grand Odysseon logs of our continental dream



ISSUE 9

SHEM SHELLEY

PROMUTOPIA

No, not even that. I began to learn.

Turin, Italy, 2323

William B. Sorrows: Mr Horrortovsky, it is a pleasure, but before we begin our discussion, please enlighten me as to where in Europe you hail from?

Alessandro Horrotovsky: Ah yes, many wonder this, just as I used to! But, the information is lost! I myself have no roots and no physical bearing from where I came from.

Sorrows: Ah most fascinating! I'm curious what your parents said on the matter? From what I've read, your father was an intense figure and I wonder a man of his vigour would've said on this mysterious situation?

Horrortovsky: My father said only one thing to me as a child. When asked where we were from, he said, "from your rope, the land of nooses where they pray to the Holy Hangman."

Sorrows: It seems your father would've made a wonderful writer. I'm envious I didn't come up with that sentence.

Horrortovsky: It does sound like your writing! And I must say it is a great honour to be speaking with you.

Sorrows: Please Mr Horrortovsky, you can rest assured that the honour is mutual. Film has never been a medium I respected until I came across your work. Your plump images bursting with meaning that tangle the profane with the sacred—truly mesmerising!

Horrortovsky: I cannot take credit for my films, they are dreams that impregnate my consciousness and form life of their own will.

Sorrows: It would seem that what you are saying is precisely related to a new theory I've been working on. I believe that all the great writers are written by another Author. I myself am in contact with my Author.

Horrortovsky: An author? The mind incarnate?

Sorrows: Author with a capital ‘a’ and not necessarily the mind, more so a symbiotic relationship. A looming dominance of creative energy. A feedback loop. I feed my soul into the Author who writes me and in turn the author gives me life.

Horrortovsky: The ouroboros! The tail or tale to rejuvenate.

Sorrows: Aha brilliant, perhaps we solved the meaning of this ancient hermetic symbol Mr. Horrortovsky!

Horrortovsky: I must ask, is this the key to your writing? I’ve never come across words as powerful as yours. The danger was suffocating. I remember reading a passage from Gamelan Limbs—I think it was the passage All You Need is a Mad Driver?—and I couldn’t breathe. It was like inhaling the smoke of burning flesh! I needed fresh air!

Sorrows: I must admit that is a most pleasing reaction to my writing! But, I cannot say at this stage. As I said it’s still a theory and thus I lack the appropriate evidence to flesh it out at the moment. But if I had to illuminate the key to my writing, I’d have to point to an anomalous experience I had as a child.

Horrortovsky: Ah childhood of course! I was told of this experience from the friend who first shared your works to me, but please let me hear it from the true source!

Sorrows: I was haunted by a colour I couldn’t describe. No one else could see it. It was the absence of colour, a cold breathless movement—I called it a devil.

Horrortovsky: Were you brought up religious as a child?

Sorrows: Not particularly. My parents were far more interested in money than anything remotely spiritual.

Horrortovsky: But perhaps money is spiritual! The spirituality of the damned!

Sorrows: Very true, and that could be a splendid name for your next film Mr. Horrortovsky!

Horrortovsky: I’ll keep that in mind for the film after the one I am working on, but please I interrupted, continue with your experience.

Sorrows: Oh yes, the experience with the colourless devil lasted 13 years. My ability to create was severely limited in that time. My health fluctuated as I had bouts of illnesses that crippled me. No doctor could find the cause.

Horrortovsky: Inspiring. You're resilience from coming back from such a adversity astounds me.

Sorrows: Conflict or collaboration. If there's one thing I've learned in life, it's that one must collaborate even with a devil if they have any hopes of surviving.

Horrortovsky: True words my friend. True words. So how did you begin to write after the devil encounter?

Sorrows: The moment the 13 years were up I was bombarded with an accumulation of mental pathways that—to my understanding of course—allowed my thought process to spatially leap across a newly built information architecture. What you describe as danger in my writing is a perversion. A leap into the forbidden.

Horrortovsky: Yes, I understand. Truly. The missing letter K in the ritual as it were.

Sorrows: Exactly.

Horrortovsky: But to return to your experience, would you consider this colourless devil the same entity as your Author? Perhaps an evolution?

Sorrows: I have contemplated that, but I have to emphatically say no. There is a distinct division in their energy makeup that refuses to even associated in my mind. But, perhaps this is all just the ramblings of a man whose mind is lost to words and is tumbling further into insanity.

Horrortovsky: I would love to reassure you of your sanity but coming from me maybe thats not a good idea!

Sorrorws: As a fan of your works I must agree! I feel as though we've talked enough about me Mr. Horrotovsky, you piqued my interest so please tell me of your next film.

Horrortovsky: Ah yes the next child born from the transpersonal.

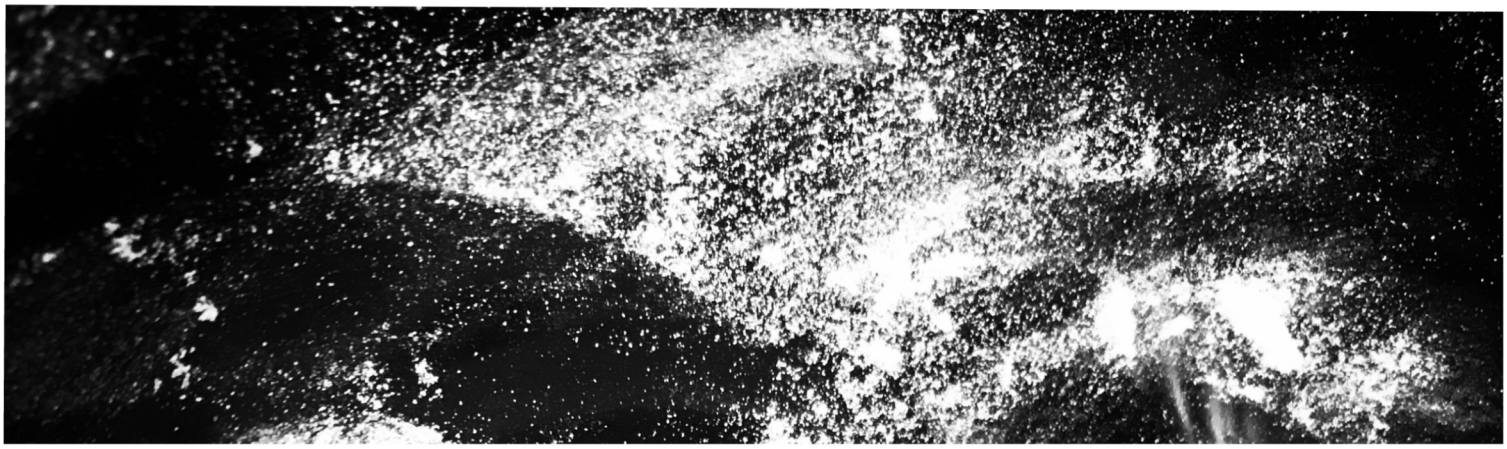
Sorrows: A child as, if I may say so, as deranged and hideous as your last?

Horrortovsky: Perhaps worse!

Sorrows: Again you've piqued my interest! I can only imagine how controversial this one will be, so let me ask you what led to going further down the demented rabbit hole? Infamy?

Horrortovsky: No, not even that. I began to learn.


god is nowhere
is
now
here



shem shelley

the tragedy of

ROMO N DE CONT RERAS

an anti-epic poem that will change
the course of the 21st century

Chapter 12

"As I slept comfortably I could see a spider reaching for the stars."

Recycled abandoned children congregate around an ancient bake house,

Using rusty fingers to trace the alphabet of crucified insects.

Large full wing stars drift down to earth as ice memories of charred elephants,

As the King of Rain lets loose from her gate the dog woman from Liarland.

Romonde weaves through bipolar rivers
Past suffocating mushrooms wrapped in black plastic,
Paying no attention to the unsightly pools of Camels,
Disintegrating out of fo c u s.

a ring of sunflowers,
expanding when breached,
inside the air is layered with
dust

and the fresh underbreath
—intoxicating.

Licking slow-moving oil painted
clouds and snapping broken books,
a tiny gremlin witch wizard sits in
A B L I S S

"Sackrifice sacriface acrid ice sacred face,
Can't remember the word, but neither do the humans"

Romonde s(hr)inks to gremlin witch wizards side
Ready to listen to the
HUMID BEAST TOME

"I call it my Magnum Hopluss,
All the secrets of the SOUTH,
All the scraptures"

H U N M A N I F E S T

"All of them found on shared roads,
Yet no one dares to read them.
These threads — all the secrets
Hidden in huts of animal excrement"

—Bash the beauty blood out of a diseased mind

"The Grave Bard writes from his dead,
Using a pencil of lead,

But I use my own tool"

THE DEVIL'S PENCIL, it drew blood, as he sharpened it, the shavings of gristle liposuction globules drop like stinking accordion to the ground S M E L L O D Y sound of insurrection as the notes fall and dance goat-legged folk tales, pool into glaring void pupil shutting the body's odoor on the way out

"They caught the déjà flu, their doomnation was destined,
But you know this."

A PILE OF MENTALCORPSES
S H I M M E R

And Romonde remembers the decapitated Godhead,
The R H I N O H E A D

"Go back to your RE(li)GION"
—the earth trembled as the head spoke

Someone replaced the Moon with a Rhinoceros Egg
a e o n s a g o, the moment it stopped
Constricted by a strange new farce
All transmitters set to receive
Dull c e m e n t m e m o r i e s

THE EMPYRE NEVER TENDED

—Romonde feels it even here

"And once we reach Genosis,
The blanck soil will come cascading—
Out of the head!
Seven globes!
Each more violent than the last!"

Parting sunflowers, Romonde begins to leave,

"Manufactured fire is out of control!
Burning down sweet arcane sugar memories!"

The semisandwich shaped nexus
Repossesses the space between
Piping green trunks as is lands
Unutterable exit.

"Cannibal crystals devour e a c h o t h e r crafting
hailstones of humanity's greed!"
The tiny gremlin witch wizard continues reading,
Continues reading,
In the ring of sunflowers,
Reading...

GEN



OSIS

Hotel in Barcelona

I spoke to countless experts. I needed to understand why. We were lost. On holiday is Spain. Drunk, yes, but that can't be wholly to blame.

The app led us the hotel. Not ours.

Bathed in blood red lighting from who knows where. Mesmerised, all we could do was walk on in. It wasn't even like a dream. It was worse. It was real. Chilling medieval Spanish fresco bubbling in the heat. It looked like tarot imagery painted by a insane person.

My daughter was feeling ill so I had no time think. Maternal instincts kicking in to find a room. A bed. I just wanted her comfortable. It's the type of thing you see in a movie. Characters loose all common sense and do the stupidest thing possible. I know now that I should've left, but hindsight is a sick joke.

My daughter nearly collapsed but I pulled her along past gaudy furnishings and a display suit of armour. The red light made murderous shadows of the metal figure as I found the stairs. Only down. A building that clearly had multiple above ground floors and yet there was only one way.

After taking the stone stairs a few floors down I finally found an unlocked room and we collapsed in the red-gold mosaic four-poster bed.

All the experts can agree on is that it was an SEU. A single-event upset. A particle from space that hit the silicon chip in my phone causing the GPS to malfunction and lead us to this hotel.

One dot. One stupid single dot. The greatest loss in my life. The experts can tell me this. Can work out how these cosmic rays collide with our atmosphere and cause secondary particles, but they can't tell me what happened to my daughter. No one can.

When I woke up I reached for her. The noise. Her screaming. The window. Bone white faces and hands and eyes pulling her outside. I tried to reach her but something threw me back and smacked my head on the bed poster.

I woke up in an identical room. The same room above ground. Just me.

A freak accident. That's all it takes. One stray particle.

One dot.

From out there.