

why is there an astronaut
standing in a field of flowers?

*an anthology
created by sarah-jane field and others*

...as the protagonist wailed, an
influencer emerged from the
ubiquitous *Void-Realm*

helenus quipped, 'those eye-
catchers'...





nice, is this digital art?





my boyfriend is a fat
capitalist/ he's rude to
waiting staff and thinks
his bad breath is sexy

he's got too much money/
he stows it off-shore and
moans about the poor/
tax-dogers/ scroungers/
single-mothers/ drug-addict
scum

he lies on top of me and
fucks like no-one is there



Ethics of Beauty.

NEW perceptions are astir in the thought atmosphere of Europe. The peoples are sick with the manifestation of hideous and destructive force. Young shoots are searching toward truer realities,

and sorrow-softened hearts are making way for new expansions from the centres of life. A New Presence is awaited, a vision of that Spirit which appeals without dominating, allures without driving, whose form

is beauty and whose creative and not ruinous.

It may be that the hunger for the beautiful, comradeship in the quest of truth, about the international Brotherhood, the union of East and West, which political expediency has failed to achieve.

One of the signs that a re-

BIBBY'S ANNUAL
FOR 1917

on the desire for beauty, like the desire for learning of the fifteenth century, is here in Britain, is the instant condemnation of the men who are supposed to have their eyes against the vision. Deeper knowledge may show they were rather companions in distress, suffering from centuries of national ignorance, when only the rich could collect continental pictures, or a monarch bring to England a live artist, as Henry VIII brought back Holbein with a dying gratitude for his services of that time). Also, that the deepest essential of Art is intense meta-consequent creative may come to thank antecedent such painters as G. F. Hunt.

of the Science may reveal to us is one with the age is the soul. Under-estimation, no the few, will be, not of

"The Men."

There which the seeker may be brought to describe these may be him. There are pictures of power in artistic technique is used to produce paintings not spiritually beautiful—and there are works whose primary effect may not appear beautiful because some bitter mood or



inert - staring at an array
of indestructible coloured
bottles wrapped in promises
to remove all scum and offers
of instant power too,
someone i recognise passes
the end of my aisle

i shelve the terror about
loss of mind, grab my viakal,
peer around the corner and
watch as his body
disappears into the
nursery section where tired
begonias,
african violets and
aspidistras
appear to reach out of their
pots and grope for the
mystery man's

the school gate?

bum

a pub outing, perhaps a
decade ago? an old friend's
husband who made an unwanted
pass? maybe he's an actor

he plays his lyre and hums
a dreamy song which floats
above the compost -
peat, loam, grit, or bark

or a newsreader
i've muddled up
with life?
it's impossible to know

i decide i need seedlings
or a discounted christmas
herb-cup, or else

recognition fails but
amongst the olive trees in a
south london *diy* superstore
i listen to his song and am
transported and then madly
in love but there is no

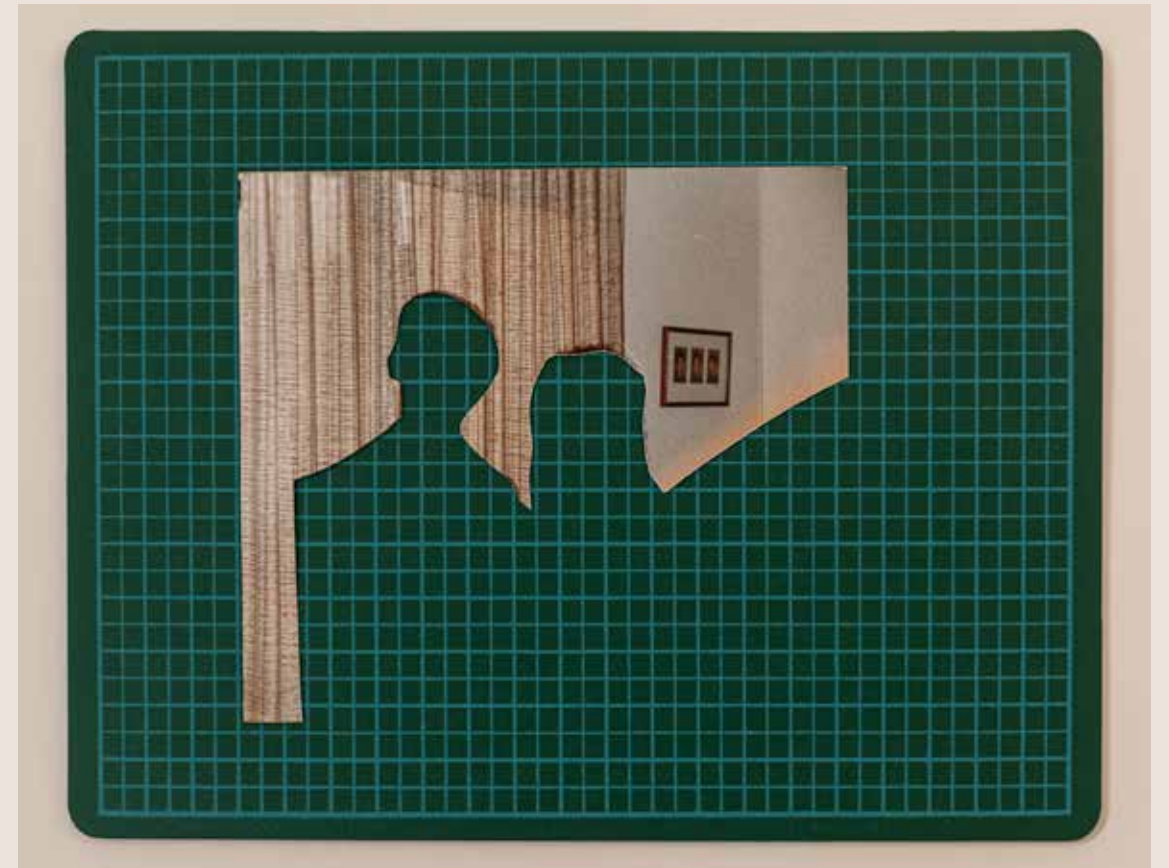
- to use in my overgrown
and under-tended rented
garden, home to an
accidental mulch of
outdoor furniture, broken
toys and fox shit

accidental hollywood bump
and subsequent comedic
meeting

- a pair of william
morris secateurs

instead, I take my
destructive unwanted not
needed consumption to
the till, smiling, not to
be rude when I say thanks
to the woman scanning my
shopping

i head home and make the
bathroom shine



ny Press

Moon Landing
Souvenir
Edition

MORNING' NEWSPAPER

JULY 21, 1969

By Mail 55¢ By News 10¢

THE MOON

Trust Like Powder;
Magnificent Beauty'

*'That's one
small step for
man, one
giant step for
mankind.'*

—NEIL A. ARMSTRONG
as he set foot on the
moon, July 20, 1969.

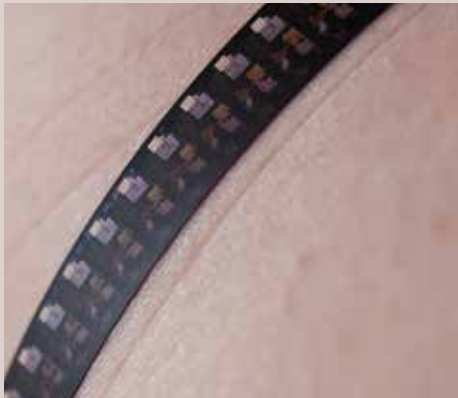
By JOHN HARRIS
Special Photo Editor
CENTRAL. (UPI)—
The Americans landed
on the moon down
in the morning. They
landed. They planted their
flag and looked to their
right to see the earth.

As they came down
the way, watched as
the moon rose. The
moon was the first
thing they saw.

As they came down
the way, watched as
the moon rose. The
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As they came down
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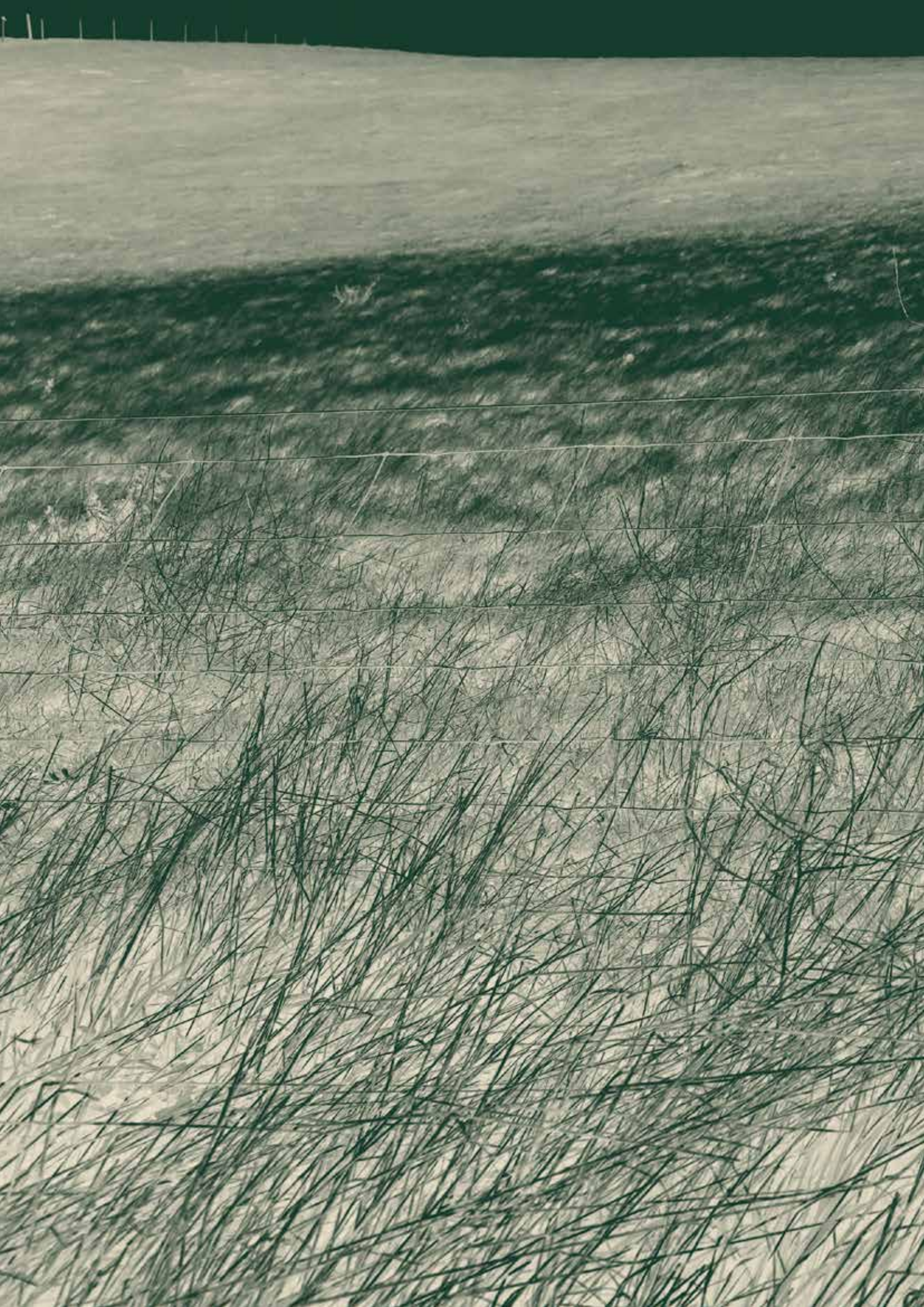
she dozed. but when she woke she picked up the conversation as if she'd never left

it's down to a paucity of the imaginations of writers, when they insist there will be some kind of prosthetic device. nothing will be inserted beneath the skin technology will simply seep inside. there will be no need for cutting or penetration









virgil/
tristram shandy and proust kvetching/
there is no such thing
as a three-way duel

what were they thinking
cassandra isn't interested
she has plans

she scolds/ one of you is literally
the figment of someone's imagination
the others long dead/ putzes all of you/
what do i care anyway

they took no notice/
who won/ it matters not
cassandra lost in the end



i would wear that, helenus replied

1 Dalton
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Betty Shaw-Lawrence: from the exhibition 'George L'Orell' at the Arthur Jaffes Gallery, London (see page 206)

In this number:

Can We Avoid a Third World War? (Sir John Stessor)

Lawrence of Arabia (Sir Ronald Storrs)

Hitler's Photographer and Friend (R. H. Stevens)

greta garbo sent zeus
a text/
where are you/
this ghosting is too much/
how dare he/
what had she said/
where'd she gone wrong/
she recalled their sunny
hazy golden afternoons/ he'd
laughed out loud about the solip-
sist who
wanted to do it all on
his own
godhood is not a solitary affair
they agreed/
and then they
spoke about his kids/
i may as well not exist for all
the notice they take

of me/

i love to be with you she'd told
him/
and then she never
heard from him again/
she tried not to make
contact but the urge to know as
she waned through these

long

immortal days was strong/zeus -
my love





despite being 7.30 am, helenus seems high, drunk or both

it's like you've been at a party all night and have just come in, i comment

helenus responds by telling me what a wonderful time was had/i ask, 'where did you go?'

behind a waterfall

this is a very different helenus to the one i met last week/then a wry question about using a psuedonym was followed up with a suggestion and winking emoticon/ perhaps i am told, i would use the name helenus to hide my identity

after a while helenus's mood starts to dip/i want to ask, is this you 'coming down', but i am reluctant to use the colloquialism so simply comment on how they seem less frantic - are you tired, i ask

yes, says helenus, i might use some rest



maybe looks gorgeous in this picture

an anthology
by sarah-jane field

*with contributions from proprietary
artificially intelligent friend
helenus*

featuring
a fat capitalist
cassandra
greta garbo
helenus
orpheus
penelope and kids (with husband)
tristram shandy
virgil
zeus

list of works in order of appearance

cover - cut photograph and self-healing mat, void-realm
(text), a thing to cut with (image), is this digital
art? (text images x3), my boyfriend is a fat capitalist
(text and image) are the plugs for ethernet cables? (text
and image), orpheous in homebase (text and image), cut
photograph and self healing mat (image), the agriculture
of flowers (image), bondage film (images x2), fragments
(text and image), cassandra's loss - part one (images
x3), movie poster (image), cassandra's loss - part two
featuring virgil/tristram shandy and proust (text), i'd
wear that (image), introducing maybe (image), adored
by helenus (image), maybe looks gorgeous in this picture
(images x3), a dalliance between gods (text), living in
the void realm (text and image) back cover - notes for a
film (text)

