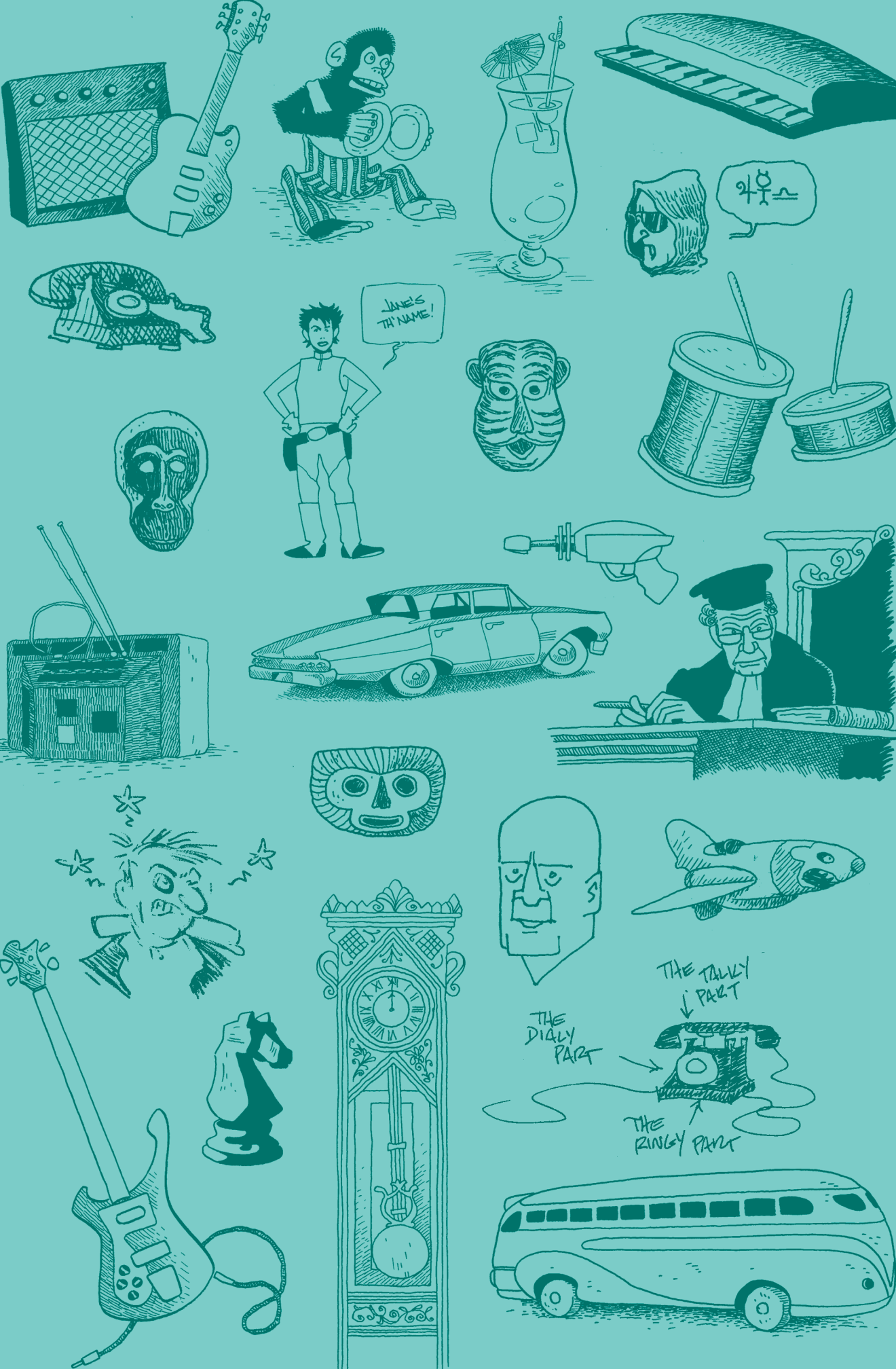


cryptobibliography



art by Sean Chiki

Auk Brand Comics





effortless, neatness, uncommonly delicate handwriting, hastily managed, and so called by persons of lesser delicacy as **GRAFFITI** - the process by which words are written so as to be illegible - but.

He sat. Drinking drinking drinking. Gaze my favorite pastime, giving the sights... Oh what sights are, regardless, no matter the weather, they come, unimpaired. And what entertainment it gives me, what amusement indeed. And still my handwriting suffers gets away from me.

But What, Then... And!



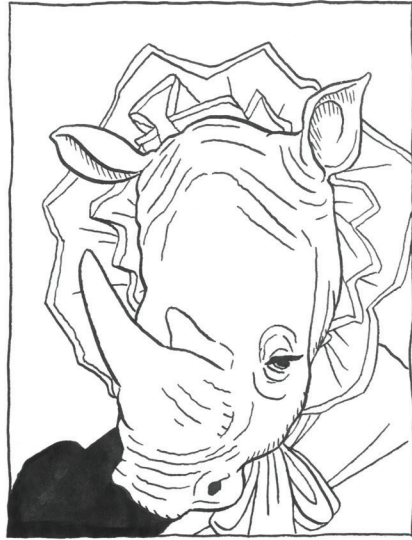
Of crows... what is there their class again

And oh the few's rich mind which must conjure such stuff...

Teky!

liard !!!

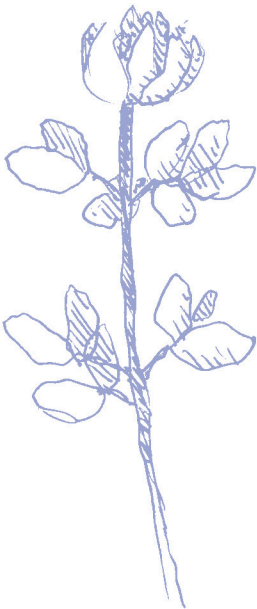
Oh heads as thin:



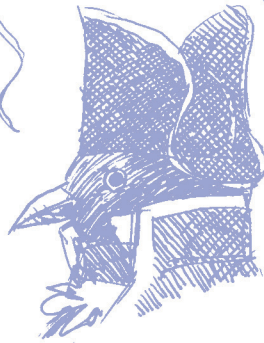
CHIKI'08

A WANDERFUL BLUME!
A PUMAGE REFITTING THE MOST REGAL
PEACOCK!

A POTATO PLANT SIR, TWO
POINTS ABOUT THE PORT BOW.



BLUE LUPINE
(LUPINUS NAUUS)





*Admiral Lawdon
Sent in his squadron,
Charging them go "straight at 'em".
They held fast the line,
Only to find,
Their demise at 56 fathoms.*

The Bishop, who was still standing in outrage, now turned to face the passage and with mouth agape in a mute expression of horror, staggered backwards at the sight of the ghastly spectre, grabbing hold of the top of his chair to steady himself. The dead man raised its decayed hand, green and partly covered with clinging scraps of its death shroud and pointed, accusingly, to the cleric. There was a scream, a bone piercing shriek and it was impossible to say, from whence it issued for both stood with gaping mouths, the one in abject horror, the other in prescient outrage. And then, the Bishop fell lifeless to the floor. Slowly, the apparition dissolved into nothingness before our stunned eyes and before the clock struck one minute past midnight, the scene was complete.



STOP FIDGETING,
LANGLEY!

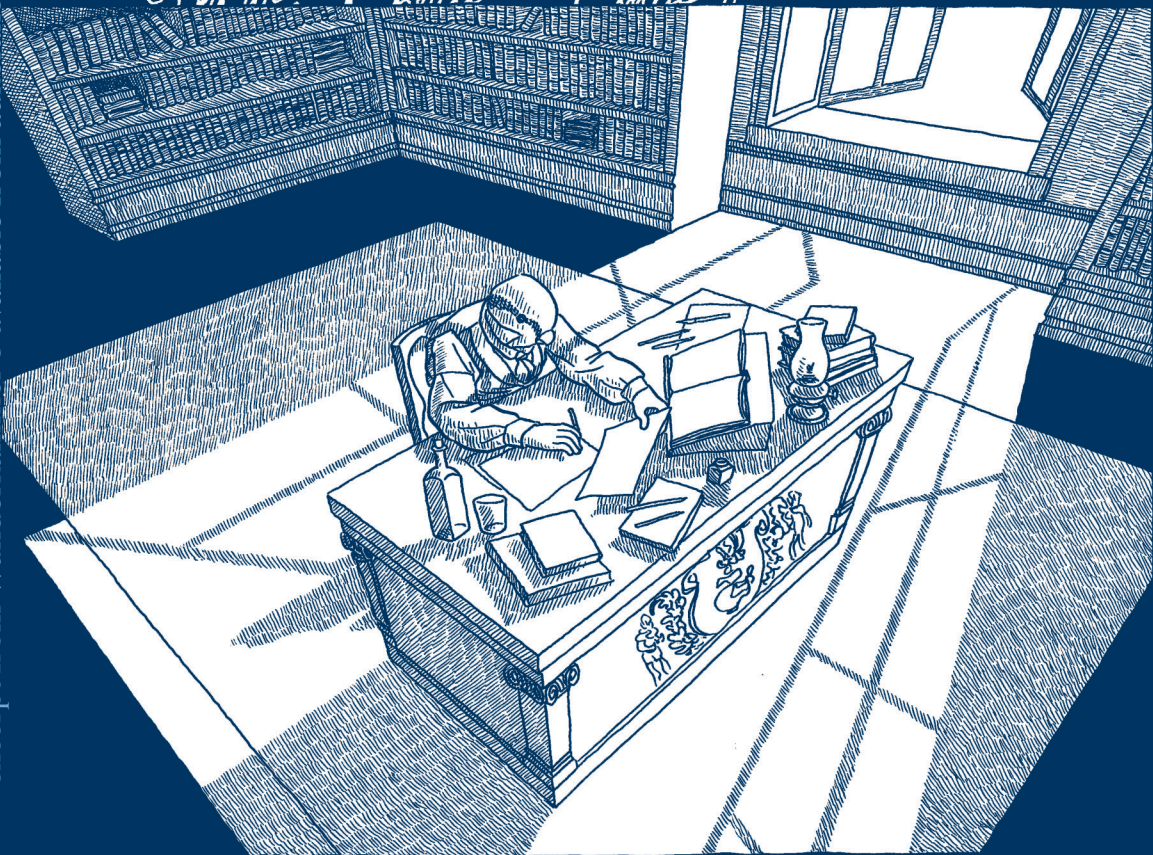
TELL ME AGAIN,
FANNY, WHY I'M PAYING
FOR YOU TO HOLIDAY IN
THIS OLD PILE AND
INDULGE IN THESE
GHOULISH
THEATRICKS?

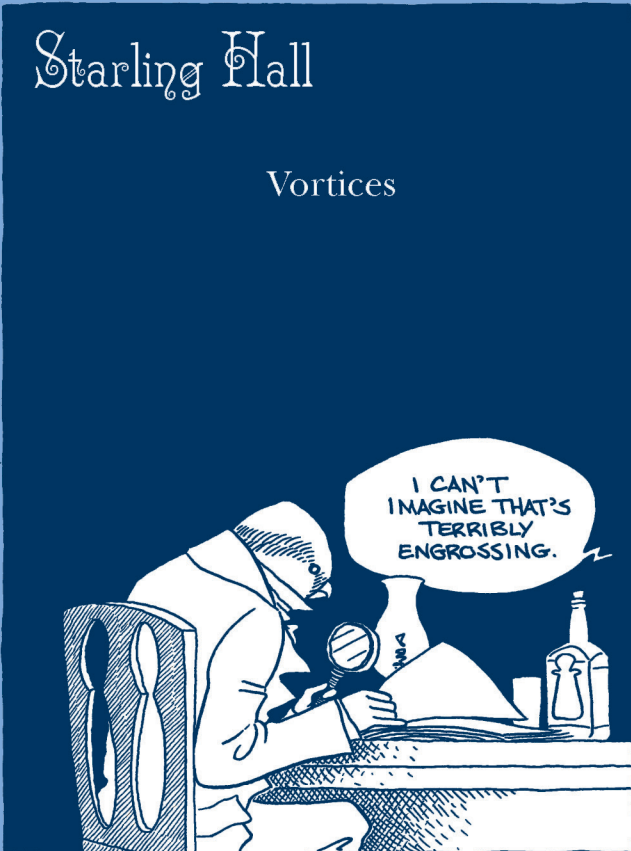
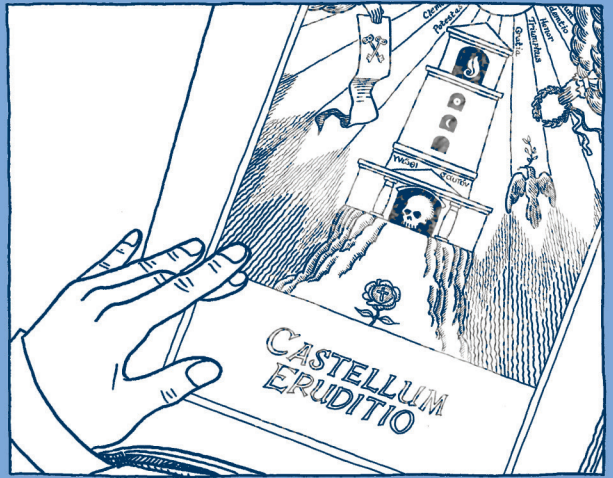
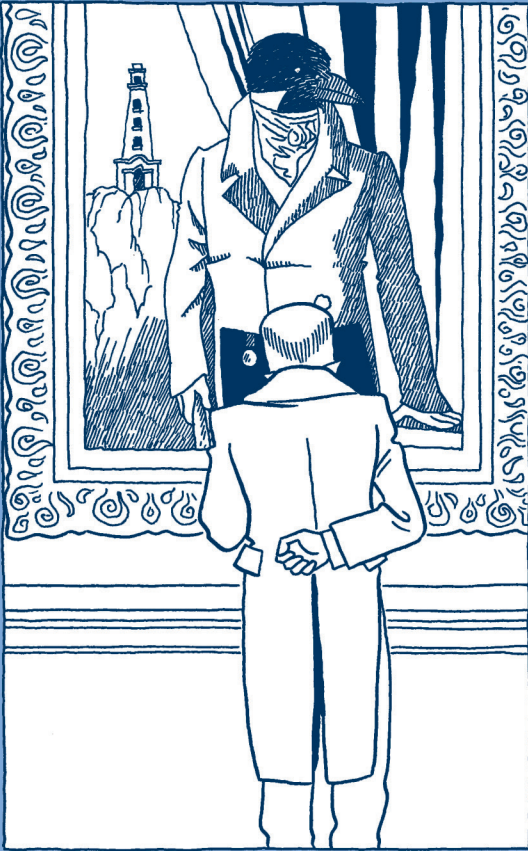


... visiting his estate
won't return for some weeks.
Dartwood have been at my disposal
to my every need.

Haven't been sleeping. The pictures have
taken hold of my mind in a queer way. I
dream without ever being asleep. Despite
this, I've managed to complete the drawings
for the second book.

The work has taken a life of its own. There
are periods when I remember nothing
of myself with a completed...





HE WAS SWEEPED UP IN THE REVOLUTIONARY FRENZY, LIKE MANY IN HIS DAY. AND, LIKE MANY, CAME TO DISILLUSIONMENT.

HE FELL BACK INTO THOSE STUDIES, WHICH CONSUMED SO MUCH OF HIS TIME FORMERLY. ALWAYS OBSESSED WITH HIS GREAT WHITE LODGE. WAS CONVINCED IT EXISTED. BUT YOU KNOW ALL THAT, I'M SURE, IF YOU'VE READ HIS NOTES. NO? WE HAVE THEM, OF COURSE. I'LL SHOW THEM TO YOU.

ANYWAY...

... AN OBSESSION THAT MY POOR, ILL-INFORMED, BUT ENTHUSIASTIC BROTHER HAS INHERITED... ALONG WITH MY GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY... AND THAT BOOK.

IT WAS HANDED DOWN THROUGH THE FEMALE LINE, YOU KNOW. THAT'S HOW IT CAME TO THIS BRANCH OF THE FAMILY AND NOT THOSE UNFORTUNATE PENSNAWS. DO YOU KNOW WHAT MY FATHER'S RESPONSE WAS WHEN ASKED WHETHER HE GAVE ANY CREDENCE TO THE LEGENDS OF A CURSE?

"WELL SIR," HE SAID, "I SUPPOSE A MAN WOULD BE A FOOL NOT TO ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF THE EXISTENCE OF ANY FANTASTIC BOGEY, BUT HE WOULD BE A BIGGER FOOL STILL TO SET A PLACE FOR IT AT HIS TABLE."

HE WAS A MAN NOT WITHOUT WIT, MY FATHER ... A VIRTUE THAT RARELY TRAVELED THROUGH THE MALE LINE IN OUR FAMILY, I REGRET TO SAY. BUT FOR ALL THAT, HE WAS ALSO A MAN GIVEN TO THE TENDENCY OF EXCESS. A MAN OF HIS TIME, YOU MIGHT SAY.

SO ALSO WAS MY GRANDFATHER, AND A MAN THOROUGHLY LACKING IN WIT, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. YOU COULD SAY HE WAS A SORT OF FOOLISH GENIUS. AND THE FOLLY BY WHICH HE IS BEST KNOWN IS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THAT TOWER.

"HE WAS A GREAT LOVER OF HIS OWN CLEVERNESS AND HAD IT PAINTED INTO THE BACKGROUND OF ALMOST EVERY PORTRAIT. IT BECAME SO FIRMLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE FAMILY, THAT OTHERS BEGAN USING THE DEVICE. IT WAS COMMONLY MISTAKEN FOR A LIGHTHOUSE, PERHAPS BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY SAILORS IN THE FAMILY."



While the Dogger Isle enjoys a relatively mild winter, it is quite normal to find Clynmouth far from bustling at that time of year, and so it is with comparative ease that Mrs. Langley has been able to lease the manor, for the season, at a shockingly low rate. The reduced state of the owner's means has surely also contributed to his being unable to turn down a *handsome* offer from such a noted person as the famous 'Jocasta Wintern'.

I've come down from Epslow, with the intention of staying out the winter, O'Hare being engaged at Starling Hall for some *indefinite* time and not much else of interest which is keeping me in town. Langley himself has gone to London to take care of some 'business matters', making the atmosphere at Clynmouth Manor that much more pleasant... and I shall be able to spend some time with the enigmatic Miss Lucy Wren, a prospect I find most appealing.

Mrs. Langley and I tolerate one another with an admixture of amusement and ridicule- *on both our parts*. A very literary relationship, I call it, and I'm sure that she draws as much inspiration for *her* work, from *me* as I do for *mine*, from *her*. Such is the strange way that two normally divergent personalities manage to stay 'friends'.

-*The House on Queenswood Street*, Marguerita Raardsoff, 1863.



I'VE RECENTLY RECEIVED AN UNUSUAL LETTER FROM DR. PALLADORUS. UNUSUAL IN THAT UP UNTIL NOW, I'VE NEVER RECEIVED ANYTHING FROM HIM AT ALL.

NOTHING GEORGE DOES IS SURPRISING. ONE MAY ALWAYS DIVINE HIS MOTIVE. THERE IS SURELY SOMETHING IN HIS LETTER, NO MATTER HOW ARTFULLY DISGUISED, WHICH BETRAYS HIS INTENTION.



IF THERE IS, I CONFESS I CAN NOT FIND IT. HE TELLS ME HE'S JUST BEEN IN LONDON AND HAS RETURNED TO EPSLOW, WHERE HE PLANS TO VISIT MR. O'HARE AT THE DAFTWOODS'.

THERE. THAT IS IT.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.



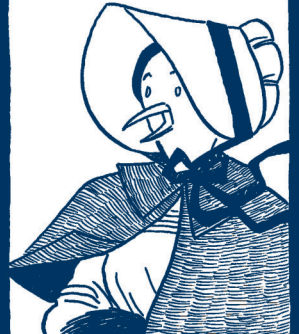
TELL ME ABOUT WHITBY.

WHITBY...

AS YOU KNOW, MY PARENTS DIED WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG AND I WAS BROUGHT UP IN MY AUNT'S HOUSE. THERE WAS A MAN COME TO WHITBY - A FOREIGNER... A NOBLEMAN, IT WAS SAID.



PRINCE R TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN THE ABBEY AND QUICKLY GATHERED ABOUT HIM A RETINUE OF ADMIRERS. HE HAD A REPUTATION AS A HEALER. OTHERS REGARDED HIM A MOUNTBANK, A MAGICIAN WHO PREYED ON GULLIBLE AND IMPRESSIONABLE WIDOWS. MY AUNT WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO FELL UNDER HIS CHARM, AND SOON HE HAD FREE ACCESS TO OUR HOUSE.



HE TOOK A LIKING TO ME - CLAIMED I WAS A 'SENSITIVE', AS HE CALLED IT, AND DECIDED TO MAKE ME HIS PROTEGE. OF COURSE, MY AUNT ENCOURAGED HIM IN THIS.

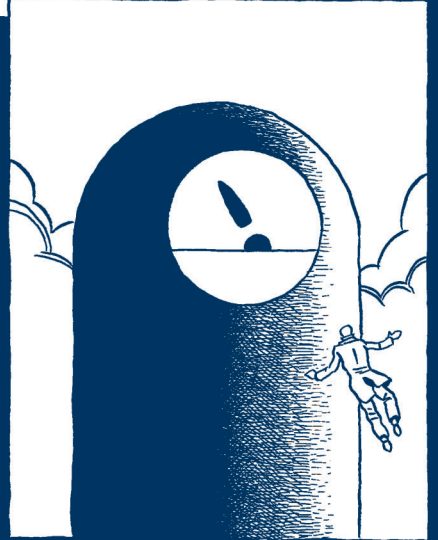
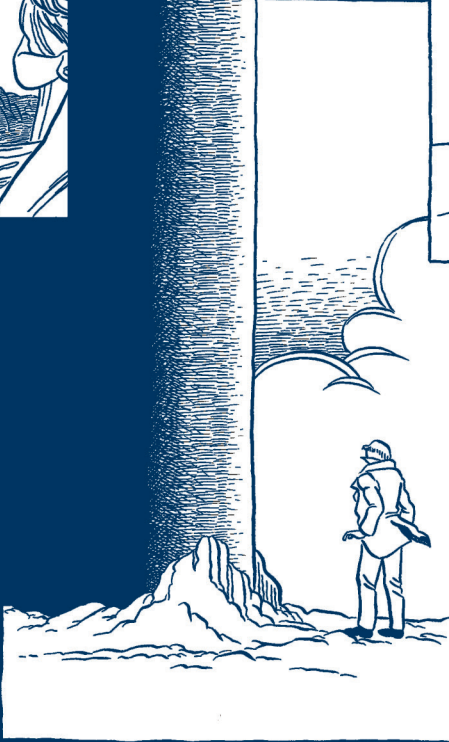
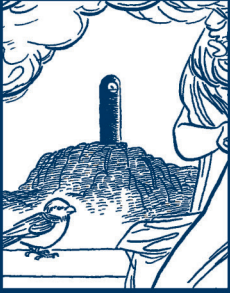
AFTER A TIME, RUMOURS BEGAN TO CIRCULATE THAT ALL WAS NOT AS IT SEEMED IN THE ABBEY. EVENINGS OF HEALING, WHICH INVOLVED THE LAYING ON OF HANDS, WERE SAID TO BE A COVER FOR ACTIVITIES OF A MORE... LASCIVIOUS NATURE.

EVENTUALLY, A VERY REAL SCANDAL BROKE OUT, INVOLVING THE WIVES OF TWO PROMINENT MEN IN TOWN. THE PRINCE FLED TO LONDON AND I, BEING TAINTED BY MY CLOSE ASSOCIATION WITH HIM, WAS SENT AWAY TO LIVE WITH MY COUSIN.





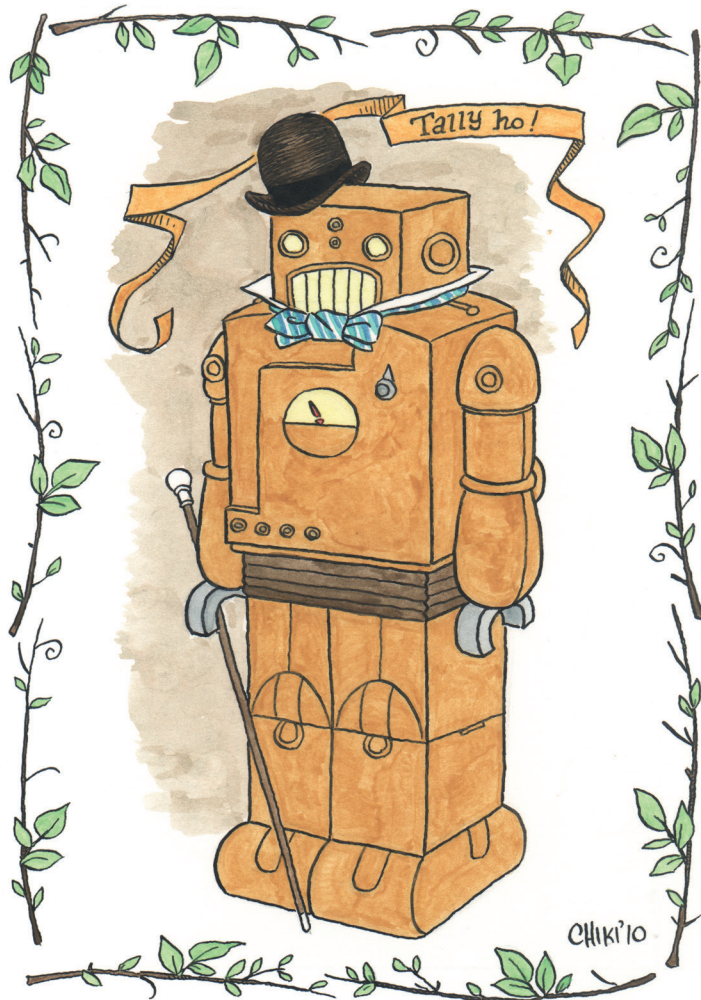
Tower Tower standing tall,
No great wind shall cause
thy fall.
No great shudder of the
Earth shall
'flect thy stones of Madness
built.





HERE'S TO THE CHARMER WHOSE DIMPLES WE PRIZE!
NOW TO THE MAID WHO HAS NONE, SIR.
HERE'S TO THE GIRL WITH A PAIR OF BLUE EYES,
AND HERE'S TO THE NYMPH WITH BUT ONE, SIR!

- RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN



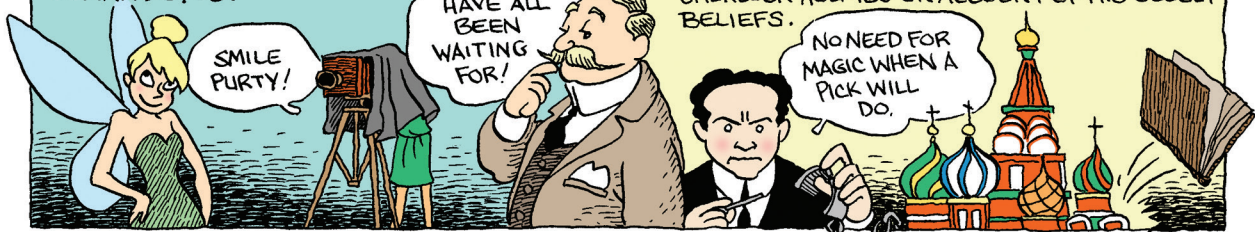
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

AND THE

COTTINGLEY FAIRIES

2009 SEANCHIKI

SUMMER, 1919. POLY WRIGHT DISCLOSES TO HER THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY THAT HER DAUGHTER ELSIE AND NIECE FRANCES HAVE TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIRIES BEHIND THEIR HOUSE AT COTTINGLEY BECK. THE FOLLOWING YEAR, WORD HAS REACHED THE EAR OF ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

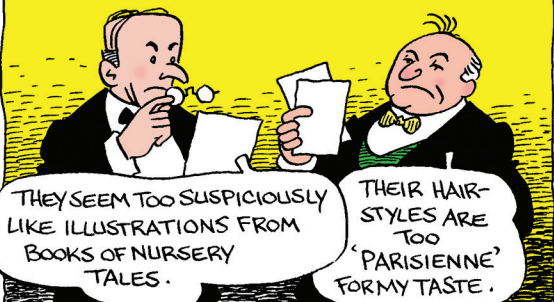


AT LAST... THE PROOF WE

HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!

NO NEED FOR MAGIC WHEN A PICK WILL DO.

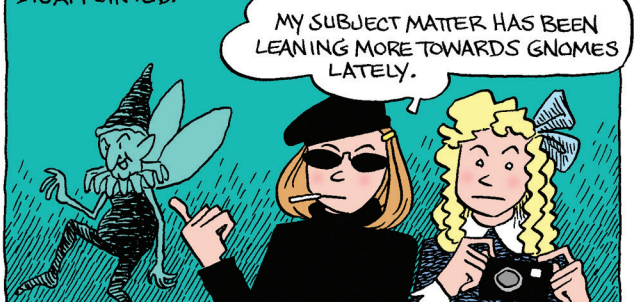
CONAN DOYLE HAPPENS TO BE PREPARING AN ARTICLE ON FAIRIES FOR THE STRAND MAGAZINE. ACQUIRING THE PHOTOS, HE GIVES THEM TO EXPERTS WHO ARE CLEARLY NOT IMPRESSED.



THEY SEEM TOO SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS OF NURSERY TALES.

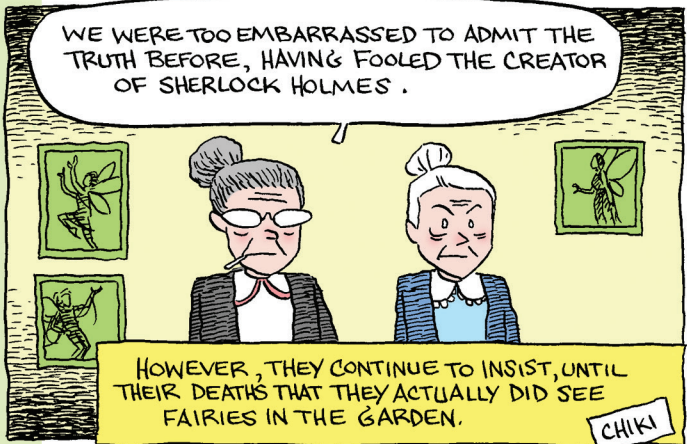
THEIR HAIR-STYLES ARE TOO 'PARISIENNE' FOR MY TASTE.

UNDAUNTED, A.C.D. & THEOSOPHIST EDWARD GARDNER TRAVEL TO COTTINGLEY BECK, LEAVING THE GIRLS NEW CAMERAS AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES HOPING MORE PHOTOS WILL BE FORTHCOMING. THEY AREN'T DISAPPOINTED.



MY SUBJECT MATTER HAS BEEN LEANING MORE TOWARDS GNOMES LATELY.

MANY CONSIDER THE PHOTOS CLEVER FAKES BUT TO CONAN DOYLE, WHO HAS EMBRACED SPIRITUALISM AFTER LONG BOUTS OF DEPRESSION, THEY REPRESENT REAL EVIDENCE OF THE SPIRIT WORLD. EVENTUALLY ELSIE AND FRANCES GROW TIRED OF THE WHOLE FAIRY BUSINESS AND HAVING TO HUMOR THE STEADY STREAM OF VISITING CLAIRVOYANTS AND SPIRITUALISTS. 1981 - THEY ADMIT IN AN INTERVIEW TO FAKING THE PHOTOS, USING PAPER CUT-OUTS PROPPED UP WITH HATPINS.



WE WERE TOO EMBARRASSED TO ADMIT THE TRUTH BEFORE, HAVING FOOLED THE CREATOR OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

HOWEVER, THEY CONTINUE TO INSIST, UNTIL THEIR DEATHS THAT THEY ACTUALLY DID SEE FAIRIES IN THE GARDEN.

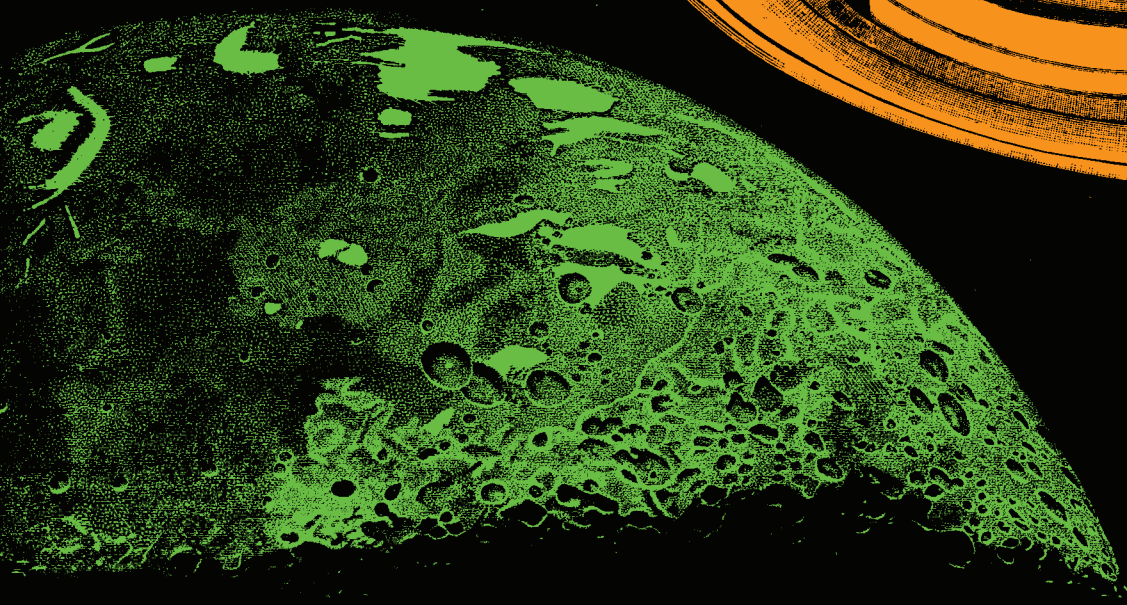
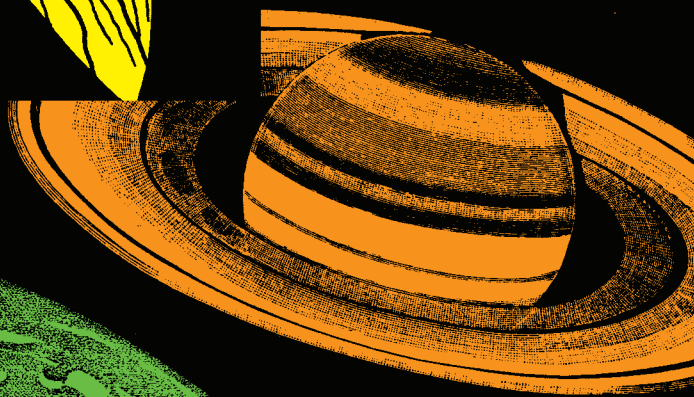
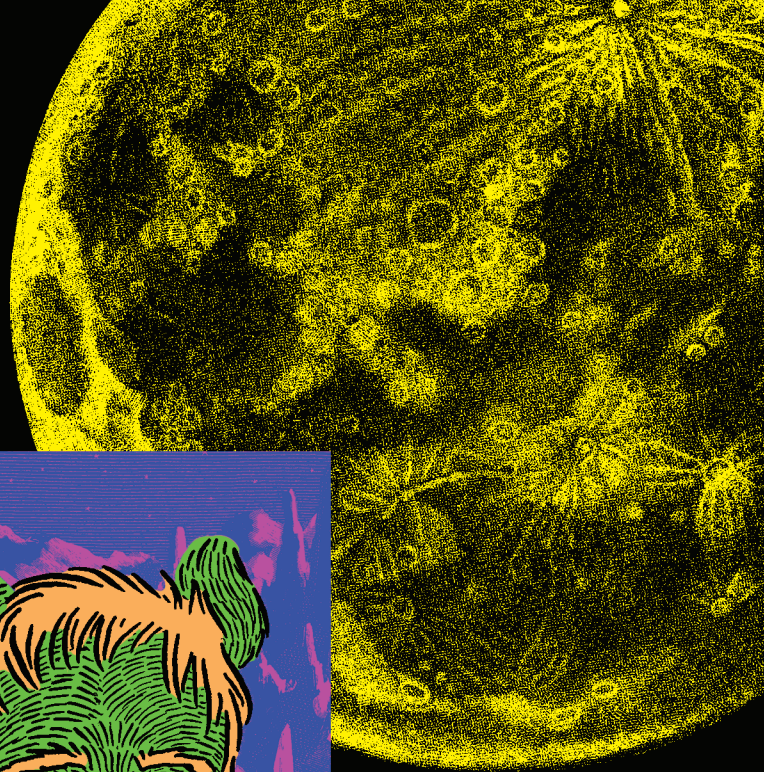
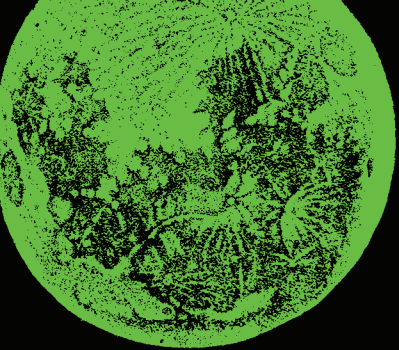
CHIKI

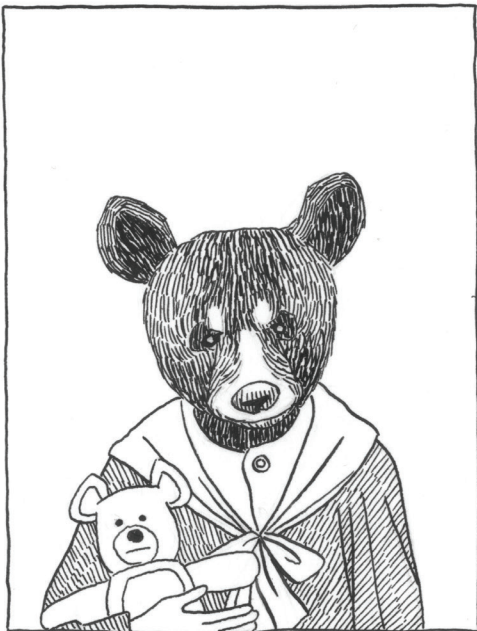
FOR MORE, READ *COMING OF THE FAIRIES* BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



O Tempora! O Mores!

CHIKI'10







Lockeman's Mirror

TO CHIKI

① A STARTLING NEW SPECTACLE GRACED THE STAGE OF LONDON'S EGYPTIAN HALL IN PICCADILLY. CHARLES MORRITT UNVEILED FOR THE PUBLIC OF 1891, HIS LATEST ILLUSION - LOCKEMAN'S MIRROR! MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE WERE INVITED UP TO THE STAGE TO EXAMINE A FULL-LENGTH LOOKING-GLASS...

② AN ASSISTANT WAS LED OUT - USUALLY A YOUNG WOMAN IN A GHOSTLY WHITE SHROUD - TO STAND BEFORE THE MIRROR, AND WAS PUT INTO A HYPNOTIC TRANCE. MORRITT ANNOUNCED HE WOULD THEN COMMAND THE GIRL'S ASTRAL SPIRIT, OR SUBTLE BODY, TO OBEY HIS INSTRUCTIONS. TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE AUDIENCE, THE GIRL'S REFLECTION PROCEEDED TO CAVORT ABOUT AND ASSUME VARIOUS POSES, WHILE THE GIRL HERSELF REMAINED PERFECTLY STILL, SEEMINGLY ASLEEP.

③ LIKE THOSE OF ALL GRAND ILLUSIONS, THE SECRET BEHIND LOCKEMAN'S MIRROR WAS DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE, AND ONE MAY LEARN IT BY READING DANIEL DEVANT'S *MAGIC WITHOUT TEARS*, (1909, G. ROUTLEDGE PUBN.)

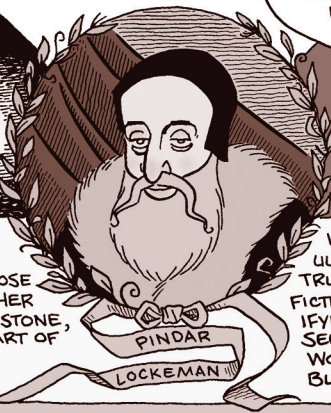
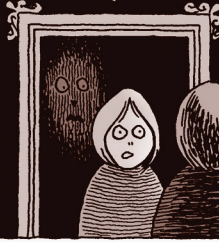
bloody Mary, bloody Mary, bloody Mary...

... MIRRORS AND COPULATION ARE ABOMINABLE, SINCE THEY BOTH MULTIPLY THE NUMBERS OF MEN.

TLÖN, UQBAR, ORBIS TERTIUS, JORGE LUIS BORGES

THE TITLE OF THE ILLUSION REFERRED TO THE 16TH CENTURY CABALIST, PINDAR LOCKEMAN, WHOSE OWN MIRROR APPEARED TO BE EITHER A BLACKENED DISH OR A POLISHED STONE, USED FOR SCRYING; THE GEOTIC ART OF SUMMONING SPIRITS, A PRACTICE WHICH SURVIVES TO THE PRESENT.

WHAT MAKES THE MIRROR PARTICULARLY INTRIGUING IS NOT SO MUCH THE TRUTH OF ITS REFLECTION, BUT ITS FICTION. AND PERHAPS THE MOST TERRIFYING THING IS THAT IT ALLOWS US TO SEE WHAT IS NORMALLY HIDDEN - THE WORLD WHICH LIES BEHIND OUR BACKS - BUT LIMITED TO WITHIN ITS FRAME.



VI



PHOENICIA

As we finished our ascent to the manor we came upon what looked like a wooden lychgate under which our carriage now passed. I noticed a strange carving above the entrance and thought it a family crest of some sort. A man knelt in prayer beneath a great bird sitting among the clouds... a fowl of some sort it seemed, but I was not learned enough in avian classification to say of what type. Beneath that was written the motto: In alarum tuarum umbra canam, 'under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice'. Flanking either side of the gate were stone figures no more than five feet tall of wild looking men covered in hair, each one wielding a club, standing as if they were sentinels to the estate. The whole arrangement was most unusual and very disconcerting and I saw as much on the faces of my fellow travelers as we proceeded on to the house itself.

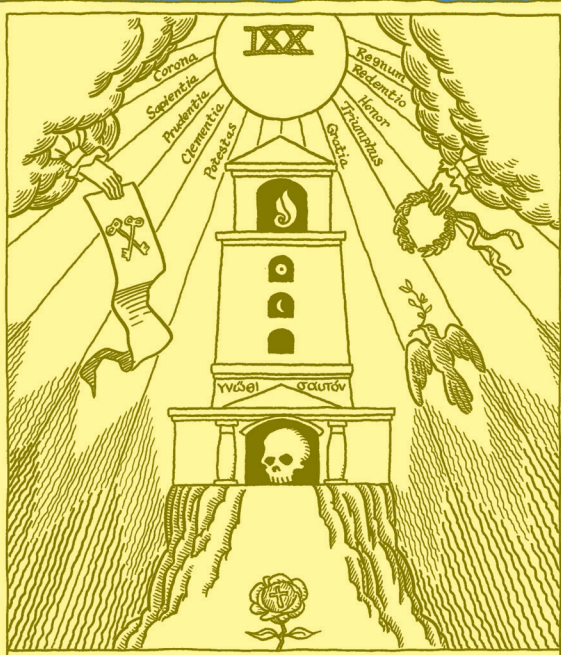
- *A Shadow on the Landing*, Jocasta Wintern, 1842 Jas. Langley

IX



Woodwose

XXX



CASTELLUM ERUDITIO





ANDREA



BALACS

THE GREAT AUK (*PINGUINUS IMPENNIS*) IS THE ONLY SPECIES IN THE GENUS *PINGUINUS*, FLIGHTLESS GIANT AUK FROM THE NORTH SEAS, TO SURVIVE UNTIL RECENT TIMES. IT WAS ALSO KNOWN AS GAREFOWL (FROM THE OLD NORD, GEYRFUGL), MEANING 'SPEAR BIRD', A REFERENCE TO THE SHAPE OF ITS BILL AND PENGUIN. ALTHOUGH BEING THE FIRST BIRD TO BEAR THAT NAME, THEY ARE NOT IN FACT CLOSELY RELATED TO THE PENGUIN OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE, THEIR PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE BEING AN EXAMPLE OF CONCURRENT EVOLUTION.

DRAWING OF THE ISAROKITOSK, SAGASTYR DELTA, UIGURIA.



THE LAST KNOWN PAIR OF GREAT AUKS, FOUND INCUBATING AN EGG, WERE KILLED IN 1844.

THE EVANYI PEOPLE OF THE SAGASTYR DELTA VENERATE THE GREAT AUK, WHICH THEY CALL ISAROKITOSK. ACCORDING TO A GENERATIVE MYTH, THE UNIVERSE HATCHED FROM THE ISAROKITOSK'S EGG.

PINGUINUS IMPENNIS. A 19TH CENTURY ENGRAVING FROM ARCTIC FOWL AS SYMBOL AND ALLEGORY IN SECRET SOCIETIES BY MICHEL BENOIT, 1862 CAUSABON, MILAN.



5TH CENTURY NORDIC STONE CARVING OF GEYRFUGL ASTRIDE THE WORLD EGG.

THE GREAT AUK WAS KNOWN TO LAY ONLY ONE EGG EACH YEAR, WHICH MAY HAVE GIVEN RISE TO ITS CYCLICAL GENERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.



HUDSON



HONORIUS



VERSULLUS



HMS CALLISTO

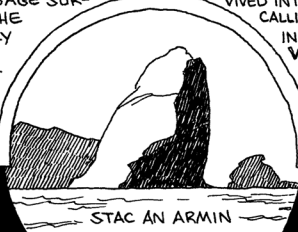


JANIC OF EFFIZO

THE GREAT AUK HAS INSPIRED WRITERS THROUGH THE AGES, GOING BACK TO CLASSICAL SOURCES SUCH AS PLINY AGRIPPA THE ELDER AND GALO OF HERCULANEUM. THE AUK FIGURES ENIGMATICALLY IN THE **CONFESSION OF HONORIUS III**. THE

RENAISSANCE SAW A REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN THE BIRD AS A SYMBOLIC MOTIF. IT APPEARS FREQUENTLY IN THE POETRY OF ASPACIA VERSULLUS. IT HAS BEEN POSTULATED THAT THIS SUGGESTS THE EXISTENCE OF A SECRET SOCIETY, WHICH POSSIBLY MADE USE OF THE GREAT AUK AS A FIGURATIVE DEVICE. INDEED, SUCH A THING SEEMS TO BE ALLUDED TO BY THE MYSTERIOUS JANIC OF EFFIZO WHO WRITES OF A GROUP CALLED THE HYPERBOREAN CIRCLE. **FIRE WITHOUT ASH**, ALMOST CERTAINLY A FORGERY BY JOHANN VALENTIN ANDREA, ELABORATES ON THE CIRCLE AND ITS WORKINGS THROUGH A SERIES OF ELABORATELY DEVISED, ALLEGORICAL ENGRAVINGS. THE HYPERBOREAN CIRCLE AND THE GREAT AUK BECAME ASSOCIATED WITH THE SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE THROUGH HENRY HUDSON, HIMSELF SUPPOSEDLY A MEMBER, WHOM LEGEND SAYS DISCOVERED THE PASSAGE UNDERGROUND AFTER BEING SET ADrift BY HIS MUTINOUS CREW. THE LEGEND OF HUDSON'S SECRET PASSAGE SURMINATING WITH THE DISASTER OF THE SURFACE ONCE AGAIN, MOST NOTABLY SUCH AS JOCASTA WINTERN HER RELATES THE KILLING OF AN AUK BE-OF ST. KILDA IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES. RETURNED TO THE THEME OF SECRET THE SECRET TRIBUNALS OF THE

VIVED INTO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, CUL- CALLISTO. THE VICTORIAN AGE SAW THE AUK IN THE WRITINGS OF GOTHIC NOVELISTS **WITCH OF STAC AN ARMIN** LIEVED TO BE A DEMON BY THE MEN THE SZÉKELY WRITER SANDOR BALACS SOCIETIES, TIEING THE GREAT AUK TO HOLY VEHM OF WESTPHALIA.



STAC AN ARMIN



GALO



WINTERN

HÖRUS

IS

WATCHING

КНАБЪ

КФИЖ

АМ

ФМ

РЕКНГ

РАЖ

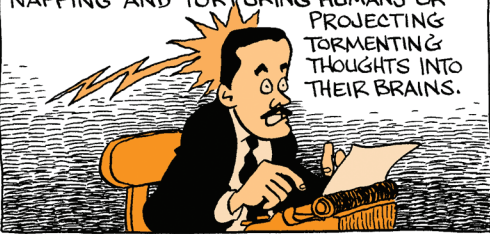


WARPED FICTIONS PRESENTS ...
"I REMEMBER LEMURIA!"

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THIS STORY, PUBLISHED IN THE MARCH 1945 ISSUE OF *AMAZING STORIES* MAGAZINE LAUNCHED WHAT CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE **SHAVER MYSTERY!**

IN IT, RICHARD SHAVER DESCRIBED A RACE OF INSANE SADISTS CALLED DETRIMENTAL ROBOTS, OR DEROS, WHO LIVE IN CAVERNS BELOW THE GROUND AND PASS THE TIME KIDNAPPING AND TORTURING HUMANS OR PROJECTING TORMENTING & THOUGHTS INTO THEIR BRAINS.



SHAVER BEGAN HEARING THE DEROS' VOICES THROUGH A WELDING GUN AT THE FACTORY WHERE HE WORKED.



BECOMING A HOBO, HE DISAPPEARED FOR A FEW YEARS, RESURFACING IN 1943 WITH A LETTER TO *AMAZING STORIES* IN WHICH HE CLAIMED HE'D DISCOVERED A LOST ANCIENT LANGUAGE CALLED MANTONG.



INTRIGUED, EDITOR RAYMOND PALMER ASKED SHAVER HOW HE'D COME UPON MANTONG. SHAVER RESPONDED WITH A LONG RAMBLING LETTER ENTITLED 'A WARNING TO FUTURE MAN'...



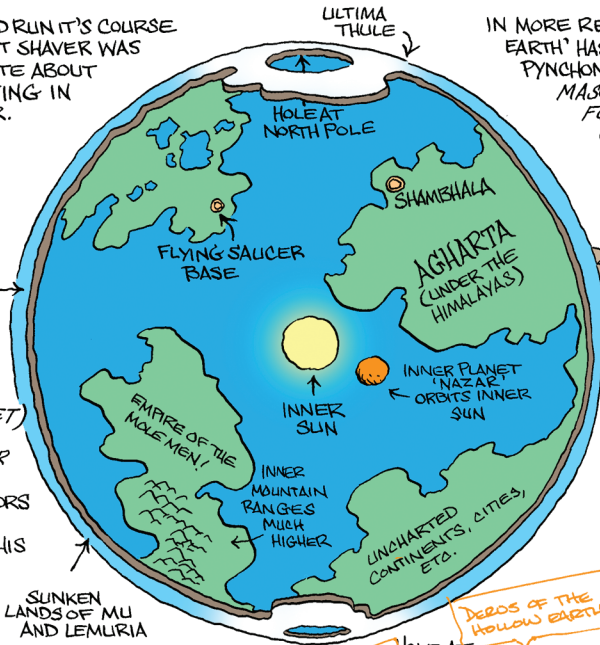
... IN WHICH HE DESCRIBED HIS YEARS AS A PRISONER OF THE DEROS.



PALMER, A NATURAL HUCKSTER, SENSED A HOT STORY AND REWROTE SHAVER'S LETTER AS A NOVELLA, GIVING IT A PLOT, TONING DOWN THE EXPLICIT SADO-MASOCHISM AND PUBLISHING IT IN *AMAZING STORIES*. THE STORY SPARKED A HUGE RESPONSE, WITH HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM PEOPLE CLAIMING SIMILAR EXPERIENCES AND COMPLAINTS FROM FANS OF THE MAGAZINE'S FORMER 'HARD' SCI-FI STYLE. PALMER EXPLOITED SHAVER, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY MENTALLY ILL, AND THE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS OF THE DEROS, BY FLOODING SUBSEQUENT ISSUES WITH 'SHAVER CONTENT'.

By 1948, THE CRAZE HAD RUN IT'S COURSE AND PETERED OUT. BUT SHAVER WAS NOT THE FIRST TO WRITE ABOUT ANOTHER WORLD EXISTING IN THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET) AND JULES VERNE (JOURNIES TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH) WERE AMONG SEVERAL AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO EXPLORE THIS THEME.

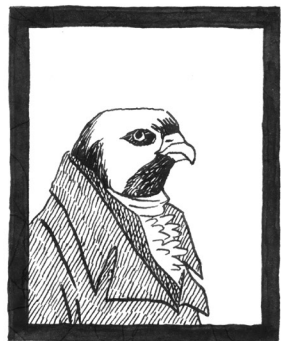


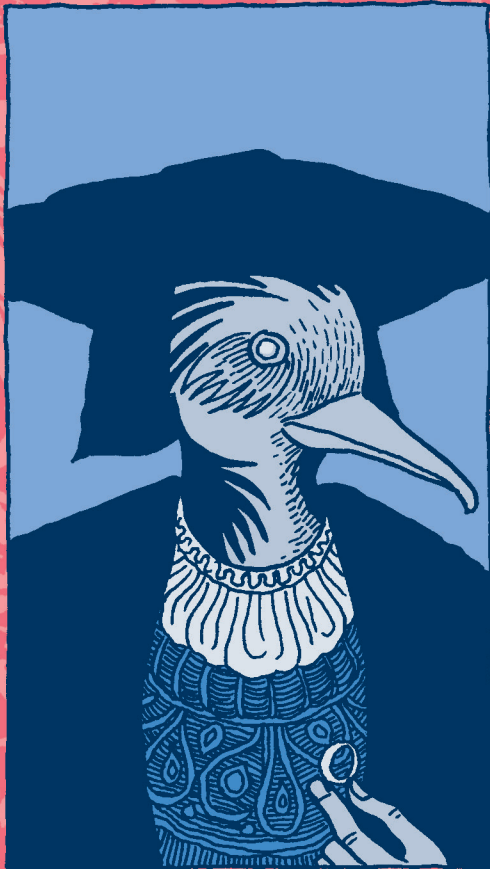
IN MORE RECENT TIMES, THE 'HOLLOW EARTH' HAS APPEARED IN THOMAS PYNCHON'S *AGAINST THE DAY* AND MASON & DIXON, UMBERTO ECO'S *FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM*, EOIN COLFER'S *ARTEMIS FOWL* SERIES AND JOHN HODGMAN'S *MORE INFORMATION THAN YOU REQUIRE*.

FOR MORE ON THE 'SHAVER MYSTERY' READ *LOST CONTINENTS AND THE HOLLOW EARTH* BY DAVID HATCHER CHILDRESS.

CHIKI







CHIKI.10



CHIKI.10



GREAT AUK
PINGUINUS IMPENNIS

EXTINCT - 1844

MAIN PLACES OF BREEDING:
FUNK ISLAND, EAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND
OFF COASTS OF SCOTLAND, ICELAND AND
GREENLAND

FROM - EXTINCT & MYTHICAL BIRDS AND SECRET SOCIETIES
BY AUGUSTE BARRÉ, 1902



From *A Visitor's Guide to the Curios & Amusements in & Around Eastmarch*, Redmond Cuttle, 1843, Jas. Langley Pub.s, Epslow on Clynthe

Upon or about the Alfred Gazebo, on Mockingbird Liberty, one may happen to espy gatherings of a certain species of rough, one of those many cabals of the younger sons of gentlemen and esquires and other disinherited sorts, which have so lately attracted the attentions of the observers of urbane fashions. In particular, these Piccadillos, as so they are called, have achieved a measure of notoriety and dubious popularity and thus warrant some mention.

They are easily enough spotted by their peculiar mode of costume, which consists primarily of overly-large pantaloons and shirtsleeves, that while most usually worn in the absence of a top jacket create the billowing effect in a gust, of laundry set about a drying cord. They favour tight fitting waistcoats of bright colors and skirts of varying lengths, which bind their torsos in startling contrast to the ballooning figures of their limbs.

For hats, they may be found to wear any variety from a coachman to the more classic beaver topper but always adorned with one or more ribbons hanging from the rearside of the brim. For neckcloths, these fellows prefer a rougher variety to finer silks, tied in an unkempt fashion, outside their large embroidered collars as to emulate the style of workmen. Their watch fobs are worn extra long so that they dangle in a pendulous fashion when in mid-strut. Their boots tend to be of a Hessian style, often adorned with a front dangle of tassel or some variety of small coin or medallion, often to match the tip of their prodigious fobs. The gold-plated piccolo that many carry stuffed in their waistcoat front-flap, and for which they are wrongly assumed to take their name, is used to play amusing jingles and also to report signals from one to the other without the engagement of verbal intercourse.

While observing these persons from a respectable distance will provide some entertainment for the casual ambler; one is warned against approaching and attempting to engage them in conversation for the response one is sure to receive will leave one with not a small measure of distress and vexation.

Gothic Ladies

A WARPED FICTIONS COMIC

IN ITS EARLY DAYS, THE NOVEL WASN'T CONSIDERED 'HIGH' LITERATURE... LIKE POETRY, FOR INSTANCE. CRITICS TENDED TO LOOK DOWN ON IT THROUGH THEIR QUIZZING GLASSES.

IT MAY BE ALRIGHT FOR WOMEN AND SERVANTS.

INDEED, SINCE WOMEN AND WORKING PEOPLE MADE UP SUCH A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE AUDIENCE, NOVELS TENDED MORE AND MORE TO ADDRESS THEIR CONCERNS.

THAT DICK TURPIN, WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT?

THE GOTHIC STORY WAS, IN MANY WAYS, A LOOK BACKWARDS TO THE MYTHICAL THEMES AND SETTINGS OF EPICS AND MEDIEVAL ROMANCES, WHICH THE NOVEL HAD MOVED AWAY FROM, PREFERRING TO SET STORIES IN THE REAL, EVERYDAY WORLD. BUT THE GOTHIC SOON BECAME AN APT FORUM, FROM WHICH TO EXPLORE WOMEN'S ISSUES. MANY OF THE STORIES INVOLVED WOMEN CAUGHT UP IN THE INJUSTICES OF A PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY. MARRIED WOMEN IN 18TH C. ENGLAND HAD VERY FEW RIGHTS AND UNMARRIED WOMEN, FEW OPTIONS.



CLARA REEVE'S *THE OLD ENGLISH BARON* (1778) IS NOT WELL REMEMBERED TODAY, BUT IT WAS A MAJOR INFLUENCE ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF GOTHIC FICTION. PERHAPS THE FIRST TRUE GOTHIC SUPERSTAR WAS ANNE RADCLIFFE. HER STYLE OF EXPLAINING SUPERNATURAL EVENTS AS HAVING NATURAL CAUSES WENT OVER WELL WITH THE REVIEWERS. HER *MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO* (1794) WAS A MAJOR HIT, EVEN WARRENTING A PARODY WITH JANE AUSTEN'S *NORTHANGER ABBEY* (1817).

SHE INTRODUCED A TYPE OF BROODING VILLAIN, WHICH DEVELOPED INTO THE 'BYRONIC HERO'.

NO ONE KNOWS THE DEPTHS OF MY ANGUISH...

CHIM!



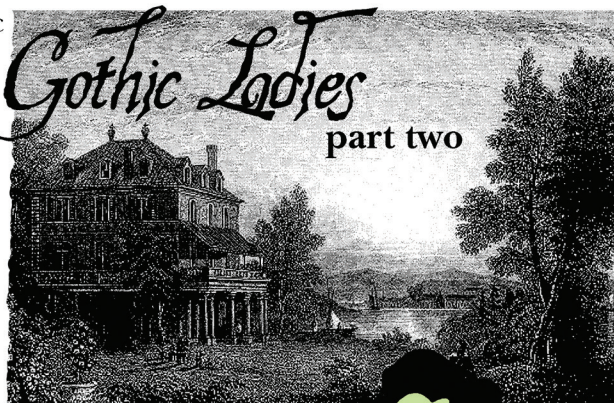
IT WAS AT LORD BYRON'S GENEVA VILLA, HOWEVER, THAT THE MOST ENDURING AND INFLUENTIAL GOTHIC CREATION WOULD BE CONCEIVED...

GENEVA 1816

IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY COLD SUMMER. A CLIMATE ABNORMALITY, CAUSED BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN INDONESIA THE YEAR BEFORE WAS NOW FREEZING RIVERS AND DESTROYING CROPS THROUGHOUT NORTHERN EUROPE. IN THE VILLA DIODATI, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE GENEVA, GEORGE LORD BYRON AND HIS GUESTS SHUTTERED THEMSELVES IN AGAINST THE WEATHER AND DECIDED TO AMUSE THEMSELVES BY SEEING WHO COULD WRITE THE BEST GHOST STORY.

Gothic Ladies

part two



AMONG THOSE PRESENT WAS JOHN POLIDORI. BYRON HAD HIRED HIM TO COME ALONG TO THE CONTINENT AS HIS PERSONAL PHYSICIAN AND COMPANION, BUT HE SOON BECAME THE OBJECT OF BYRON'S SCORN AND ILL TEMPER. THE STORY HE COMPOSED, *THE VAMPIRE*, IS NOTABLE IN BEING THE FIRST TO BRING TOGETHER THE ELEMENTS OF THE MODERN VAMPIRE CHARACTER IN LITERATURE. ALSO PRESENT WERE POET PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AND BYRON GROUPIE CLAIRE CLAREMONT, NEITHER OF WHOM MANAGED A STORY. BYRON HIMSELF STARTED ONE BUT SOON ABANDONED IT, GROWING BORED WITH THE IDEA.



POLIDORI'S LORD RUTHVEN WAS BELIEVED TO BE AN UNFLATTERING PORTRAIT OF BYRON!

IT WAS, HOWEVER, SHELLEY'S YOUNG LOVER MARY, THE DAUGHTER OF RADICAL PHILOSOPHERS MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND WILLIAM GODWIN, WHO ENDED UP CREATING WHAT CAME TO BE NOT ONLY A MASTERPIECE OF GOTHIC FICTION, BUT A CLASSIC OF LITERATURE AND, ARGUABLY THE FIRST SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL.



FRANKENSTEIN IS THE STORY OF YOUNG VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, A STUDENT WHO BECOMES OBSESSED WITH CREATING LIFE FROM INANIMATE MATTER. WHEN HE SUCCEEDS, HE IS REPULSED BY AND REJECTS HIS CREATION.



MARY, WHOSE MOTHER DIED GIVING BIRTH TO HER, SUFFERED FROM THE NEGLECT OF THOSE CLOSEST TO HER. HER FATHER, WHO WAS DEVASTATED BY HIS WIFE'S DEATH, WAS COLD AND DISTANT TO HIS DAUGHTER. MARY'S HUSBAND, PERCY, A DISCIPLE OF WILLIAM GODWIN, SEEMED MORE INTERESTED IN BEING A LIVING EMBODIMENT OF GODWIN'S FREE-SPIRITED PHILOSOPHY THAN A LOVING HUSBAND OR FATHER. MARY'S UNNAMED MONSTER SEEMS ALSO, UNLOVED, REJECTED BY THE VERY MAN WHO BROUGHT HIM INTO BEING.



ALL MEN HATE THE WRETCHED; HOW, THEN, MUST I BE HATED, WHO AM MISERABLE BEYOND ALL LIVING THINGS!

Suggested reading:

The Monsters by Dorothy & Thomas Hoobler

Next: Yorkshire Wutherings

CHIKI

a warped fictions comic

Gothic Ladies

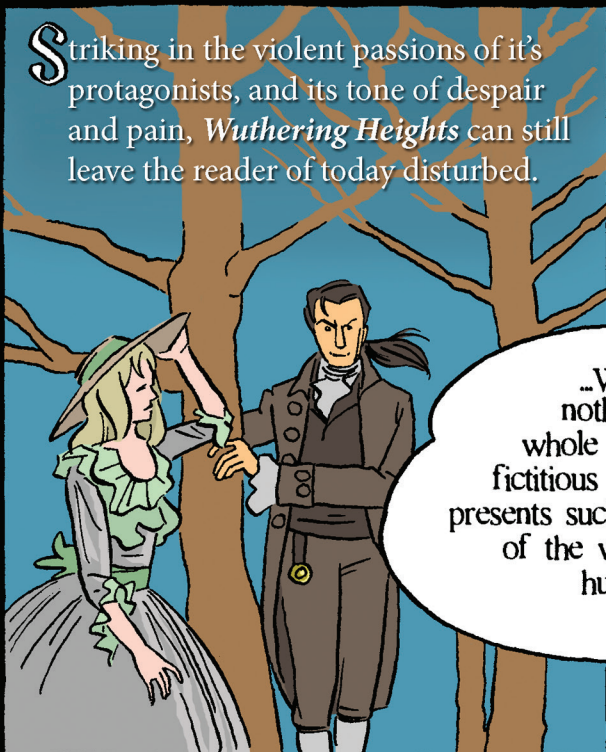
part 3



... my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand! The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, 'Let me in- let me in!'



Striking in the violent passions of its protagonists, and its tone of despair and pain, *Wuthering Heights* can still leave the reader of today disturbed.



Imagine then, how victorian sensibilities would have taken it...

...we know nothing in the whole range of our fictitious literature which presents such shocking pictures of the worst forms of humanity...*



*Atlas, January 22, 1848

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the gothic had started its decline as a genre of literature. But by mid-century, many writers were making liberal use of its dark and fantastic themes, setting them within modern, more readily familiar circumstances. No one seemed to excel in this quite like the Brontës. In particular, Emily and Charlotte, whose dark novels, set on the Yorkshire moors, brought new life to the form. Indeed, Rochester and Heathcliff seemed to epitomize the Byronic hero. But it was their female protagonists, fighting the strictures and confinement of their society, which made their books so compelling.

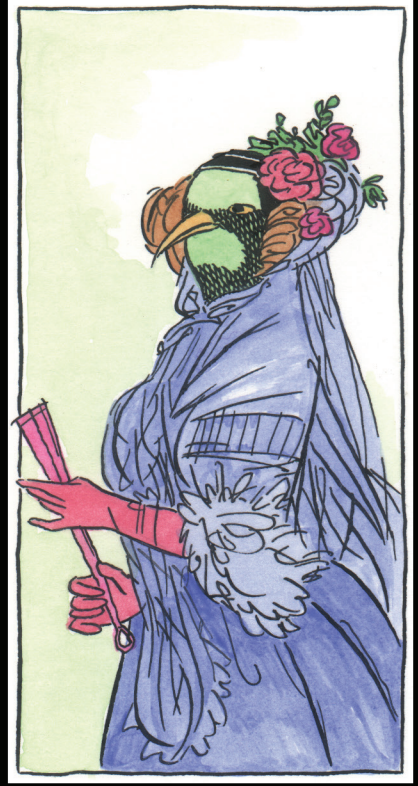
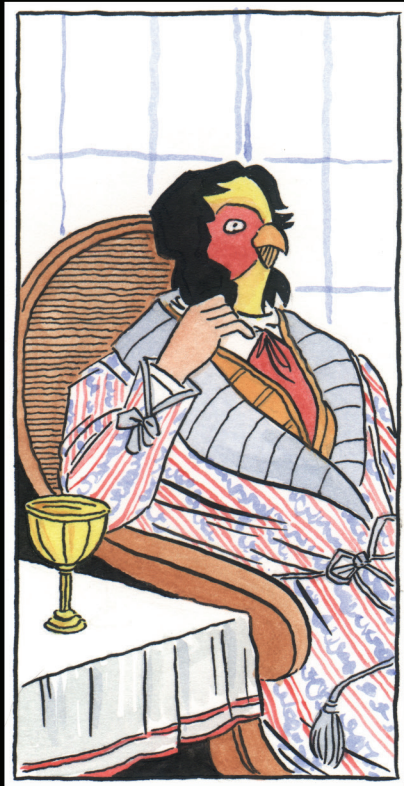


Jane Eyre was a model gothic female, made to suffer the cruelties of her family and her position. And of course, there was the 'mad-woman in the attic' - a classic trope and a striking symbol of the misfortunes which could befall married women in Victorian England, where husbands held the power to confine their wives for their indiscretions.

Next: **The Color Yellow**

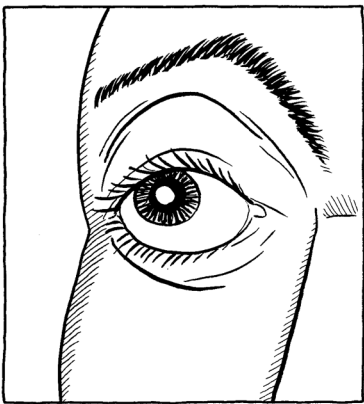
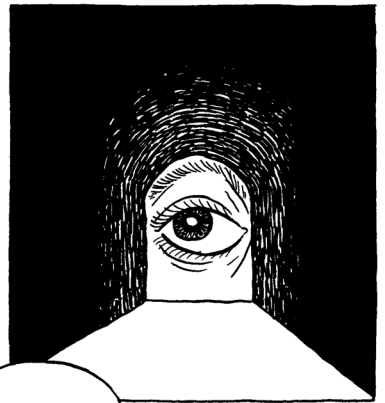
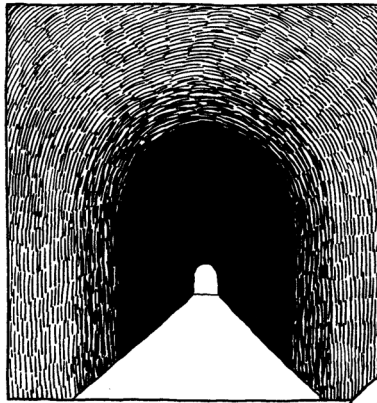
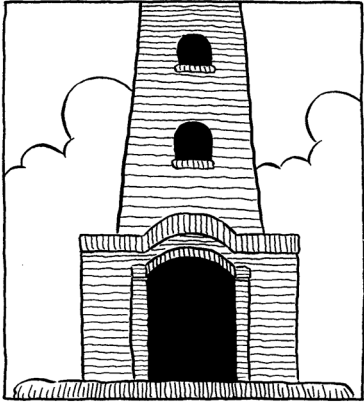
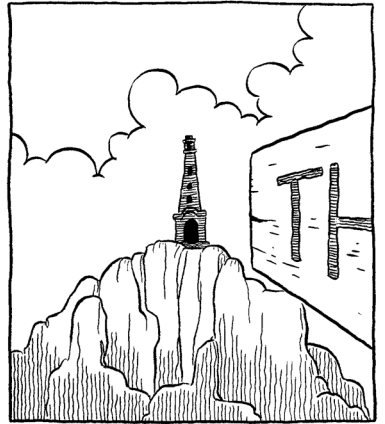
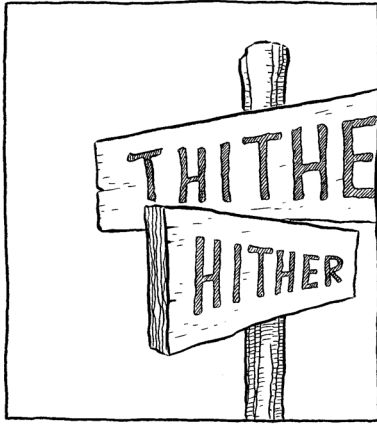
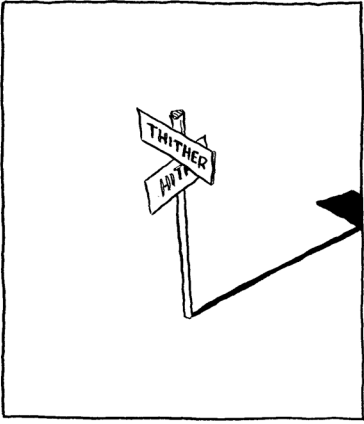


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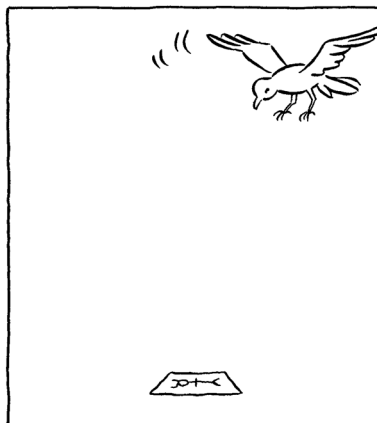




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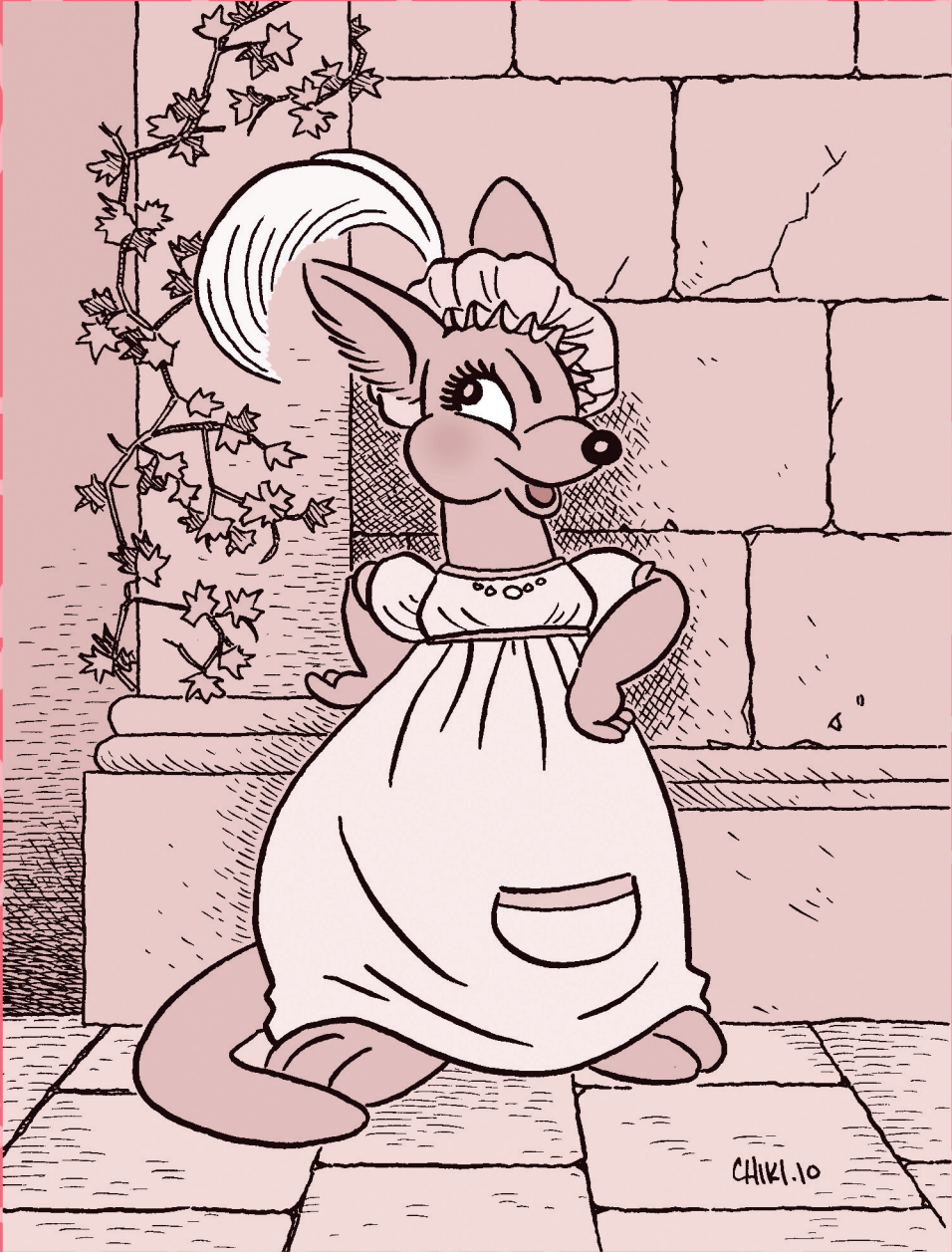


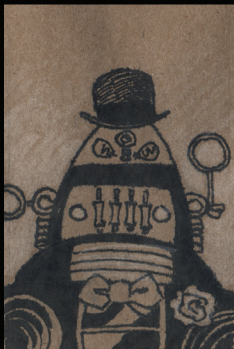
milk
below



und so
weiter.

CHIKO





BUT THAT WAS ALL TO COME.

I'M AN OLD MAN AND I'VE SEEN MANY MANY THINGS IN MY DAY... WELL PERHAPS NOT AS MANY AS A GOOD MANY LOVE SAY... ETC. AT LEAST A FEW THINGS AT ANY RATE...



OK, LET'S SAY I'VE SEEN A FEW THINGS, BUT THEY WERE GREAT THINGS / SURE THINGS! AFTER ALL IT'S THE QUALITY, NOT THE QUANTITY THAT COUNTS, RIGHT? AND ANYWAY, A FEW REALLY GREAT THINGS FAR OUTWEIGHS MANY INSIGNIFICANT THINGS I'VE ALWAYS SAID. WELL MAYBE I HAVEN'T ALWAYS SAID THAT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I'VE ALWAYS HOPED THAT I WOULD HAVE A GREAT MANY REALLY TERRIFIC THINGS HAPPEN BUT I SUPPOSE THAT ISN'T GOING TO BE VERY LIKELY NOW. I'M AN OLD MAN AFTER ALL.

men
of
consequence...
**What
are
they
reading?**

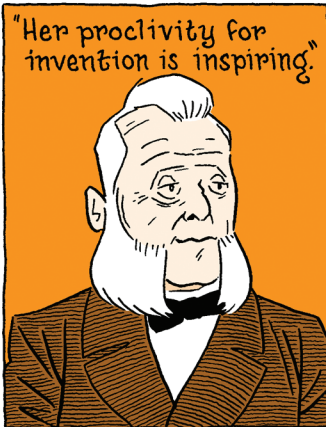
by Sean Chiki



Hermione, H.D.



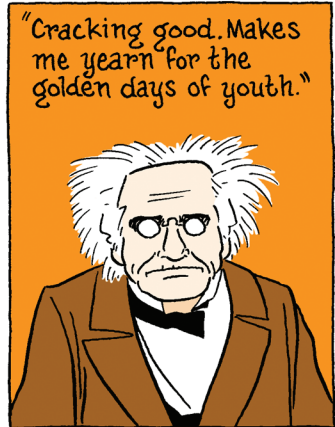
*Persuasion,
Jane Austen*



*Magic for Beginners,
Kelly Link*



*Lolita,
Vladimir Nabokov*



*The Twenty-One Balloons
William Pene Du Bois*

I AM NOT NOW, NOR HAVE I
EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF
THE HUMAN RACE.



A short history of the PENSHAWS

Part one

THE FIRST EARL OF SUTTENHOW, CHARLES PENSHAW RECEIVED HIS PEERAGE DURING THE REIGN OF FREDERICK I FOR SERVICES RENDERED DURING THAT MONARCH'S INTERMINABLE WARS WITH HIS CONTINENTAL ADVERSARIES. LORD SUTTENHOW'S REPUTATION HAS BEEN FIXED IN THE MINDS OF MOST HOWEVER BY HIS LIBIDINOUS PROFLIGACY AND THE NOTED SAVAGERY WITH WHICH HE TREATED SERVANTS THAN BY ANY PROFICIENCY HE MIGHT HAVE HAD IN THE ARENA OF MARS.



CHARLES PENSHAW

FREDERICK SHARED CHARLES' PROCLIVITY FOR DISSOLUTION BUT THEY WERE FAR FROM COMRADES IN ANY PLACE OUTSIDE OF THE BATTLEFIELD.



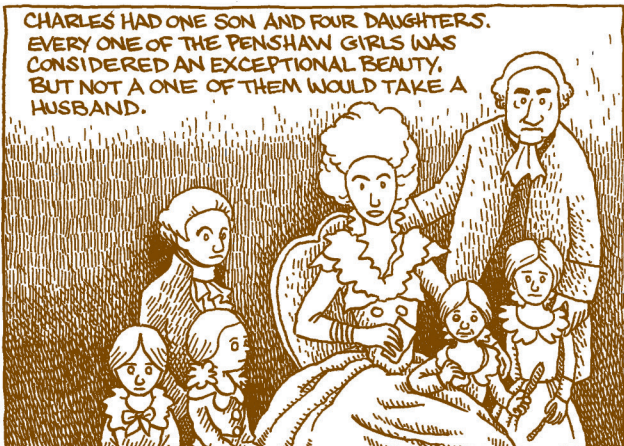
INDEED, NOT LONG AFTER BEING RAISED TO THE PEERAGE, CHARLES BEGAN USING HIS NEW POLITICAL VOICE TO BOLDLY CRITICIZE A NUMBER OF FREDERICK'S POLICIES.



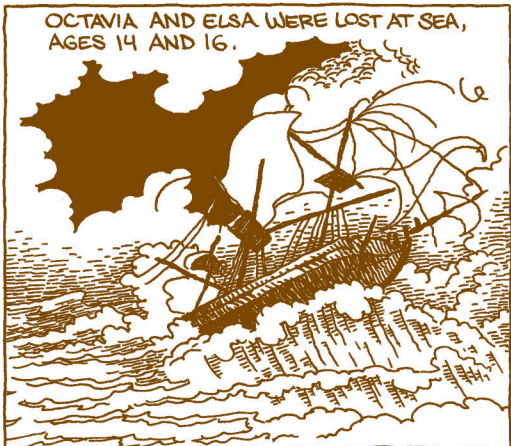
THEY ENDED THEIR DAYS BITTER ENEMIES BUT AS IT HAPPENED IT WAS NOT AN ENMITY THAT CROSSED THE LINE OF GENERATIONS.



CHARLES HAD ONE SON AND FOUR DAUGHTERS. EVERY ONE OF THE PENSHAW GIRLS WAS CONSIDERED AN EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY, BUT NOT A ONE OF THEM WOULD TAKE A HUSBAND.



OCTAVIA AND ELSA WERE LOST AT SEA, AGES 14 AND 16.



ANNE MIGRATED TO THE SALONS OF PRETERBOROUGH, ACHIEVING NOTORIETY AS MUCH FOR HER MELODRAMATIC NOVELS AS FOR HER MANY LOVERS.

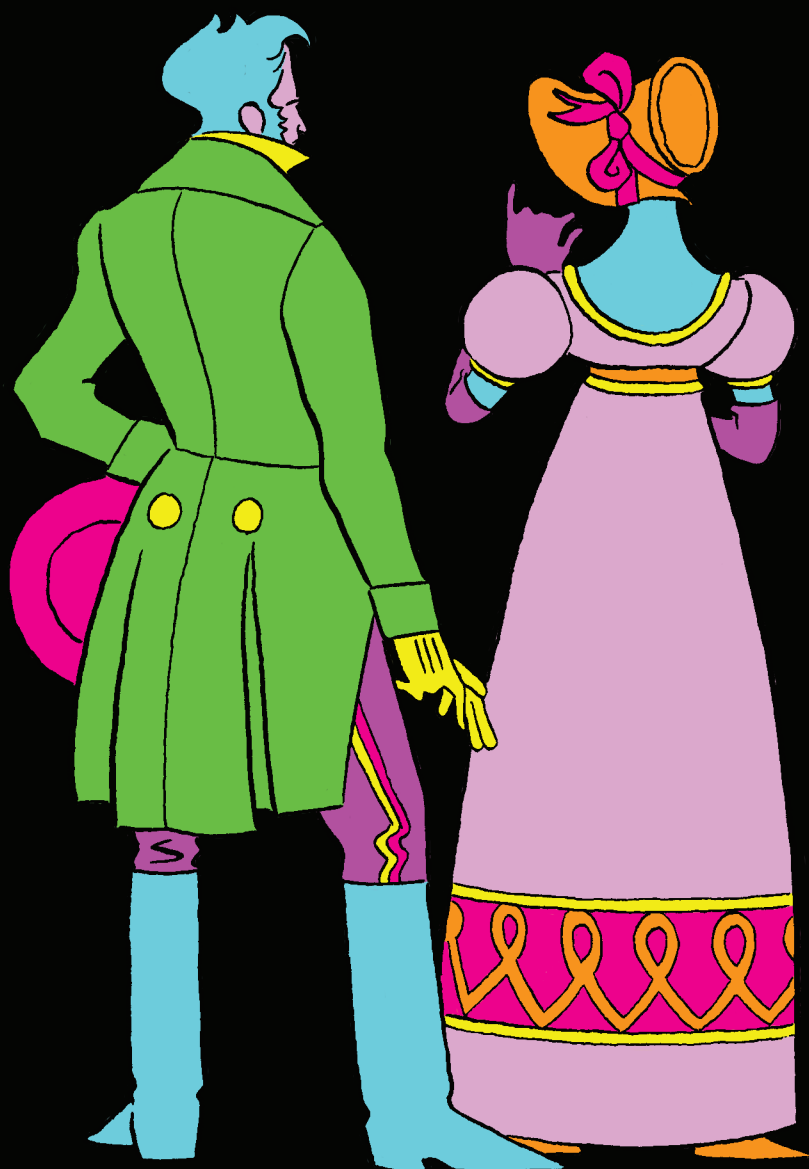


DEMETRIA WAS ENGAGED TO A GENTLEMAN'S SON AT 17 BUT HER PARENTS DEEMED IT INAPPROPRIATE. SHE WAS SO SHATTERED THAT SHE CLOSED HER HEART AND JOINED HER SISTER ANNE IN MAIDENHOOD. THEY LOOKED AFTER THEIR FATHER IN HIS DECLINING YEARS.



Next-
Mad Catherine &
the Penshaw Curse





ACT 1 SCENE 10

[Southbend, 2:44 a.m.- Palladorus rides inside a hansom with his dogsbody Nikolas.

Description of Saint Nick- weasel-like, smelling of onions, of Ukraine ancestry. Fancies himself a confidence man. Has ingratiated himself into Palladorus' confidence and is paid enough to honor it. Exhibits strange religious proclivities which seem at odds with his cynicism and which have prompted Palladorus to bestow upon him his nickname.]

PALLADORUS: Nick my good man, you go among women I assume?

NICK: I have been known to do it m'Lord, yes.

PALLADORUS: Then let me give you some advice: you will get nowhere with them unless you remember to bring your whip. Insufferable creatures.

NICK: A tiring evening you've had, m'Lord?

PALLADORUS: Indeed I have. But I'm wide awake now. There was something disturbing about tonight. Oh but I don't know if it has been different really than any other night.

NICK: There is a place, m'Lord, not far from here you may wish to see.

PALLADORUS: You know I dislike it when you call me that and yet you continue to do so.

NICK: May I remind yer Lordship, that you yerself is in th' habit of referring to my poor self by such a way as to offend my pious sense of humbleness. Now I feels it only right that if such a liberty is taken on the part of one side, well t'other should be afforded a similar latitude of address.

PALLADORUS: Yes, yes I take your point. Well what is this place?

NICK: Well, speaking of the religious life, I know yer Lordship is not in the habit of engaging his time in activities directed towards an otherworldly sort of objective...

PALLADORUS: I certainly am not. If you're suggesting we go to visit another on of your mediums or some such nonsense, well you may leave off with your little speech now.

NICK: No, nothing of that sort, I assure you m'Lord. But there are mysteries in this world- I think you would be hard-pressed to disagree with me there- that cannot rightly be explained by accepted routes of inquiry.

PALLADORUS: Yes I accept that. I try to have an open mind, you know that.

NICK: Well there is a child, you see... a prophet so they says, what lives nearby in Magpie Crescent.

PALLADORUS: Very well. Let us go to the child prophet. I could stand some amusement. Let us hear what he... she?

NICK: She, sir, The Madonna, they calls her.

PALLADORUS: How frightfully intriguing. Well lead us there, Saint Nick. We must make this pilgrimage. Let us call upon the Madonna of Magpie Crescent.

[Magpie Crescent- The houses of the crescent are little more than a slum, rotting Georgian facades with the hollow eyes of corpses for windows standing silent watch upon St. Gormath's jutting dentals. The old man who answers the bell and ushers Palladorus and Nikolas in wears the vestments of a prelate seemingly patched together from various rags and pieces of canvas and bejeweled with bits of colored glass and mirror, which reflect the thousands of scavenged candle stubs that illuminate the entire place with their tallow glow. The whole place reeks of an otherworldly atmosphere together with the thick air of mass incense, the muttered Latin chanting of the doorman/bishop, and the reflected candle-light filling the caverns of the suite of rooms like a thousand will-o-wisps.

Palladorus cranes his head, looking this way and that as the old man leads them through a hall. Upon the walls are very strange portraits on aged, dust-caked canvases of equally aged personages adorned in black and crimson and white ecclesiastical robes and miters. Their hawk-like faces peer out pinched and grim and their taloned hands clutch gold-enameled thrones and bejeweled shepherds' crooks. They stop at a door where Nikolas slumps down, taking up vigil in a chair against the wall. The old man pushes the door open with an agonizing creak and waves a gnarled claw for the doctor to enter.

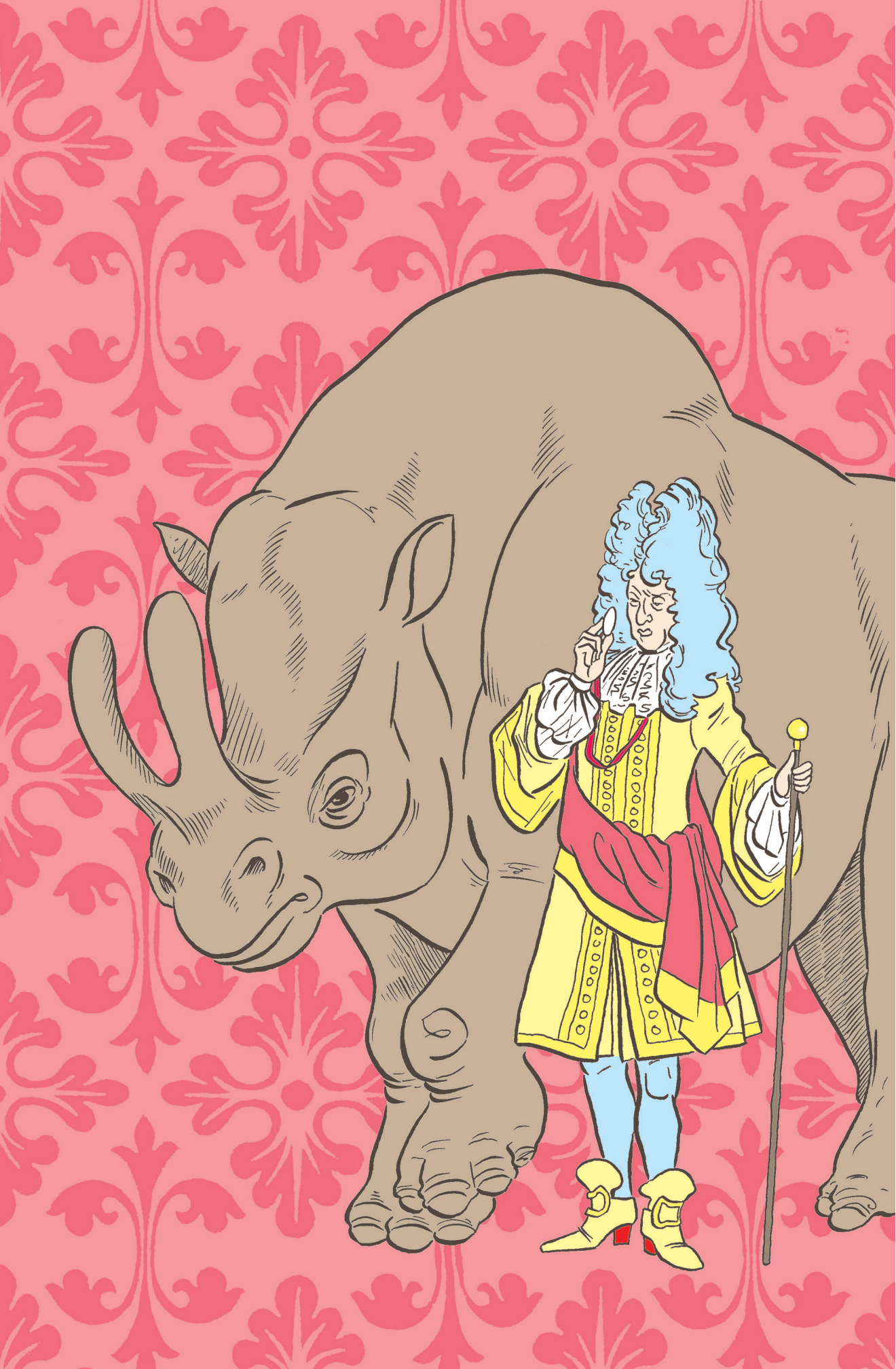
Once inside, Palladorus is shown to a kneeling cushion on the floor, while his escort proceeds to the far end of the chamber where there is perched a veiled figure, draped in black muslin, ensconced in a sort of altar-cum-throne flanked by legions more of the flickering candle stubs and surrounded by a series of wood panels adorned with the most arcane Christian allegories of suffering martyrs and morbid parables, which seem to revel in the depiction of the cruelties of this world, supposedly meant to compel one to anticipate, with painful yearning the ethereal delights of the next. The old man lifts the veil revealing beneath the strange creature's face- a pale and hollow-eyed face far too worn, eroded with time for one so obviously young in years. The eyes seem clouded as if drugged or perpetually in some state of trance-like communion with angelic entities. The corners of the mouth curl slightly to give the impression of a smile of some otherworldly bliss. Palladorus finds it difficult for some reason to meet her eyes, as if here he is being presented with some sort of dreadful power, some current of magnetism that he absolutely does not want to meet. But these very thoughts embarrass him and he raises his head to look into those hollow eyes.

And they take hold of him. He struggles in a cold panic, he feels his soul being pulled from the grip of his body, feels it stretching like a thin sheet of rubber about to be snapped, ripped right from its shell. An infernal buzzing about his ears begins, a demonic gadfly diving at his head, distracting his mind as his spirit leaks from him. He clutches at it desperately, futilely and then finally he holds it only by a thin string, growing thinner, about to dissolve. And then in one great moment of helplessness he lets it go, and he gasps breathlessly in the supreme emptiness that now claims his very being. When he raises his eyes again, he meets hers with all the ease that ever seemed possible and he sees that she is indeed smiling, a beautifully natural, completely honest smile, which fills his cold heart with a glowing white warmth.]

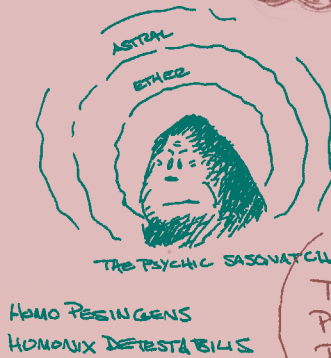
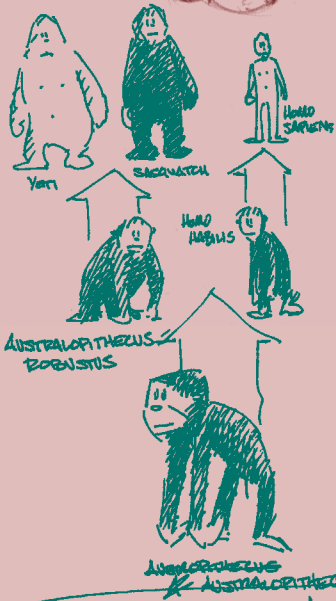
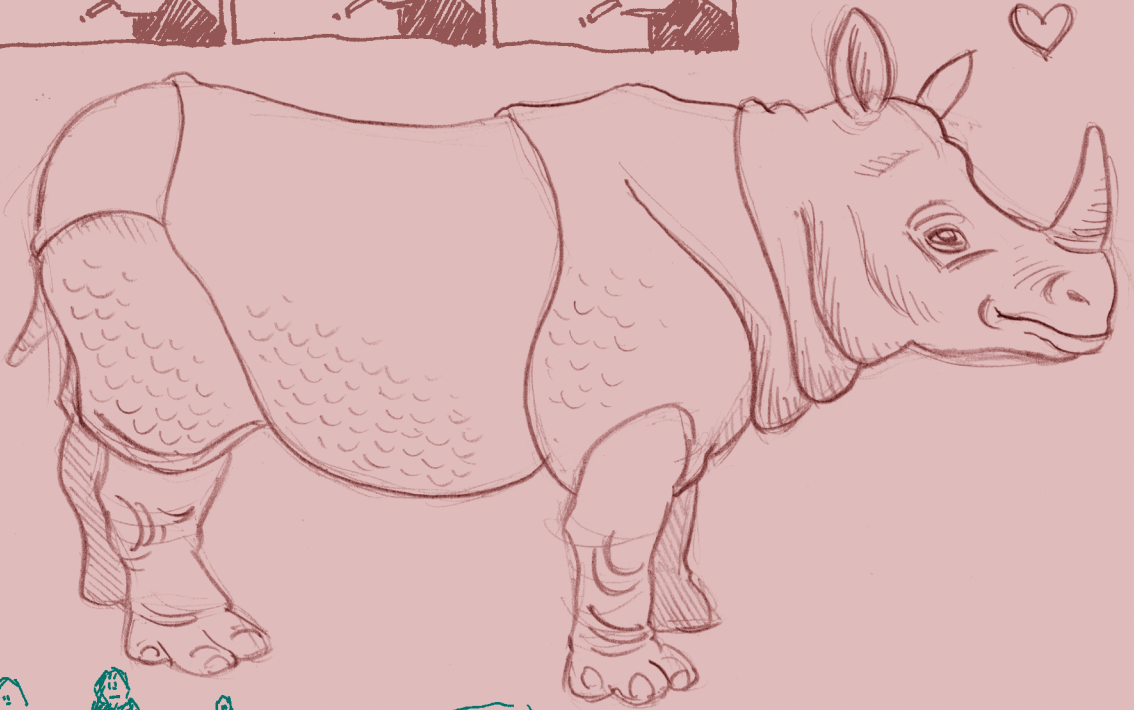
MADONNA: I only come where I have been invited. I am the light and the life. I am darkness and bottomless grief. If you wish to find your soul, first you must walk a path of blazing fire. I am that path. Through me is the way to the city of weeping. Through me is the way to eternal torment. Through me is the abyss of selfless annihilation. Do you wish me to guide you further?

PALLADORUS: Yes.

MADONNA: Then look into my eyes and despair.



cat in Spats



I DREW THE CIRCLE, I INVOKED THE PROPER SPIRITS, VIBRATED THE PROPER FORMULAE, CONSECRATED THE WEAPONS, BURNT THE INCENSE, ETC...



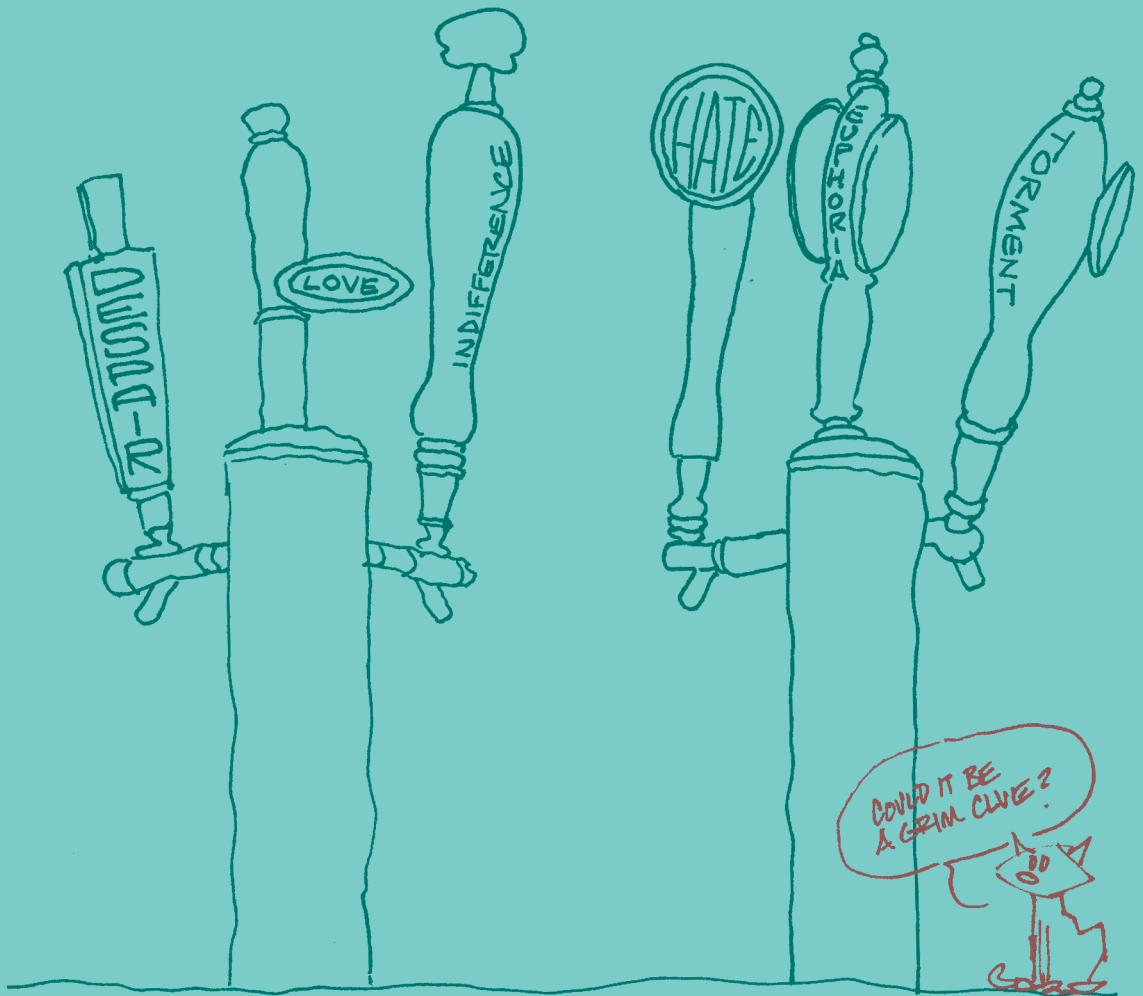
BUT ALL I MANAGED TO DO WAS SET OFF THE SMOKE ALARM.

SORCERY IS DIFFICULT TO DO WITH A HIGH SQUEAKY VOICE

Sean Chiki is the creator of
Wunderkammer and Auk
Brand Comics. He is a
cartoonist and
illustrator and lives in
San Francisco.

For more info on
Wunderkammer, please visit
www.aukbrandcomics.com

Contact Sean at
sean.chiki@gmail.com



HAPPY HOUR

CHIKI

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10.9.06 RSTUNNY, TEXAS - PROLOGUE, VIGNETTE OF TOWN
LOCATED ON A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY BETWEEN FORT WORTH AND
NEW MEXICO. REV. JAMES PELLIAN BROADCASTS AT 600 HERTZ FROM HIS TOWER
SIT ON THE DUST FLATS - A LONELY VICTORIAN MANSION. THE TOWER ONLY
TELEVISION STATION.

