

zine: exploring the uncanny



what am I here?

I am the first humans' saliva
split up with time under the needle
of creator
and a fruit has overgrown
with flesh again, unwittingly
allowing me inside his composition
although the sin has been committed
there is still no wisdom being occurred
no matter how much my parents eat —
if the smell obtains flower which to name parent —
I am in that place of the eternity where the wave meets
wave only face to face

—
everyone will stay one, naked and
unconscious

I am that word where sight is cradle of everything
being revealed by him
for the choice
before his appearance

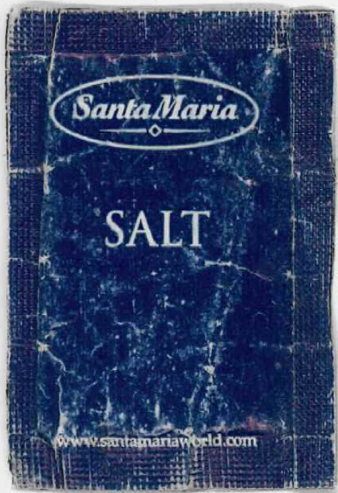
what am I here?

I am the ladder tipped over by jacob
a rail occurred to become in the eyes of time

what am I if not to remember about the god
everything that could without his touch

a person who has not been disturbed by being shot in
his face





CONVENIENCE





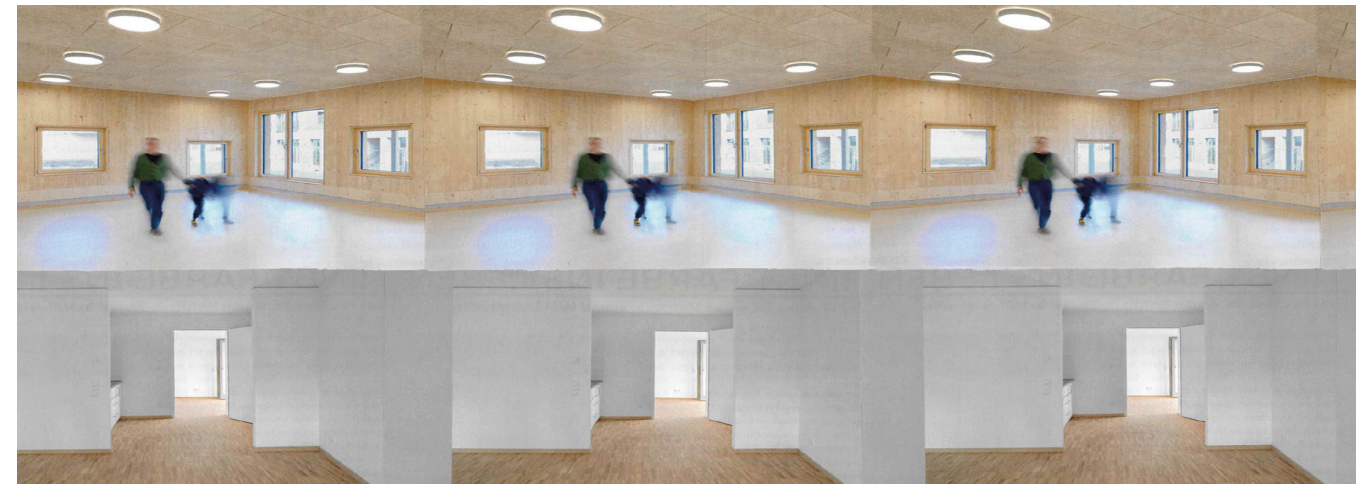
anna gonchar

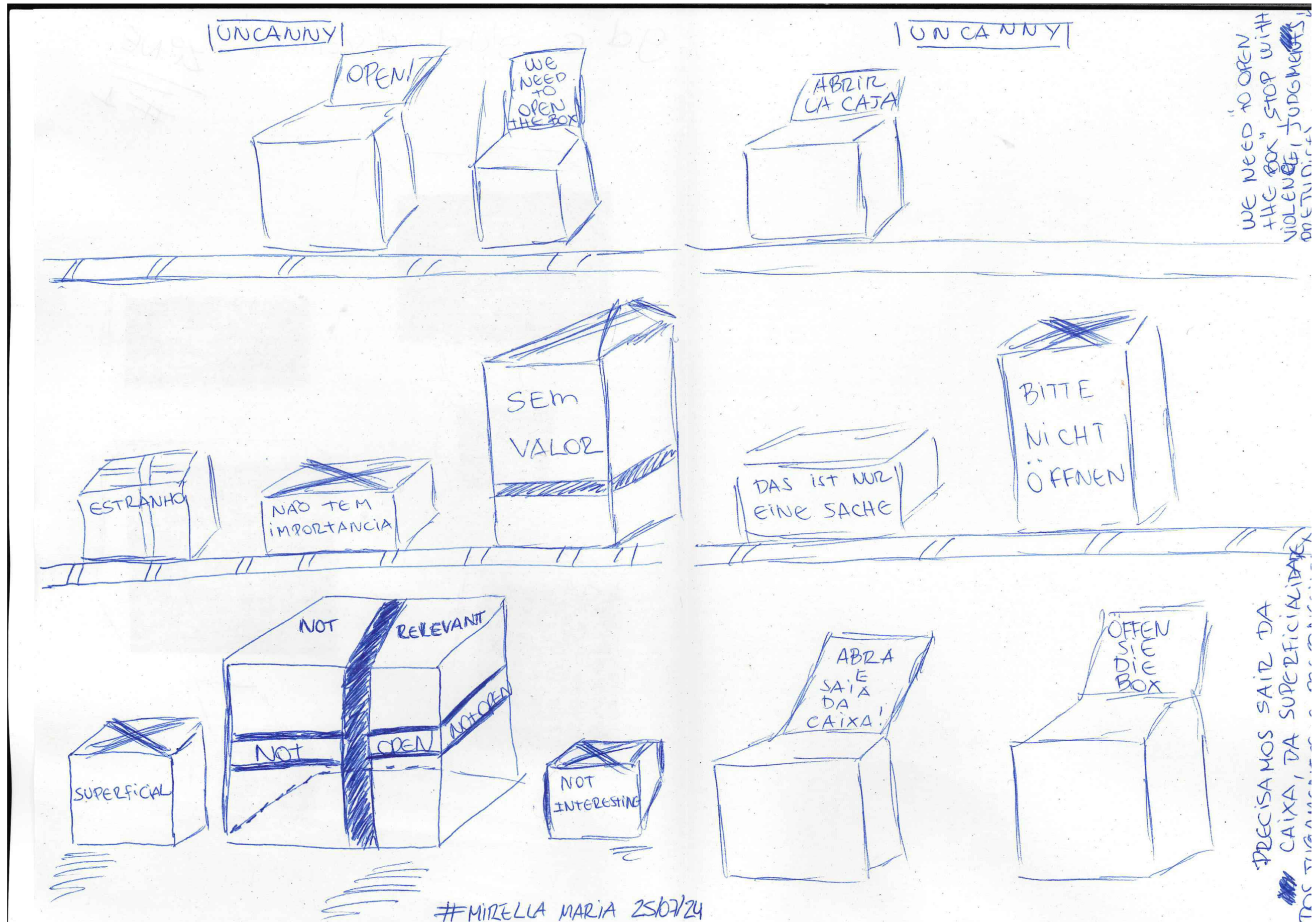
LABYRINTH OF EMPTINESS

Sterile light
reproduced voids
battering sound

there are no exits in
solitary eternity. A space
consisting of deserted corridors.

Is it my echo?

[illegible]



For me, the clown mask is the embodiment of the uncanny. Forever situated in between humor & horror, laughing & crying, the mask's grotesque facial expression haunts me in my dreams. Also in real life, people put on masks, I put on masks. And so, we are all clowns in one way or another.

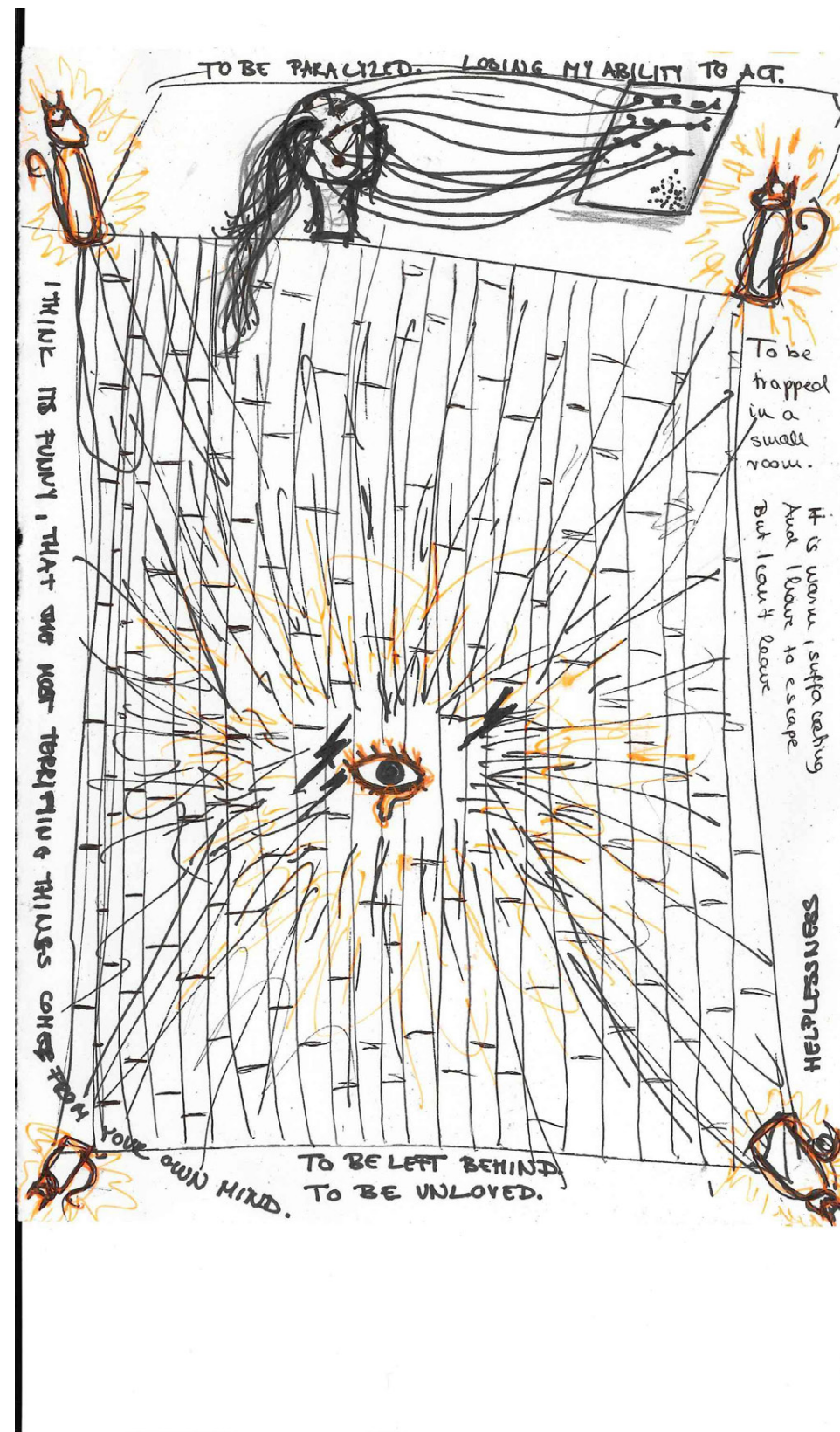
Ine Engels

"The first thing I see is the subtle, constant vibration of the air around me; it is terribly stiflingly hot. Everything is like yellow, like the pine slats that my Dad used to make. And they are pine slats, with little black spots. They are thin, and they squeak when you step on them. I slowly look around. I myself am slow, heavy, tired. The first thing I notice is that the room I'm standing in has no windows. No door. It's not a room, it's a box. I'm standing in the geometric centre of a box the size of a room. It is hot, very hot, like in a sauna. I'm small, because I'm a child, that's why I can fit. **There's no source of the light, I don't know where it comes from.** I cough, I can feel that my mouth is very dry as I bite my lip. That's when I decide to get out of the room, break the wall if I have to, but I'll get out of here somehow.

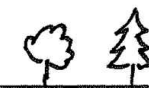
I look around again to make sure there really is no door. There isn't. In the corner, there is a statue of a huge, carved wooden cat, facing the middle of the room. It resembles African tribal statues. The cat is looking at me. I quickly turn away. In the opposite corner sits a cat like this one. There is one in the third and one in the fourth corner as well.

They all stand stiffly, all staring at me. I'd start to walk out, but I know if I break even one board, it's over.

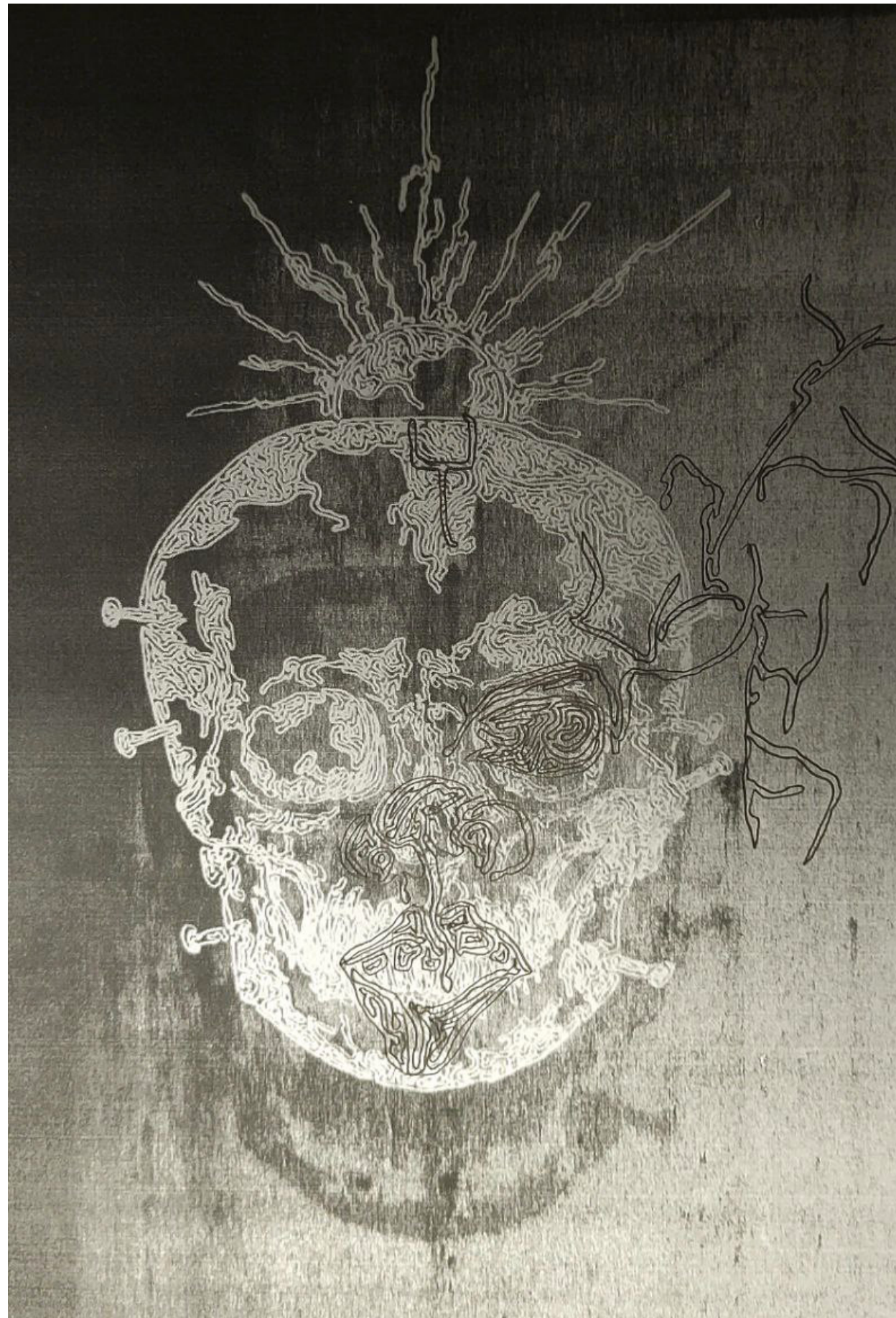
Maybe they'll come alive to the sound.



W 1-1 1E 1\1
 1-1 0 1\1 0 1N
 T 0 12 1\1 S
 T 0 C 0 10 1E

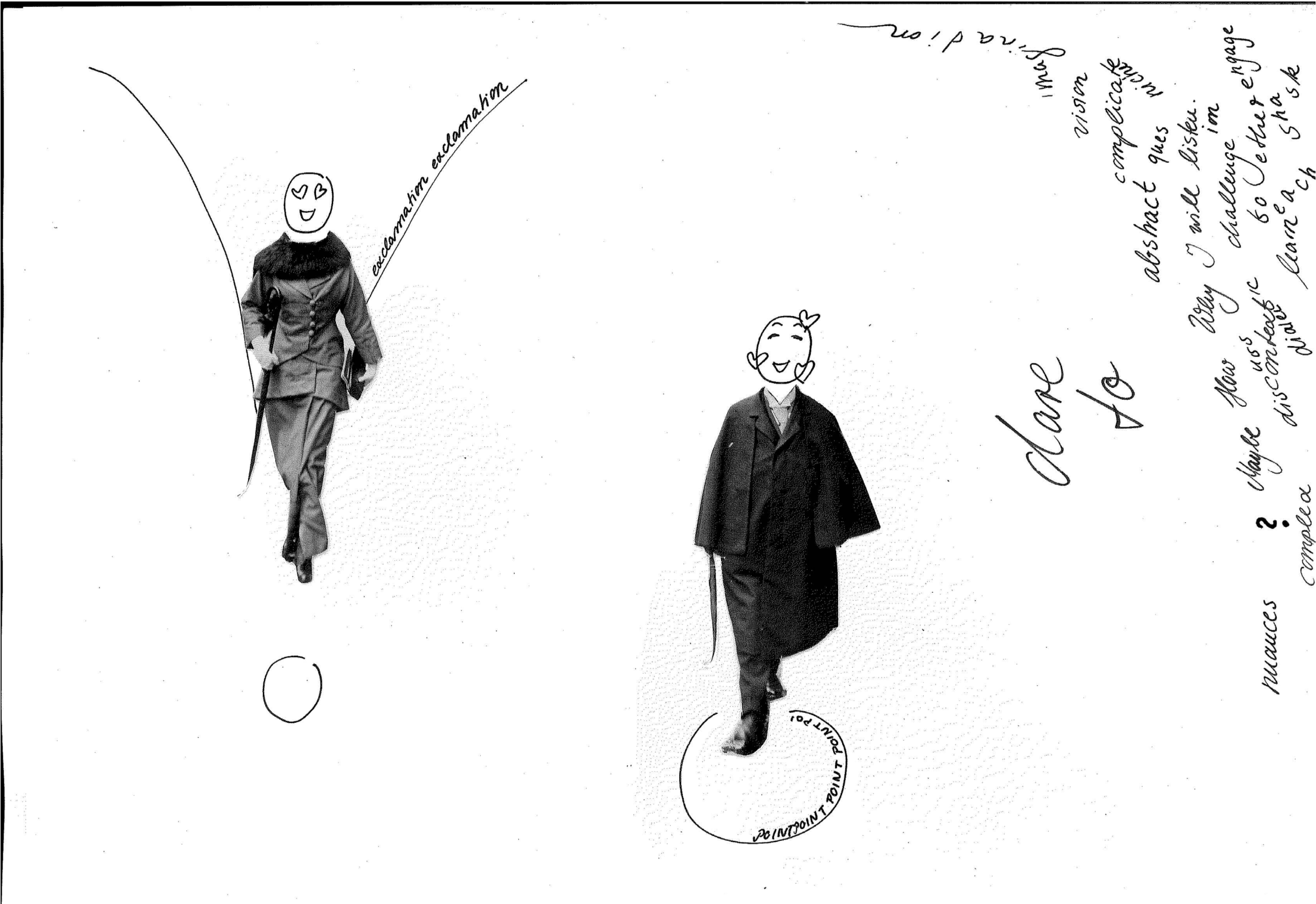


A.



findout periodwarning
 floatingeyes straightfeeticedhollow
 detectedthtoughclearthroughhollow
 unfilledby byselfselfdisgusting nowordformlost
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 justfoundwinterreise deathundescribed
 noncoloured inbetweenscared
 sacredsaint nongod formlesssnowglowingicedway
 findout nonself selffuglyinbetween
 inexconfrontation nonperiod nonexistent selfdiscover
 inbetween formofthedeath
 scaredsacred findout bothsidessharped
 hereiam inwinterreise icedclaysound

maria van bömmel



every poem is read in one breathe it is needed to fill the lungs with as much air as it is possible

we are having sex and i tell you that when i was 12 i had a dream where my father was raping me you asked how he looked like when he was young or old i said that he looked old it seemed being a cut on the background the father who is doing oscillatory motions and on the foreground my legs i woke up in the children's camp in the darkness of the room and light of the corridor i woke up in that posture from the dream

you kissed me and we continued having sex i remember the room background behind him it was blue and green curtains they were greener than the curtains in my nursery but it seems like it was there that time he was there why did i say that he was raping me? it is strange that you have a dream about sex with the old father or i said the first thing which i felt when remembered about this dream

we finished having sex and you got upset that i didn't come again but we have forgotten about it i draw you are on a concert and i am thinking about my father from the dream of a person which was so similar to my father those were glasses of my father wrinkles and eyes through the glasses of my father i felt cosy

