

2005

CHIMERICANA BOOKS



the first six paperbacks - pdf-sampler

CHIMERA WORLD #1

TWENTY THREE BIZARRO TALES

EDITED BY MIKE PHILBIN

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Introduction

Chimeraworld is a dark place your mind will never escape.

A collection of the most ferocious, the most relentless, the most wonderfully rendered nightmare landscapes ever witnessed in literary history. This is not horror. This is not sci-fi. This is not mystery. This is not thriller. CHIMERAWORLD exceeds all boundaries of taste and narrative.

You will journey through CHIMERAWORLD in the company of 23 of tomorrow's greatest authors.

Word limit 2000-4000 words strict. Deadline for submissions is End October, 2003. No reprints. Downloadable .pdf eBook, enhanced CD, and P.O.D. Contributors receive equal share of royalties.

That was the original announcement that hit the net at the end of August 2003. By mid October 2003 (*due to being swamped by submissions two weeks before the deadline*) I announced the closure of the anthology and here's the result.

There are a lot of horror writers out there wanting to exorcise their non-mainstream demons and it seems Chimeraworld is their natural habitat.

Enjoy.

Mike Philbin, editor

THE PERFECT CUNT – C.C. Parker 5
LETTER TO GIOTTO – W. Bill Czolgosz 13
THE WOMAN FROM THE PLACE OF THE STONES – Greg Beatty 19
MOTHER'S LAST WISH – John Peters 24
LOVE NEST – L. Marie Wood 31
THE LAND OF ELECTRIC FIRE – Latricia L. Lane 35
A MATTER OF ETHICS – T.M. Gray 43
BORING, BORING, BORING – Ken Goldman 52
STRANGE BREED – Queenie Tirone 61
IN THE DARKNESS – Jaime L. Burvato 65
THE MAN WITH THE ABSINTHE EYES – Alex Severin 70
FOR THAT YOU PAY EXTRA – William S. Brock 78
ADVERTISING AGE – polycarp kusch 83
FERALUST – Joseph Miles 90
WEB – Kevin Anderson 95
ABACUS SLIDING – J. M. Heluk 100
FIXING DAD'S MICE – Isaac Fellows 105
SWIMMING IN ENDLESS NIGHT – Kevin L. Donihe 111
STICK – Tony Richards 116
RESCUING LAURA – S.J. Hinton 121
NEED – Steve Short 132
TWELVE HELLS OF THE HELL LICKER – John Edward Lawson 140
UGLY LITTLE FUCK – Rickey Windell George 148
BIOGRAPHIES 157

The Perfect Cunt

C. C. Parker

HUSTLER:

I'm propped on the toilet, taking a shit. The door is locked. The back of a Hustler is rubbing against the sore head of my cock. I'm looking down at a blonde with obviously fake tits and a hairless cunt that glistens in the fake lighting.

Avoiding her eyes, I concentrate on the glistening, pink opening; the sinews of stretched flesh slipping down into the dark-warm womb. This is one of the only ways I understand transcendence.

I'm standing in front of the toilet now. I beat off into my shit and flush the whole concoction down.

This is one of the only ways I know how to transcend.

TEEN BEAVER:

I lock myself in the bathroom before dinner. I smell mother's cooking mingling with the smell of my shit. It smells like rotting flesh, which immediately makes me think that nothing is ever that important in this world.

I'm flipping through the latest issue of Teen Beaver. Most of them can't spread their cunts as wide as I like, but there are other details that overshadow this. The fact that they are so pristine, for one. The meat has yet to darken and the opening makes perfect sense; it hasn't been manipulated by an inevitable bastion of cocks. There is nothing worse than a cunt that looks like rotten meat.

There's a knock on the door, my older brother on the other side no doubt; big dumb fucking jock.

"Paul, man . . . I need to take a shower before dinner."

For some reason Scott always has to take a shower before dinner.

"In a minute." There's a picture of a girl in the back getting it from a smug looking preppy type. It's contradictory, but sometimes I like the way a cock looks inside a girl's cunt. I guess because I imagine it's mine.

The idea makes me immediately hard, so I'm standing over a fresh pile of shit while my brother waits outside. I've turned on the water faucet because the idea of him being so close makes me nervous.

The picture that turns me on the most shows the girl's cunt only moments after the preppie's cock has been pulled out; I can see inside, which is where everything is happening. The opening is perfect. The cock is still in the picture, pumping steamers of come onto the tufted-black shelf of her pubis.

CHERRY:

We are usually quiet around the dinner table. Everything else is the sound the jaw and lips make while eating, which, when singled out, is foul. I pick at my food, but they're used to it. Dinner is one of the few places I can think of where nothing's changed. I look around the table at their vague expressions.

My brother eats whatever I won't and I head off to my bedroom. I think about calling Curt, but I just don't feel like it. Instead, I lie in the dark and silence of my room and try my best to clear my head of all the bullshit that has been so haphazardly placed there. I try to fall asleep, but it's too early.

My mom on the other side of the bedroom door: "Can you come help your brother do the dishes?" It is an automatic response to her life, which has been much of the same.

"Paul?"

The sound of my breathing resonates in my head.

There are a few seconds between each breath in which to hear her from very far away. She wants me to know that she is there. Nothing has changed. It has nothing to do with dishes. I am floating on the brink, in the darkness, and all she can hear is her own voice. I hear it barely, but it's more like an echo; the echo of everything she's been handed down. I'm too far down inside. Still, she wants me to hear it. Needs me to, even.

When I open the door she is standing there like a ghost. A long time ago I slipped out of her cunt and into a world that has only confused me. She was much stronger then. Life and all of it's sharp corners has worn her down into a dull, faded entity. I feel sorry for her, but only when she's asleep. I'm not sure why this is.

"Your brother's already started. You could start becoming a member of this family, you know."

It makes me think that I'm from another world all together.

"Fine," I said, walking past her.

CHIMERAWORLD #2

TWENTY THREE TALES OF TOTAL MADNESS

EDITED BY MIKE PHILBIN

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CHIMERAWORLD #2

Hell is a sorry shit hole.

Still reeling from the nightmare excesses of CHIMERAWORLD #1? Relax a while and enjoy the ambient tones of sadness, depression, degradation and utter hopelessness of CHIMERAWORLD #2. A perfect paperback antidote to that brain battering bitch, the pure power-chords of deep, deep despondency.

Those were the rather vague (and purposefully so) guidelines to this title. The idea was not to set a theme but to set a tone, a palette, an atmosphere. I received nearly 100 submissions this year – more than twice last year’s. And the final 23, I hope you’ll agree with me, are some of the most seriously despondent stories ever assembled together into one gloomy collection.

Get your box of razor blades ready ‘cos here we go.

Mike Philbin, editor

DAMP - Steve Lockley & Paul Lewis 4
THE DANCE - Brian W Keen 13
THE STAGNANT PONDS - Kurt Newton 15
A TASTE FOR DEFORMITY - Dustin LaValley 24
THE ABORTION PEOPLE - David L Tamarin 29
IT'S YOUR TURN – Derek Gunn 37
TWISTED JUSTICE – Michele Acker 44
THIS COLOSSAL WRECK or Fuck You and the Virus You Rode in On -
Anthony Cain 54
CUNT - William D. Carl 61
THE FORT - Glen Alan Hamilton 71
ASKING FOR IT – Quentin S Crisp 80
EMBALMING 101 - J. M. Heluk 89
AT THE ORPHANAGE - Charles Richard Laing 93
DREAM LOVER – Ken Goldman 96
BLIND FEELING - Nicholas Alan Tillemans 103
GREY LOVE - Suzanne Church 108
FIZZ – Eric Shapiro 112
LITTLE BOY BLUE - Tony Richards 116
BIRDCAGE - Karen James 125
SIN AND SORROW - John Meany 128
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHILDREN - Andrew Zimmerman Jones 137
THE FINAL WAIT - Richard Lee 141
THE FORGOTTEN - Destiny West 148
BIOS: 152

The green paint on the front door was so badly chipped and flaking that Derek was surprised the heavy rain which pounded Bath Avenue had not washed the rest of it away. In other circumstances he would have been on to the housing repairs department to send someone round to put it right. No point bothering now.

Bath Avenue was doomed. Within days the bulldozers would move in, to reduce these pathetic parallel lines of post-war houses to untidy piles of rubble. The council said it had to move with the times, but the truth was that it should have moved with the times a long time ago. The houses here had stood condemned for years, only budgetary constraints allowing them to remain standing until now.

Hinges squealed indignantly when Derek pushed the rusting front gate of number eleven open. He kept his hood up while he hurried along the path, only pulling it back when he reached a small porch that looked unnervingly as if the deluge of water may send it crashing down on to his head. Damn these people. Why couldn't they just accept the inevitable and move out with all the other tenants? It wasn't as if the council was turfing them into the street. No, it had provided nice homes for them, a hell of a lot nicer than the damp two-up, two down they were used to.

He looked longingly at his car, the only one to be seen in the deserted street, imagined himself setting behind the wheel, mercifully dry. Well, the only dry thing inside the car was his clipboard. He knew the names of these tenants well enough without having to remind himself of them. Albert and Irene James, who were about to be given their last chance to do the sensible thing and leave without a fuss.

If that failed, Derek knew, the next step would be taken in court.

He raised a hand to the door and knocked sharply, but the sound that came back was strangely muted, as though swallowed by wood made absorbent by too much rain. For a moment there was silence. Derek raised his fist to knock again when, from the other side, he could hear someone shuffling towards the door, muttering words he could not make out. Seconds later a bolt slid across, there was a rattle of keys and the door opened fractionally. A rheumy eye peered out from the narrow gap.

"Mr James?" Stupid question. Of course it was Mr James. If he'd gone to the wrong house he would not have had an answer.

"What do you want?"

“I’m from the council. About the letter we sent you regarding the house?”

Letters, Derek reminded himself. Plural. Probably half a dozen of them by now. Not to mention visits by housing officers and a social worker, all of whom had been denied entry by the cantankerous old toad who stood inches from him now.

“We’re not leaving,” Mr James growled. “Can’t.”

Won’t, more like. Well, we’ll see about that. “That’s why I’m here Mr James.” Keeping his voice level. “If you could let me in then perhaps we can talk about it.”

“Talk all you want. We’re still not leaving.”

Derek closed his eyes and counted slowly to five before answering. “I’m sorry but if you refuse to let me in to discuss this, then I’ll – ”

“All right, all right. I knew it would come to this. Threats.”

The door swung open so abruptly that Derek took an involuntary step backwards, blinking at the sudden cold feeling of heavy rain on his face.

“Come on, then,” an impatient voice cajoled. “Get in.”

Derek opened his mouth as if to answer, then closed it, momentarily lost for words. Although he had not seen the old man before he was exactly as he had expected. Mr James had not shaved for several days. Grey growth had sprouted unevenly over his face, though it was longer around his collar line. Below this, a frayed dirty white shirt collar emerged from a threadbare pullover, while a pair of badly stained trousers hung baggily from his waist. Despite his invitation – order, more like – to come in, he did not move aside to let Derek through.

“It really is important that we talk about this, Mr James.”

“Aye. I read your letters. But we’re still staying put.” And with that he turned and shuffled away down the narrow entrance hall, worn slippers rubbing on an equally ragged carpet. Derek, crinkling his nose against the musty smell that wafted towards him in the old man’s wake, squared his shoulders and followed, looking around and resisting the temptation to cluck his tongue disapprovingly.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HERTZAN CHIMERA

the official biography of an invented persona

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EPITAPH:

Hertzán Chimera died on the 14th of August 2004 after fourteen years typing like a madman. He will be remembered (one hopes) for his extreme short stories and subversive books that tried to break away from rational thought and tedious 3-act structure, works that tore down the barriers of taste and exploded the fixed genres writers find themselves having to cater to. He was unsuccessful in his bid to make a difference to mass-market reading patterns (people seem to wanna buy what they've always bought). He angered the admins and one or two of the more acerbic members of the Shocklines and Horror World forums. He failed in many of his plans but should be a lesson to us all about stubbornness and the freedom of the human spirit.

One year since the death of Hertzán Chimera, this book is being released as an obituary of sorts, a chance to relive those classic moments in a mostly forgotten life.

A favourite question seemed to be, “How do you pronounce *Hertzán Chimera*?” Well, just to slap a stupid grin on the face and plough through this shit one more time (as radical comedian Bill Hicks was fond of saying) the most effective was is this “Hurts-Ann” followed by “Ka-i-Me-Ra”.

Hertzán Chimera gave the reading world such literary abominations as the confusing three-part novel SZMONHFU, the literally disgusting split-cerebrum novel UNITED STATES, the narrative-stripped multi-viewpoint novel YÓROPPA (due in 2006 from Hellbound Books), the short story collections (single and collaborative) ANIMAL INSTINCTS, BROKEN, BOYFISTGIRLSUCK, CHIM+HER, CHIM+HIM and the series of interviews of the rising stars of modern horror SPIDERED WEB (now incorporated into this auto-biography).

This book is an attempt to rationalise the never-compromising personality that was Hertzán Chimera R.I.P.

INCREDIBLY, THE HULK MOVIE:

You're sat there thinking, 'how is this recent Hollywood adaptation of a comic book/TV series a good place to start an exposé of the inner mind of the keyboard entity Hertzán Chimera?'. But this may actually be the perfect place to

start the official biography of the man behind the myth of attempted literary subversion, fighter for the cause of creative justice. Hertzan had his own little green cape that fluttered in the wind and his own little super stretchy green underpants made from Speedo racing fabric. On his chest a green, hand-drawn HC tattoo that would eventually come off in the wash. But until it did, Hertzan was impregnable. Bullet-proof, fireproof, plate steel for skin. A bizarre and distorted figment of the true creative spirit.

Proto-Hertzan would tune in religiously to the Hulk TV series with Doctor David Banner, exposed to gamma radiation and awaiting the next bout of personal rage to tear through his life. Funny that all around him at the time was so much rage that he could physically do nothing about. Sexual molestation. Domestic rage and upheaval. Personal anger. Family blood. Escape. Healing.

Don't make Hertzan angry.

Just like The Hulk's catch phrase - if so light a term as 'catch phrase' could be used for the immense consequences. You wouldn't like him when he was angry. Proto-Hertzan had a wicked temper and he really should have been in therapy. Hertzan was in therapy but more of that later – wouldn't wanna spill all the beans on the reader's lap on page one. Back to the HULK film: we're talking of course about the new HULK film by Chinese director Ang Lee. Great story well directed. Great characters well acted. Great special effects that were integral and integrated into the narrative. Bit of an annoying graphical representation or comic book style of editing with cut screen, split screen, scrolling screen that sorta got in the way and sorta spoiled the enjoyment in a way that could only be described as visually jarring, distancing you from any empathy with the characters and their plight. We don't care if that's how the comic looked. Go read the comic.

Ang Lee's Hulk was entertaining in an all-too-personal way that is fundamentally pertinent to the grave theme of this book. That you are made to be this way. That you out there, mother father sister brother, society. You made Hertzan Chimera what he became. You allowed him to live, love and be killed. It's all down to you, world. You are the reason Hertzan Chimera did what he did. Don't pity him, understand. At least your reading this shows that you're trying to understand. Hertzan thanks you. That's all Hertzan could ask for.

Come, join with Hertzan Chimera in nostalgic reflection. Enjoy. Endure.

THE BEST OF HIM+CHIM+HER

HERTZAN CHIMERA
IN COLLABORATION WITH

DESTINY WEST
QUEENIE TIRONE
DAWN ANDREWS
BRUTAL DREAMER
CHARLEE JACOB
AMY GRECH
CHRISTINA SNG
ALEX SEVERIN
SIMON LOGAN
MARK MCLAUGHLIN
VINCENT SAKOWSKI
GREG WHARTON
JOHN EDWARD LAWSON
D.F. LEWIS
M.F. KORN

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:FIFTEEN COLLABORATIONS	4
UNKNOWN; THEY ARE MY CHILDREN	5
EXILE INTO DARKNESS	15
AUTOMATIC LOVE	24
ALBURT AMERICH III	30
CHROMEATER	37
CRIMSON SCREAMS	43
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE	48
SPAWN OF THE CANCER WOMB	55
CALM LIKE A BOMB	62
MOURNING TV	66
INITIAL INVESTIGATION	72
ANAESTHETISED	78
A FUCK'N PERFECT WORLD	83
A TITANIC BREED	88
ONE DAY AT A TIME	94
:TEN TRICEPHALLICS	100
SEETHING MESSIAH	101
STEER HORN	107
ENEMY ANGEL	114
HIS EYES	118
BOOK ENDS	123
CARNIVAL WEEKEND	127
HELL TO HEAVEN	130
TICKET TO RIDE	134
THE UNHOLY TEGUMENT OF LORD AND LADY VISHNU	138
THE TORTOISE AND A COUPLE OF HARES	142
:GROUP STORY	147
NUMBER 8	148
:COLLABORATORS	155

:FIFTEEN COLLABORATIONS

I created fourteen years worth of writing as Hertzian Chimera. It was in many ways a very exciting time of total creativity without boundaries. I never censored my content and, when it came to collaborating with other writers, the creative flood gates opened. No subject was taboo – these insane works dealt with abortion, cancer, rape, kidnap, child abuse, pornography, murder, illness, abandonment, dreams, nightmares, loneliness, discovery, hatred, secrets, love. Apart from my own work, I have also created collaborative pieces with many other writers both male and female.

Chim+Her and Chim+Him were two separate titles originally published through Cyber Pulp Press of Houston. They showed how much fun one can have in collaboration with another writer of either sex. The aim of both projects was that they contained totally collaborative short stories – one writer would write 200 words or so then pass it to their collaborator who would add 200 words and pass it back and forth like this until the story was done. The benefit of this sort of shared creativity is you can never tell where the narrative might lead or how evil your collaborator might be in setting your character up for a fall or putting your character in an unassailable position – the classic ***see you next wednesday*** cliff hanger that both parties have to write their way out of.

This then is a unisex reappraisal and layout of those two stunning (seminal) books. Where there were three collabs with each of the writers in the original books, here I've chosen the very best collaborations from each book. We open up with a cracker from one of my favourite collaborators, Australian-born Destiny West – strap yourself in good and tight because this is a nasty ride.

Mike Philbin, collaborator

UNKNOWN; THEY ARE MY CHILDREN

Hertzan Chimera + Destiny West

As I stand here before my altar of agar-plated petri dishes swarming with pathogenic strains of bacterial cultures such as staphylococci, streptobacilli and gangrene, I can feel the ghosts of the medical pioneers of the Nazi Death Machine whispering to me in thickly accented voices.

'Relive our glory.' They tell me but their instruction is scant. I must fly alone.

I take my victims by force.

Street kids, prostitutes, homeless bums anybody that won't be missed. I have a partiality to the female flesh; it appears to handle the agonies of pain with a greater threshold.

They say "it's always the quiet ones..." what do they know. I fight in pubs. I shout in the street. I am Reverse Psychology man. A new breed. Clever enough to stay just this side of the law. To manipulate and control. I stay awake all night in my apartment complex working on my 'thesis'. You can see me shuffling behind the thin, shiny curtains tending to my children. You can probably smell me in the shopping lines, queuing up. You could probably tell there was something wrong with me from my purchases – I mean no normal family can use as much bleach, medical swabs and firelighters as I buy.

You cannot see the wood for my trees.

It's like I have invented a perfect smoke screen that confuses the enemy and sends them after less worthy prey, the car stealers, the extortionists, the deviants of society. While I roam the rain-soaked streets with a glaze of lust in my eye and a need that can only be fulfilled by serious and intelligent experimentation.

Take last night as I was roaming the back streets kicking through rubbish, crushing the skulls of stray kittens with my steel capped boots and pondering my existence I came across her.

Her - I didn't quite catch the whore's name. To earn the right to use a name you have to be worthy of life it's self. This ashen skinned stick insect, needle marks weaving their scab-encrusted way up the inside of her arms, looked at me through hollow dead eyes.

‘Twenty pound for a blow job, mister.’ She croaked at me, her actions hazy and drug induced.

I stared at the girl with my acid coldness. I had no feelings of anger or sympathy for such a pathetic creature. I gave her another week at the most before she was found dead from an overdose or slashed to bits in a dumpster. I do prefer my ‘patients’ to be a bit on the healthier side. However looking at this loathsome creature I offered her the chance of doing something worth while with the last few days of her life. Of giving her life some meaning and perhaps even benefiting her own kind or perhaps just satisfying my own sick tendencies. I coaxed her with the offer of two hundred pound for a few hours of her time. She licked her dry cracked lips pock-marked with scars of herpes and feigned a smile of approval at the prospect of more heroin hits.

I know the back streets of the city like the palm of my hand. I could walk them with my eyes closed, I know every brick and every dumpster. When life sees me it flees, I have an unspoken reputation in these darkened alleys, however not even my infamy can keep my potential prey from me. It is human instinct to experience everything for one’s self, we need to feel, to touch, to taste and the opinion of another, the advice or warning of another can never justify, can never quench one’s own desires.

I wove with her through the decaying back streets, her arm linked in mine to keep her body steady.

I had even contemplated carrying the whore in a fireman’s lift, her cum-stained knickers on public show. Her slowness did little to appease my lack of patience though the prospect of her flesh that close to mine repelled me making acrid bile rise in my throat such that I involuntarily spat several times to my free side. Visions of her rancid flesh filled my mind. My makeshift lab beckoned to me as my surgical tools and petri dishes swarming with disease serenaded me like a lust-filled, and competent, lover. I ignored her mumbled questions, I pictured every movement in my head. I saw her naked malnourished body upon the table and I felt the pressure of my scalpel slicing into her flesh.

Back in my quarters the girl knelt before me, her claw-like hands bony and scab-ridden fumbled with the zipper of my trousers seeking to release my flaccid cock from it’s sweating confines. I moved my hands down to her greasy hair, I felt my fingers touch her dirt encrusted scalp then move down to her neck. I caressed her flesh, then I pressed. I watched as I was spared more of her filthy touch as she collapsed to the floor at my feet. I raised my foot and kicked her. I kicked her between her disease ridden thighs and fought to contain myself from kicking her repeatedly. I needed her to join the others.

There they were, in the lockup room. Drugged into lazy submission. Their lips sewn together and sealed over the weeks and months like earring holes...

HORROR QUARTERLY

the best of issues one to three

edited by Mike Philbin

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRO – from Terror Tales to Horror Quarterly

ISSUE ONE - Body Horror

ARTICLE: THE GLORY IN BODY MUTATION – Ugly Shyla

INTERVIEW: BRUCE CAMPBELL – Destiny West

METAL: GORE ROTTED – Destiny West

FICTION: A FIVE-PART DISSECTION - Kurt Newton

FICTION: MODIFICATION OF A STUPID CUNT - Alex Severin

FICTION: THE WRONG GUY -- Edward Lee

FICTION: THE MANEATER – D Harlan Wilson

FICTION: ANYTHING GOES -- Destiny West

ARTICLE: JAPANESE HORROR 1/3 – Quentin S Crisp

ISSUE TWO - Fuck Horror

ARTICLE: 120 DAYS OF BUNNY – polycarp kusch

INTERVIEW: INGRID PITT – Destiny West

METAL: LAMB OF GOD – Destiny West

FICTION: THE CURE - Rickey Windell George

FICTION: DEVIL'S GOLD – James Havoc

FICTION: BUTTER RED AND DIAMOND EYES - Kurt Newton

FICTION: CHAMPAGNE ROOM - Cody Goodfellow

FICTION: INSIDE WANTS OUT - John Fowora

ARTICLE: JAPANESE HORROR 2/3 – Quentin S Crisp

ISSUE THREE - Blood Horror

ARTICLE: MENSTRUATION FOR MEN - Lucy A. Snyder

INTERVIEW: LIVING DEAD DOLLS – Destiny West

METAL: ORANGE GOBLIN – Destiny West

FICTION: LITTLE RED – Mark Dunn.

FICTION: SPIDER-BOY – Scott C Carr

FICTION: THE PINK COFFIN - Vera Searles

FICTION: THE SWEET SPOT - Charlee Jacob

FICTION: THE BLOOD BLOG - Alex Severin

ARTICLE: JAPANESE HORROR 3/3 – Quentin S Crisp

EPILOGUE – the future of H.Q.

INTRO – from Terror Tales to Horror Quarterly

I had published a few short stories and interviews in online zine Terror Tales (back when John B Ford was at the reins). In its dying days, Terror Tales had lost its focus and the content was drying up. John knew about my very strong opinions of his zine and one writer-gathering night in a pub in London asked me if I'd like to take over the running of the zine. Thus Horror Quarterly was born (I did try to keep the name Terror Tales at first but it needed something even fresher and more professional sounding as a flagship horror title). Horror Quarterly is all about theme – it contains not only fiction but also interviews, articles and features.

Issue one's theme was **Body Horror** – all the stories and articles related to aspects of body mutilation, body horror in the media, genetic freaks.

Issue two's theme was **Fuck Horror** – this was an intentional mind-fuck on my behalf as editor, there came back many 'interpretations' of the fuck-horror theme and I never explained myself, just published the most stunning work.

Issue three's theme was **Blood Horror** – diseases of the blood, fiction of the blood, menstruation for men.

There is something very liberating about being an editor, and something even more liberating about being a publisher. You get to not only choose the best, but also mould the best of the submissions to your editorial ideal. And the writers have been only too willing to polish and reconsider themes, endings, beginnings of their works when they know it's for the good of the whole.

In this best of HORROR QUARTERLY (the first three issues), there'll be a best article, best interview, best 'metal', five of the best stories and the classic three-part article from Quentin S Crisp exploring Japanese Horror to end each issue.

Here we go. Ready?



This is the cover that confronted the reader on the first issue of the revamped Terror Tales. It's an edit of a very famous image from *Un Chien Andalou* – it's the scene where the woman's eyeball is sliced by a straight razor and it epitomised exactly the sort of feel I wanted from this new website dedicated to extreme non-mainstream or *bizarro* horror.

ARTICLE: THE GLORY IN BODY MUTATION – Ugly Shyla

From a outsider's standpoint what people like me do is seen as "body mutation" and it is assumed that someone that participates in things like body modification must have something terribly wrong with them. It is also assumed by secretly perverse minds that people must do most hardcore body modification because they get something "sexual" out of it.

I can say, speaking for myself of course and most of the people that I know that have done things like energy pulls and suspensions, that those assumptions are totally untrue. Unlike BD/SM and fetish play body modification isn't about sexual arousal. For myself it's more of almost spiritual and empowering thing, it's overcoming your own weak body, it's a realization that your body really isn't "you". I also see it as being about the beauty of the grotesque.

For most people it's something that is done for spiritual and aesthetic reasons and to also make you feel closer to your real self.

Since it's also one of those things that is hard to explain since it's more of a feeling, experience, a journey. So to help you all understand it I will give a run down of the most recent body modification performance I was involved in with, an AMF show.

Myself as well as Louis the founder of AMF, Machina and Barely Evil model Szandora all participated in the show.

First it started out that myself, Machina and Louis would all get our bodies painted in a sort of corpse like fashion. Then it was time for the hooks to be put in.

Louis got his hooks put in first then I told Machina I'd go before her so she could see how bad it was. The hooks are put in by first piercing the skin with a piercing needle then putting the hook through by pushing the needle out. Much the same way any other piercing is done. The piercers were great they went really fast and didn't hurt at all. They laid us out on a table and prepped us then put our neck hooks in first then we'd turn over to get the back ones. The neck was allot less worse then I thought it was going to be. Machina got hers with no problems it was also a lot less worse then she thought it would be. We finished with all that and then got ready to go on stage. The stage it's self was decorated with real skinned Lamb heads, Cows feet, a drum which was being played by Louis' drummer Jay Jay and there was also a large silver bowl of Cows blood.

We took our places on stage with signs that said Freedom is Slavery, Disobedience is Terrorism, Ignorance is Strength. Louis was holding blood in his mouth and spat it on his sign, then into his hand and smeared it onto myself and Machina's face. We then all proceeded to rip up our signs.

Next Louis attached a spring with the which had a microphone attached to it onto our necks hooks and started playing it with large meat hook. He'd like scrape along the spring with the hook and the microphone would pick up the noises. So you basically heard the sound of our pain.

Once we started pulling against the spring and Louis was scrubbing it with the hook and the drums were playing loudly I started to leave my body. I didn't totally black out I remember standing like on the side of myself, looking over my right shoulder. I went in and out for most of the show but for the most part I stayed out because I was engulfed in the experience of the show. The smell of animal flesh and blood, the sound of drums, the feeling of my body bleeding and in pain.

Szandora then came from near the front of the stage and Louis poured blood over her body. It looked amazing and once she started to come up to the stage to meet us I could see she was changing too. At one point Szandora was just glaring out at the audience with a evil look in her eye and she was drooling blood out of her mouth.

Then myself and machina went out in the crowd to baptize people in cows blood. I found it strange that so many people allowed us to do that to them. It's amazing to be on stage with Louis, he totally transforms. I remember when I did the show in Dallas with him. When the needles came out of his head and he started bleeding everywhere he started to look like a angel. Louis becomes beautiful and totally angelic when he is in the midst of a performance.

While I was standing on stage with Machina and we are there the skin ripping in our backs, are covered in cold cow blood, smell like death and are in pain and I look out into the audience and they are just standing there staring at us in amazement and I think also some slight horror and just gawking. I thought my God this must have been what Jesus saw. This is so fucked up there are all theses people out there watching us suffer and it means something to us. Most of them likely don't even get it they are just watching the whole spectacle of it all. I'm sure the crucifixion was the exact same thing.

We did the neck pull and then got unhooked and went out into the crowd again to put cow blood on the audience.

We went back on stage and got our backs hooked to Louis to pull from the back. It was a really strange feeling to have the skin on my back pulled like that. It didn't hurt so much as feel like somebody was pinching my skin and pulling or like if somebody was pulling on a really tight bra strap. Louis stretched the spring totally out. He pulled so hard it was almost a straight wire by the time he was done. After the pull Machina and I walked hand in hand

backwards still attached to Louis' back towards the rig they were stringing him up on.

They unhooked us so we could turn around and watch him. It was like watching somebody go into death throws. He looked really great up there. You could tell he was totally in another state of mind. His suspension rig was decorated with things like bones and feathers and he was covered in cow blood on his arms and face.

While Louis was suspended Machina and myself went to spread cow blood around for the last time. They then took Louis down and the crowd sort of spread out after they took him down. He then came and found me at the front of the stage and gave me a hug and we congratulated each other on a good show. I hope my journalistic piece on the beauty of body mutation has shed a little light on the subject for some of you out there.

INTERVIEW: BRUCE CAMPBELL – Destiny West

So you may all know him best as Ash, the dark haired good looking guy from the legendary 80's movies Evil Dead, Evil Dead 2 and The Army of Darkness. But there really is more to this multi talented man. He writes, acts, directs and produces and we look forward to seeing more of him in the future. But all you die hard Evil Dead fans don't hold your breathe waiting for another movie in the ED series because it doesn't look like it is ever going to happen. So if you can't get enough of Mr Campbell visit his website at www.bruce-campbell.com and get in tune with some of his other work behind and in front of the camera.

DW: Welcome to my dungeon Bruce Campbell, I am thrilled to have this opportunity to ask you some questions. Do you prefer to be behind the camera or in front of it?

BC: I like doing a little bit of everything in "show biz" - like "job rotation."

DW: Do you think that as a society we have become desensitized to horror movies because of the real life horror we witness everyday?

BC: I suppose, to a degree, but horror flicks are the only things that can scare you at that moment - it's not on the news, it's right there in front of you.

DW: Does anything scare you?

BC: High places creep me out, and really dark nights - country dark.

DW: As both a producer and actor how do you think the horror film industry progressing?

BW: It's sucking if you ask me - Horror flicks (those that are billed as true horror) are not doing their #1 duty of being scary - they are too busy being cute and hip.

DW: Is there any genre of mainstream film that you would not be involved in?

BC: It's not like that for me. I go based on the elements involved, story, director, etc. Genre isn't that vital.

DW: You have already written two books, would you ever consider writing a novel?

BC: Actually my second book is a novel - *Make Love the Bruce Campbell Way* is fiction!

DW: To so many people you are an icon, are you comfortable in that role?

BC: It's not shared by all, I'm sure, and I don't really think about it. My driveway still needs tractor work, regardless of what folks think.

DW: Is real life horror scarier than supernatural horror?

BC: Oh, yeah - a guy with a knife is scarier than some rubber suit or digital creature.

DW: Any advice for budding film makers?

BC: Yeah, read my book!

DW: Finally, what is your ultimate goal?

BC: Steady employment. =)

DW: Thank you Bruce for allowing the Horror Quarterly readers a chance to get to know you better.

BC: No sweat - stay groovy!

JANE'S GAME

a bizarro novel by

MIKE PHILBIN

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cover photo courtesy of "C Alley"

ONE

Jane Templeton Rice, to give her full maiden name, was, as the contemporary fashion rags came to call her, a woman of classical beauty. Pre-Raphaelite was a common column inch term for her austere elegance. Her liquid spot-lit presence. All of life, they proclaimed, was a bulging orchard for her to pick idly from throughout the long and sultry day, the glowing prose of her more prosaic fashion editors.

Jane Templeton Rice, above and beyond the restriction of her obvious beauty, could seem quiet, personable, demure; some might use the worst of all four letter words, meek. But with emerald eyes like hers, with charisma on the catwalk like hers, dynamism under the spotlight, the perfect decoration for the arm of numerous millionaires, fashion modelling was the play she was born to perform.

You could imagine Jane as a gawky child all freckles and prescription glasses. Scuffing the chins of lads three years her senior with her tomboyish repartee of knees and punches. See her battling an entire school ground of spotty admirers. Only the seniors ever conquering her. The sucker for the life of charm promised by more mature liars than she. The disappointments. The little twists and turns of the knife. You could see where the almost indistinguishable worry lines emanated from. It was as if her exterior beauty was a conscious bodily evolution to mask the hurt inside.

As with all charismatic figures, and theatrical types in general, there was something not quite right about her easy switch of character from the meek and platonic private individual to hip and predatory star of the stage, her Jeekyll and her Hyde. Some external driving force. No sane person could juggle so well for so long. If the truth were told, Jane Templeton Rice was not the least bit well.

She had been a normal girl.

1) Left high school with the useless A level, Sociology.

She worked hard to find herself a suitable college to further her study. She could see herself two years down the professional county line, her heart stung by the interminable inevitability of broken home after foster parent database search, after rape crisis centre counselling, after...

2) She had a cute freckly nose and a good long pair of legs.

Lucky for her, she was head hunted in the centre of her hometown one Summer Saturday out with friends and accepted the swift job offer from Clinique, the world renowned Modelling Agency. Jane Templeton Rice, would-be sociologist in a low paid government position, garbed in woollen rags, cheap

underwear and horned rim glasses, did her first \$100,000 shoot at the mindless age of seventeen ..and not yet a woman.. as the song goes.

She often thought of how different her life might have been if she had continued her dead end studies: rotting in seedy lodgings, one-bar electric fire for comfort, beans on toast at each irregular sitting, working three years on her thirty thousand word dissertation, finding the only job vacancy was at the local council shifting abused wives and rickety families in and out of inadequate sheltered accommodation. Playing the numbers.

She had this comical and protracted argument with herself about life the universe and well, evolution, to be quite honest. Argued for nonsensical hours about the misrepresentation of Evolution, the so-called survival of the fittest, projected by the media. Wept openly at the thought of life forms who 'knew' it was their time to change suddenly discarding their gills and leaping up on to land to breathe the air. She had visions of some pre-historic dog some few thousand years later scavenging along the seashore and suddenly bouncing into the surf as a dolphin on some evolutionary whim. Had this really solid heart to heart with the mirror in her hotel suite the day before the Gaultier Show in Guatemala. Tribal Dolphin, the show was to be called. She couldn't see the connection with her line of thinking and her future that would patiently unfurl for the next fifteen years.

She had screamed things, hateful, wretched things her mother always made her promise she would never say. Filthy freeform that had scalded her tongue far too many times during the term of her captivity. Swore that she could no longer work out the equation in her head; maths not being her thaang. Spurred on by her ranting reflection, the remedy came to her as if on express rails. Logic indisputable.

Throughout the duration of her captivity, as she calls it, her campaign of wars with the demons of design had borne the worst scars. The most instantly recognisable of these being the continued degeneration of her shock-red halo that once so-spherically framed her over-ambitious features as no artist's imagination would allow.

As a school child, mizz Templeton Rice's hair was a fly away masterpiece. The ochred scales of its human medium once drawn out to a wild conflagration that forested the basic scalp. Now, the lamentable attempts of her being to reconstruct the glowing icon was under the close scrutiny of the scissor-happy, their tempering edge denying any extravagance of form of length of texture. A hostile hedge too often coloured, too often crimped, too often tugged at, as now in the silence she was tugging at it. Kneeling on the hardback wooden chair; legs quite dead. Back rigid with frustration at this deaf existence. The interminable Come On I Deserve It Hurt Me Bite Me Make Me Cry Keep Stabbing Stabbing Stabbing Stabbing. Metal marring flesh.....

Reaching through the pain like a slow yawn, body-long across the dresser, she sought the one antidote to this vast catalogue of mental and physical torture. Pure. Unadulterated. Television.

The model she carried round with her from \$100,000 assignment to \$100,000 assignment was a beaten up portable black & white whose vertical hold was permanently on comatose drift mode. The technological equivalent of a battered old teddy bear. Her Electronic Messiah, as she liked to call him, always helped soothe away the trauma of the day's megalomaniacal floor managers, tired designers and serial autograph hunters.

The dust-silvered face of her Saviour awakened, loop after ponderous loop dismissing her gaunt reflection for imagery of a less radical bent. The narrator, some between plays Thespian, soliloquised in pregnant anticipation of his companion pictures that slowly warmed to his solemn yet competently delivered elegy.

For her, television had become an abstract art. Each of the separate 1\50ths of a second that television represented cut into the phosphor ice with one continuous electronic blade. All narrative content pared back. Each raster edited by the linear mechanism some of the braver philosophers have named time to follow one after the other. Scalpeled incidents onto which her dainty consciousness alighted every 1\100th of a second, neither remembering what came before nor able to anticipate what was next to come. Televisual comprehension a long invalid daydream. Left for dead. Rotting away in public for the avant garde of fabric's sculptors elite. Shamed by it all. That battered, old, permanently scrolling black and white television was all they found in her room come show time.

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