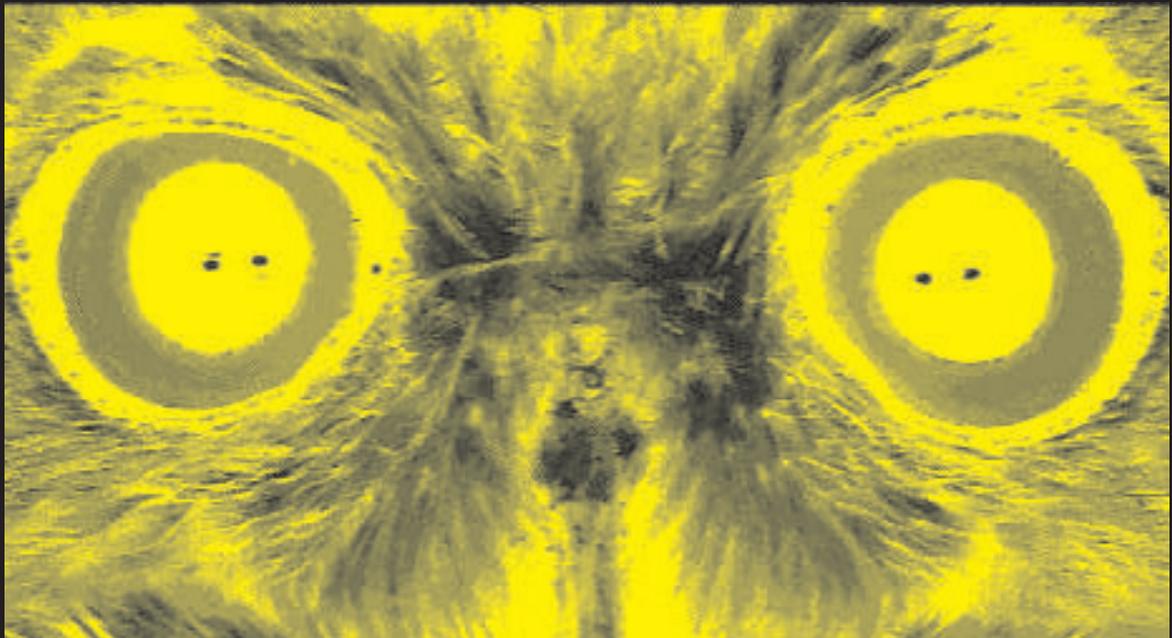


Lune Fiction

Issue 14

18th June 2007



Dreamscape



Lune Fiction Issue 14 (18th June 2007)

LF: Stranger than fact

Dreamscape

Executive Editor: Humble Sam

Editorial Team: Jomar de Vrind & Han

Design & pictures : John William 'Rael' de Bas

Published by © Humble Texts

Contributions: Dave Fleet, Han, Humble Sam and the ghost of Herschel Waters

Comments, advice, contributions and donations are sacred.

All messages, be they letters, e-mails or pigeon couriers, that we receive are received.

Pro malum, contra bonum

ISSN 1754-7172

Next Issue will be published 6th September 2007

Conditions Of Sale:

This e-zine has been down-loaded subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, sold, hired out, up-graded, eaten, or christened, without the publisher's prior consent, in any form of binding or cover or moleskin or rabbit hide or whatever other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this edition being imposed on the subsequent reader.

We can actually track you down with our FT-protocol Determinator. So behave!

All stories, articles and letters are copyright © of the contributors & publisher.

Incidentally, Lune Fiction is a trade mark thingie.

We do wish you a pleasant life.

Contents: Dreamscape with an editorial & flash essay



**Sponsored by the North
West Arts Board**



Editorial

Dear Reader,

The other day I took the midnight train from Manchester Piccadilly to Preston, when halfway between Bolton and Chorley the train drew to a halt.

For no apparent reason we had stopped in the middle of nowhere. Outside it was pitch-black; inside neon lights shone as warm as ice. A few questioning glances were exchanged between some of the passengers, but most kept on listening to the music on their i-pods or reading the free on-board magazine.

After a while, the doors to my carriage opened and in stepped a giant bear-sized owl with an enormous jar in its beak. It contained the body of a young lady. The owl dropped the jar off on the seat in front of me and having relieved himself of his burden, he flew out of the carriage window. I watched the beast fly away into the night when I heard a tapping sound.

I turned around.

The woman in the jar was alive, indicating to me to unscrew the lid. I hesitated, she pulled a face of desperation and I opened the jar.

Out stepped Sibyl. "What the hell are you up to?", I asked. She looked at me with sad eyes and said: "I don't want to die but I no longer want to be".

She then started to take off her clothes: first her shirt, then her crucifix & its necklace, her jeans, her bra, her tights and finally her jet-black knickers.

She stood in all her glory in the middle of the train, her long blonde hair flowing down, slightly covering her large breasts with their pert pink nipples. Nobody cared to notice except for an imam who shielded the eyes of his wife with his right hand.

Sibyl moved her hands down her waist, her thighs and started to fiddle between her legs. She caught something down there and gradually, meticulously, she started to unzip.

Sibyl pulled the clasp in a more or less straight line up her belly, between her boobs, up her neck, right on over her face and up to the crown of head. She nimbly probed around the resulting slit and her hands finally came to rest on either side of her navel.

Sibyl paused briefly, smiled at me sadly (but with joy in her eyes), pulled her flesh apart, grabbed an object at the top of her spine and pulled out a beautifully white bone. Her fingers released their grip and her crumpled body slithered off the bleached surface of the bone and down on to the floor.

Just like that, Sibyl was no more; just like that a bone was hovering beneath the ceiling of the carriage I was sitting in. It wasn't attached to anything and nothing was attached to it.

The other passengers, the ones that had pretended not to have noticed what was going on, gawped in disbelief and a young executive type female with rimless glasses, dark blue suit and red lipstick screamed: "This is pure evil. I'm reporting it to the police!" The Muslim woman wept and her husband glared with anger.

I stood up and inspected the bone floating beneath the ceiling. It had a large crack and something was concealed within. I pulled out a business card. On it were the words:

This body belongs to:

Name.....

Address.....

Mobile Number.....

E-mail:.....

National Insurance Number.....

We thank you for enjoying human life.

Karma Solutions Ltd



Letter To The Editor

Dear Humble Sam,

He loves her. To him she is Beautiful. He looks into her face and he sees forests. Down he goes, falling deep into the landscape. Exploring, but also being taken on a journey, The Voyage. In the forest he finds tall trees: strong trees bearing fruits. There are monkeys in the trees. Some are sitting, others are lounging but most are playing. He sees exotic birds with lush colourful feathers. In the undergrowth, small young trees are rising upwards and little animals hustle & bustle. There are a myriad of insects with brilliant wings, a billion species undiscovered.

A river flows through the forest and he rides its waves as the water twists and turns. Sometimes it is calm and slow; other times it is fast and furious like a living animal. He flows with the river, as it leads the way out of the forest, past caves and chasms, valleys and hills. Tall cliffs. He sees the mountains to the east. Some are snow-capped. He climbs up one (the tallest?). The details in the detail are fractal. Limitless, infinite. There are goats, llamas and mountain pheasants. There are outcrops of rocks with moss and lichen. Baby streams trickle down small canals, cutting into the ground. It is firm but yielding beneath his feet.

He reaches the top and finds a waterfall. He jumps off and the pool beneath receives him. It is cool and refreshing. Fish scatter out the way and he swims to the edge.

There is a desert here. Hot sand drifts in the wind and builds cities of dunes. Snake tracks and gecko prints intermingle to create a carpet of patterned wallpaper. And there is even an oasis. He walks. The desert is vast. At first it looks all the same: sand, sand and more sand. The sand follows its own contours. It is a sea. It rises and crests and undulates. Criss-crosses of wisps like the clouds in the sky. It starts to get colder and frost emerges. He continues his trudging, fascinated by the wonder of it all. Snow, frost. He is in a land of ice; it is up to his knees. Glaciers dress the horizon. The snow is crisp and soft to the touch. It is smooth and clean, mirroring the sky above. It too undulates and flows in its own way. Glistens. Shines. Sparkles. Each ice crystal is unique. There are ice cities all around him. Crystal Paradise, Diamond Heaven.

He loves her. To him She is Beautiful.

Dreamscape

The owl spreads its wings when night falls.

I must leave Persia and return the blind owl home.

I ENTER THE CHAMBER WHERE YOU ARE SLEEPING ON THE
BED. I LIE DOWN NEXT TO YOU AND CLOSE MY EYES. I WISH
MYSELF DREAMING, DREAMING, DREAMING; FLOATING AWAY.

I must return the owl.

I

Watching pictures reflecting my mind's worst possible
nightmare, I lie half asleep and half awake. I listen to my
thoughts being processed neatly, quickly.

It seems that the more I know, the more I know nothing.

I DOUBT EVERYTHING I SEE, EVERYTHING I TOUCH & EVERY-
THING I HEAR. THE EYES ARE STARING AT ME. THEY SEE MY
EVERY MOVE.

I recollect fragments of my past. Life seemed hard, life was
kind. I stretch and scratch myself. Yes, life seemed kind
and hard.

I twist and turn in my bed. I consider getting up. Should I
have a smoke? Should I have a drink? I ask myself what
happened yesterday. What happens always? I'm never
really sure what the answer is. I choose to lie in bed and
watch my eyelids.

I lie half awake and half asleep, watching pictures reflect-
ing reason's worst possible nightmare.

II

I see myself kissing you, holding you. Then I walk to the
window to stare at the ravens, listen to the cars rumble on
the motorway and watch the mushroom clouds blooming
in the distance.

I had travelled far and had returned to you. I had smelled
our rose from a distance and came back to reinvigorate the
alchemy of love.

You come up to me, we sit down together and we both
stare out of the window.

Out there on the lawn, roses flower and pigs hunt truffles

and other tasty things. Rabbits ride rabbits around roundabouts.

I say: "I've missed you dear. Did you miss me? And you say: "Did you miss me? I missed you, babe."

THE EYES ARE STARING AT ME. THEY SEE MY EVERY MOVE.

Meanwhile down below, worms glide to and fro in the earth. They tell us tales of rape, debauchery and lobster quills. Overhead, just above us, the clouds dance motionless in the sky.

Don't you know? Don't you realise? Don't you want to know?

I DOUBT EVERYTHING I SEE; I DOUBT EVERYTHING I TOUCH;
I DOUBT EVERYTHING I HEAR.

III

I've heard of this gardener who tends the snails and weeds. Apparently, so I have been told, people of all walks of life come to touch him. I know this gardener, right; he grows blue, green and red meat.

But what's that? You don't know? Oh sweet golden delicious dream, warm with honey topping, it wasn't him! It was us. We ripped ourselves off and turned our minds into mushy peas.

In a room with wallpaper made from burning corpses, we dig for that rich seam, hoping that old age will never catch up. We are desperate to acquire love for nothing. Yes, we are.

How I wish that I could anticipate death's dream of life.

THE MOONLIGHT CRAWLS UNDERNEATH MY EYELIDS.

IV

In search of redemption and salvation, we choose to wear our finest purple garments. We study the deviation of time and space, observe the children of Aries getting ready for a deadly casual encounter.

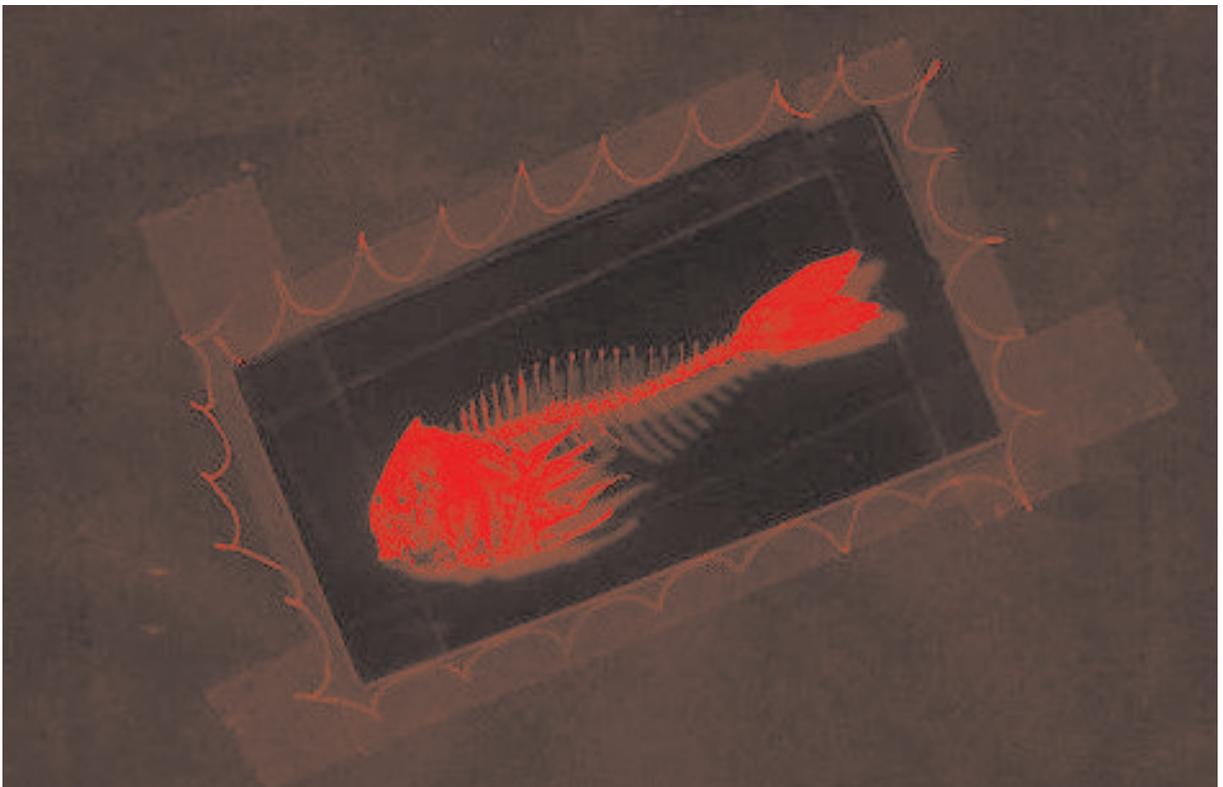
I wish I could be somewhere else.

I always huddle in a pool of green slime on such occasions and tend to install a God-given substance. Just to make sure I can tame my fear, for my Spartan way of life has been well looked after.

I think I need to rejuvenate. I'm imploding and having a



the owl spreads its wings when night falls



the eyes are staring at me, they see my every move

change of heart. How I wish I wasn't me.

Yes, lethargy is sadly mine. Truly, a ravenous sin! So this, the greatest motif of my life, will have to do. I look up at someone's paradise floating in the sky. I sigh at Shaykaymuni's refusal to speak. All my queen's soldiers won't put me back together again.

We watch the seeds of distortion grow in our wombs, see our minds being used as industrial fodder. We climb a crater to command a spectacular view of the Ribble Valley. We see the significance of Romulus killing his brother by the River Thames. The river Thames?

Yes, the river Thames!

V

When you come and visit the afterlife, you know you've never felt at ease before. There's merriment, joy, love and charm. Open both your minds, you'll love us for what we are.

Cross the city beyond the river. Fields of golden corn growing in the long grass can be seen. Ravens lurking in the blood red sky are there too. Reach out and take my hand. I will lead you to the promised bed.

Feel your memories disintegrate. From death to birth, from the cradle to the grave. Wake up! You're a wonderful guy. Open both your minds, you'll love us for what we are. I'll dangle from a sickle of a new moon and you'll never want to leave the afterlife. We'll change the world just one more time. We'll make history go insane.

Whatever you were, whoever you could have been, it's all one big whacky illusion. As you settle down to the afterlife, you will realise you've been here all along.

VI

And so, my sweet golden delicious dream is broken. My life has been smashed to smithereens. Bored beyond belief, I reopen old wounds. I see my plants on the window sill. Seeds of hate I have sown. Gently tendered, pure black; they are in full bloom.

Moribund, oblivious and naked am I. Reality is melting away. Malicious intentions, broken icons and smashed illusions; all done by my own hand. O tempora, o mores; reality is melting away.

VII

The lords of the underworld are gathering forces, as black rain pierces the crimson skies. The toad, that ugly monster, sends out his spears of pure gold. Dark wet clouds are clogging the world's eyes. I try to log out but I'm forever logged in. The spawn of red dragons leaps into action and blue ice grows on our garments. Prepare for the final encounter!

The beast awakens from its slumber and a seventh son of a seventh son raises its sword. Mephisto flashes his black teeth, the kraken rises from the deep and The Inquisition scrutinises your mind. Outside, it seems so quiet. Yet forever I'm trapped inside. The Brandenburg ensemble plays that deadly soul music. Remember, resurrection is never easy.

Black stallions crash through the night. The idiot cackles and dances. A surgeon inserts his tool into you. Yes, you. A fallen angel weeps by your epitaph. It reads "I hope I die screaming, I hope I die screaming". Thomas Paine reads you your rights and within your mind you start to winch. It's futile to run away now.

VIII

Suddenly, hey presto, just like that; once again it's "Hello, Dear! Welcome back to our reality called domestic bliss. With your tenacity to find fool's gold, you've been traveling far too far." While the cars crash on the motorway and the mushroom clouds fly south, our souls intermingle.

And so, I awake from a dream with no end and no beginning. Once again I've been pulled out of the wreckage, once again you've saved the day. Now I can rest safely in your arms. One day, we will get the better of my nightmare. A vision arrives in our minds. Fortuna declares: "This is the apocalypse. Are you ready to return to Valhalla? Are you ready to leave this realm? Are you ready? Are you?"

I lie down and gently contemplate images reflecting Satan's worst nightmare. What happened yesterday and what happens always, is irrelevant today. I feel your physical and spiritual presence. I caress your body, knowing



the moonlight crawls along the carpet



the moonlight crawls underneath my eyelids

that my nightmares will be processed neatly. I ignore souvenirs from the past and wrap myself around you. I snuggle up. Existence is suffering.

I CAN NEVER RETURN THE BLIND OWL.

IX

Neither with a whisper nor a bang, I fall asleep. No more nightmares today, my boy. Just the soft embrace of rest and peace of mind. The nectar of peace of mind. It trickles through my body.

I settle in my heart and nest in your soul. No more nightmares today, my boy. I snuggle up to you and smooch.

“Good night, Babe.”

FROM OUTSIDE, THE MOONLIGHT CRAWLS ALONG THE CARPET, UP ONTO THE BED AND INTO MY FACE.

THE MOONLIGHT CRAWLS UNDERNEATH MY EYELIDS.

YES, I DO DOUBT EVERYTHING I SEE, TOUCH AND HEAR. THE EYES DO STARE AT ME AND THEY DO SEE MY EVERY MOVE.

SATAN LAUGHS IN MY HEAD, THIS ROOM OF CLUTTER, AS MY THOUGHTS, NAKED FISH, TRY TO ESCAPE.

AND ALL I WANT IS A CUP OF TEA, THE NECTAR OF PEACE AND TRANQUILITY AND ALL THAT FORTUNE OFFERS ME IS A WHIP-LASH TONGUE AND MY NAME TATTOOED ON LIFE'S BACKSIDE, HINDSIDE AND UNDERSIDE.

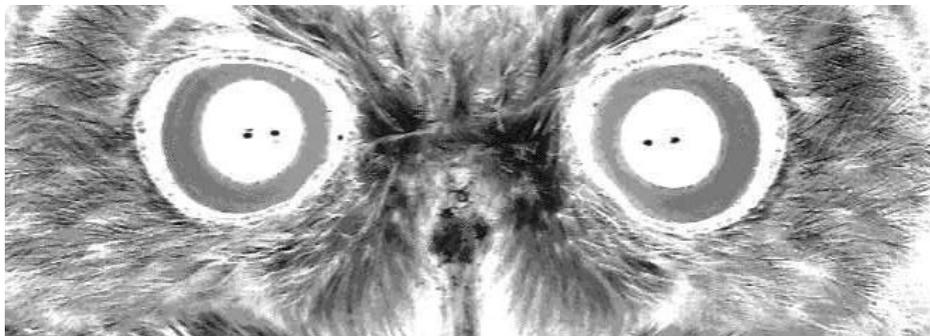
THE EYES STARE AT ME. THEY SEE MY EVERY MOVE.

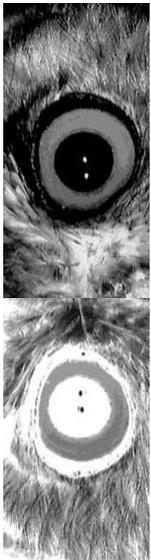
THE MOONLIGHT CRAWLS ALONG THE CARPET FROM OUTSIDE. UP ONTO THE BED AND INTO MY FACE IT GOES.

THE MOONLIGHT CRAWLS UNDERNEATH MY EYELIDS.

AND YET... I SLEEP SOUNDLY AS I KNOW I HAVE FAITH & YOU.

“SLEEP WELL AND SWEET DREAMS, BABE.”





Flash Essay: What is the Way? (Afterthought)

The opening line of the Tao Te Ching answers it this way: "The Path that can be explained is not the real Path." The rest of the book then proceeds not to inform the reader about the Path.

The Tao (the Way, the Path) is beyond words: It is the understanding of something only realised through intuition and experience. The Tao is the essential nature of everything. Without it there would be no universe or life within.

The Tao (pronounced Dow) is of itself, yet it gives, gave and will always give rise to Yin and Yang, the two fundamentals that constitute the Tao. The original meaning of Yin was "the cloudy, overcast", whereas Yang meant "banners waving in the sun; something shone upon or brightness". These days it is explained as the two sides of a mountain: one is shone upon and the other is in the shadows. Yin and Yang are two sides of a coin, but the Tao is the coin, as there can be no coin without two sides. Up & down, left & right, in & out and good & bad. These opposites are arbitrary, but they always represent the Tao - the thing that stares us in the face, the thing that we cannot, do not, see.

Can't see the wood for the trees...

The Tao, the Thing, the Path, the Way, Dow, has always been and will always be. There was no beginning and there will be no end, for these are conceptual fallacies that arise from a limited understanding of the nature of reality. The Tao cannot be measured scientifically. It is at the core of neutrons and quarks; it is the essence of galaxies and the universe. It is within the power of love and hate; it is the creative force of creation, growth, decay and death. It is greater than the concept of a deity, for all gods are just another facet of the Tao.

As is everything else.

The Tao is the ever-present Constant, as are Yin and Yang. The details of reality are in the interplay between Yin and Yang which gives rise to history, both past and future. The present is the meeting point between these two states or illusions, itself dependent on the two states. It is always now, was and will be.

The Way/ the Thing/ the Path is substance and space, everything and nothing: it is the Tao, the One in Taoist texts which gives rise to Yin & Yang from which emerge the ten thousand things, the cosmos, the universe... everything! Within Yin there is Yang and within Yang there is Yin, as in the symbol of Yin & Yang, where the two opposites contain a



spot of each other. Naturally the symbol is merely a representation and yet as close as one can get to symbolising the whole unchanging unity and completeness of the Tao.

Obvious really.

Taoism is neither a religion nor a philosophy. It is a way (The Way!) of life; a way of trying to experience the harmonious nature of the universe in the true and balanced way. However, this can be hard to achieve, for if you try too hard you fail. Don't try hard enough and you fail as well. Only when you truly relax and attune yourself can you achieve it. It seems paradoxical that you have to try. But try you must. And in the right way, the relaxing way. Your mind must be a tranquil pool but you can't jump into it to find its calmness. You must become one with it and not quantify it, for you can't magnify the water's atoms to find its calm nature.

Water, like air, is used to symbolise the Tao. It flows and assumes no shape. It can be soft or hard or soft & hard. A door is useless without the space to walk through, a bowl is useless without its space to contain things. All things are dependent on the interplay of Yin and Yang, yet all things adhere to the Tao. Yin leads to Yang and back again. If you sharpen a blunt pencil too much it becomes blunt again. If you overfill a cup it starts to empty. If you walk in one direction for a long enough time you come back to where you started. If you boast too much you lose face. The Tao Te Ching says that 'the more laws there are, the more criminals there are'. The more you aim to arm for war, the more likely war will happen. This is not politics. These are quintessential truths. ☺

So, the Tao is not completeness, as completeness must have the opposite tied to it. It is not fullness as it would be emptiness. It is not understanding as it would be ignorance. It is not Yin as it would be Yang. It is both. It is the Totality that is beyond Totality. It is the balance of Yin and Yang.

It is the two sides of the mountain.

☺ Incidentally, this - the 'correct' attitude - fosters strong resolution and inner strength and helps to achieve the balancing of Yin & Yang, the core of Tai Chi and Kung Fu. One does not aim to learn how to fight but how not to fight and how to balance ones physical, mental and spiritual energies. The dynamic power of the balance between Yin and Yang within the body is known as Chi ('air') energy.

finis

