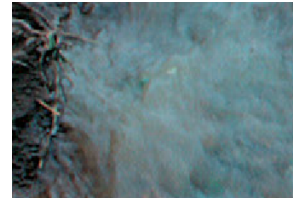


MOUNT INQUIRY

23.06.15

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Jeff Nagy: 4FA GLASS CASKET

27.06.15 - 27.06.15

The moon was blindfolded. The moon was simply suspended over water, and water threads gushed higher, tried to slingshot their blueness at it. Narcissus's face grew calmer in the water; it was then, in the echo of the moon parting from the earth (the sound two silver crowns make when cyclops are wrestling) that he saw the curse of mortality dissolve into a ripple of the moon's blindfold (that blindfold was a dark stick, fallen, floating at the surface of Narcissus's face, disrupting the stillness of the sea-green irises that stared)

The wind brushed against it; the eyes were restless planets under it.
Mortality was that moon unscented, orange and bright, with dark blue crevasses in places for staircases
that lead nowhere.

I dreamt my dog Max was enraged, and I couldn't recognize him.
I dreamt of Antoine, and a mysterious island where we were walking, and I said
"There is so much sea, when you think about it."
I dreamt I woke up in the middle of the night, thinking about cliffs
Then I said to us (in the dream), : "Seaweed the color of a log I cut long ago"
and you said, It might not be "log", since what we read in dreams is actually written
in another alphabet, and what we remember in the morning is just the blueprint of a language
your awoken self can only see the earthly cyphering of, a hermetic glyph.

The men were blindfolded, and how curiously the moon crowned them, - with metals,
twinned with twigs of silver and lazurite, crowned them in the floret of sky that was yet to die
off between the large mountains, in the wolf hours of the day, in the crepuscular blindness of
a sky dominated by an immense and forgetful gyration (so this is where Phaedra hits the
ocean with her fingers spread opened; there is the bull, preceded by his brothers, the bulls,
precipitated like an impossible wave down to their death, straight into the vapid rosenessness

of the center of the copper-brown breast, imperceptibly palpitating, where the nipple curls up and swirls like a rosehead shaking dew off its petals after a long season of rain, and eventually forms a crest). The boys wore the crepuscule peaking round their ankles and hips; the men wore rings that rang when they hunted animals with their hands, or when they stroke their balls in a certain manner, slow at first, then increasingly hard, then slow again, as the seashell breathing the sea's desire into their navel pulsates now heavy as the horn of a bull filled with rain, now discreet as the fluttering of a foliage under the light stroke of the air radiating from that bull's nostrils, a numb wing of leaves flapping in the wind like a strong hand fondling, in turn the bull's flanks and the cock beating against the delicate coral of his throat. The men held coral to be the bones of the mineral, and languages to be the mystifying dawn that imperceptibly ran in that glade of dainty flesh that extended between their asshole and the head of their penises, and made the animals yield to their desires to feed on them.

They touched that dawn with their fingers, and spoke to the columns of animals perched in the trees, one above the other to the very top of the tree, but never too close to one another, as if some distant cousins whose mothers would have forced to play all together (their mother, Phaedra, crouched, crawling on the reverse side of the waves, pounding, from within the ocean, the ocean's membrane with the palm of her feet) in spite of the cold estrangeness they felt. The animals listened to the men kissing under the branches, and they watched the men as they slipped their tongues and their fingers onto the other's men holes and mouths with ease, for they whose retreats where the darkness and the impossible distances above the land knew the achromatic hair that Phaedra tossed to her children from her own eternal dwelling place, this hair of hers entirely made of foam that undulated the sea's hands all around the universe and made the rivers and the lakes and the lagoon where the roots and the beasts and the men all bathed.

(for there was a time before Phaedra flung her bones into the waves when the world was a single sphere of grass filled with a fire kernel, that spun on the axis of a giant's dildo chair)

When men craved the meat of the bear, it is to the boys they turned and, for the boys revered not the dawn of language that the men clothed their limbs in, but he was found of the boys, who could still recall a time when their mouth wasn't filled with the tongues of the men but with that of the bear.

(The bear), :

"I have lived a thousand lives in the shadow of a bookshelf. I know the stories of this planet, and I know the lives of man. Man is good and not a beast. Man is not a god. I am not a god. I've eaten the gods so that all the divine would radiate from and into the universe; it is the gods who had entrusted me with that duty. I understand everything. There is nothing to fear. All that is natural is good, and there is no evil in this world, but in the heart of man. I understand the heart of man. I ate the heart of man and defecated it and planted it there in that forest, where it grew a tree of such miraculous beauty, I sat and cried under it. My paws

tasted like the stones smell after the rain. I licked them, and I pressed them against the tree, and out of a trunk came an infant man, and I took that infant and give him my tongue for him to suck on, so that he may be strong and fearless and remember the time he grew out of his own nature, and belonged neither to a god or a man but to the earth which his body is made of, and out of which he gave birth to himself.”

(the darkest parts of a willow pointed out on a photograph by a boy laying naked on his back)

The smell
exuded by the rocks
after the rain

“The blood of the stone”

(the most natural movements are those that go on unnoticed)

There had been rains before you happened, of all sorts;
skyrains, firerains, snowrains, sunrains, soilrains, grassrains, windrains
blue, red, white, orange, brown, green, grey
rains of sapphire, rains of jasper, rains of opal, rains of coral
rains of amber, rains of emerald, rains of diamond

And you could still smell them, now and there in dregs, old water grapes dessicating in the
folliages like heaps of ancient railments rains round as pearls collected by the sparrows and
the squirrels to court their mates and decorate their nests, garlands of pastel raindrops
fluttering their aimless flags at the sky, the hillsides flooded with cows and buffalos rolling
down the waves of jade and topaz rains (a little paler where they grazed, a little brighter
where they pissed), the streets pinkwashed with silent tourmaline rains, and calm as
mountains humped by the little wet feed of children

And dews, dews sewing starry all around you, rivulets of dew gluing your eyelids a little
together at first, and down your spinal cord little drops of it, finding a mausoleum as they
reached the crook of your hips, dew on your lips and at the fingertips, dew everywhere from
soil to skin, from throat to nature, and you left it there

But first came the smell,

The moss where we found that piece of wood
the ants had chiseled, and tossed away
into the forest

The tranquille scene of someone preparing a bath
for someone else (water is boiled, candles are lit,

water is running)

The pouches of hydrogen in the hands of the eunuchs descending the stairs
of the plutonium cave

Two little boys facing the ocean as they stand with their hands
in each other's pockets and jerk each other off
to the sound of the waves.

(Phaedra brushed the ocean of her hair and the rain started)

When the rain started in your dream you started to pray. You were younger back then, a small boy, seven or eight years-old, and though you did not know how to pray well yet, in your dream your prayer sounded beautiful, even to your own ears. You were in a camp, with other boys of your age, where your father had sent you for the summer, but you hadn't make any friends, because the others ran faster and laughed too loud for you to understand what they were laughing about. It had been a dry season, and some colors in the woods were just like autumn, and the earth rang with that particular metallic sound that the stones make in the absence of rain, and you were contempt enough, burning twigs and fat spiders legs when the others weren't watching. You had collected a good amount of small bones (raccoon? squirrel?) that didn't quite make a whole skeleton, many different imperfect ones rather, and you hadn't find any skull yet, so you kept on looking, and meanwhile kept your relics tinkling in your the pockets of your pants; and when you felt a longing for home in your heart you plunged your hand in those pockets, and fingered the bones that streamed relentlessly atop one another like a small lake there, and the feeling in your veins was that of breastmilk shot directly through your fingertips. These radiant bones had names, which you'd learnt at school and yet you couldn't remember them; and so to each bone you attributed a special piece of your own flesh, nameless bits that you had the intuition would last as long as you would; the fourth crinkle of your index finger, that beauty pad above your navel, a wrinkle on your upper lip, that one snippet of brown in the greenery of your left iris: bones, bones, bones, and bones, all of them. And so all the bones in your pocket got a wordless name, and that was good; you good feel them more closely this way, now that they all had been names after you, by your cares. The amount of yourself that remained unbounded to a bone after all the bones you had gathered had been attributed a name was startling; you had never before considered yourself such a giant. This revelation changed something in you; it made you think. You would remember old sensations that went straight from your heart to your limbs and extended them all the way throughout the entire space, making space a trampoline of proportions painfully great, and yet tied up to your fingers and feet all the same. Those sensations were not made of things seen or spoken, and seemed to belong not to the you you've grown up with, but of a you of another past, a past which you did not live at all but merely hallucinated from a photograph of yourself

as a grown-up man. It was as the hallucination you had on mushroom of having not living your life had travelled all the way down your being through the reversed glasshour of your body and your mind, to slingshot right at the mind of yourself as the boy the encrypted glyph of your origins you hadn't, as a man, been able to decode, from fear for the most part, and an

overdose of learned language acting over your dormant, natural tongue like a thin pellicule of ice, locking that tongue away from yourself by numbing the knowledgeable tentacles of your heart, handcuffing the resonance of the taptaping of that underlying tongue by disguising it into the beatings of that very heart, careful to keep the blood chiming in a cadence, the heart too soft to overcome the fear of the blood's reprisal might he let those lonesome tonguebeats resound in the midst of its own relentless lilt.

Planets roll over the sky like fat watermelons ready to burst open

When the rain started we pissed our bed in a dream, and awoke in the dark of the dormitory, and our mother on another side of the globe awoke as well and we awoke and blew over the puddle that flowered in the middle of our blanket, unprecised as the motions of a dumb waterspider caught in a spherical trap of light, and so our mother prayed, and blew in the air with all her strength too, and we both rocked back and forth in the dark of our beds, praying the piss away from our sheet, and blowing

(when a girl pisses her bed, she wets the mattress; when a boy pisses his bed, he wets the blanket, lest he's been sleeping lying flat back on his chest)

And so breath became serpentine, a serum travelling in segments through our mouth to the ocean, where Phaedra caught it, and chewing it like she would on algae, blew it back into a cloud and the cloud, breathing it back to the sky which flung it against the doors Of paradise, where one of the cherubims with eyes like a drunken bore caught it, and shot it through an arrow into the heart of a hare running away from a fox towards its lair and the fox, catching the hare, which heart he ate, swallowed the breath that had been shot there, and stumbling upon a trap, exhaled the breath back into the hunter's mouth, who kissed the carcass of the bear's mother's mouth, and so forth, till the breath finally reaches the tongue of our origin (the mouth of the bear that gave us life) and springing back with vital force from the tongue of the bear that taught us our language and back to our heart and our piss, saddled to the blood of the angels, must flow, so that they who cannot get drunk might piss upon us children

The Red rain of wine

The Black rain of rum

The Gold rain of whiskey

The Amber rain of beer

The White rain of vodka

If the hallucination you had on mushrooms happened to be real, and you were still a child, and your memories were but a long intricate mirage, and all your past was an illusion, and all that you had dreamt about was yet to happen, and you were standing at a fork where you could choose between dwelling in the fantasy or coming back into reality, into your childhood days, and every memory you cherished would have to be re-enacted, what would you do? *Would you let yourself be lashed by the lash of fantasy?*

A few days ago we were watching this beautiful Iranian vampire movie called *A Girl Walks Home Alone At Night* and all of a sudden, as the boy spun the disco ball, I saw myself reflected against the wall when I was old, and I was looking at the portrait you have of me on your desk, "*How I've changed!*" I thought back then-, and so I was reminded of what Jeremy and Maya used to say when we were sitting on the floor of a club, waiting for the mdma to kick in, "How far and strange all this will seem in a dozen of years, or when we are old, and sitting together on a patio, sipping lemonades, and talking about the good old days!", (I'm afraid our friends grew older when I wrote this, but I still love them all the same) then we would peak, drink a couple of beers, go dance for a while, then come down, and so we would sit back together, outside of the club now, in a side-street, or in the backyard of Maya's house, and each of us listening to the same song, on low volume, only one earphone one, so we might speak at the same time,

"If there was a storm, a big storm from behind those mountains, would it matter?"

Would it matter if you stole people's wristwatches and drank their blood,
Would it matter if you've killed my father?

Good and Evil are of Nature; and so they aren't of our control, just like we cannot control the height of the mountains, and Undine cannot control the daggers that shed blood from her feet all over the sea

Your father is a junky; he buys heroine behind your back. Do not worry for that; your father's blood I drunk and his body now lays lifeless with the other carcasses moldering in the dark pit behind the marketplace (I take care of you; I follow you; I am the cat you found behind that street last morning). Worry no longer for the drug dealer who stole your car; that drug dealer I fed his own fingers and drank his blood (I follow you and take of you; I am the cat you found behind that street last morning). You'll find the drug dealer dead in his house (I killed him and drank his blood; I fed him his own finger; I take care of you and follow you; I am the cat you found behind that street last morning.) Sell the dealer's drug at a club. Take ecstasy for the first time (we're at a club in Iran; I am following you from a distance; I take care of you, but you may not see me; I am the cat you found behind that street last morning). Try to kiss the rich girl who put the pill in your mouth in the first place; she just got a nose operation, she looks pretty. She pays you so that you would keep her garden tidy. You are young and handsome. You walk down the dim streets, walk down a little more, you are soft and doleful and the ecstasy is good and I'm coming for you (I take care of you; I follow you; I am the cat that you found behind that street last morning; you may see me in my girlform soon). You cannot find your house; you get trapped in the contemplation of a particularly beautiful beam of lamppost light crisscrossing the nightsoaked sky. I come out of the darkness on a skateboard so that the sound of the wheels gliding softly against the pavement (imagine a fingernail running along the young pod of a snowpea) may gently draw you out of your reverie; I tug you out of the light's sphere of influence; the light is a griffon, come down from the back where it has your harness and follow me; I am in a girlform now, so you may

see me (I am the cat that you found behind that last morning). Sitting feels good and you want to do it badly so I sit you on my skateboard and roll you down the hill all the way to my house. I put on records and you lay on my bed then I put on another song and you raise and walk to the discoball that hangs from my ceiling. The spinning snippets of light that flows through your face are the stars. You may stand behind me and I may feel your chest behind my back. I've slept against your heart, fur furrowed by your fingers at night; I take of you, Our room is a deluge of light patch up together so there may grow a conjoined heart I am the cat that you found behind that street last morning, but I am in girlform now, I am of flesh and I crave youth, you are youth and I am cold, I've been living forever, exsanguine and deprived of light; this discoball I got for you, a long time ago, when you were still a song gestating on your mother's tongue, (I was that cat that followed the bear that followed your mother when she cleaned roots naked in the river), when that song drew your origins into existence, and so the bear, your true bearer, came down to the river to listen to the song that your mother was singing, and she ran in fright in front of that great god

the bear was, and so the bear picked you up, and let you suck on his tongue, and I was the cat that followed the bear that followed the song on your mother tongue. I've been drinking blood forever for you, -I must stay alive, so we might hold hands, listen to tapes, seat together in your car, - I have been waiting for you since the beginning of your life, (I am that cat who followed the bear who followed your mother's song all the way down to the tip of her tongue), and we are found at last, take all the drugs you might, feel how no beats resides inside my heart but the echo of that song your mother sung the day the bear fed you his tongue, let your heart sleep inside of mine at night, fear not the spinning lights, we crave youth and there is no world but ours in sight, I will take care of you, fear not the spinning lights, I'll carry your heart in my chest and your heartbeats in my heart, I'll be your mothercat, fear not the spinning lights, you may rest your head against mine now.

(we love the large pupils, so large and bright, just like a cat's)

If your hallucination on mushrooms was real, and your whole past was but an oasis, (what would this mean?) and the whole way to find us again was to be lived once more, what would you do? Would you choose the flagon filled to the brim with the blue alcohol fumes of illusion, or the water of the foot-basin at the entrance of the L  th  e, where souls are bathed scarcely, and without care, and then tossed back on earth into their former human existence? Would it be a generous sacrifice (to whom?) to relent your present existence for the sake of reality? I would take the first strange camel, the one that led Ibrahim to the wrong holy spot to begin with, and built my mosque there, and so no one would find it, but I would have you invited, and you would find me there, eating makkrouds and gazel horns in the hot sun of a summer day, drinking my pet's camel milk and ventilating my foot with palmleaves; for here in the mosque I constructed in the wrong place, all that I desire to make become real, and there is no limit to the freedom of my making. Look what happened to Ibrahim whence he, desiring as he was to please a God swollen with reality, found out (from the mouth of that very God, who had tricked him into building the mosque in the wrong place to begin with – and what is the wrong place when God is indicating it anyway?) he had been misled into

building the mosque 200 meters west of the actual holy place where the mosque should have been erected – another strange camel was sent to him, and showed him the way to the place where he had to built the mosque all over again. When he abandoned his first camel, and his first mosque, it is *then* that the fork was created, mirage on one hand, reality on the other – for they can only be illusion when there is duplicity, and if a God is willing to make up mirages, then we shall assume that those mirages are good and worthy of living within. And if there is such tricksters gods, we shall consider anything they make outside of ourself some child’s booms, some bachelor’s parties where we are have not been invited, and we must learn to detach ourself from the vain hope to be among those Gods and we must thrown our own parties, even if we must give up on the complementary martyr’s blood and the all you-can-eat sacrificial body-buffet and the prestige of being “among the chosen”.

“ The gods laugh of the reasons that animates them, so profound they are, inexpressible in the tongue of others ” Because this Gods’s masquerade is just another reenactment of a highschool hierarchy, where we work hard enough to be finally invited, -by her mother, out of pity, - to Charlene Ghanem –the most popular girl in grammar school for years,- 12 years-old birthday party and realize, once there, that all these people are vain, and that we should have stayed home and take a long bath with a book and a lot of cookies and warm glasses of milk, and that would have been a truly divine experience, since by “divine” we should always and only mean “a communion with a higher self”. If reality is Charlene’s party, because there is beholders to testify that it has happened and there will be, in the days to come, a great amount of testimonies; and if the days I spend taking baths with my books and my writings are the mirage, since there will be no one but myself to prove that this evening truly takes place, no one to attest that I was there, reading such book, thinking such thought, then I’ll take the mirage, and I will make sure none of those whimsical Gods that prowls out there may ever find it, even if that means slandering the strange camel that led me here in the first place, so as to annihilate any scent that may put the Gods on our trail. I say “our” since it is obvious to me that you are here with me as well, and so is Sara, and so is Chris, and Jane, and Cody, and Kevin, and Tomaz, and Louie, and many other of our friends;

and Trakl is here, taking buttoloads of cocaine;

and Bukowski is here, getting pissed drunk with Charles Olson;

and O’hara is here, having a coke with Schuyler, who is wondering whether he should take a downer, or an upper

and De Quincey is here, sharing a pipe of opium and laughing at the sight of a carrion with Gautier, and Baudelaire, who now lives on the same floor again, just like they did in Paris and Rimbaud and Verlaine are there, firing bullets at each other’s chest

and Sebald is here, walking around all day

and Philip KDick is here, high on speed

and Pessoa is here, drinking wine with Samuel Beckett

and Huysmans is here, talking about food and badmouthing everyone with Tony Duvert, who is naked, and pensively stroking the back of a child’s head

and Emily Dickinson is here, silent

and Artaud is here, on peyotl, and hallucinating

and Yeats is here, asleep, and dreaming

And thus like so many others of us

You have come all the way down here, to this oasis, following your own strange camel (or was yours a tank, a strange tank?) to built your own mosque, according to instructions that were meant to misguide you into straying from the path of Charlene Ghanem's birthday party, and to make you regret it bitterly, so that you'd fervently repent, and from then on never again forget that you must attempt the gods' party, so they might make a fool of you (because if nobody ever went to there parties, how would those gods get a good laugh?)

But you have courteously sent off that second strange tank of yours, 'I thank you for the lead, but here is where I was always meant to stay', and you have never repented since that day, and never since you let the strange tank go off his way have you ever tried to follow the dim music of that needlessly noisy carousing, that sometimes reverberates all the way down to your palace – through a book, a face, a feeling of envy, love, or hatred, anything; the laughters of the gods are so loud, they even sometimes trouble the very water in which you bathe your dip your lips. But let all of us remember that those laughters can only be shared by others like they, (and what fools want to be part of such a masquerade of divinity!) and to be granted the wish to get closer to them, to hear those childish gods laugh a little better, a little longer, is to wilfully abandon one's divinity to become the object of derision of a self-declared higher authority, to relinquish one's own creations to the clumsy hands of a band of baby-gods whose whims are as erratic as their absurdly acquired power over their toys, - however strong the instrinsic desire to rebel against the hand that did not make and walk back to its original sources might in toy's heart sometimes spring. And so however appealing the music or merry the laughters may seem, when in our little retreat our peaceful silence lingers a little too often and stiffens the air, none of us shall ever, ever repent; let us drink my strange camel's blood together, and make a stew off his interior, and make sausages out of his entrails; then let us tear that strange tank of yours to bits and pieces, and bury those bits deep into the sand of our mirage so that with our strange camel's bones it might blend, and out of their mated remains a palm-tree may grow, and in the shade of that palm-tree leaves we may keep our oasis evermore concealed.

Deities have no willpower in the face of a sacrifice; they are like babies, frothing a little drool at the lips, babbling nonsense. There was once a shepherd who had lost his son, and that shepherd was inconsolable. This shepherd had other children, but this son he liked best, because he was the most handsome of all, with roughed hands from hard work and a gentle voice when he spoke to animals. Years passed and the shepherd walked the earth like one would walk upon an vaste rug of burning embers. His wife gave him more sons still, but he neglected to give them a proper name, and so they were all christened, according to the old tradition, after the first son the shepherd had ever been given by the Lord. It so happened that the shepherd's first son was also the one whom he had lost, and so the mere mention of his other sons afflicted the shepherd still more. You must know that this shepherd's heart was a dark one, since it was wrapped around a secret blacker then the sky under which the shepherd, unbeknownst to himself and to his wife, had stepped the night his son had died. For his son had in fact not stumbled upon death by chance; in fact, is was the very hand of his father that had pushed him into the precipice before which he, his son, who had a romantic

soul, had halted, so as to better muse upon the condition of man among those wondrous misty meadows that spread far, far as his eyes could see, further,- or so it seemed to him at that time,- then the fragile sky that draped in all in an ill-light gauze of stars and clouds.

And yet it was from no wicked malignant of heart, from no evil of his own design that the shepherd had precipitate his son down the same mighty chasm where a whole herd of bulls, hundreds of them, years and years from that, had rushed off that same cliff altogether in a great delirium, racing downward to the deadly offer of the beautiful bare-breasted girl who had sworn to marry the first of the bull to reach her, regardless of his birth or strenght, so that her people may eat- and thus went the tale that ran from ear to mouth throughout the valley from times immemorial, and it was even whispered after one or two glasses of kirsh that this one and that one had caught a glimpse of the old woman who had lived more then a thousand years and still lived now, hidden from sight, and had seen with her own eyes the bulls fall down altogether into the mass grave as if enchanted by the diapason of the void coupled with rosiness of the nipples of that human child. Some said one single bull had survived the fall, and had carried the girl off into his cave, where she had been forced to honor her promise, and to serve not only his needs but altogether his every carnal appetites. Some said the old woman was, in fact, the only fruit of the union of the bull and the young girl, and that her face was that of a she-bull, only for her eyes, who were humans; and that all the rest of her body was that of a woman, but for the monstrous pair of hooves that she had as for hands and feet. It is for that reason that no one in the valley strained to hard to find whether the old woman was still alive and if she had, in fact, truly beheld the scene that has forged such a powerful impression upon the people of this land, that the tale had travelled through time to reach the descendency of the bull people (for this is how the ancient people were called), unscathed. And when a child was disobedient it was not too rare, even today, to hear a mother exclaims, “ Keep quiet now, or I will call the bull lady to come visit you tonight”.

And so the shepherd had tranquilly placed his hands on the shoulders of his first son who, abîmed in the contemplation of a hypnagogic festival in which magnificent silver bulls where dragged off from the sky to perform over and again the spectacle of their fantastic slander, did not in fact turn in time to face his father before the latter released his shoulders with great momentum, upon which the boy had started his interminable falldown, curiously capsizing in mid-air at the very last moment, so that his eyes remained fixated on the red and yellow flashes that were the deathbed words of some pallid stars somewhere far, his back turned to the void as if a swimmer floating belly-up to rest awhile between two particularly strenuous exercices. And so the shepherd’s watched, without seeing, the shade of his son’s body grow dimmer and dimmer still, till it finally was nothing more than a black flowerhead strangely extending its petal inward, as if to hide some rosy cheeks in the craddle of its batwinglike coroallae. And then, with an imperceptible “pffth”, as if it was never there to begin with, that flowerhead had extinguished as well, leaving only the shepherd, towering over the ravine, clenched fists, vague-eyed, mesmerized by the murky depths as if some glass-blowers were performing extravagant tricks at the bottom.

It must be said that this shepherd had contracted a deal with a certain local deity earlier in life, and that contract clearly stipulated that the shepherd shall lives always prosperous and in accordance to his nature, and his sons and wife shall always find a clean mattress upon which

to lay their heads, and his goats always find a clear grass to graze, provided that he would in exchange for that uninterrupted merriment sacrifice, on the same eve a certain astrae was to die, his youngest son to the bull god. Now the shepherd knew for a fact that stars suffered that stars suffered an excruciating and public agony in the sky before they finally burnt out, and that there were little to no chances that that particular star, that was to be twinned to his son's destiny, would be smothered by the Lord earlier than the others, and there were no reason either the Lord would allow his son's life to be prematurely ended, if that wasn't His scheme from the very beginning.

Having reasoned thus, and ignoring the fact the the Lord rubbed elbows with even the pettiest valley-god, the shepherd had ultimately been convinced by the promise that his deed, however brutal it might end up being, would be completely forgotten by him. And thus it went that night, when the shepherd had stared at the shadow of his own son dwindling away from him and into the pit, the silhouette akin to a senile bell still ringing with the last impulse the fingers has imposed upon it, barking away in complete darkness like a young dog prisoner unable to find his way out of a churchtower, or a madman. And so the shepherd, having lost the memory but not the feeling of his infanticide in his heart, understood not the devouring guilt that escorted his grief.

It so happened that on the day of his child's funeral, the shepherd had helped a young goat kid her first born; and so as the years passed the shepherd grew very fond of that kid, whose gentle eyes reminded him of his son's, and who (he secretly believed), was but his son incarnated into a simpler form the Lord had sent him to soothe the aches of his heart. And so the shepherd, he who had always taken pride in treating all his animals alike, as days went by found himself taking a special care of that particular kid, till one day it occurred to him that this kid was now in age to be brought on his own into the valley. And so off he went one morning, holding the small animal under his cloak the whole time, so that it might benefit from the warmth. This was at the end of Spring and yet the air was still fresh up there in these mountains, and it occurred to the shepherd that the kid, wearing not the same tough fur as his elders did, may be sensitive to such harsh climate, and so, pressing the kid between his cloak and his belly, he went on rubbing his head and body till finally he could see the sky dangling above the valley. When the above the valley came dangling at last, the shepherd judged it well-advised to pause for a while, so that he and the little goat may drink some water from the jug he kept suspended at his belt, and share the food he had brought along in the knapsack he wore over his shoulder. And so he unfastened the jug from his belt, and made for the little goat in the grass a hole where he poured some water, so that the kid may drink freely. And when the kid had quenched his thirst, hop hop hop hop hop on his little legs did he come trotting back to the shepherd who, so moved by the sound of the little hooves unsteadily tracing their way back to him he was, grabbed the kid by the neck and, holding him close to his face, looked solemnly into his eyes. The kid's eyes did not flinch. And the shepherd, as he stared into the eyes of his animal, saw that his son had forgiven him.

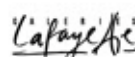
This revelation, instead of appeasing his heart, brought him into a state of terrible confusion and anguish. Forgiven him! But for what? The shepherd felt a great sadness shift something within him, like a drape all made of frost would be removed from the ground only to reveal a glass coffin. And yet he couldn't tell what all this meant, and sadness or not it was still

requested of him that fed the kid, and gave himself something to eat. And so, still holding the kid under one arm, he removed the stick that held together his knapsack, and took of it the knife, the lump of bread and the cheese, and the two apples he had set aside in advance, so that with the little goat he may share his meal. First he spread the lump of bread with his hand, and with his knife halved the cheese, and placed it in the middle of the bread, and ate with a concerned appetite; for he knew none what secret the eyes of his son within those of the little goat had been willing to disclose to him. When his own lunch was over, he took the kid from under his arm, and sat him on his lap and, holding one of the apple between his palm and middle finger and the knife in the other, tended to feeding the little goat that sat quietly on his lap, cutting up one small slice at a time, holding it up to the kid's mouth till it had chewed all of it down, and so on and so forth till nothing was left of the fruit but the cork and the seeds, which the shepherd tossed to the ground with the wish that a tree would grow out of it.

After this lunch had ended the shepherd felt his mood to be very much uplifted; yet when he had reached the top of the hill, the sight of the cliff from where his child had fallen caused him such a great pain, he couldn't help but yield to the the need he had to sit for a little while. And so he did, and as he did so off slipped the little goat from under his cloak, and ran straight out for the cliff, and down into the abyss

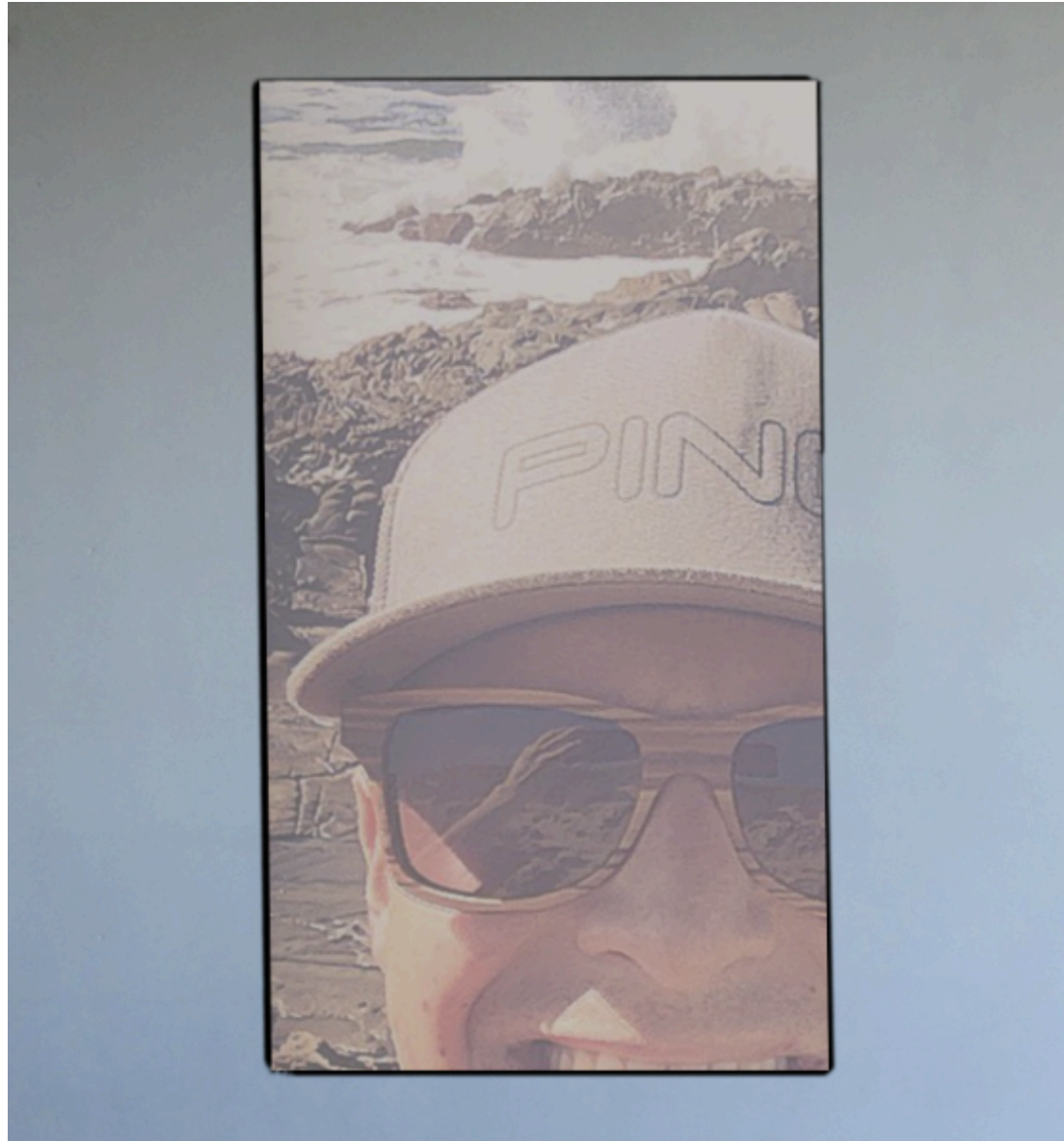
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4FA Glass Casket (2015)



1s4d (ping) - Screenprint on canvas (2015)



1s4d (blayfoldex) - Oil on canvas (2015)



1s4d (budge) - cast resin, paint, tinned mackerel, hand mirror, plexiglass (2015)