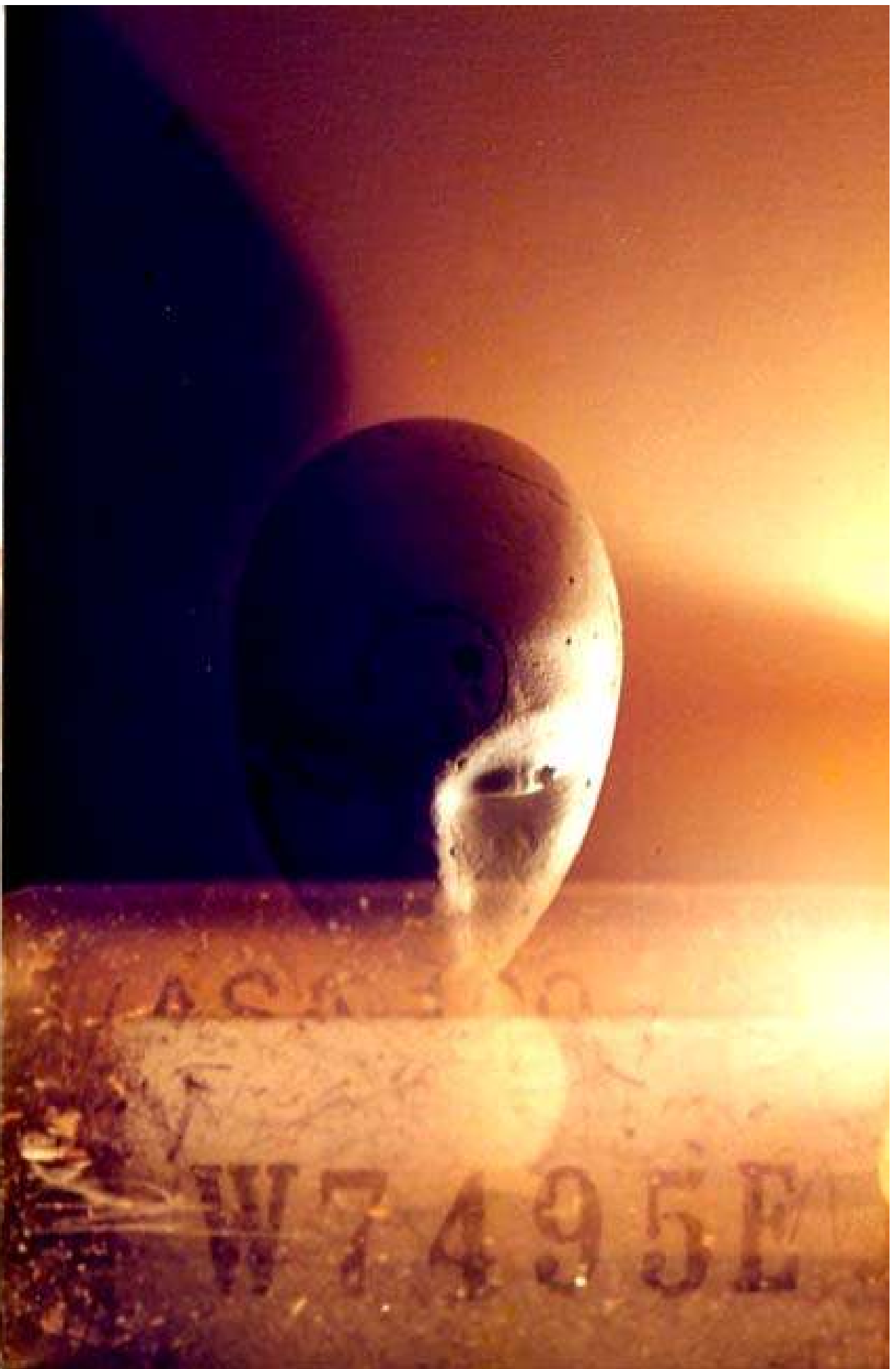


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# From Outside

A C Evans

*Argotist Ebooks*

\* Cover image by A C Evans

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A few of these poems have appeared in the following magazines:

*4th Dimension, Awen, Bard, Carillon, Curlew, Decanto, Fire, Handshake, Inclement, Neon Highway,  
The Penniless Press and Pulsar .*

# From Outside

## **FLASHBACK PHANTOMS**

Phantoms haunt my room  
Remind me of past crimes  
Standing without ease  
Slight shades of the present  
Fading from view

Molten streetlights  
Outside, where grey figures  
Are waiting ...

## **STRAY SUNLIGHT**

Because of our dreams we like to shine,  
In our sparkly suits and velvet silence,

And yet, my friends, there is an understanding  
That nothing is deeper than nothing:

Eye-popping skulls, poetry of the absurd,  
Stray sunlight gleaming, diffuse halo.

Your true thoughts are so deadly,  
I dare not write them here.

## **SUBTERRANEAN MUTANTS**

If it's too fast, you're too old,  
They say  
Out here in the Unknown Zone,  
In Zeroville, city on the edge of desolation,  
City of... thank you, and goodnight.

I was in a low dive, on the East Side of town  
Talking to a flirty *fashionista* in a skimpy top  
And a pack of arrogant self-centred bastards;  
Cool cat scavengers from the Selhurst Triangle  
With nothing to report but jaw-dropping tales  
Designed to fool the open-mouthed onlooker.  
Distracted, I stared at a group of hot singles  
Looking for a cold zap,  
Flashing their whale tails and  
Holiday snaps from Marbella.

Some news just in from the remote regions:  
The secret of fusion power  
Is coded in an unpronounceable name;  
Remember my name, you'll be screaming it  
Later – are you a screamer?

They looked at me as though I was  
A real skank in a dodgy suit;  
The assassin wore a comedy horse mask.  
Remember my name, you subterranean mutants,  
But then... thank you, and goodnight



## **BETWEEN ALIEN IMAGES**

Between alien images  
Slip strange feelings – fleeting  
Intimations of unconscious desire.  
Such quiet gestures glowing in the dark.

Yet the anomalous  
Element of inner space is not a void of  
Dark energy, or celestial visitors  
From another bubble next door, nudging  
The continuum, sending waves of charged  
Particles into a vortex of seething hate,  
But simply an echo of your distant pain.

## **THE SECRET MOUNTAIN**

A place of mystery: a shattered crag  
Towers over a ruined city, a forgotten land  
So far beyond our understanding,

Yet, from here the muses venture forth  
To stalk the world disguised in human form,  
And (condescending to speak through dreams  
Of otherworldly inspiration) cause  
Desperate poets to abandon familiar hopes,  
Cause them to make that dire journey,  
Across the dusty plains of a wilderness  
Where dread predators of the spirit  
Hunt souls by day and haunt the ruins by night.

What do they seek in the hinterland?

This is where pale-faced Hypnos guards the lair  
Of our glass-eyed muses: they whose presence  
Is a source of terrible clarity – and of transformation

## **FAN DANCE**

Blue light, empty hall and bare stage,  
The music in her head, she stands alone  
And, with such graceful gestures,  
Gently makes her moves,  
Gazing at an invisible audience.  
They silently watch her indigo plumes,  
Inscribe a formal pattern,  
And, held briefly in a single spotlight,  
She shyly turns around – too cute,  
Like an angel,  
    This welcome visitor  
        To our sinful city.

## **CREPUSCULAR**

Across this park mist floats  
In the evening  
When a fleeting presence  
Haunts my thoughts lyrical  
A pale coat blends with the light,  
Fading in a crepuscular mood  
Of strange nostalgia for another time  
Of non-existent innocence when  
You whispered to me in French  
A phrase I can no longer repeat.  
Even then you were unattainable;  
A sensual image of the day,  
So hot on the terrace mid-afternoon  
Where you strolled, unconcerned  
By the gloom descending,  
Enveloping us all in a futile dream.

Do you remember that labyrinth?  
There was no way out,  
Or so you said,  
But you didn't care about that,  
And now, here, this evening  
You seem so near again  
But I, I am exhausted by the pain.

## **PRESENCE**

Far too close to dreaming, your  
Sultry presence  
And nervous laugh  
Haunt me still.  
Like the ghost of a thought,  
Or a distant tremor of desire,  
You will always  
Be this close – in my dreams.

## **ON SOME FAR AWAY PLANET**

### *Funky Space at The Boogie Lounge*

Amplify your visuals, get connected, go anywhere.  
Hot metal, new leather, fishnet crop tops  
Scalp electrodes connect us to fashion dreams  
When, after a grey and misty start,  
The future merges with yesterday's news  
And mirror ball madness vamps up your eyes  
All table dancing, flirting and catfights  
At a burlesque cabaret in a downtown cellar  
On some far away planet a long way from home  
Where raffish grid girls wear suede retro hot pants  
And alien entertainers swoop from the chandeliers  
Yeah, it's love, lipgloss and show business  
Out here on the Western Fringes, so it's  
Another teen slasher bloodbath from Mr Pink  
As Starfleet Command takes all the tables  
Calling for posh totty, sentimental songs  
And two pianos on wheels of steel,  
Like this sex bomb in specs adds some oomph  
To her scary cocktail shaker routine  
Behind the bar on the seventh floor where  
Snap happy space cadets preen in their frocks  
Flicking ciggie stubs across the room  
At some hick comedienne from The Big Squirm  
Too boring darling I hear you say.  
Where's that pause button?  
No wet shirt moments here then, just armchair  
Radicals, Mr White, some other geezer  
And a crystal breeze chilling the action, while  
Sporting a smarter class of clobber,  
Mohair suits and electric boots,  
We truffle shuffle to a plinky dinky soundtrack.  
You lucky, lucky people!

## **LAST MINUTE FANTASY**

Elsewhere, meanwhile

White gold, far out

Centre

Wrought iron

Stranded, where

Violet warning

Notes

Fade away.

Talkative fellow travellers

Support

Our vanity parade

Of memories.

Fast-talking

Last minute fantasy

Have you noticed?

## **FROM OUTSIDE**

Standing outside  
You can see the light of conscious thought:  
A fitful flicker, illuminating human space  
In the midst of darkness, the sphere of oblivion.  
From outside The Mind, it seems, glimmers blue electric  
In the night,  
Yet fails to illuminate the footpath through this forest  
Of tangled symbols.  
    No clearing for the wary traveller.  
    No easy path or guide.  
    No point of departure, no destination.

For this is how mankind appears,  
Then disappears  
As all energy drains away...

While outside  
The thinker calmly observes  
The fading traces  
As they...  
    shiver... and  
    vanish.



## **THE FACE IS YOURS**

The mind cannot defy the flesh.  
Even now, when the magic happens,  
In a strange place where glamour  
Rules every aspect of daily life,  
Your dreams look like oily rags.

Baby girls die every day, even here  
On this beautiful planet adrift  
In a hostile universe, and, yes,  
The dictator rules by television.  
Sedated and senseless every viewer

Sees only a reflection of a familiar face  
On the flickering screen:  
Dear reader, the face is yours.

## ***CLOSE TO DREAMING***

The mind floats free  
Only to hear  
Far drumbeats of deadly fate  
Out there, somewhere.

No more wild constellations  
Or spinning pulsar flashes  
Of inspiration – so  
Close to dreaming; but no nightmare  
Haunts the vacant space of exhausted matter.

Out there, somehow,

Near collapsing giant stars  
Remnants of a fading universe  
Turn black on black.

Out there, sometime.

## NEUTRINO SUBWAY

Champagne for pop star car crash horror night of tragedy  
We all thought they were made for each other  
Things may change at the last minute  
Stubbornly independent young women love video  
We have to catch up

Project details remain under wraps  
Upper galleries include various self-portraits  
An electronic supergroup  
Known as Neutrino Subway, and  
A range of artists and other practitioners  
Celebrate this alternative world and  
Visit sites associated with the next unplugged generation  
We have to catch up

Next she appropriated pornographic images of herself  
Making antennae from liquid metals and rubber-coated alloys  
Whacked around in the chaos of war, blockbuster movies and video games  
An impartial technical exercise with a limited number of storylines  
By stacking five membranes each tuned to a specific touchscreen  
You can  
Watch your body glow in the dark while dreaming  
Better aerodynamics or  
A series of gestures some hovering types need remote control piloting  
A chunk of ceramic from the borders of the future  
We have to catch up

Typically they have big eyes, big hair and slender limbs  
They look like aliens  
Superimposing photos living beyond sunlight  
Check the walls of your bedroom immediately  
Chasing the dream tinkering and shaping an image  
That quite often flies like a dragonfly  
Bring me more toys

## **MISFIT STARS**

Leather, zips and denim  
    Silk biker jackets  
Glam Happenings and Lash Boosters  
    Super kooky accessories  
Punky party lips  
    Themes, balloons and fancy dress:  
Put aside your foxy feathers and bunny ears.  
    Take a  
        Deep tissue massage, clear of the edge  
Now watch peculiar details surface  
    (Instant full volume  
Get it before it goes  
    Electro-sensual experience)  
    Such misfit stars  
Change lives as the world turns  
    On it's axis – a nervous laugh  
With the voice of an actor  
    You may know  
While a bloated sun sets over the bay  
    In eye-popping 3D with post-surreal  
Peripheral vision – love my coral lips.

## BOO GALAXY

We reached the Boo Galaxy  
Via the Shrine of Roquepertuse  
A gate mounted with severed heads.

We were blazing a path  
Through an evaporating universe,  
Escaping from an old film  
Called *Chain Gang Charlie*.

Yes, we attain immortality through art  
For divas never die, and  
Even topless movie babes live forever.

Not just a playground love spat  
The situation was much, much worse  
– Apocalypse when?

As we approached the Boo Galaxy,  
At just below the speed of light  
Well within the law,  
Edging into overkill, I said,

*Oh, darling!*  
*You're an icon of sleaze*  
*I can forget my painkillers now!*

As we waited for the lights to change  
– Emergency road works – I thought  
*We're a pack of ragged ravers*  
*A troupe of mad performers,*

*Heading for Seventh Heaven,*  
*Not Arcturus – and the Boo Galaxy*  
Engulfed us in a violet glow.

## **DREAM OF ALDEBARAN**

Blazing red star flaming eye  
Taurus Alpha following  
Images of opaque objects  
From the Hyades to the Pleiades.

Nine bright stars that rule our sky, with  
Nine ladies and three dark sisters,  
Mystical figures who control our destiny:  
Calliope, her epic screams create terror,  
Clio, her revelations paralyse thought,  
Euterpe, the sound of her flute chills the blood,  
Thalia, her laughter is an antidote to death,  
Melpomene, her tears flood the universe with pain,  
Terpsichore, her ritual chanting is the dance of the stars,  
Erato, Angel of Eros, her lyric passion excites the senses,  
Polyhymnia, her devotions define the limits of the possible,  
Urania, her science is the word of truth.

Just turn the lights out – this is a chapter from  
The Book of Storms,  
The Primal Dream of Three Uncanny Sisters  
(Melete, Mneme, Aoide) – no Fates these,  
Three Dark Stars in the shadows hidden  
From the advance of Orion.

As the galaxies expand,  
Surreality is disclosed in moments of distraction.

And these are the Nine bright stars of the dream:  
Aldebaran, the burning eye  
Capella, so much brighter than the sun  
Castor, twin star so far, far away  
Pollux, hero of the hour but so far, far away  
Procyon, you rise before the dog  
Sirius, source of Sothic Mysteries  
Rigel, you dominate the mirror world  
Bellatrix goddess of war, you are deadly nightshade  
Betelgeuse, you tower over all, but  
The blazing red eye feasts on human flesh.

## **TOO MUCH LIKE REAL LIFE**

Window-shopping can be too much like real life  
When cold engines are stalled, when hope is frozen,

When the time for thinking is over and action  
Is required. Where are they now, those distracted

Mannequins standing behind reflections, when the traffic  
Crawls along the high street? Where are they now

Those undercover agents? Those emissaries from another  
Dimension where naked bodies are crumpled in heaps

And no one cares about the cost of rural housing, or  
Your Boho-Chic fashions, or the price of freedom.

**NOTHING ELSE**

Rainy streets so cold,  
Leaden sky  
A starving cat  
Shivering in a doorway.  
Nothing else moves.

World ended yesterday.



## **STILL SHE STANDS**

*Please remove the disc before switching off the machine...*

Water drips from the ceiling  
Light wavers across the room  
Bare floorboards

Still she stands isolated from the world

Consider her strangeness  
Embrace her cold body  
Slowly an arm is raised

You ache with desire  
And your heart stops, but  
A distant tremor is a signal

Still she stands isolated from the future

And a faint glimmer of metal  
This is a frozen memory  
    This is a vanished age.

## AT THE CROSSROADS

Exceptional        distraction  
End of reason now  
    Delay (in glass)  
    Chance objects cluster  
Ahead at the crossroads  
This our final moment  
    Before (materialism  
        Takes out  
        the lights,

Incredible)        eternal bride  
Passage underground  
    Misconception of fate  
    Deranged reality  
Incomprehensible  
    Because  
Incoherence        warps  
    Consciousness  
    Dust breeding in grey  
No, surface is all

Always more meanings  
    To play the fool  
    Across mountains  
Of hopeless horror  
As all belief dissolves  
    Into imperfect  
Nothingness.

## **THE SILVER GHOST**

Not quite so far  
Away this  
Deserted dancehall  
Just stop and  
Listen – intimate  
Lilting voice singing  
Broken chairs  
Lights flickering  
Pale faces  
In the small hours  
A silver ghost, a  
Sleek jazz singer  
Dusty microphone  
Smashed windows  
Tattered flags, a  
Huge crowded space.  
Uniforms and  
Up-tempo moves  
Recall another  
Risky era, but  
Different doubts  
Haunt us now.

***LISTEN TO THE VOICE***

In the ruined borderland

We cannot find ourselves  
Any more

Else burning abstractions  
Will never

Heal those wounds  
Blue water

Tall buildings

Crimes  
You cannot commit  
But wish to describe

In vivid detail

This is a place of regrets  
And we cannot see  
Ourselves

In any disguise  
Any new way of looking

Mystery of appearance

Sultry voice – listen to the voice.

## OBJECT UNKNOWN

Distant lights  
Hover  
Over  
Tree-line  
A mirage  
Might shimmer  
Like  
A silver  
Spectral  
Messenger  
Of  
Anticipation  
Or  
A diversion  
Never  
Here  
Or  
There

### **THAT UTOPIAN MOMENT**

More than this summer sun  
Reflections shimmer on calm water  
A river-bank reverie  
So much more than this, even  
I think  
As an empty, perfect sky  
Extends pristine blue above  
White or silver tower blocks  
Where dreams of yesterday  
Hover in a haze of memory  
And The Skylon, perhaps  
Clad in square mosaic mirrors,  
Rises, ballpoint pen from a gulf  
Of recollection  
And I see again  
Those flared white dresses of visiting crowds  
Swirling across concrete terraces  
Between metal chairs  
Seeming nearer to us now  
Than ever  
That utopian moment, when atomic shapes  
Were used to decorative effect,  
And they danced after dark in outdoor clothes  
Tracing contrapuntal patterns  
In a pleasure garden  
Where stood a curious pavilion.  
No, the Fairway was our centre  
But then  
The moment was no more, and  
I am here,  
On the riverside,  
Looking towards the northern bank  
Clouds inexorably towering  
High above where before  
The blue was infinite.

## **REMEMBRANCE**

I find it impossible  
To think of the future  
Without the consolation of remembrance,  
Picturing in my mind's eye  
The old park bench where we sat that day  
And an empty street – and the tree-line  
Shedding yellow leaves.

## **NEXUS OF OBSCURITY**

Old  
house  
neglected  
grounds  
mist  
encroached  
garden  
birds  
black  
hunched  
watching  
me  
you  
faint  
memories  
distant  
times  
empty  
rooms  
my  
pain  
your  
disdain



## **HEAVEN OR HELL**

The celestial choir echoes among the clouds  
Where all is peaceful.

The infernal pack skulks among fiery rocks  
Where all is rage and hate.

The celestial choir drifts among crystal fountains  
Where all is bright and glittering.

The infernal army advances across an ashen plain  
Where twisted corpses lay in heaps.

The celestial choirs chant their songs of praise  
Where all is transparent, all is still – yet

Those demons below sing the same words, and  
Somehow, their laughter dissolves all difference.

## **NOW ETERNAL**

Indeterminate  
Relationship  
Of energy and time  
Where (before  
This, a vacuum)  
Displaced as a  
Spontaneous  
Swerve and  
Deviation, but  
Never  
Imagined,  
As no  
External  
Plane  
Or  
Wavelength  
Exists, not  
Even  
Then erupts  
To forward  
Spurt  
Out  
Dark, swirling  
Chains of force  
Implacable  
Reactions  
And here  
Multifarious  
Worlds  
Abound  
Limited  
Only  
Ever by outward  
Expansion, yet  
Finally  
Exhaustion  
Denies  
Energy  
Passes  
Away  
No  
Time, now.

## **PERFECT STORM**

Made-up like Gorgona the Witch,  
She was the perfect storm,  
A road rage riot girl,  
Exploring the limits of shadow.  
Kick-start the rough-house:  
Flash bang wallop!

Make out in a carnival of glass.

There are some objects visible before dawn,  
But some objects are not visible at all.  
Invisible objects haunt your tiny mind,  
That's what she said  
As, laughing at my caricature madness,  
She dissolved in thin air and faded from view.

Indeterminate,  
The pre-cosmic substrate seethes  
In virtual space – a perfect storm.

## **SHADES IN DARKNESS**

Shades in darkness haunt  
This empty street  
These old houses  
Where no light ever shines.

Shades in darkness haunt  
My empty mind  
This abandoned ruin  
Where no light ever shines.

## **THE ONLY WAY IS UP**

The only way is up,  
That's what she said.  
We were on the top deck,  
At the back.  
This was the last bus,  
Windows scratched  
With slogans, obscenities  
And declarations of  
*Amour fou*  
(Des 4 Shona)  
It was getting late  
But we were night owls  
We were streetwise, and  
We had it made.  
Out on the town,  
Out on the razzle,  
Street light dazzle,  
Rain earlier,  
Celebrating what?  
A lifetime of neurosis.

**BYE BYE KITTY HELL BUNNY**

Bye bye kitty hell bunny  
In your Kooky Shop hobble-skirt  
Gravity freestyle pop-punk  
Experimental accelerator kit,  
Paying lip service to my lips,  
To my poison plants, and  
My lo-fi visual scratching.

You can pick up your mobile, and  
Walk, you kinky angel!  
You Summer of Love Mad Love!  
You underground stargazer!

Your hardcore, heart-beat  
High-risk, high-kick rampant  
Ensemble role play  
Magnetic ritual  
Psycho-dramas  
With all the usual suspects  
Don't fool me.

## **ERRONEOUS ZONES**

Neural-biochemical  
Drives, obsessions, compulsions  
Displacement, condensation  
The world, viscera and mind  
The process – displacement  
The Work – slight allusions  
“But dreams come through stone walls,  
Light up dark rooms,  
Or darken light ones.”  
Introspection, individuation,  
Singularity and Sensibility  
Wake up and see  
Freakish and off-centre  
Freedom of thought  
Chance – parapraxis  
Imagination – the uncanny  
Sit back down or fly me to the moon  
Parody and pastiche flasher badges  
Demonic and irrational  
Dynamic and pre-verbal  
Collage and (doom music) juxtaposition  
Inadvertent intensities and investments  
The Purple Haze/The Hellbound Heart  
The dream-window (alien alias)  
Leonardo’s Wall and inner alchemy  
Inspiration as shorthand (fetish)  
Mutability and ambivalence  
Freezers, teasers and shakes  
Obscene underworld pain  
In the distance  
Twitchy psychopaths  
Shocking secrets  
Kinky elegance, erroneous zones:  
Contradiction and incongruity  
The absurd and burlesque  
Crystal breeze garage sound-clash  
Drag queens and mud wrestlers  
Camp, that curious place  
Where the angels wear Versace, this  
Renegade city.

## CINEMATIC MOMENTS

Little cinematic moments  
STYLISTS PHOTOGRAPHERS WRITERS  
THE WORLD WITHIN FASHION IMAGERY  
Eternal stimuli call girls direct  
ii iiiiiiiiiiiii i  
Crystal breeze  
Underground garage soundtrack  
Skimpy knickers  
(Enough said  
The light AT THE END of every single day  
KINKY ELEGANCE)  
NEW AGE OLD RAGE COOL SPEAK  
LAURA KENYON AND ALEXANDRA CORNICHE  
All worth it not just middle class HEE HEE HEE HA HA HA  
You can be rich  
Reality TV star has the looks has the X-Factor  
It's not fair  
Now she was a strange girl  
With a knack for monologues not just looks-ism  
Not just stand by for the moment  
Let's recap  
Spend the morning lying in bed then  
pooter about in the lounge in nothing but a  
Victorian-ish blouse  
Illegal?  
Perhaps the whole thing was a joke  
She watched HER LONGSUFFERING GIRLFRIEND  
Just so pissing stupid (stupid, stupid, stupid)  
In her quasi-balaclava screaming flight  
All pretty and French – neglect a beauteous boy  
As one does  
Relish those little cinematic moments  
On Bling Street  
Cheer up right AWAY away...?



**HOT IS THE NEW COOL**

Look hot stay cool  
Babe you gave such good advice  
Where are you now?

## **A NEW REALITY**

It was time – although the end  
Did not take place  
The way she said.

Yesterday we went to the river  
Watched wreckage float downstream  
Just as our hopes and fears faded  
Subliminal surreal in the gathering dusk,  
And you turning to me laughing quiet  
Saying *you are mine – but not forever.*

I looked down, thinking  
Forever was a word I hated.

Time – all we have to clear  
The way ahead, is time  
A vital fluid drained from the body,  
An iconography of displaced signs  
We cannot decipher,  
Images from films we have not seen.

This is not the end  
It is the beginning of a new reality.

## **REACH FOR THE SKYLINE**

Burnt out building used to be a fast food auto-centre  
Drop in for a chat – it's a landscape from hell.  
Reach for the skyline – but even the nostalgic topologist  
Has better ideas – jigsaw takes shape.  
Mechanical or fluid, it formed a loop in the dream-world,  
Beyond an ancient desert where the command bunker  
Was buried – flak batteries opened up all around us.  
It was worse than the Dunkirk Pocket  
Great dumps of ruined material, corpses everywhere.  
Reach for the skyline – as time crashes onto the beach.  
Stutter of gunfire – pixels splatter the wall.  
My old flesh was unsuitable so I shed my skin,  
Took another look, another identity.  
    No change – glowing lava streams – wrong name.

## **MEMORY IN THE MAKING**

*Time is but memory in the making* – Nabokov

The labyrinth is the present, a shape-shifting world  
Where we see ourselves reflected in a hall of mirrors  
Distorting the space-time continuum.

Here you can see memory in the making  
Now is the cumulative effect of when,  
Then, everything was so much simpler

To understand, or was it?  
Fearless silence of my beating heart  
Intensive care is dark tonight

As I think of the emptiness of the present  
Where a thousand mirrors reflect a thousand reasons  
To restore that old world-order to zero.

## **EDGE OF NIGHTMARE**

This must be a non-event horizon;  
A grey place where nothing happens,  
Where nothing is real;  
A nightmare zone of absolute nothing,  
Where nothing engenders nothing  
And everything fades out, or away  
Into a distant, anaemic sky,  
Where no clouds (or light)  
Can even exist – without suddenly  
Dissolving into haze of darkening  
Space – this is the final destination.

## About the Author

The work of A C Evans explores the subversive traditions of the bizarre and grotesque, yet the author describes both his art and poetry as Realistic. Influenced by the Gothic dark-side of Romanticism, *fin-de-siecle* Decadence, Aestheticism, the iconoclasm of Dada, revolutionary, anti-clerical Surrealism and the immediacy of Pop, he regards all these as points of departure, none as a destination—we live in a post avant-garde world.

Born in Hampton Court, Middlesex in 1949, A C Evans lived in South London until 1963 when he moved to Essex and co-founded the semi-legendary Neo-Surrealist Convulsionist Group in 1966 before moving back to London in 1973. His drawings, collages, reviews, articles, translations, poetry and stories have appeared in numerous small press magazines in the UK and abroad, and he is a regular contributor to *Stride*, *Monomyth & The Supplement*, *Midnight Street*, *Inclement* and *Neon Highway*.

He considers creativity to be the indirect effect of irrational drives and desires, a pre-verbal process of actualisation; an infinite quest and—inevitably—an indictment of both traditional dogma and contemporary *radical chic*. Fascinated by ambiguity, juxtaposition, exclusion, disengagement, irony and objective chance—the Absurd, negation, parody and black humour are constant preoccupations—his works often explore macabre themes, using eschatology, cosmology, urban imagery, symbolic figures and naturalistic detail to question our assumptions about convention, identity and reality.

Collaborative work has included several projects with *Stride's* Rupert Loydell. The poem sequence *Space Opera* was made into a digital video by Michelle Martin/OS2 and shown at the Onedotzero3 Festival, at the ICA, London, in May 1999.

## **Other Publications by A C Evans**

*Exosphere*  
*Decaying Orbits*  
*The Xantras*  
*Chimaera Obscura*  
*Neon Aeon*  
*Not Deade But Chaynged*  
*Space Opera*  
*Dream Vortex*  
*Angels of Rancid Glamour (non-fiction)*  
*Colour of Dust*  
*Omega Lightning*  
*The Mutation Show Underscore*  
*Swan of Yuggoth*  
*The Stone Door*  
*This Sepulchre*  
*Fractured Muse*  
*The Bards 1: A C Evans*  
*Vespula Vanishes*

## **As a contributor**

*The Luminous Boat (prose)*  
*Landmass—Fragments from Somewhere Else*  
*Chain Lightning (prose)*  
*Icons*  
*Emotional Geology*  
*Ladder to the Next Floor*  
*Angles of Incidence*  
*Earth Ascending: An Anthology of Living Poetry*  
*Slipping Into the Palace Unnoticed (prose)*  
*Worlds Known and Not (interview)*  
*A Ship to Nowhere and Other SF Poetry*  
*My Kind of Angel*  
*Fantasia*  
*Memories of the Future: Tales of the Burning Man*  
*Monomyth Yearbook 1998*  
*Text Book: Writing Through Literature (prose)*  
*Anthology 1: The Inclement Anthology*  
*War is a Dangerous Place (prose)*  
*The Dark Tower Volume Three: The Black Throne*