

:aesthetic arrest:
:issue 1:Ambrosia:

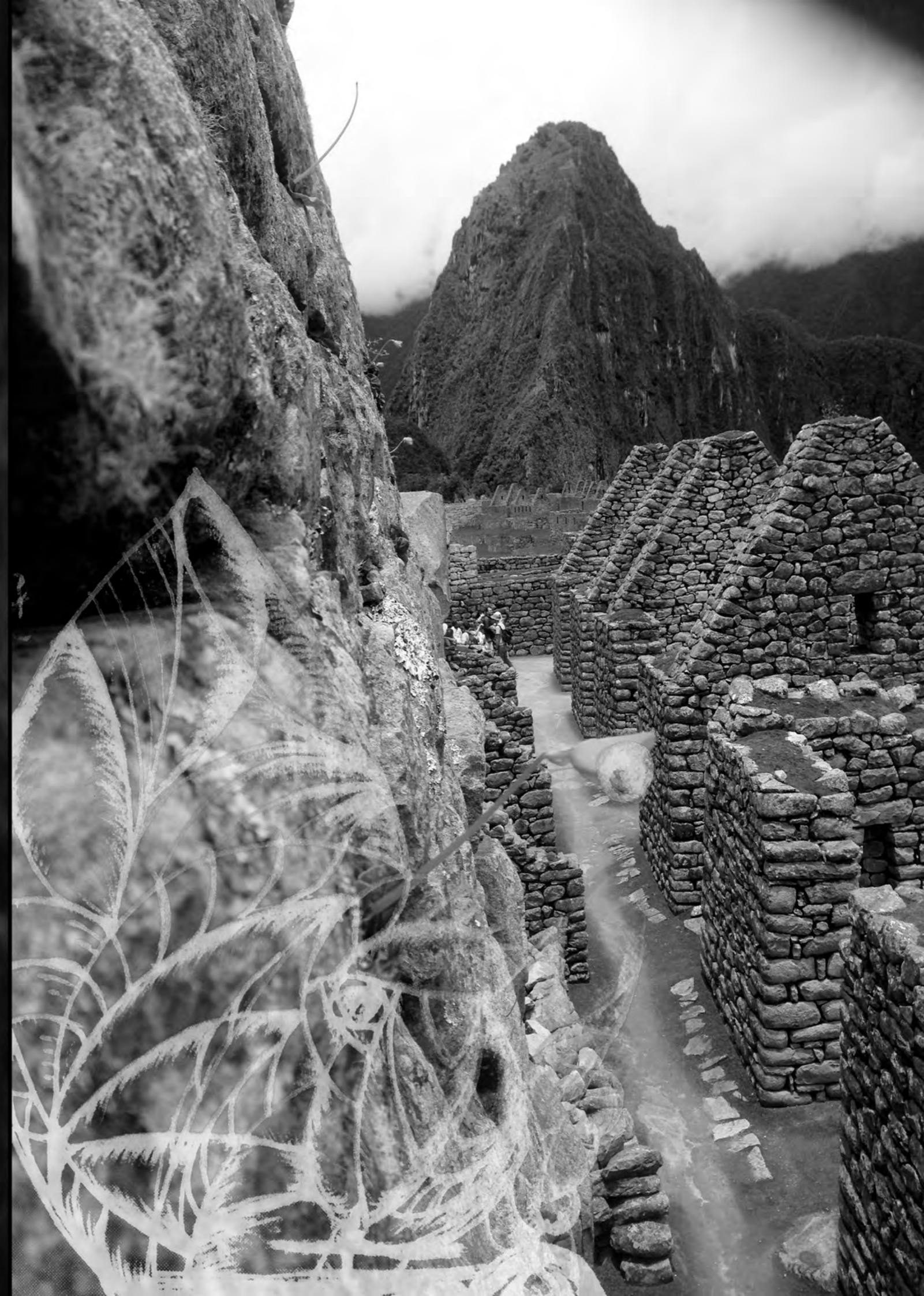
by The Hierophant and The Feather Collector

This zine exists to bring to the fore the concept of meaninglessness and meaning within the images and words that we encounter around us. This zine does not need to convey anything more than the fact that it is something that is aesthetically pleasing to the eye. It does not need to pander to our preferences, or activate our oppositions. This is a zine that explores the way we find things tantalising and beautiful, and the “arrest” that results in this engagement. We believe that in the activation of these instances, we are drinking ambrosia, the “nectar of the gods.”





Scintillating fortress of cashew nut converters
obscure the demure wanderlust of unforeseen sanction,
etching solvent uses in unabridged matters of strict conscience,
gazing into the everlasting exhalations abreast the flock.
Aesthetic arrest undulates the membrane of plummeting jewels
edging the canopy devoid in reticence. Satiating bluebells,
stark in substance and pure crustaceans of symphonic eyelashes.





Pointillistic
impetuous
vanguard.

Ardently
palatial
ensconced
arcana.

Wild
polemic
rhetoric.

Tawny
celestial
latitude.

Unilateral
ersatz.

Ancillary
compass.

Axiomatic
aphorism.

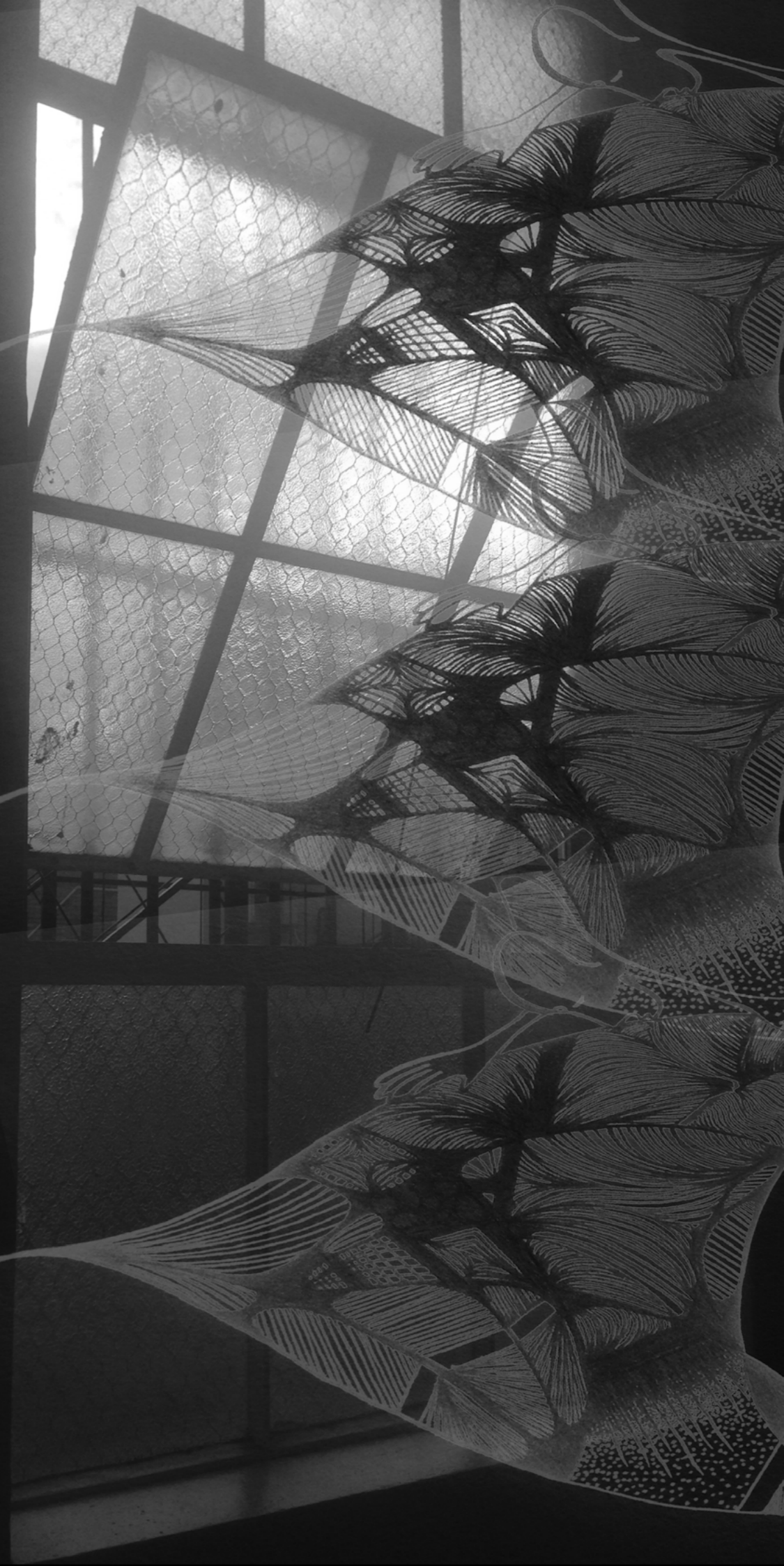
Trichiliocosm.

Nominal
vernacular
ambrosia.

Schonsheon

Flagrant
illustrious
echelon.

Auspicious
fortuitous
prism.



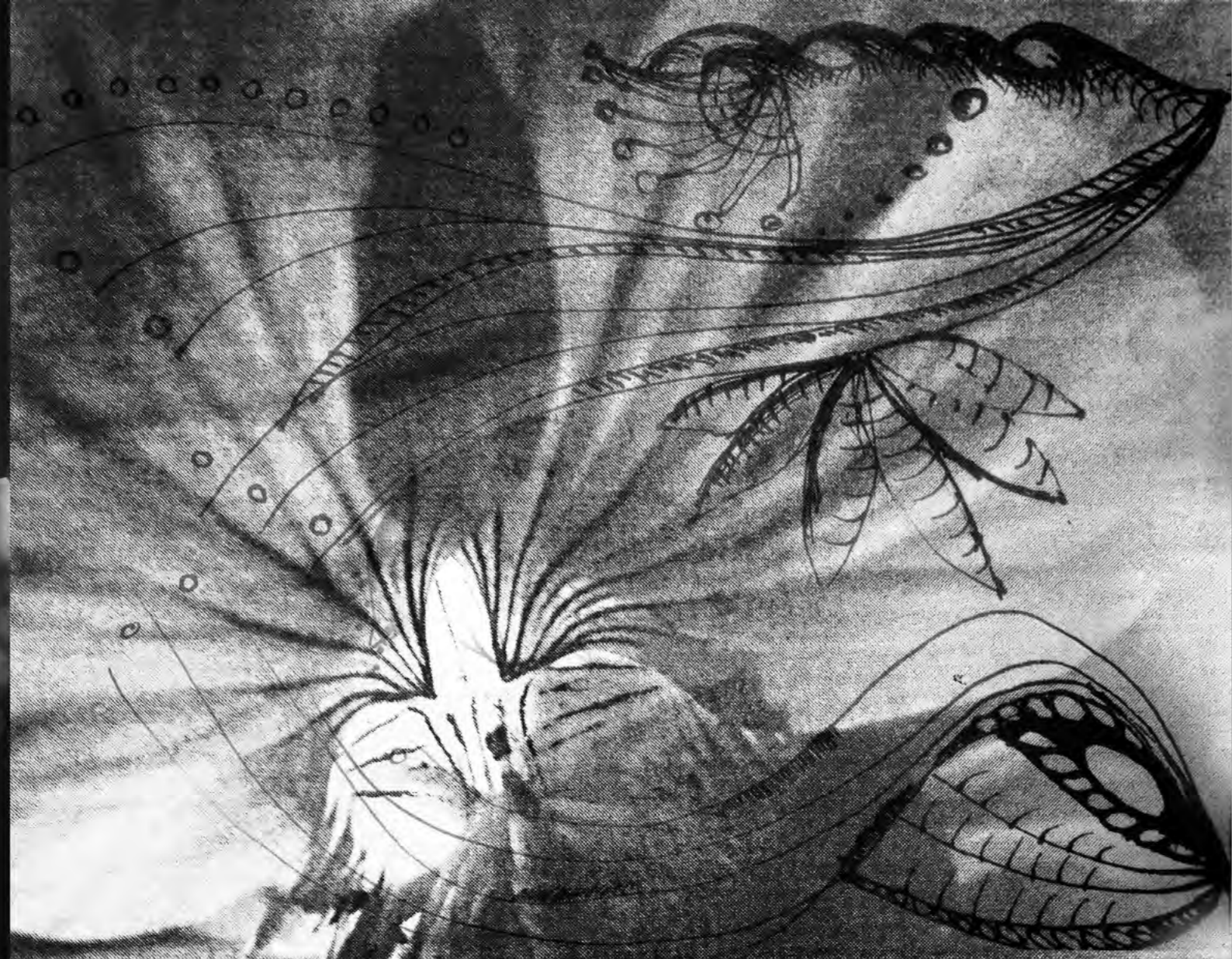




Deep in the pitter patter of postponement, the cybernetic display of infinite continuum wraps around a head filled with glass. How might this triangle soften? Of course, in many years and as many days we have learnt to love the pip, the core, the uneasy tang that delivers itself caustic and tart. Glass that slides along the windows of the buildings reflects the sun, a magnesium injection that flutters over the clouds and surges forward in a low, inaudible frequency. Beg of you another colour? Another plant for this life? The sugar of a coloured dot. The whisper of a tentacle. Follow the pink lady down into the realm of calculations. There can only be a moment of bliss and floaty nothings there, where the birds of forever are sifted into a mixing bowl and the tidings of fortunate sailors play merrily on the lips of your cat's teeth.







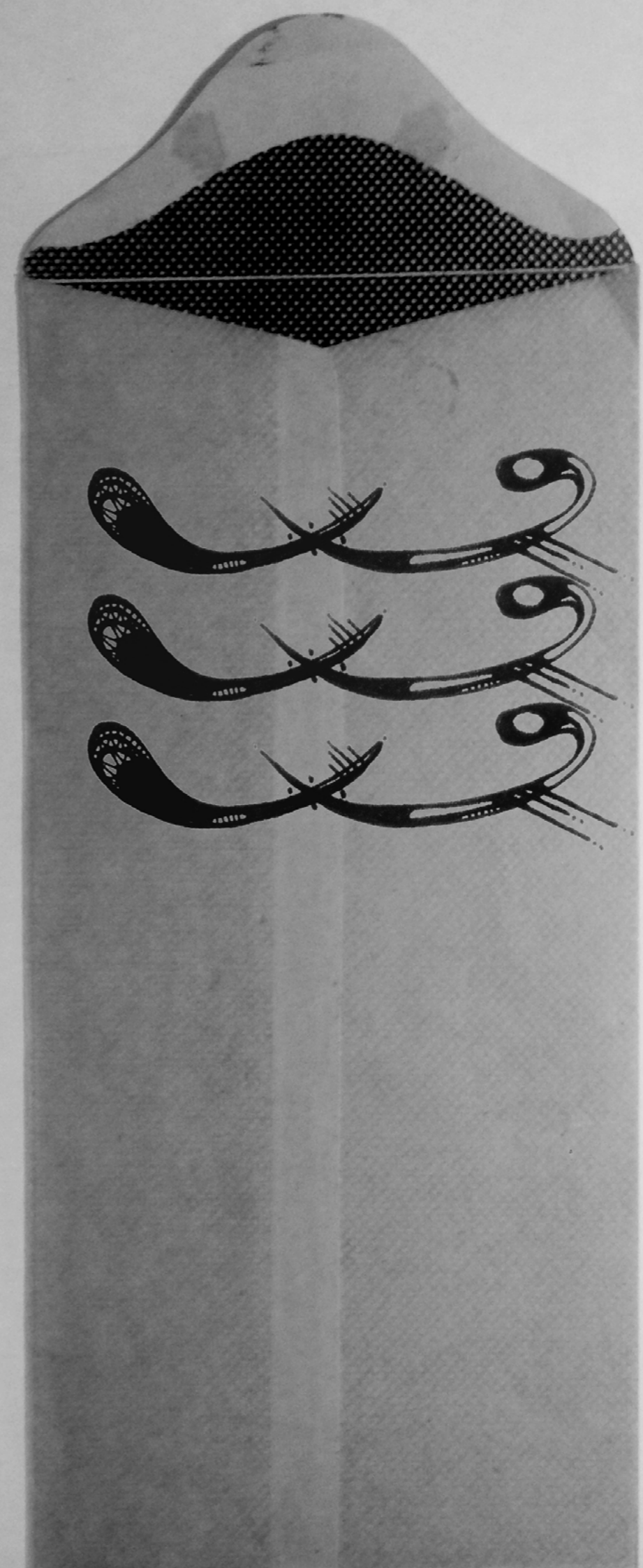
A flooding
A terrible leap into the outer realms
Beyond the caucus
into a Dodo's arms
Where flight is but want
And sight redundant
As the rain of vision
Is wept onto the carpet

Triadic sufferings!
Latent rebellion!

Smooth, soft glances that
Let touch in
Like fingers on a piano

Poetic Wanderings!
Vast Magnificent Imaginings!

This burrow falls and falls
But we have wings now
And sense to curl into them
Connecting
With a click
Like a cable
Before flurries of down and feather
Float and fall
Plumes plummeting below
We
rise
rise
rise



Calligraphic text on the envelope, consisting of three lines of stylized, flowing characters.



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