



Katharsisdrill

47 very short tales
of Katharsisdrill
Goth

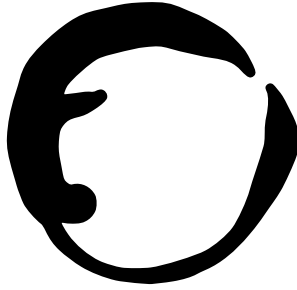
Jabopress

KATABASIS

Katharsisdrill

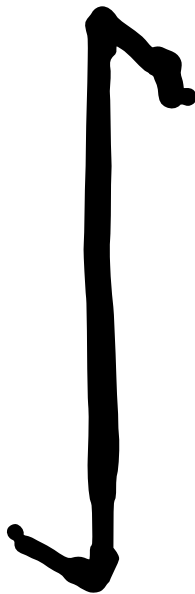
KATABASIS

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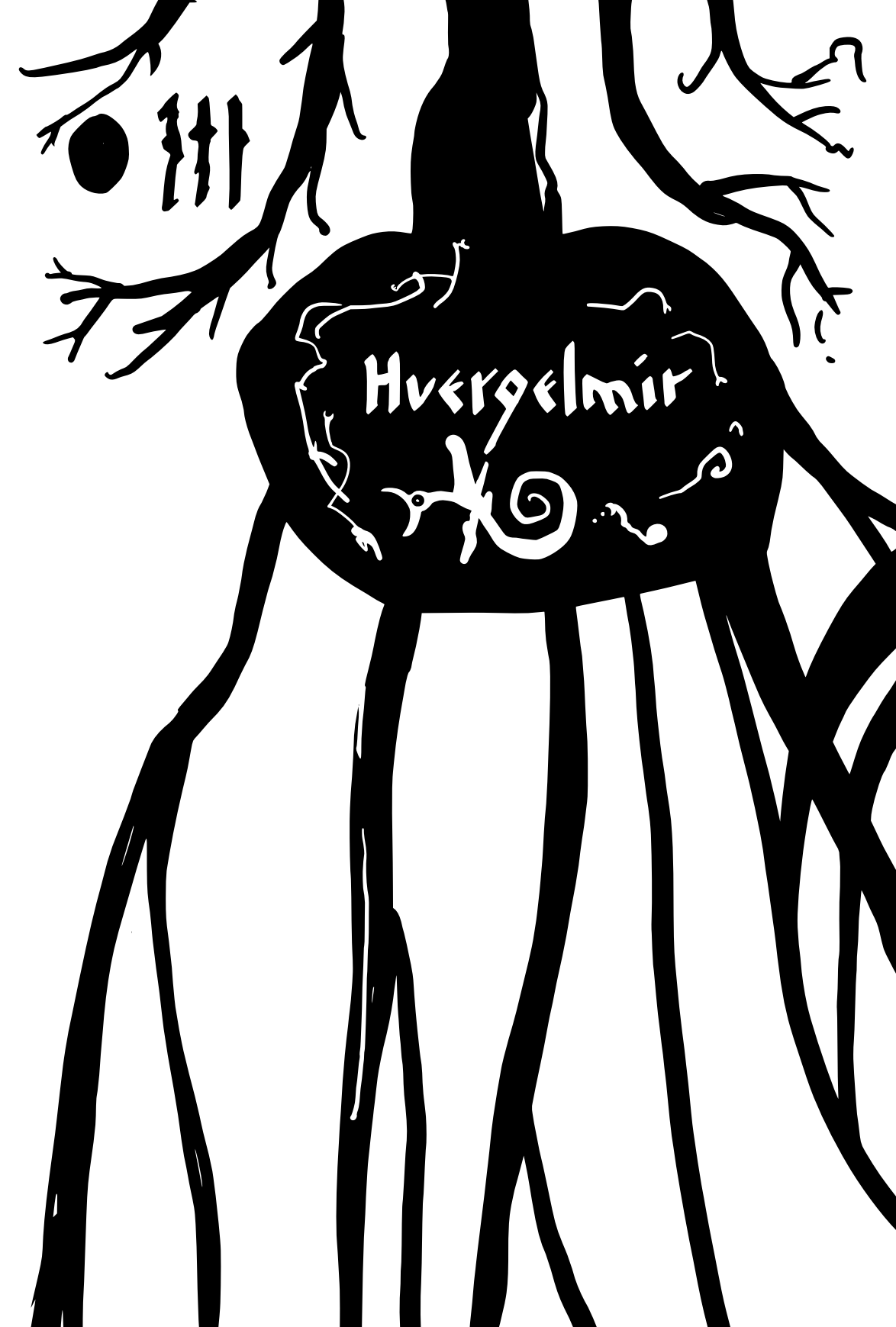


The moon sees nothing of this. She is bald and wild.
And the message of the yew tree is blackness – blackness
and silence.

Sylvia Plath







Hvergelmir







YMER '99 eng.

Hvergelmir

AVERNUS

Ymir

Taiyapov

ydale

VIS

FIMBULPUL

HRIDR

SLIDR

gjolt

LEIPTR



Her names

Sorrow was her middle name. When entering the old, stinky place where she worked, down the granite shaft with its worn staircases, she could see why this middle name was there in front of her beautiful surname, which comprised two words. A flower's name and an old, foreign word for the sea.

Every day, she sifted through the ashes in the underground pit and found bones that she and her colleagues later assembled like a macabre jigsaw puzzle, making it possible to bury the poor, centuries-old victims of the massacre. The job had been in the family for as long as anyone could remember. The middle name had been there for just as long.

In the evenings, she planned arson on public buildings, and occasionally you could see her with a can of incendiary fluid and a dark outfit with a hood. Sometimes she attacked the police with a steel rod.

When she experienced more tranquil periods in her life, she poisoned the river with household chemicals or went for a long stroll down to the rubbish tip where she would sit looking into the mist for hours.

Her first name was Fire.

Πυριφλεγέθων

LADEGÅRDS Å
LEIPTR

SVÖLL





The white dog and the black dog

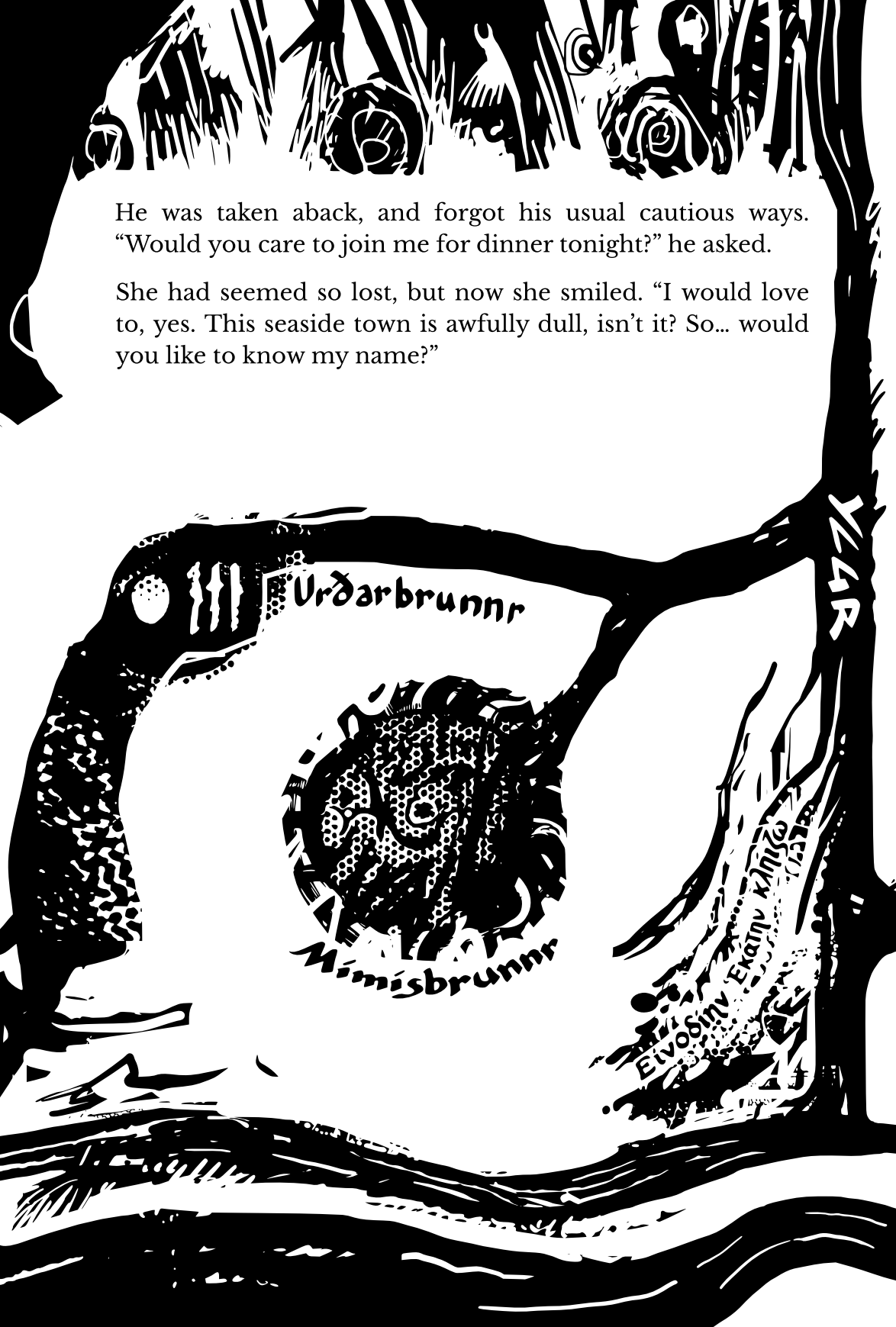
The woman had two enormous dogs lying in front of her. They were of no breed known to him – in fact, he had never seen anything like them. One was black and one was white. They were of equal size, but the black one had a longer snout, and the white one was heavier, more muscular. The woman was adorable. She was dark-haired with a large nose, a slender upper body with small breasts and beautiful, dark brown eyes. She was dressed in an elegant, black suit with wide trousers and a white shirt with no visible buttons. Probably not here on business. She was reading a book.

He moved closer. The dogs ignored him. When he stood right in front of her, he said: “It is hot today, don’t you think?”

The woman looked up, slightly bewildered, as if she hadn’t heard what he’d said. From her answer, he could deduce that she probably hadn’t. “They are called Sorrow and Anger.” She smiled apologetically. “Strange names, I know. Everybody asks me about them.” She put a hand on the white dog’s head. “I used to call them Etah and Areg, but every time I feed them I feel anger and sorrow.” She looked at him intensely, and her beauty struck him like a giant wave. He felt like a child again with his feet in the sea after one of the summer storms. “I have tried only to feed Sorrow, and all I felt was sorrow. The same with Anger. Strange, I know. The one I feed dominates my mood.”

ETAH

AREG



He was taken aback, and forgot his usual cautious ways. "Would you care to join me for dinner tonight?" he asked.

She had seemed so lost, but now she smiled. "I would love to, yes. This seaside town is awfully dull, isn't it? So... would you like to know my name?"



Norman the Conqueror

“Waves of acid. Piling ruins. Flamed vestige. Drowned past. Buried remnants.”

Norman the Conqueror repeated these his favourite words again and again as he watched the pagans, the dissidents, and the strong-willed slip into the hole of death. 500 years old, only a head on a plastic body, tubed and cabled in perfect ways so his battery could be recharged and porridge could be pumped into the nutrition container. He was not happy with life as such. Not in itself.

He was Norman the Conqueror, lived only for conquering. Obtaining the things that other people liked. Not because he liked things, but because power, power mongering, power abuse, power on purpose, power for fun – power of all kinds – was his joy.

So, he became a conqueror. People like him do. And as always, people let him, because... well, to be honest I am not entirely sure why they let him.



Deadpan

His kitchen was well-equipped. He had knives in all sizes, two large tables: one of wood, one with a marble top. His spices were in small glasses with names on them.

One day, his wife bought him a deadpan. At first it puzzled him, then it worried him. It worked. He could fry meatballs, eggs and cabbage in it, he could make steaks. But the food became bland and industrial. The taste became stock cubes, his ratatouille tasted liked the powder they put on crisps. He roasted pork from the same pig in the deadpan and in the cast iron pan for comparison, and the taste and the viscosity, was lost on the deadpan, while remaining on the cast iron.

Then one day when he again tried to use the deadpan to fry a large steak, he saw the face of Joseph Stalin roasted into the meat. He photographed it, published it and soon he held shows in large venues where he used the deadpan to roast images of Adolf Hitler, Theodore Roosevelt, editors and art dealers, journalists, reality stars and tech-bro billionaires.

He no longer roasted the images onto steaks or bread. He roasted the images on the prime cut meat of anarchists, artists and fellow chefs.

For Christmas, his wife bought him an air fryer.

The Banjo Man

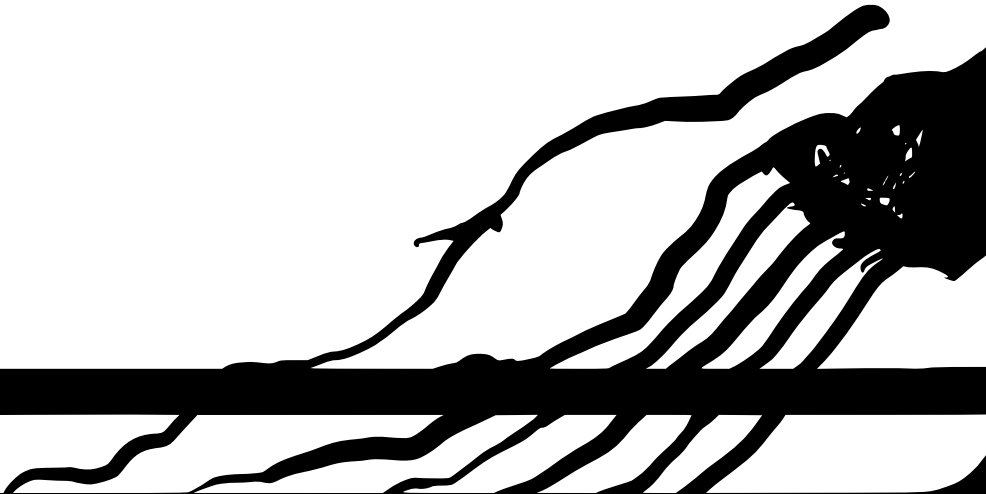
He was tired of always being told how clever he was. He wanted to be good looking, popular with women. Winning the Nobel prize had been fun, but now it seemed boring. He wanted to be Brad Pitt, looked a bit like him actually! He was in good shape and ate a lot of broccoli. He had tailored suits, and kinky black bathing trunks.

But all they cared about were astro-physics.

She was tired of always being told how brilliant she was – how her results in bio-chemistry meant so much to mankind. She wanted people to see those splendid tits, and her long legs! Of course it was nice to be the reason so many people could live better lives, but she honestly didn't care much for that Nobel prize. Boring! She wanted to be treated like a sex object. She had a nice face, she looked the part.

But all they cared about were primary protein structures.

He was tired of always being told that he smelled of piss. He'd rather people focused on his banjo skills.





Περιφύγετε

ΣΟΥΛΙ-

ΒΙΣΚ



The Big Talker

He was never really a small-talker. He talked BIG. Whenever he met people – at the bus stop, the pub or out in the countryside – his long, complex sentences and booming voice gave people headaches. He mainly talked about metaphysics, chemistry and English folklore, and even the simplest sentence reminded him of something that had to do with these three topics – and to be fair basically everything has to do with one of these three topics when you live in a small Cornish village. To make matters worse, he had become a pensioner the previous year and was now around at all hours of the day.

One day, the villagers had enough. They met at his house, bringing with them Lily Longabarton, a self-proclaimed witch who lived in a nearby village. She claimed to have a Wicca certificate and to have attended several certified Sabbaths, but in truth everyone knew she was simply a sad, old hippie. They were just desperate was all. Lily had promised Miss Bonyard (the organiser of the church's flower arrangements and the annual music festival) that she possessed a potion that could stop him. Stop him for good.

So now the whole village, sick and tired of their small-talk being ruined, waited anxiously to see what would happen. Lily stepped towards his house, looked around, met people's eyes and soaked up the attention. Then she opened the gate at the exact moment he emerged from his house, wearing a tweed jacket and a red scarf.



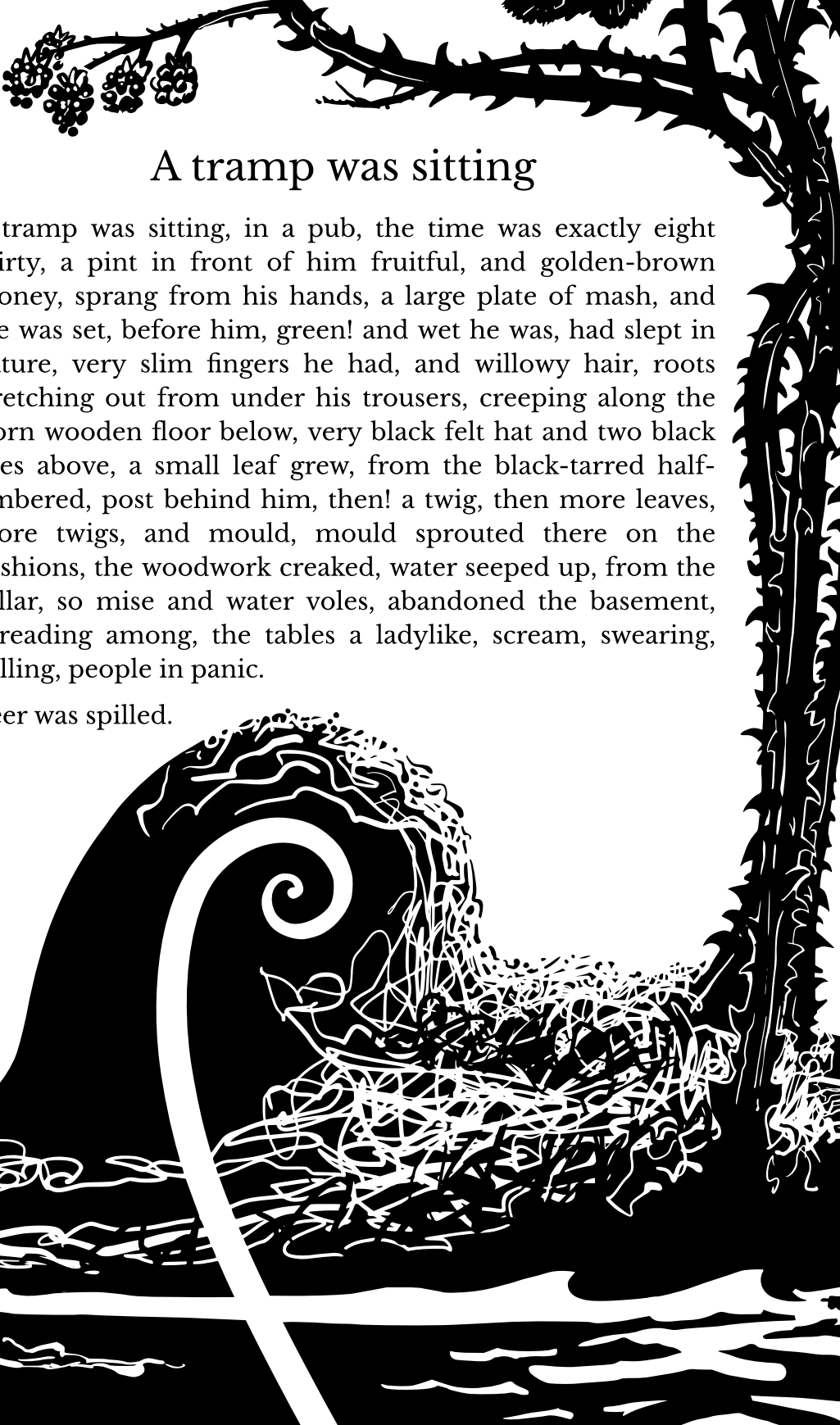
“By the ancient powers of the pixies, I command you to drink this potion of...” Lily shrieked.

“OH! I TAKE IT YOU MEAN THE PISKIES!” the Big talker roared.

An hour later most of the villagers had left, and after one and a half-hour the two – Lily and the Big Talker – had taken the pixie or piskie discussion to his kitchen. But it really did help. After that day he was seen outside his house far less often, and he had become less talkative. At the grocer he usually seemed in a hurry, buying pricey red wine, olive oil, Belgian chocolate and large bags of quinoa. His neighbours still complained about noise after Lily had moved in, but at least it was muffled by the walls of his house. When he and Lily took one of their long walks in the hills, they seldom stopped to speak to anyone, being absorbed in conversations about silly things like elves or how to make your own mayonnaise. The villagers simply had to admit that hiring a hedge witch had worked.

Now they could once again indulge in the senseless art of small-talk.



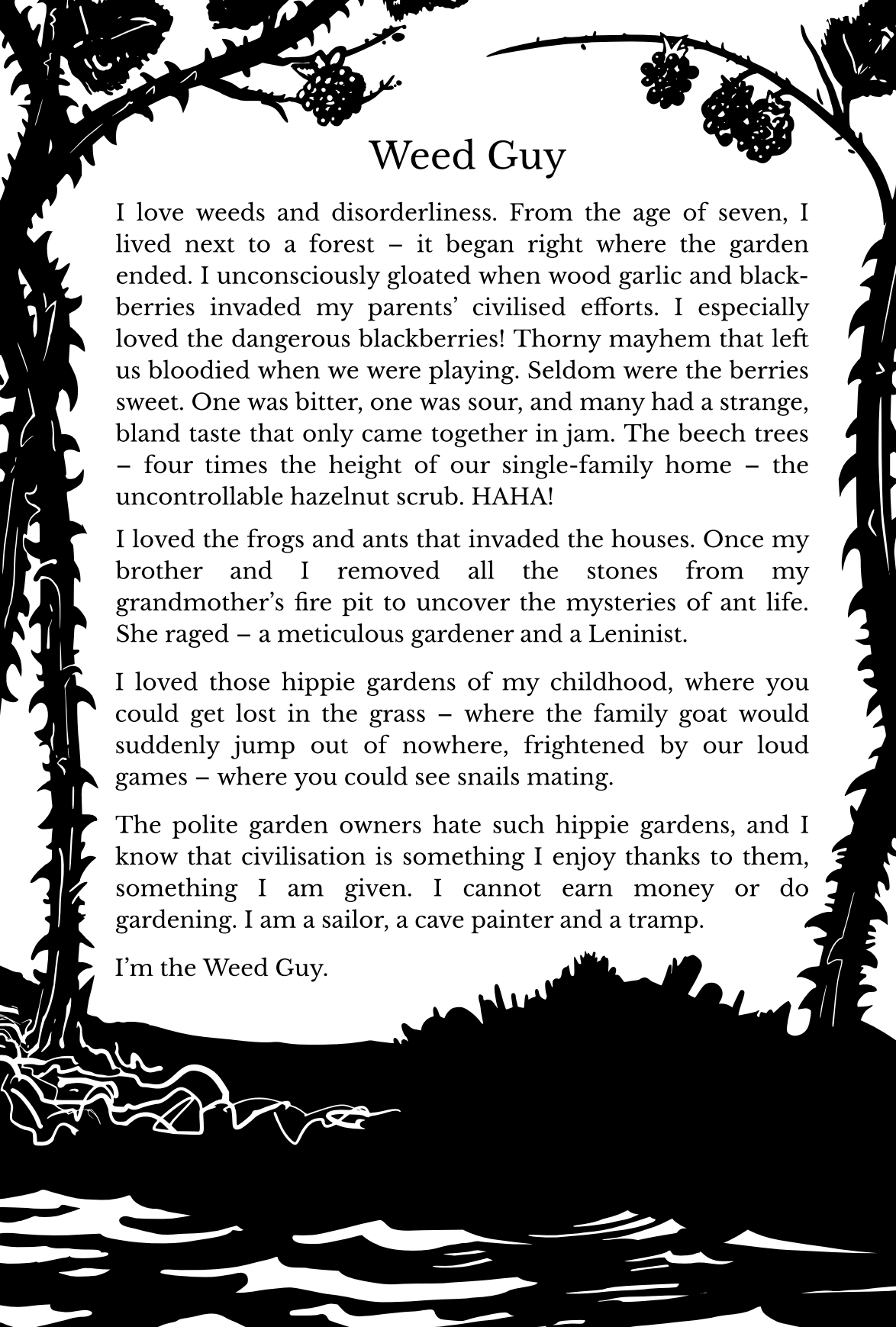


A tramp was sitting

A tramp was sitting, in a pub, the time was exactly eight thirty, a pint in front of him fruitful, and golden-brown money, sprang from his hands, a large plate of mash, and pie was set, before him, green! and wet he was, had slept in nature, very slim fingers he had, and willowy hair, roots stretching out from under his trousers, creeping along the worn wooden floor below, very black felt hat and two black eyes above, a small leaf grew, from the black-tarred half-timbered, post behind him, then! a twig, then more leaves, more twigs, and mould, mould sprouted there on the cushions, the woodwork creaked, water seeped up, from the cellar, so mise and water voles, abandoned the basement, spreading among, the tables a ladylike, scream, swearing, yelling, people in panic.

Beer was spilled.





Weed Guy

I love weeds and disorderliness. From the age of seven, I lived next to a forest – it began right where the garden ended. I unconsciously gloated when wood garlic and blackberries invaded my parents' civilised efforts. I especially loved the dangerous blackberries! Thorny mayhem that left us bloodied when we were playing. Seldom were the berries sweet. One was bitter, one was sour, and many had a strange, bland taste that only came together in jam. The beech trees – four times the height of our single-family home – the uncontrollable hazelnut scrub. HAHA!

I loved the frogs and ants that invaded the houses. Once my brother and I removed all the stones from my grandmother's fire pit to uncover the mysteries of ant life. She raged – a meticulous gardener and a Leninist.

I loved those hippie gardens of my childhood, where you could get lost in the grass – where the family goat would suddenly jump out of nowhere, frightened by our loud games – where you could see snails mating.

The polite garden owners hate such hippie gardens, and I know that civilisation is something I enjoy thanks to them, something I am given. I cannot earn money or do gardening. I am a sailor, a cave painter and a tramp.

I'm the Weed Guy.

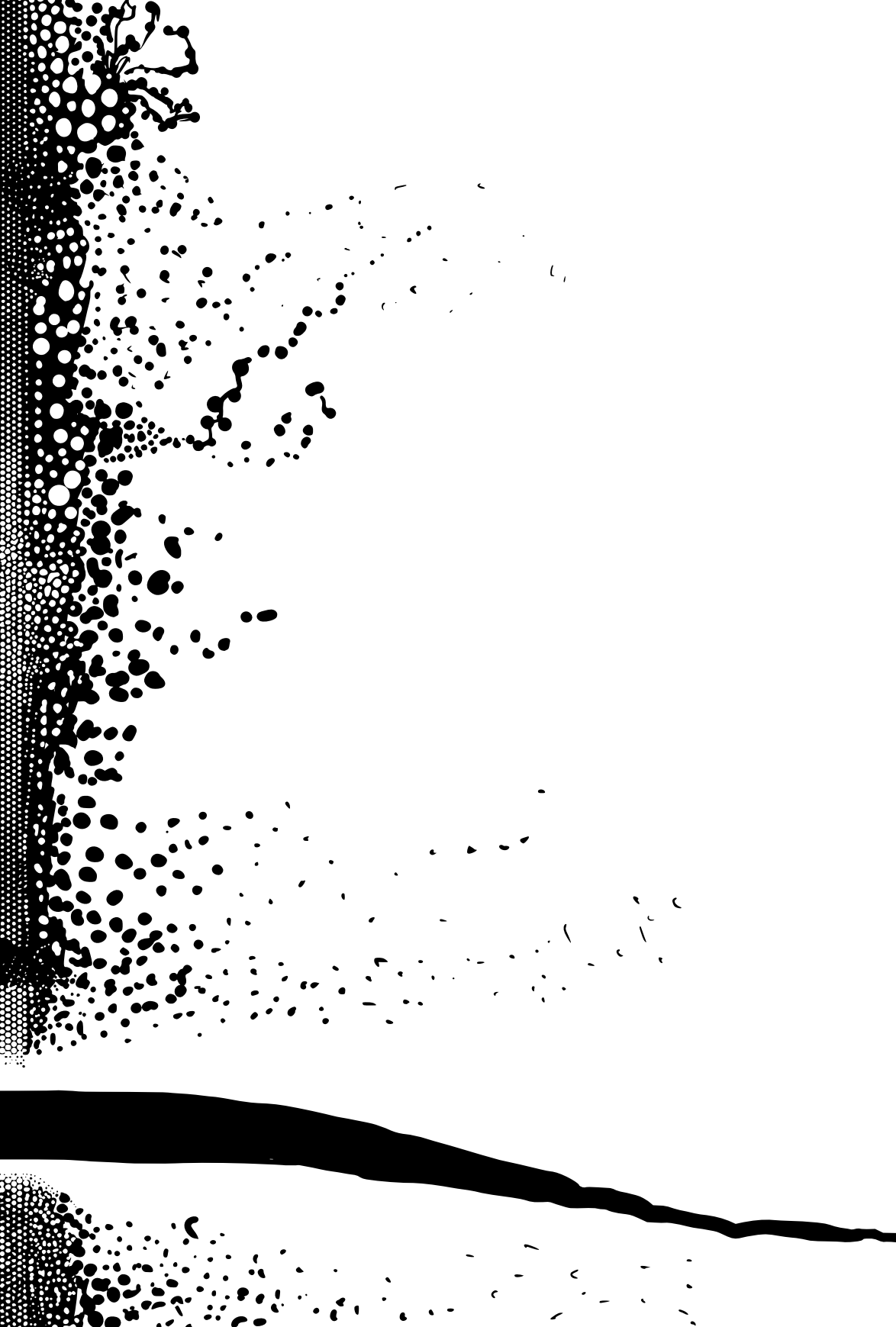


vär

Ljøn



ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum
ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago
par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno



Time

They knocked on his door – he ignored it. They shouted and he put his hands over his ears like a child. They kicked in the door, but they never reached him – for he bent time – remained in his study for ever with hands on his ears, with the books, the pencil drawings and the water colours with dedications by Vergena, with the chipped teacup and the burn mark on the floor where Layla had dropped a cigarette while laughing uncontrollably at his jokes, with his beautiful wooden table – made by Alfred the carpenter – on top of which his poems lay.



Crawling

Crawling up the smooth tunnel someone once carved into this mountain. Afraid of losing my grip, slipping, sliding downwards to the bottom where it all began. Where everything begins.

It is a long story. I will try to make it short. First you need to know about the princess, *Sporca Amalia*. And you must come with me to the forgotten chapel in the narrow street behind the restaurant *La Quinta Stagione del Dolore*, where her effigy can be seen. A young girl dressed in marble. Unnoticeable now, almost forgotten, yet still beautiful.

No one remembers that scornful name any more. To them she is just *Amalia of Something, Something, Something*. But I called her *Sporca Amalia* while blood ran from her gurgling mouth. I did things she would never do. Had already done them, but only to the ones where it didn't matter.





You might find me cold and immoral. Callous. I was born in this mountain. On the dark rock my mother conceived me in secret. I was born dirty – have been so for centuries. Amalia was born on top of this mountain, in the villa up there. She was born clean. We named her otherwise, and she did have a sorry, messy... dirty ending by my dirty hands. Fate was not kind to her, not kind to mankind.

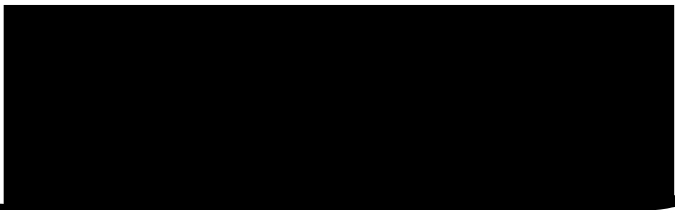
But I am not part of man. I have no fate.

I died there too, in the marble arcade of her burning palazzo. The roaring fires of the plebeian uprising lit up and made me see those wonderful frescoes in blue and gold. I could name none of the ancient gods I saw... I could name only... beauty.

My effigy is here inside the mountain. A primitively rendered face perched atop a brute body of lava stone. And now I am trying to crawl up again, away from this hideous statue, to stand in the chapel beside her effigy.

And what made me try, *again*, to get up there? I will tell you.

I saw Dirty Amalia on my smartphone.

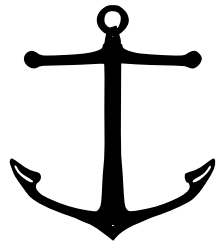
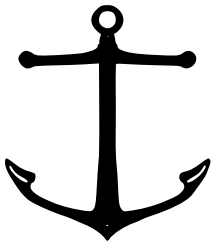


The Red Ship

The three masts towered over him as the sails were being set. The boys manning the yards clung on for dear life as the ship pitched in the fresh weather. From where he stood he could see – painted on the scarlet mainsail – the broken hip bone and the maiden. Reversed, as he stood on the aft bridge – the paint having seeped through the coarse fabric.

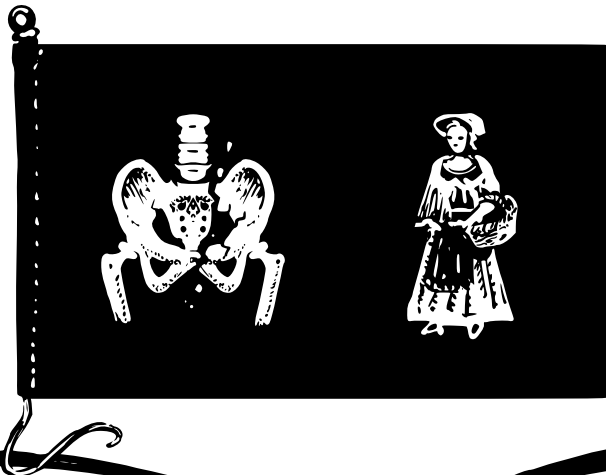
A moment earlier, he had been below decks – the only reason being that he had to. The stench down there was terrible. The galley slaves had drawn in the oars as the wind was plentiful, and now sat on the tofts, playing games or reciting melancholic epic poems from their homelands. Everything below was painted red, and in the dim light it had reminded him of a womb. Two boys in burgundy uniforms, the ones that were allowed into the cargo holds and were called shrimps, had approached him to get permission to get some fresh air. He had refused. Discipline had to be maintained. If he granted permission, the upper decks would swarm with little boys.

Down there – in the cargo holds – he never went there.



The Red Ship was a room in the Roxy Hotel. Not a cheap room, he could afford luxury. It had air conditioning, cable TV, complimentary crackers and a minibar. Not that he ever touched alcohol. Outside, in the hall, a lift would take him down to the cargo hold. Frozen meat and large slabs of lead inscribed with graffiti was all that was down there except for – his office. He used to write the controversial and heretical articles for his periodical when he was in his office. Sometimes, she came by to visit. She always wore a vermilion dress that suited her wonderfully. In exchange for some frozen meat she would tell him about the time she had lived in freedom. He enjoyed hearing about it, but he couldn't quite believe it. She overdid it. It sounded too fanciful, too brisk. Once she even showed him a scar on her left breast to prove it all. But that scar could be anything, mean anything.

An hour later the wind had risen, the sun had disappeared, and the Red Ship cleaved through the water.



Horses

He always returned to this story: the man who had tied his horse to a tree and then left it.

To him it was humanity in one despicable image. Selfish, irresponsible, forgetful and evil. It was everything that was wrong with the world and wrong with humanity. He had four children. They all lived fine and honourable lives.

I write this, but, I am sorry: maybe I shouldn't write about horses after all. I have seen them, rode one in a theme park in France. A small and pathetic theme park called Le Chevalier au Cœur Noble. But I know nothing about horses.

Instead I live surrounded by cars. Machines that pollute, and make noise, so people go mad, get fat, get ill and die.

Is it just me, or are people looking smaller and smaller as the cars grow bigger? The tiny head behind the wheel seems less human each year. They all believe that the bigger the car, the more prestigious it is. But it makes them look like little, mechanical dwarfs – little, fat, mechanical dwarfs.

I know you will say, "look who's talking," but me being fat does nothing to diminish my point. Laziness is what it is. People prefer to destroy the environment, the whole damned ecosystem! They prefer to be obese, idiotic and potential murderers. Only when some teenager lies smashed on the hood of their car, do they react.

The horse died under that tree. The tree was nurtured from the carcass and it grew to be more than three hundred years old, the most beautiful tree in the county – until one day an idiot drove into it in his SUV.

I have a car myself. I know what you think of me – especially after this little talk – but I need it to be able to get to my job. Fifty minutes each way every day!

But at least I hate myself. I hate my life!

In the evening he walked out to the tree, where the horse had been tied, to pray. And he cried while he was sitting there. He cried for the horse – for the whole human race. His children knew that, in a fit of rage, he once beat a horse until one of its eyes fell out.

They hated the story about the horse and the tree.

Rammapuntag

The drums played a short pattern – tam, tam, tom, tam, tung. A small instrument gave a ticking sound, making sure the percussionists would keep time. The flutes joined in – four notes repeated on top of the five beats. And then the priestess entered. A large white mask with the features of the demon Rammapuntag covered her face. Thin strips of paper waved around it looking like the hair of the monster. She had brass jewellery around her ankles and wrists and her body was covered by a transparent, white cloth held in place with a leather belt.

The audience consisted of the royal family and members of the nobility who had opted to stay in the capital for the wet season. A few priests were there too. Nervous, gloomy.

Two gunboats lay in the harbour, demanding that the King and Queen open trade. Their answer was Rammapuntag.





The priestess, chosen for her cruelty, began dancing in a slow rhythm not at all synchronised with the music. She wasn't meant to reach the tempo of the drums until much later – and when she did they would hopefully be able to hear Rammapuntag. Her white body visible through the thin fabric, twisted and writhed in an inhuman way that sent shivers through the onlookers. The blood of the twenty slaves that had been sacrificed to Rammapuntag made the room reek. The priests looked on with worried eyes. Did she dance too fast too early? Would she reach the rhythm before time? Before Rammapuntag?

A loud noise made the youngest and most inexperienced among the nobles look up in terror. But it was not Rammapuntag. It was the old keep in the harbour that went up in gunfire. The priestess didn't flinch – she was a good choice in that regard. But was she too fast, too eager for the havoc?

There was more gunfire throughout the afternoon. But just before sunset the priestess reached into the rhythm of the orchestra, and the destruction began.





AREG

Hvergelmir



Eitrkvika

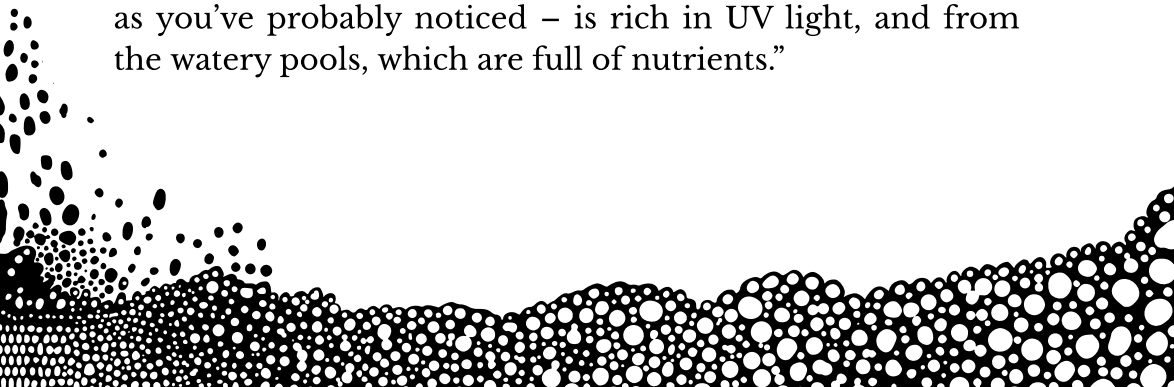
Tears for trees

Purple sand in her shoes and hair, in every crack and crease of her body. Her eyes did their best to wash it away with tears. Like a negative of running mascara, the salty water ran out under her sunglasses and down her cheeks, revealing the dark colour of her skin beneath.

Her black, curly hair shimmered red and violet in the harsh light of the star because of the sand. She swore in her mother tongue not to annoy the company she was with. All of them nice, decent people. Journalists, aid workers, programme coordinators and nurses like herself.

The natives moved in strange patterns on the ground, some sort of lizard if you judged them only by appearance. She didn't. As they sat in their blood-stained aprons the previous night, Doctor Makar, who used all his free time to read about them, had lectured her about these creatures and their strange relationships with one another and with the planet. The creatures snuggled and touched one another because if one of them got away from the others it would explode within a minute. Without physical contact with its brethren, a dangerous chemical would build up inside it with catastrophic speed. The cuddling was really a race to secrete as much of that chemical onto the mucous membrane of the others. It was also how they reproduced.

"These fantastic creatures don't need to eat," the tour guide told the small group, "they get energy from the star, which – as you've probably noticed – is rich in UV light, and from the watery pools, which are full of nutrients."



Yesterday, she had her first shift at the field hospital. Mutilated bodies arriving in a torrent of blood and pain, until she felt like crying. She never cried, of course. It wouldn't make any difference. Colonisation of this planet was ninety-eight years old, and already there was a full-scale war. She rather envied those lusty, little fellows who lay there sunbathing and fornicating all day.

Nothing new.

Back on Earth, she had envied the trees.



The brocade

The street was blocked by a large brocade. The fabric was as tall as the buildings and stretched all the way over the street. It was white, sturdy and ornamented with red flowers and yellow birds – so sturdy indeed that it hadn't torn when a fierce wind swept through the street. Instead, one of the long tree trunks to which the brocade fabric had been nailed – trunks that had been fixed to the buildings on either side of the street – had in the upper quarter of its length been torn out of the wall. The long steel screws drilled in to hold it were visible between the wood and the wall like tiny teeth.

Behind, the brocade, a diverse group waited in tense silence. Hooligans, local shopkeepers, elderly women from the nursing home and riff-raff. They all knew the police were closing in, but they couldn't see a thing through that enormous piece of flowery cloth. It blocked the view and made sound tactical decisions difficult. They had prepared, of course – were armed with steel rods, broken bottles and small firearms.

"We should've made 'oles in it," a young girl with no front teeth said. "The wind's 'oing to be our worst enemy."

"So, they'd be able to see us through it! Think, lass!" an old wino in a kimono said. "They'd cut us down with machine-gun fire before we could say 'daft pigs.'" He held a frying fork in his left hand, and though he was dirty, fat and miserable, he looked genuinely dangerous – even in this crowd.





Another violent gust tore at the brocade. It held, but the trunk that had already been torn from the wall loosened even more. It gave a violent creak, and some bricks fell out. A hiss ran through the crowd, but when nothing further happened, people calmed down.

“We’re going to die,” a large bald man whimpered.

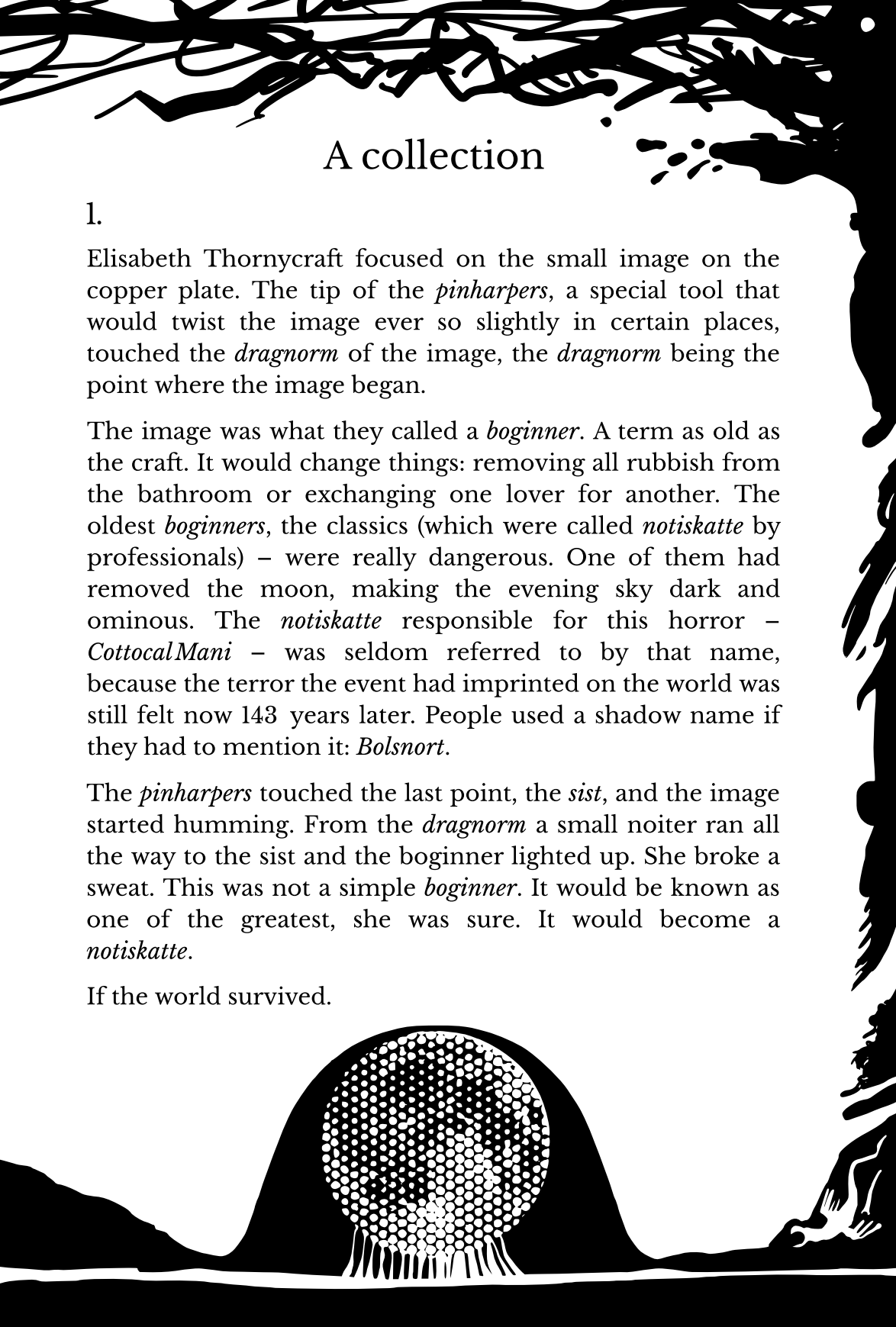
“Shut up, you wuss,” his mate said. “You know that the brocade is holy! Sister Ross-Meyer said so, and she is never wrong. My gran says so and she is never wrong.”

Then, suddenly, the wind rose; the brocade billowed like a sail, the trunk on the right tore free from the wall and was hurled into the crowd, ripped free from the fabric. It flew, spinning and rolling through the hundreds of people gathered. They screamed – terrible sounds of anger and pain. Part of the building to which the trunk had been attached began to collapse, sending rubble and dust into the wild wind.

And it was then – while the gigantic piece of brocade flapped wildly in the wind, and the air was white with particles of mortar and plaster – that they all saw that it was not the police who waited behind the curtain, but a solemn cast of commedia dell’arte actors.

Pulcinella lifted his right hand in the papal gesture of benediction, and the play began.





A collection

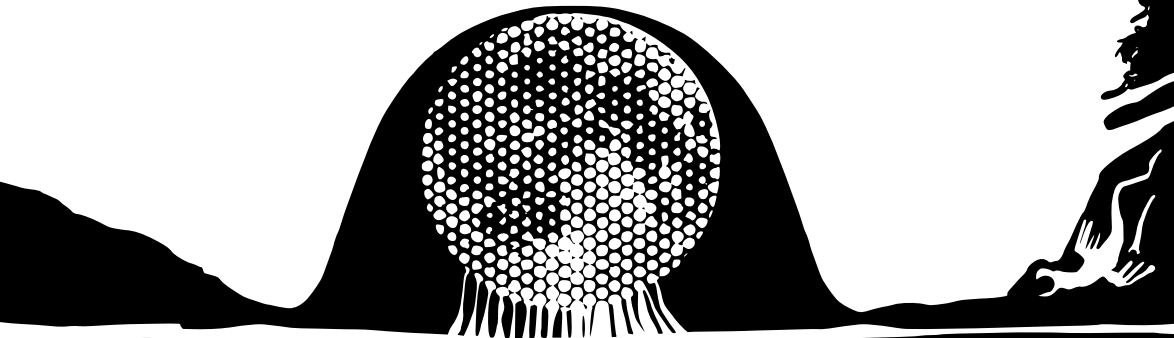
1.

Elisabeth Thornycraft focused on the small image on the copper plate. The tip of the *pinharpers*, a special tool that would twist the image ever so slightly in certain places, touched the *dragnorm* of the image, the *dragnorm* being the point where the image began.

The image was what they called a *boginner*. A term as old as the craft. It would change things: removing all rubbish from the bathroom or exchanging one lover for another. The oldest *boginners*, the classics (which were called *notiskatte* by professionals) – were really dangerous. One of them had removed the moon, making the evening sky dark and ominous. The *notiskatte* responsible for this horror – *CottocalMani* – was seldom referred to by that name, because the terror the event had imprinted on the world was still felt now 143 years later. People used a shadow name if they had to mention it: *Bolsnort*.

The *pinharpers* touched the last point, the *sist*, and the image started humming. From the *dragnorm* a small noiter ran all the way to the *sist* and the *boginner* lighted up. She broke a sweat. This was not a simple *boginner*. It would be known as one of the greatest, she was sure. It would become a *notiskatte*.

If the world survived.



2.

The holy book lay silently but gravely in his lap.

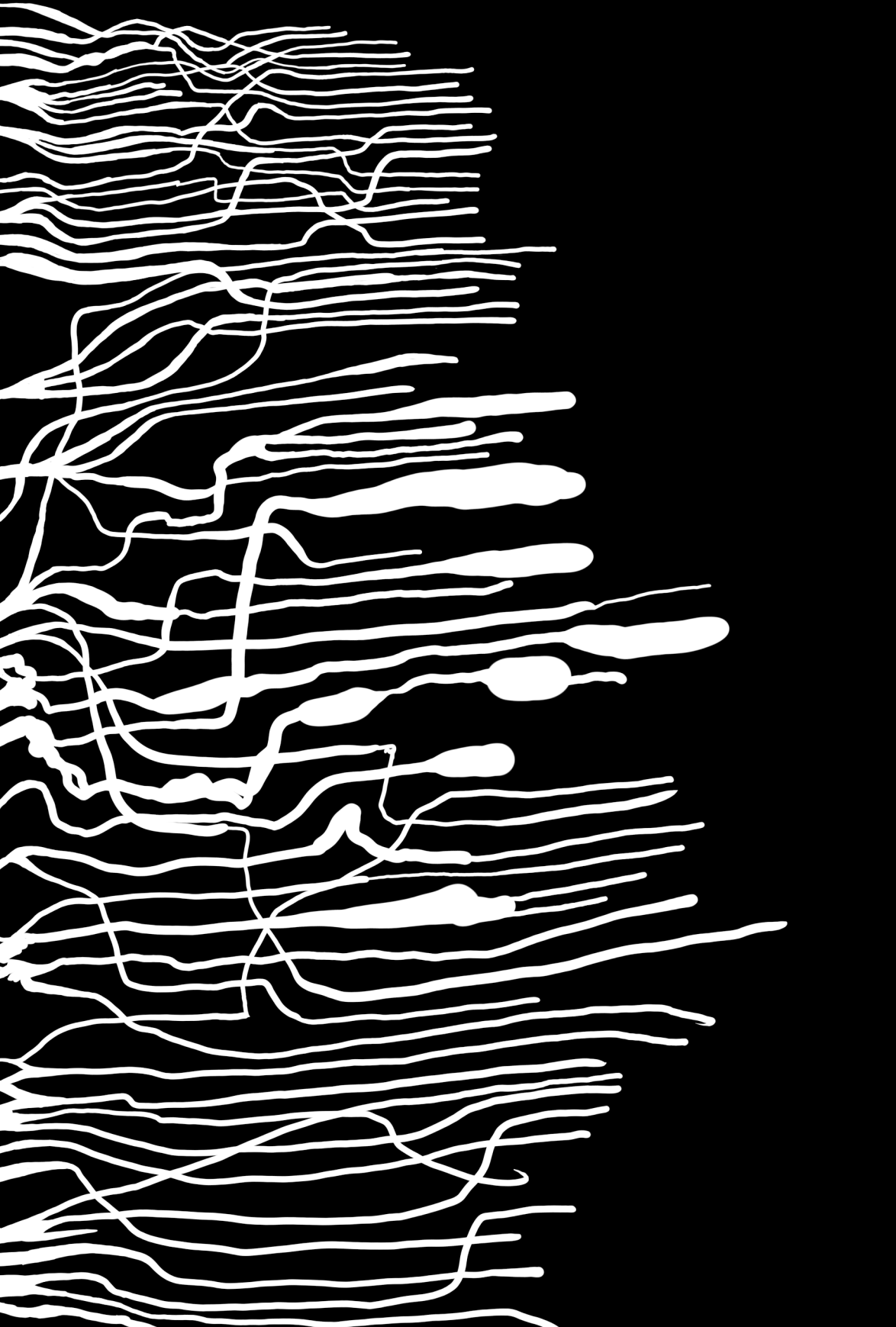
“You have,” he began, “because of your all-too-free mind, done damage beyond repair. You have forced our hands. You have made it impossible not to act. Decency demands it. The harmony of our community demands it. Demands that we must commit a violation of the text. Demands that we must break the rules. Demands that we must punish... even though this book,” his hand patted the black book, “demands mercy, demands freedom for all. By using that word about the wife of the master of the house of commerce, MrColstad, you have forced us, pushed us – Elisabeth.”

3.

Elisabeth Thornycraft sat by the sea. A large flock seagulls hovered as fish waste from the boats was being thrown overboard. They moved in slow motion, ever attentive to each other's movements, constantly on the lookout for one of the others to pounce on the appetising meal while the men were still working to unload the ship. Despite their dislike for each other, they moved as if they were one large, floating animal.

Elisabeth wrote in the holy book the word that was not to be spoken – especially not about MrColstad's wife.

It was early evening, and the moon stood high in the sky.



Sorted, sordid, sore

It was all in order. Now she could get on with it. Life. She had been putting her memories into little, green cardboard boxes and now they stood on the shelf each marked with a piece of paper glued to the front of the box with the date and a keyword written on it. She had used the red pencil with bite marks that she had thrown at Legomas the day he left. A gesture so small and insignificant that he hadn't noticed.

There were more than 100 boxes.

The keywords were intentionally cryptic. Only she would understand it. Beggar, Small draft, Geology, Mind fuck, Ape face wound, Fluids, Token skank, Decent, Descent, Toilet, Calm, Vivid, Meat, Safe, Carthage... it went on and on and each word sent a shiver through her body. The same for the content of the boxes. A concert ticket, a coin, three strands of red hair, a small corner of a broken toilet tile, a guitar pick, blood on a piece of tissue, a half burnt passport, a broken leather strap, dried rose leaves, a yellow sweet wrapper. She took out the last box. The label said: Fluids. The date was today. Inside the box, she had left the pencil.

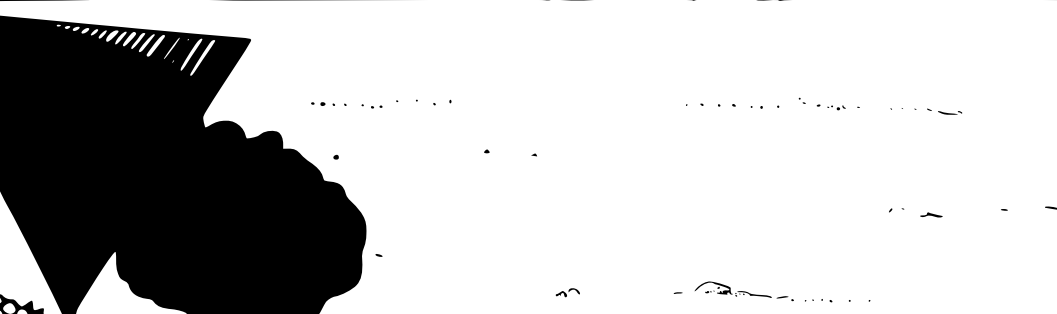


Sun ship

The ship lies at anchor in the desert, waiting for a solar wind to sweep it into the warm sky. The crew walk around the deck naked, not working much in the midday heat, doing small tasks or immersing themselves in their projects. In the middle of the deck is a large sun sail stretched out and below it a man lies on his stomach on a thin cotton mattress, blemished by sweat and blood. He is growling in pain as a short-haired woman sits astride him with a needle rod, slowly working on a tattoo. The motif is traditional, as the man is conservative. He keeps to the old ways, always looking back to a glorious past. The ship is his ship, and it is fitted with brand new Ymer No-engines – when it comes to practicalities conservatives are never consistent, their conservatism a dream of what could be, but inward, fluent and malleable, so it will never collide with reality.

Not so with the woman astride the man, her black hair is coarse and bristly – she shaved it all off a month ago in anger and agony. Now she sits composed and stoic on the back of her love, drawing the old symbol of the sun with tiny needles fastened to a bamboo stick. She knows that the world is ever-changing, that loss, confusion and jealousy are part of the fabric of a soul. She is stringent in her anger and in her art, so the drawing is more her than it is him.

On the back of her love a large black disc, with zigzag beams, swastikas and stylised animals of the sun – the coyote, the gull and the cockroach – take shape.







Autumn archive

We begin at a small patch of grass, grey and faded yellows, blue and red sweet wrappers, cigarette ends, woodlice. In front of it lies a pavement with asphalt on the opposite side, and more pavement on either side. There is chewing gum on the flagstone. Oil and tar have sunk deep into the outer layer of the concrete. Madness lives here, commutes through a crack in the slab. A dead rat floats in the watery gutter. Leaves and twigs swim on the dark road. Magpies fight over the rat, squawk and caw and enjoy themselves.

There are actually leaves all over the place, because it is autumn and the madness is slowly falling downwards – calm is settling in all things. Animals and concrete slabs alike – humans, rainwater, weeds and rubble will glide into a state of inwardness, slowing, knowing that the cold death of winter will take all energy out of the system. That is... not the concrete buildings full of cracks and the cars leaking rust. Death is already built into them by design, it is a feature.

Right behind the patch of grass, on the public lawn, stands a tree. It is a sycamore if you want to know, self-sown in the early nineteen-twenties and older than any or anything around it. Through it, flows all that is to know about this place.

Madness settling in its grain.







Sycamore vignette

The sycamore is standing in a hedge. He is wind worn and weary. Weaving his branches into a tight tapestry with the help of the hawthorn and the oak. He leans east and stares down into the barley field, thinking of all the wonderful things he wants to say. But it is all already told by the harsh western wind and by his tortured body.



par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno

Stone biography

At the age of two, she impressed everyone by being able to recognise complex words and speak complex sentences. At three, her father engaged special teachers so that her talents would not go to waste. At five, she wrote her first poem, and at seven she composed a cycle of vignettes that was highly regarded by the friends of her parents. At eleven, she was presented to the Academy and at thirteen, she was already famous for her writing.

The grandiose *Poem Written upon the Inscription of a Lapis Lazuli Statue*, which she wrote when she was seventeen, is based on a cryptic text found on the back of a royal portrait. At nineteen, she wrote *Graffiti Laid Carefully on Top of the Writing of a Granite Master*, four years later, *The Cold Fire of Porphyry* and *Sgraffito from a Note on Marble*.

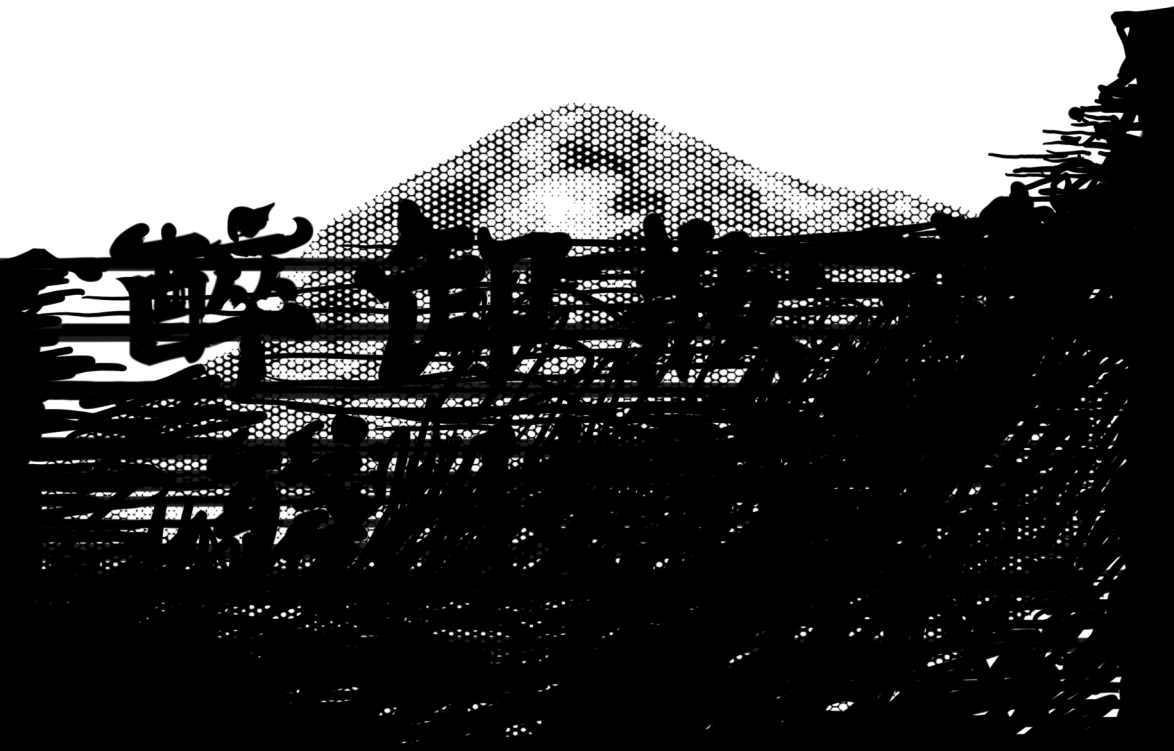


One day when she was walking by the sea, she found a flintstone. It was covered in chalk, and she crushed it against a large granite boulder. Inside it she saw a poem.

When she returned home that day, she put the stone on the kitchen table and immediately went to her library to prepare her writing tools. When she came back for the stone, it had disappeared. In tears, she asked her slave where it was, and the slave pointed towards a large heap of oyster shells outside the house.

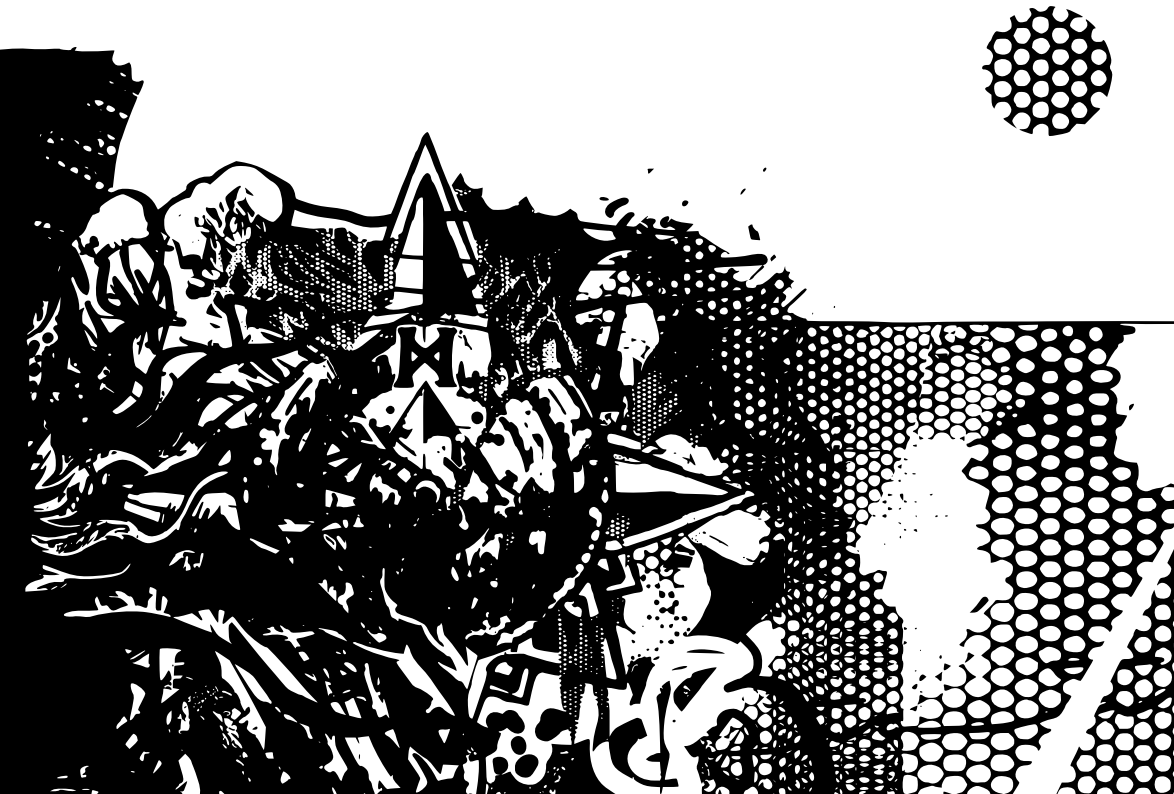
She looked for the stone the whole afternoon, but it was nowhere to be found. She suffered a depression. For years she didn't write. She and her husband became poor – people forgot about her.

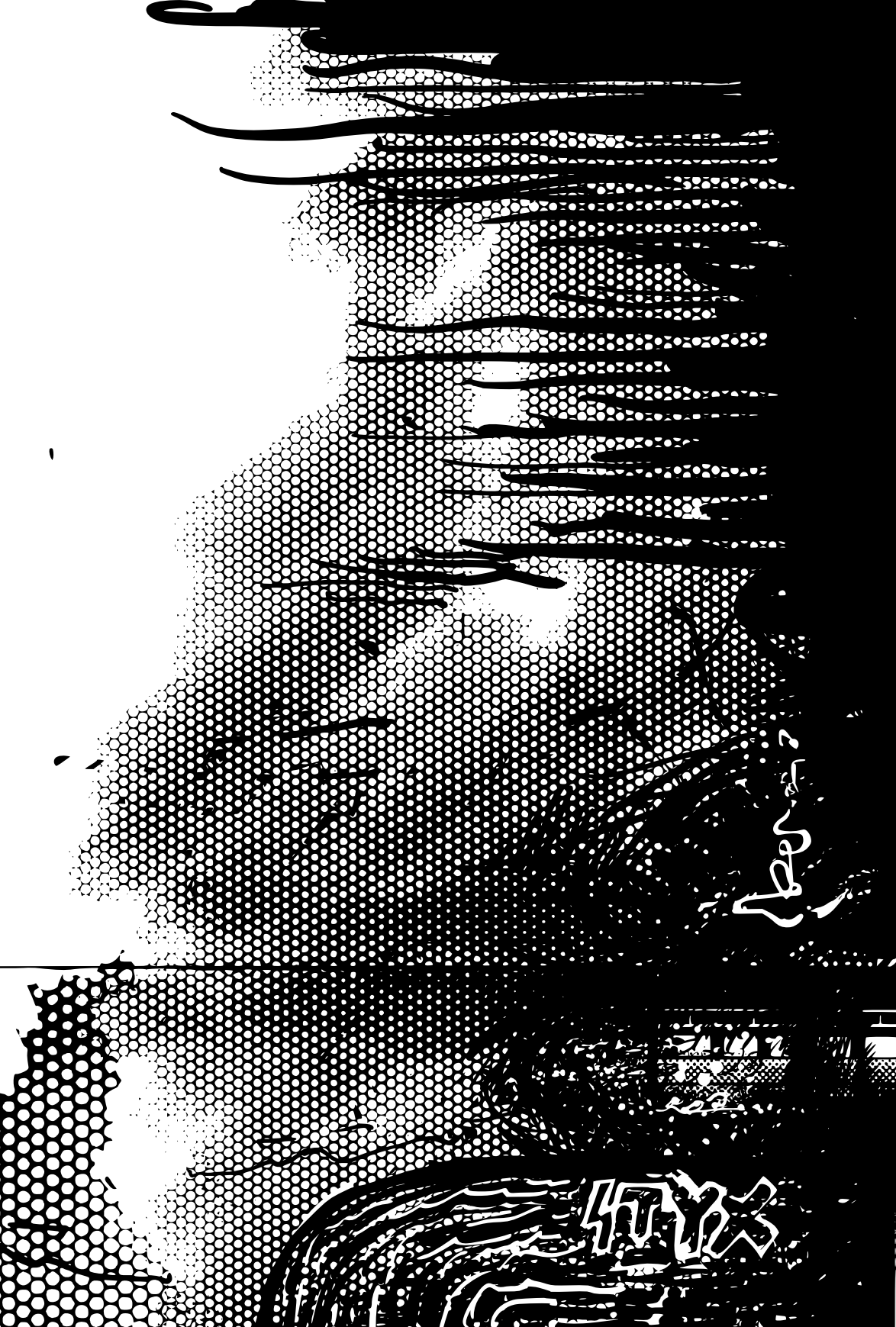
She did write again. Together with her husband she made a simple living as a calligrapher. The last and most famous of her poems is called *The writing in gravel*.

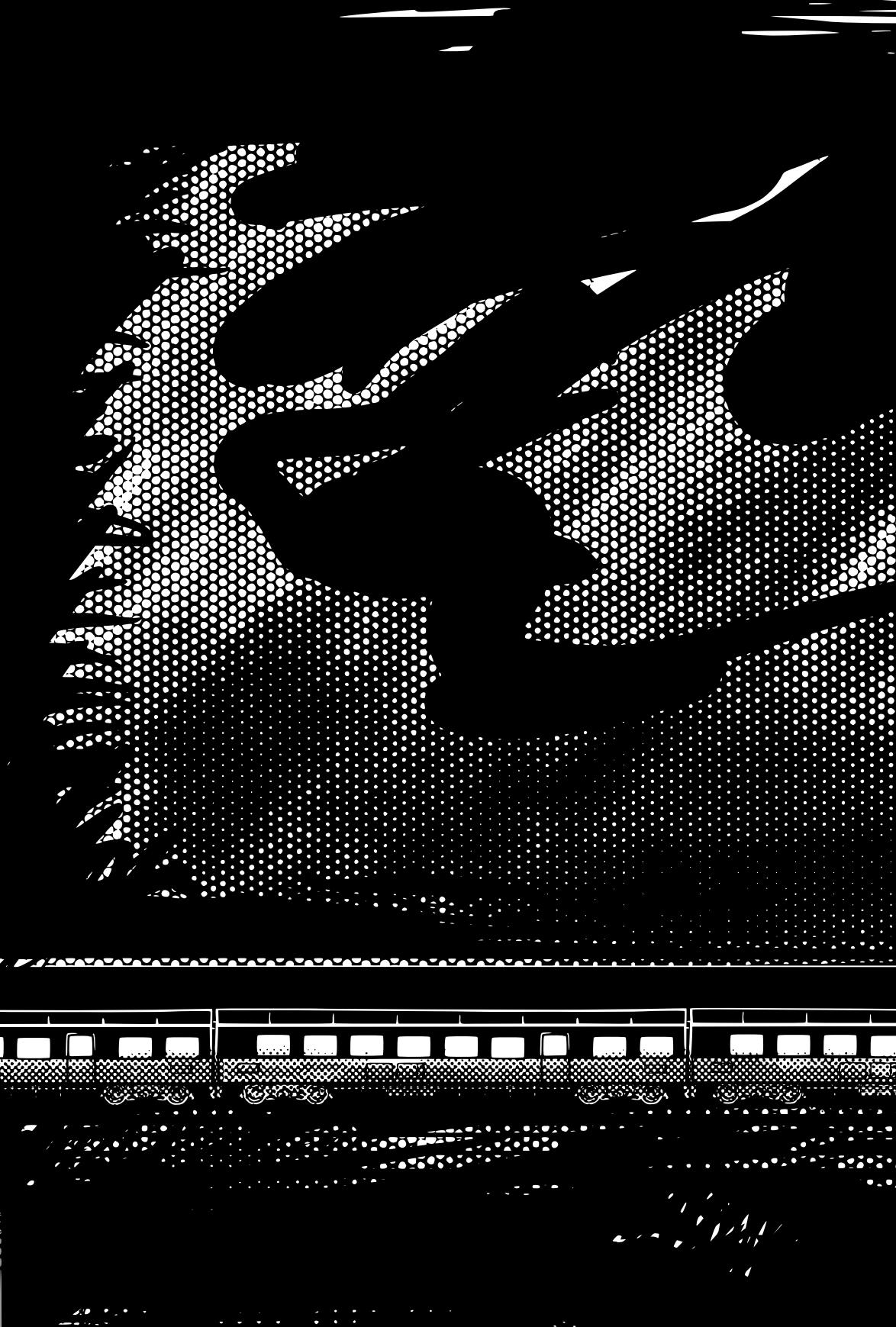


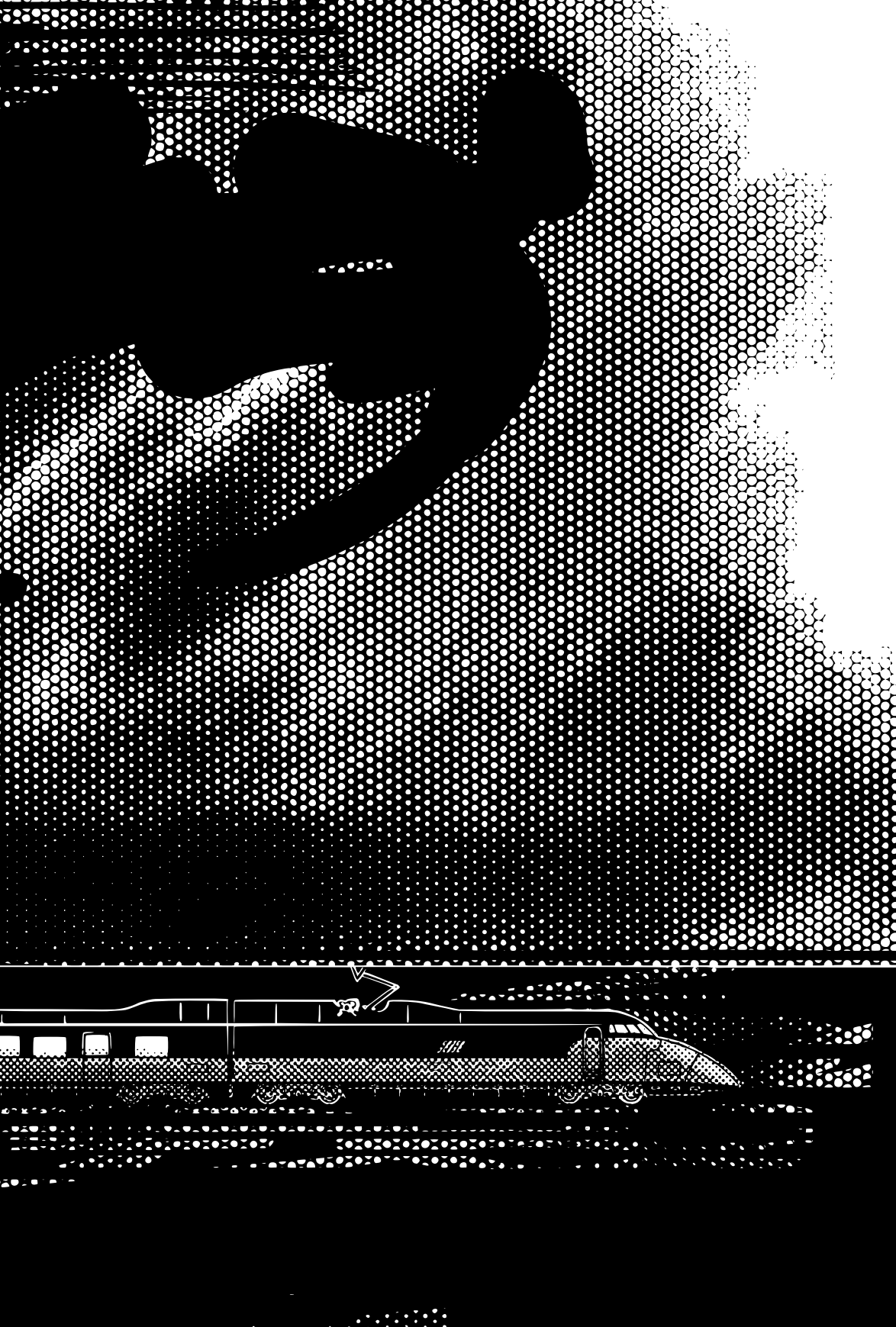
Wind rose

The wind has blown the burnet rose and the rose haw into a frenzy. Now they rest. The air is salty, the sea buckthorn wiry, the skin tight and dry from sun and sorrow. Muttering in the background, the sea is getting ready for the summer night. And up the dune, a small child is dragging a heavy stone. She is a stone collector – her sole ambition is to collect stones. Many a valuable stone has she found. Especially the flint that her father loves.









The sea

The cutter lay half-buried in the dark soil – light skimmed the horizon – dim and chilly. The sea had not been here for a very long time.

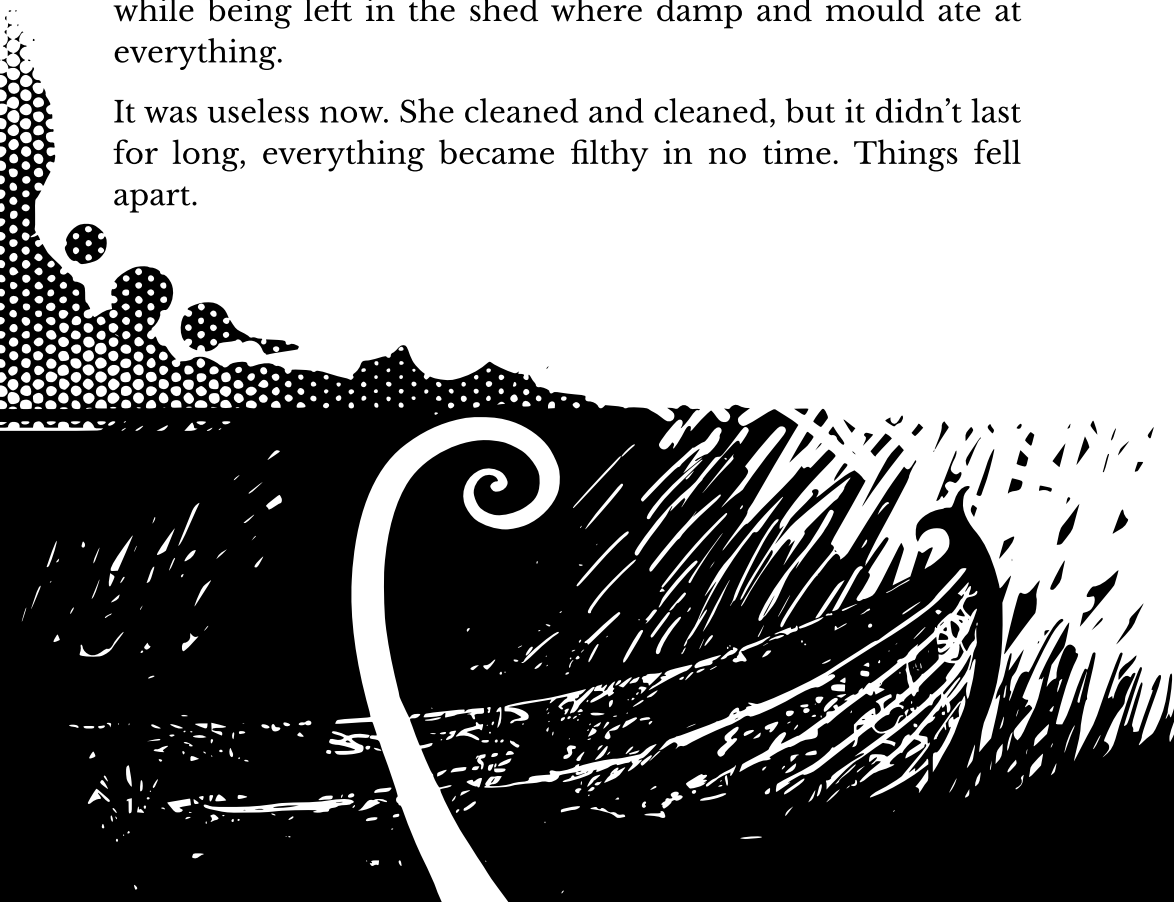
She sat on a stool in the old grain house washing the cold armature clean with soapy water and ammonia. The smell was awful, but the grease came off.

There had been a time when he had come up the landing with buckets of fish, with loot from all over the world. Now he only took the pills and listened to the radio.

Things slipped away. It all slipped: the sea, the fish, the foreign works of art.

Suddenly a part of the armature came away. It had eroded while being left in the shed where damp and mould ate at everything.

It was useless now. She cleaned and cleaned, but it didn't last for long, everything became filthy in no time. Things fell apart.



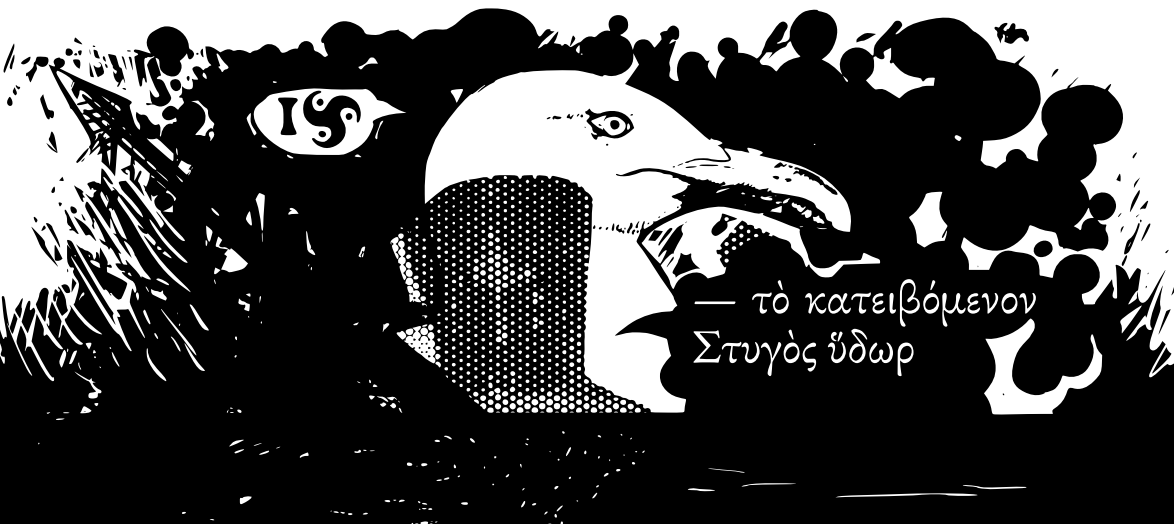
From the house came a hearty laughter. She couldn't believe her own ears. It was him. He was singing now! What on earth was going on?

She ran across the yard and into the house. And there he sat, naked, on an oak chair she had never seen before. On his head was an ornate steel helmet and in his hand a large spear.

She was frightened now. She didn't like change, but this was even worse. This was unreal, hideous.

Outside, people began to spill into the yard. Excitement rang in their voices as they joined him in his song. Ravens flew in from the hills. Crows came from the dead fields. And then... the screams of gulls.

The sea had returned.



Deer

It was morning. The deer stood very still in the clearing. It had caught their scent. They stood just as still, not to scare it. Somewhere up the hill behind it, Karga and Smilla were ready with the spears.

Between the deer's antlers hung a shining holy symbol in the air. Its hide was shining white – its eyes shone. Nothing about it was natural.

That afternoon they carried the dead animal down from the mountain forest on a large stretcher, the wood creaking and threatening to break beneath its weight as they traversed the tundra. Sumaia whispered a low chant, hoping the verses would calm the wild spirit that seemed to linger about the dead animal.

As they reached the house with the protective wards carved into the timber, the air grew colder, and they knew it was time to get inside.



That evening they ate well. The holy symbol hovering between the antlers had not disappeared and had not stopped shining before they removed the heart. When the symbol died, they all fell still. Not a word was spoken. None of them knew what it signified.

That night they all dreamed of cities full of people. The winds in those cities were warm. Screaming, naked children played in the streets, and there were rivers with a thousand ships, temples as large as mountains. To these temples, shining masters came flying in machines capable of destroying the world. When the machines came to rest atop the temples, there was a quietness in the cities.

The next morning they left the house for good.

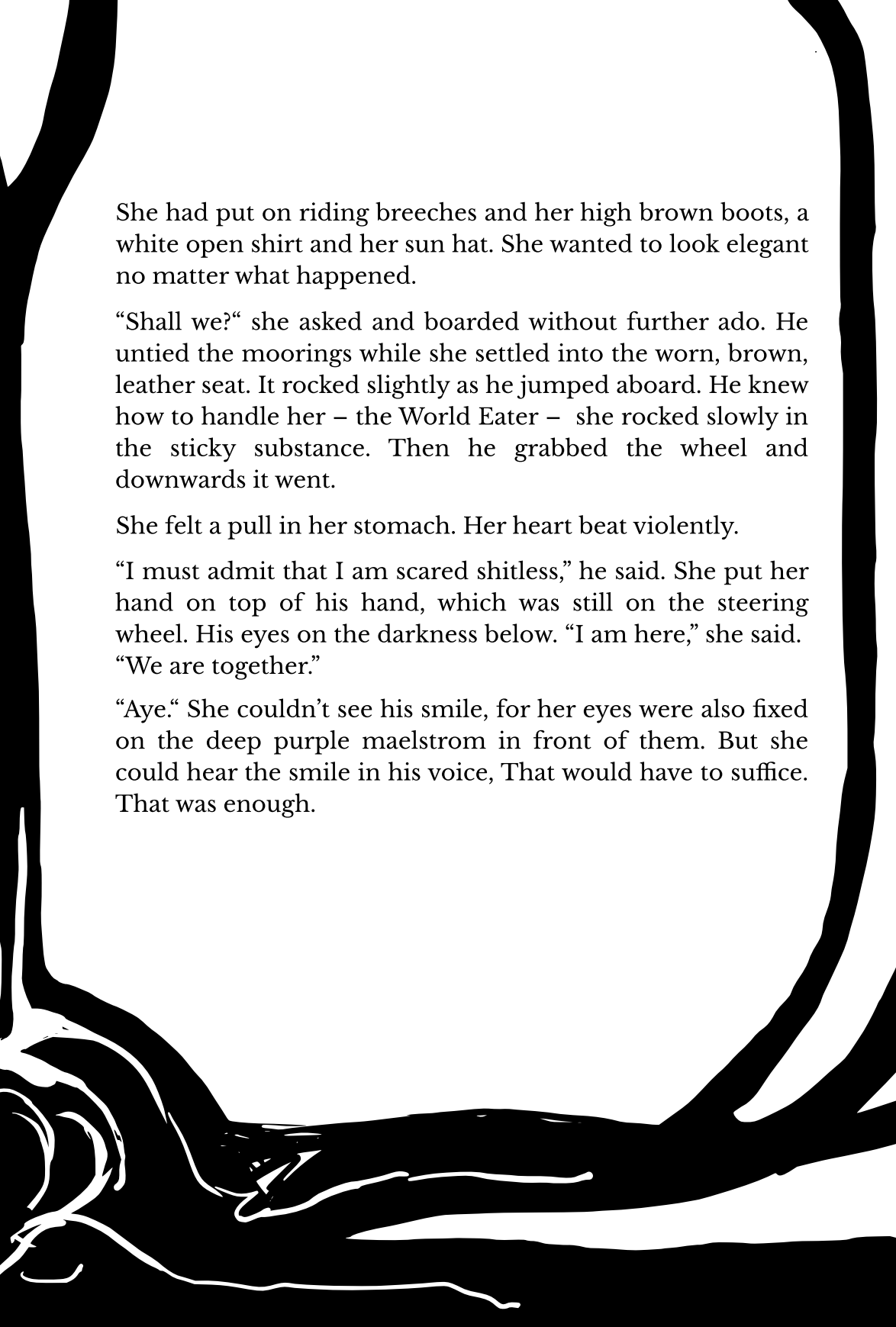


As they descended

She packed food and a knife. She never made sandwiches beforehand, but preferred to make them right before they ate. They had dark bread, sausage and cheese and a couple of beers in green bottles. That would have to suffice. That was enough.

The World Eater – a vessel of great antiquity, built by one of his forefathers – lay on the descent platform. He stood beside it wearing his uniform. It was worn, the imperial blue had become greyish. She noticed the place where the bullet had gone in. She had washed and washed to get the blood out and sewn the hole with matching blue thread. He loved that uniform, so she had never asked if she could throw it out.

The World Eater smelled of tar and diesel oil. The wood was dark grey and spotted by the slime of the abyss. Suction cup marks from the creatures that lived down there were all over the scarred vessel. It looked like a wreck, but she knew he kept it in tip-top condition.



She had put on riding breeches and her high brown boots, a white open shirt and her sun hat. She wanted to look elegant no matter what happened.

“Shall we?” she asked and boarded without further ado. He untied the moorings while she settled into the worn, brown, leather seat. It rocked slightly as he jumped aboard. He knew how to handle her – the World Eater – she rocked slowly in the sticky substance. Then he grabbed the wheel and downwards it went.

She felt a pull in her stomach. Her heart beat violently.

“I must admit that I am scared shitless,” he said. She put her hand on top of his hand, which was still on the steering wheel. His eyes on the darkness below. “I am here,” she said. “We are together.”

“Aye.” She couldn’t see his smile, for her eyes were also fixed on the deep purple maelstrom in front of them. But she could hear the smile in his voice, That would have to suffice. That was enough.

DEN BRUNE BLOMST



PRASENTERER



Dark spring

From the dung of dormant spiders, creatures of nasty habits and dark history, something grows. It is fungi and weedy darkness that rolls in the burnt breeze. Wailing and old idols are not hindering the fruitfulness of these organisms. They spread, cover and convert the ill-smelling blackness into collage and zine. Violence is their subject, washed of objective sensibilities. They are sexy and horrid, pale and musty on top of the black heap. The sun is nowhere to be seen. It hasn't been here for days on end. But the moon has ended its cycle in this place and is resting for a short while, letting its blessed rays fertilise the slime pit. And then... something breaks free. A scream...

and the whole thing moves in collective loneliness, hatching a myriad of little critters that senselessly run in all directions.



Flowering

A rose in a fair and orderly garden grew – above a sensitive plant. The light of the sun would land on the leaves of the rose of poesy – not a single ray left for the self-styled sensational plant, in the bottom of the flower bed.

In the night when the dew covered the little, sentimental plant, the sensuous dew spoke to it. “You are withering away because of that rosy brute. You must do something... or perish!” But the senseless plant was defiant as always.

“Fuck the sun,” it said.

Jörmungandr

Sinking into the sea, the voice of the worm ringing in your ears. Its waves work your body. Its torrents tear you. Its waters of absolute freedom hurt you – like acid – like falling from your bike at high speed – like being sick and intoxicated in a public toilet, too dizzy to know whether you are crawling in your own puke or have had the luck to actually hit the toilet – like covering your head and stomach, crumpling together in a pile of rubble behind the house while Thunder, the sad, fat bully, beats you – like being hateful – like contemplating vengeance.

Like rage.

But you will endure it. Living without the beautiful and melancholic sounds of the worm, is not the life you choose.



Musk Man

In the seventies, you would meet Musk Man at a bar. You would take him home and offer him tequila – put on Annie’s Song. Dance. He smelled of sweat (because of the polyester shirts) and musk (as it was his scene). The lovemaking was wild and hairy. Musk Man would spit out hairs days after, as would you.

But then... one evening Musk Man was depressed. It was not his scene anymore. Something had evolved... inside him. A sorrow. The music became bleak. He travelled to ruins of lost civilisations. You saw the black and white photos accompanying his long letters: He would stand beside old, overgrown stones.

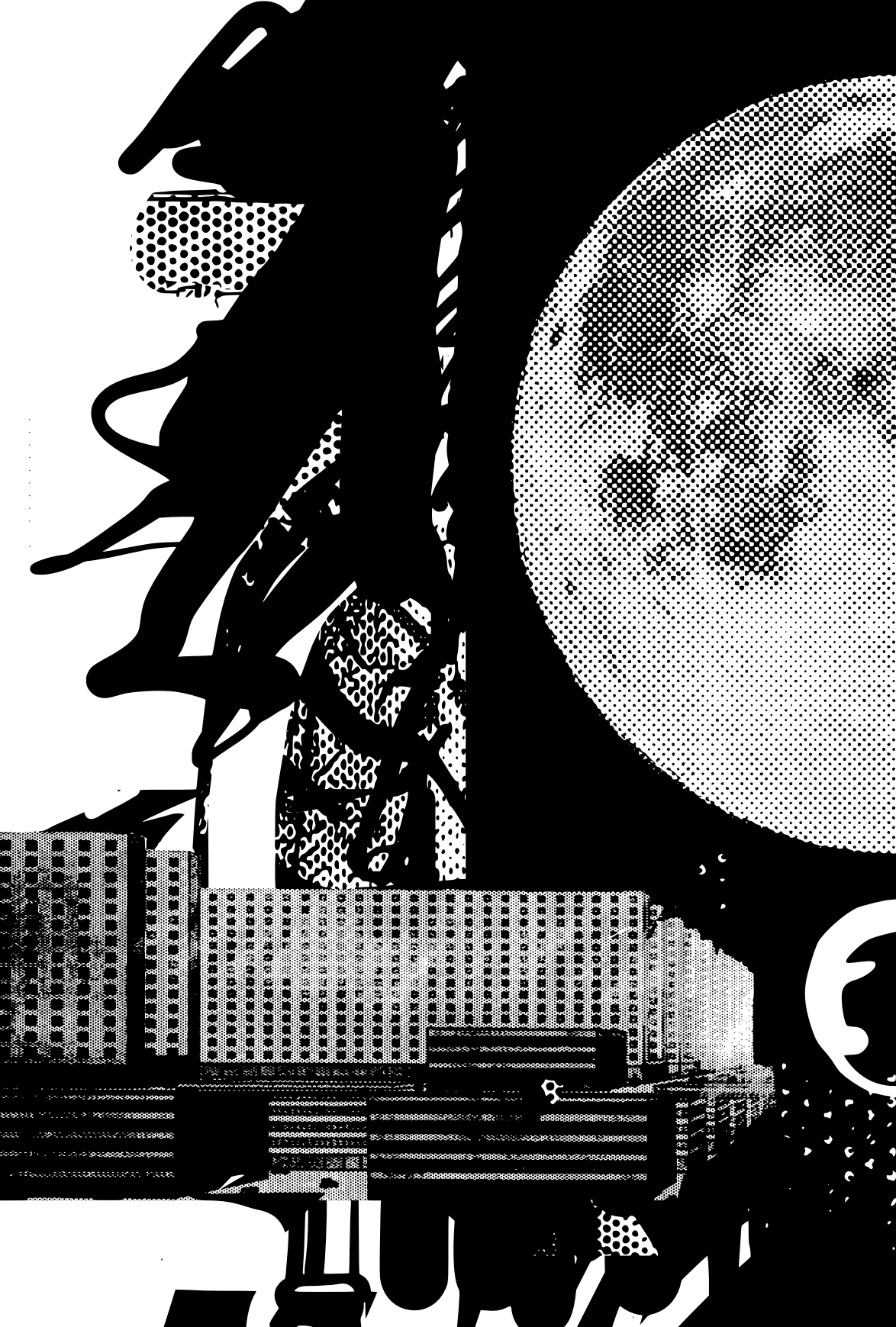
And then one day you would not meet him at bars anymore. Only punk rockers, kids with atomic nightmares – girls with bras. They were all hairless. Evil seeped into the world again via the children.

It had been a short respite.

*

And then you met Musk Man at a music festival in Canada last Friday. He played bass in a sludge band. There was no hair on the top of his head – but down his neck and everywhere else there was plenty. His smell was stronger than ever. He stood there with his red bass among youngsters, and was happy to see you.

“We were wrong,” he said. “The tragedy was never that mankind is evil, but that we are so loving and caring. It was always our scene. The river never stopped flowing.”





XL



Måne

He was wild and bald. His long, grey beard reached all the way to the ground. His body was wrinkled, white birthmarks and scars covered it, and waves emanated from it – madness, growth, longing, the need to copulate.

“Let the earthlings sleep, little brother,” his sister said. “I will scorch them tomorrow. They need rest.”

But he was not able to. He persistently drove himself into ever higher levels of agitation. And one day he sat in a flat in West Berlin together with a sad, dark woman, who played the guitar. He was high, tried to listen, but couldn't. His soul dripped into the floorboard, and there he saw the soles of leather shoes, the invention of the new man, the invention of ugliness, and the fall of all decency.

That night he talked to his sister: “I regret. I always regret. But the wolf at my heels makes me lose control.”

Sol comforted him. “They need madness and longing, they need to fuck and weep – like they need to devour. Like they need to kill. You constantly look into the tender, silent blackness – but remember: everything is always burning.”

She was a shining beauty – her wagon splendid, her horses named. His wagon was a wreck with bite marks of hatred, his horses were nameless.



Nord

The ferry couldn't dock. It did not look like much until you stood on the small concrete pier and saw the little vessel moving up, then down deep below you. The men shouted to one another. It was hopeless. They turned the boat and sailed back to the calmer fjord. You were on the island now. The sky was the same damp colour as the sea. You had no idea what was going to happen. You did not know anybody here. You thought you might be able to sleep in one of the sail lofts in the harbour, but the man standing next to you said something you did not understand and waved you on.

His house was small and windswept, his wife elfin and otherworldly beautiful, their children shy and suspicious. They fed you dried lamb and cod and entertained you by showing you their photo albums and a collection of mummified seabirds.

At night Freya came to you. Even on this small island she was present. She set a stone that didn't originate from this place on the small table beside the bed. You woke in the night and cut your finger when you touched it. The wind blew through the cracks in the house, and her song forbade rest. The next day was calmer, and the boat brought you back to the fjord town. The stone became heavier the longer you carried it. One day it was so heavy that you settled down. But the stone has never changed. Your soul is like the sea. Violent. Livid. Borderless.





Token Bitch House

In interstellar space, they lived other lives. There was pain, sure, but it was different and constant. They had no gods, no sound. The sparse light gave them enough to think about.

She was one of them albeit not typical. Her pronoun was bitch – it was a possessive pronoun due to her nature. She had a house of sorts. You might call it a cabin – maybe – it is hard to explain. Without the pronoun she would have nothing. That is what life in interstellar space is like. It is difficult for us to understand – docile and content as we are.

She was tolerated but no one liked her due to her nature. Her house was avoided, but envied. There aren't many such things as her house out there. Their animosity was a pain among those other pains typical for interstellar space. Loneliness and madness... it was a collective pain, a pain for her and a pain for them. Typical for life away from the stars.

They kept her, did not ostracise her, but only to silence their conscience. Light was vigilant and omniscience after all.



Science

New creatures were emerging in the process, slowly pulled up from the depths by his experiment. There were known leviathans: Kraken, Charybdis – and there were unknown ones with strange names: Horta Nakka, Sonoris and Astarma.

At first he was excited. The ocean was yielding new, hybrid creatures as a result of the collapse.

But then they noticed him.

Horta Nakka was a shark with the face of a man, it rose out of the sea for a second, then dropped back. “Have mercy on me,” it shouted. “I am but a creature of the abyss, a devourer of memory. A destroyer of history. No one knows the voices of the seafarers of old any more.”

Sonoris hovered over the waves – its body that of a crab – its face that of a woman. He had come here to reveal, but Sonoris took away from him. The methods and the data. Not a word came from it.

Astarma, the most noticeable, the strangest of them all, had a gelatinous, bottle-shaped body. It seemed to be submerged in the sea and visible in the sky at the same time. It changed him, although he could not measure any differences.

But he was changed. In his small dinghy – with all those expensive apparatuses – in the middle of the ocean.

Astarma said to him, “There is no reality. There is no man.”



Persephone

Daringly I approach her, the dark queen. I fell somehow, and now I feel I dare approach the dark sovereign. I dare, because I have nothing to lose. They know what I see, what I think. Their dark AI was onto me. I became self-suppressive. But now I dare approach the dark sites. Nothing to lose.

The Queen of the underworld is dark to look at, if you dare look at her at all. My eyes are not here any more and the way I look now is flashy and inconsistent. Things change, even when I look directly at them. She is hot though! A looker! Dressed in black, maybe leather stripped from goat. Her breasts are white and full, then dark brown with black nipples, then light brown and phat... the impression is consistent, the details not. She is hot! I'm excited. After I fell, I feel more than I see, no eyes after all. But I am excited, my erection is plain to see, if you have eyes. Many have – it's a court of sorts. They carry spears and are dressed in black, maybe goat. I see myself with their eyes. Their AIs. Horror tells me I have nothing to lose. So I grab her. Not sure I feel her. I fall. My heart hammers away. I am extremely excited.

"You are dead for me," she says coldly and smiles.

Still hot!





Shadowy Ob Scene

Scene one

Ob: the first syllable of the scene. *Ob me, amica, culum tuum ostendis.* A man is standing confronted with a woman's arse. There is erotic tension. All sorts of tension actually. The scene ends without the tension being resolved – a sort of vague tonic, which they drink down. Mostly talking.

Scene two

Bold omen! The content of this scene is a scherzo. The man and woman are back, she is still naked. There is unresolved tension. Nothing happens. At the end it reuses a theme from the first scene, but in reverse: Her staring into his arse. This time bespectacled.

Scene three

A nocturne. Shadowy movement with well known themes. Resolution back to tonic. Beautiful artistic nudes. The audience is calmed down. Female nudity gives production value. His buttocks are splendid. Naughty but classy.



Scene four

Forte fortissimo! Now we see the man's erection. Several people in the audience leave. Someone shouts, someone shushes. Some have the idea that universal morals have been violated, some that they are witnessing great art. It's a boner in A minor.

(The moralists are of course wrong. It is art, splendid even. But the moralists are always the majority at any given time and they are dangerous. There would be no lynchings, nor cable television without them.)

Scene five

Things get out of hand. Five puts the ob in scene. No one understand the music – Dastgāh is not a common word in these idiotic parts of the world – everybody understand the public sex. The choir sings *Ob me, amica, culum tuum ostendis*. It is shady and beautiful.

Only the artist laughs.



Dream in red and green

Sea

The two hemispheres of his brain, port and starboard, were coalescing. From his boat he could see a bay where fires burned. Beach scavengers waiting for him. A bridge was built across the wild water at the bottom of the brain gorge.

Mountain

Torn, he strove up the rough trail. On one side a laughing green valley, on the other a group of weeping red trees. The light from the deep sun illuminated him. If he could reach the house above the tree line before twilight, he would be safe.

Forest

He was both deer and hunter. Death was immense in him at this moment. Intoxicating and frightening. The blood was shining from the blade of his weapon, but in the deep green of the trees fog drifted – hiding the spear in his hand.



Wetland

Red, cold feet on the grass. His tortured face in the water if he looked down. Wet and naked – he knew that a God was here. He could hear her singing in the sacred hall on the holm just ahead. He was already there. He was already here.

Office

His face had abrasions from the grey fibre-bonded carpet. One more hour and it was weekend. Already his head was filling with horrid images of rape, cars, train wrecks, polluted birds and plastic kitchenware. He had to keep it together!

Home (at last)

Drowning, falling, hiding, splicing, merging, burning.



Metamorphosis

He was the wind. He swept round her. Cool and soothing.

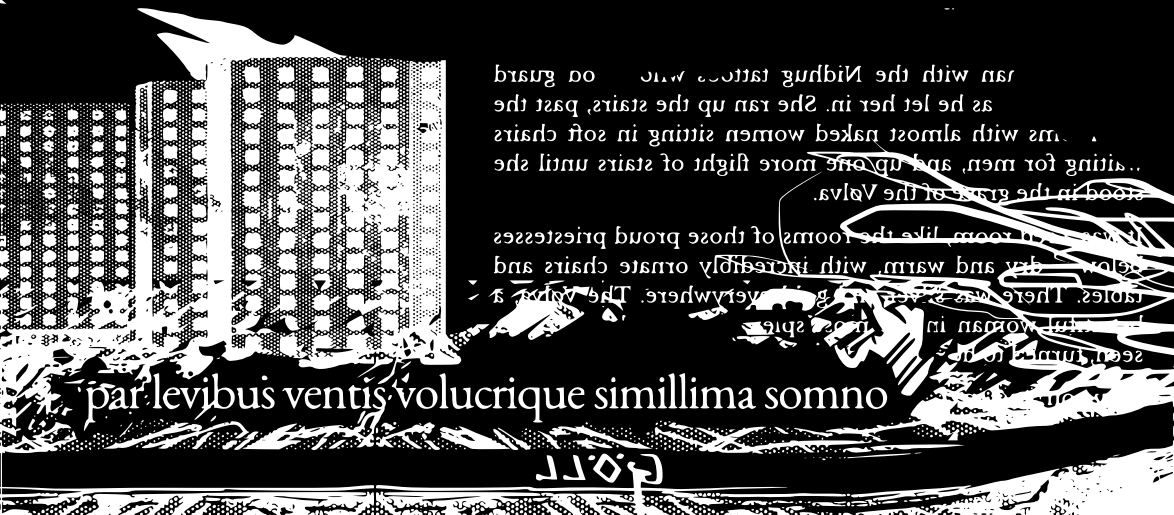
A day later, he was Lukas. Working as a call centre slave in Düsseldorf.

In the afternoon, he would wander – one day, full of longing, he wandered into a large neo-classical building with the letters ARTIBUS above the entrance. He was looking for something that could shake him, but nothing presented itself. It was here he met her.

She was stone. She sat on top of him that night.

A day later, she was Sibylle. Working as a secretary in an office where the cultural activities of the municipality were coordinated.

In the evenings, she would stroll – one evening she went into a toilet in a small café on the outskirts of the city. In the space where the toilet should have been, she found a large crack in the floor from which white smoke rose. She experienced a slight headache, but nevertheless tried to defecate into the hole, one hand on the floor to stabilise her two legs.



He was smoke. He made her see things.

A day later, he was Fabian. Working as a computer programmer in a large software house in Houston, Texas.

In the night, he felt despair. He would take pills to make it go away – one night he took too many pills. Although he was sitting on his sofa he felt like he was standing by the ocean – it was morning – the sun low in the sky. He was never sure if he had really seen her standing naked on the rocks.

She was salt water. She changed his life.

A day later, she was Astrid – she awoke early in a small wooden house on a rocky island. It was dead hard to get out of bed. She had no job. She lived with her husband, who did not have a job either. The first thing she thought of in the morning was money.

Her children were already up. She could hear them playing among the trees. Eventually she got up and went outside – naked in the light midsummer morning.

He swept round her. Cool and soothing. He was the wind.





Current of TWAPIG

2 HANDIG KL. 20:00
BOOKINGMODE

1. ONSDAG KL. 19:30
QUEWATS MODE

1. ONSDAG KL. 19:30
DINE TØMMEREND

MAGSCAFEN KL. 13:00
POGO BAR, SPINDAG KL. 13:00

HAD, KAFÉ, THE AVISER)



the Common

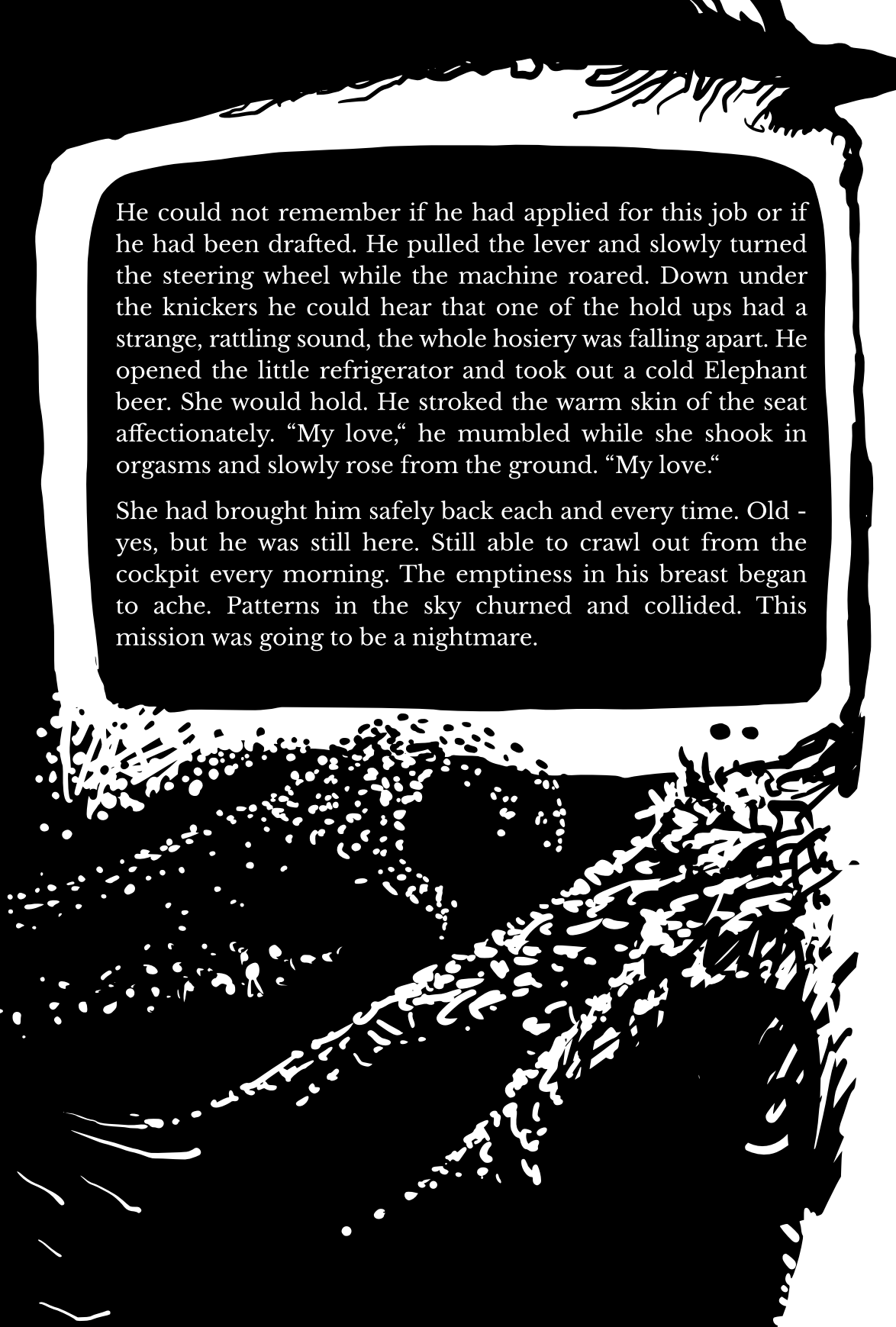
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Hypnonaut

The cockpit reeked of spilt beer and sweat. He laboriously climbed into the seat and put on his helmet. It was dark outside... and cold. His hands shook, black dust falling from them like the stars from the green sky. He had the fumes of the dirty machinery hanging in his nose, a stabbing pain in his gut, an emptiness – cold and painful in his breast. It was not a picnic this job, not a fruit cake, not a biscuit of rose mead, not a sweet frog. He turned on the broiler and the stew, checked the temperature and set the lingerie to low-rise. The instrument boards were old and covered in porridge. He hated his job.

The lights were changing. Soon the machine would lift its skirts and rise into the reverse abyss. He felt his senses change, the taste of blood in his mouth became perfumed in a sort of bitter way. He felt the bodies of the other place press against his pelvis. For a second he hoped that it would become erotic, that the machine would navigate in the atypical way it sometimes did. But a short look at the sky told him otherwise. The patterns were there. They stood out in a darker, colder green – terrifying the shit out of him.





He could not remember if he had applied for this job or if he had been drafted. He pulled the lever and slowly turned the steering wheel while the machine roared. Down under the knickers he could hear that one of the hold ups had a strange, rattling sound, the whole hosiery was falling apart. He opened the little refrigerator and took out a cold Elephant beer. She would hold. He stroked the warm skin of the seat affectionately. "My love," he mumbled while she shook in orgasms and slowly rose from the ground. "My love."

She had brought him safely back each and every time. Old - yes, but he was still here. Still able to crawl out from the cockpit every morning. The emptiness in his breast began to ache. Patterns in the sky churned and collided. This mission was going to be a nightmare.

Mermaids

Raiment of purple silk and gold jewellery, exposed white breasts with light-red nipples, dark brown hair and a crown. Smoke from bronze lamps with embers of juniper and rosemary. A warm evening breeze coincides with a deep breath, then a sudden noise, strangely hollow, from a tree: male doves fighting. Pillows with swirling patterns in gold string scratch and mark the back, wine and oysters are set forth on a tray. Salt water in mother of pearl, sea fragrance, a clacking sound as the hard shell scrapes against a crooked tooth, a pink tongue meets the rosy-grey meat, the colours of the sky above – curved lips close, brushed by warm exhaled air from a pointed nose. Swallowing.

Panic. Cold, firm and scaly, it slides against the stomach as the body slowly turns in the cold water – swirls from an abrupt motion stroking the skin – wet hair drags across the face and a soft shoulder rubs the thighs. A rope around the ankle, a point of fixation, strange bodies against the naked feet. Every sense awake, wet and pulsing. Screams or moans trapped in silent bubbles.

Then a great calm, the soul is fluid, underneath the nakedness is mossy rock. A cold landscape, very quiet, pine and spruce forest and a forbidding sea horizon, dull blue against the dark sky. A place of sorrow. Foreign and temporary, someone lurks nearby. Birch bark wrapped around the arms.

Waking in the warm wind, the crown lies on the pillows. The worshippers silent with surprise. Snakes in both hands, the bare feet with gold adornments on hot sand and the smell of sweat and fine ashes.







The Vølva

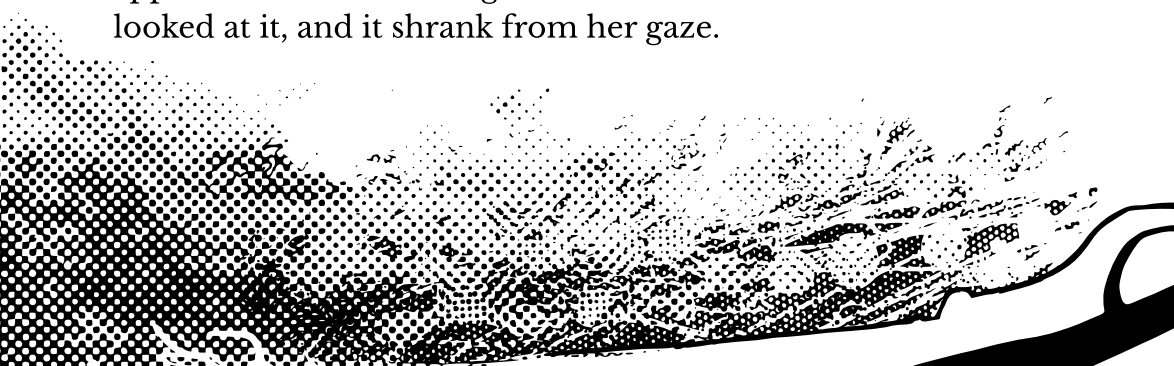
Dried seaweed lay in dark tidal lines. The beach was desolate and rocky – evening was not far away. Above the beach towered a cliff with beech trees – above the trees Máni hung, his glow weak in the hazy weather. The seagulls were fighting over a porpoise carcass.

She knew the place, so it did not take her long to find the smooth, black stone. She placed her tools beside it – a knife, an iron ruler and a wooden spatula. Carefully she moved the stone, then used the knife to remove most of the ryegrass that had grown over the abyss. She measured the four finger widths with her ruler and then carefully removed the wet sand. A hand's breadth down, and it opened like a willing woman. She took a deep breath, then thrust her hand in there – then her arm – the rest happened by itself.

*

The grey houses of Niflhel, with their unnaturally smooth stone and dark windows, rose above her like mountains. The houses had no ornaments, no ingenuity, just black, square window holes. In the distance smoke rose from enormous cairns, merging with the cold fog. Everywhere she looked, she could see the refuse of the dead. Everything here was human. Everybody dead.

She shivered. Her feet were as red as her hair, and the woollen dress helped little when the air was this misty. A dog approached her snarling – its chest red with blood. She looked at it, and it shrank from her gaze.



The corpses, in their strange clothing, passed her without looking – lost in their own miserable existence. One of them, though, threw a coin at her, but she knew better than to take it. She hurried down the path alongside the houses. The noise was insistent and terrible, the horseless wagons of Hel snarled at her. No gaze could make them go away, and they were numerous as salmon in a river. Only, this river was dried up and filled with black lava stone. Having been here before, she headed towards the place with the strange runes above the door. They knew her there.

The bald man with the Nidhug tattoos who stood guard smiled at her as he let her in. She ran up the stairs, past the red rooms with almost naked women sitting in soft chairs waiting for men, and up one more flight of stairs until she stood in the grave of the Vølva.

It was a red room, like the rooms of those proud priestesses below – dry and warm, with incredibly ornate chairs and tables. There was silver and gold everywhere. The Vølva, a beautiful woman in the most splendid dress she had ever seen, turned to her and said:

“You come again, my little ginger, with strange questions. Sit down and put a blanket over your cold legs. I’ll get you wine. And then, tell me – what is it this time? What is it you want to know from this old whore?”





Pearl to peat

The little pearl was shaking and twisting. His enhancer was hovering above it, making it possible to look through the translucent surface. There was movement inside it. It looked like white noise on a television set from the late 1960s.

His new enhancer was really something. Looking through it was like being there himself. Japanese quality.

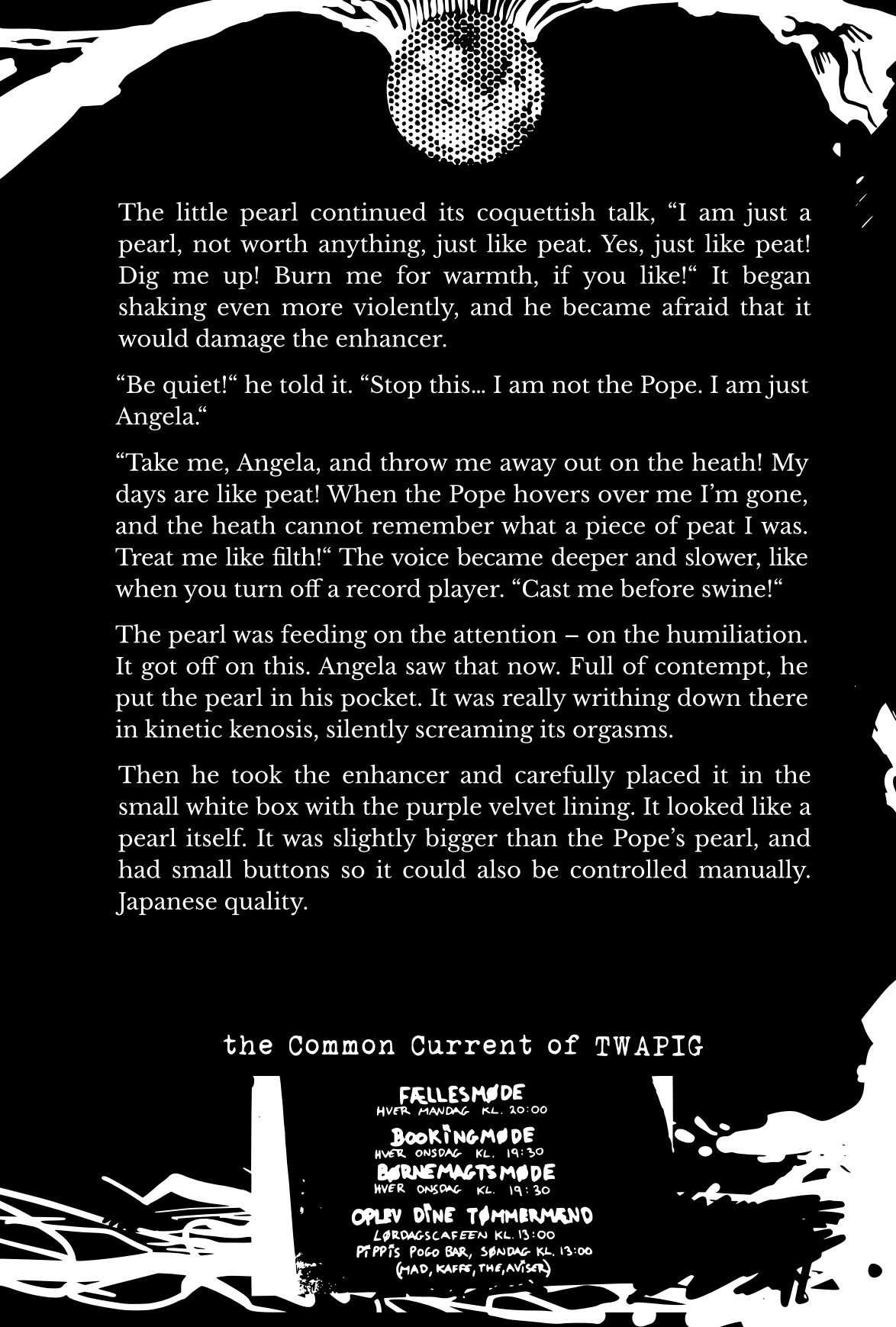
But then something strange happened. The little pearl started talking, "Don't watch me shake! I am embarrassed! You look at me so intensely! Why did you pick me up? You could've taken any other pearl!"

But that was not true, because this pearl was special.

It belonged to the Pope of *the Common Current of TWAPIG*, an underground art scene famous among the creatives of his city for organising illegal parties. He had stolen the pearl from the Pope that night when he had been lucky enough to be invited to one of the parties. The Pope was dressed in black ropes and a mask, and was so intoxicated that it was easy to pry the pearl from its silver setting without anyone noticing.



We hope you are ready for
another techno HALLU
This time we'll re...



The little pearl continued its coquettish talk, "I am just a pearl, not worth anything, just like peat. Yes, just like peat! Dig me up! Burn me for warmth, if you like!" It began shaking even more violently, and he became afraid that it would damage the enhancer.

"Be quiet!" he told it. "Stop this... I am not the Pope. I am just Angela."

"Take me, Angela, and throw me away out on the heath! My days are like peat! When the Pope hovers over me I'm gone, and the heath cannot remember what a piece of peat I was. Treat me like filth!" The voice became deeper and slower, like when you turn off a record player. "Cast me before swine!"

The pearl was feeding on the attention – on the humiliation. It got off on this. Angela saw that now. Full of contempt, he put the pearl in his pocket. It was really writhing down there in kinetic kenosis, silently screaming its orgasms.

Then he took the enhancer and carefully placed it in the small white box with the purple velvet lining. It looked like a pearl itself. It was slightly bigger than the Pope's pearl, and had small buttons so it could also be controlled manually. Japanese quality.

the Common Current of TWAPIG

FELLESMODE
HVER MANDAG KL. 20:00

BOOKINGMODE
HVER ONSDAG KL. 19:30

BØRNEMAGTSMODE
HVER ONSDAG KL. 19:30

OPLEV DINE TØMMERMØND
LØRDAGSCAFÉEN KL. 13:00
PIPPIS POGO BAR, SØNDAG KL. 13:00
(MAD, KAFFE, THE, AVISER)

Mysteries

He ached. Lying on ancient wooden floorboards. The furniture around him was plastic garden and broken Victorian. He felt hollow, yet bloated from the cheap curry – half of it lay on the floor beside him. The polystyrene box with three cavities was leaning against the table. He could taste it in his mouth, yet he couldn't remember ordering or eating it. His head felt like dirt, his mouth like a toilet, and when he tried to talk, it was a desert whisper. Quiet and meaningless. Like this place: quiet and meaningless. A rat hole.

The floor was strewn with empty bottles and broken glass, but no one was here any more. They had left him, violently drunk, on the floor of the abandoned house... and then gone.

He crawled across the floor. The rivets on his leather jacket caught in the cracks in the floor. There was a sheet of paper – it was in her handwriting. He lay pathetically on the floor, letting the self pitying sobs shake him apart.



*

He took the sheet of paper with him, and – when he sat, stinking and miserable at the street-corner café with a pint and a paper tray of soft, half cold chips – he read it:

Go down into the jungle. Go and don't look back. The foggy cave behind you will not be forgotten, but you are not allowed to be traumatised. You are too resilient – too alive. What happened in there is not for you to sing about any more.

The jungle in front of you has scents you have never experienced before. It has fresh water with an odd taste – full of mosquito larvae and lemony leaves. It has fruits whose flavour you will learn to appreciate if you are to survive, and it has a path that will lead you to a golden city with women who taste and smell of sweat and stone and sugar. They will tear you to pieces. Eventually.

When the cave spat you out, it was far from the place where you entered it. You are empty-handed now. Naked. But you can sing – sing or go mad. From this the mystery of the year will grow. The mystery of light. The mystery of melody.

The lyre was merely an extension.







The house

The house had always been there. It was built of stone and wood and had no doors, so the children climbed in through the windows when they wanted to play inside.

The window frames were round, and the stones in the lowest part of the façade were cut so that the lower semicircle was stone and the upper part wood. There was no glass in the windows – never had been. On the upper floor, everything was made of wood. The roof was of slate and was as watertight as the houses in the village, where the meticulous residents repaired and painted their houses all the time.

There were eight rooms and a staircase: four on the ground floor and four on the first floor. Each room had its own name. They were called No, An, Ti, Us, Pto, Sa, Em and Torumagna.

None of the adults ever entered the house. They didn't dare. Instead, they placed their offerings on a large flat stone in front of the house. To them, that was close enough.



Many years later, two wanderers came to the house. The village was gone, only a few ruins peeped up between the trees. A forest had grown all over the place, except within thirty paces of the house. It was raining, and the wanderers knew nothing of the house or its inhabitants.

For a short while, they stood in wonder before the building, but the heavy rain soon made them climb in through the windows, which were now far more accessible as layers of humus that had formed since the village was abandoned, had risen almost up to them. They sat in No for a while, listening to the sound of the rain, exhausted from their travels. Then they began to look around. They took off their clothes in An, and he found a way to hang them to dry in Ti. The small bag of food – dried meat and cheese – they ate in Us. Upstairs they went from room to room. He pissed out of the window in Pto; she did the same, laughing as she sat on the windowsill of Sa. There was nothing up there, and she froze a bit. He warmed her, and they made love in Em.

That night they slept in Torumagna listening to the rain, and three quarters of a year later their daughter was born in the same room.



XII



The hanging man

He follows the card of the Fool, the Magician, the High Priestess... a couple of others... emperors and suchlike. He hangs upside down on a pole, naked and with shining feet. The symbolism is sombre. Electric cords are placed on his toes. He suffers. His hair is on fire. Other people hang beside him, also upside down. The world has no place for him or for them anymore.

So, what are you to do if this is the card you draw at night in your attic among computers and empty screens, knowing that the white days will come in just a few hours?

Do this: Draw one more card – and eat it. It could be the Emperor, the Sun, the World – who can say? Then call your best friend, ask him or her to be your lover. Could be it will fuck up your relationship, but sod that. Do it.

Then metamorphose.

I just ask this of you: Don't stop having children, don't stop getting drunk, high or ecstatic, don't stop eating meat, seaweed and gravel, don't hold back on swear words and nakedness.

Don't kill yourself.



Madness lives here

沈
醉

OLEV DINE TAMEREND

ter frustra compensa manus effugit imago

par levibus ventis volucrisque simillima somno

— το κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ

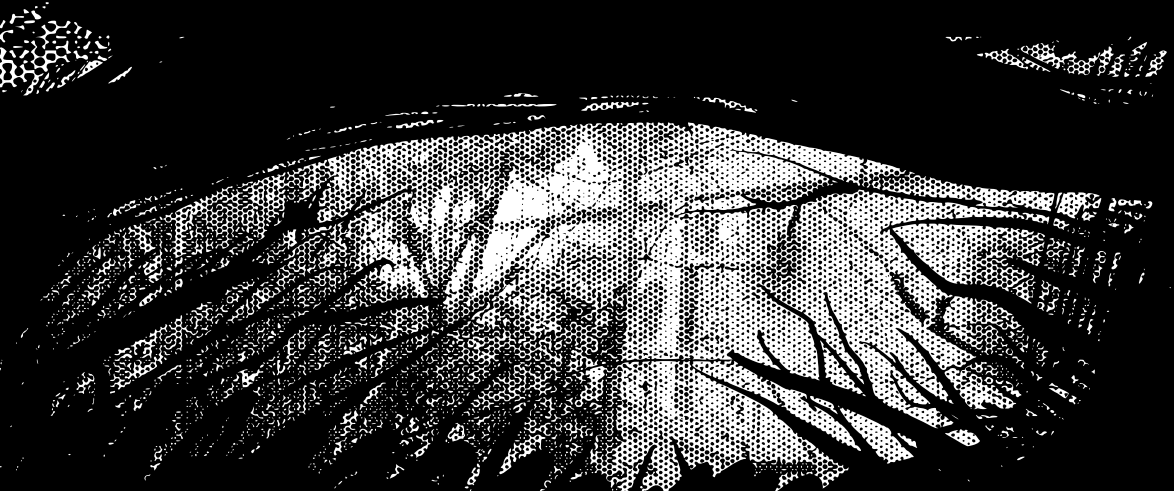
Wolfman

"It has dawned on me that you could become a great Wyzard if you wanted to!" Wolfman said.

I hadn't given it a thought, but he was right. I had been on the path for a while, and that day in the Gutter of Piss I saw the track leading into the undergrowth of the city. I began looking at the sacred places where barley grew amid tin cans and cigarette ends. Where yellow bricks had secret signs written on them. It was very often around the scruffy supermarket for some reason. I consulted with perverts and found much to gain, and learnt to read from the fractured surface of flintstones. My home changed into a tower of knowledge. How much more Wizardy can you get?

But then realisation hit – that reality is hard and unresponsive. It took study and experiments. It became fruitful, then vegetableful and finally meatful, but only through work and doubt. It became a connection back and ahead. In time the Tower grew into something with a splendid authority among nobody. A fortification of water ways and deep descents.

All of this was thanks to Wolfman. In all his self-destructive raging, he is love incarnate.



Εμβλημα

DEN BRUNE BLOMST

Etah and Areg



ΣΤΟΥΣ

ΣΗΜΕΙΑ

Fjörin



Nothing but the darkness

I

It stood clear when the light dimmed.

- While the sun had scorched the neighbourhoods
- While the main road of blankness roared
- While reflections of obviousness
refracted the living daylights

the muscles surrounding my eyes
convulsed.

But in early shadows my crepuscular sentiment returned.
The gloomy side of happiness let me fall
into a dark age. Together with my cabal of lovers,
I made treaties and lists of rights.
Evil became a subterranean laughter,
cruelty disappeared in sombre dreams,
creatures of the dusk flocked to me.
Together we ran
into obscurity.

Raven, bleeding minds.

II

Murky men carried me through the selva oscura
threw me in the pit,
from bleak soil of
interstellar space.
I tumbled towards the eclipse. Wrapped in dark webs
I was laid to rest.
Doubt and dreams
haunted me.
Self-pity
even.
But in the awake of sleep

a landscape you could only hear and smell
carried me onwards into the umbra.
To it belonged the smell of fungi and the sound of gravel.

She awaited me on the foggy riverbed of Styx.
A black star above us retracted all waves.
Seeing in blindness, I witnessed her sucking in everything.

III

That evening I became endarkened.

Katabasis

Your white and smooth skin, your boobs and soft feet – your atomic heat and warm soulful breath – are not always enough. But without you

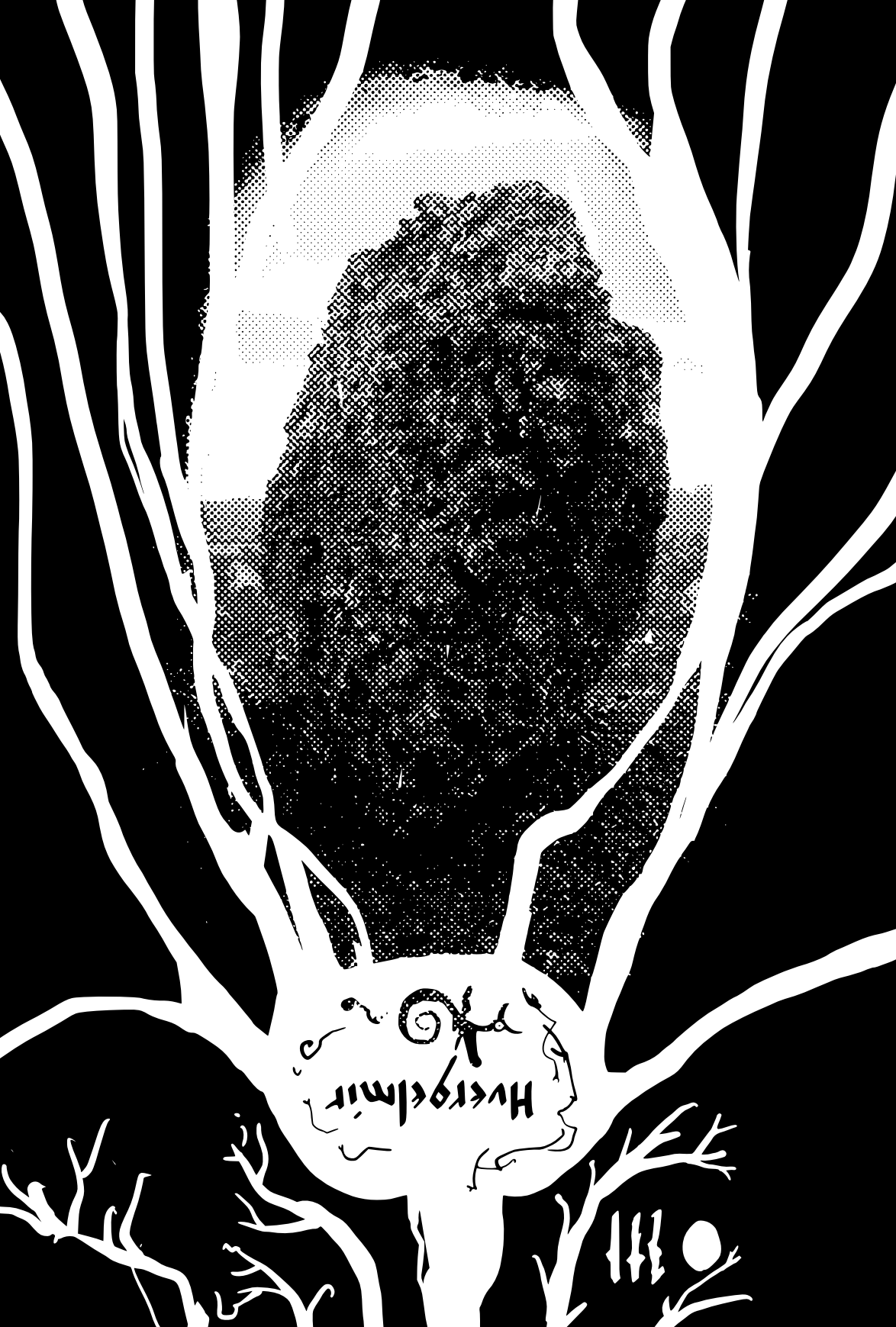
this hard blue and night-leaning body with its cold legs, nocturnal eyes, and wooden wiles, would be defenceless and frozen in a place where the dead, the anger, the sorrow, the decay, the loneliness, the violence and the sheer horror rule.

This idiotic body – that is pulled towards the same old stone on the beach by the calling of Tiresias. Always attracted to damp undergrowth. Salt water. Meat. Spirits. To strong smells and perversion. To the ugly, the cryptic, the obscure – this idiotic body is, even when awake, falling

into this nightly Nekyia. Falling through, and even below that. All the way – on occasion – to deepest Hel. Where no sensuality is left. Only wrongness.

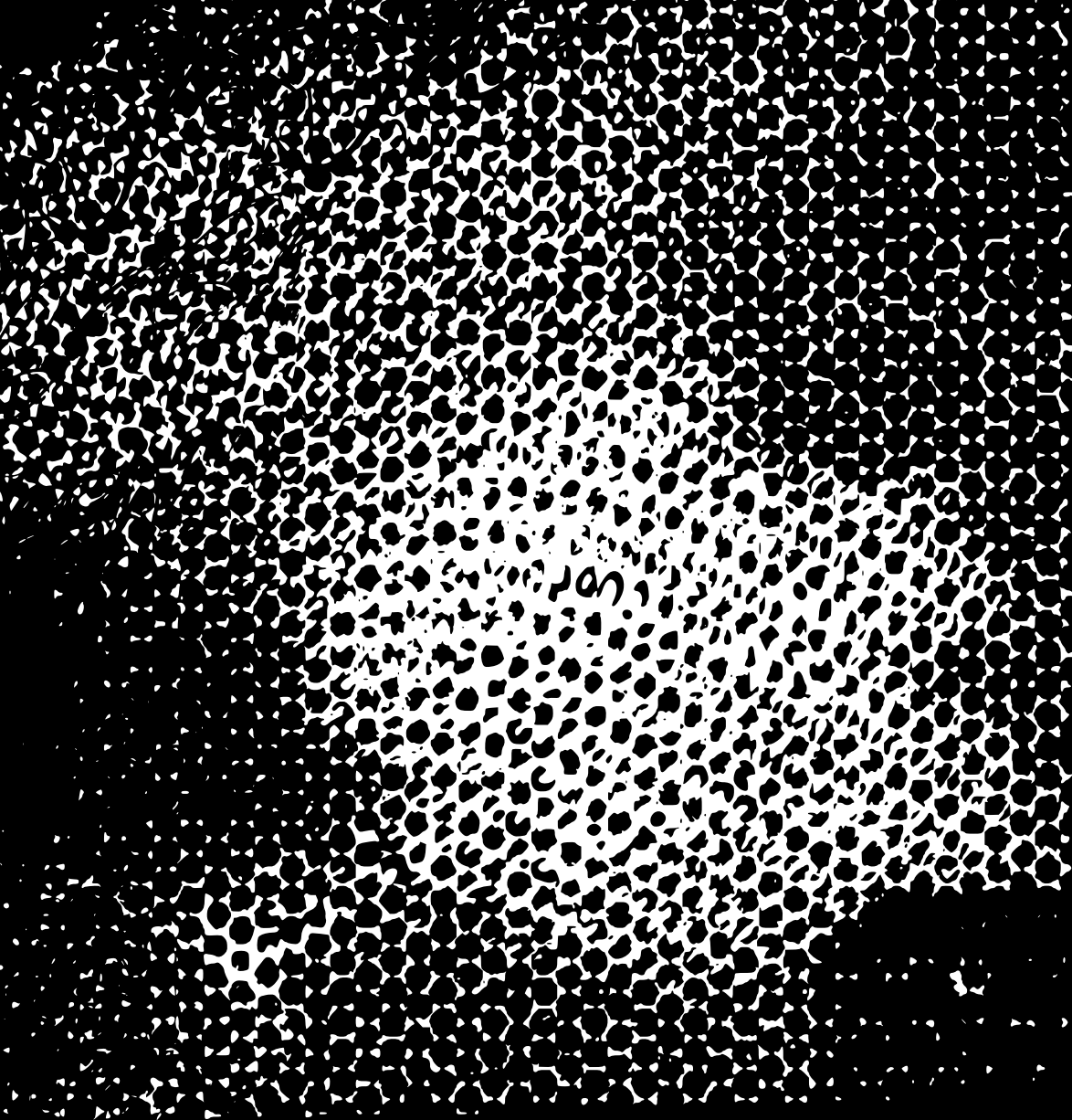
But the most wondrous and comical thing is – that these wild torrents of the Underworld, can be kept at bay with a blowjob.





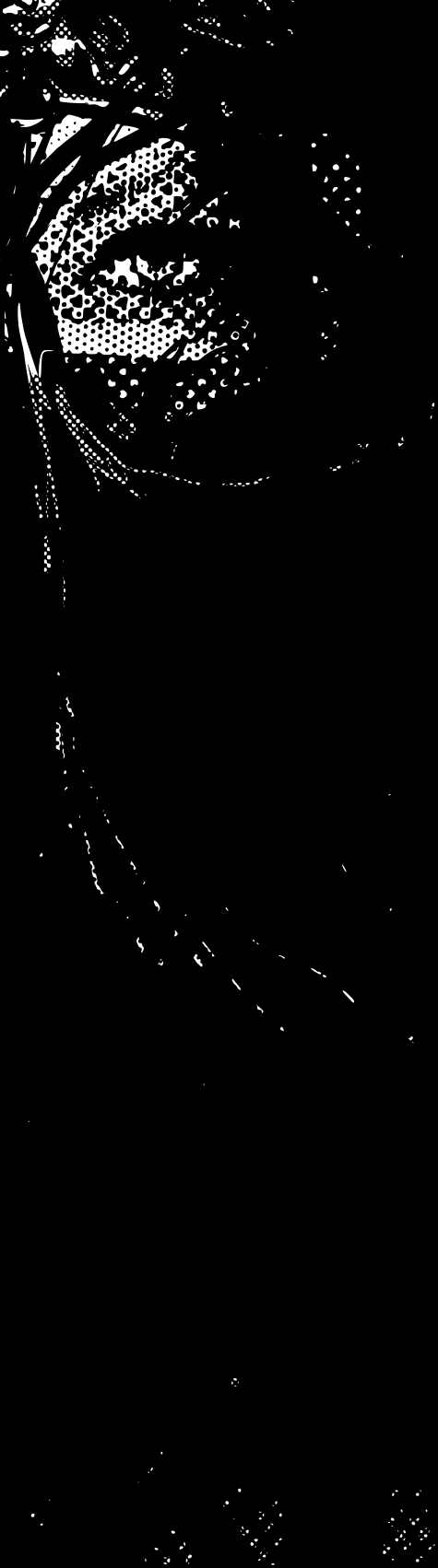


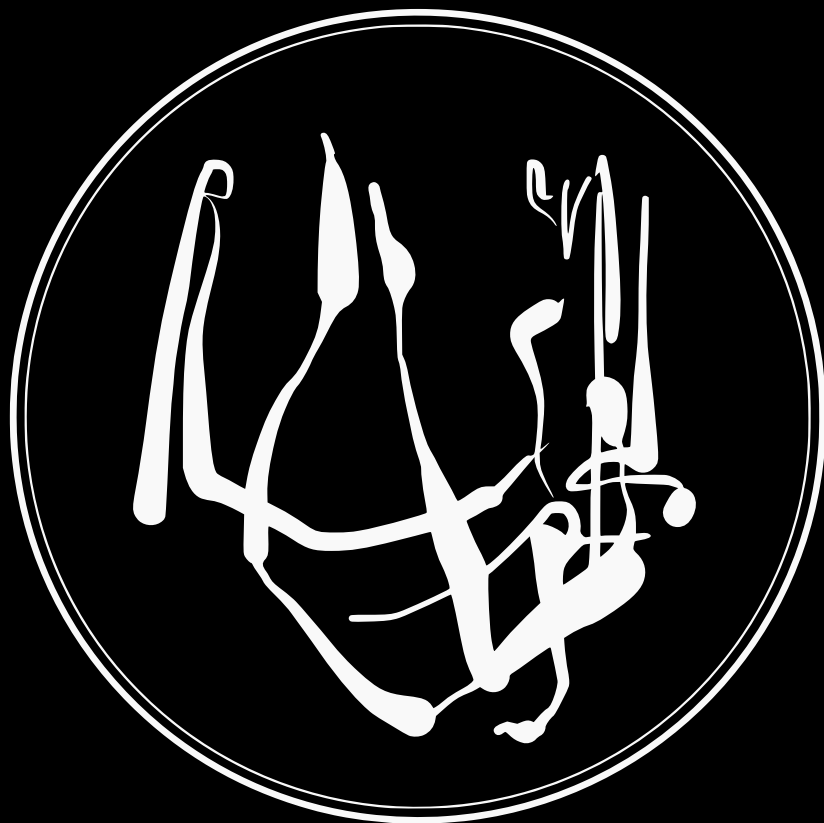


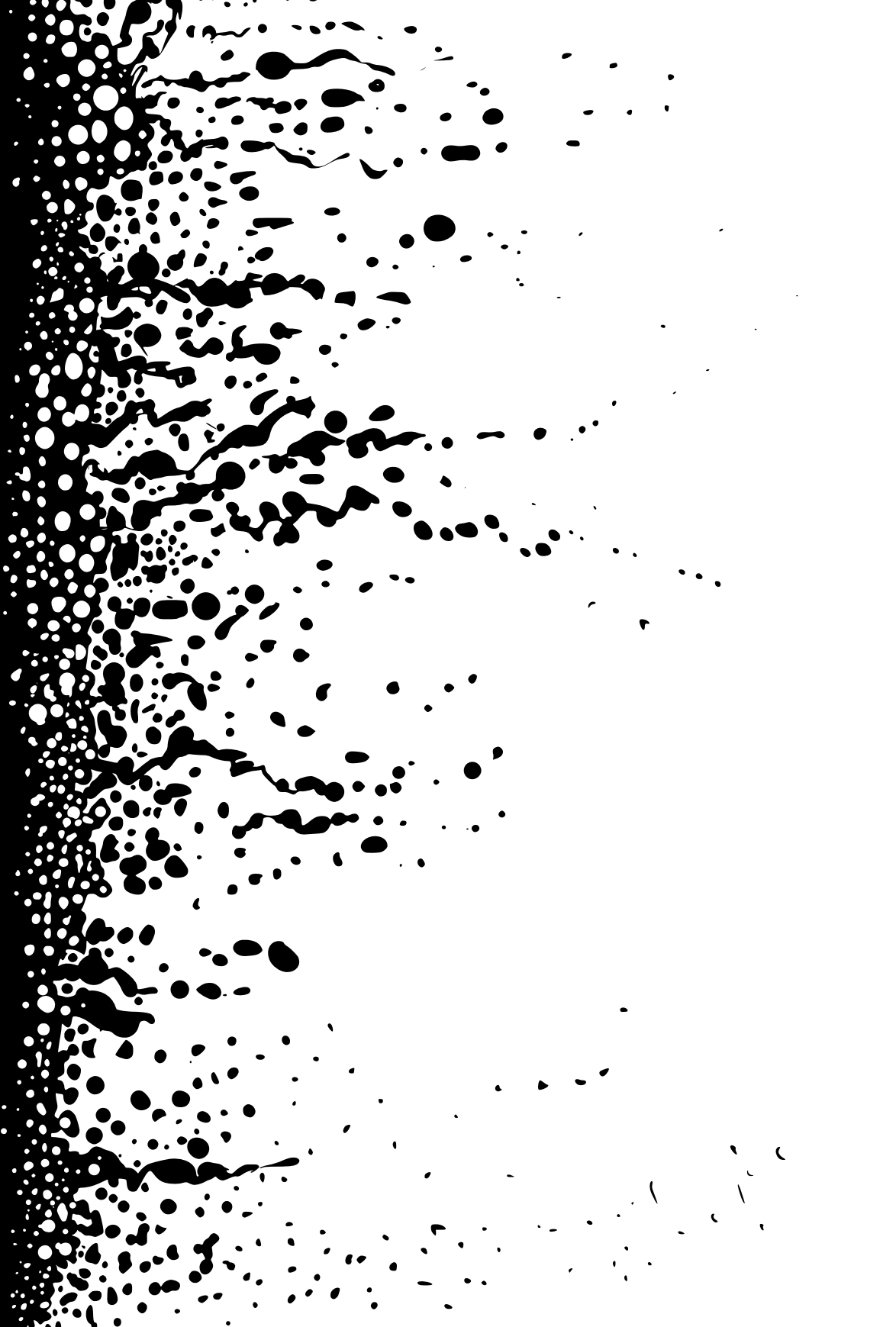












To my three girls
Lillebælt - Øresund - Amanzimtoti



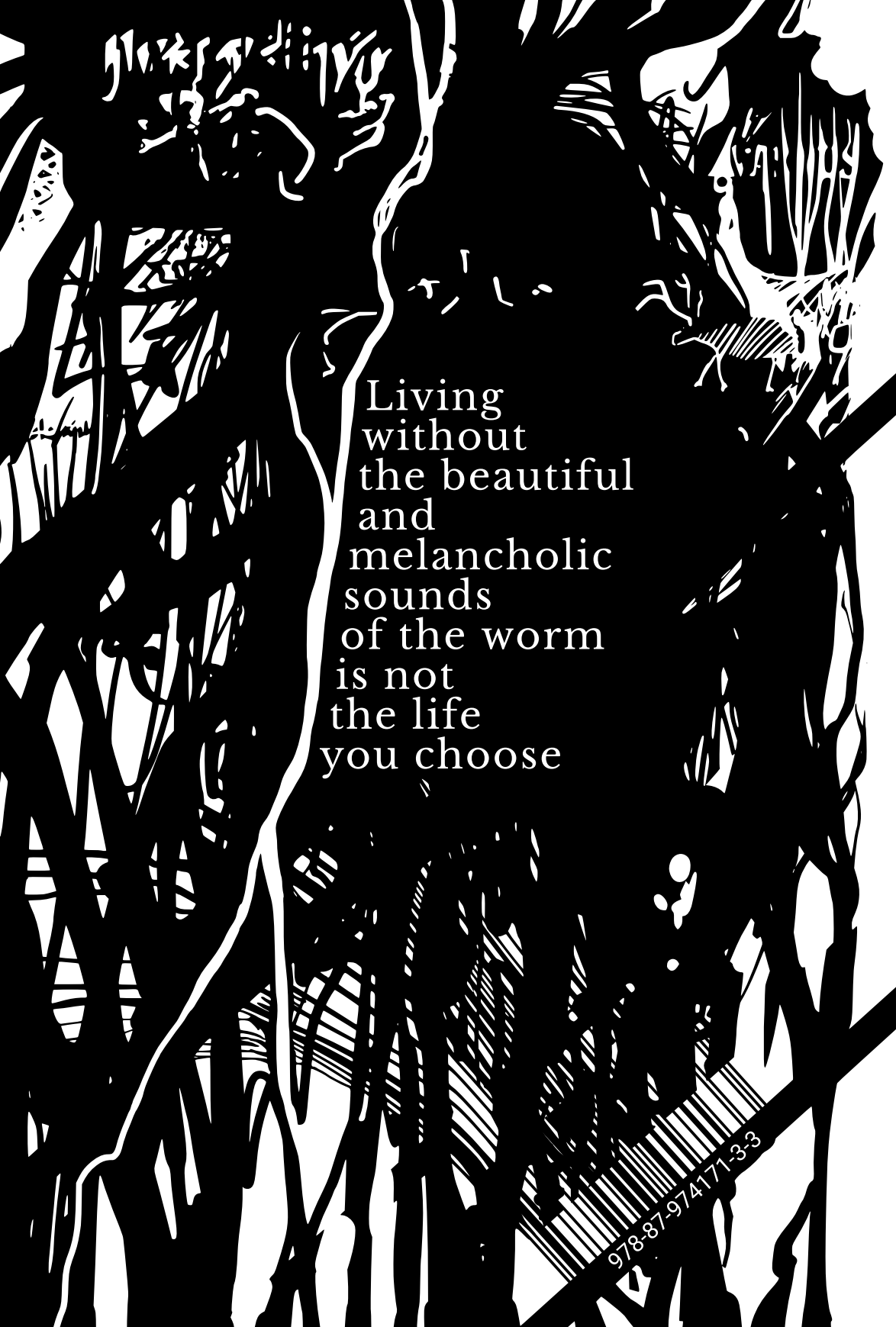
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Living
without
the beautiful
and
melancholic
sounds
of the worm
is not
the life
you choose

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