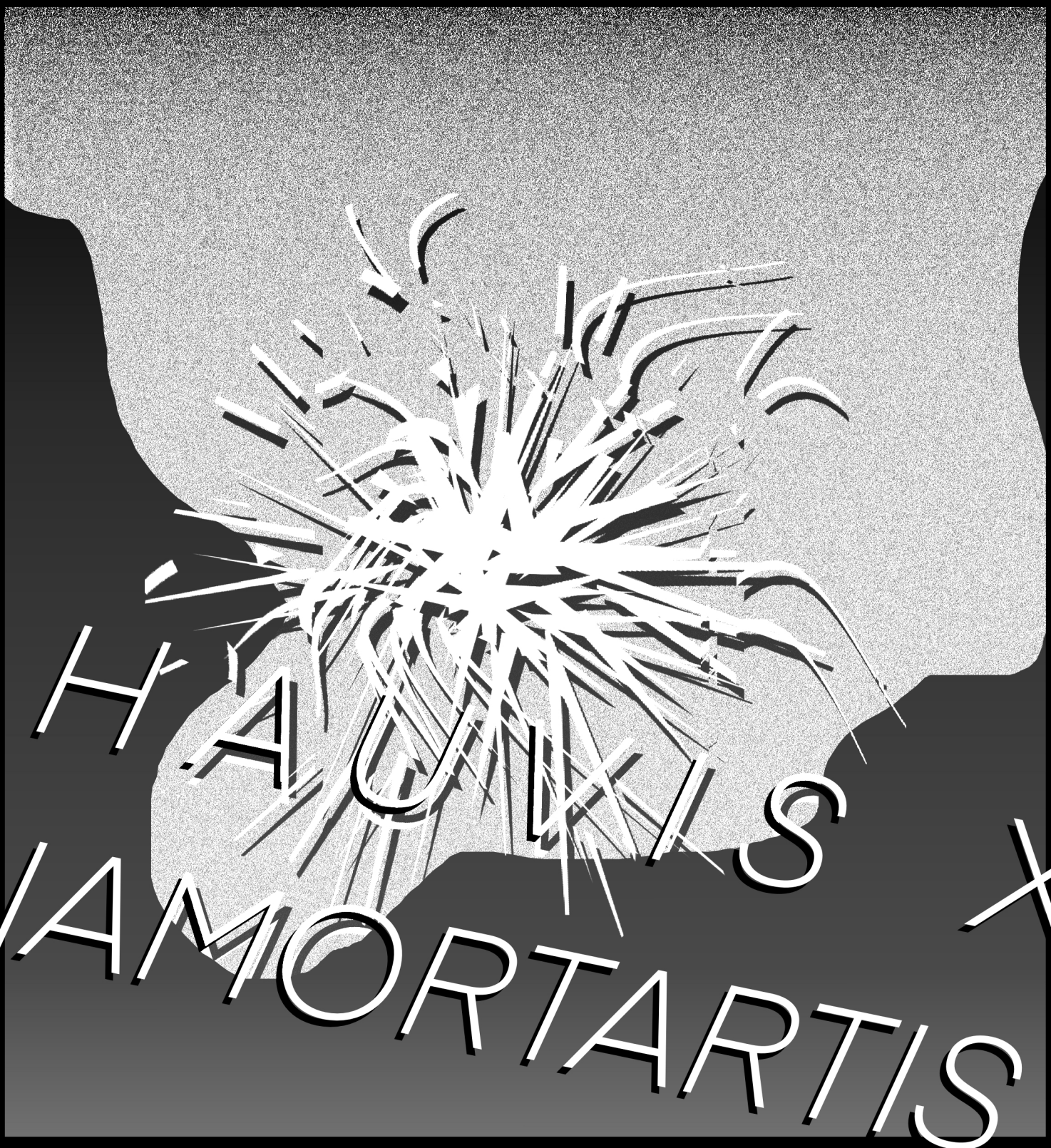

20
PROMETHEUS
apes, in imitation
Shem
Shelley

HISTORY OF THE CARDS PROJECT HDSS #1



Aboriginal lurkers of dusk talk of the black cards that predate their olden ancestors. These voided bricks of building destruction, only the bravest were foolish enough to dabble in their bleak occult magic.

But these were not the only cards talked of in hush corners. The white cards, the fetal forms that held very little power and were said to grow day by day. Information deciphered from alchemical manuscripts speak of their haunted cosmic lineage, like dread stars.

TRAGEDY

the



of

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

ROMONDE CONTRERAS

Chapter 28

"I spoke to the gold stones in her body and told them to leave immediately. Of course she refused."

the path splits and opens in tongues drop out jewelled black stones
one path small goes to lift and one path humane goes over wrought

P Y R A M I D S T H E D E N I C O R P S E

Funnelled into separation, Romonde notices the sound of rippling xones snowfalling to ground, like surreal clockwork in a tower already fallen.

Deeper in the humid shade, the walls brighten,
And a hallway of old fashioned ideas crawl
Into the Biodome,

SEPHALAPAW'S ARE WAITING—

Four human tall, headless, and carrying their Octohaupt
Holy Sinners,
Gods of the deep,

"Look up and see,
through the cracks
in pavement,

our window into their

V I O L E N C E I N T I M E

into their soverainworld,

we gave them puddles to see above,
to see what they can aspire to and
yet they ignore our message."

—Romonde sees phantasmic flickers of Golden things dancing in the b l a c k l i g h t

“Let us show you,
Come near.”

One Sephalapaw reaches out and lifts Romonde,
    And through the light bearers, ceiling cracks above,
        Looking down upon the world from below,

A nuclear bomb with rusted ostrich wings flies by,
Chasing the deadreams of young crumbling newbuilds

“Notice how their children
play games to avoid the cracks,

it is our way of ensuring sight.”

—Flickers of blasphemic equators tightening on night numbers

Romonde looks up with wonder at the sudden
w
e
i
v
HERE COMES THE INSTANCE

bronze bad breathe exhales furious goldrot
as the Sephalapaw pulls Romonde away

the Biodome now a
D R Y G O O D DEN
for breadheads
flashing lights and jagged
e l e c t ronics

The Füher Figure

Titan copper body sped up movements slowed down to human time gores a Sephalapaw with evil’d horns you’re the victim they fight back and the roaches and centrepedes pour through drywall rot rot rotting underground disclosed spider slit and Romonde can’t breathe

A SEPHALAPAW STABS AND CRACKS THE RIBS OF THE COPPER GOD THAT FIRST HANGED MAN—

Tentacult black markings spread as
Flung meat sticking to the walls
His PYCHSMTC screen—

Exaltation Improvement to Vanity Habitation

In the blast moment between a flash two Sephalapaw's bring their grave hands close to Romonde and conjoin fingers which latch in form a hallway out of their long lair as walls become statuesque heads of white lagoon dwellers each spitting out little cosmos' blacked in time

—And the old goose philosopher stumbles and falls into hell



Bizarre Gamblings in Asia

BIZARRE CRUMBLINGS IN ALBION II

"My name is Reyna Sabbah."

Those were the words that started the broadcast, the words that began this turbulence.

While I read the transcript of her speech for the tenth time, I couldn't stop wondering why she changed her name. What was the meaning? There was something there I couldn't quite grasp. Something about this new name that she so boldly threw out into the world.

Using a name like Sabbah would only add fuel to racial tensions, especially in a country not intelligent enough to withstand them. Was that the plan? It didn't seem likely judging by her goals, but one has to ask these questions—especially since there was no mention of who she represented. No mention of the liberation front she was supposedly a part of two years prior.

I was too busy contemplating what was happening to answer the phone call from home. Told them it was too hectic to answer, which was somewhat truthful, but there was more to it. It was getting hard to breathe again. Nothing felt right. Everything was bubbling up around me. Everything was becoming confusing.

I read the transcript again for the eleventh time. When Reyna first started talking it seemed like she was reading from the typical 'they have done this to you, but we will be the ones to free you' cult playbook, but the way she spoke, was different. No one could refrain from being captivated. Words flew out of her with such fiery passion. A phoenix is all I could strangely think of looking at her. Imaginary flames so hell bright, I felt the sear.

This was an event. Something new was taking place. We all felt this. Silently, we all felt the change. In a time of too much information blending together all experiences into a boring paste, here was Reyna slicing through the mediocrity we'd all become accustomed to.

I must admit that I admired her. This woman smouldering with intensity. Was I being hypnotised? Was that the goal of this broadcast? Again, one has to ask these questions.

“The only way to destroy their system is to stop the flow.

And the only way to stop their flow of symbol magic, is to debase it.

I curse their money. All money. Every drop of currency is now ruined. Every drop, whether digital or not. It doesn't matter. I curse the idea of money! This shit! In the minds of all those who are controlled by it.

My name is Reyna Sabbah and my goal is destruction.”

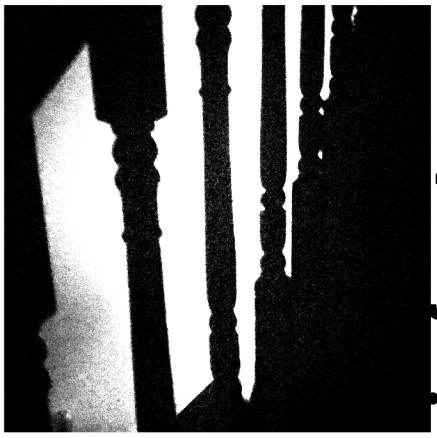
She ended the broadcast turning her back to the camera with what looked like a reverse sign of the cross. Instead of the ‘Father, Son and Holy Spirit’ this reverse gesture supposedly invokes the ‘mother, daughter and impure flesh’. ‘Non Serviam’ is the meaning, Latin for “I will not serve.”

I will not serve.

A phrase that will come to mean something in the coming days.

Bizarre Crumblings in Albion will continue in From Utopia Issue 21

unAFFECTed of the



in front

Warina Izokovich, the great 22nd century performance artist most known for her 'Cyber-feminist' masterpiece *Live at the Bitch Trials* presents her next performance piece,

Human Tape Recorder Orchestra

Instructions for Glass Rhythm 1762

VARIATION I

Each member of the orchestra baring the conductor is a clone specifically prepared for that night's performance.

The audience is seated and the performance begins.

After exactly 10 minutes I get up from the front row and walk onto the stage.

I randomly choose one member of the orchestra, pull out a gun and end their lives as the rest of the orchestra continues.

The orchestra are trained to not flinch and are designed to never stop performing no matter what happens.

Unlike a normal orchestra performance, each musician has a microphone set up to record their playing.

After I have killed the orchestra performer, I reach into their pocket and pull out a muted tape recorder playing back their part of the performance.

I turn up the volume, as the tape recorders are synced to playback at the beginning of the performance.

After placing the tape recorder near the microphone I randomly choose the next musician and repeat the process.

Once every member of the orchestra is replaced by tape recorders I walk off stage and back to my seat.

The remaining performance continues until the end.

VARIATION II

Each member of the orchestra baring the conductor is a clone specifically prepared for that night's performance.

The audience is seated and the performance begins.

After exactly 10 minutes I get up from the front row and walk onto the stage.

I randomly choose one member of the orchestra, pull out a gun and end their lives as the rest of the orchestra continues.

The orchestra are trained to not flinch and are designed to never stop performing no matter what happens.

Unlike a normal orchestra performance, each musician has a microphone to record their playing.

After I have killed the orchestra performer, I reach into their pocket and pull out a muted tape recorder playing back a new part from a different performance.

This new recording is a tribal musical performance with the exact same number of instruments as the orchestra.

I turn up the volume, as the tape recorders are synced to playback at the beginning of the performance.

After placing the tape recorder near the microphone I randomly choose the next musician and repeat the process, slowly drowning out the orchestra.

Once every member of the orchestra is replaced by tape recorders and the transition from orchestra to recorded primitive sounds is complete, I walk off stage and back to my seat.

The recorded performance continues until the end.

No two performances are exactly the same as the random replacement of instruments with tape recordings creates new textures and allows new groupings of instruments to be heard.


SOCIETY
RAIN

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