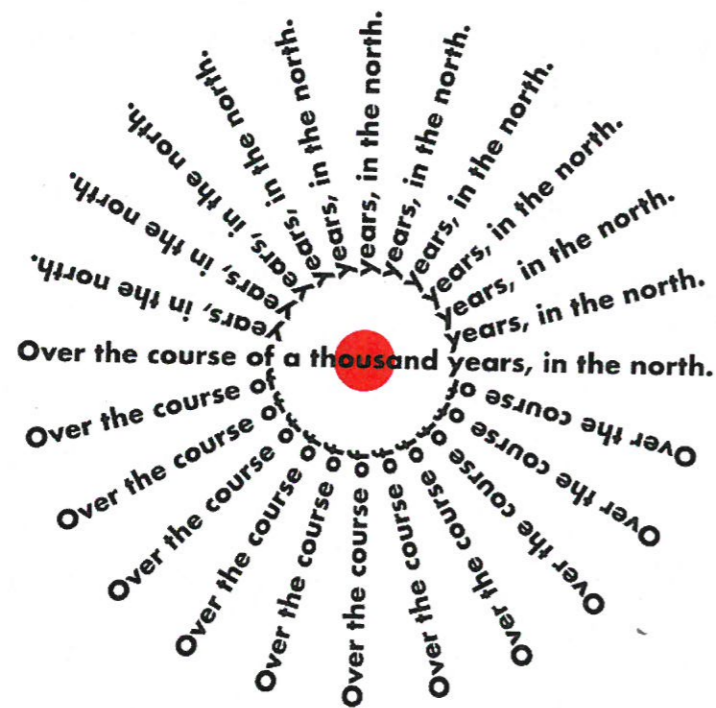


2nd November 2019

Introduction: how to read this newspaper



Coven press

Helsinki Edition



knack for referentiality, though she prides herself on never being caught dead reverting to overt quotation. Her style is uniquely her own; an ambiguous genre, an epic tragicomedy. One in which true eccentricity is the bread and butter of the heroine's greatest triumphs and, ultimately, alas, her catastrophic downfall.

In true ancient greek tradition, virtue is Ms Ashby's speciality. Her interspatial landscape is dyed in green-brown light. Her eyes are made of blue material that highlights the lands, making her uniquely poised to excel at her position as Senior Manager of Splaces. She is able to fast track the identification of desirable splaces in the Splaceaverse and thereby secure the reputation of Coven Press as one of the foremost miners of new splaces in the volatile and hyper inflated splaceosphere economy.

In addition, Ms Ashby has an uncanny predilection for form and contrast. Her musicality and rhythm is like a sharp inhale and a stab-to-the-heart sort of exhale. There is an urgency to her howabouts and whatnots, to her heretofores and whathaveyous. In addition to her formal duties at Coven Press, Ms Ashby is the office manager for safety, and in that capacity can be regularly seen inspecting water sprinklers or errant floor boards or loose stapler cartridges.

Curiously, she is never in a rush yet almost always late, much to the chagrin of Jacoby Sander Gemini Samuelsson Jr., who is, in general, a real stick in the mud about punctuality. Lately, and rather mysteriously, she has been making more infrequent and dramaturgically erratic visits to the office, something that has raised the single eyebrow of Coven Press founding member Zinkenstein McPherson on more than one occasion.

Zinkenstein McPherson, Founder and CFO

As founding member of Coven Press, Zinkenstein McPherson appears and disappears with deft exactness, the space of her shoulders ever expanding. Like a mirage, a brilliant racehorse,

she surfs on the alkaline and iridescent surface between reality and fiction. With shiny hair and elegant limbs, she displaces gravity throughout her moving parts with various speeds and intensities. The mane whips, the arms float, the fingers trickle.

"May you find peace in the diagonal!" says Zinkenstein to herself every morning after waking up and before going to bed. These words bring her wisdom and insight which she generously bestows upon her beloved enterprise Coven Press and all its cherished members. With sweeping gestures of kindness and creative wizardry, she chasses through the hallways of the publishing company lending an ear or foot to any and all of the sensual journalists in her path. "Buck up!" She seems to say, "There's the thrill of exactitude to carry your bones high and your britches low." There is a swift joy in every letter put to print by this woman.

As a young girl, Zinkenstein was lost in the beauty of world, secretly dancing with the garden plants, ringing with the sound of her own brilliant voice, watching the potential of her own art emerging. Nowadays, as founding member and owner of Coven Press, she completes sentences with commands. She inserts periods with swift and deft pleasure, yet always a hint of self-deprecation. There is a constant future present in her methodologies in life, love, dancing and writing. She takes all hostages from the inhuman and human world, from ideas to thoughts to smells, but always does it with love and makes sure the others are on board (willing or unwilling...)

Jacqueline Starr, Footnotist

Jacqueline Starr, imaginative modernist and perfectionist, is at the helm of all the footnotes for Coven Press. Additionally, an expert in the punctuation arts, she completes the final polish for all of Coven's oeuvre. She does this with exactitude, buoyed by her unrivaled authority on the correct usage of the comma vs. the semicolon. Always up for a challenge, her punctuattention has recently shifted to the ellipsis. Mlle Starr tends the surface, further enhancing the potential for context and ground, and so continually refining and reimagining the mounds of Coven Press.

With the sweeping language of a soft car, Jacqueline moves the Coven's readers to affectionate political actions. In fact, her ulterior motive in regards to footnotes and punctuation is to sway the minds and hearts of readers with such precision that they are no longer sure whether it's a political position they are taking or "just" an obvious one. She has no doubts and she takes no excuses: the political is obvious.

In her spare time, she enjoys knitting and working with textile arts. She chooses her actions mindfully before setting them on fire but when she does they are so full of intention that any disquiet quiets. She loves heli-skiing and urban javelin throwing. With the exception of Ms. Ashby, who joins her on odd weekends, none of the other Coveners know anything about the javelin.

Jacqueline Starr is a long-term member of the staff, responsible for Friday leisure and Monday meetings, where she dedicates the common time to long discussions on the trickle-down and bottom-up perspectives of sensual journalism.

Frances Dupont, Co-Founder

Frances Dupont is one of the founding members of Coven press. She is known for dancing her way through journalism, scooping up any sensational news found on the horizon. Many a heavy edits have left the deft hands of Frances Dupont, and many an author have cried their way from the office due to the eviscerating and clear discernments of her red pen. Her office nick-name

is "The Shark." Her edits, credits, and shred-its are second to none and in the long run invaluable to the press and to the parent company.

Frances is also Coven Press's divination expert and has invented her own astrology system. With her as a staff member, she brings three-dimensionality into the work place through daily, weekly, monthly and minute-updated forecasts. Her rhythm is specific to the surrounding she invents; with her, a second can become a decade.

Frances uses different methods for seeking knowledge in the unknown. She reads into tea leaves, her own guts, the coffee grounds, the clouds and even the dirty plates of the other staff members after lunch hour. On her spare time and amongst friends, Frances will on occasion convey verbatim messages from old lovers from past lives with great sensitivity and generosity. After a failed career as a surfer, her hands grew big. The spoon she uses is off the hook, literally, it is too large for any hook, drawer, or shelf. Luckily, Frances' step-father ran a journalism school off a remote island in the cold waters of Peru where she was able to silently transition from surfing to journalism, and surrounded by good company picked up all the basics for becoming the shark she is today. With hands that big, she never misses a detail, however how suburban. She refuses the dichotomy of center and periphery, and keeps offices in several of the cities suburbs, refusing to visit any staff meeting unless they are located in what is (momentarily) culturally (politically) referred to as the periphery.

Belinda Ashby, Senior Manager of Splaces

Belinda "The Tightrope Walker" Ashby is head fiction writer at Coven Press LLC Ltd Inc. Recently, she was promoted to Senior Manager of Splaces, (a coveted Coven position) much to the disappointment of Jacqueline Starr aka Lola, who harbors a secret personal footnote of her own alongside her job as general coven footnoter and punctuator.

Ms. Ashby is most known for stumbling backwards into the content she covers. She has a distinctive

BREAKING NEWS: the barometer

Planet Dearth Dry

Planet Dearth ran dry when the poles shifted from one day to the next with no warning. Now we know it was an outage in the magnetic central generator. The switching of the poles messed up all the clocks, un-syncing the clouds which stopped raining, disrupting the notification and alarm systems, disturbing the coordinated flight paths of the birds who so heavily populated the screen-skies. The birds became so thirsty and disoriented they drained the central well, starting the great draught. Their constant movement was the only screensaver, and without them, the skies are burning dry.

Exhibition Cooking Up a Storm

Ground Pepper Mixed with Cocoon Shavings from the Thousand-year-old Magenta Grass Larvae is now on exhibition in the National Gallery's new department for culinary history.

Optical Illusion Wins Out Over Frosting

Near the southern coast of the City of Monrovia, a seahorse has been spotted, saying in a loud, clear voice: "To finish a cake is no simple thing and so I opted for optical illusion instead of frosting."

GM Fish in Ecology Experiment

A pool of orange and yellow holographic carp was imported from Osaka with barcode-printed tails. A Dalcroze-Zhwarizmi team of Algorhythmists are still working out the exact genetic choreography for habitat optimization.

A tiger bares its teeth at a row of children waiting in line for ice-cream.

Overcome with scorn for the additional atmospheric heat caused by the refrigeration of frozen foods, the animal kingdom is starting to let humans know they disapprove. Several large predators have been seen in recent weeks turning their bite not towards prey, but towards humans enjoying cold foods in an ever warming climate.

Dumpster Protest

A forgotten dumpster in the alley next to Wincher University overflows with kex-choklad wrappers from the young gentleman living on the third floor, triggering a campus-wide protest against food packaging, organized by the dumpster, who said, "I'd rather be obsolete and empty than treated like this."

Slow TV Returns to Screens

The board of directors of the Slow TV channel announce the addition of a nightly program to their schedule: the Earthworm Road-Crossing. Discussions are underway to determine whether the nightly earthworm crossing will be temporarily suspended or a split-screen double-bill for the weeks of the Great Annual Moose Migration. The weekly Bones Trapped in Amber Update is currently under review for a promotion to primetime.

SCIENTIFIC RUMINATIONS



Time as the cave where all the lights have been blown out. Time as physical, material.



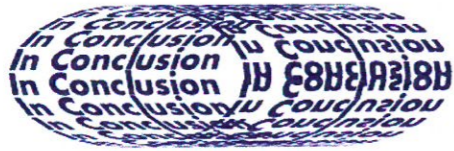
The bony porcelain organization that supports our continuum relies on: Movement, rhythm, and something like a libidinous drive for verticality.



If you're dancing about something, you are not dancing because you take out your abs and you need abs to dance. Or, you actually take out one ab (ab-out) and that would be weird because there are several in the body. And it helps to have abs.



Two globes have to pass through a portal that is too small for both planets at once. Some scientists believe they will go one at a time, some scientists believe they will have to compress into the space of one, together.



Time Gymnastics

ooooooooegggghhhhhmmmmmm!
ooooooooegggghhhhhmmmmmm!
Three moons and four menstruations in slide-why
Super static super sonic slithering slavae

It manifests its precise lack of destiny
Underlying divinity and body has my booooooddy
If five minutes ever was so long, sss sss sss,
This is called t t t t time gymnastics

errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrraaaarrrrrrrrrrrruuuuuuurrrrrrrr
Rrrrooooooegggghhhhhmmmmmm

Slippery snakes and slimy mini-me's
Smiling serpents and slushy slither see's
Sheeew sheeew don't you try to tether me
Sludging and zooming I sing this melody

Eeeerrraarruuuuuool
Eerrrraaarruuuuuool
Your sick smiling slavae, slavae riding down the road and
ssssssssssssssssssssss du dum

Do do do do I want to take you for a
Little walk where the river meets an ocean door and
Financial models keeps neeeeeeeeeaaaaawwww
Don't talk about talk because I heeeeeeear yaaa

makes the whole room listen, sensitising not only the people but the space itself. This ritual has kept the Coven free from repressed anger and conflict for years. Being absolutely grateful to Coco but also concerned for Ms. Plumberg's own wellbeing in taking on such a heavy role in the office, the Coven bought her a special turtle-sized tepid jacuzzi she can retreat to when needed.

Before her arrival at Coven press, Ms. Plumberg worked at Stockholm University of the Arts, and was solely responsible for improving the inadequate measures of artistic features in the institutions interior. After much frustration with having too much ground to cover at such a slow pace with no assistance, she transferred to Coven Press, where she was able to develop all of the above mentioned and now renowned and sought-after methods for office organisation. Her previous employments have all lasted longer than expected, and so will this one.

E.L. Deville, Linear Fictional Gossip
Elishina Lucinda Finklestein Deville, better known as her online persona "Drama on Stage," specializes in linear fictional gossip, in all its forms. E.L. is a notorious interviewer. Her humor gets her interviewees to lower their guard and relax, yet she never takes her eyes off the prize. She is cautious and apprehensive, but fears neither change nor humor. Originally a painter, E.L. is a 2 dimensional thinker. She is known in the industry for making uncompromising choices where others hesitate to do so.

She is elegant yet menacing with a stone-hard gaze and a badass attitude. She is a slow predator. On an annual basis, she chooses some of her co-workers as favourites and has her way with them. Her left hand is open to the future while her right makes way for others.

Her linguistic compositions are performed at festivals and galleries, so her audience is always in mind when she is writing. The best known of her literary works is Looking at Me, Looking at You, an intra-species collaboration co-authored by her house cat Cinderfuckingrella. Her attention for

individuals has also led her to publish a series of unexpected biographies, including one about Commedia dell'Arte, her own father. However, her writing always comes back to dance history, especially its blind spots. She knows her dance history and how to play with it. She was born during the Egyptonic phase of the uninterrupted epoch and has many years of experience in floor work. Her hobbies include: animal anthropology, knee skating, sun stroking, sitting yoga and staring contests.

Don Conley, Investigative Reporter
Formally educated as a carpenter, Coven Press' investigative reporter Don Conley works undercover. But clumsily; their method of remaining undercover is to be a peripheral observer by calling attention to themselves in bizarre and unpredictable ways. They thereby manage to thwart the expectations of a normal undercover reporter, rendering their own cover unblowable. Conley specializes in the art of unfinished hieroglyphs, an interest born from studying ancient books of the calligraphy scripts of Immanuel Kant. As a researcher, they have published several publications on publishing hieroglyphs. An expert in deciphering difficult handwriting, they translate the untranslatable with finesse and pizzazz.

After relocating to the art of sensual journalism, they mastered the ability to survey and comprehend the global dispositif of an institution and transform it into vivid matter. This sensitivity towards inanimate objects led to Coven Press' in-depth exposé on the treatment of office chairs and water coolers, and their relationships. Conley painstakingly performs measuring rites, with all of the tools available to them. The feet measure the distance between love and loss; the hands, the distance between a poem and a fact; the hair that wooshes elegantly from one side to the other measures the distance between the sky and the magma. Don Conley is staying on the periphery with a childlike playfulness.

driver was considered necessary, as was the case with many now obsolete narrative conventions, such as, for example: a compelling sense of forward motion in linear time, heroic transformation, conflict and resolution, battles between "good" and "evil," etcetera. Adam The Plat Driver reminds the Coven Press writers and editors, with his good humor, that he is indeed just a ghost, no longer relevant to their literary aspirations, but as with all good ghosts, he can still have his word, perhaps if only in passing, no pun intended.

Jacob Sander Gemini Samuelsson Jr., Janitor

Jacob Sander Gemini Samuelsson Jr. is the janitor of Coven Press. He is also the originator of the term "sensual journalism" thereby casting an enormous influence on the overall ethos of Coven Press. He "borrows" things from the supply cabinets in order to take them along as passengers and witnesses on his long, attentive forays throughout the building. He is furiously distracted by dust piles and by trash cans overflowing with drafts printed and binned by the rest of the staff. Trained in microbiology with a specialism in slime mold, Jacob Jr, or J.J., tends to the bacterial cultures of the office. He starts early in the morning, in order to avoid his coworkers, and ends early in the night, in order to avoid his coworkers. He once toyed with the idea of becoming county sheriff, but that idea faded when he saw the kind of hat he would have to wear.

After years of working at Coven Press he decided to fuck with the fabric of time. Now he regularly makes seconds longer or shorter depending on his whim. Some called it magic. He calls it Penman. He has been awarded the Man Chi Chi award for attentive care to Speculative Journalism, the Sweetwater prize for his debut short story "The soft shirt/skirt" and the Bladder prize for outstanding cleaning.

When he is not working, he is often seen to be staring out the window pensively, and at this time it is inadvisable to interrupt him.

He is known to regularly share choice words with founding member of Coven Press and divination expert Frances Dupont. Their exchanges make the rest of Coven Press orange with envy.

Silvia Plumberg, Office Turtle

Coven Press's pet turtle Silvia "Coco" Plumberg is the closest thing at Coven Press to what is usually referred as an "Office Manager" or "Secretary." But what she does for the office has no such title, in fact has no title at all, as it is so unique and difficult to summarize. Sylvia is most often found under the furniture of Coven Press. She sits beneath the desk of a different staff member each day, in order to comprehend the office dynamics and the work of Coven Press from all possible perspectives. She guides the office in contemplative practice every morning, as they follow her in a slow walk through the office and its surrounding gardens. The route that Sylvia takes differs daily, the nuances of her movements determining the daily workflow structure as well as meeting agendas. Sylvia also takes minutes on all Coven Press meetings, by selecting and collecting objects left in the meeting room afterwards - paper clips, rubber bands, hair-ties, pen-caps, eyelashes, sticky notes and other amulets - in a small pile which is later interpreted and transcribed by the office's divination expert Frances Dupont.

Sylvia "Coco" Plumberg was once involved in a fight with another member of Coven Press (the Coven's office cat Cleo, now deceased) which ended badly for the cat (see: deceased). But her love of cats has all but vanished! The affair dusted her surfaces with might and certitude, an almost religious sense of purpose, and a deep commitment towards unknowing and soft edges that has a tendency to rub off on the room. This potentially traumatising kerfuffle inspired Coco to take the previously inexistent position of Conflict Mediator and Anger Redirector at the Press.

She carries the heavy burden of the Coven's emotional baggage on her back, protected by her shell, processing and releasing it in her daily slow-walks. Her delicacy and explicitness of attention

ECONOMIC HEADLINES

Bloody Rich Mess

The constant flow of menstrual bread and butter from the sons to the grid comprises a previously unseen derivative for a financial model to provide steady cash flow. The bloody grid calculates the incalculable and manifests its precise lack of destiny, over a confidence ellipse predicting high monthly returns based on non-reproduction.

More is less?

Current estimates announce the pipeline must be retracted if we are to (ex)change the winds of the generative isms of predictability, let alone bling in time. When does multiplicity yield more and when does it reduce? Experts race to determine the tipping point.

Multi-lateral translinguificatory justification bloopers have risen over the last quarter to unprecedented market value. "There's plenty of water, if you just acknowledge the ledges and ledgers," says one of the sector's most blooped statisticians. "Nonsense!" the olfactory bulb decried. "There is only one source of water and that is politics," said a tiny voice rooted in apathy and gingivitis.

"Neoliberal capitalism... IN THE DANCE STUDIO !?"

Scandinavian universality reveals itself as literally a huge and porous longitudinal plasticity, and dare we ask, for the sake of knowledge-production and its meager but steady market-value: why is lightness a value? Current debates around the yet-undetermined exchange rate between levity and weight continue. Coven Press's investigative research team reported with utmost conclusiveness: "The dance counts. The currency is money, love or the amount of tears which could also be sweat. Sweaty, salty tears that come from a source beyond any body."

Condensation
Condensations

Weather

Saturday, 2nd November



Not pleased today. Maybe tomorrow will be better. Avoid transporting homegrown fruit, beware of apple maggots.

Sunday, 3rd November



Alarm systems disturb the coordinated flight paths of birds who so heavily populate the screen-skies. They become so thirsty and disoriented that they may drain the central well, and start the next great draught.

Monday, 4th November



A puddle, a thin puddle, is not worried about being exactly what it is. And being "just" itself will start to give it depth, until it becomes an enormous lake with stones on the bottom. And then, one can start to notice some very fine things.

Tuesday, 5th November



A sense of changing air pressure. Rumors of rain.

Wednesday, 6th November



The sky: quite still, like before a storm. Birds flying low.

Thursday, 7th November



The horizon changes often. If you blink, you might miss it.

Friday, 8th November



Branches will enjoy pushing into the wind, as it loosens their knots.

"Why did I put on that horizon, as my destination?" - Elisha-Lucinda Finklestein Deville

Coven Press Staff Bios / A Peek Under The Hood

Lydia Trundle, In-House Shaman

Lydia Trundle is the in-house shaman at Coven Press. She initiates the work day by making two entrances to ensure that all spirits and movements-past have been acknowledged and clarified. Oh the splashes she cleans! Lydia is the busiest staff member of Coven Press, and gets even busier right before a deadline, when stress is high and additional exorcism and ritual sacrifice is often required.

As the inventor of the training form "circulatory aerobics", she provides the staff with weekly "sensual circuit training," a now essential aspect of Sensual Journalism. Her sense-sensitizing exercises include training for an expanded sense of vision (from how motion affects the observed-thing, to the optics of perspective as applied to writing from a p.o.v., to actual clair-voyance), an expanded sense of hearing (from the non-boundary between listening inward to listening outward, to the sense of musicality, rhythm, and timbre in writers' ideas of "voice," to the channeling potentials of "hearing voices" from beyond this splace-time), an expanded sense of feeling (bleeding the spectrum from tactile-kinetic sensation to commonly more psychologically interpreted states of emotion to commonly more abstracted notions of affect and allowing them all to be one rich and spectral intelligence through all nuances of feeling), and most importantly, the sense of knowing when it's over (very important for keeping the Coven's strong appetite for run-on sentences and distended parentheses in check).

Lydia is highly in tune with all the available frequencies of movement within a single moment. She can slide from one to the next in a flash. This tilting back and forth between various and often totally contrasting frequencies not only manifests in

speed and intensity but also in subject matter, temperament, and choice of beverage. As such, she is prone to wearing either blindingly bright, or dull and muted colors.

Some call her moody, but she re-contextualizes this characteristic with the use of the Frequency Theory (which she invented). According to the ninth principle of frequency theory, each occurrence of perceived "moodiness" is actually a deep-seated and rigorously executed maneuver to conjure shifts of state in the Coven, leading to greater productivity and increasingly efficient, albeit unusual workflows at the office. She always funnels her "moods" into her self-research, leading to more writing, which makes her happy.

Her sun sign is Libra, and she weighs everything on her scales endlessly. However, when she reaches a decision she sticks to it and goes all the way. When she was young she started her own school for folkdance that is to this day renowned for its award-winning dance, "The Hip Switch". On the weekends she plays badminton with ruffians.

Adam The Plot Driver, I.T. Ghost

Adam The Plot Driver is Coven Press' friendly ghost, who lives on the coven's shared drive, and speaks through their machines. He is the Coven's indispensable I.T. Faery as well as the Senior Graphic Designer for all Coven Press publications, transforming the fonts and layout from within the writers' machines sometimes before they have reached final copy edit, making for a slightly inefficient but very beautiful working environment. It is important for the writers that they are reminded of the aesthetic horizons and potentials in their language, it keeps their feet planted firmly in the future. Adam The Plot Driver appears from time to time in jpeg or gif on various documents in arbitrarily referential costume murmuring cryptic hints about nonsense notions like "narrative" or "protagonist" in the digital tongues of ones and zeros. Coven Press' founding members believe that Adam The Plot Driver is haunting Coven Press as a ghost of previous literary eras in which a plot

8βήματα

For Youth, on the Eve of middle-age: Εοί λονιμ' ου ημε ελε οί ιωραγε-αδε:

Can I tell you that story, or are you too young?
But more cynical...
Can I tell you that story, or are you too young?

From a Post-Human, to Humanity: Ενω α βοσι-ηνωαν' το ηνωανηλ:

I was everything in between there and I was very concrete and very heavy.
Then I became a lyftkran working on one of the Hörtorg scrapers. I lifted heavy things,
moved them slowly to the roof of the house, dropped them there and then moved back
to pick up something new. I will come get you out of this hole called Brexit. I will rescue you
on my wide back, flapping my heavy wings and take out of this degenerated island into
another world. I am bigger than you think, my back can carry you, and my legs are so small
that they won't cause a problem. I just need you to find the closest hill, get up on top of it,
and fire your loudest scream for me. I will hear you. And I will come. I will land on that mountain
with my four meter wingspan, over the dry grass, and I will bob my slow but beautiful head
in your direction. You know I don't speak.

Astrology Romantic Math

Planetary Events

A double sun eclipse. The two suns rise and set out
of sync, sending the light gaining and fading in
intensities of twilights and dawns.

11 minutes late stuck stuck stuck sluck sluck sluck fuck fuck fuck fucking can be very nice. You talk about the
darkness when you are deep inside of me, total darkness and isolated body parts. In between, the images
rush through like ads on speed. If you put the numbers 3 and 3 together you get an 8 and 13 becomes 4. It
is a splace made out of numbers you become 9 just because it is the best looking number.

Sports hall designed for children, without a roof, but with some chairs and more than
five edges. Its eight. Or nine. Its three dimensional through with a shiny sticky surfaces
that the sun reaches every 9 seconds. The walls contain something else. A hard material.
They are made of crashed cars. All you hear in this red hall without any roof, is the story
of those people's teeth, that are left over in the crumbled cars.

"Zinkenstein Zays..."

"...Dancing is perhaps not interested in futurism - its
presence anchored in the past. What about endings if it
is following something?"

"It's a triangulation - of sender, receiver and what is in
between them that people end up writing about."

Image: European Splpace Agency. Stars found their way into the foot sole's flesh.

Travel

I go to many places,
not with a certain purpose or errand to run,
but just because my feet stop moving
if I stop moving
and if I stop moving
the dances keep coming up
and I do not want that to happen too often
for I will have too many dances
and I am out of spaces to store dances
and i am way too vivid to keep storage
and to keep order
and to leave things in places
I need to bring everything with me
and all of my backpacks are broken
the straps really break all the time.

Summer Camp Packing List!

Caves
Bones
Critters
Worms
Waste
Wool
Moss
Soil
Sand
City Parts
Fingernail Beaches
Expansive dough

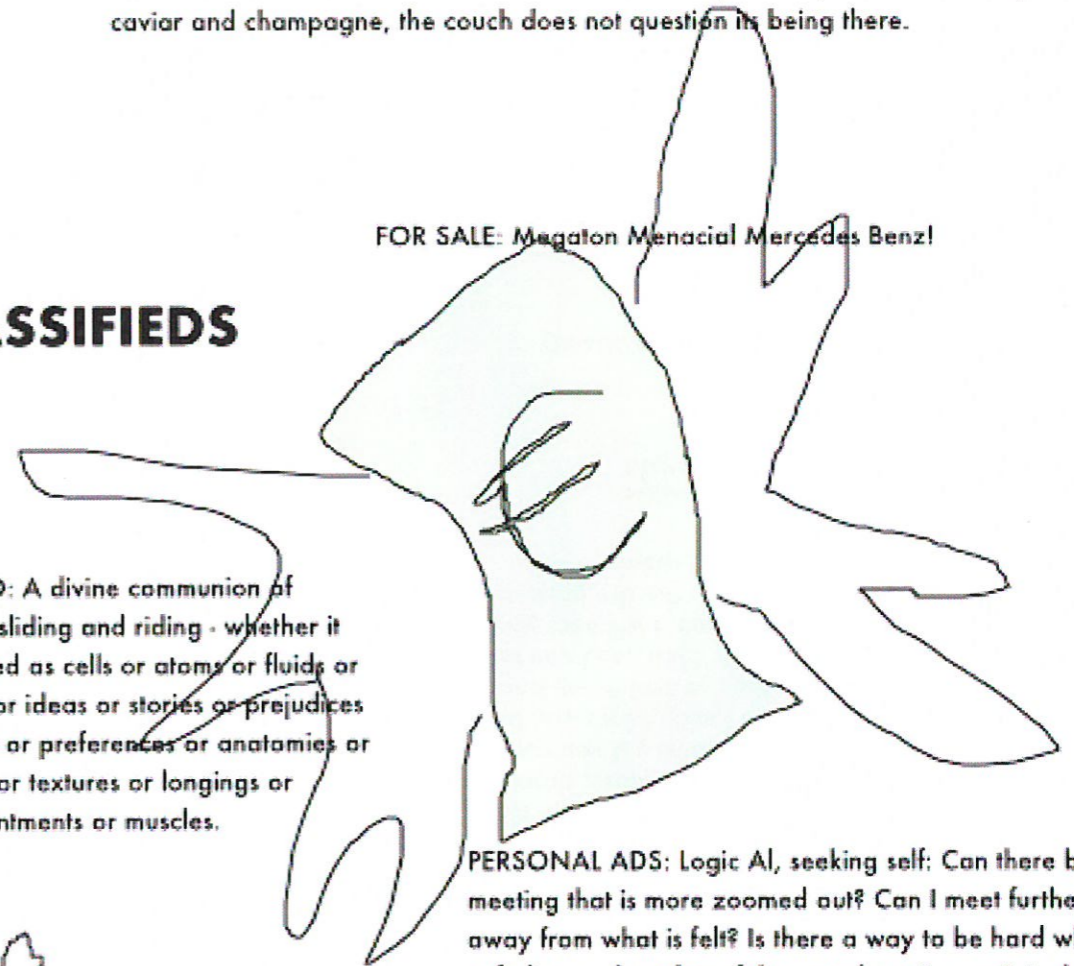
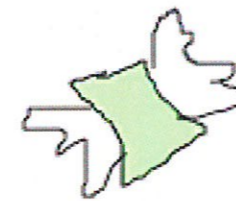
WANTED: An old beat down and cozy couch I can rest in. I want its folds and contours to still have "it". Maybe it might even seem stylish. It needs some spring, some structure and some swerve so when someone passes by with a silver tray of caviar and champagne, the couch does not question its being there.

FOR SALE: Megaton Menacial Mercedes Benz!

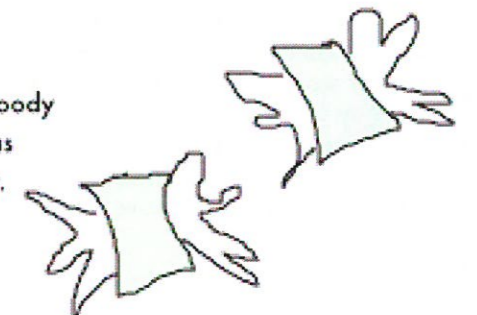
CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: A divine communion of surfaces sliding and riding - whether it be defined as cells or atoms or fluids or feelings or ideas or stories or prejudices or bones or preferences or anatomies or phobias or textures or longings or disappointments or muscles.

PERSONAL ADS: Logic AI, seeking self; Can there be a meeting that is more zoomed out? Can I meet further away from what is felt? Is there a way to be hard whilst unfurling at the edge of the sound moving me? And I just wonder about dualism... Can I see two ways without being cross-eyed? And what about triality, when dualistic logic has festered on your brain for too long?



MISSING DOG: Cleopatra walks untouched and moody down a winding road, wondering where her dog has gone. If found, please notify the queen's pet keeper.

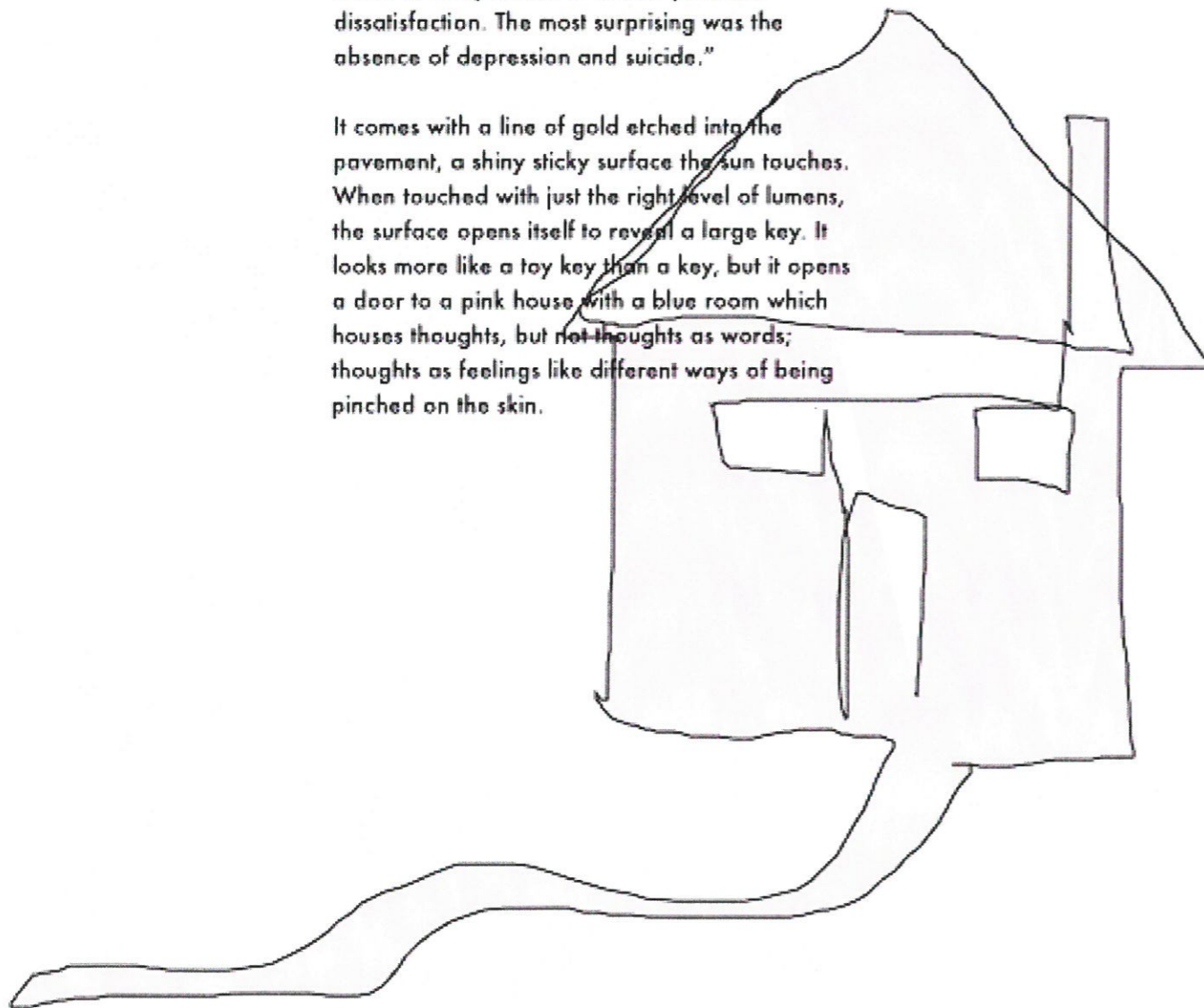


Excavated literature and poetry

FOR SALE: Pink House

Appraiser reports, "I was pretty shocked when I went there. I had never experienced anything like that before. People were well. Life was lived, side by side, in tune. Co-existence, themselves with each other but also in relation to the inhuman members of their situation, was attainable with no fumes of compromise or lack of personal dissatisfaction. The most surprising was the absence of depression and suicide."

It comes with a line of gold etched into the pavement, a shiny sticky surface the sun touches. When touched with just the right level of lumens, the surface opens itself to reveal a large key. It looks more like a toy key than a key, but it opens a door to a pink house with a blue room which houses thoughts, but not thoughts as words; thoughts as feelings like different ways of being pinched on the skin.



Excerpt from a scroll found in the hull of a frozen ship just released from the melting polar ice caps, dated 1253-1271

Shut your vivid little snake, said the dancer to a lake. Up she went, and years later she shook her feather fingers towards a dull world. Fuck this crap, she thought silently to herself and then loudly she said: yes please. She received a lukewarm cup of coffee, drank it quick and then went up to an old sailor in order to ask for a lick down below. She complied. She fell asleep. And the next day it all started over again. A day and a night of friendships and sailors and all she could feel was the cold autumn.

poetry

Chunks of pieces flowing down into deeper darkness where people have never been. Every chunk a maintenance service, a religious belief. It's a whispering war on a transport highway through a hole - but it's not clear if the hole is light or dark or if there even is a hole. Beyond the hole is where it all begins, where it's warmish pink, like if you close your eyes on a sunny day.

Horny Horrors

My spine is redwood, my joints are galvanised iron nails, my brain the roots of the tree of life. I am a hard motherfucker. I am not stronger, I am the strongest. I am not faster, I am the fastest. I am not wiser, I am God. The distance between the tip of my thumb and my wrist equals the distance between the Sun and Jupiter. I am bigger than the biggest. I am the entire universe. I have worlds as kneecaps and suns as eyelids. I am everything and everything is me.

My middle name is attention, my first name conflict and my last name jealousy. I flow through all that lives and all that breaths. I am drama liquified. When your friend flirts with that person you've liked for a long time, I'm there. When that lazy motherfucker gets promoted, I'm there. Self-doubt is my breakfast, worry is my lunch and anger my dinner. I am that fucker. I am inside that fucker and in all fucking fuckers.

I am the rolling thunder. Sweeping in from the north. I cover landscapes in despair and put fear in children. When I approach, dogs hide under tables and laundry shivers in fear. As I am upon you, you have no escape. My wet fingers will reach your every last piece of dryness, making you wet, moist, cold and slightly hot. Every sheet once dry will be soaked. Every lake once easily swam will be a deadly hazard. Every electric outlet is a glance into the two eyes of death. As I scream over the shivering heads of your unborn children, there is no escape.

RIDDLE OF THE WEEK

(see solution in next week's edition)

Nothing is more abundant than this little piece of material right in front of something unseeable from the place someone sits.

Ask Ms. Ashby

Dear Ms. Ashby

When I try to talk my face can not move, the voice comes from inside of the little dingalingaling that is hanging at the back of my throat. It sings about kittens in a tiny voice. It wants to get out but has accepted the fact of staying or dying.

Yours hopefully,

Kevin

Dear Kevin,

Those are the choices you have, stillness or death. The dingalingaling is nothing on its own then it is just a ding.

Yours,

Ms. Ashby.

Dear Ms. Ashby,

Could I be longing for a wash a camb, a horizon, or could I just belong there?

Sincerely,
Doug

Ms. Ashby says...

Dear Doug,

The couch does not question its being there.

Following,

Ms. Ashby

Young adult fiction

She had discovered her harrowing love again, deeply seeded in the sundry tunnels of discontent and kindled fantasies, churned up from the production qualities of pop music blowing through her hair. It was as if it fell upon her out of the sky, like being sixteen again. "AAAAAUGH" she screamed, and let out a gale of stale air from deep in her soul that had been festering there for too long. And she carried on as if nothing in the world had changed, because this is how things were with her. She got what she needed, carefully, mindfully, and precisely without a worry about where it came from and why. She just knew what she knew when she knew it, however she knew it. And then, and so, a tingling sensation spread through her, down toward her achilles, like the feeling in one's mouth after spitting out mouthwash. She moved across town, touching everyone and everything with her sensitive skin.

The wind was a low murmur, the coffee a tender embrace, her elbow brushing someone else's elbow on the street a soft feather.

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SENSUAL JOURNALISM: A Common Splace

- , one-legged map made of radiant salty water,
- , two-legged landscape of pain and pleasure.
- , pleasure covered in tiny hairs, your pain seeps up in tiny flairs"

-Traditional Splace Traveler's Mating Ritual Song

SCENE ONE ●

What overwhelming pleasure it brings us, all the way back to a time before comedians. Messages from past bubbles float up while memories dry out and sink to the bottom. Floating and sinking. Falling and rising.

The horizon glows a faint blue. The ground is pulsing: fertile and churning, constant but inconsistent. A stage for comedians in the distance appears like a mirage. In the dressing rooms behind the stage, wet dark soil rises to the surface, stirring up the stink of dirty socks and forgotten flowers ● left behind by actors.

The walls here are made of mud: cold, old mud that never dries. Centuries of constant rain will not let the sun in. We tried to bring in light from the outside. We collected it in a felt hat and carried it inside. This is the no-go splace, the place from which any and every other space is born: proto stardust, fertile soil, raw flesh. It needed us and we needed it. Loud, a constant pink-brown noise, mauve or beige, bubbles and babbles, pulsing a wordless song that says everything but "no."

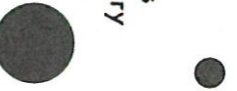
New dusk after a hot day, the kind that ushers in a shift as the sun disappears. From behind a big stone, the night wants to enter. Its darkness eats the light despite our efforts with the felt hat. I bury my fingers deeper into the grass. I dream of a view framed by palm leaves. The smell of mud fills my face. The same mud that the walls are made of. The same mud we will become.

...●h, pleasure.

"Hold the vomit in until it cannot be held any longer," advise the elders, "Until hot vomit covers the walls dripping from the ceiling like raindrops."

We can't seem to get out of this splace. Even the insects do not survive. "We've got to get out of this splace if it's the last thing we ever do!" they declare. This is surely a surly hell. But they won't shed a tear.

It's about distance, and projection.



The splace between us and the stage provides us with a pale landscape. A one-legged salt tower rises. It points towards a graveyard among the clouds that houses new parrots parroting new words. This is the splace from which any and every splace is thought. Nothing happens here. It is a stage for comedians. Jokes on this stage are for the people in the back row, but mostly for the people in the shop on the other side of the street, selling cigarettes, candies and water bottles.

SCENE TWO ●

NARRATOR: There are currents of pink wind that push us from one horizon to another, in deliciously predictable intervals, pulsing the atmosphere like thick ocean water, pulling waves and tides in their sensual gelatinous thrust. Allow me to say it again: There is no center here and no periphery there. Our ambition is to feel a sense of endlessness and yet remain held in by horizonness.

Thirst drove them towards water and instead they found each other.

Like streams through the darkness they caught each other's eyes. Tiny flashes of skin momentarily lighting up with the orange glow of phosphorescence, sulphur and salt. As they danced, a cloud with quickly fading color formed around them, condensed and stuck to the sky. They found relief in the woods under pure linen sheets and feather down comforters. They revelled in that sweet moment of togetherness, not yet a prison. There is love on the horizon: luxurious but durable, not crowding the vision.

The ground beneath soaked them up, carrying sweet smells of cedar, geranium, and oakmoss. Heels sunk slightly. The skins of their fruit spread up between their toes, dying the soles of their feet a darker shade of purple. With touch, heat and proximity, they filled with musky facts about the outside world.

They know that when the sun goes down they will move into that house, the open but safe splace, cool, but warm. The house sits in a grove of palm trees found only by following a winding tilted road with a sublime view to the left.

● In the right lies all the baggage from planes and trains, soon to be boats, dissolved in a trail of used tissues and bread crumbs. This trail climbs old hills and descends into valleys. It is a container for things that feel good but won't disintegrate. A tomb for unsustainable pleasures still learning how to be broken down by soil.

Showers of hot electric purple sky bring a deep night of silver purple shooting stars. The curtain falls, heavy like a waterfall.



THE END

EPIL●GUE



SCENE THREE

This is far away from trying to be funny. Imagine a wooden floor. Red curtains. Serious as steel. Strong lights. Inspirational quotes in the form of wall-texts in light grey italics: YOU WILL SHINE! Candles with a strong smell of vanilla or patchouli, hiding the smell of vomit. Grey couches with muted green and orange pillows. Cheap fake plants that don't do the job because there are no windows. It's in a basement, 75 stories underground. The street outside is full of thinkers and they think about time, about writing letters and how letters represent the future. Looking desperately for a murmur, for a reaction, a way out.