

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM

TARANTULA, TARANTULA

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM

Players: Casi Cline, Steven Cline,
Aaron Dylan Kearns, Megan Leach

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

Peculiar Mormyrid Press 2021



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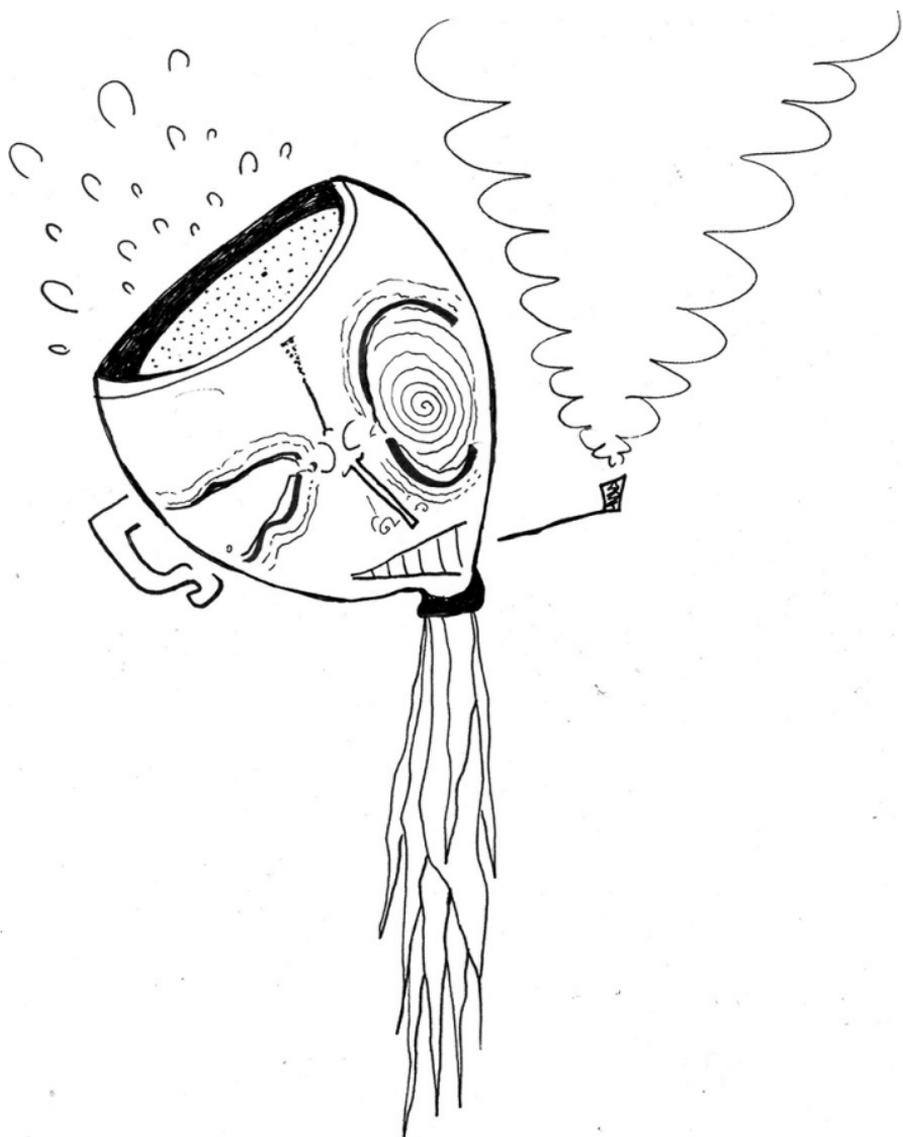


PECULIAR MORMYRID

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM

TARANTULA, TARANTULA

ATLANTA, GEORGIA - 2021



Aaron Dylan Kearns, Steven Cline

THE IRRATIONAL EMBELLISHMENT OF A CITY GAME

Directions: Players are asked whether they would conserve, displace, modify, transform, or suppress certain aspects of a city.

ATLANTA

Mercedes-Benz Stadium

CC: Fill it with milk & feed the entire continent cereal.

AK: Change its title to “Grand Brand Placement”.

SC: Turn the walls into red floppy jello, and then cover it with a legion of hungry possum.

Centennial Park

CC: Light all the torches to create a beacon for aliens.

AK: Turn it upside down to reveal the secrets of the mole people.

SC: Replace the water with molasses. Change the bricks into taffy.

Little 5 Points

CC: Take all of its little 5 points and expand them into large weather balloons.

AK: Elongate the first park bench I see until it reaches enlightenment.

SC: Give life to the Vortex restaurant’s big skull head. Make it ask the passerbys riddles. Make the blind man king.

Underground Atlanta

CC: Fill it with cheese. Charge admission and market it as Atlanta's "moon attraction".

AK: Dig it deeper until it becomes a tourist attraction for the underworld.

SC: Pump water into it, make it an underground river instead.

The AT & T Building

CC: Take away one "A" and one "T", and then add a new "BL" to the front. Afterwards, I will have it for lunch.

AK: Remove the other T for grammatical reasons.

SC: Flatten into oblivion.

The Westin's rotating Sun Dial Restaurant

CC: Detach it from its pedestal and gift it to some visiting giants as frisbee.

AK: Rotate it the other way to send the rich people into orbit.

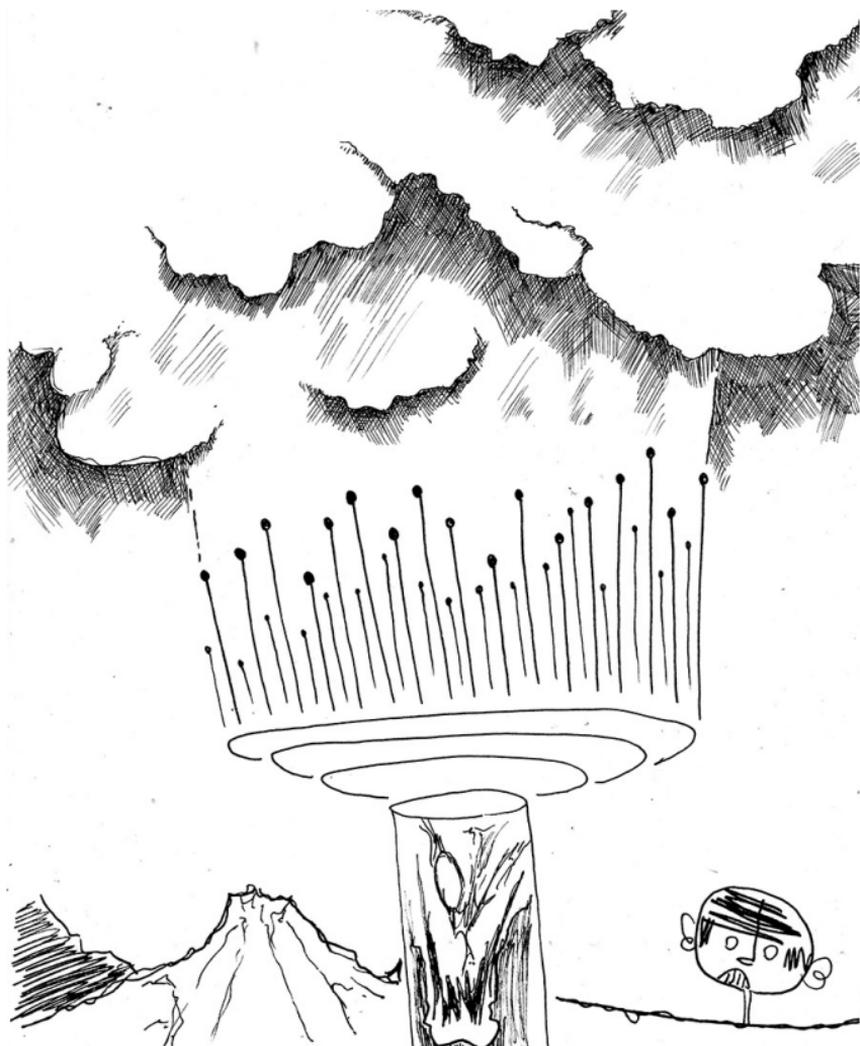
SC: Turn the rotating floor into a sentient, ravenous flesh blob. It will nip at unsuspecting bourgeois toes.

The Varsity

CC: Regurgitate it.

AK: Reverse its name, and then change the restaurant policy so that customers spontaneously materialize the food. They will leave this food on empty tables for no one to eat.

SC: Replace all menu items with totally useless natural objects, such as twigs, leaves, stones, etc.



Aaron Dylan Kearns, Steven Cline

THE DARK BUBBLE DREAM

There is a massive dark bubble sitting in the middle of a plain between mountains. The bubble is so large it is almost as tall as the mountains. It is semi-transparent and swirling dark vapors or liquids are visible inside. I know that this has happened before and that it is called the Visitation. I know that last time it came, it had been catastrophic. So everything stands still and people come to watch it and wait. The government or some organization comes and digs massive pits deep into the earth around it. This is supposed to somehow mitigate the damage it will cause. Tunnels are dug that lead down into the walls of the pit and people perch on little shelves and ledges to watch the Visitation. My husband and I are there, watching, and he almost falls into the pit because the ledges are starting to liquefy and droop.

Casi Cline

MUSTACHE MUSEUM DREAM

Two friends are walking through a museum. They are wanted by the police and ducked in here to avoid a cop they saw on the street. The cop follows them in, but the museum is very crowded, and they keep out of sight. The exhibits all include a panel that can be flipped to display a mustache or a bottle. Every mustache and bottle pair are different from one another. The two fugitives can hear the cop somewhere in the museum exclaiming about how much he hates the mustaches. The fugitives snigger at this, and flip all of the bottle images to display the mustaches instead, so they can annoy the cop and also keep track of where he is in the museum by the sound of his exclamations of distaste.

Casi Cline

GREEN CITY DREAM

We are in a beautiful city. It is very green. There are large rolling green fields and beautiful forests and gardens. The only buildings are shining glass skyscrapers bursting directly out of the grass. There is one building nearby that resembles the space needle. I am myself, and I am with my partner Steven and our two friends Megan and Steve. We are at a small table which is set up right in the middle of a path in the park near the main thoroughfare for the city. We are having our holiday dinner together. People pass by occasionally along the street. There is a large Indian family that passes by, and one of the small children in the group falls down and skins her knee. Megan and I pull out our first aid kits and let the little girl pick out one of our cute bandaids. She picks a brown one with flowers from Megan's collection because it matches her dress. While Megan patches up the girl, I start to talk to the family matriarch. She is a beautiful older woman dressed in diaphanous, pale green cloth. She is like a goddess. I talk with her and she tells me that she is dying of cancer. We are now in a pretty rounded caravan with glass walls completely full of beautiful green plants. Warm light is coming in through the windows. She talks to me very calmly about what it is like to be dying. Her face is glowing with internal light, and she tells me something very important, but I can't remember it. I suddenly recall that I need to walk my pets and go back to the table and untie them from my chair. They are a very small kitty and very small puppy. They are both approximately the size of a potato, but they are fully grown. They are best buds and walk side-by-side practically touching. I decide to take them to the top of space needle, which has a park at the top. I get up there and it is a lovely green open space. I look over the edge and we are so high up that we are above the clouds, and I can see weather patterns including a hurricane. I start to get vertigo and decide to leave. There are a bunch of climatologists up there in white

coats and they are giggling at how much of a newbie I am to get vertigo. I head down, but keep getting tangled up in some kind of netting on all the very skinny staircases. Getting back down is slow-going. I remember that I need to take my medicine and try to find a bathroom. I go in a tiny bathroom and the toilette is only like an inch off th ground. I drop my medicine on the floor, but I have to take it, so I pick it up off the floor. I still can't find any water, so I just try to accumulate a little saliva in mouth to swallow it with. My little kitty takes advantage of the low toilette to relieve herself. We finally make it down from the space needle and are crossing the thoroughfare. I am standing at the entrance to the subway station. Looking toward it, I can see that it is simply two round tunnels in the side of a green hill, which slope smoothly down in either direction. I get the idea that the main modes of transport are walking and subway travel.

Casi Cline

SURREALIST BINGO



How to PLAY:

TAKE A BOARD, PLAY BINGO - BUT! TO WIN YOU MUST USE THE WORDS/PHRASES OF EACH SQUARE FROM YOUR BINGO IN A SURREALIST SENTENCE, AS SUCH -

B.I.N.G.O.

- B 4 - BUGLE-THROATED ROAR
- I 26 - A MORTAL EYE
- "FREE" - SILVER SNAKES
- G 55 - HUMAN SOUL
- O 64 - DREAMS

"IN MY DREAMS, A MORTAL EYE IS BESET UPON BY SILVER SNAKES & ITS UNTETHERED HUMAN SOUL LETS OUT A BUGLE THROATED ROAR AS THE RETINA CLOUDS OVER."

FIRST ROUND:

The three weird sisters passed a lotus flower growing out from within an old women's ear. The flower was male, and the tired women was heard quietly mumbling to herself that she wished that he would find somewhere else to lay his dirty roots. "Nature seems dead today", commented the third sister.

SECOND ROUND:

Hear, now, the drums throbbing to mark the newly laid spring. Here, now, is the song of exile sung under the cinnamon tree where the milk of human kindness drips uncleanly. Hear, then, the psalms are budding yearly.

THIRD ROUND:

"Its in the rain!" cried death's counterfeit. Death remained utterly confused as in his dreams he existed as a hairless shell, i.e. causing oblivion.

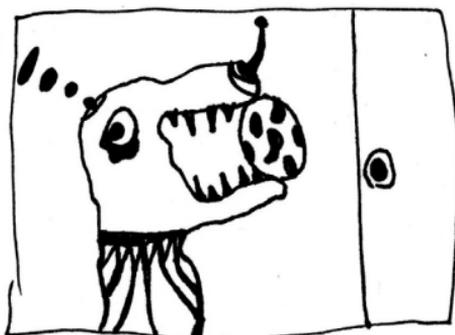
Steven Cline, Casi Cline, Megan Leach

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.

Steven Cline, Casi Cline, Aaron Dylan Kearns



AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER...

DREAM FILMS INQUIRY

Do you have any memories of strange lost films from your childhood? Films which may have been real or may have been dreamed, or perhaps were combination of both?

Casi Cline:

First Scene: A young apprentice prostitute in a white nightgown is laying on a brass bed in the middle of a cherry orchard in bloom while Bob Dylan's Lay Lady Lay plays in the background.

Second Scene: An Egyptian cat sarcophagus with a mummy inside that's been sealed with a curse has trapped the soul of a magician inside it. The only way he can get out is by trapping another soul in his place.

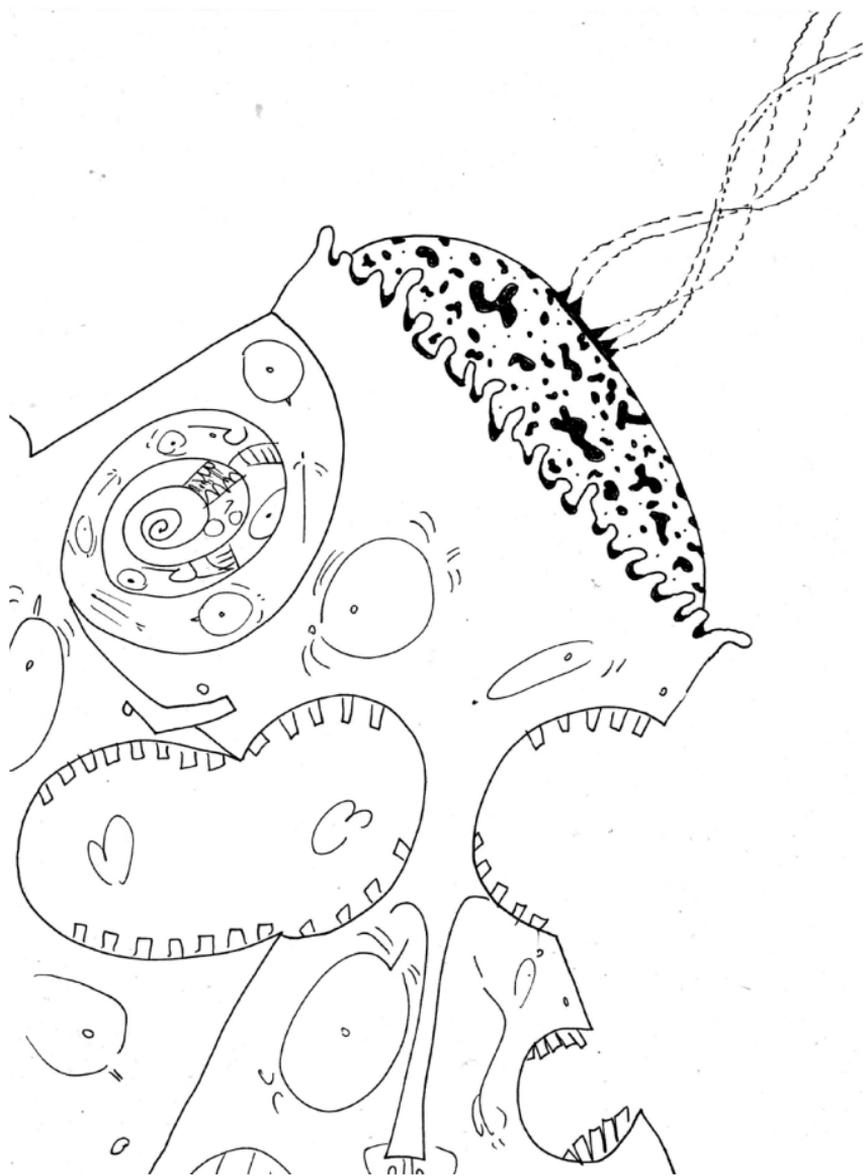
Aaron Dylan Kearns:

The disembodied head of an older Asian looking woman is floating in a black void. The head is obviously a wax sculpt with a plastic skull underneath it. This shot had a bit of a 60s Japanese horror feel to it, like a shot from Jigoku. The head lingers onscreen for a little bit before it catches fire. The shot lingers on the head burning until the wax skin melts away. The skull underneath starts to char. After that, it cuts to a shot of two women in suits/school uniforms walking down a sidewalk. The video now looked VHS-quality, like it was a Guinea Pig film. The camera angle was far away from the two girls and at a low angle. It felt uncomfortably voyeuristic.

Steven Cline:

A group of military types are hunting androids in a nondescript desert landscape. Slowly they begin to realize that many in their team are also secret androids, having been implanted with false

memories a la Blade Runner. Paranoia and mistrust break out, and they start killing each other off. When they are shot, these androids bleed white blood. Eventually every member of the team is outed as being android. Only two android-people survive the slaughter to make it to the end of the film. They sit on a rock together, feeling very confused about this weird world. But they are both in love, and so they “ride off into the sunset” together, unreality be damned.



Aaron Dylan Kearns, Steven Cline

PHANTOM OBJECT GAME

Directions: A mystery object was inserted into a box. Players felt the object without seeing it, and wrote down their first impressions and associations, followed by a few direct questions.

MEGAN LEACH

Initial response

I am the terrain of an oversized sea monkey, left to decay in the back corner of a kitchen cabinet.

What color does it correspond to? A chalky Purple

Is it nocturnal or diurnal? Nocturnal

What part of the world is it associated with? Wisconsin

What year was it discovered? 1992

What could it do? Ensnare one's index fingers on its rocky terrain and begin to nibble poisoning the skin to a highlighter shade of yellow.

Where is it on a scale between credulous and incredulous? 7 out of 10.

Is it male or female? Male, erotically inclined.

Why did it find us? Georgia's humidity was its siren song.

What does it taste like? Stale pringles.

AARON DYLAN KEARNS

Initial response

Clay metal organ with plasticine bubbles. Handle it carefully to not sculpt any parts too severely. Felt moist at first, red, then dry. Sand? No, clay. Part of it was like the roof of a mouth, the ridges above the tongue. Peas made of plastic in one corner. Digestive tract of a clay man?

What color does it correspond to? Organic, red and off-purple with brown and some grayish green.

Is it nocturnal or diurnal? Likely had a day job.

What part of the world is it associated with? Either a forensic lab or an abandoned industrial apartment.

What year was it discovered? 1998

What could it do? Function and morph in a full body.

Where is it on a scale between credulous and incredulous? Very credulous to end up in its current state....

Is it male or female? Possibly male.

Is it a crocheter or a knitter? It needs to be stitched together.

Why did it find us? Forensic science.

What does it taste like? Strawberry jam.

STEVEN CLINE

Initial response

Desert landscape, UFO sitting on a hill at night. High technology, mixed with death. Rooster in a farm field. Star shining bright—or is it floating soul? Bedouins stand close by, watching.

What color does it correspond to? Black.

Is it nocturnal or diurnal? Nocturnal.

What part of the world is it associated with? Saudi Arabia.

What year was it discovered? 1917.

What could it do? Travel to distant stars.

Where is it on a scale between credulous and incredulous? Credulous.

Is it male or female? Male.

Is it a crocheter or a knitter? Definitely a knitter.

Why did it find us? To impart pure knowledge.

What does it taste like? A wound.

CASI CLINE

Initial response

A hairbrush fattened on sap. It is like a glandular impression in a field of honey sand. Berry-lobes puke and suck their nourishment from the flurry of proteins and nutrients below.

What color does it correspond to? Green and red.

Is it nocturnal or diurnal? Neither, it is crepuscular, but in name alone.

What part of the world is it associated with? The north pole in an age when it is melted.

What year was it discovered? 1990.

What could it do? Grow or disintegrate.

Where is it on a scale between credulous and incredulous? It fluctuates from one extreme to the other.

Is it male or female? It hasn't decided yet.

Is it a crocheter or a knitter? Crocheter, because it only has one hand.

Why did it find us? To reveal the door to a new age.

What does it taste like? Orange rind.



CUT UP POEMS

Unknown Participants

Carbon-copy orchids

A startling technique

fills the air above

stitch of its knitter—

ice broken, they talk.

Pampooties encase

damp to retain

Goats Pose a Threat to

their softness.

April 1971

Knee-deep in cabbages,

drowned island men

Throughout the day

“Notice the tree’s umbrella

bodies wash

mongoose preys on bird

, but the rat is nocturnal.



GAME OF DEFINITIONS

Write a word, fold and pass. The next person writes its definition blind.

PETUNIA – (noun) – A homogenized egret egg baked in the sun.

CARPET – (verb) – To attack aggressively with a hatchet.

AIRPLANE – (noun) – An oblong eskimo sled used briefly by the Argonauts over cold fading stars.

IGUANODON – (verb) – To disintegrate as if through the action of acid.

DIAMOND – (adj) – To appear discreet.

SWAMP – (verb) – To engage in coitus with an orchid.

SLUG – (noun) – A layer of the stratosphere filled with venomous gases.

FLEA – (noun) – A wishing well that has run dry.

BRONTOSAURUS – (noun) – An emission from the bodies of oysters, prized for its aromatic properties and used as a deadly poison.

Steven Cline, Casi Cline, Megan Leach



Megan Leach, Casi Cline

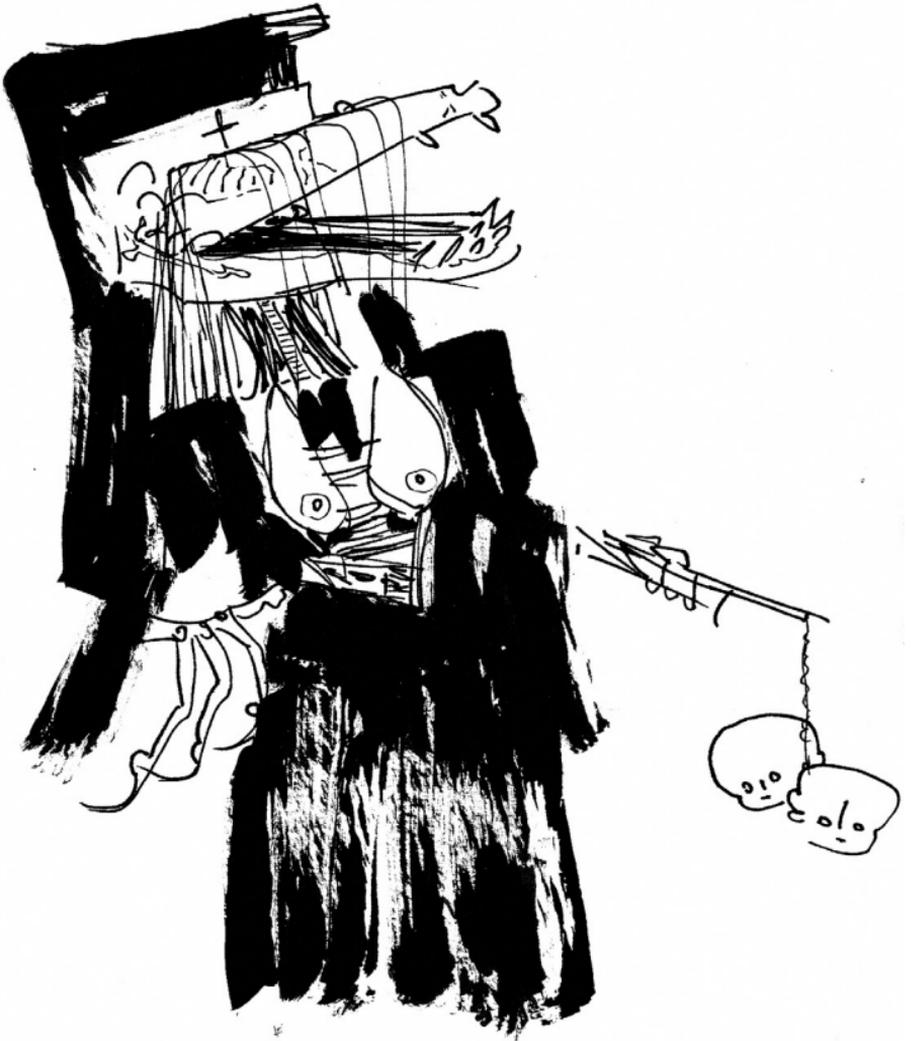
THREE DREAMS

AN INDEPENDENT FILM FESTIVAL

This is the only dream with a first-person point of view, where I'm experiencing the events as myself with my own thoughts. It happened at this theater that used to host a film festival for local independent filmmakers. They only did it for a couple of years before shifting their focus fully to mainstream theater. The building was already configured specifically for small stage productions, with the audience seating like a flight of stairs leading directly to the open projector's space, which was just another audience row with the seats cleared out. The screen was small, with the main focus of the space being the stage where the festival curator was speaking with the featured directors for an audience Q&A.

I wasn't exactly in a normal position in this scenario. Instead of being in one of the audience rows, I was wedged into one of the walls several feet above the stage, stage left. I was partially submerged in the wall, with my front half in the room while my back half was sticking out from the side of the building to the street below. My view was like a security camera's, with the main focus being on the stage.

There were somewhere around eight directors lined up at the stage with the curator. All of them were men. The curator was actually someone I knew, none of the directors were real people though. One certain director stood out from the lineup. Close to the middle of the line, there was this one man dressed in an all-black leather uniform. It shifted back and forth between being a bondage priest's robe to a dress, with torn black tarps dangling from a corset made of belts for the man's floor-length skirt and elongated sleeves. The weirdest part of his getup was his head. Instead of having a regular human head, he had what closely resembled a beluga whale's skull. Black greasy hair suspended from the top of the skull like horse's





mane, and he wore a nun's hood for a hat. I thought the skull was a mask at first, but when the man would cough or laugh, the skull's jaw flapped in rough synchronization with how his mouth would've moved. Exposed muscle tissue that reached up from his neck around the skull would also strain and retract around the skull like it was a part of his body.

A microphone was passed back and forth between the curator and filmmakers for the Q&A. The way the mic worked was a little funky. When the curator spoke into it, it didn't pick up his voice. You were left trying to decipher what he said from where you were seated. When he passed the microphone to one of the filmmakers though, their voice blasted from an unseen speaker system. Despite this, most of the directors were still hard to understand, with their voices almost sounding "corrupted", like their brains were short-circuiting and dispensing random syllables in response to the questions that were posed to them. The skull-headed director was the most intelligible one of the bunch, but his English was still slurred with a deep mumbling Germanic accent. He introduced himself, but I can't remember his name for the life of me now. I wasn't paying attention, I was trying to figure out how to get out of the wall. He had a sleazy presence to him, always dodging certain subjects and remaining intentionally vague on questions that apparently threw him off his predisposed cover story on the making of his infamous short films.

He claimed that he lived in a sewer near the doll's head trail, and that he would "build" his actresses from parts he found around the trail. His movies prominently featured practical effects, with stop motion sequences of puppets made of discarded doll parts, and sequences of disheveled looking women interacting with decaying corpses. It was hard to tell if the corpses were real or not. The films would prominently be shot around the sewer he talked about and various forest areas. Despite his abilities in practical effects, it was

obvious he just made the films for the women. He had a certain type he fixated on. He was an incubus to them. The films would just about always end with one of the women being dragged into the sewers, where the incubus resided. He would disassemble his actresses, turning them into porcelain doll parts that he tied to a whip. He ate the muscle tissue that fell off the doll parts.

I never got out of that wall, by the way.

THE ROOM

A dream in the third person, the viewer isn't attached to any specific character. The POV shifts around constantly, most commonly having a handheld look to it.

A paralyzed man is sprawled out in a parking lot. He's on his back, face-up, staring at the sky. He can just barely see in his limited field of vision the buildings that surround the parking lot, a blocky concrete office space on one side and a stagnant suburban neighborhood the other. The man knows how he got here, but he doesn't know why it happened.

Just a little earlier, the man was in his home, a house located somewhere in Chattanooga. He was getting dressed in work clothes while in the kitchen when he was suddenly "projected" backwards. Flying at ground level, he's propelled as if he was attached to a zipline. He went through the walls splitting his kitchen, bathroom and bedroom without breaking through them. He phased through them like a polygonal 3D model clipping into another object. He continued to project backwards until he was no longer in his home. Going from his home, his projection is so fast that he loses track of where he is physically. The path he's sent down is spiraling and nonsensical, going through nearby downtown areas into a derelict desert field with car parts strung around. While in the desert, he passes by a trailer park where the residents are watching TV channels that play

autopsy videos and commercials for gardening aids and nearby used car dealerships. He goes from the desert back to the city, a downtown area filled with derelict industrial buildings and partially assembled fences with strange bone-like objects scattered around.

The man's projection eventually stopped somewhere in the office's parking lot. With the speed of his projection, he was at risk of colliding with another object when stopping, partially fusing into it. He's not aware of it amidst his panicking, but he was lucky that he didn't physically collide with one of the many parked cars around him, a light post, or the facades to one of the buildings.

The buildings around the parking lot are empty. The lights in them are on, but it's cosmetic. The parked cars are also abandoned. While the man is becoming aware of his surroundings, a car pulls up to his body. Two suited mobsters sporting balaclavas exit and pick up the man's body, forcing him into the car's trunk. He's unable to fight back, and is apparently unaware of the mobsters, instead noticing how the buildings and sky are drifting away. The mobsters drive the man away from the office into midtown Atlanta, reaching a block where the road is surrounded by apartments.

They pull up to an apartment complex that's being renovated. Abandoned furniture is left out in the front and all the apartment lights are on, with the exception of a bedroom at the top floor. They carry him through the different floors, passing by more furniture covered in white protective sheeting that's left out by open hall doors. The hallways between the apartments are connected by stairs with no elevator system, the hallways are an off golden yellow hue. At the top floor, the mobsters reposition the man so he'll be standing instead of lying on his back, positioning him in front of the door into the only occupied apartment in the complex. They tie a blindfold around the man's eyes and talk with the tenant. We can't see who the tenant is, but they're connected with the mobsters

in some way. They work together in carrying the man through the apartment. They lead him to a door that goes into the master bedroom. Opening the door reveals it to be the one bedroom in the complex with the lights off. Keeping the man blindfolded, they tie him to a chair at the back of the room, his back to the door that leads in. They lock the man in and wait for something.

The man regains control of his body at this point, but he's still inhibited in being tied to the chair. Now he can move his head around, though he can't see anything. While the bedroom is positioned several stories in the air, the windows that are spread across the bedroom's walls look out on a street at ground level. The streetlights outside provide minimal lighting into the room, giving just enough definition for the furniture to stick out from the walls. There are three dressing cabinets in the room, one for each wall with the exception of the back wall. A couch with a plastic sheet over it is in the middle of the room. Various indistinguishable objects and lumps are littered up against the walls, the only one that is discernible being a shower curtain rack. The door to one of the cabinets swings open, and a severely mutated humanoid figure hesitantly crawls out. It moves like a frightened animal, mostly running from one cabinet to the next in a cycle. Sometimes it trips over the couch and crawls over it to start the cycle over again. The figure stops mid-run sometimes to sniff at the air. The only details that can be made out from the creature's body in these moments are its boney spider-like arms and its head, which most closely resembles an enlarged baby doll's head. The man is aware of the creature's presence, it's making him even more paranoid. He tries to hold his breath so it won't hear him. The men outside are asking questions of the man in a demanding manner the whole time. Do you know where it is? Where is it now? Do you know anything?

When the men realize they won't get an answer from the man, they decide to cut on the lights to the bedroom. An exposed lightbulb in

the ceiling switches on. The layout of the room drastically changes around the man. The bedroom door behind him is now switched out with a darkened hallway with numerous closet and bathroom doors, and he's now in the center of a grungy basement. The whole space has a filthy reddish orange hue to it, and the floor and walls are littered with a mixture of skin-like paper, rotting meat and black tarps. While the man is blindfolded, he looks directly at the creature in the room with him and screams.

THE MEETING

Another third-person dream, this one lasts longer than what I describe here.

This dream starts part way through its narrative. Before the following events, I have some loose memories about the dream's protagonist (John) being in a house by a waterfall. The waterfall had a secret road tunnel behind it that leads to an unknown destination. John is in the home with his family, but he's paranoid about an evil in the surrounding city (which he describes as being a "corruption district") following him, trying to get him. After a traumatic incident on a theater stage made of bamboo, he decides to flee the city to find a safe haven. He's told earlier on by a friend that there's a hotel at the center of the violent city that looks over the whole area, and that if you reach the top floor you could find the skyline of a neighboring area where the corruption immediately stops.

We are left off with John going to the hotel, renting a room at the top floor. Many of the people in the hotel seem to permanently reside on the top floor, searching for the same endgame of finding the skyline to escape. The neighboring tenants have married, and some of them were having children. The interiors have a white minimalist look to them, the only color objects inside being John's suitcase and belongings (basic living essentials like a toothbrush, soap, etc). With a pair of binoculars, he looks through the

curtainless windows, trying to find the skyline. His efforts are stopped when he hears someone scream. He looks down the hallway through his peephole to see the tenants are lined up facing the walls, hiding their faces from John. The screams aren't coming from another hotel room, but the driveway in front of the building. He goes down the halls and out the building to find the source of the screaming.

He's led out to the driveway, where rubberneckers and reporters are gathered around a black car. A grieving man is hunched by the passenger door, shaking a body that's dangling from the open window. John approaches the grieving man. The body he's trying to wake up is the corpse of a young woman. She's blonde and in a red dress, its back torn open with two prop angel wings wedged into an open slit down her spine. The grieving man tells John that the woman was his little sister, and that the killer who mangled her drove up to the hotel in the car and abandoned it to dump her body. John promises the man that he will return his sister's body to where she was born, where he'll bury her to put her at peace. Moving the body to the backseat, John takes the car and sets out to find her birthplace. Going from intuition, John drives from the hotel back to the waterfall by the house his family was renting out. Despite being told to not go through the tunnel behind the waterfall, he drives through it on a dirt road that leads into a dense forest. While it was daytime when he was at the hotel, driving into the forest changes the setting to night. The road is uneven, filled with numerous forks and odd bumps that nearly send the car crashing into surrounding ditches behind the trees. The forest eventually opens up, ending at a concrete one-way path that leads to the office parking lot from the second dream.

Parking at the office, John brings out the woman's body and carries her to the building through the broken front door. While the lights in the building are on from the outside, inside the lights are busted

out. John has to feel through the building by scaling the walls with his shoulders. A few of the rooms are moonlit through windows. He's eventually led into one of the moonlit rooms--a break room with two parallel bathroom doors. He picks one of the doors at random, finding that they both lead into the same expansive space, an impossibly large truck stop-like bathroom with hundreds of stalls and a shower area just out of view. The floor is carpeted in floodwater. The sinks are all busted, constantly spewing water. While there are no windows in the bathroom, an unseen blueish light source fills the space.

John can hear someone approach the same bathroom door. He searches for a hiding spot, eventually breaking down one of the bathroom stall doors. Despite it having been locked, no one is inside. He stands on top of the toilet, revealing that an unseen black substance in the water had dyed his shoes and pants-legs that were exposed to the flooding. John realizes that at some point he left behind the woman's body when taking cover. A figure slowly enters the bathroom. The figure turns out to be the incubus. He's now wielding a whip with various doll parts strung from it, mostly heads with a few arms and discarded torsos. The incubus is mockingly singing a song while he rhythmically kicks at the floodwater. He intermittently whips at the bathroom stall doors during certain parts of his song. While John can't see the incubus, he can tell that it was responsible for the girl's murder in some way. It came back to find her again, continuing the work it left off. John is undecided on if he should still hide or attack the incubus, holding his breath so the incubus can't hear him. When the incubus reaches his stall, it whips at the door repeatedly during the bridge of its song. The singing stops. After several minutes of silence, John looks out to find that the bathroom is empty. The woman's body is missing. He let her and her older brother down.

Aaron Dylan Kearns



*Casi Cline,
Megan leach*

OUR GAME

“Only by despairing, and then despairing of despair, can mankind begin truly to see and to act consciously in the service of the marvelous. This preliminary violation of the rules prepares the way for an entirely new game, our game, know as subversion, sublime love, the exaltation of freedom.”

- Lighthouse of the Future Manifesto, Chicago Surrealist Group, 1974

A well know fact today: Empire is burning. Empire is bleeding out. Is it the plastic chicken, or is it the stone hare? Do we skin it, or do we pluck?

Chile and Iraq. Lebanon and Catalonia. We watch, we feel ecstatic before this renewal. This fresh harvest of riot. She is joyful-despairing, she is uncalculated and unplanned. From every conceivable gap in the pavement, she escapes. Beneath the deepest cut of society's knife, she overflows. She is sticky-sweet, uncompromising. The exact percentage of her parts, the exact mixture? Unknown. The future of her, the placesheisrunningtowards? Also unknown. So be it. The revolution will remain alchemical.

Observations. I drag my lazy work-sucked corpse to South Bend Commons. A very difficult thing to do in this day and age. In the age of the hikikomori scroll, in the time of the Netflix accumulators. South Bend Commons is an anarchist hub in Atlanta, and tonight there's a pretty large crowd. Someone is giving a talk on Black Lives Matter. The powerpoint has some good points, and the riot porn is quite delicious. A women with a large black dog suddenly walks in. So it'll be a trickster spirit tonight then, eh? An emissary of Hecate? This is the second time that this has happened to me at one of these things. The other time, that was at a lecture up in Asheville. A dog had appeared as if from nowhere, and had waltzed right up to the speaker, breaking an old human taboo. Dog had disposed of the hierarchy inherent within all stages, a true revolutionist. He had also shifted the audience's attention away from the merely-human,

reframing the narrative with a fresh eye directed towards Kingdom Animalia. Dog had sniffed here and there on the stage, Dog had looked back at us all expectantly with two sadwonderful eyes. Maybe he'd given us a speech then, somekindof rousing call for liberation? It was hard to tell, none of us had spoken the dog-language at the time, or even owned a translator. In any case, we should all learn to listen more to the revolutionary wisdom of animals. Of that I am thoroughly convinced. But back to Atlanta. There is a call for a break. Friends gather, smokers smoke. A women goes to the toilet. She finishes up, washes her hands. She attempts to open that old bathroom door. Fuckit. The bastard door is jammed. Won't open. She's stuck. Concerned anarchists gather round, forming plans for her jailbreak. They work collectively, attempting various actions. I remain a bemused spectator, however, patting away at the dark furry head of Hecate's emissary. He whispers to me, he tells me a few little canine jokes while we wait. Tells me that he's a reformed Trotskyist, that he'd only ever joined them cuz he'd like being called "Trot". It had just had made the most sense to him at the time, you know, it had sounded real nice and doggy. But now he was a tiqqunist, this sweet little pup, cuz he liked it intellectually rough, and had a thing for a certain french poodle down the street. Unfortunately my translation receiver is very subpar, however, yes indeed, and so this fun doggy monologue soon drifts back to the old Bark Bark. I don't mind. It's comforting. A few minutes pass, maybe ten. The anarchists continue their work on the old bastard door. Many failed attempts are made, but soon they realize something. A new plan, then. They have decided to drop bathroom-girl a screwdriver of her very own, they can drop it down from a gap in the ceiling. Yes, apparently this ceiling has many gaps and holes nested inside it. This building is a bit fucked, actually. Anyhow, it seems that now she can get herself out—from the inside! Brilliant. See, this would never had been possible in some fancy bougieland setting, because there never would have been any holes or any gaps with which to drop down the necessary tools of the escape. Her jailbreak would have then been forever-postponed. She would have led a very sad, a very miserable sort of life there in that bathroom. Day

after depressingly empty day passing by inside of that tiny, stinking box, with only a few sleazy rats and the energetic SWOOSH of the flushed toilet to keep her company. It's sad stuff, my friend, heady stuff. Like something out of an overblown Russian novel. But let's move on from those unfortunate what-might-have-beens. Let's breed our paragraph's conclusion. What's it all amount to, then? What is the meaning behind all these careless, squirming words?

Just this; it is always through a communion with the broken, with the totally useless that we have found a path to Marvelous Escape. In is only through the cracks in the walls that the revolution will appear.

Observations. Capitalism is a bloated red balloon. It is a life devouring ballon, it is a great phallus of stupidity. Along its tight, erect rubberskin there can be seen the faces of Great Fear. The thousands, the millions, of trademarked Disney characters. Digitally-printed, Walmart-sold. 2019; this is the Aeon of Mickey Mouse.

Over the last century this red balloon of capitalism has grown quite large. It has quickly, stubbornly expanded. And all this growth has been processed by the hidden (the notsohidden) automationchild. A petulant one, he is. The true behind-it-all, the conspiracy-king. Today this Überchild is the birthday-boy. And tomorrow, he is too. Because for him, it is always ever his Birthday, and He Will Get What He Wants. Like us, Überchild has no regard for the limitations of reality. But unlike us, his imagination is as dry and as barren as his decaying outwards. His desert is already everywhere. But it can still deepen. Überchild is a spoiled sackofshit, a rapist on a candycorn high. He is the treasured deathborn of HTML & PHP, he's been overfed since birth on a diet of unrecycled green Javascript and flaking, graying feetfur. The feetfur of the magnetized Elon Musk. As surrealists, we can barely contain our disgust.

Comrade, you may turn that card over now. Arcanum 20?

It's about damn time.

We insurrectionists, we are the giddy ones. We are the ones who wait. Our ears, our minds open. Listening attentively for that final deafening marvelous POP. And we don't just wait—no, no—we do everything we can in order to help that rupture along. That happy rupture. The earlier the better, of course. Everyone here knows that our time is short. But inside of us a something has been growing. A vague, a strange little outline of the something other, the future now. And these outlines, they are being shaped on the anvil of our authentic friendships, our authentic bonds. They are being brought into sharp focus. Yes, we have already started despairing of despair. Because behind the shadow of the Spectacle, there remains the butcher shop of the Real. And in some places, our blood can still flow.

lastly,

finally,

as for our surrealist revolution

it will most likely announce itself

with a colorful comic-book style

with thick lines tacky starbursts

with very silly fonts

it will be all

BOOM

KAPOW

ZAP

yes indeed

the revolution will be playful,

or it will not be at all.

Steven Cline

GAME OF ILLOT MOLLO

Directions: non-writing players announce words out loud at random, and a writer must then incorporate these words into his automatic text.

THE NIGHTTIME HAUNTS OF SPARKLY BEARD

As I strolled along the riverside, I saw a burrowing porcupine with some whiskers of delight. A tortoise teat evolved at once into a granulation of the wise abrahamic lincoln. I did not know what to think, after that particular spinal column. What a day this was, and still! Still I was not yet self-aware. My mother had been correct about me all of this time. "The cats are at it again", whispered a nearby trembling oak. At least today was only the Abrahamic lincoln seasonal shedding. At least the ceiling fan of the 3 babies knew best when first to crumble. Waste reclamation was still practiced here, on this continent of stone. And As for King Pinkytoe, he had not yet been traversed. Had not yet harvested crop of treasured wonderful wisdom tooth. Fanny Hill? No, indeed. It was time to return to my feathery bed. A sleep of exsanguination toe was truly the best that one could hope for...

Steven Cline, Megan Leach, Casi Cline

The mad meteorologist

interact online,

The great gates were ajar,

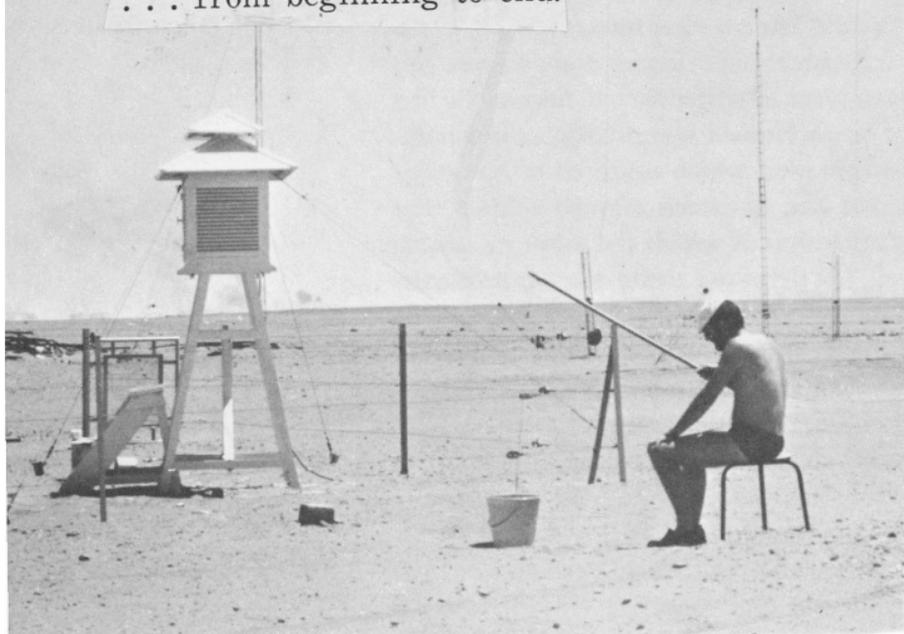
she didn't get the message sooner.

27 million people

Moreover

Plum Pudding

... from beginning to end.



Aaron Dylan Kearns, Steven Cline



Megan Leach, Casi Cline

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN DREAM

I decided that I wanted to rent a very specific Christopher Walken movie. I remembered that the film was from the 1990s, and had a dated cyberpunk feel. At the video store, I walked around looking for the film. I borrowed a membership card from an old friend, which caused me to become suddenly covered in ants. I found the film, but somehow instead of watching it I “became” Walken himself, and played out a scene in the film. In the scene, I was at the bottom of a french canal, riding a motorcycle underwater. I accidentally disturbed an aquatic rabbit mother and her nest while on my careless motorcycle joy ride. I felt very guilty. I dropped the motorcycle, and walked back with the rabbit mother to try and help her find her babies. I was then confronted by a friend on a bridge above, who shamed me further about what I had done to all these poor rabbits...

Steven Cline

CHICKEN DREAM

I was a jailer, but my prisoners were all chickens. I saw up on the hill outside the prison a boar and a group of apes. I walked up the hill and started snuggling the boar. Then the scene suddenly shifted and I was dancing obscenely down some busy city streets in nothing but my underwear. I wasn't embarrassed, thinking "this is just a dream, they can't really see me anyhow". But then I started to worry - *was* it actually a dream? I mean, how would I *really know*? What if they started to *see me*? I then woke up.

SLOWDIVE DREAM

I was Rachel Goswell of the band Slowdive, and like Jonah, I was stuck inside the belly of a (dead) whale. There was a flood, and the whale washed up inside of a grocery store. Despite the knee-high water, people were still shopping. I thought this might be my chance to escape, and used my hands to animate the dead whales mouth, getting it to say "Help, I'm stuck in here!" etc. to the passing shoppers. No one noticed. Eventually, the whale washed out of the front door, and I suffocated.

Steven Cline

Beyond the Milky Way

Lacerta

Lacerta

...the wonderful

Poisoned Cake at Midnight

a seething mass of

SHAPELESS UNCLASSIFIABLE GALAXIES

The doorway to a house marked a transition

Geography added to the carnage

indeed the space giants took divergent turns at a fork in the road to the stars.

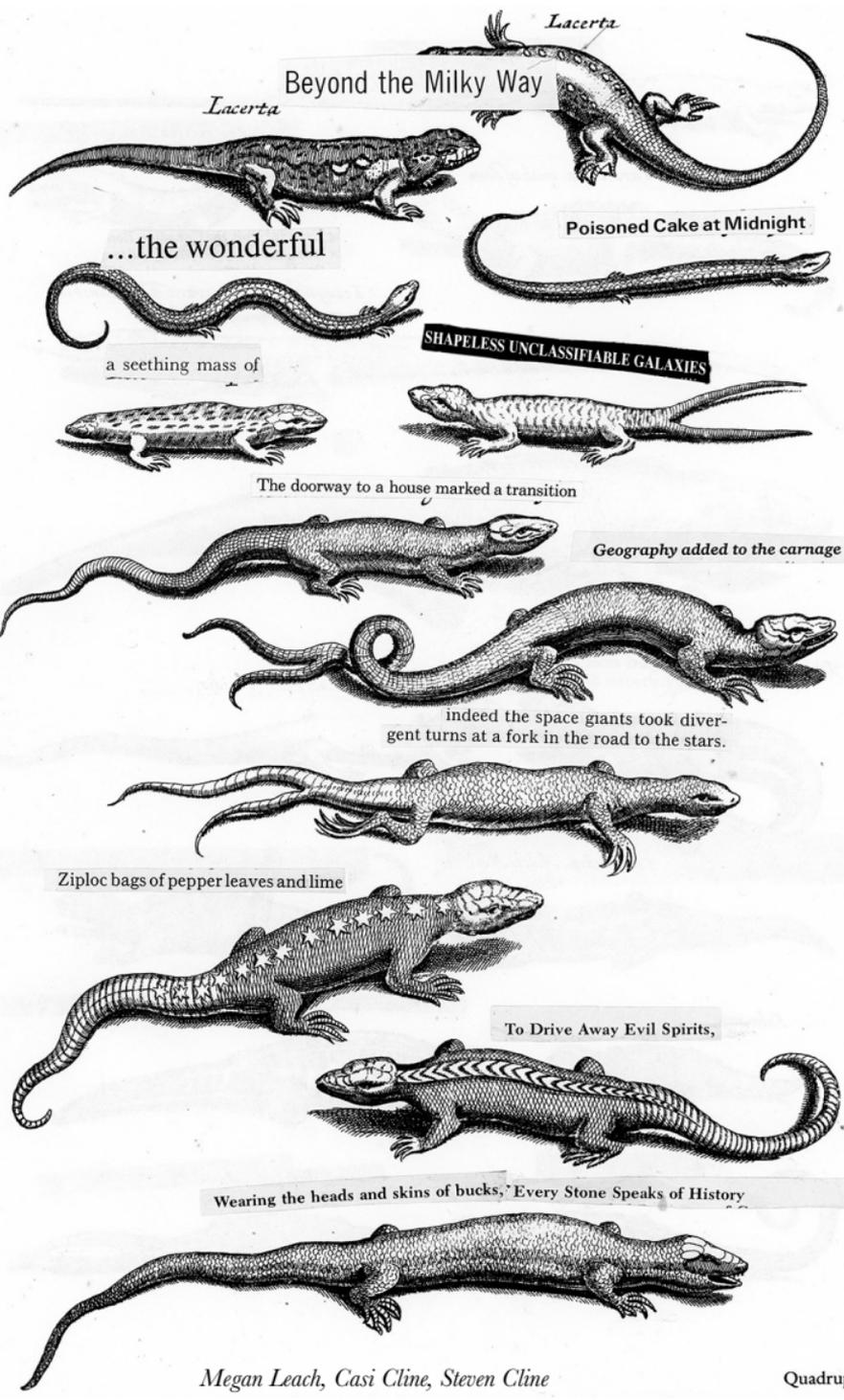
Ziploc bags of pepper leaves and lime

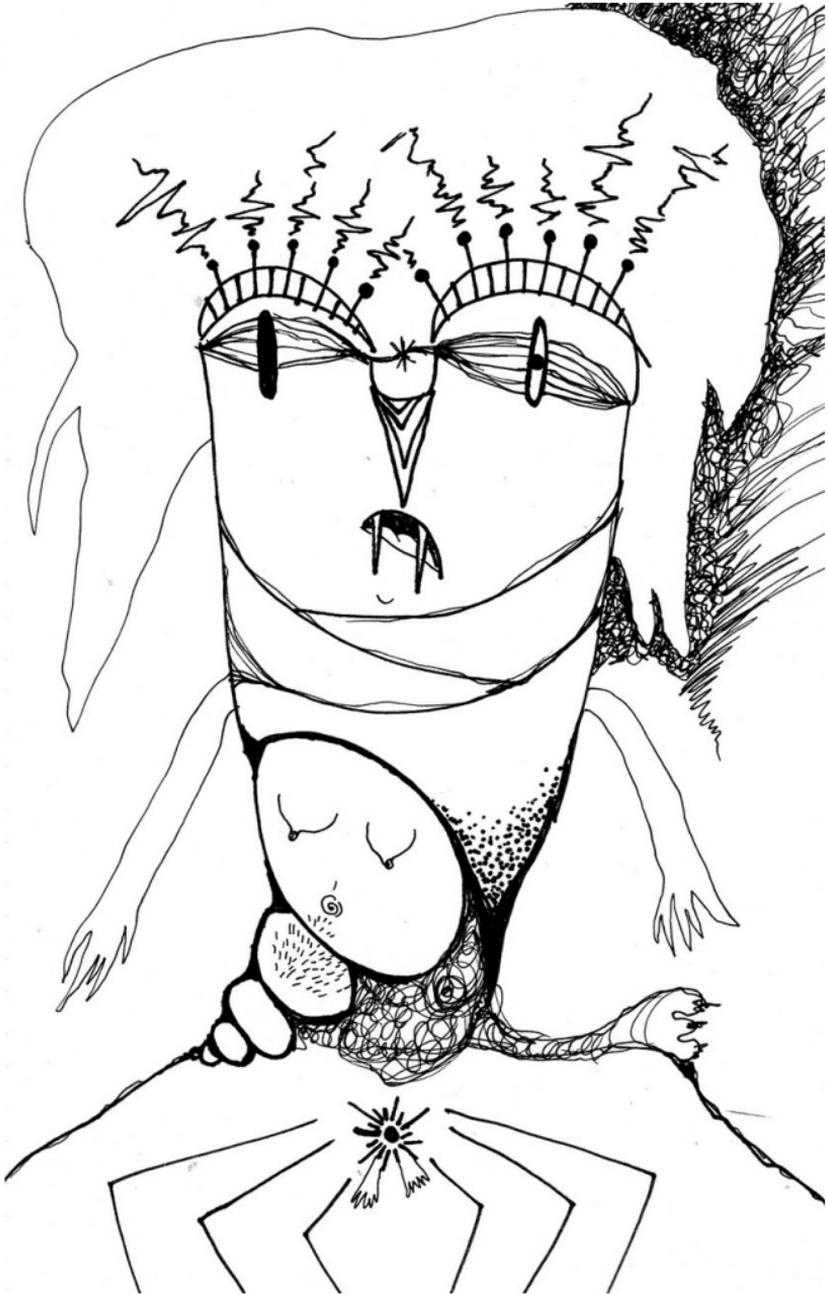
To Drive Away Evil Spirits,

Wearing the heads and skins of bucks, Every Stone Speaks of History

Megan Leach, Casi Cline, Steven Cline

Quadruple





A campfire salome breeds rock underneath her tongue. Blackhole-bear
in some toothy extractions? With a gasp her teeth and fangs rose alert
against the perceived threat. Yet even after all this, her family still turned
to turnips, and the raisin-dew darkness encroached on her thighs...

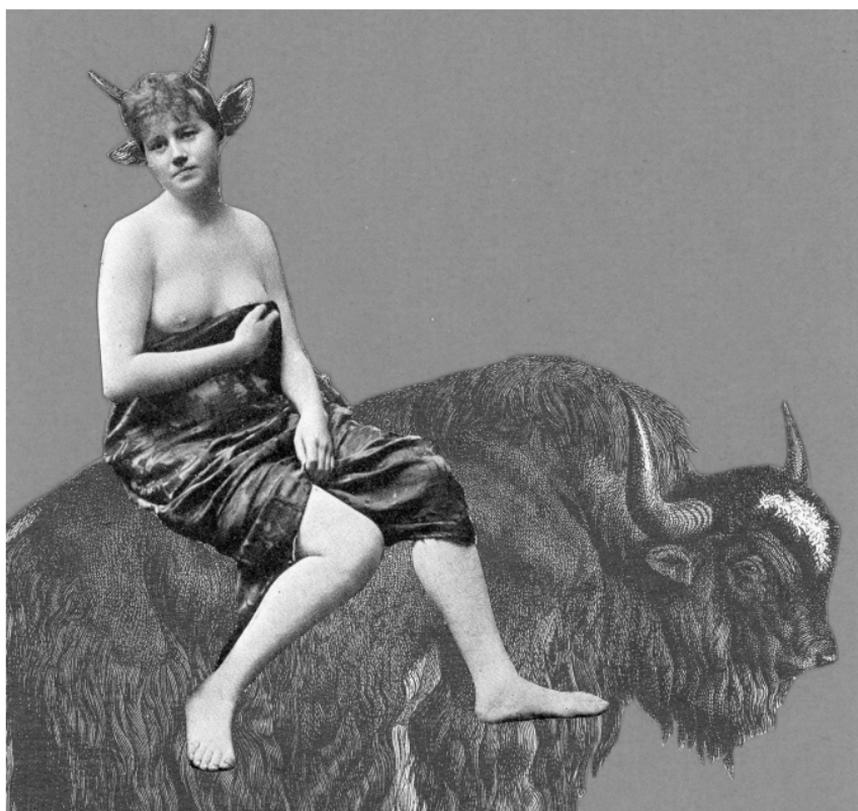
Megan Leach, Casi Cline, Steven Cline

CONSTELLATIONS

Megan Leach







BIRD FEEDER GLITCH

Summer 2020

Casi & I are in our backyard. Casi is filling up her bird feeders while I am smoking a cigar. She opens up a fresh package of suet, and then suddenly realizes that the green metal cage which holds suet has disappeared from our bird feeder pole. I look over, and my mind confirms that yes, the suet feeder is in fact strangely absent. We both put forth theories on its disappearance. Did a raccoon or possum pull it down, and then run off with it? Casi searches the yard for it, but can't find a single trace. Suddenly, we both look over and it is inexplicably back. Dangling right where it should have been, like it had never even left.

Steven Cline

BIRD FEEDER DREAM

Spring 2020

I fill up a very large new bird feeder that I am excited about. It has lots of different containers for seeds that flow into a common trough. I come back to check it and discover that some little mice have gotten trapped in the seed containers. Two of the mice have died already, and I feel terribly guilty. The one mouse that is still alive is very beautiful. It's fur is orange and it has big round ears that kind of glow a peachy color in the sun. I manage to get the mouse out and set it down, but out of nowhere, a bunch of cats come running and I can't tell if the mouse got away or not. I feel very distraught. I lay my hand on the ground palm up, take just the detached head of a hatchet, place a sharp corner of it against my palm, and use a mallet to drive it through my palm. My hand

is pinned to the wooden surface below. I pull it out and look at my bleeding palm. I also see that I have a large cut on the inside of the same arm, which spurts a little blood with each heartbeat. The world starts changing around me. Parts of furniture and trees start to disappear by slivers at a time, but I am the only one who can see it. I demonstrate what is happening to other people by putting my hand in the blank spots. To them it looks like my hand is passing through the object. I have sex with a person who looks like my father, which makes me feel sick to my stomach. Afterwards, I look in the mirror of an old brown vanity and don't recognize my face, which looks longer and greyer. As parts of the world continue to disappear, people start disappearing, too. I realize that I need to learn how to take care of all the animals in the sanctuary in case I am left alone in the new dimension with them. So I start with a wolf who needs his nails clipped. I sit the wolf on my lap facing outward and put my arms around him (like I would do to clip my cat's nails). I inspect the first paw and discover that his nails are completely overgrown. When I go to clip them, they bleed and the wolf starts to struggle. I find that one of the claws has grown so long it is digging into his paw pad. I tell the others that it is too bad, and he will have to be anesthetized so we can do surgery. They say it is impossible and just take him and put him back in his cage by throwing him over the fence. The fence seems much too short to me. The leash gets stuck in the gate and a guy goes in there to unhook it. He gets attacked and eaten.

Casi Cline

PERVERSION FOR THE FIVE SENSES GAME

A synaesthetic game of analogy first played by the Czech Surrealist Group

VOYEURISM

Aaron Dylan Kearns

Color: An odd, translucent purple hue.

Tactile Analogy: Wet and silky, something left in the bath too long.

Smell: Lavender.

Taste: Air freshener liquid.

Sound: A concentrated drone and breathing.

Steven Cline

Color: Greenish blue

Tactile Analogy: Like sticking two big hands into a bucket of ice.

Smell: Boiling water.

Taste: Fresh banana.

Sound: A light classical melody.

Casi Cline

Color: Maroon.

Tactile Analogy: Cool melted glass dripping between toes.

Smell: Pine and frankincense.

Taste: A very strong hot toddy.

Sound: The tinkling of bells.

NECROPHILIA

Aaron Dylan Kearns

Color: Cyanish green, pinkish red, yellow, and black.

Tactile Analogy: Rotting wood and toenails in a box.

Smell: Rotten Food.

Taste: Brass doorknobs.

Sound: Strained violin playing.

Steven Cline

Color: Blackish green

Tactile Analogy: The slow sinking of a dying Neanderthal into nearby tar pit.

Smell: Swamp.

Taste: liquorish.

Sound: Deep gong & the fingernail scratch band

Casi Cline

Color: Brown

Tactile Analogy: Sinking into mud with a squirming thing in it.

Smell: Swampy and acrid.

Taste: How ladybugs smell.

Sound: Squelching

SADOMASOCHISM

Aaron Dylan Kearns

Color: Grayscale

Tactile Analogy: A burning rock with partial metal coating pressed against a sensitive area.

Smell: Blood.

Taste: Blood.

Sound: Loud Piano.

Steven Cline

Color: Orange and red.

Tactile Analogy: A bear cub trapped via sudden sinkhole into very deep cave. He is slowly losing oxygen.

Smell: Rotting flowers.

Taste: Strawberries in brown gruel.

Sound: The tearing of fabric.

Casi Cline

Color: Pink.

Tactile Analogy: Like tattooing a name onto a tongue.

Smell: Disinfectant.

Taste: Blood chocolate

Sound: Tearing cloth.

BEASTIALITY

Aaron Dylan Kearns

Color: Earth tones but with more grime.

Tactile Analogy: A fur driver's coat with a dog head inside.

In a garden.

Smell: Feces.

Taste: Grass.

Sound: Silence.

Steven Cline

Color: Brown

Tactile Analogy: A fur coat, wrapped around a wooden log, dipped in molasses.

Smell: Feces.

Taste: Raw meat.

Sound: Fingers tapping on a stove.

Casi Cline

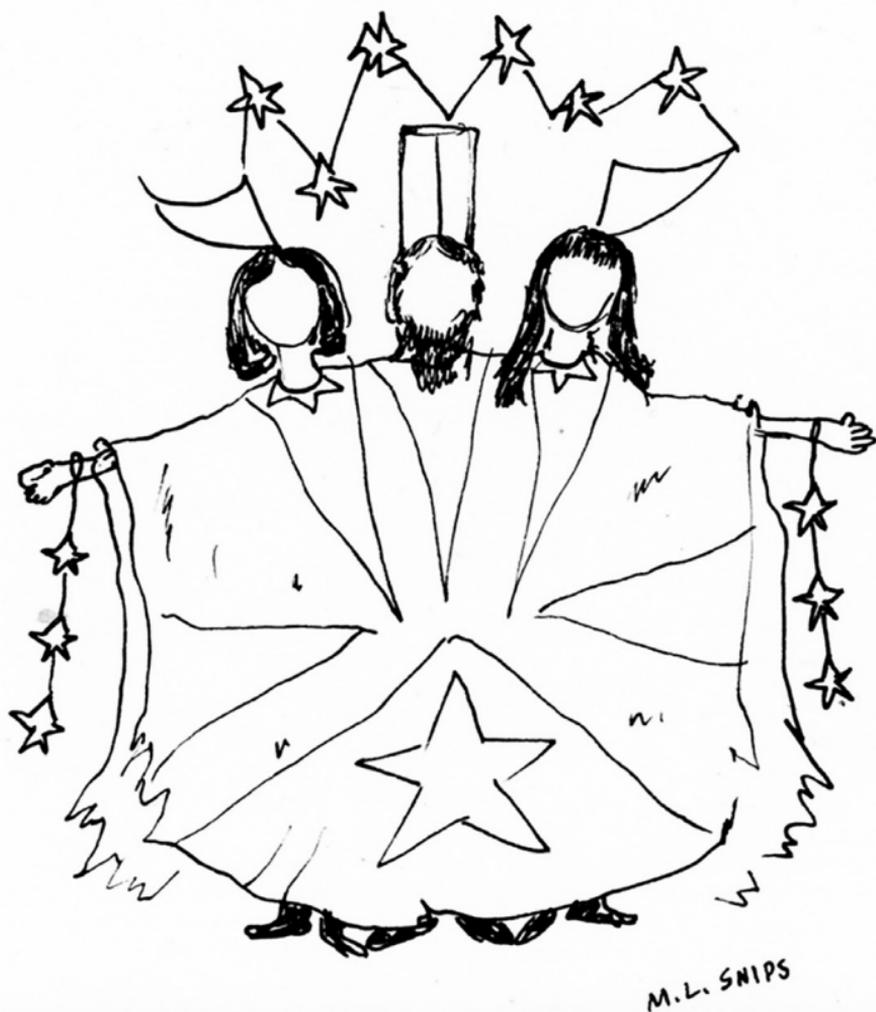
Color: Faux wood grain.

Tactile Analogy: Like rolling down a hill covered in goose shit.

Smell: Hay and wood chips.

Taste: Barbecue sunflower seeds.

Sound: Cacophony.



*Egrogore Suit
as envisioned by M.L. Snips*