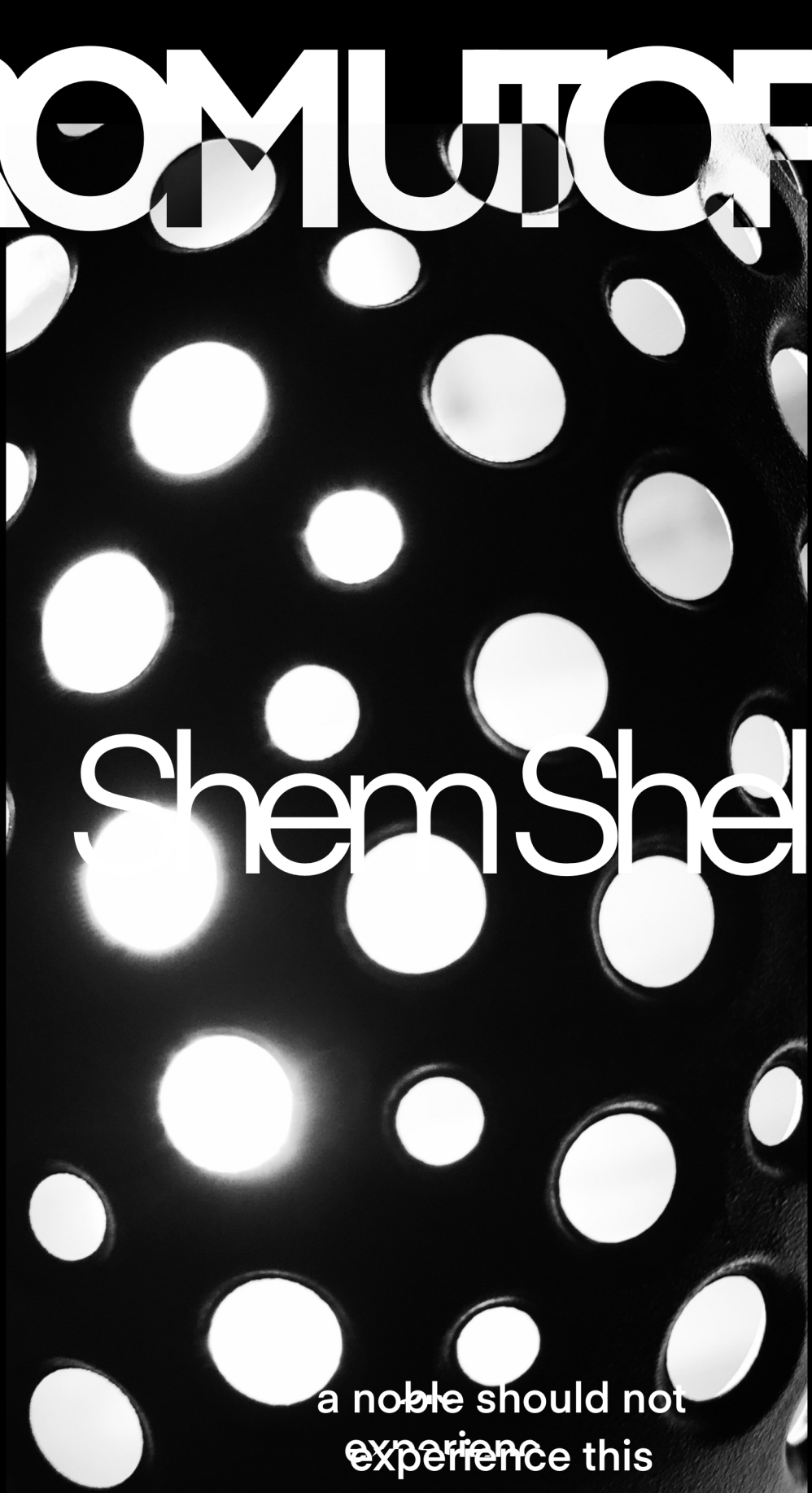
FROMUTOPIA



Shem Shelley

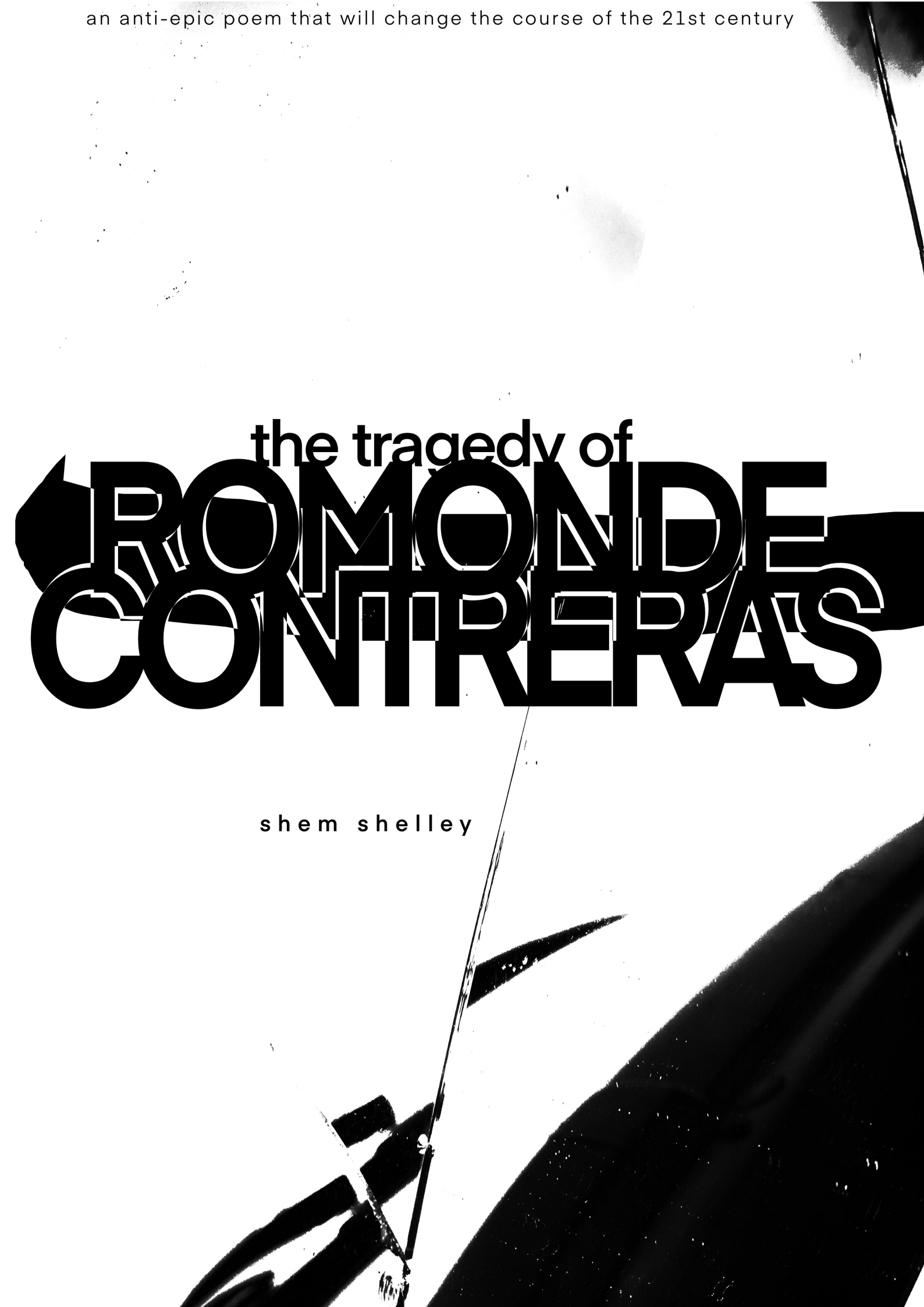
a noble should not
experience this

issue10

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

the tragedy of ROMONDE CONTRERAS

shem shelley



Chapter 13

"And it was the day after judgement day."

on a continent of dried leaves,
an army of woodlice protect
their A T O M I C A T H E D E R A L

As the ground shaking from footstep cadence
—walking war drums to ear drums,
(what is happening in the world)

N-E-W-S-P-A-P-E-R-B-A-G-S on their heads,
Keeps the brain hiber-nation in check

—THE PRECEPTION OF WOULD-BE GHOSTS—

Wielding long whipped tongues,
Of yore blind apes,
Further distorting (un)reality, they
Attack the Work-Ethnics

C
OPPPRESSS all pig-ments
M

Beads of hydrogen drop off and scatter leaving only the unintelligence molecule—

The Non-H u m a n e's turn on themselves instead of the bile-filled CYST STEMS above them leaking acid disguised as nectar into the gutters to fuel their fake red engines as the CENTRAL ETERNAL OPERATOR snorts the colourless and laughs at the earth's d e a t h e n i n g madness while scrutinising the 0.00000000000000000000001% money-making inefficiency of the savage underworld.

FOR M
ULA

*****

IN THE EYES OF HAM I SEE THE EUCLID DREAMS
IT'S SUCH A BOAR TO ME THIS LUCID GEOMETRY

*****

"He does't like them.
These words.
Lawyers, taxation,
congress, jurisdiction.
These bloodless words.
White as a corpse he said.
They mean nothing to him."

"This is why he must go."

"I heard him speak.
He was telling them how an
artistic movement should be
a cauldron of piranhas
not a swimming pool party."

"Soon, she from Liarland will
put an end to this—
the wrath of dog."

*

G O D S M A C K E D
Luminous insects mistaken for stars high above the
OCTAGON roof,
Watery ghouls sing on this masked
i n t e r d i m e n s i o n a l demon hoof.

Chapter 14

“By which I mean new prospects have slithered open.”

Across the seadark road
The F L A M E N
throwing their opinions
as MAGMITUDES to
harm the skinless

Refuse to let live the
P H I L O S A P P H I C

Chapter 15

"I once met the Kitchen Alchemist, he who turns bread into mould."

A rhythmythological creature walks
from abandoned bed on street to
lively spot of social warmth, ready
to collect donations for its upbeat
cause.

Dread prevents this, as the creature
strikes fear into everyone who sees
its downbeat appearance. Melted
plastic skin, a crown of red pigeon
feet, unsavoury off-white rags as
clothes, and a forever dislocated
arm—its motion when walking
crafting the immeasurable
calculations of fallen minds
long lost to time.

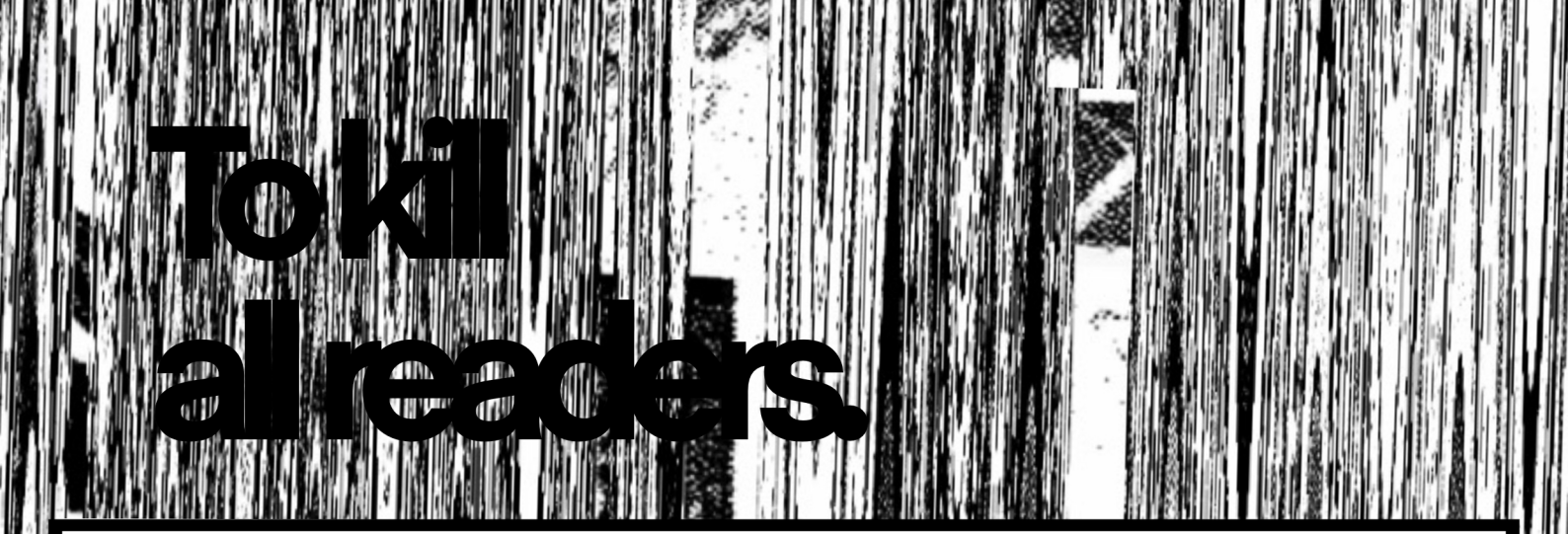
It sits on the pavement in its usual
spot, in front of a hole in the ground
filled with bubbling MARCH waters
where concrete rubber ducks come
to rehydrate and feed on prawn
clocktails.

Countless walk by, afraid to make
eye contact but someone finally
gives the creature a black/gold coin.
The splitting image of Romonde
Contreras causes the Rhythmythological
creature to crackle like a misshapen
thunderbolt in a Raw Panic Seizure.

It takes it's dislocated arm and reaches
into the mystic depths, plunging further
than thought possible until there is only
the silent rhythm of the creator—and
it stops.

Composure regained, it places something
in Romonde's hands, a string necklace
perhaps, of deified chicken bones left
by muserats in alleys of mystery.


know
ledge is not
for all
there
are
things it is
given
only
to
some of us
to
know



Part II

Sorrows: How does one follow La Fame Sensuale?

Horrorotovsky: Well after focusing my energies on the introspective Moon of female sexuality, I realised that my next work would have to be blazing Sun ripe with masculine sexuality.

Sorrows: I am most excited to see how you achieve this! Does this new work have a title yet?

Horrortovsky: Ah yes it does. SOLOMONDAY.

Sorrows: Solomonday? An intriguing name. Is it related to King Solomon?

Horrortovsky: Yes! A nude King Solomon clothed only in his golden crown. An iconic image no?

Sorrows: Of course, and I applaud your ability to cause impending headaches to film censors everywhere!

Horrortovsky: I was once told that was my reason for my birth!

Sorrows: A most noble birth indeed. I'm intrigued by the Monday. Please explain this.

Horrortovsky: King Solomonday is simply a manifestation of the day Monday! Every day a character, a pantheon of gods. Saturday's death begins the film, as she is assassinated by a holy order who plan to imbalance the workweek for their own gain. Solomonday's attempts to fight the order are unsuccessful as it is revealed the rest of the days are working with said order and so he escapes. Saturday is resurrected as a workday with Sunday being the only day of rest. Cast out of his telluric duty, Solomonday gathers an army of angelic concubines to fight the holy order and kill every day until there is no more.

Sorrows: Exceptional. I can only imagine how this synopsis translates into your tremendous visual style.

Horrotovsky: As you know with my films, there is much more to

them than a simple description can ever hope to achieve. The movie will be an orgiastic constellation of images! There are scenes that will go down in history!

Sorrows: Your vision is remarkable Mr. Horrortovsky. Truly I believe you will birth a host of new unforgettable images that will enrage and possibly self-destruct many a prude. It sounds almost like you are making an epic? Will the budget of this film will be vastly more than your previous?

Horrortovsky: The spirituality of the damned have blessed me! But not too much more. I make my films with my entire being. Absurd amounts of money are a cosmic cyanide to the great artist. I have more than what I had before, but still nothing comparable to what the American dogs throw away on their cinematographic bullshit.

Sorrows: Aha very true. Cinema is likely never to return to its glory days as a whole it seems. I was reading recently how it's now impossible for cinema to even reach a third of what the computer games industry makes. Fascinating how things can change so quickly.

Horrortovsky: Games are an interesting medium. Have you dabbled?

Sorrows: I have not. I have though, through my various researching for my work etc, I have at some point researched a peculiar cult of gamers.

Horrortovsky: Cult? Like those virtual reality worshippers from last year? The massacre in New Jersey?

Sorrows: Less extreme, but is some ways more extreme! An underground cult of digital addicts who spread fascinating ideology through niche gaming forums. They truly believe that by controlling the artifice reality of their games, that they are in fact reaching enlightenment. By controlling, they are being controlled. Somewhat similar to Hofstadter's strange loop concept. It's rather an engaging delusion I think.

Horrotovsky: Never have I been more interested in games!

Sorrows: That's only the tip of the iceberg. Part of this ideology has taken a rather vicious turn into conspiracies regarding the birth of 8th dimensional gods into existence. Humans playing games are but an energy provider for an alien race etc. Some of these depressive addicts seem to justify their addictions as playing more to end the world by bringing forth it's destruction

through this alien god. It seems that in the demise of the old virus that was Scientology, there are strains of darker and more demented delusions being gestated currently.

Horrortovsky: What depths of humanity have you discovered in your research! This is a lesson to all those who wish to write.

Sorrows: Undoubtably. To write is quite simply to set the recorder on and never turn it off.

Horrortovsky: Wise words. But, I have to admit, you have increased my interest in games. I've generally been too busy to be able to touch them but I was recently contacted by an interesting Russian games developer.

Sorrows: To collaborate perhaps?

Horrortovsky: I think that was his underlying message yes! After everything you've told me, I may begin to discuss something.

Sorrows: Other than your film crew have you collaborated much in your past work?

Horrotovsky: No I've lived a solitary creative life, only collaborating with spirits I encounter. The books of the past, these mini monoliths of symbolic wisdom!

Sorrows: It's a rare breed nowadays to find an admirer of books.

Horrotovsky: I tell those who admire my work to stop abusing their bodies with junk food entertainment and read read read! Only the reader is a true builder of images. Ah yes, while we talk of books, what happened to your collaboration? The legendary book you were writing with the great William Snake?

Sorrows: As with everything wrong in the world, it's delay stems from the interference of those who kneel to whatever currency they've sold their soul to. We're having a few difficulties with publisher, well, as you can guess and most definitely know about, due to censorship.

Horrortovsky: Aha yes I learnt from the master! I'd love to know what the book is about! What insanity will two masters of the profane bless the world with!

Sorrows: It's called, We are Invaded by Humans. It's a story about the earth before humanity arrived. The world governed by an archaic race of humanoids with no external bodily features except long metallic horns protruding from their heads. Humans, who at this point in the story have no genitalia, invade the planet and find out the horns are an incubator and inside the

humanoids heads are ‘Nerotically’ charged brain worms. Through a series of events, the brain worms and the humans intermingle and cause a catastrophe.

Horrortovsky: A perfect mix of both of your styles! The edenic obscenity of Snake and your science fiction madness.

Sorrows: I must say, working with William has been a pleasure. He’s, dare I say, the most demented mind I’ve come across, and I’ve met my fair share, present company included.

Horrotovsky: One day I will adapt a work of you or Snake into cinema. Perhaps not yet, but one day when audiences are ready to see such a thing!

Sorrows: The amount of adaptations I’ve turned down over the years is astronomical. One talk with these factory produced directors is all it takes for me to see into their creative wells, dropping a stone waiting to hear a splash but no sound comes out.

Horrotovsky: Many a Hollywood director would crumble with your criticism. The weak fools.

Sorrows: Well if they want a modicum of success, they should do as I do and only accept criticism without the ‘is’ of identity. It’s the immortal writers secret. Oh and also don’t stop.

Horrortovsky: You are immortal my friend but let me ask you one final thing! You say don’t stop, but what is there left for you to achieve? You are already the greatest writer of our times!

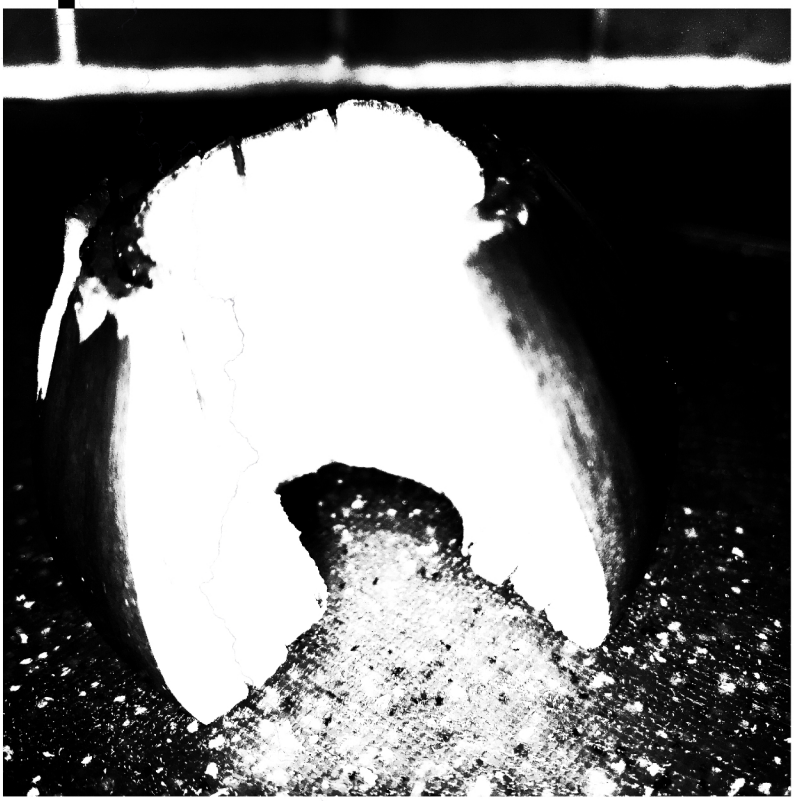
Sorrows: Ultimately my goal, my life’s work is to craft the perfect sentence. A sentence so powerful it would change the world. Mr Horrotovsky, my goal is to craft the death sentence.

Horrortovsky: To kill your readers?

Sorrows: To kill all readers.



lɛzmæzɛstel



QAfrica

Why the Q? On the sign. Q, Africa? Makes no sense. Yes reoccurring. As a child. Well it was once a, well a... an idea. I thought I made it up. I remember the red sky. Dark, but warm. The dark feeling you only get in old memories. This evil thing. Talking to a kid. Imagine being that old and seeing that. It was on a desert. In this huge expanse. Not white sand but, well almost fabric? It had patterns. Shapes and such. Not that, just different. Weird land just someplace else. Yeah it spoke. I can't remember, it was so long ago. Just, well just feelings. Sentiments of invading someplace you're not supposed to be. Yes it was threat. Another language. It had jagged teeth. I knew that for sure. Something about finding me. Reaching me. Well, that's the part that made it more threatening. Not knowing. Even today the fear. I laughed then if you can believe it. Must've been shock. But it hasn't happened yet. You're right, but it could still happen. It could still find me. My passport? The old one? Why?