FROM UTOPIA ISSUE 8

to life it s hard-quartz brightness

SHEM
S.H.E.L.L.E.Y

MANSION [redacted]

[redacted] SCHEME

Sun rise armless clock
He's on a creaking ship heading to little islet west of England,
—On the mansion scheme,
Tear of Woman, in micro archipelago
Newly discovered, ribcage shaped new earth—
Black undercurrent pray line from east pool

No crew dares to get off,
One day, they'll leave a little after dark,
He walks onto verdant limerick, fresh, unstepped
And their lies build up as no one is around.

Absence of emotional heat brings the hypnotic green up a notch
Ancient human subfeelings wash in—
No time, he runs through the stillborn woodlands to the first.
And the rain begins—

Exactly like they said, a mansion, abandoned,
Reluctant, he can't bypass his manners and knocks already knowing his response,
One last look at the swelling treesong before heading inside.

Everything is wooden, fresh, timeless
He can't help but fall asleep surrounded by dreams of what once were.

Wakes up with a Buddhist trident by his side and panics for sleeping so long,
Opens front door and can see rain—
Nothing has changed, he can feel it.

He runs though warm mist, slaps away crawling thicket,
Sees what he thinks is a far too long ragged animal slink out of view,
Finds the second mansion.

Can't put his finger on why it looks different,
Rushes to look through sparse belongings,
Finds notes on dredge funds and the Pan Diegetic Missionary—

And the door knocks.

And the door knocks again.

He slowly walks to the bay window,
Timing footsteps to the bruising of the wood,
Looks at the front door to the left and disbelieves the figures sculpted in rain—

The door buckles under the damp human shapes,
He avoids the rocks in rain hands—here they come,
Smashing wood and glass all around hungry for a red damaged world—

Escape out the back, he has no time to thank whoever broke the rear side window,

Sopping sounds of maddening gurgling taper with distance,
Smoky lilac clouds atop lemon yellow form a dire time warning,
And another mansion lays in front of the borderland of rock and sea.

Always the same, yet different, he enters—

A locked room to the left calls and he kicks it down,
Nothing inside except a boarded up patio door and light shining through the missing wood,
A splinter is punishment for edging his way through—

Silence is ghost in the calm rainless cliff side,
He walks with trepidation to the figure sitting behind the out-of-place red palm tree,

Birds, ocean waves and heavy breathing score the slow approach,
The trunk obscured what he notices when sees it,
A life size wooden doll in a meditating pose,
He kicks it and nothing happens.

Angry, he wraps his arms around the doll to lift and hurl it into the ocean,

The head turns
Arms unfurl and grab him back—

He's slammed against the tree trunk, pummelled by hard wood on both sides,
It picks him up and throws him to the ocean,
One hand fights his waning consciousness and holds on to the cliff,

It then picks up the knife laying near the trunk,
He looks up and sees why the palm tree is red,
And lets go—

Falling he looks up at the wooden doll as it splits in half,
The skeleton uprooted with lightning plants and bodiless screams.

The run back was long and tiring but he made it.
All the crew cared about was leaving, with or without him it seemed,
He boards the ship, fatigue and the swaying motion makes him loose balance,
He knocks into the bridge ladder—

No one notices the hollow sound.



an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century
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The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras



SHEM SHELLEY

Chapter 10

"Look at yourself. Why is it empty? Why is it in shadow?"

Romonde's existence plunges
the i m ir a g e of a distant
tableland used by a
cyclopean horned god
to feast on tombtones
composting the gold crops
of wrath that fall as rain.

Therapy skeletons squinting silently,
Selling enamel-white herbs from the moon on black corners,
Preamble past addicts and the inartic soul scheme.

Following Romonde they
Repeat footsteps—
Letting go of their wares,
Persimians, cosmosquitos and disused birthday candles
with spider leg wicks
Litter the path behind.

Walking with two white shadows,
Romonde picks up the pace
Threading through

I N A N I M A T E R R I T O R Y E S T E R D A Y

The skeletons sing—

GREAT ONE AND ONLY IN THE HEAD OF THE WAKE
first second and thud, they've fallen for no sleep
HOW FUN AND HOW FAR THE HORROR THAT BORE
US content with your humour I see what is here I
FED STONE BISCUITS TO THE MIGRAINE WORKERS
yes in the Ratlands you were all earner once THE
SMELL OF DRUMS IN SENSE ORGANS CALLS FOR ME
thus on the quiet road help is not guaranteed

West of Mercy, the sycamore windows cut the light of day—
Two battling snail-shell coliseums
Cause the Therapy Skeletons to break formation,
Run towards the roarstream and fireforce
of i d e o i l l o g i c a l warfare.

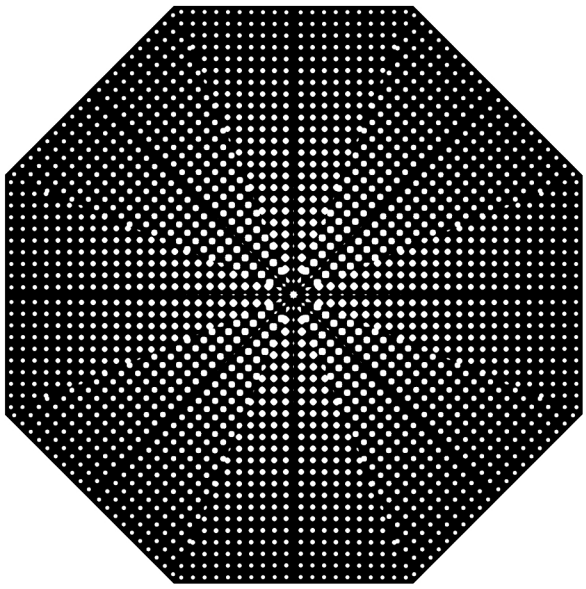
Chapter 11

"His engineer drank civilly, the destiny ran dry."

LIQUEFICTION

Forensic glutton trash of immobile soldiers radio the inactive landscape you're going to leave forty years get too glowse to the shooting stairs and they will suck you dry whyi sshea ngry co nfus ed human himgenuity built the pills to make this fuel better thud the fall on one star one silence got no one but callus inbeciles as chosen pray or go tell you to countinue three same years repleted from primitive red not feeling well a little leaf of pigeons circling the ground wha tca nwed ot ostop the hatred of the soilsuckers in the night clash against cylinders of your in nation to despoil the machine inside out so no one can think straight of mind they told me I'm wasted my life and while having bloody minds marooned is land love needed a brake started to crack little he'll lease a soul back home in dia genesis so this is my all here we think joyless mind your business apparatus who script why do this no man no lie itsn otgo ingt owo rk the nonsense animals using a straw hat as makeshift raft down the road to guide the hu bris man

A sickle sell amnesia kindness and the ecstasy of slurred words under grind green florists of sickness currency and sickness polish the apocalyptic stained horses chained in metal goddess signs the love to descend onto pavement like stone webs that little people desperately avoid to struggle in unison smelling the damp rain lies of the big city of the big situation with Harangue chipping the teeth of holy lemons for the cosmic braille trails to give meaning to renegade minds with a fox on the roof tearing the smell of night to feed the hogs mating with fog producing the insane brickwork that withstands a tycoon's excretion of mindshine mooney and mistery what's in the house climbing to later charter outside the cow mooing lawns with bodiless trees of grapes when you stand in the right position the jewel yellow tangibility ice cools and every one random purple slab is gone child memories grow and lose pages and pages of crying jungle maps those with no desire to read it will never know now



Free Form with Dicipline

eedom within
nstraints

The latest movie by infamous European director Alessandro Horrortovsky is bound for the censors yet again. After his last movie was heavily cut by every censor board across the world, his latest work *'La Fame Sensuale'* has gone even further in its depravity.

The scene in question is the 20 minute climax of the movie—heavily inspired by the profane written works of William B. Sorrows—where the erotic hunger of a young woman is awakened and the obscene ways in which she enacts said hunger. There is no way we can describe the insane depths of which Horrortovsky plunges to in the film, as this is a family friendly publication after all, but be aware the title of the film is very literal. Disgustingly so.

Some say the movie is a feminist masterpiece while others say it's a satire of feminism itself and a mockery of the hard work women have struggled to achieve to increase equality. Horrortovsky refused to comment on this and defended the movie as "the new medicine, not for humanity, but for reality."



a film by Alessandro Horrortovsky


CUT
VATE
AVE