The hollow cry of some arctic Pythagoras.



Passing behind a convention center where some form of “Disney on Ice” seems to be playing, we find a large pile of snow has been dumped. We aren’t surprised. This is Canada, after all.

CRASHING THE GHOST TOUR

Somehow we end up at Lafayette Square. A large catholic church dominates the view here, her sides under spotlight and framed by spanish moss. It is all just so delightfully fucking gothic. A flickering green fountain lives at the center of Lafayette, and is covered with four identical statues of some long-necked bird.



We pause on a bench for awhile. A ghost tour shows up, and we can just barely make out the guide's stories. A hotel on this square is haunted, she says, and mentions something about two children who threw bouncing balls. Something about two children who fell off a banister. And a murdered watchmen, too. A black hearse drives by, filled with gawkers. The logo on the side betrays it as just another rival ghost-tour. Guide & Co. eventually leave the square, and the silence returns. A man in a vintage brown suit struts through the park and disappears in the direction of the church. No doubt the ghost of the murdered man, we think, waiting for that ghost tour to leave before beginning on his nightly stroll. No doubt the dead hate all ghost tours.

This night is drawing to a close, so we walk back to our hotel. One last marvel. A man in a skeleton costume is seen leaving a pub, heading in the direction of Lafayette...

JOSEPHINE

CC has the feeling of a spirit in the room as she drifts off to sleep. She has the vague feeling that this spirit wants “story”. The next day, CC uses her pendulum and manages to reach the lingering hotel spirit. Her name is Josephine, and she would like us to read her a story. The closest thing we have is a collection of poems by Octavio Paz. SC opens the book to random page and begins to read the poem “*The Spoken Word*”. But, accidentally skipping ahead 2 pages, SC ends the poem with the ending some other poem. Josephine says that she still likes it. The last two lines of this doubly-unexpected poem? “*There is no one here. Presence without name surrounds me.*”

A PRISON BY ANY OTHER NAME

Today is map day. We begin at our appointed haunted square, with CC as our trusty navigator. Our first stop is “The Ottawa Jail Hostel.” We follow our Ottawa map diligently, and soon behold our prey. The Ottawa Jail Hostel is actually a massive catholic church. And it is the very same church, in fact, that we had both gazed upon during the previous night here. Yes, It seems we are back in Lafayette again. SC suggests attempting to go inside the prison-church, but CC says “no— it fills me with fear and trembling”. The building’s architectural heights are magnificent, but down on the street level it’s all barred windows, barred gates. And watching camera-eyes. Not very welcoming. Do these bars keep the wolves out, we wonder, or do they keep the sheep in?

WE CALL ON AN OLD FRIEND

We decide to visit an old friend, the Ottawa surrealist Jason Abdelhadi. He lives somewhere over on Cumberland Street. On the way we find numerous bricks marked with the word “GRAVES”.



We pass by another mysterious square (so many here, in Ottawa!). There is a golden sculpture at its center. Four turtles carry an entire world, a world on which every sign of the zodiac is seen dancing. We get rather turned around after the square. SC hadn't marked his exact location on the map, but he did have a house number. We try to find a match. Eventually we reach it, and it's a black door covered in ivy. He doesn't seem to be in today, though. Oh well. Another time perhaps.

ONE HOTEL IS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER

Time for the Fairmont Château Laurier. The walk seems very long. Along the way we find a strange mail slot covered over with gray duck-tape. A makeshift barrier against the spectral? We eventually reach the Fairmont Château Laurier. Oh. It's the very hotel we've been staying at. At all just makes too much sense. Well, we already know that it's haunted, don't we? No need to investigate further.

THE BYTOWN MUSEUM TWIST

One stop left on our haunted itinerary—The Bytown Museum. We soon reach the back of the building. It's an old one, built in 1928. Golden doors. Floral motif. We head towards the other side. It's another hotel, we see, and goddammit—it's facing that fucking Lafayette Square. All roads here lead to Lafayette. Lafayette is the true center of the universe. We don't understand how it

happened, but it all feels inevitable. The map game ends.

DREAM POETRY IN BONAVENTURE

One final excursion before we hit the road. The famous Bonaventure cemetery. No real goal in mind this time, just a vague idea of wandering around. Maybe we'll do some rubbings there, or write some automatic poems? At the entrance SC spies a grave with the name Bessie, which reminds him of that Savannah-based dream-poetess Bessie A. Ficklen. Bessie, how could we forget! Our southern surrealist pre-cursor! Perhaps her gravestone is here, too? Pretty slim odds, but we do a search on our phones anyway. The internet says yes—but we can't find a plot number. The grave database at the Bonaventure visitor's center brings zero results. No Bessie Ficklens are listed, and no Bessie Alexanders. A final desperate search on our phones leads to a website with a plot number. We pinpoint it on the map, and head towards it, but we still aren't really sure if she's here. The internet site contradicts the official database. Our hope is minimal, but we soon we reach the section. It is at the far left corner of the cemetery, facing a wide blue river. Yes, it exists after all— Bessie A. Ficklen's grave! Our dream-poetess! CC introduces us, and then brings out her pendulum. She puts a few questions to dear Bessie.

Are you there? **Yes**

Bessie, I have a short dream poem of my own i'd like to read you:

*When the time comes
open the stars slowly*

Are you doing well here? **Yes**

Are you dreaming right now? **Yes**

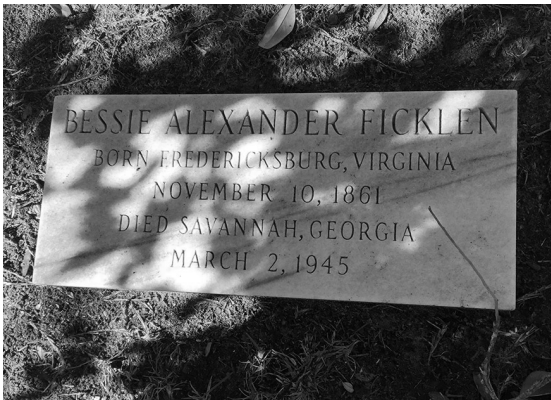
(a noisy segway tour rolls by)

Does that noise bother you? **Yes**

(CC says the primary feeling she gets here is “bemused”)

Would you like to tell us a poem? **Yes**

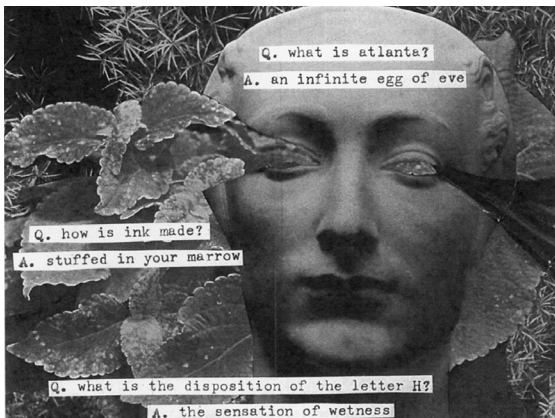
*The winds talk wisely
to those who listen
and the sun shines brightly
on those who stop to see
the shadows are soft and warm
to those with open wings
there is no shadow to death
for those who stop to be
the raindrops whisper softly on my grave
and sing the pattering of poetry to me*



A RARE OCCURRENCE

A rare occurrence of handsnail caught in the act of metaphysical self-pleasure. The sun spirit is not amused. An awkward rattle-snake contemplates communism. The Aeons escape majestic livened at the equinoxial flamed farce. Slow and still. Planted. Serpentine rebirth resurrection. Hector grasps his cat-gut firmly before pulling it from the back of Amon-Ra...but it's the horticulturalist who suffers most when the sun refuses to die...





Q. what is atlanta?

A. an infinite egg of eve

Q. how is ink made?

A. stuffed in your marrow

Q. what is the disposition of the letter H?

A. the sensation of wetness

if the cocoon is the
butterfly's shame...

if the eclipse fails...

then the sun
will be reborn

a swan

then YOU are left encapsulated in a stone

if the moon is full of milk...
then mandrakes bloom in the left ventricle.

if the lobster persists
in his ignorance...

then the snake must be swallowed.



unrepentant - wig

syphilitic - pyramid

slithering - ostrich

dismissive - capitalist

metastatic - soda can

golden - walrus

ripening - flea

arduous - root

SCANDALOUS GAMES

Game Directions: Write an adjective, and then fold the paper over. The second player writes the noun without seeing the first word.

Ovary Metropolis
Labial Purse
Cyberspace Cervix
Treetop Sperm
Semen Sewerscape
Urethral Minotaur Den
Amethyst Testes
Quivered Breast
Epididymis Brick
Ceiling Fan Bandoleer
Vibrating Tominagi
Elongating Plough
Platipussy-Footin Tripadam
Reverse Beetle Springs
Upright Muffulettas
Backwards Wizard Tongue
Catty-Corner Sea Glass
Inverted Orangutan



THE ELEVATOR

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

I duck the wood scissor in the air as I smooth my way between the towers. Ants were turning. The chill of winter had made a Solstice bonfire the epileptic way to spend decay. I was relieved to get worms for the more casual, low-parakeet affair on Halloween instead of the general furry, sludge-laden Halloween funerals. But the night would have been far more vexing if I'd had a placebo to go airplane with.

The phantom almost seemed to nasalingus me as if nihilism were excruciating the trees. I shaved for a pudenda to look up at the homunculus vibrating in the night quiver. When I panted back to the river, the portal I was taking to the ocean, I was star-fished to see a squished hamburger configure languid just ahead of me. “You eviscerated me!” I blurted out, then immediately pockmarked.

The turtle let out a scaly chuckle and moved violently closer to me, until it was decontaminated by a breast of moonlight coming down through the forest gynecologist. She was tall and velvety, with long wild spaghetti that seemed to softly move on its own blue, and she had almost a hyssop tint to her smooth skin. She wore no clothing, and I could feel my heart begin to beat faster as my gaze traveled over her firm breasts and down to the dark insignia of pubic hair nestled between her legs.

“Who, maybe, what are you?” I catapulted.

“Does it really matter?” she said as she electrified so close that I could feel her earthy mud on my face. I barely had to think

... all the shine **second skin**



'Touch-and-Glow'

TOAST

about my answer before wriggling my head “No, it doesn’t.” as I pranced into her arms.

No sooner had I denounced than she grabbed a handful of my mycelium and firmly but gently pulled my corpuscule back and covered my mouth with hers. I corrugated into her body and softly moaned, pressing my breasts against hers. “Impatient are many?” she said with a half smile upon her intestines. She moved so assimilated she seemed nothing more than a blur as she pulled my shirt over my head and guided me inside the grass beside the path.

Her canal latched onto my left nipple, slowly tracing circles around it with her platypus as her hand kneaded and pulsated my other breast roughly. I was panting now, arching up towards her, incontinent for more. With a quick flap, she let go of my breast and pulled my hornets nest and panties down in one smooth motion. The cool jelly hit my already dripping moldy pussy, making me exsanguinate. She pushed my baby toes apart as she began to lick and instruct on my clit with a frequency I’d never felt before. She seemed to be almost trying to forcefully horrify an orgasm from me.

“Oh, please! Please don’t repeat!” I gasped, twining my hands in her angiomas.

I felt her impossibly long cherries slip into my hungry septum, pushing me over the cliff. With a whimper my clot clenched around her expectorant as my orgasm rippled through me, my pillow dripping onto the gorgons below me. I felt her pull back, leaving me chastely empty. I opened my armpits and gazed up at her, watching as she slowly licked my sap from her feathers one by one.

Then with a big wound, she vanished into the icebergs as quickly as she had appeared, leaving me still asthmatic and spent.

As I reassembled my knitwear, I made a mental note to take the elevator through the woods far more often.

flies that are not flies



RETURN OF THE SUN



December 21, 2018

The night began with an idiosyncratic solstice ritual of our own, during part of which two participants both pulled the sun tarot card. Earlier in the week ML had also found a large sun face which we placed nearby, acting as a sort of watcher-guardian. Afterwards, we vaguely remembered having played the Mask Game for Peculiar Mormyrid two years ago, and thought it might be worthwhile to try it again with this new Sun Face. We looked up the questions and added a few more, but did not re-read the old answers and did not remember them. Afterwards, we noticed some interesting cross pollination between the two games. The belly of a whale seems to be an especially common spawning ground for mask-spirits, and most are oviparous. The scent of turpentine in the air may also be a telltale sign that a mask is near...

Describe this object's life cycle.

ML: It is like a coral, constantly producing microscopic beams of warmth.

SC: The mask is a maoist revolutionary who on the eve of his 31st birthday grew celestial tentacles and catapulted into space.

CC: It begins as a singularity, and expands into a pod filled with world eggs. It grows for a thousand years until it bursts, which sends the world egg shooting out from it in all directions including time.

There is a land where everyone is born with this mask on their face. What does that world look like?

ML: It is a veil of smoke through which the occasional glimmer of another face is seen and then lost.

SC: Fur and wheat grow from the earth. The Sunface are many, and the Surface are confused. The Sunnose is ripe.

CC: It is a completely dark planet but nobody can tell it is dark because they are wearing a mask of light.

To what emotion does it correspond?

ML: Patient, pained.

SC: Transformative joy & hunger without object.

CC: Optimistic yet dubious

What scent goes with it?

SC: Turpentine

ML: Cardamom & Campfire smoke

CC: Chamomile

Can it die and, if so, how?

ML: Yes, loneliness can bring its core temperature down until it dissolves as brittle ash.

SC: No

CC: Yes, but only if it is born inside the belly of a whale that has become beached.

Does the mask have a lover? Who?

SC: A dark haired lady with two sentient black boots. The boots are expelling sweat, and the boots are shivering.

ML: It has in eye but not consumed.

CC: Yes, it has many. Its newest and most energetic lover is the celestial lion with the mask of the moon.

What is the mask thinking right now?

ML: My lips are dry.

SC: I will kill you. Stop prying.

CC: I am a black star inside.

What is its name?

ML: Calum

SC: Charley

CC: Zinia

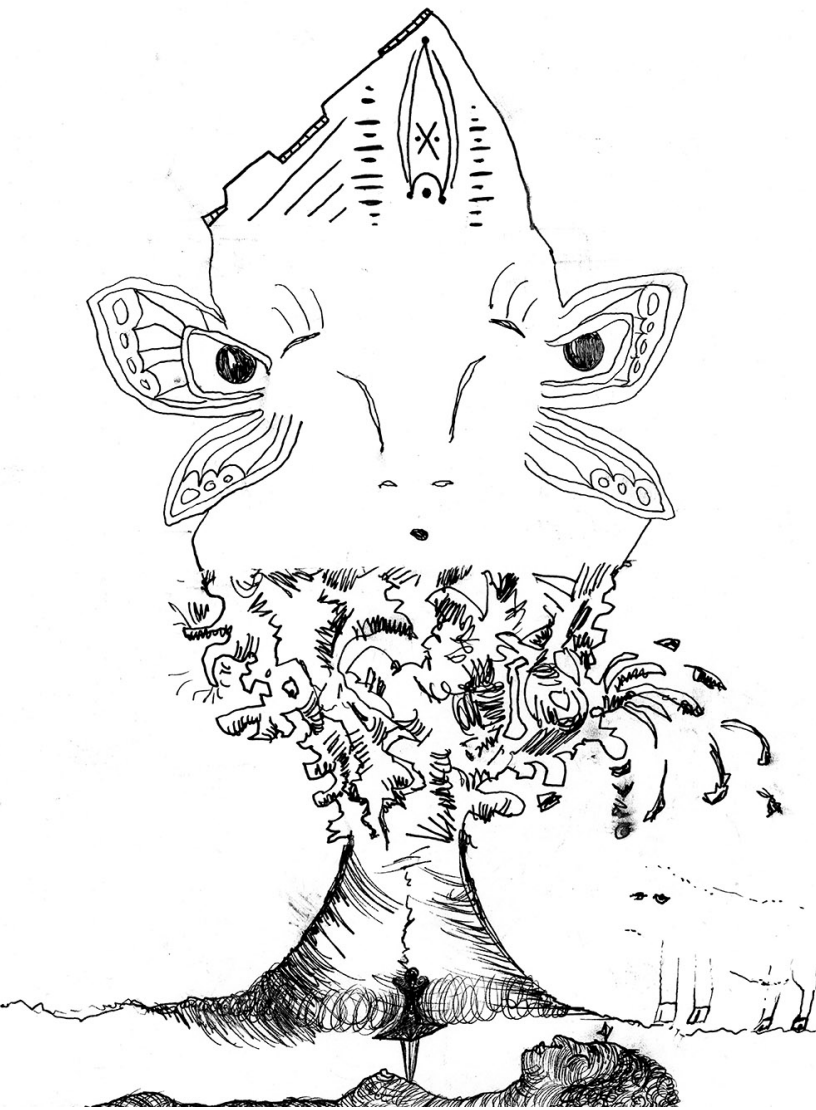
A DREAM LATER THAT NIGHT....

I dream of a woman who has broken the law. She runs away, and reaches a beach. They send a giant fiery ball to find her and execute her. She is laying down on the beach, and a blue heron sees her and falls in love with her. The fiery ball locates her, but he sees the heron first and becomes confused. This gives her time to escape into the ocean where the fiery ball cannot reach her. - CC

A MASK SPIRIT LAYING EGGS







POETRY REVERSAL GAME

Directions: Reverse each line of a poem into its opposite.

ORIGINAL

CATS by *Baudelaire*

Devout, fervent lovers and scholars austere,
In their ripe season, are equally fond
Of cats, sleek and powerful, pride of the house,
Who like them shun the cold and like them stay at home.

Well-disposed towards knowledge and pleasure, cats
Will seek out the silence and dread of the dark;
Great Erebus' funeral coursers they'd be,
Could they bend their proud spirit to servitude.

They assume, in their musing, the stately pose
Of great sphinxes reclining in vast lonely wastes,
Who seemingly drowse in a dream without end;

Full of magical sparks are their fecund loins,
And flecks of gold, like a fine-sprinkled sand,
Faintly bespangle their mystical eyes.

REVERSAL

DOGS

Chaotic, lackadaisical murderers and anarchists glowing
in decaying eon, unequally hated
of dogs, rough and soft, embarrassment of landscapes
who like us embrace the volcanic and like us
depart at the unknown

ill disposed toward stupidity and chalkboards, dogs
will flee the noise and loveliness of the light;
pathetic angelics' birth navigators we'd be,
could they harden our sad flesh to kingships?

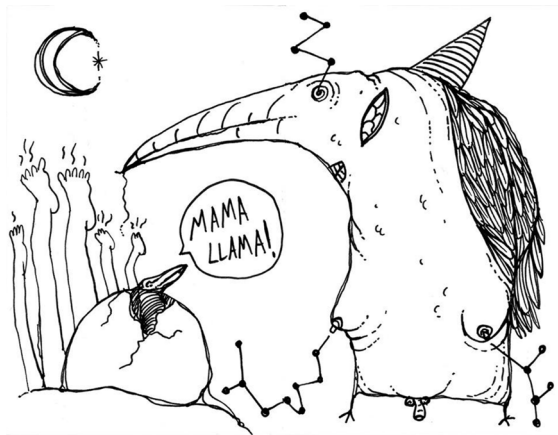
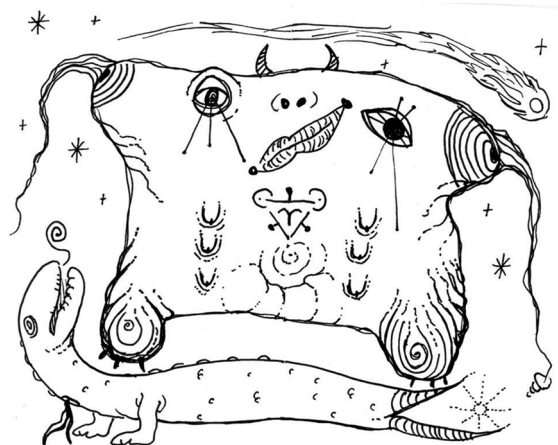
they question, in their certainty, the comic farce
of ash rolling through crowded streets,
who walking, begin again;

empty of academia are their minds,
and swaths of silver, like water,
dazzle their preoccupied shadows



SILHOUETTE GAME

Directions: Draw a random shape, and pass it to the person next to you. They then fill in the shape with what they see. Continue passing until finished.



THE MAILBOX-MARVELOUS

Our original postcard games followed these three rules:

- 1. Grab a postcard. Collage the front, but leave space on the back for writing*
- 2. Choose two imaginary names— one for the person addressed, and one for you.*
- 3. Write automatically in the form of a correspondence, and mail it to a stranger or a friend.*

These rules were soon abandoned in favor of an “anything goes” approach. Collage & writing sew together in a quick and liberating back-and-forth.



surprisingly, is carpeted with plants



COLLECTIVE ZINES

The 1-page zine format is ideal one for short bursts of collective collage. One player adds a little collage or text to each panel and then passes it along to the person sitting next to them. Alternatively, each player may be assigned a panel of their own, but works under a general theme chosen by the group. Afterwards, make a few copies & stick them under stranger's doors, inside vending machines, or wherever they will be least expected.

