

# Self-titled

~ a collage novel ~

collages: Xtian  
words: Hannah Cadaver

Dedicated to surrealists living, dead, foetal and elsewhere.  
Or to someone else.

All persons/ places/ events depicted in words/ images are a work of fiction.  
Any similarity(s) to anything ever having existed is surreal coincidence.

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## Contents

Zone 1	...	...	...	...	...	005
Zone 2	...	...	...	...	...	039
Zone 3	...	...	...	...	...	081
Zone 4	...	...	...	...	...	121
Zone 5	...	...	...	...	...	175
Zone 6	...	...	...	...	...	199
Zone 7	...	...	...	...	...	215
Afterword	...	...	...	...	...	220





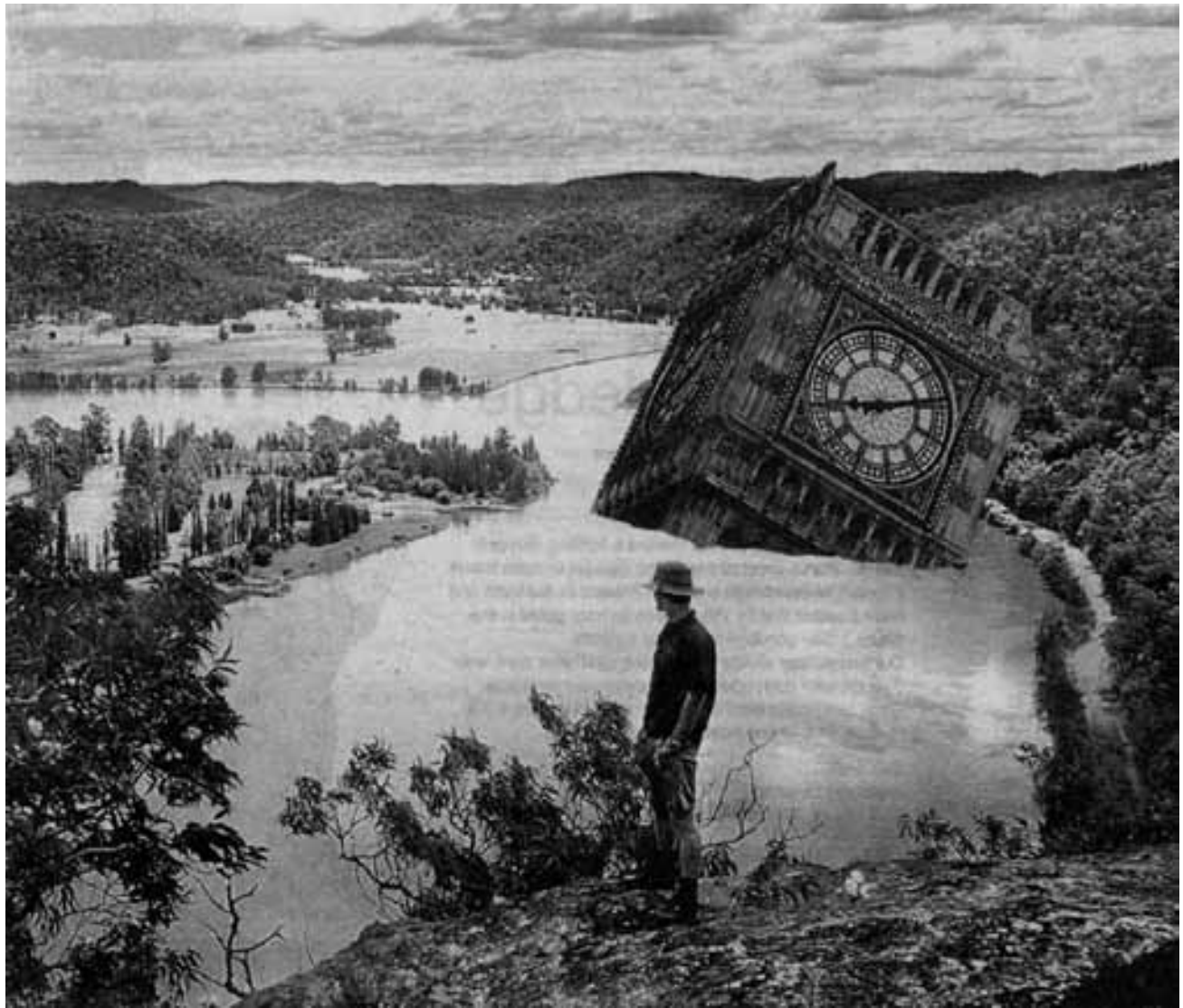
*Z*one 1

... Yep, she'd done it again. Time had thrown herself a tantrum and thrown herself in the lake to over-emphasise it all!

He always knew it was Tuesday because he could tell the time.

This time he knew it was coming. At ten-past-eight, one tends to be sure about such things. This time does not come easily outside (never mind the fact that it was swimming), and so he would make ready.

For a brief time, all was as it should be.



... so no-one sees....No-one knows....No-one believes.

... Capturing the essence of the thing was not going to be the problem.

The amputee was clearly shaken and upset. Laying still as though dead and waiting for the insects to pick at its own wreckage. An elephant bleeds less pain than this.





Having given him a flower for his apple, she took it to the politician. This time he would recognise that which is fruit!

Finally, he emerged from his hold to prove it. Flower still intact, he held us all.

...but he knew all along

She danced all day. Sometimes, when the light was dim, she would cheekily steal the shadows of others and just keep right on dancing.

It was a long time before we recognised our “second selves”! Their revolution taught us that!

But they / he did not agree with it at all!

She meant well, but suits just couldn't seem to see it.

I stood close by my mentor. He had a way of looking at me like he knew. But there were others there too. Suits always make me nervous. Talkers and the like.

I didn't like the way he looked at the flower.

It's hard to distract someone when you're an apple-core, so he hired the finest dancer in the entire region to carry him through the entire episode. But still no-one seemed to care/appreciate it very much



Being a brussel sprout is different. When you have arms, everybody loves you.

... Her popularity was remarkable. She would dance better than a flower and happily hug you at the end.

She was a whore for his affections, and in return, he fertilised her every day.

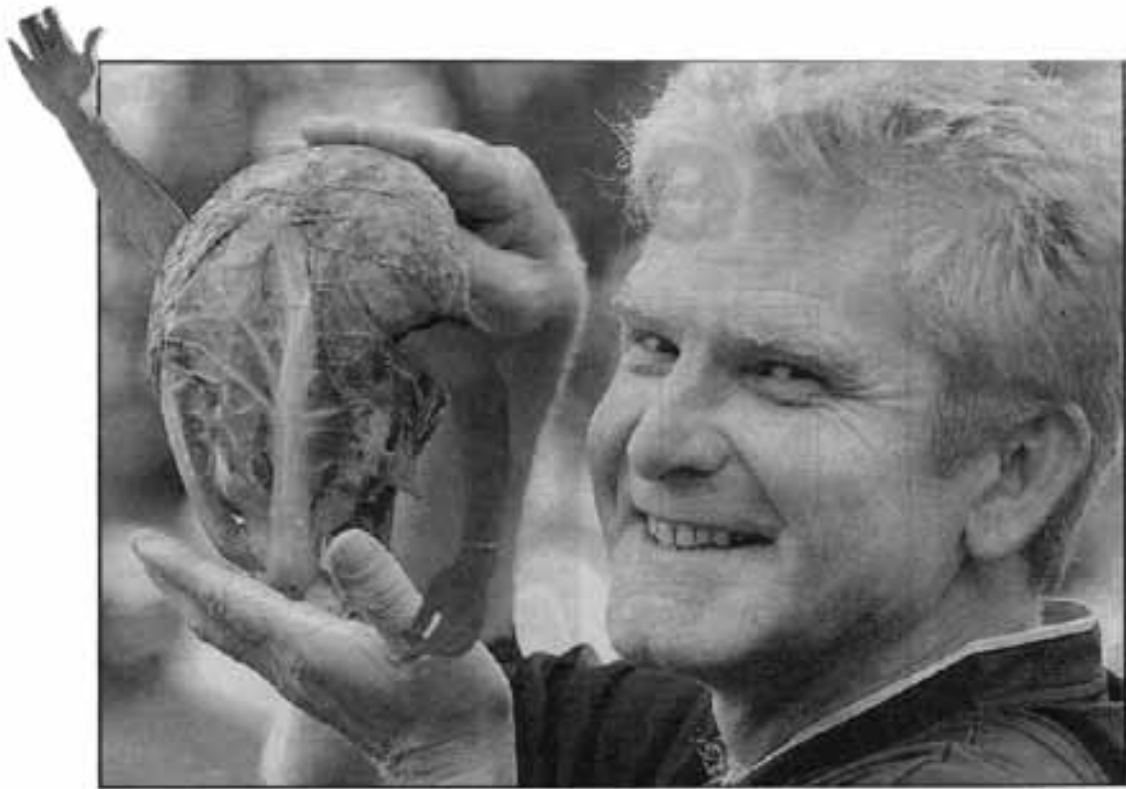
As a couple they were a charming pair. A hit on the celebrity set.

Only having five fingers can be a real problem for some, but she took it all in her stride.

He was her legs, her head and shoulders of the pair. She was his heart and would fill his stomach with joy each time she agreed to wear her bracelet.

They never saw it coming.

They never even cried



Somewhere in/ on these walls was the answer. Or one of them at least. Unfortunately, neither of them were linguists and therefore didn't actually know what they were looking for.

Having heard of the dangers, they decided to rest before entering her womb. So far the way had not been bad, but being unaccustomed to it all, realised so far they were just plain bored! The gate-way had been a simple matter of hide-and-go-seek but this challenge seemed... well... kind of silly.

It's still hard to get attention when people look at you like an apple-core.

They thought of home often during these colourless times.

She did her best. Gladly



Now this was going to be good. They had the hole in the fence. There was no way it could be repaired in time.

They shouldered their own burdens. “No-ones business but their own”. Smiling all the while, like happiness.

...It was time...

One day she would be ready.

The men had failed as had many before them, so the Suits took to the unhampered minds of children.

He had always wanted to go, but it had surprised him how many rules there were! How many languages he'd had to earn.

They gathered together.

She would be his guide.





This was no longer the beginning. That was many times ago.

As ecstatic as she was, he saw her calculations.

Together they had decided what to do.

... There was no laughter within.

Her betrayal would be grand.

He smelled her.

“I love lollies”

She believed him and he in turn believed her.



He was running from them for the third time this week. And for the third time, he dropped part of her again.

He heard her calling, but it's hard to stop when the fuzz wants to jam.

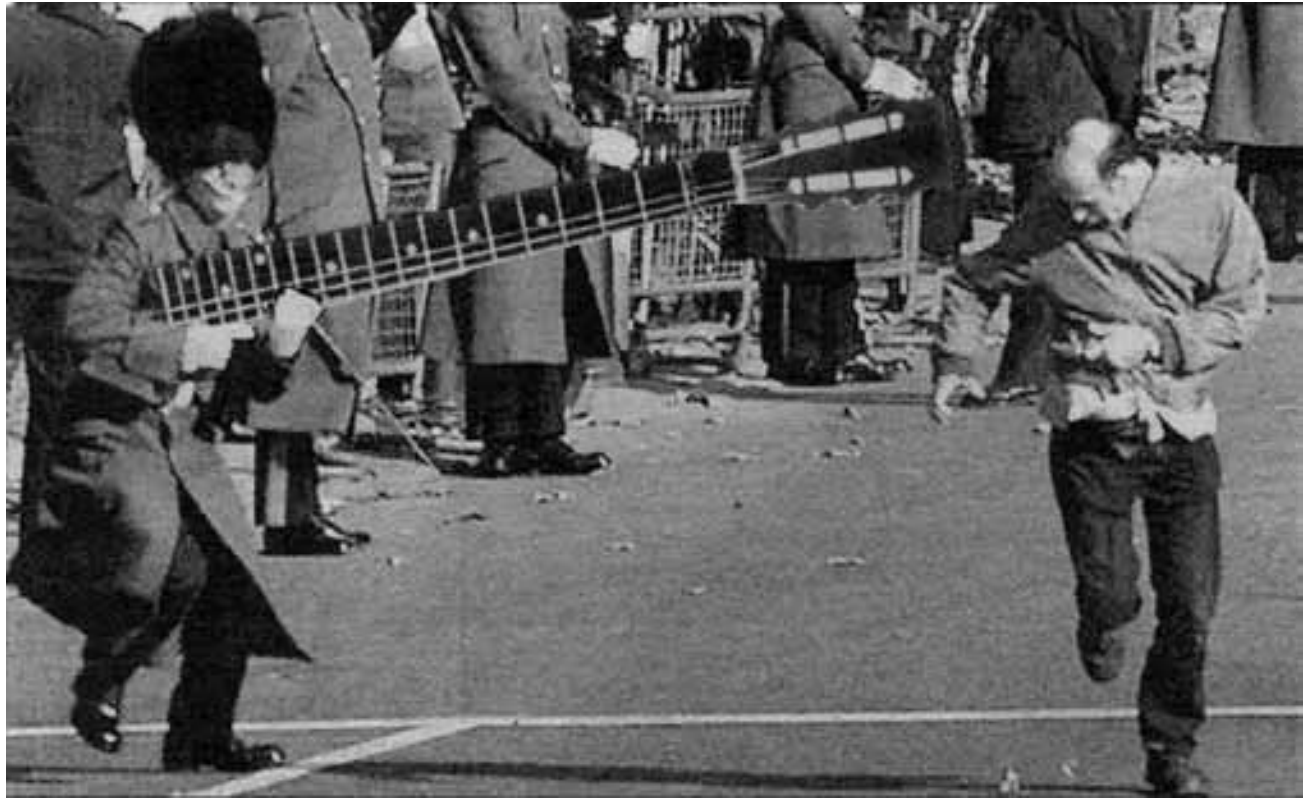
Why was the mad-man the only one?

Where had she gone??? How would he reach her this time???

He knew they had stolen her Betty. Jealous they were, jealous.

A morsel of mayhem always follows dusty paths.

He needed a diversion.



...and that was it. If he had left it all alone, his arm would not have been amputated.

Well, she was much more attractive than the average apple core. She didn't even need to dance, but somehow, crowds always brought out her silly side.

The house was connected to her web.

The Suits were at it again. Secret codes for the outer-womb.

Children. Nowhere were the children.

Distraction of the finest. A woman will always get what she wants, if you can make her.

Time should have been here by now.



Disbelievingly, they drove on.

Marie knew.

Betty danced on. She had been rehearsing.

“Uh”.

They would get there yet.

“Ugh ... not again”





Steadily and carefully she worked.

You can always make good money on the side when you're a beautician.

She had offered it to her and she had said "yes"

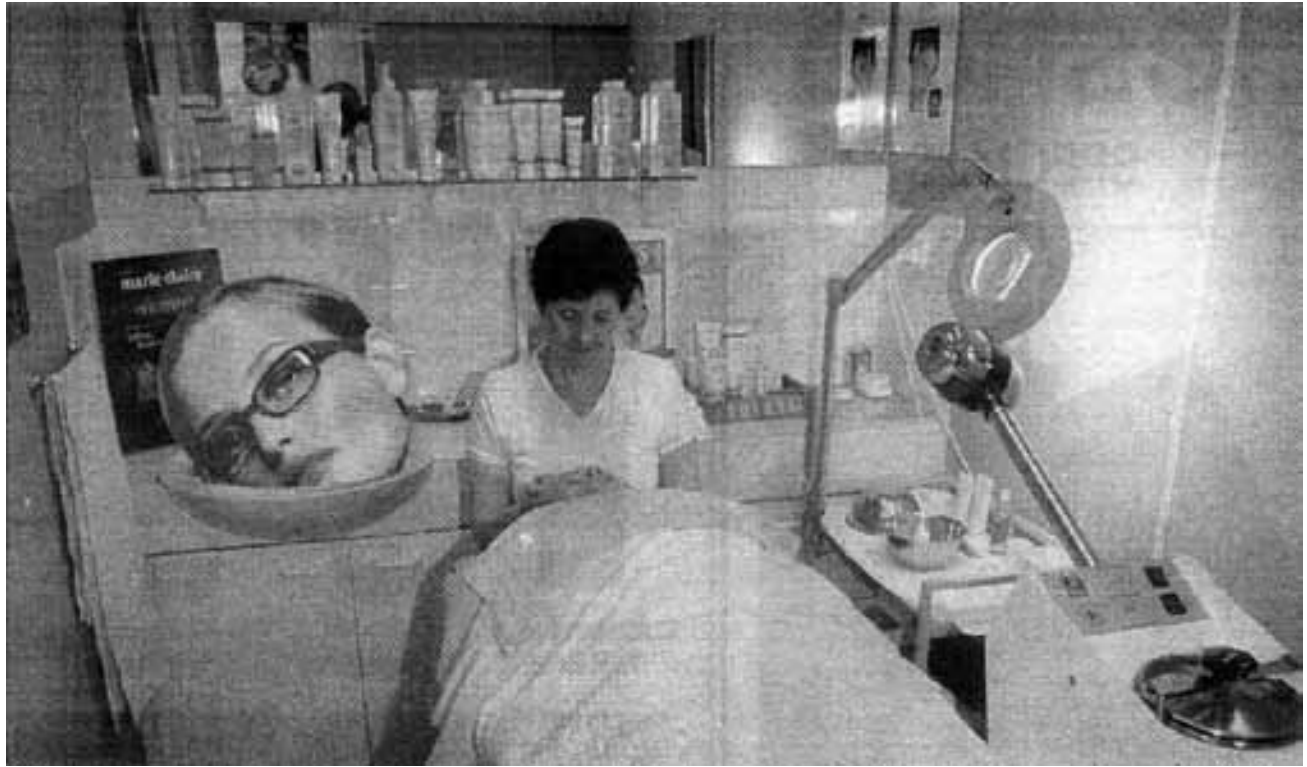
How many warnings had it taken.

Working all night she would keep it going until they had finished, until they were ready. The brochures had offered the transformation and she would use it for a while.

She could tell Marie was tired of waiting, but this could not be helped.

Marie hazed through herself hoping to find something through it all. For the longest time all she knew was "overmatter". A crying shame.

Unaware, they sighed together in silence.



Those pretty children really knew how to laugh. 'Could've shown us a thing or two' they could well imagine

...and out of the sea that was from the sky they came. They lived in churches and stole the flowers from the sun

Their immortal type of innocence was what held them as a fascination.

Their beauty was such, the world had forgotten to notice them too, and in so doing created their perfect harmony

As they prayed, they knew it was so

They were coming



He was here

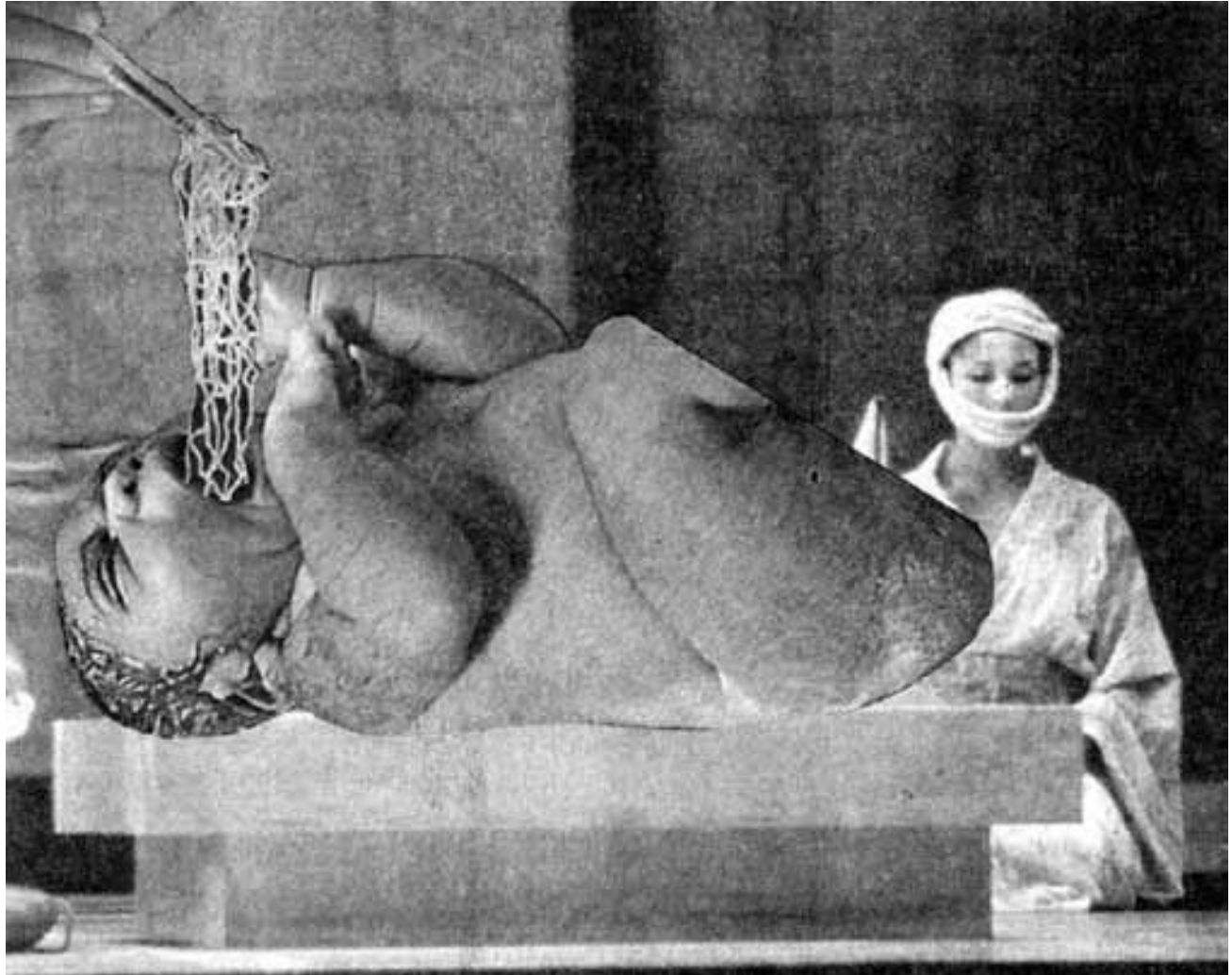
They pulled it out of him like a great, long tongue. The rarest delicacy of all. Had the child died, the taste could never have been satisfying.

Such a long time they had waited. So very, very long.

“The best meat is in the rump!”

As the ceremony continued they looked for a sign that was not to come.

It had been already, but they had missed it.



Gingerly, she took him from his hiding place and passed him to the man-child. It was not what she wanted to do, it was a distraction.

Marie always seemed to come first around these parts

He was sick of all this. Just the other day, his brother had been bred a delicacy – not that he knew of it – and that was enough to waste any human being

Patiently he awaited her instructions

Transplantations indeed!





Together, they prepared for a new world. This next plague would see to it

Still, they would go about their daily business pretending his arms were a comfort to them.

Yet he could not bare to touch them.

The boy roller-bladed as fast as he could, he somehow had to stop them from entering; at least while the cars stood to attention he did. They were the sneakiest of them all

The vehicles giggled so loudly, only their own kind could hear it. They would chortle to each other  
“The plague comes, and they will enter... The plague comes and they will enter... The plague comes and they will have to enter”



She did so love being transfixed this way. Held

This was the safest place for them to hatch

“Hold me here” she chanted day and night and he did... oh yes he did

He held her until she was nothing. Until all that remained was the reason she was bred

... and so it was completed





*Zone 2*

It wasn't so bad now they had the place cluttered

But still, it was that time of year again

"Tastefully so, tastefully so..."

And what to do with a poodle who keeps trying to stuff itself?

They'd just have to stand and wait





It's hard to keep the mind focused when your ear has a tendency to dance

This time he didn't even notice though

He could still feel her touch from tomorrow

Surely they'd understand wouldn't they?



“I am but a vessel for you”

The Sun loved him for it and he loved her

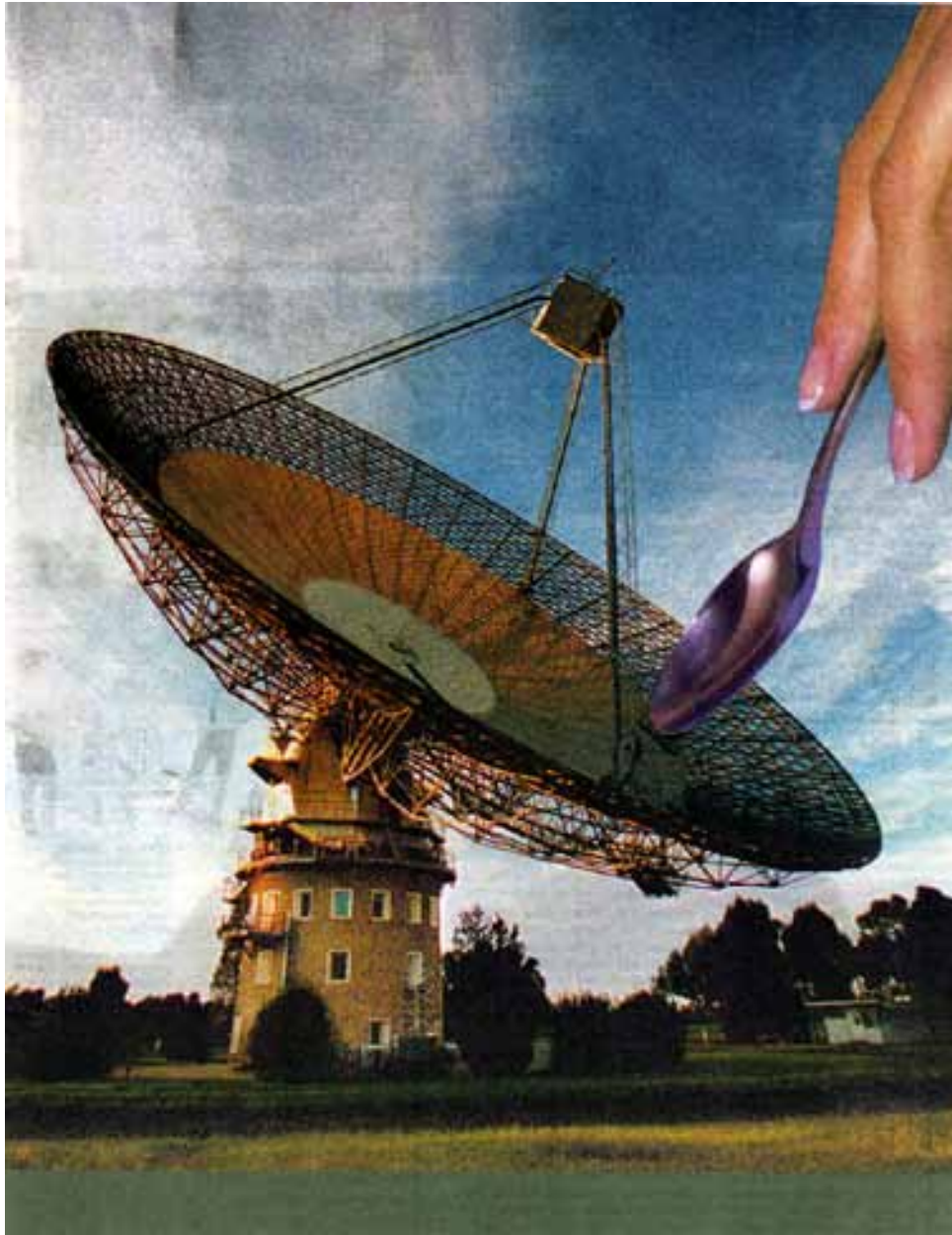
BUT...



He was not the only one.

Shining light can be so fickle when adored and worshipped

So make mine a deep-dish and be done with it.

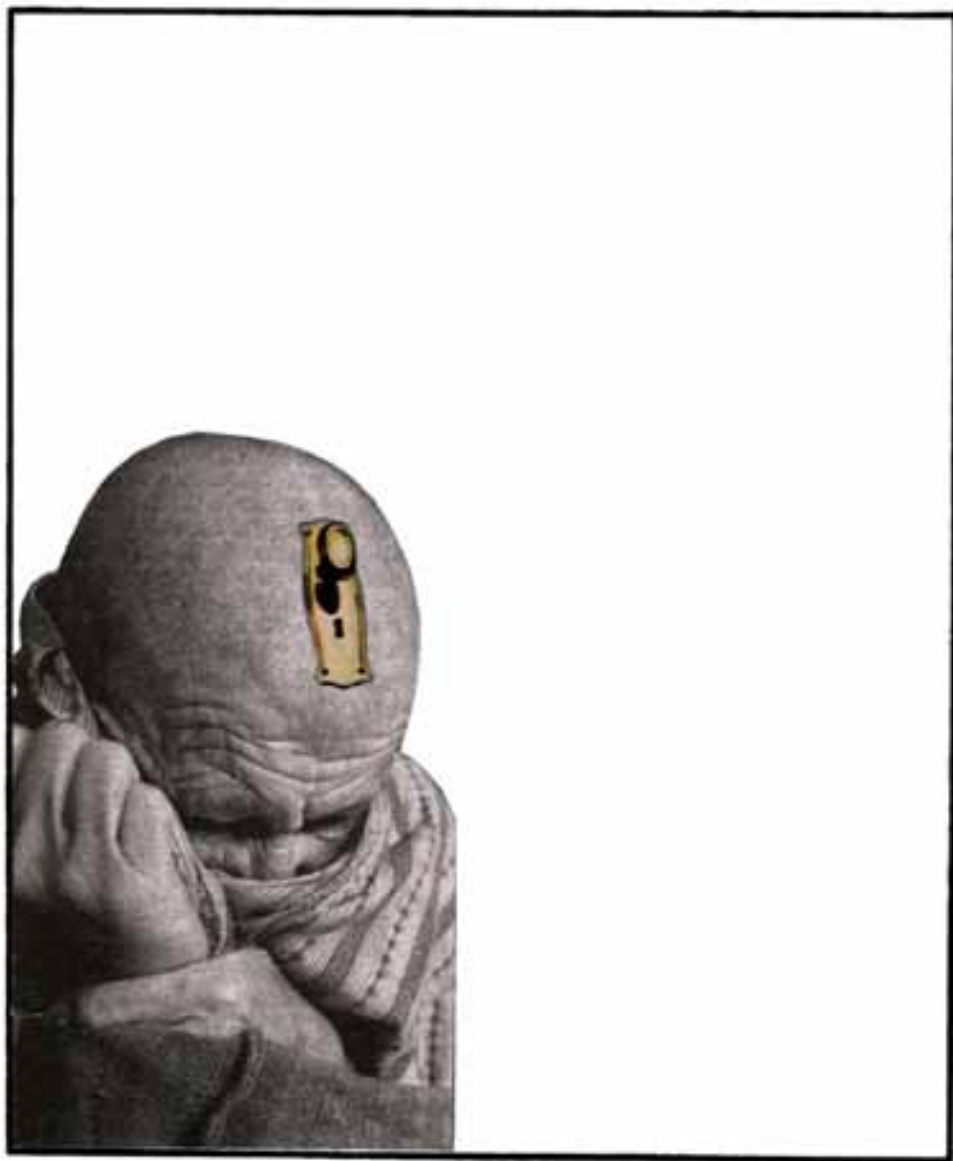


Some things should be left unanswered

Whoever said : “The pathway to wisdom is through knowledge” seemed to forget

Privacy is not meant to be infiltrated





Secrets can cause some men to do some rather odd things sometimes

But this was going too far

They had to get them there safely. That was the main thing.

Just try not to laugh too hard when the gravel hits the floor



It had taken him four hundred million three hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and four to be exact

There was only one piece missing, but he was home.

Home



Lined up and obviously trusting, they were beauty

Perverts in armour stood, waiting as though they had a mission

They had the greenery on their side. No-one would take this paranoia from them.

Not even without force



Aaaaaaaah so delicate the balance of power

Protected by this creature of care he lay still between its paws

Content

It would not be long before they would have to act, and so for now ...



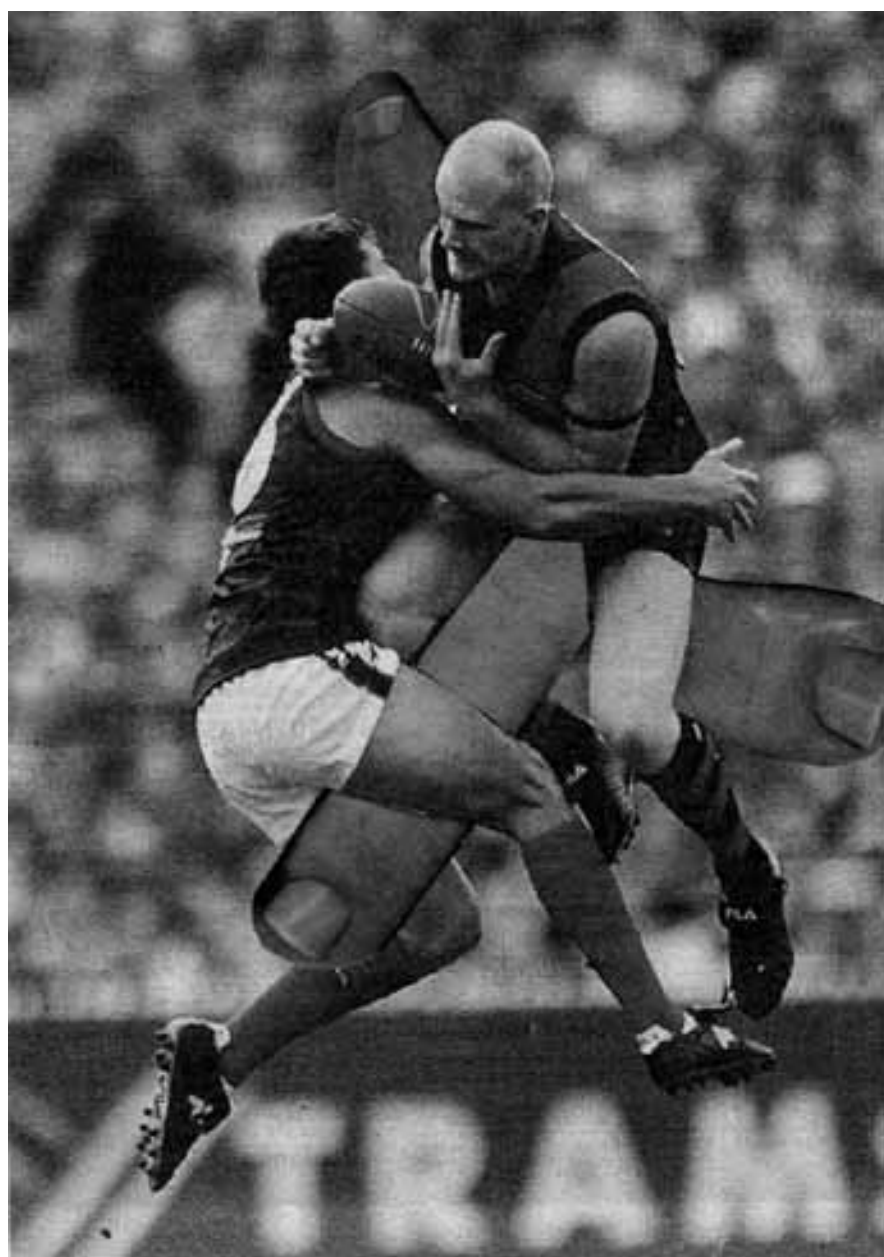


Frisbeed through the air they were far from halting the actions destined to them

Lovers in pain, brothers in grief

Holding each other the way only those who truly despise each other can

No decisions would be theirs to make  
Ever again



Beautiful provider sits with approval clear

“As I cut you, you are made more and more the epitome of what you already are. I will bring you out. I will bring you out”

Cut upon him is his own self-significance

She would love him yet

They all would



Awoken from sleep they hold their children like dice

Shaking them, they already know how it will end

They were weighted before they were cast

Soon they will be planted for their mothers to weep over and grow so no-one recognises who they ever were

This is an easy game to win



He added them to his collection with care

Each one more dear than the last

He had to be careful, they might be watching

You never can tell the if contents have shifted

Until it's too late





There were strict rules to adhere to in this place

Some things were sacred in these parts

Name-tags removed, they were assured anonymity (after all one cop looks the same as the next to an outsider)

Protect it

Protect it

Protect it



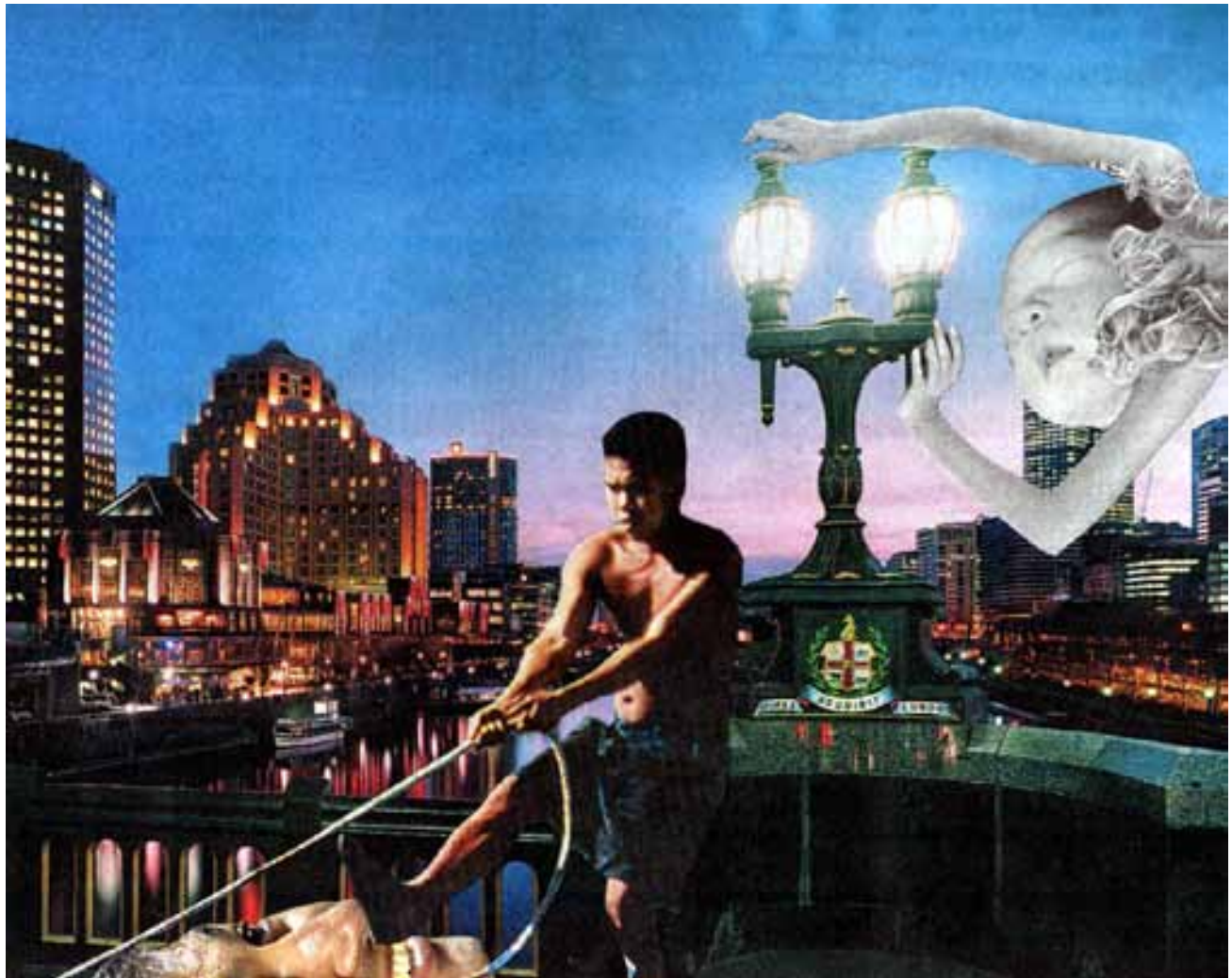
... and as he pulled her strings, she could not help but think of Dalí.

The water was a smooth reflection of his skin.

Each globe must be made so. Just so. The whole town depended upon it! But oh how it all became worth it.

The new system was working perfectly and so it was time to complete his task. This part was always interesting to say the least. Not exactly a joy, but certainly of merit.

Such pretty wrists.



The landscape left out nothing that was desirable. It was all there.

She was here to lend a hand. To guide them through ...

... and they always followed. With no time to waste, this was going to be a lucky detail worthy of dismissal at a time like this!

Hmmmmmmm ... the drone of happy complacency fueling this craft was indeed a comfortable way to travel.



It's always a shock when you find your Lego was real after all! It is always with some degree of embarrassment that such a situation is faced. Things would never have come this far!





Pretty they were, pretty. Yes.

This time she whispered to them and would until their time to leave.

Gracious empathy (she had been there herself once or twice) compounded ritualistic tendencies if only to her own fingertips.

They were waiting.

Warm. Light. Wave.



In the next room, their own ritual contained no flaws. Patiently, they sat.

It sat under the light so she could keep her eyes upon it should it be her wish. She had prepared well for this occasion.

They might have seen it all before, yet this was always the surprise.

Her stolid gaze would penetrate until done. Unwavering.

They were protected.



Having those two hosed down was never fun for anyone else

Oblivious they were,

“Flames of passion” they called them

He was meant to be KING! But never did they stop to think, or even listen to him. It's never easy coming into the big city.

Bloody humans! Hmpf!







*Zone 3*

The chariot takes care of the blind. Those who follow must take their chances.



Playing the human. Such imagination!  
And all the while, the patient one waits.

Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Yes! That's what it could be about.

But there's always the nest to attend to and mending to be done.

"He who rules the roost can not afford to crow too lightly." Who was it who said that anyway?



His youthful exuberance was lost before a myriad of well-terrained thoughts.

There would never be another such as this.

It was one.

It continued.

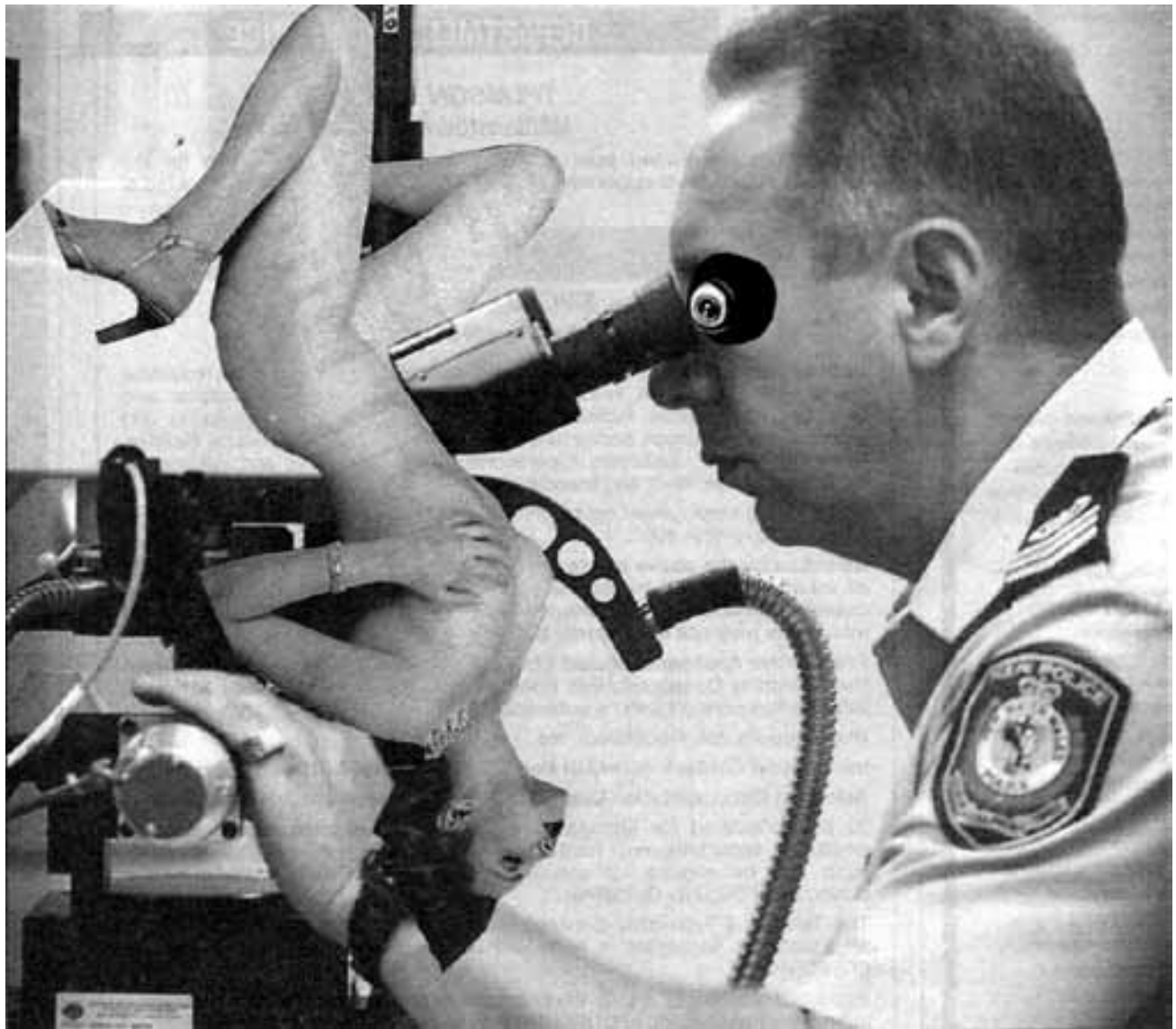


Once again, they had no idea what they were looking for. Surely the translators would be here soon.

Still, there would be a clue to all this nonsense here. He could tell.

He kept thinking he could smell apples!



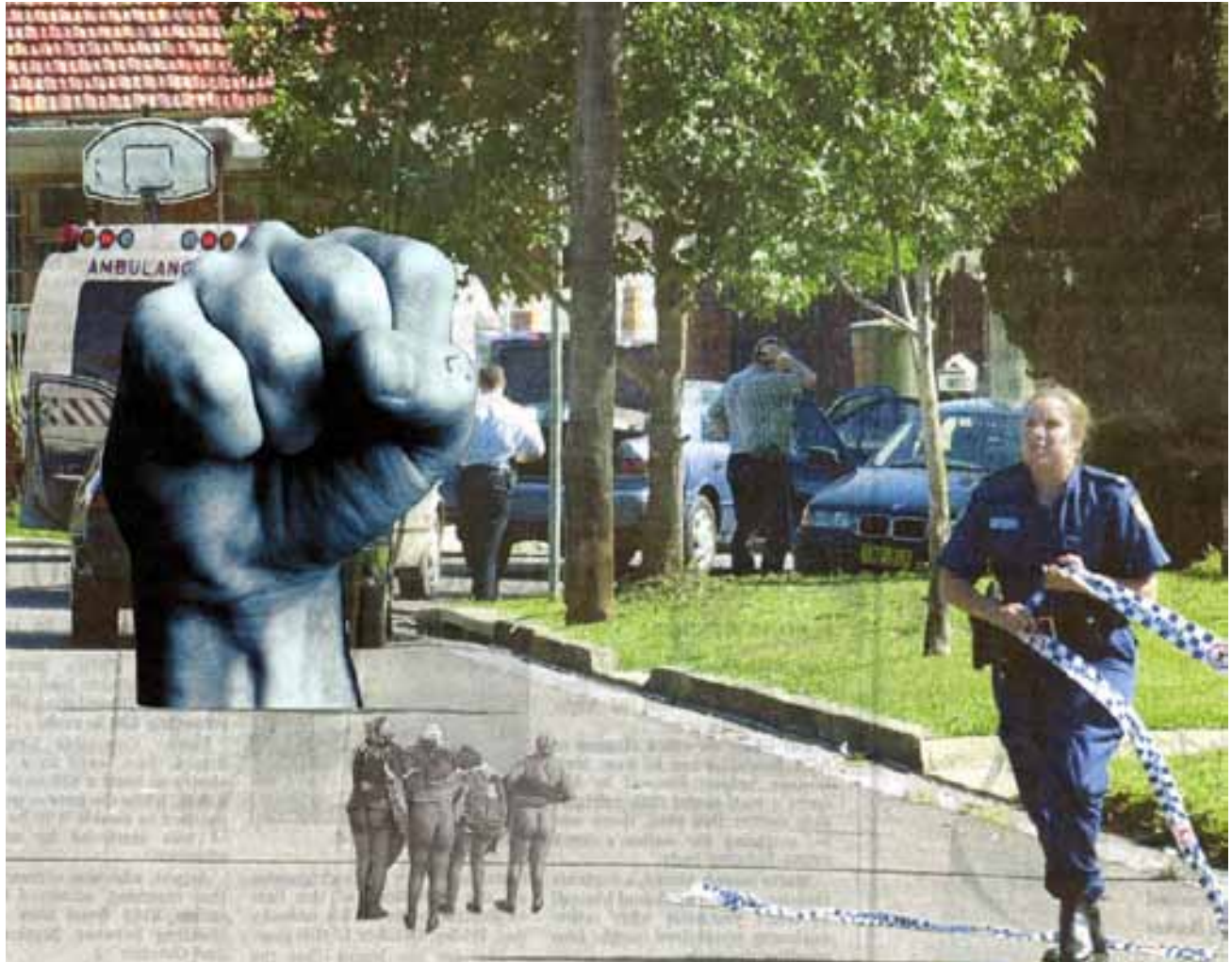


Her aura a purple stain upon the sky, she decided enough would be enough.



They prepared for what they were to endure. This was the blue place.

...and they had walked for so long.



Mmmmm... She was neatly wrapped just the way he liked her.

He had come prepared.



He hated mating season! Couldn't stand the way the bugger acted.

"I've had enough".

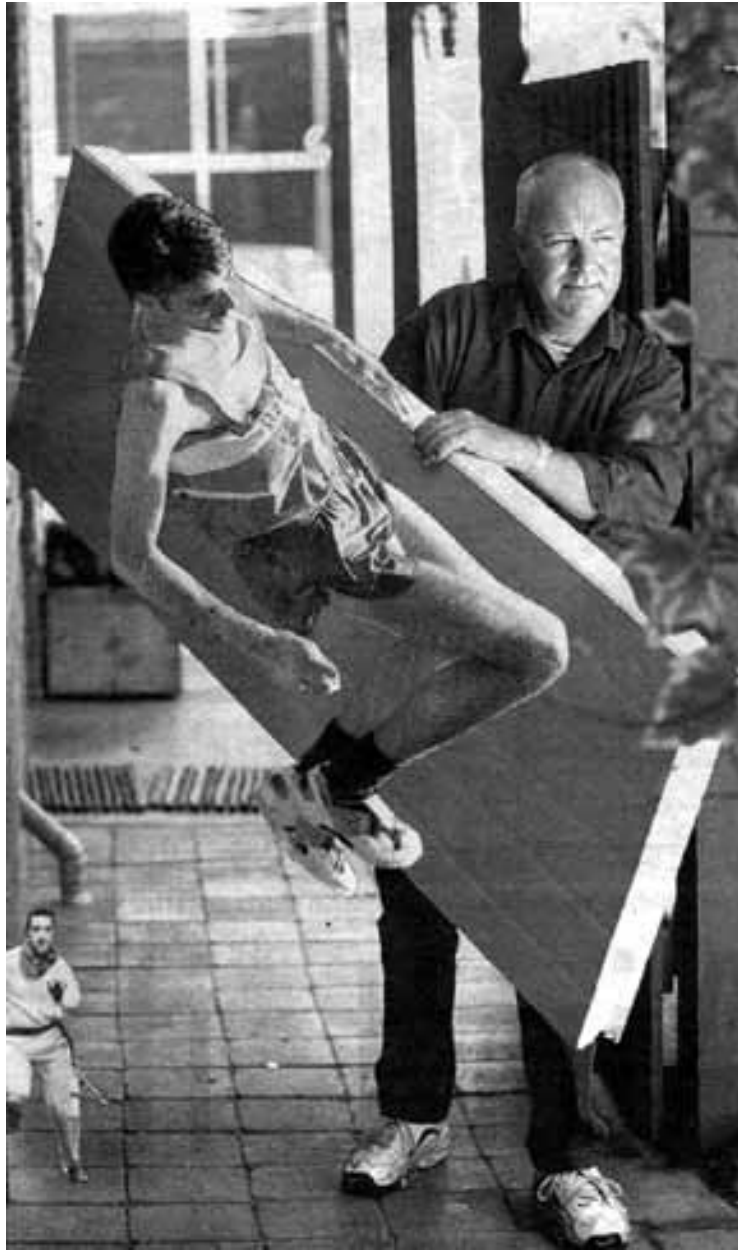
...and so to beat him to his own game ...





Some of them went in groups, using any means possible.

The trick was to try and act natural.



Since the aura had risen, things were changing vastly.

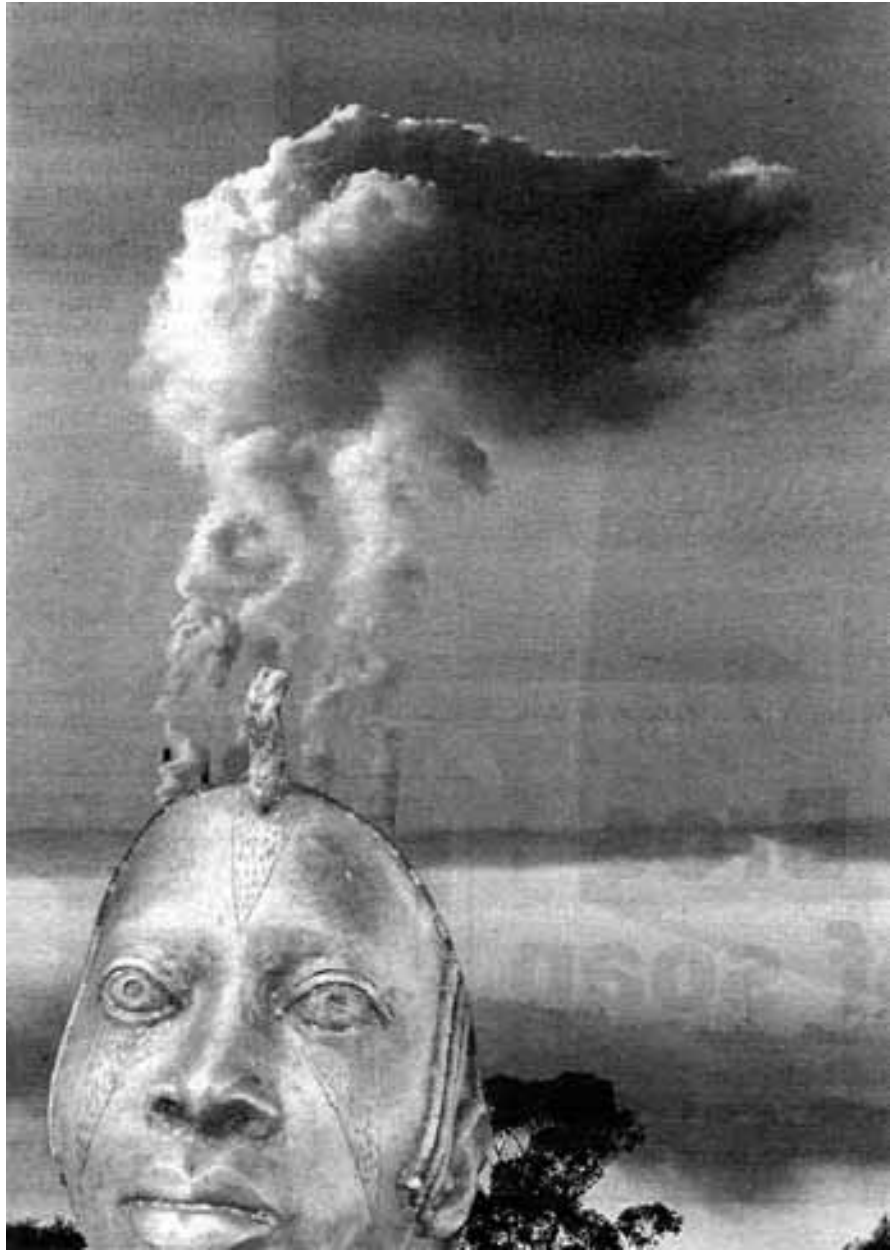
She was off finding the white rabbit and oddities in jars.

Sssssssssssh, be very quiet. Tranquil crispness dares to speak of languid times.



The eyes would vacate and the skin pale as the silence which once was sorrow, began to unfold.

There was so much more than tears to this glistening charm.



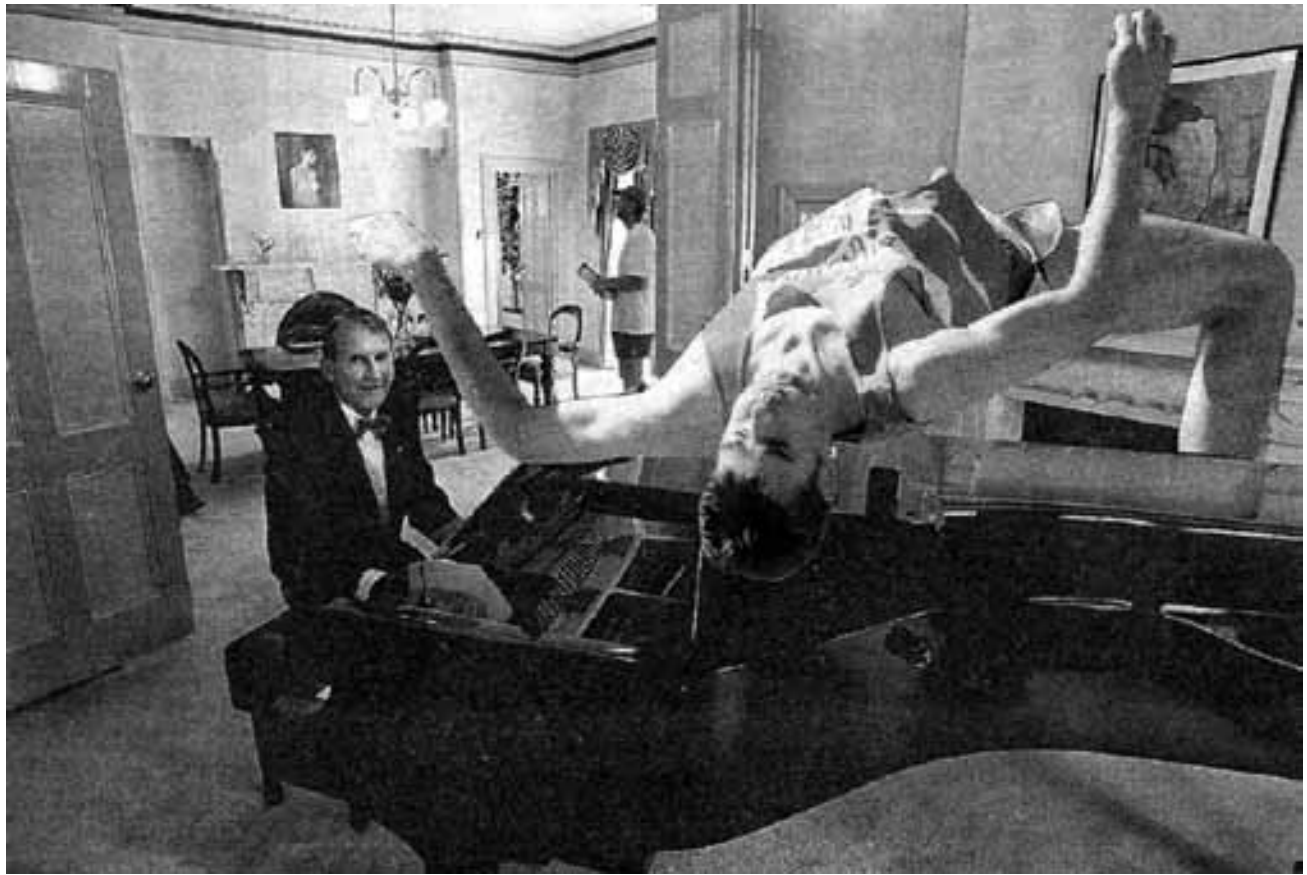
HO! How he loved to play.

They never did work it all out. THEY thought it was “infrasonics” Ha ha ha ha ha





They would sing and dance and paint.  
They were in demand.  
They knew it.



Sometimes you have to keep them on a short leash. Otherwise you can't smell the little dears so well.



This was a game he was good at! A game he could win.

It was the only thing that brought his grey world any colour at all anymore.



They would catch those who fell.  
Hold them .

He was proud of his secrets and wore them proudly thus





... and besides it is true that she really did love looking at the bottom of their tiny, little feet.



The white rabbit could not be found but they hoped this would appease.

It was all they had left.



He'd known how all along. He would wear the suit.







*Zone 4*

Marie branched out into taxidermy.



They were trying to hold her there.

She never asked them to.

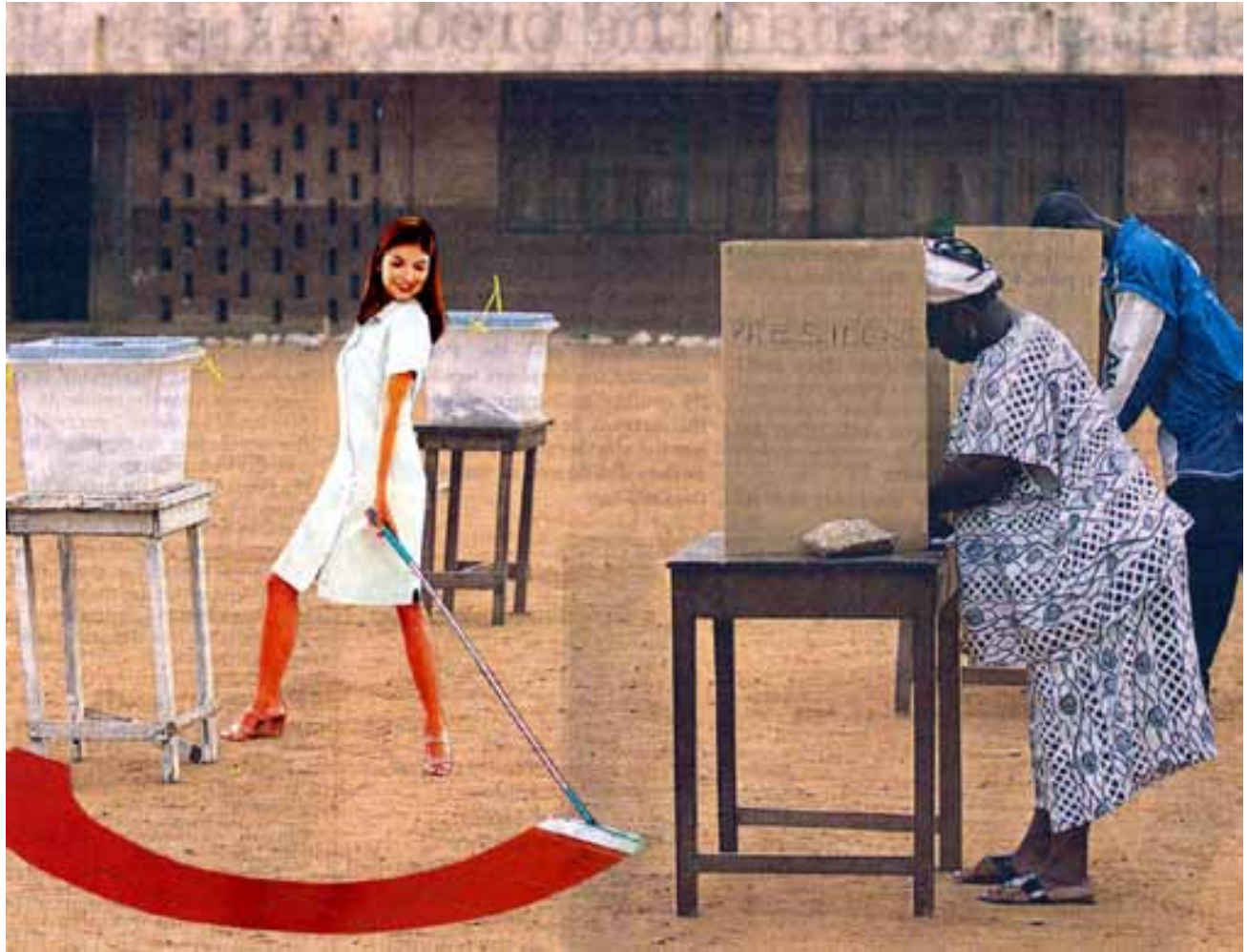


Oblivious...



All the rituals were there that day.





The next lot were in the incubator.

Their legs were tingling and they had made it.  
Many had failed so many.

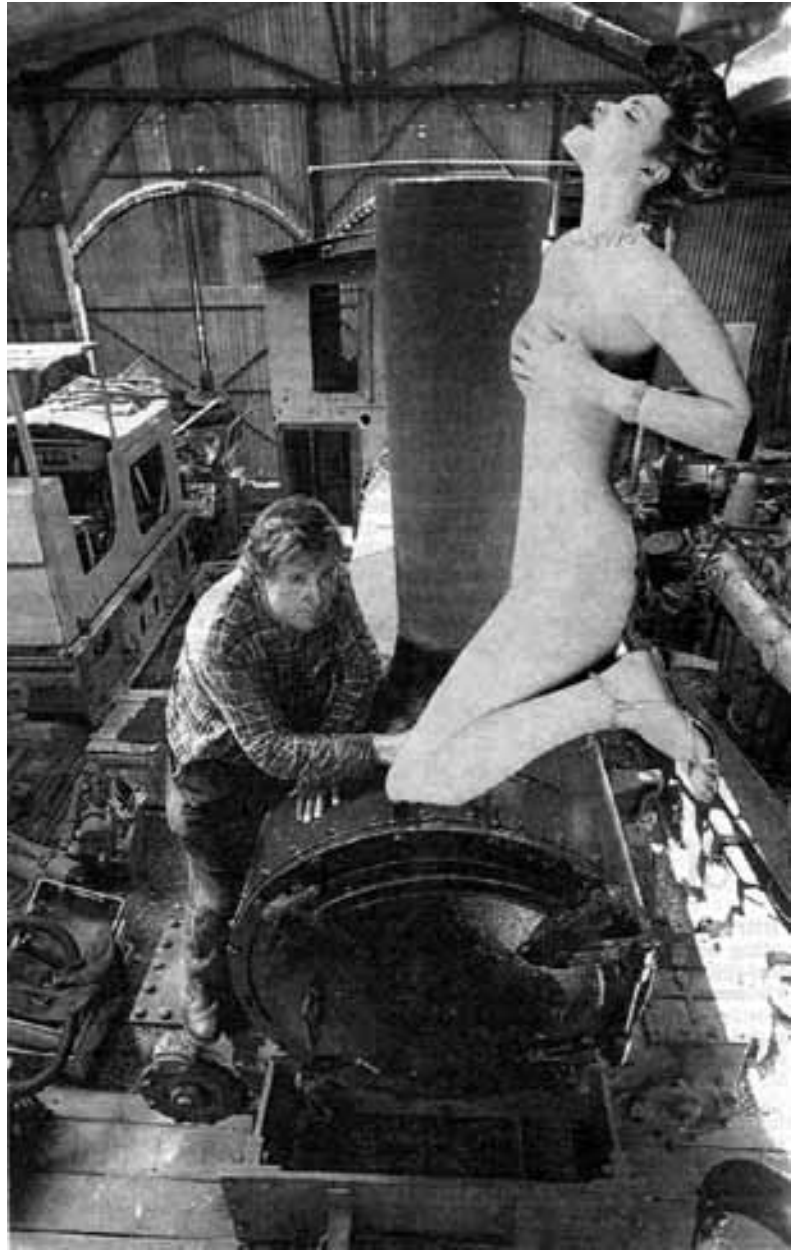
For now they would have to watch this duck.  
Just in case hey had to do it themselves.

And she knows you are watching.



The marveloquence may have been lost on him, but he knew what was hot to handle when he saw it.

Steam on !!!



She was never going to know how he did it. It amused her.

Even when he talked in his sleep.



He was smokin' that day.

The expression on his face said it all





It's not every day one gets an escort such as this!

"I'm scared".

"Hush little one, we carry you gently"

"But I keep hearing Homer"

"Do not worry, you will be fanned underneath. That shall calm your nerves."



She was all fanned out.

“You can lead a horse to water but you can not make it drink.”

They pointed to the sky, but still she sailed away.



They knew they were supposed to “head towards the light” when crossing over, but this was important stuff. The balance of their very being was at stake.



“Head towards the light”

“Head towards the light”

Without them, we can not hold her high.

I wish they'd stop singing like the Iliad was gospel.

“Head towards the light”

“Head towards the light”

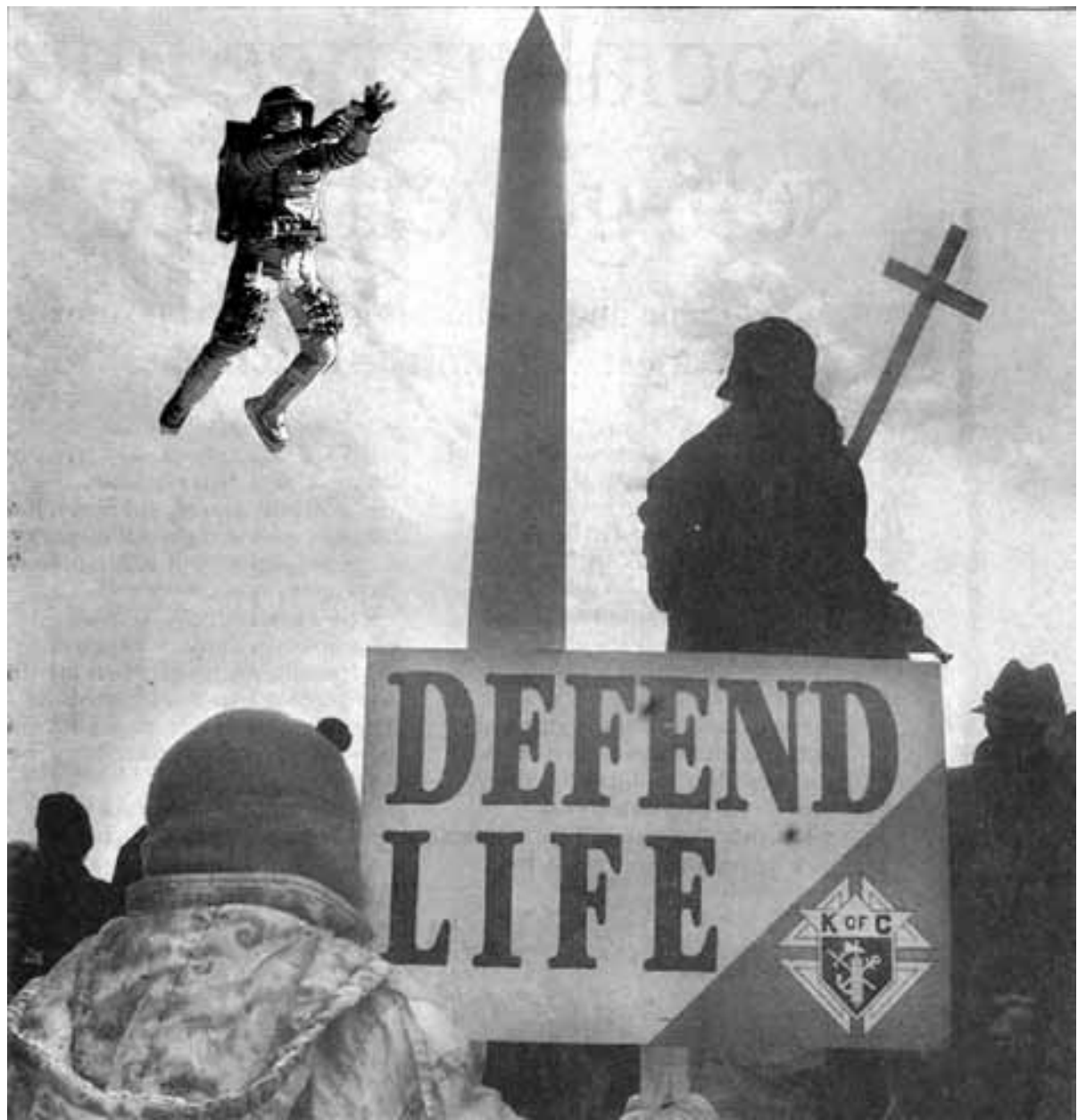




If he could reach it in time, they would all get what they wanted.

Slowly and steadily he chose to glide through this strange atmosphere.

He just wished they'd stop treating him like a game of badminton.



Imagination can be a strange thing. It claws and clambers for attention. It goes to the most extreme of lengths. And yet, it is so easily dismissed as no more than “just your imagination”.



There was always the threat that someone more talented and crowd-pleasing would come along. One with the voice of wings. And here she was.



The arguments for camouflage outnumbered those against it.

Isn't it always the way.





It was a shame what had happened, but he was so sure he was right.

So sure, he had come proudly and without reservation.

He had to ensure the continuation.

And yet they had stripped it of its mask before he'd arrived.



She always knew what she wanted to be when she grew up.

Some laughed, but her training would begin soon.



They had heard of computer viruses but this was ridiculous!

Mad cow disease, foot in mouth, anthrax. It appeared these could be ruled out.

Looks like it was up to himself to go on in and have a good look around.



Getting the mail was the most challenging and the most fun part of the day for him.

He knows you're looking. Of course he "hams it up".





She knew once released it wasn't coming back. The caterpillar had become the butterfly, the moth.

"Metamorphosis . . . complete".

It was beautiful, it was strong.



She had brought the place down around their ears and still they would not hear her.

Like a draw-bridge, she lifted herself up so they could pass. She thought they'd never noticed.  
But can two make a difference when so many are in denial?



Practicing to be the next time.

“Just call me Jesus” was a long-ago outlawed joke. Besides it just wasn’t funny any more. Everyone was doing it.



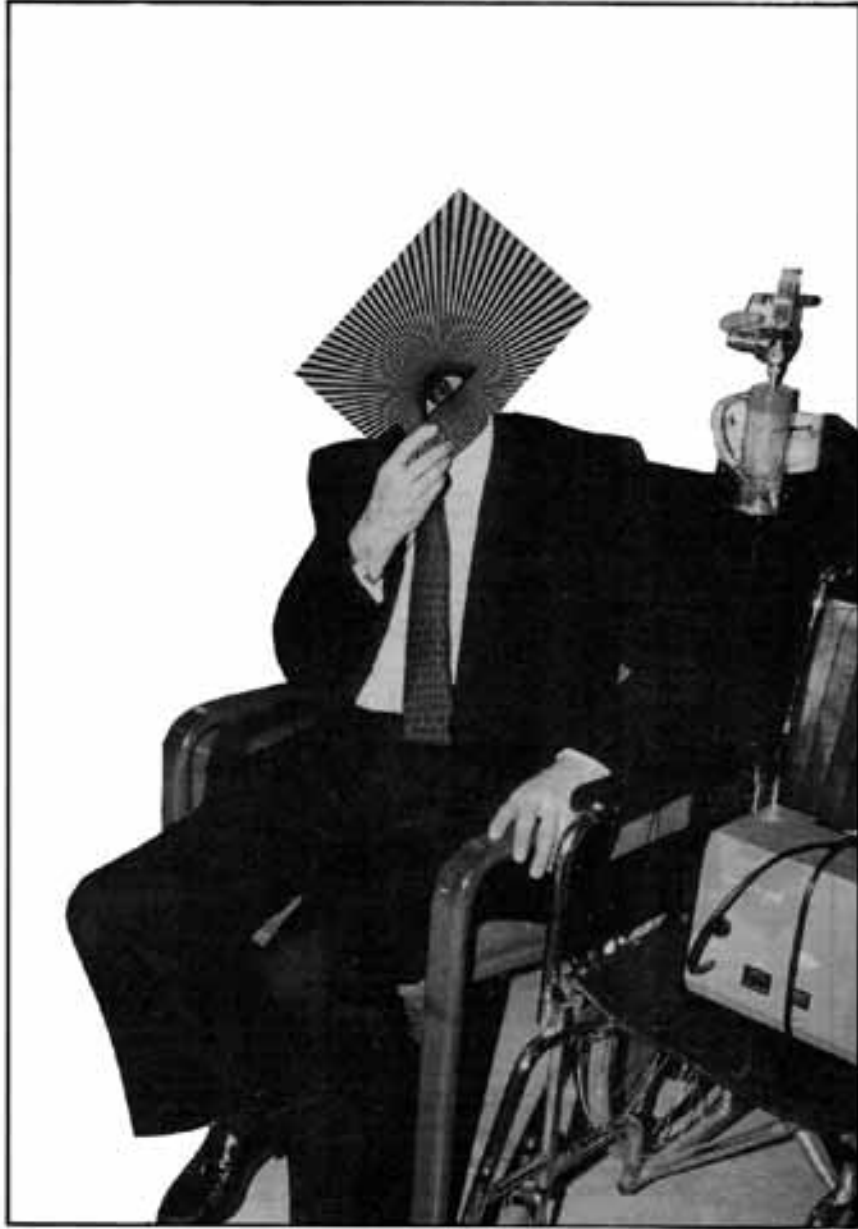
The comfort of men can be judged on many levels.





The eyes are the gateway to the soul.

The virus had hit early. He was well informed



She had watched him practice year after year and it looked like he was finally getting it right.

He was going to FLI after all.





*Zone 5*

It was like a child to him.

He had named it, played with it and it was him who had first conceived of its existence.

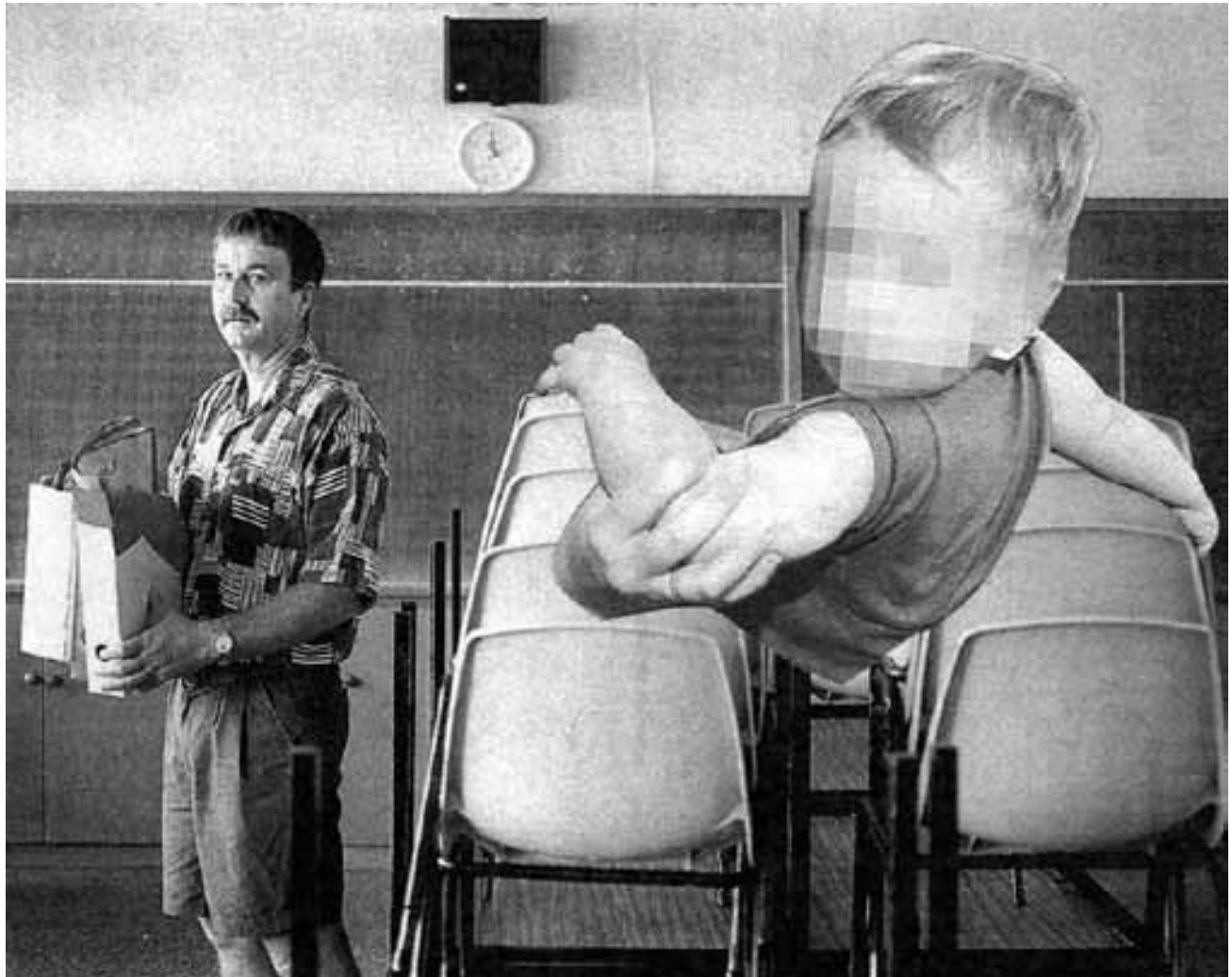




Well armed, they were ready and prepared for that which was to come.

It was all here.

All there was left to do, was to set up for the search.



They searched and searched and searched for hours.

“The vampires are us.”



Her children would sprout from all angles and she was becoming tired.

Booked in, she would wonder. . . When would her term end?



Each one was inspected, prepared and approved separately.

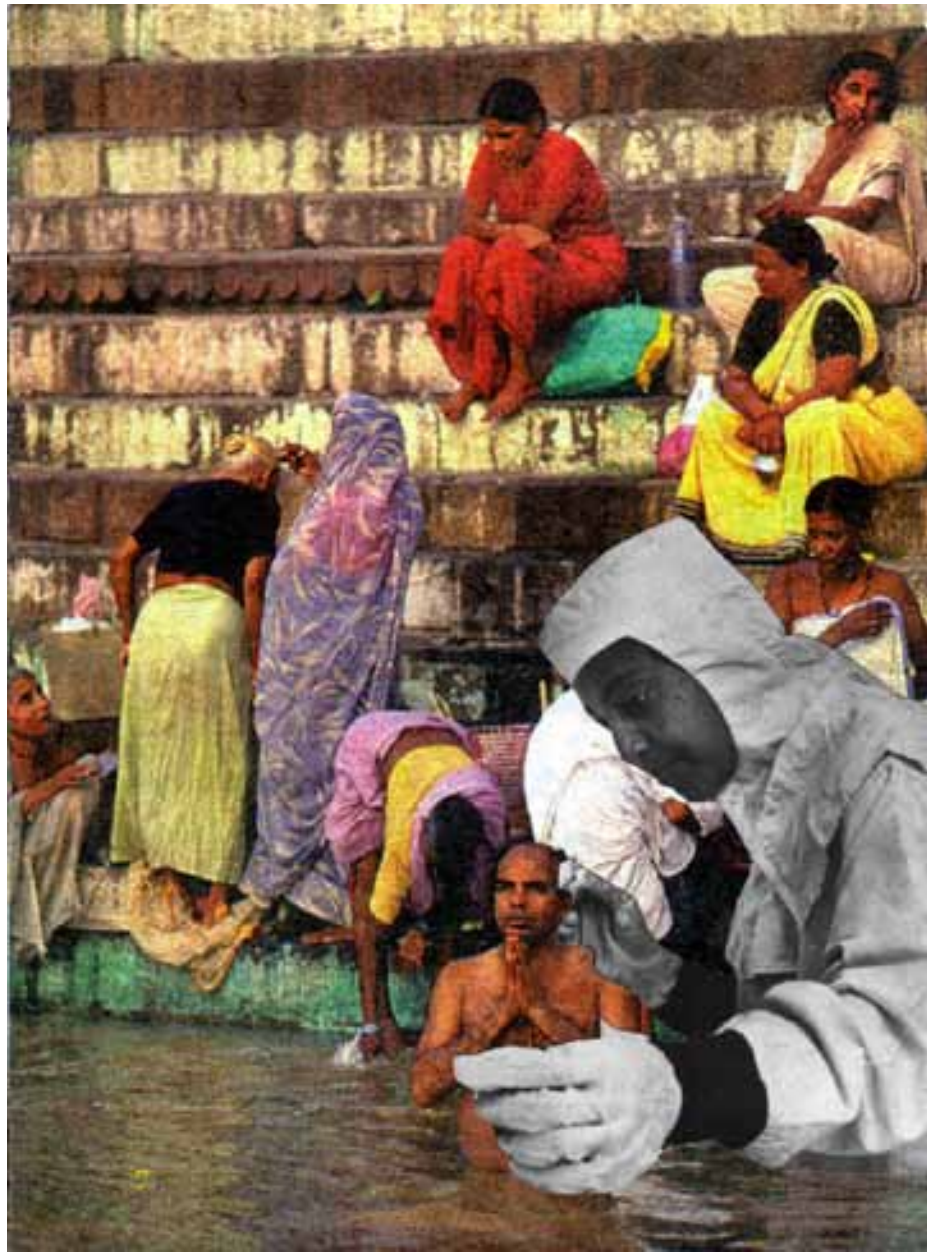
They would always meet with approval.

They were beautiful.

Unique.

A real specialty craft.





The whole process had its difficult and uncomfortable moments, but the end was always a joy.

“Metamorphosis . . . complete”.



“The trick was to try and act natural” they had been told, and so far it seemed to be working.

The giant’s gaze just kept skipping over them and to you.

Or so they hoped.



He could feel the smiles of the children like only children possessed may. It made him uneasy and yet, somehow he still held comfort well.



He had it at last. His endorphine rush continued through the crush and ensured a painful bliss.





“More than a handful is a waste” they repeated.

These were the champions of the now.

Ripe fruit.

Collected and scrutinised for this game only, these men knew they'd won the jackpot and shared the well-guarded secret to their successful journey



. . . she chose not to watch this violent stain and made herself content.

Her own Jesus reached out for her, but she could not turn to look.

“Just call me Jesus”

“Just call me Jesus”

“Just call me Jesus”

But it wasn't funny. Especially now





*Zone 6*

He presented it as though it were his own.

Puffed with pride

Weeping as though responsible

Such sound

And it was true





He had stolen their armour and had little time.

If it could be done, it had to be now.

Otherwise...



“I believe that children are our future  
Teach them well and let them lead the way”

And it was so.



He had been looking for his reflection all day and still could not find it!

Last he heard, it was mad at him for not dancing with an apple core and had gone off to apologise.

But he was too tired now and had no idea of what it had been speaking of



Collecting for Marie could most certainly be a difficult business at times.

But the pay was good, and the characters met along the way were most certainly just that. Characters.





The terror-cephlapod emerged to greet the unsuspecting adventurers. He still had two places left on his trophy stand. What kinds of headlines would these two bring?

He had to move carefully.



It was all the rage.

And they said there was nothing new left. That it wouldn't catch on.

HA! Anything is possible when you put yourself right into it.

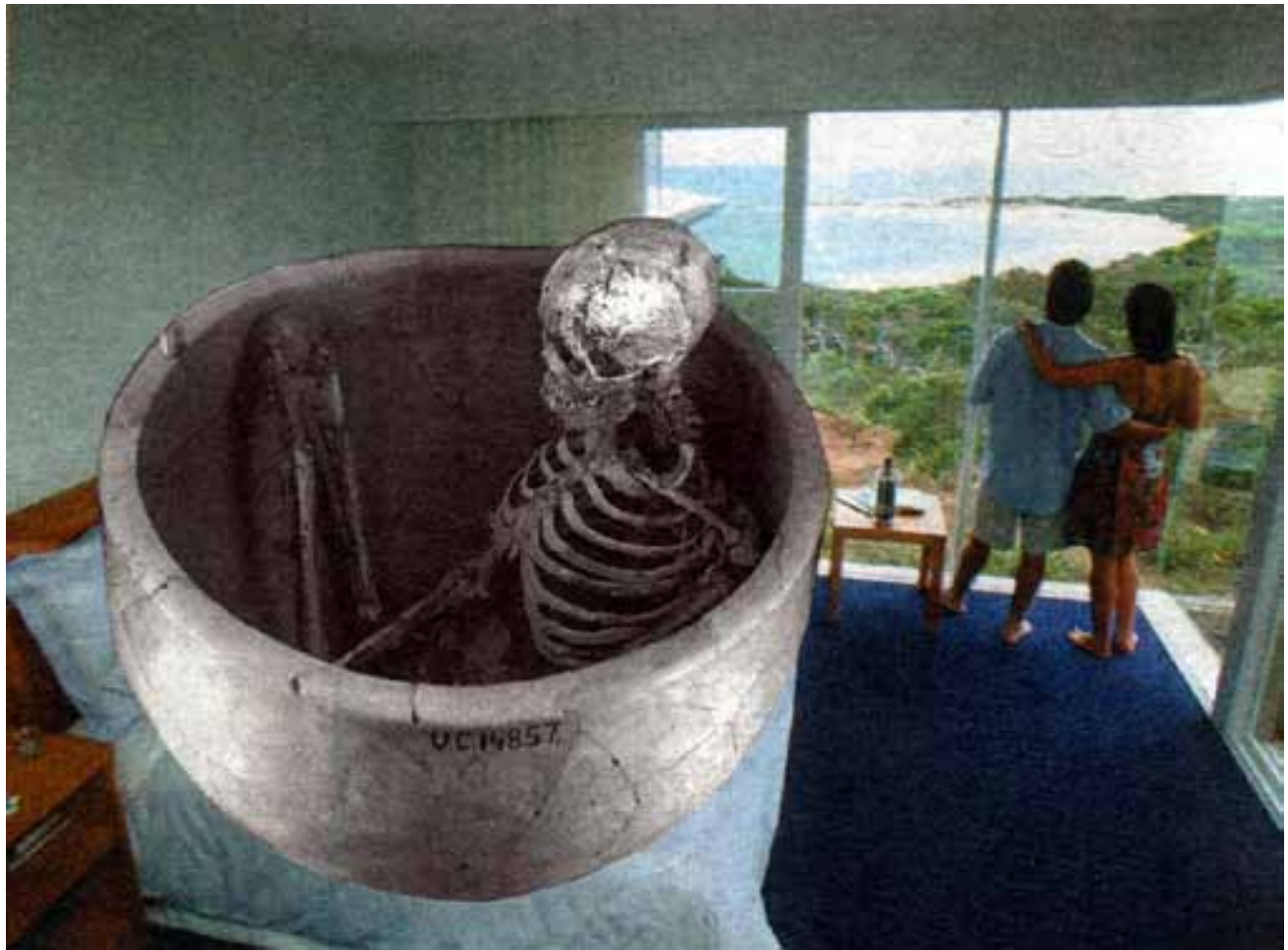




*Zone 7*

...and it was done.









## Afterword

To begin with - I'm very happy this book exists and that it's finally out. Its taken toooo long to get to that point. Ooops. Sorry.

The original pictures come mostly from weekend / local newspapers and from a few magazines. In a way, this creates a perverted version of suburban life. While I had no agenda at the beginning, I wanted to stay away from the usual clichéd portrayal, as in “behind the façade of the ‘burbs are ugly things/ people...” (see: numerous crappy B-grade horror flicks).

Instead, my pics are a “blueprint” for an ideal boredom for [a] suburbia, where *their* mundane reality is an abomination in our world, but is taken for granted in their (Marie/ Betty's, etc) world...

Xtian

2001/ 2012

\* \* \*

I approached the text as illustrations of a tale already told through pictures. Some of the “writing” was automatic, some a part of the ongoing story. Having the story already told released me from conventional methods of writing and allowed, at times, influences from my environment and the outside world to be integrated. This said, the interior world of the collage novel, is unique in its reality and I wanted the text to further push this point. Like a pinpoint or marker. Who is Marie? Only the reader knows.

Hannah Cadaver

17 Oct 2001

**Further titles by XTIAN:**

Collage portfolios/ collage novels:

The Hell

Rembrandt Xtian: a Genius and his Impact

Some Adventures of Unka Hunka Vol. I

The Micturating Angel, Issue 00

with uninhibited fingers for the unfathomable (Vol I- III)  
(with Mat Blackwell)

Other:

Crime - a novella with illustrations

Astonishing Astoundments  
(comics)

Book of Doodles

*the above titles are available from [lulu.com/gadzoxtian](http://lulu.com/gadzoxtian)*