



## ON ECONOMY

And the prey that throbs in your hand  
 And the stream of blood in your flesh  
 And the spit that flows to the food  
 And the jaws that lock on the meat  
 And the blood that spills to the ground  
 And the life that melts in your mouth  
 And the meat that rots in your guts  
 And the food that shoots through your veins  
 And the peace that spreads 'neath your skin  
 And the strength you gain from the fill  
 And the energy spent on the job  
 And the food you need to restore  
 And the food you eat to need more  
 And the sweat you pay for the work  
 And the blood you pay for the rest  
 And the eyes that close on the job  
 And the job that works in your sleep  
 And the dreams that eat up your stores  
 And the money that leaks through your pores  
 And the fat that burns in your words  
 And the food that swims in your dreams  
 And the blood that pounds in your head  
 And the bread that sings in your heart  
 And the love that writhes on your plate  
 And the smell of tears on your teeth  
 And the eyes that die on the job  
 And the words that throb in your food  
 And the insect that talks in your sleep  
 And the food that tastes back on your tongue  
 And the stars that suck on your skin  
 And the witches that cry in your tracks  
 And the sense that bleeds from your feet  
 And the tears that roll in the dust  
 And the face that abrades on your skin  
 And the features aflame in the sand  
 And the money that sobs in your grip  
 And the stardust that's slowing your pace  
 And the lava that's clogging your veins  
 And the stone that has come for your soul  
 And the meaning that heaps on your back  
 And the muck that piles on your hands  
 And the rocks that fall on your head  
 And the sticks that ram up your butt  
 And the stones that bash in your teeth  
 And the walls that fall in on your head  
 And the air that bleeds on your skin  
 And the shit that runs from your eyes  
 And the noise that spills from your hands  
 And the beauty that drips from your nose  
 And the herds that browse on your waste  
 And the junkies that feast on your genes  
 And the worms that rejoice in your ears  
 And the imps crawling up in your lap  
 And the drunks dancing wild in your skull  
 And the death curling up in your womb  
 And the life moving into your tomb  
 And the god he is sipping your juice  
 And the devil is sucking your bones  
 And the ghosts they all weep for your soul  
 And the angels abhor at your sins  
 And the dust it stirs on your face  
 And the brain it spins in the bone  
 And the plaster it falls from the brow  
 And the features explode in the lap  
 And the head it tilts on the neck  
 And the head it drops to the floor  
 And the head it rolls down the stairs  
 ...And the food dissolves in a haze...  
 ...And a dream runs off in the night...



## SAY, WHAT WILL YOU WEAR TO THE BLACK HOLE?

Say, what will you wear to the black hole?  
 Oh, a suit and a hat,  
 With a flow'r in it's brim;  
 That's what I'll wear,  
 Stepping over the rim.

Say, what will you bring to the black hole?  
 Oh, a beautiful song,  
 And a summertime swim;  
 That's what I'll bring,  
 Stepping over the rim.

Say, who will you take to the black hole?  
 Oh, my Annabelle dear,  
 And that Betty so trim;  
 We'll be holding hands,  
 Stepping over the rim.

Say, how will you go through the black hole?  
 Plunging hat first ahead,  
 With a kick of my sole,  
 Dancing I'll go,  
 Stepping into the hole.

DEZINE er en fast spalte laget av Halvor Bodin, grafisk designer i Virtual Garden Design ([www.virtualgarden.no](http://www.virtualgarden.no)). Online-versjon med back-katalog publiseres på [www.superlow.com/dezine](http://www.superlow.com/dezine). Feedback: [dezine@superlow.com](mailto:dezine@superlow.com). Tekster: Fra The Undead Limb of Horace Phelps ([www.anatemno.org/](http://www.anatemno.org/)). Dan Robert Raak Sandengen ([dr@anatemno.org](mailto:dr@anatemno.org)). Foto: Fernander F. Flux. Typografi: Minimo. Musikk: Jay Jay Johanson Whiskey. Drikke: vann.

## DEZINE



## THE MAD KING

The Mad King lives in – This is the story of The Mad King – Well, there he lives and from that golden throne he rules the land. His subjects hate him. They all hate him deeply and each one has a plan to kill him. But have they got the guts, do you think? Have they got the guts to go through with it? Oh, you bet your life they have. They have the plans and they have the guts, that's no problem. The King is the problem. He is a clever bastard, that's the problem. The Mad King is also The Clever Bastard. The ways of the King are inscrutable.

Today is the first of August. Today is the King's birthday. The King is afraid that someone might take the throne away from him. Many measures are taken to prevent such a thing from happening. Among these measures is the execution of all children born within the Kingdom on the first of August. But alas, the King is not the only clever bastard in his Kingdom. The subjects are far from dim. So, knowing the law, they keep their bedside manner at a low key for quite a while around the beginning of November. No children have been born on the first of August in that kingdom for the last fifteen years. This is quite a feat for such a lascivious lot.

Nevertheless, the King will kill a child; it is part of his birthday ritual. The victim must be a boy and it must in some way resemble the King. Such a boy is not easily found, as the subjects have been resenting the royal family so hard for so long that the genes of the two classes have taken totally different directions.

The royal family and the subjects may quite correctly be classified as different species: the members of the royal family are swarthy, burly, and hairy; the subjects are bald, pale, and plump, and rather inclined to walk on all fours. If some genetic coincidence should bring about retrogression to royal features in a child of subjects, this child will be slaughtered, not as a rule, but in disgust and without exception.

The King, however – prone to hallucinations as he is, and his ideas of resemblance being either extremely far-fetched or just plainly insane – has never had problems in finding the right boy. Each year on the first of August, when the subjects are lined up outside their cabins, the King walks in their midst, searching. And each year – sometimes at the first home, sometimes hours away from the castle – he stops in front of a boy, a strange smile of sad recognition wrinkling the royal face. He takes the boy by the hand and leads him to take the royal seat in the sedan chair. Then the King releases one of the carriers and helps lifting the sedan up from the ground. The band starts playing and the procession back to the castle begins.

VIII  
 ANNO  
 DOMINI  
 MMII

# THE UNDEAD LIMB OF HORACE PHELPS

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# AND THE FAT THAT BURNS IN YOUR WORDS

AND  
 THE  
 FEATVRES  
 EXPLODE  
 IN  
 THE  
 LAP