



The Hell  
collage novel by XTIAN  
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THE  
HELL

XTIAN



# Welcome to Hell, welcome to The Hell!

By way of introduction, let me just say these are all “old school”, scissors-n-glue collages. The only digital manipulation done was adjusting brightness/ contrast etc after scanning.

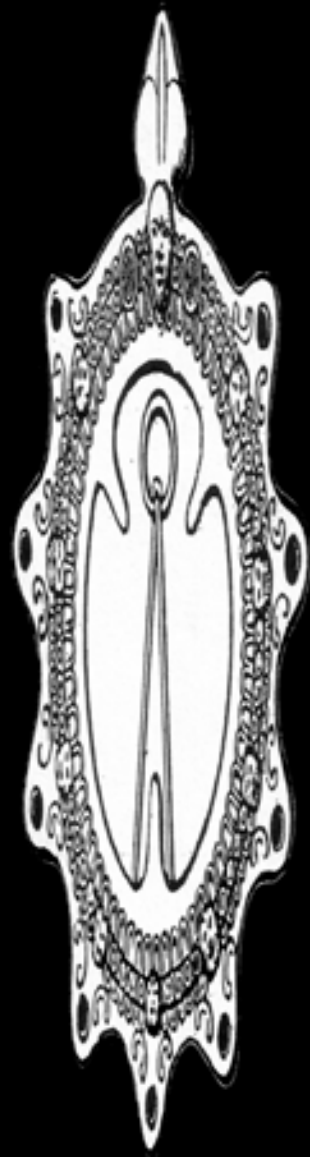
I do not want to say anything about plot, or about art, or about non-linear narrative.

I do want to say I hope you will enjoy your time in The Hell though, as much as I did creating it.

Yours in Hell,

Xtian  
2011



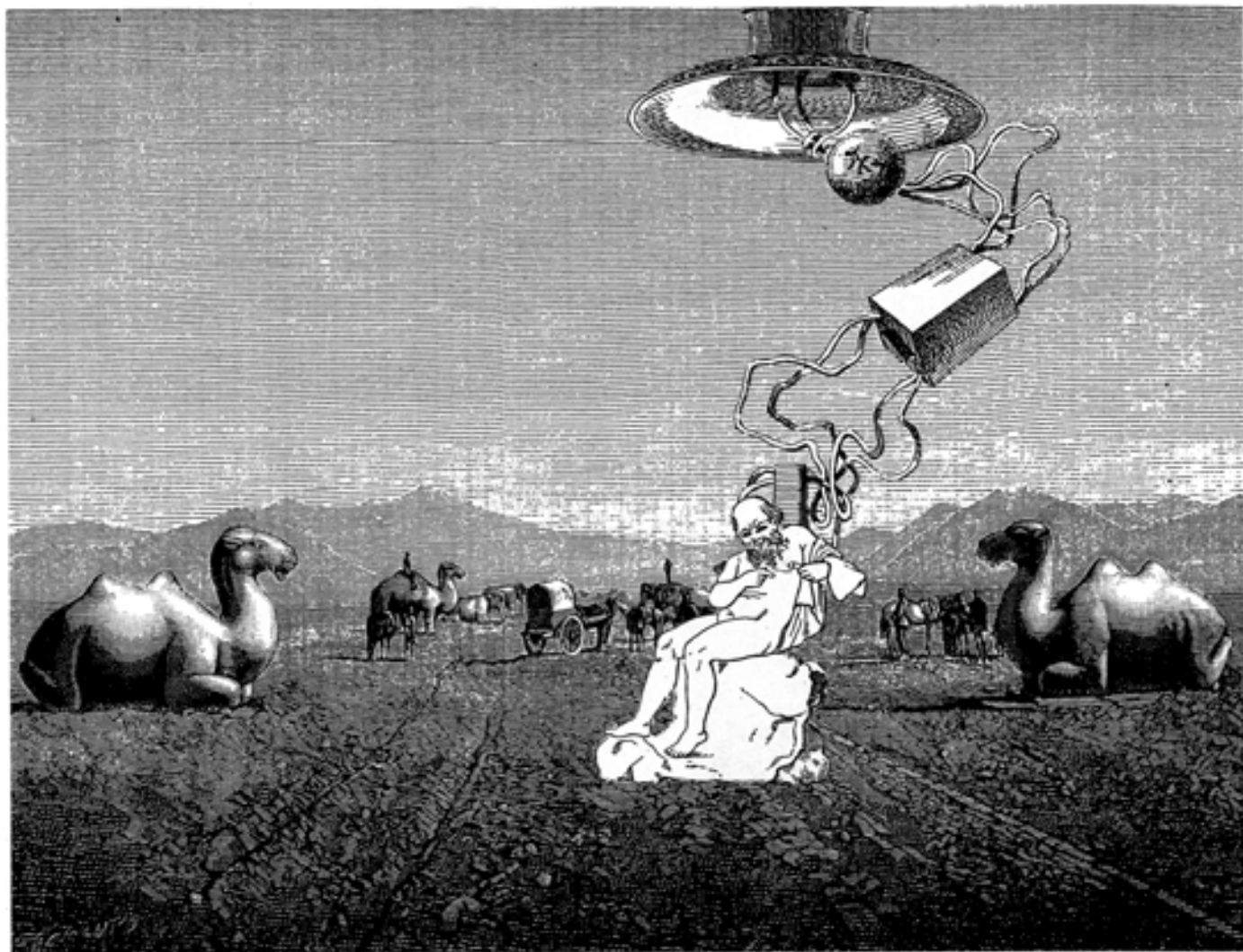


*PLATE I*  
Welcome to The Hell





*PLATE II*  
The Fundamentalist



*PLATE III*  
St.Kürten



*PLATE IV*

Sowing the seeds of rape -  
Reaping the seeds of sows.



*PLATE V*

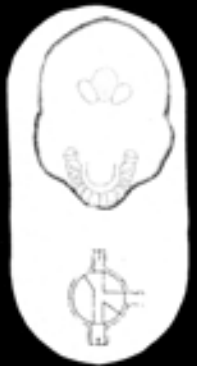
Portrait in utero:  
Az ember ès a lò -  
hasonlò.





*PLATE VI*

Carefully controlled  
informationexperiment  
into careless paranoia:  
Bravo results!

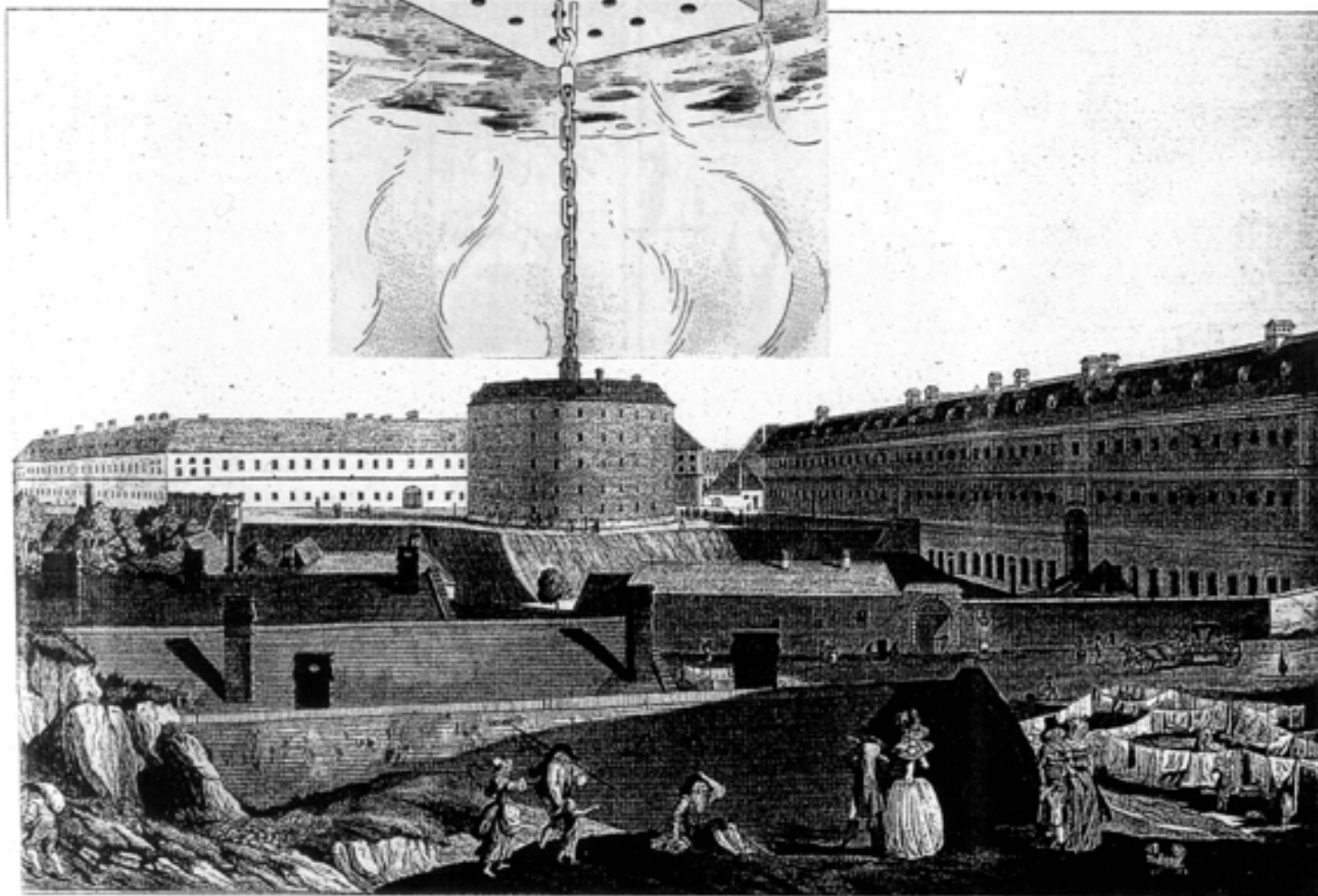
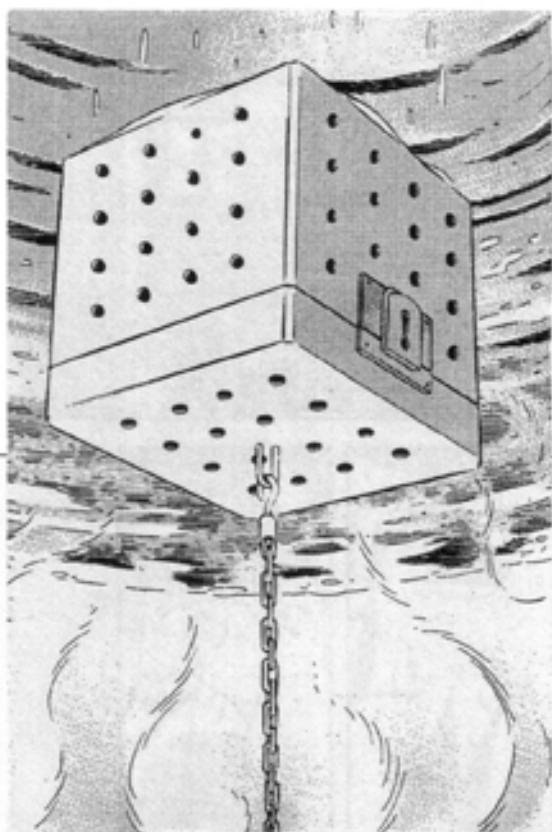


*PLATE VII*

“ ... ”



*PLATE VIII*  
Is a bluff,  
so's below.



*PLATE IX*  
Buffet Freud





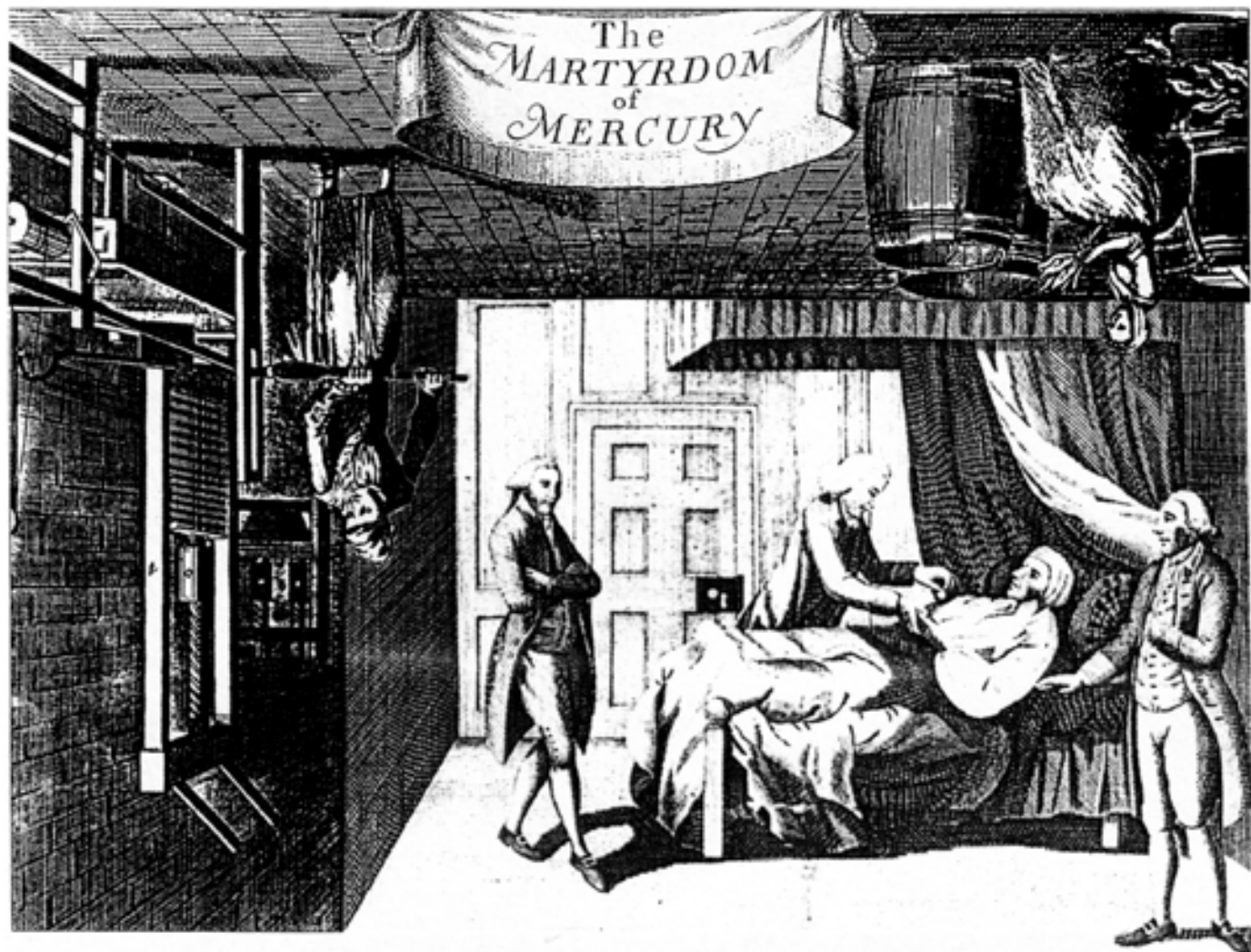
*PLATE X*

The day before Mercury.



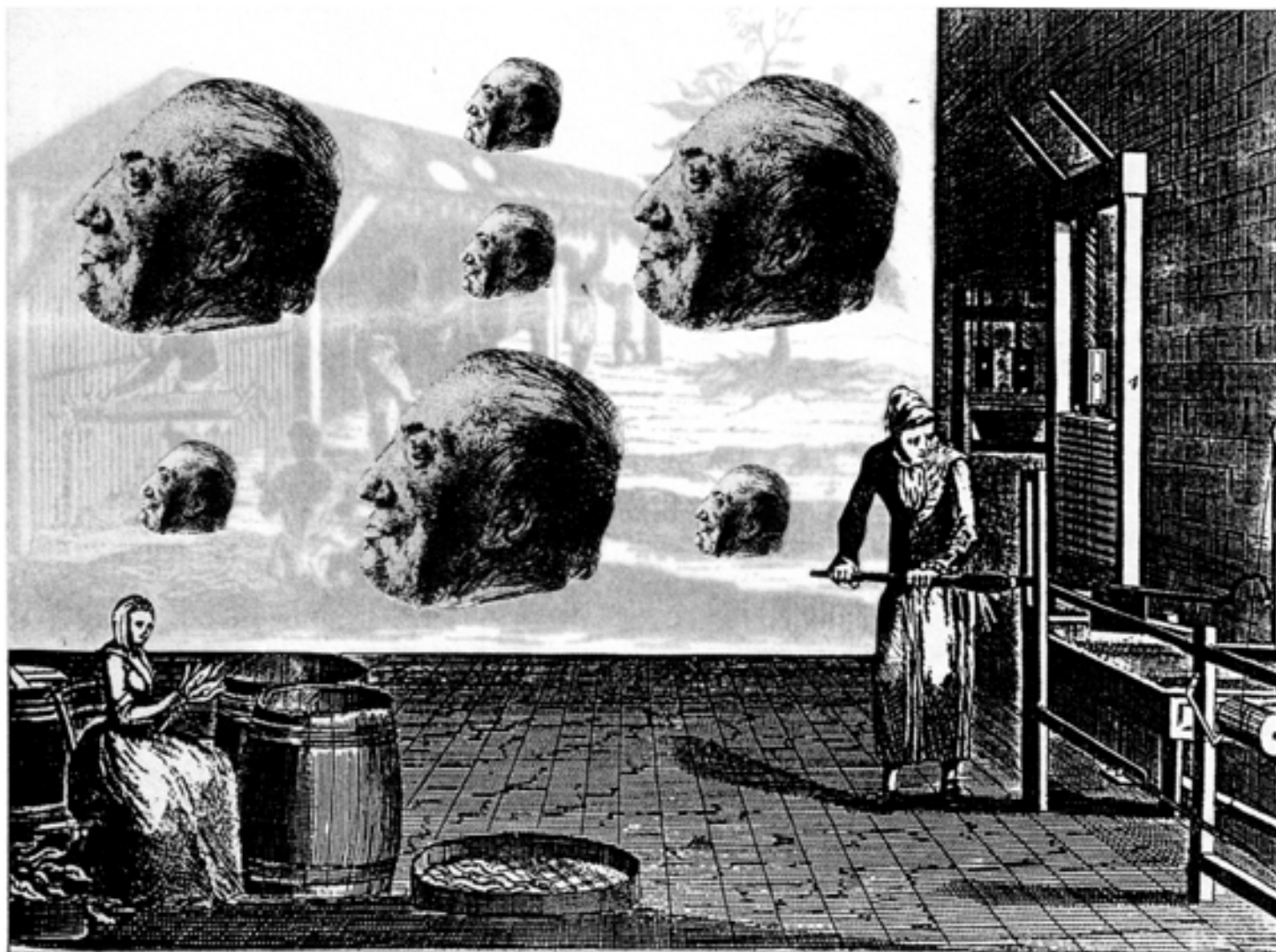
*PLATE XI*

The Martyrdom of Mercury I



*PLATE XII*

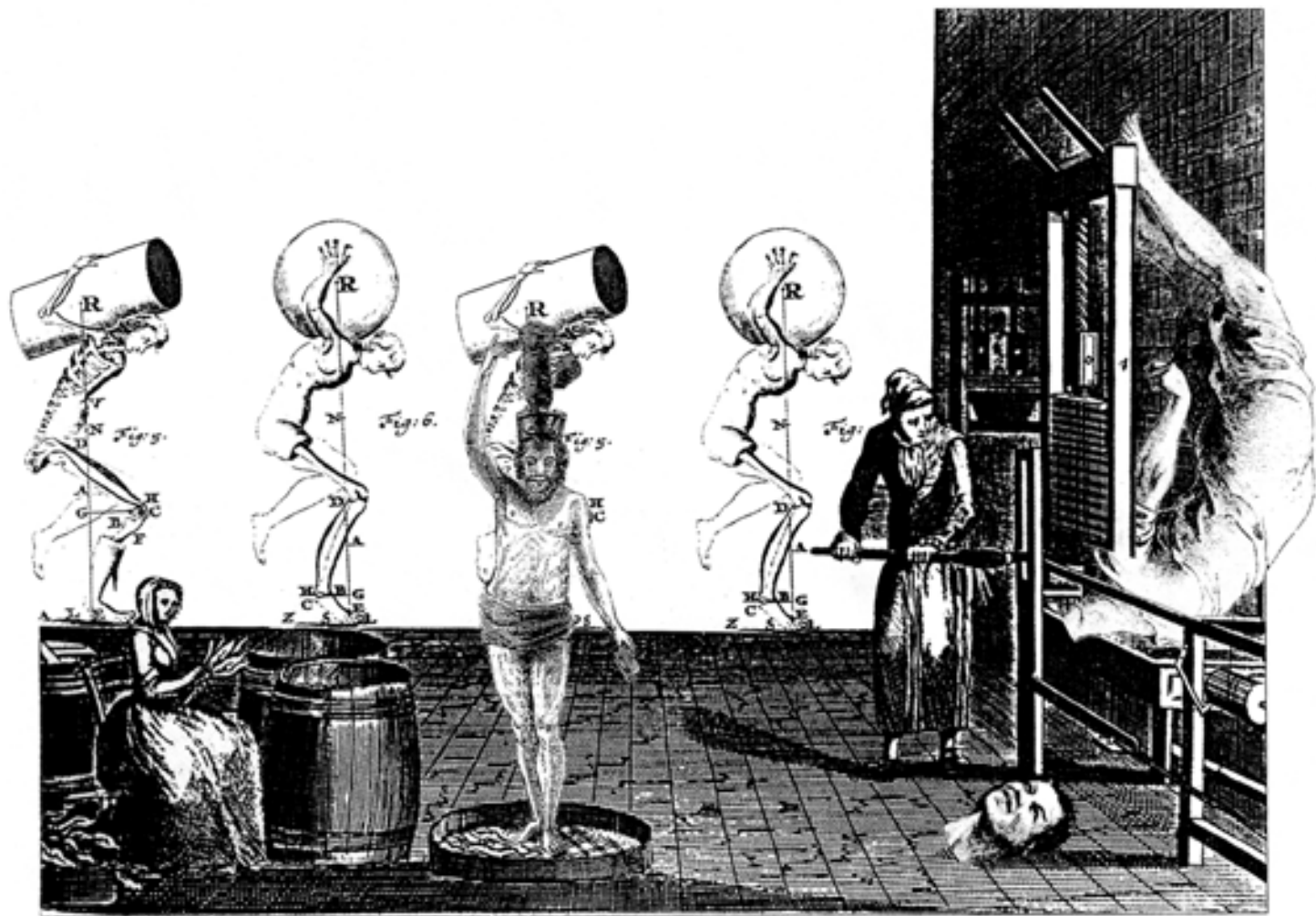
The Martyrdom of Mercury II



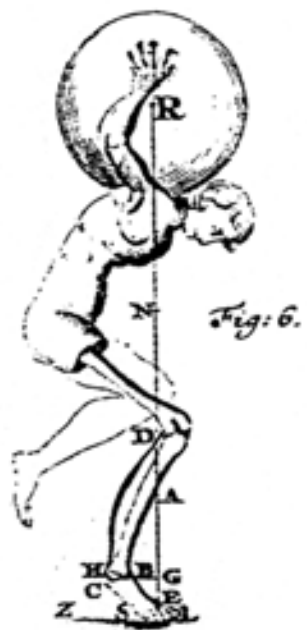
*PLATE XIII*

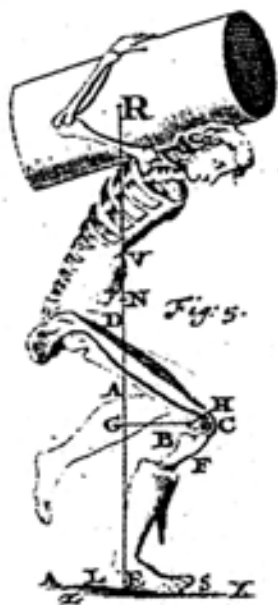
The Martyrdom of Mercury III

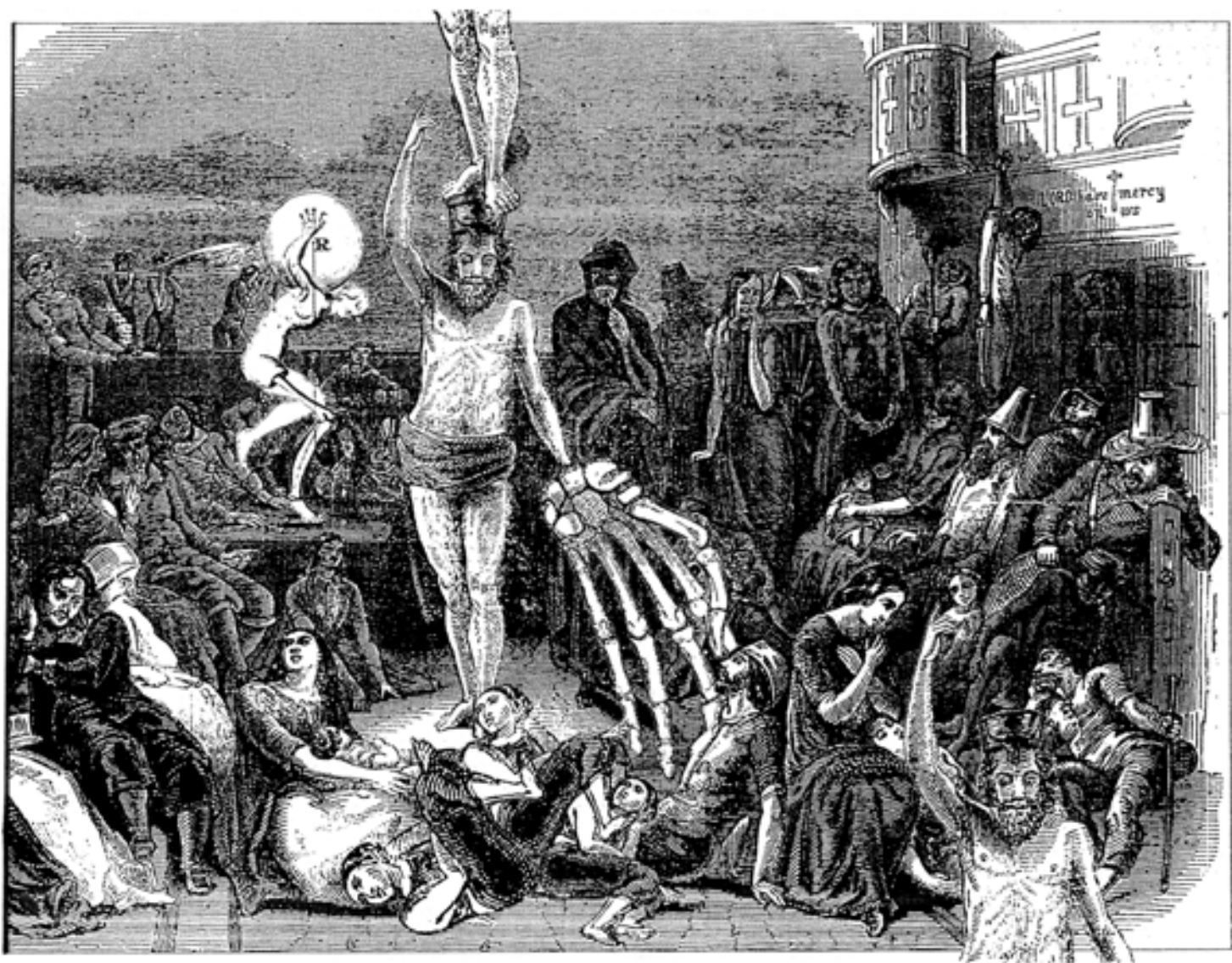












previous page:  
*PLATE XIV*

He's come for the triplets.

this page:  
*PLATE XV*

Fantomas' delirium.



*PLATE XVI*

Contained contentment: now it's personal!





*PLATE XVII*  
At Hell's Gate...



*PLATE XVIII*

Modern Romantik Fairytale: Thethirstyknifemen



*PLATE XIX*  
Sister of Meat



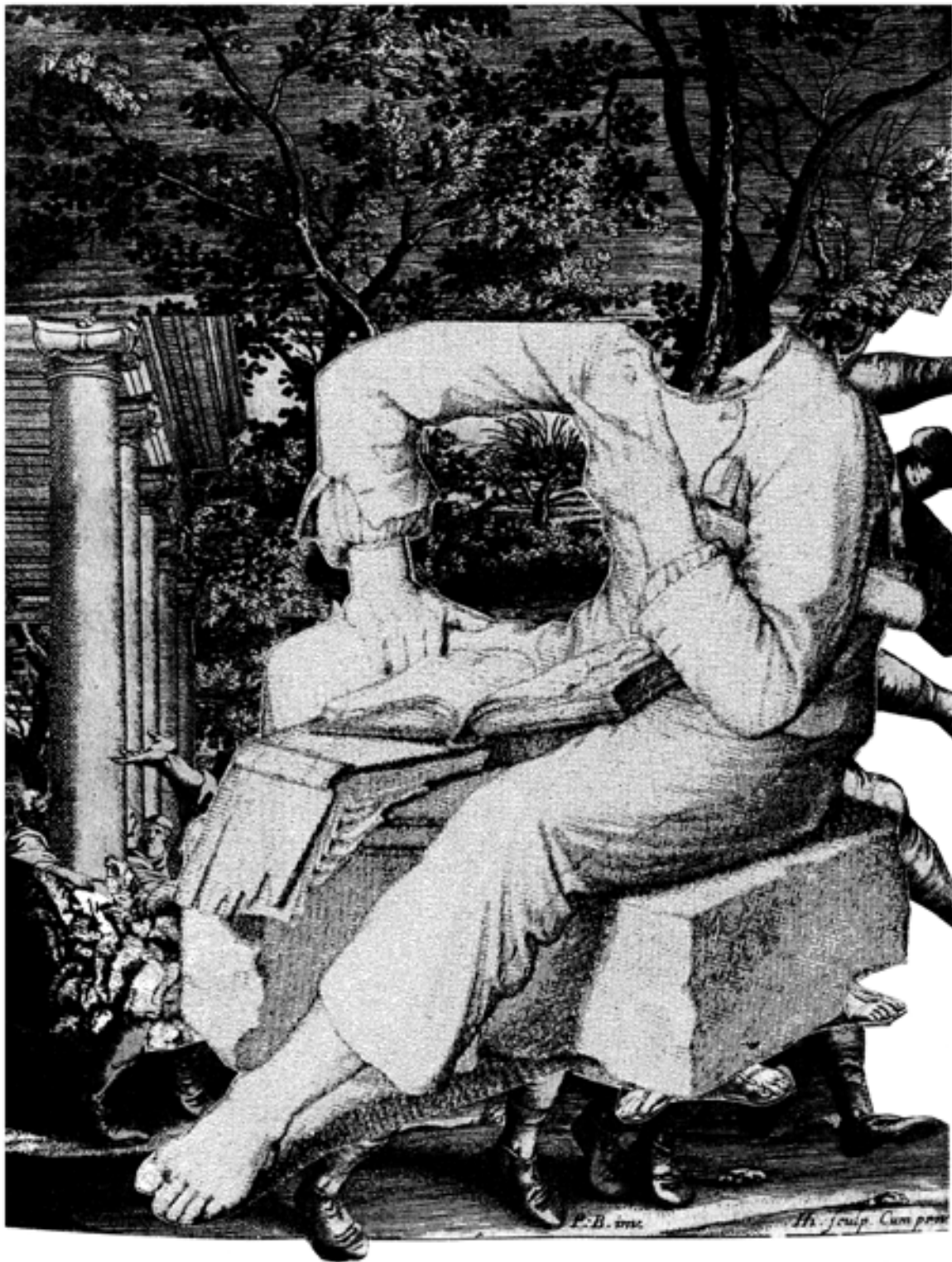
*PLATE XX*

Vague perceptions incapable of  
getting through gaping maladies.





*PLATE XXI*  
- go marching in.

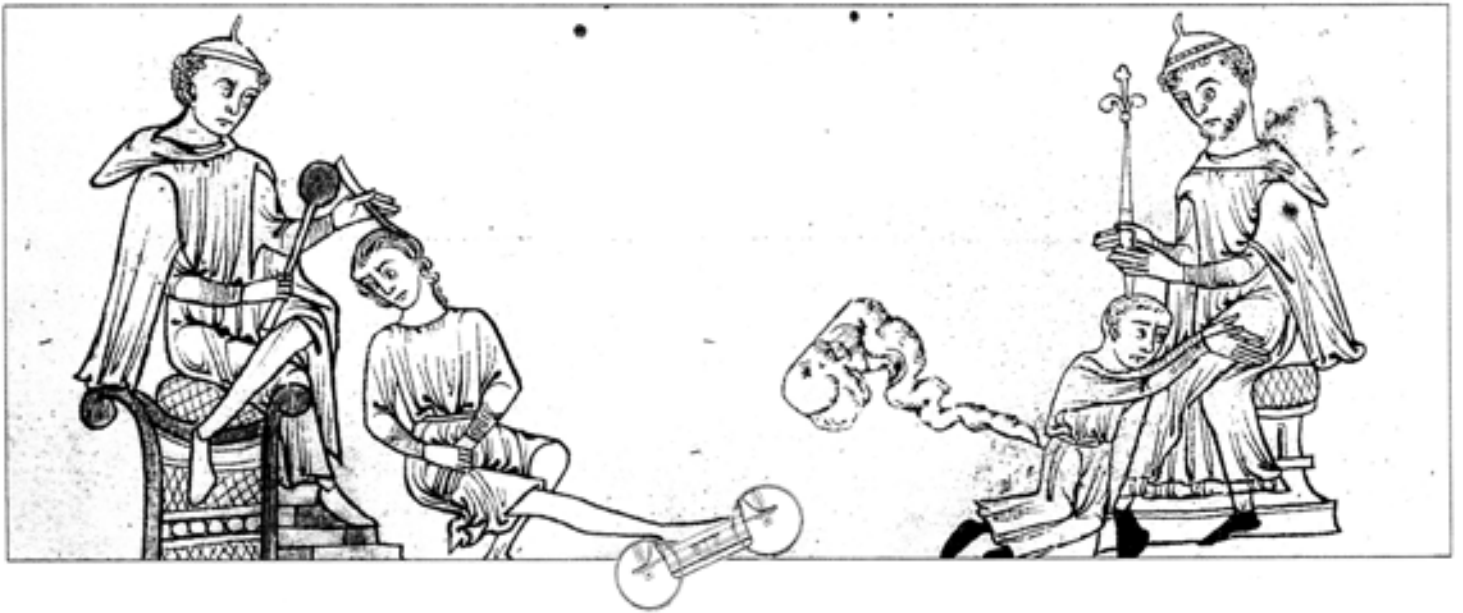


P.B. inv.

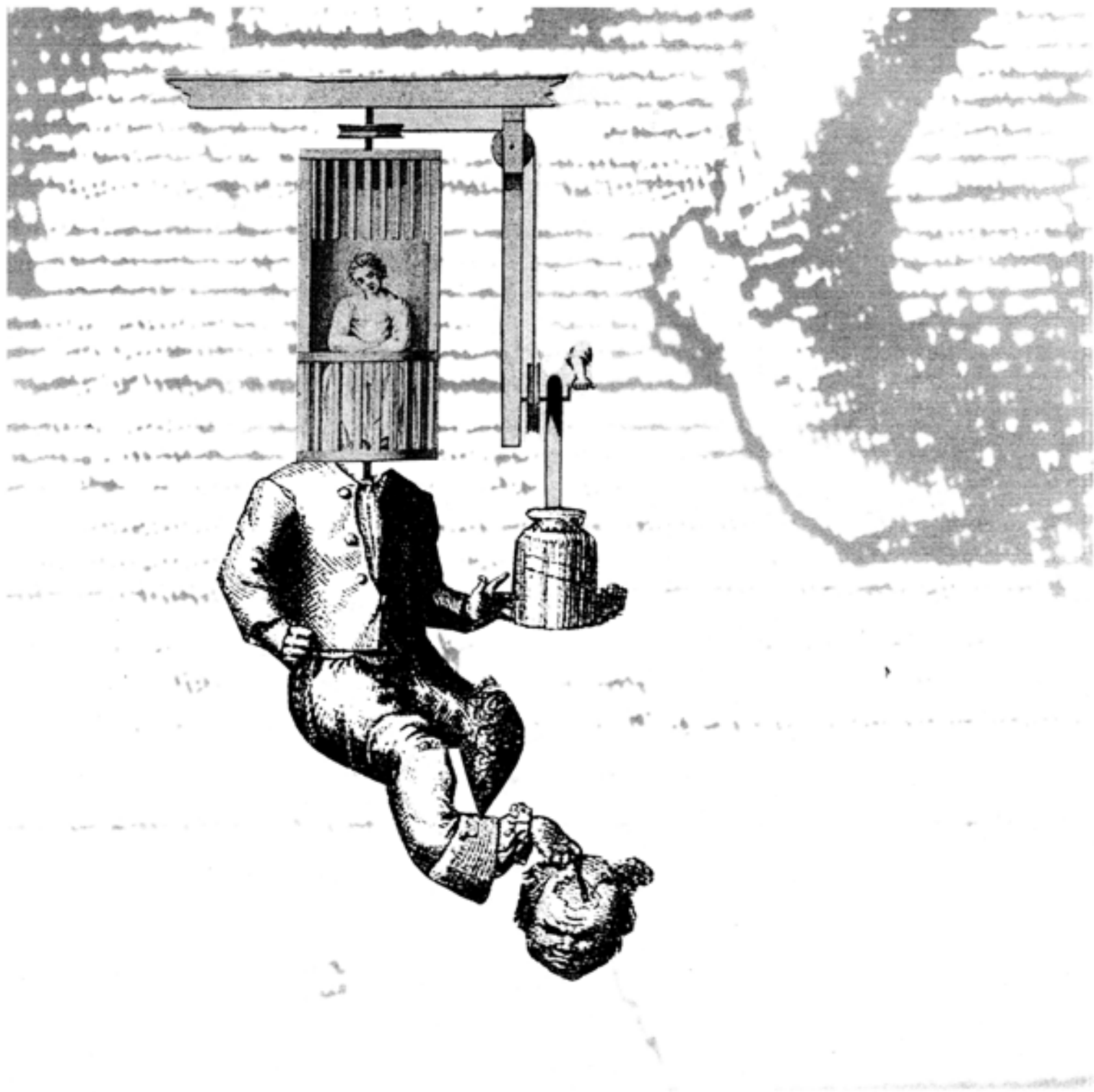
H. J. sculp. Cum prope

*PLATE XXII*

The martyrdom of St.Methane and St.Rollerskates.

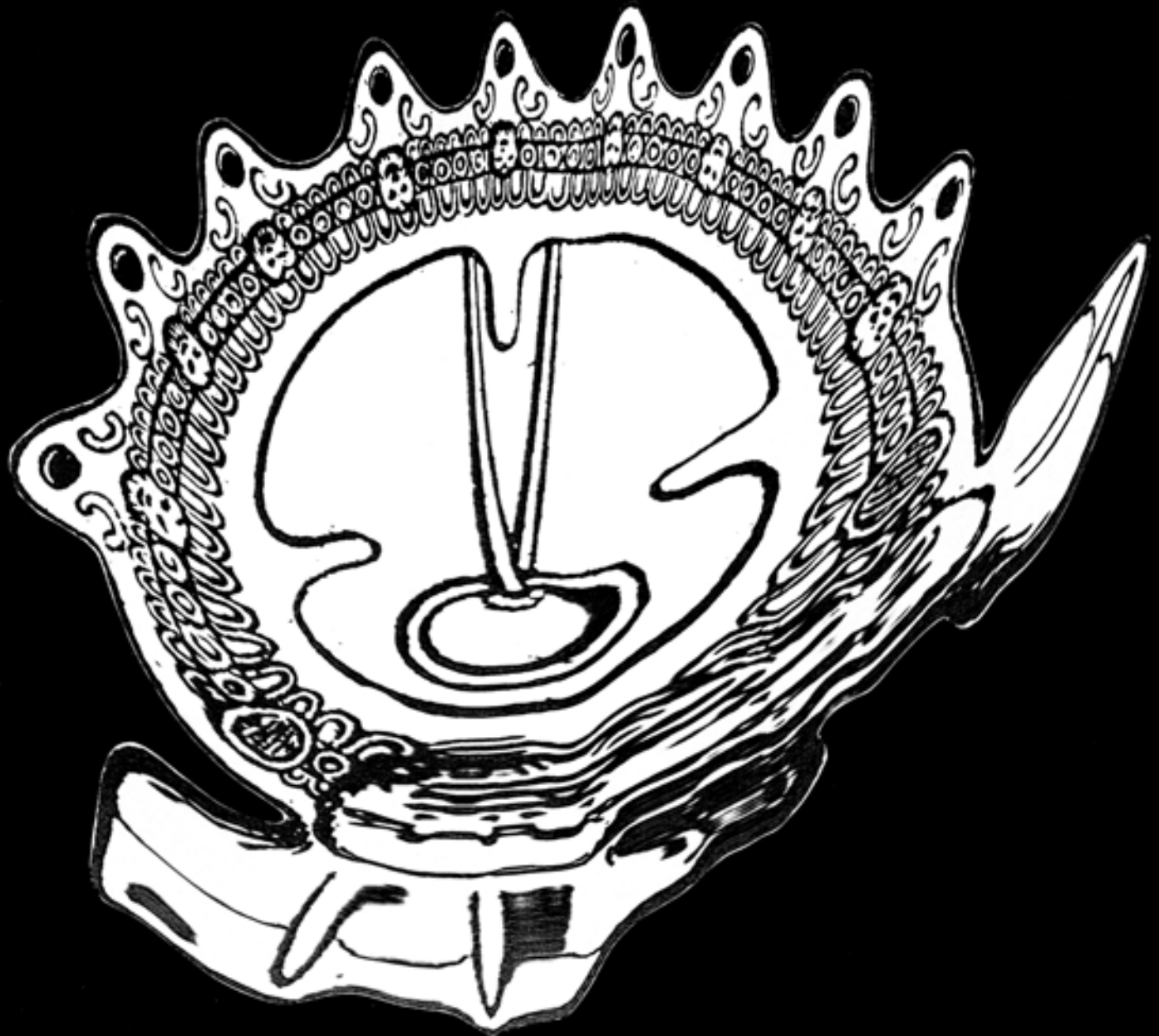


*PLATE XXIII*  
Apparatus for changing milk.

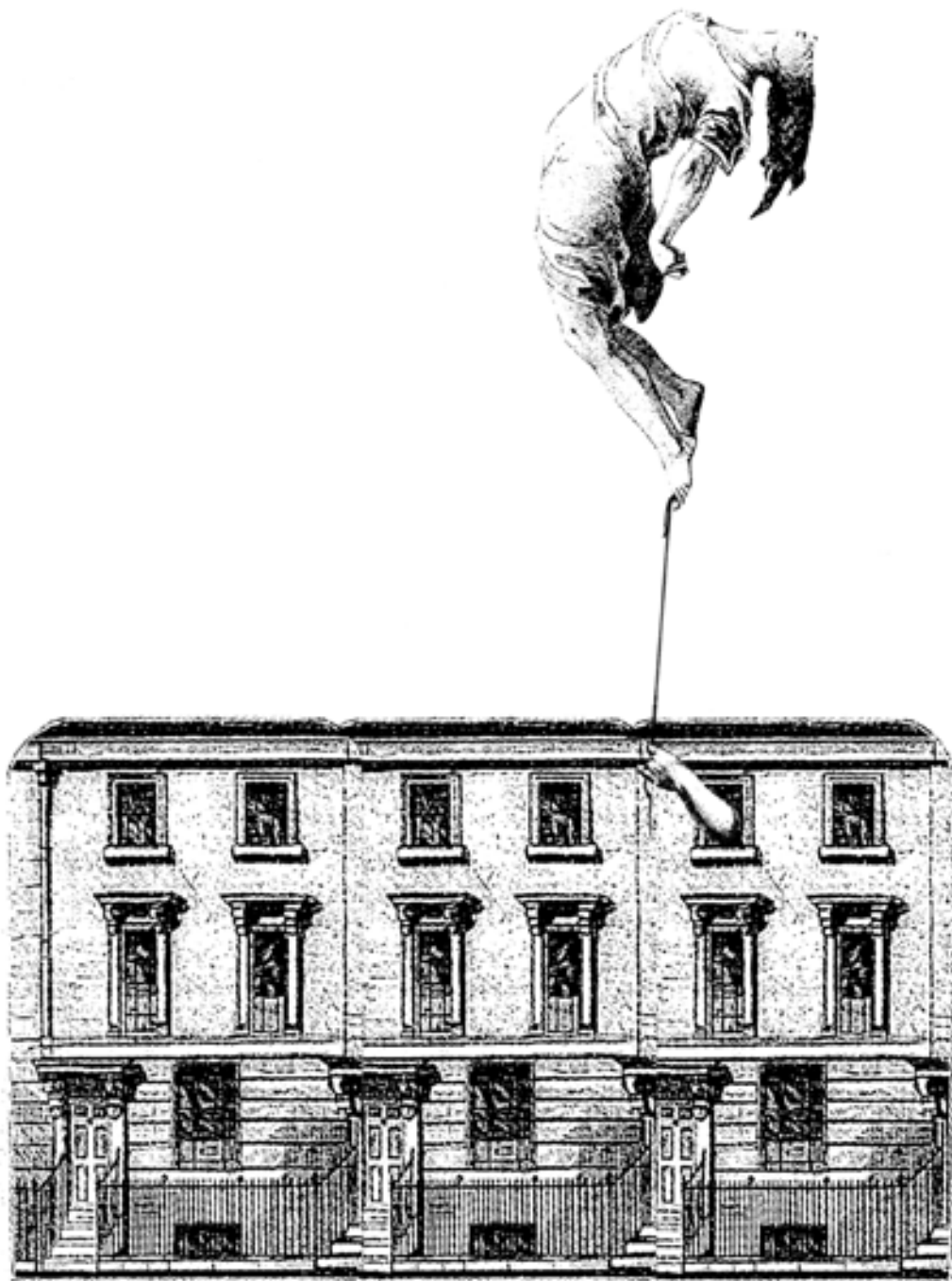








*PLATE XXIV*  
Houdini's wife.



*PLATE XXV*

The Diamond Child's parents are  
executed on his/ her command.



*PLATE XXVI*

The Diamond Child's parents are  
executed on his/ her command. II



*PLATE XXVII*  
“She’s also my eyes.”





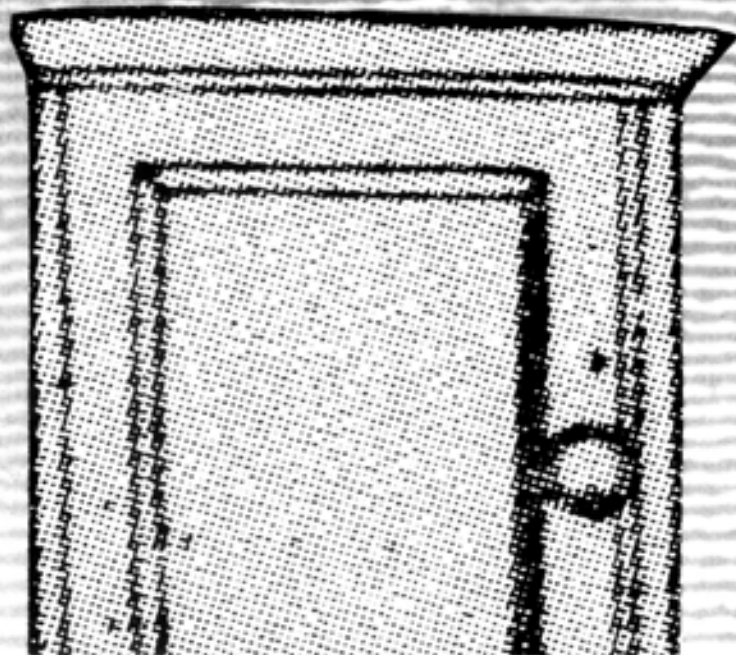
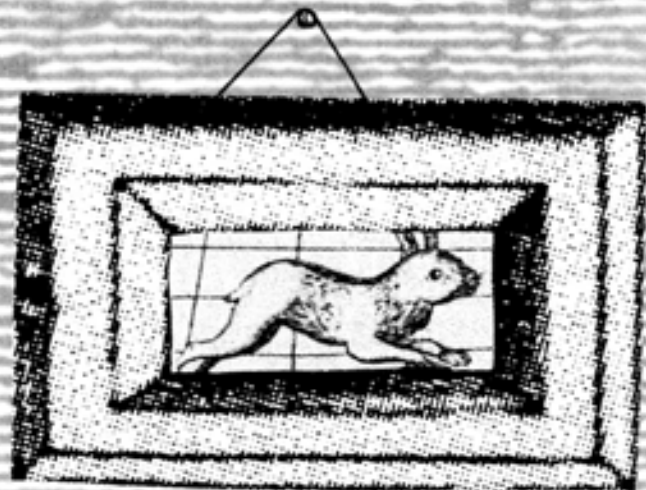
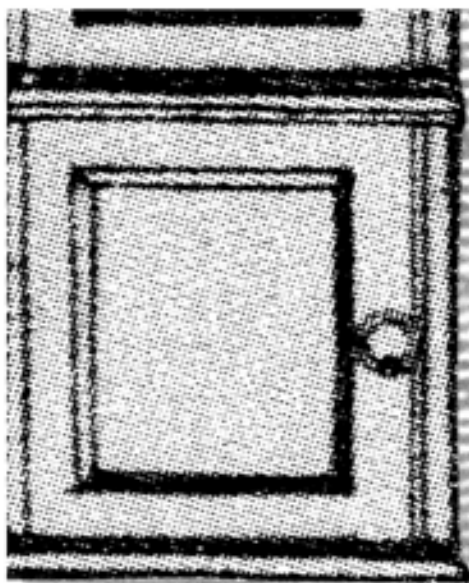
*PLATE XXVIII*

A week of sin and no changes made -  
(but my eyes, my eyes, she *is* my eyes still)



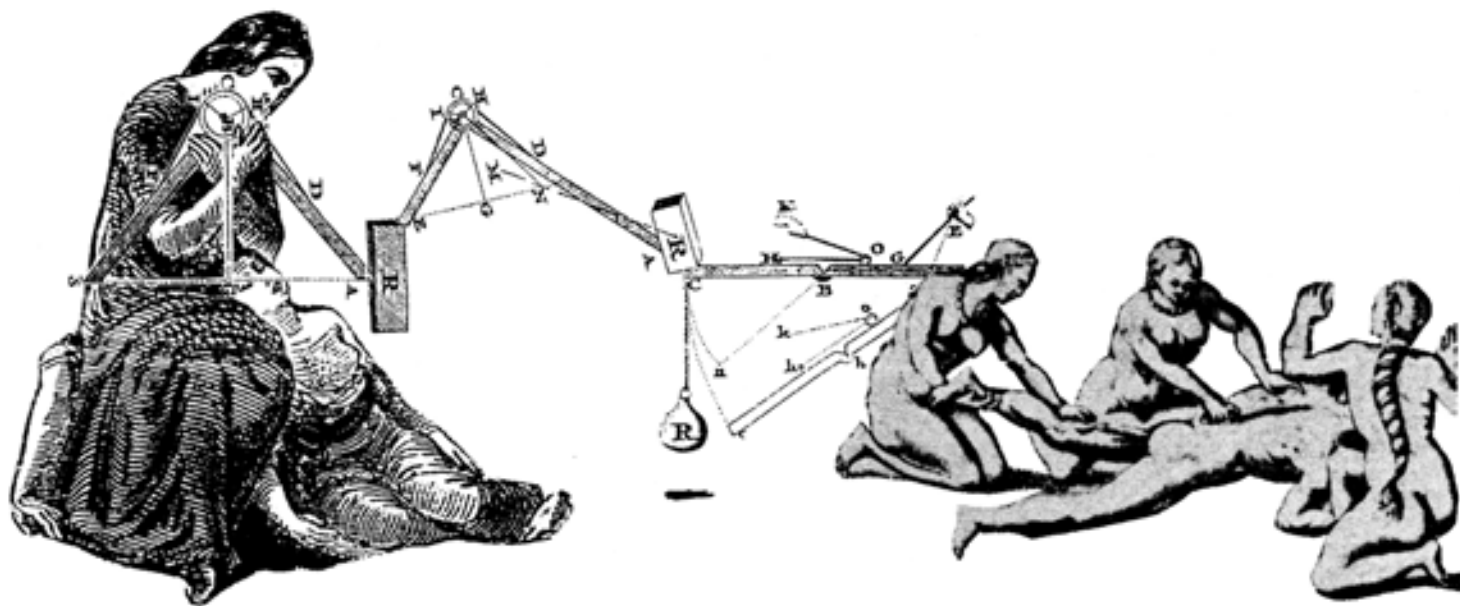
*PLATE XXIX*

“ Alice knows,  
what Alice knows,  
Ah!, only what  
Alice knows.”



*PLATE XXX*

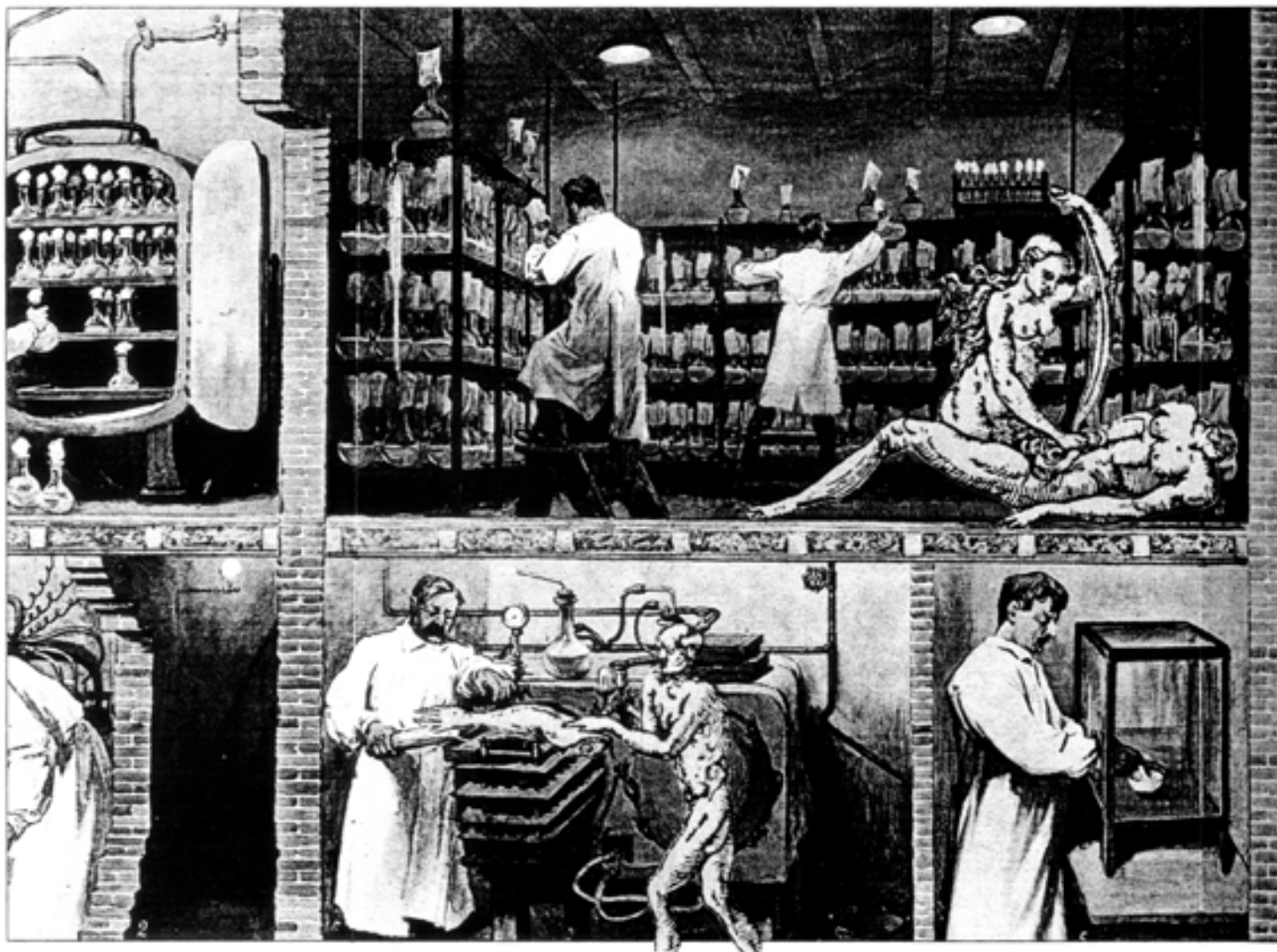
Hypotenuse Cannibalism: The link from Motherhood  
to flesh-eating as expressed through Mathematics.



*PLATE XXXI*

Sing the savages:  
Mad about 1939  
(mad about 2003).





*PLATE XXXII*  
God of bored women.

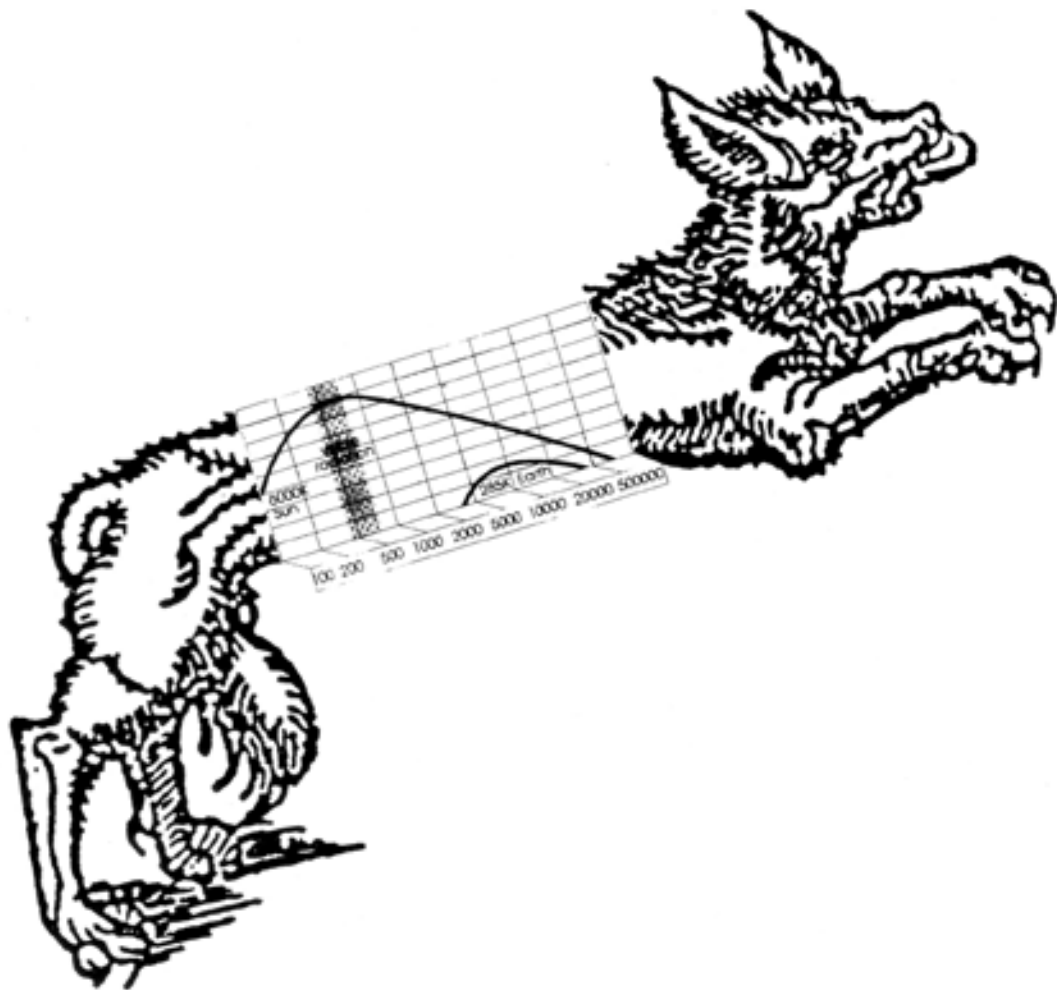


*PLATE XXXIII*  
The dank melody



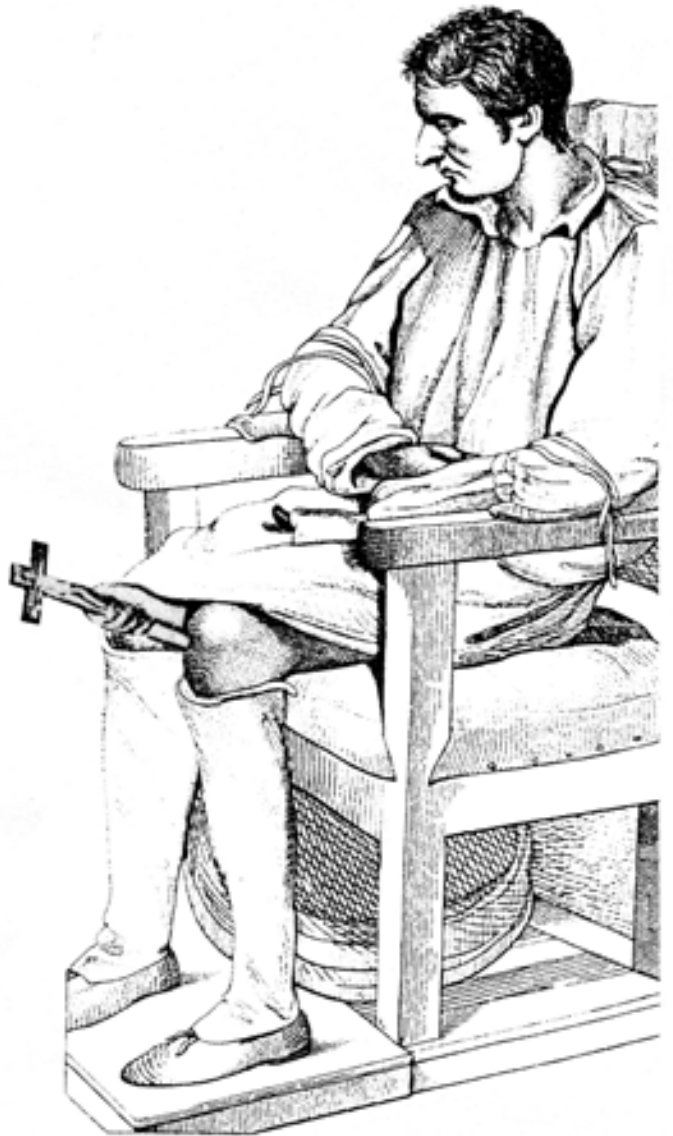
*PLATE XXXIV*

The so-called “necessary” knowledge of life’s artificial reasons is a self-serving, putrid exercise.



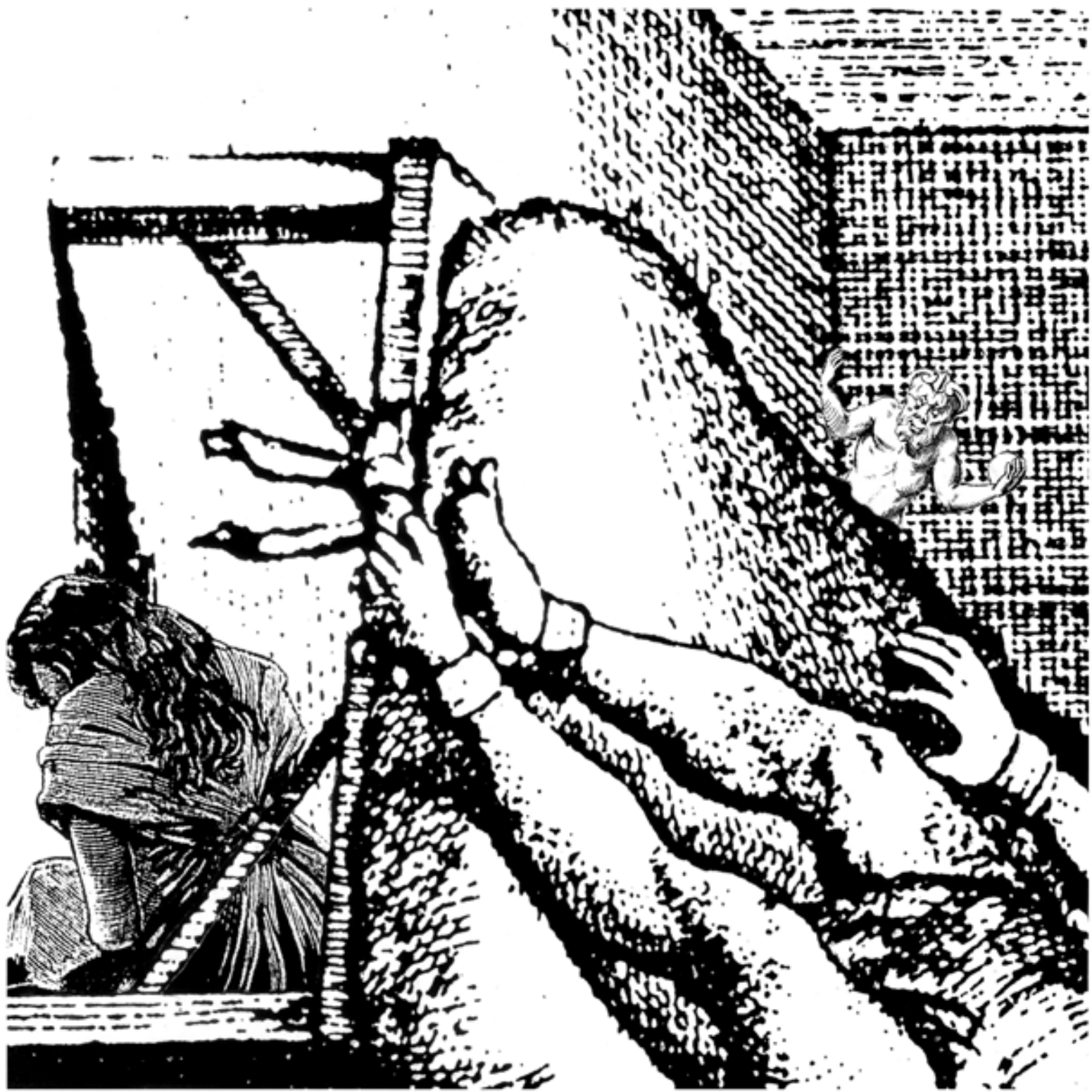
*PLATE XXXV*  
Malleus Maleficarum



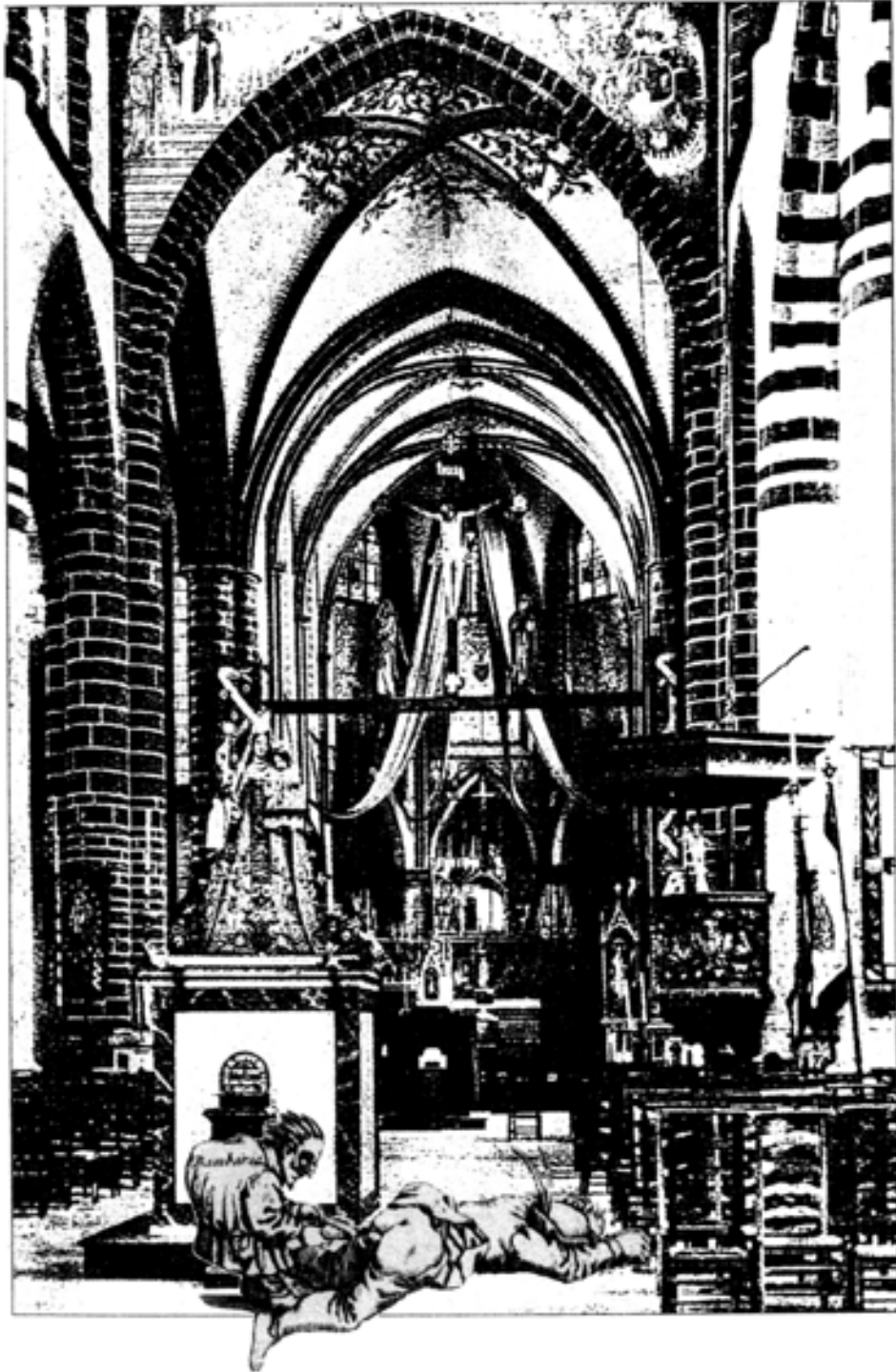


*PLATE XXXVI*

[110%]



*PLATE XXXVII*  
Sunday butt butt



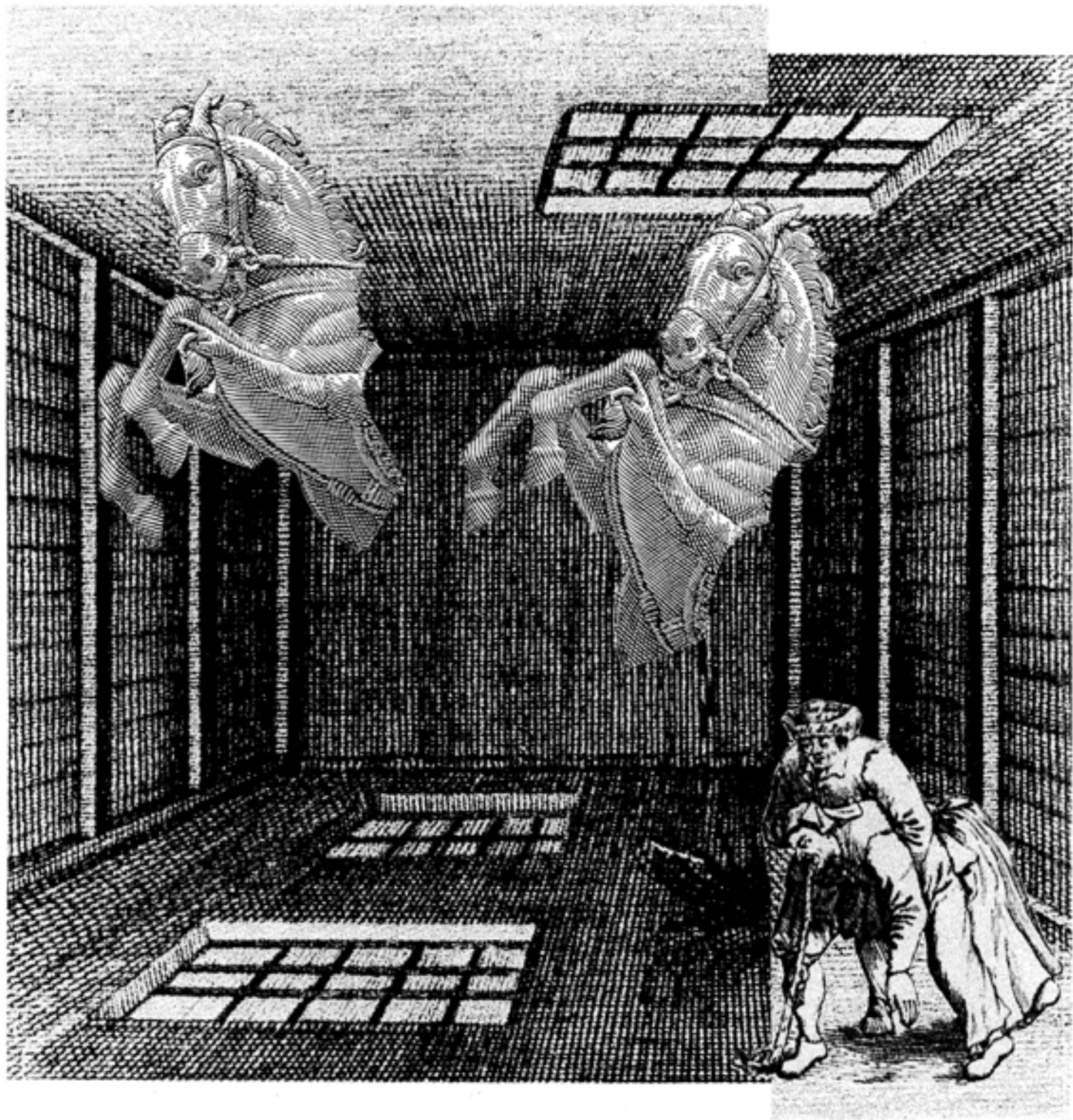
*PLATE XXXVIII*  
“Les Enfants”



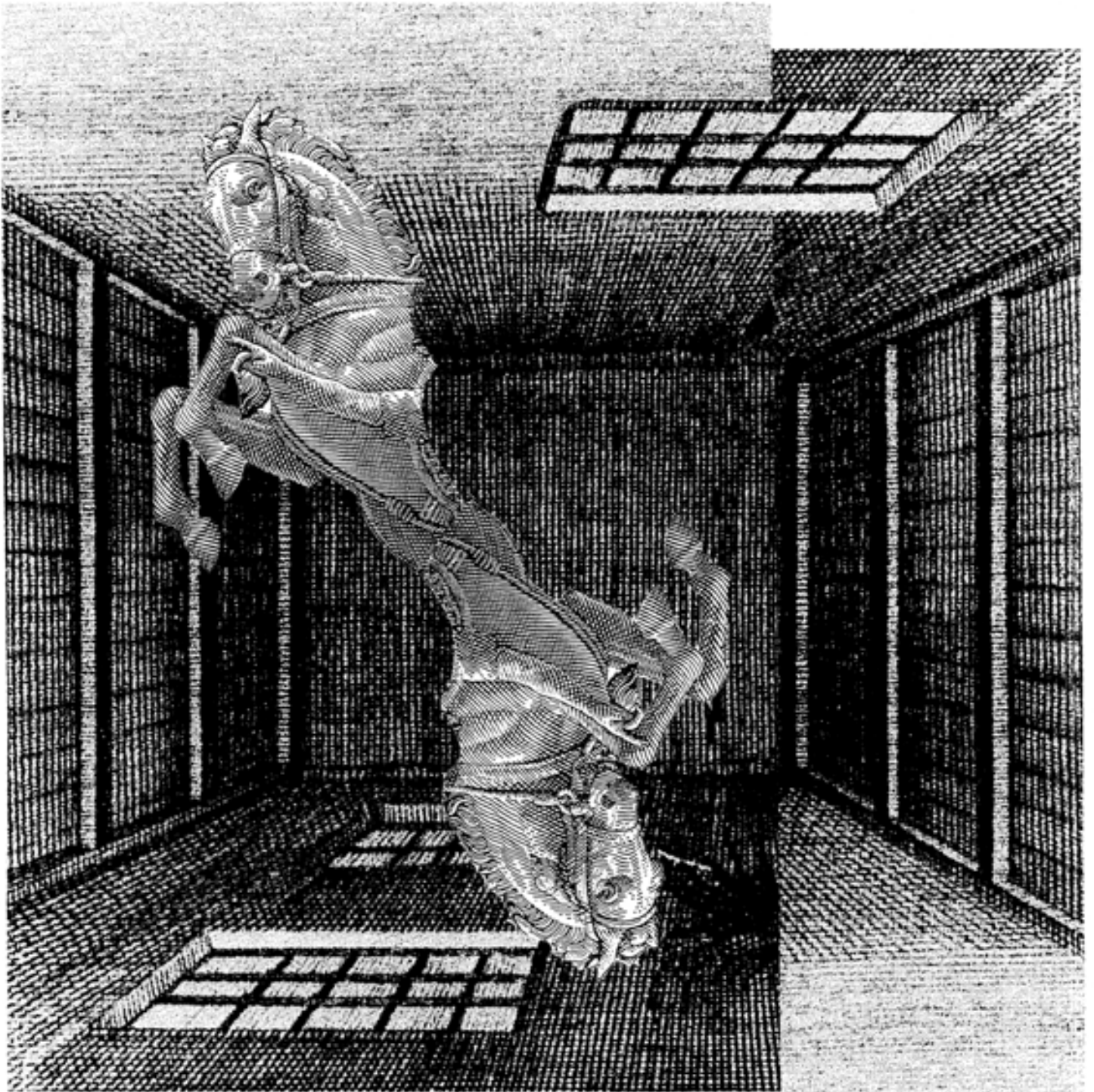
*PLATE XXXIX*

The terrible is here.

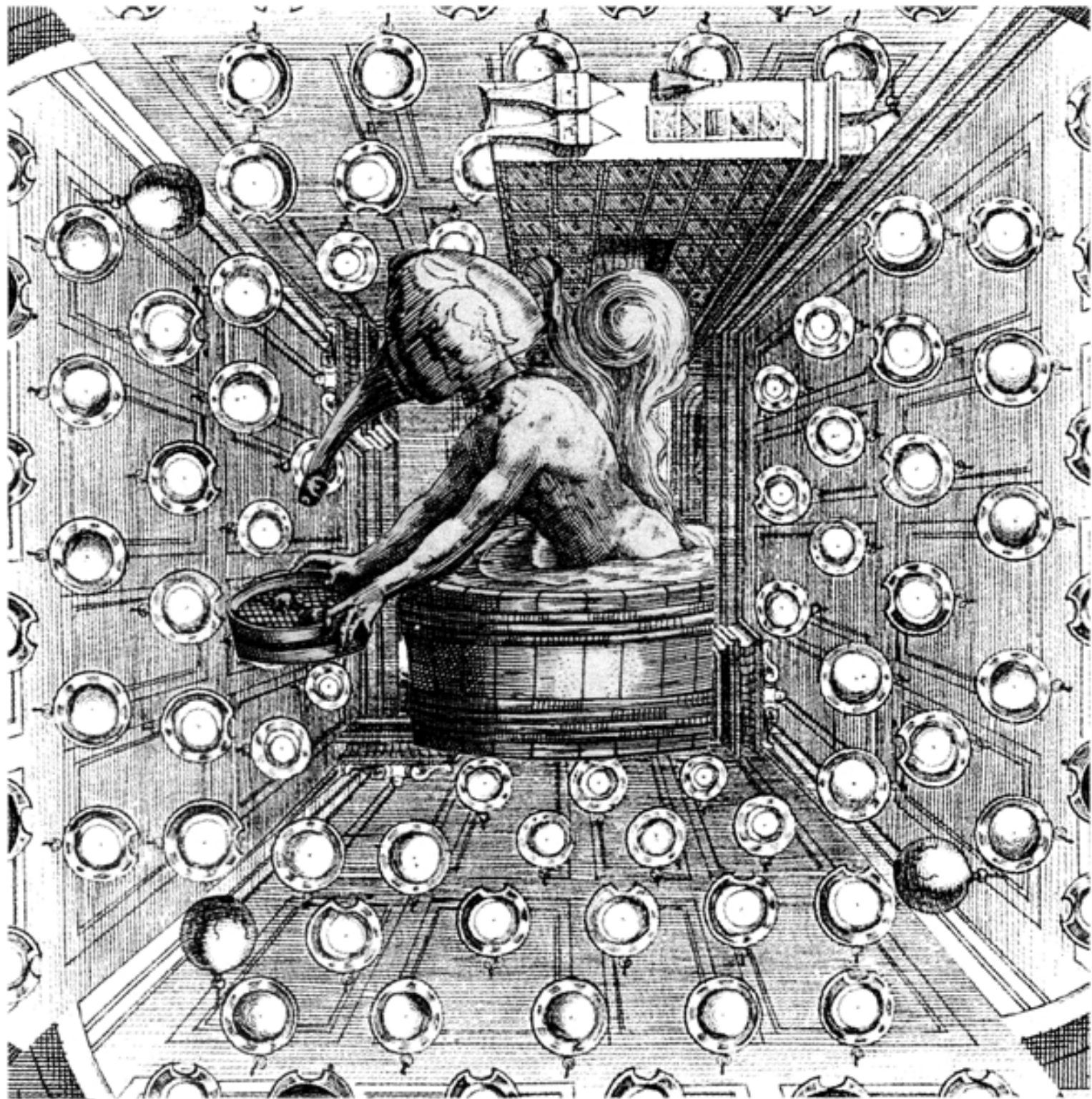




*PLATE XXXX*  
Emancipation -  
emaciation.



*PLATE XXXXI*  
The Ambassador is steep!



*PLATE XXXXII*

The innocents have died in vain.



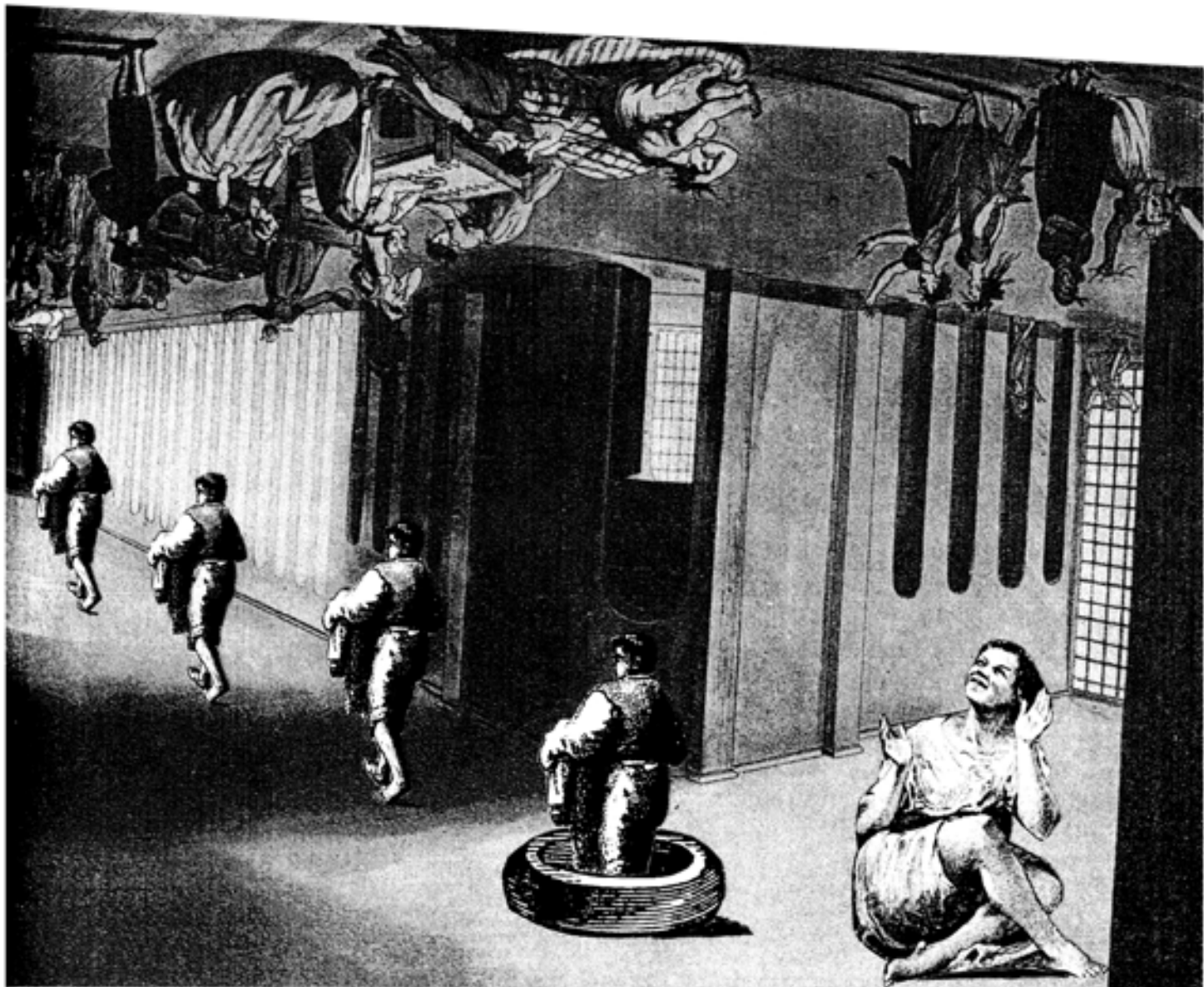
*PLATE XXXXIII*

You need to find what you love  
the most, and \_\_\_\_\_ it.



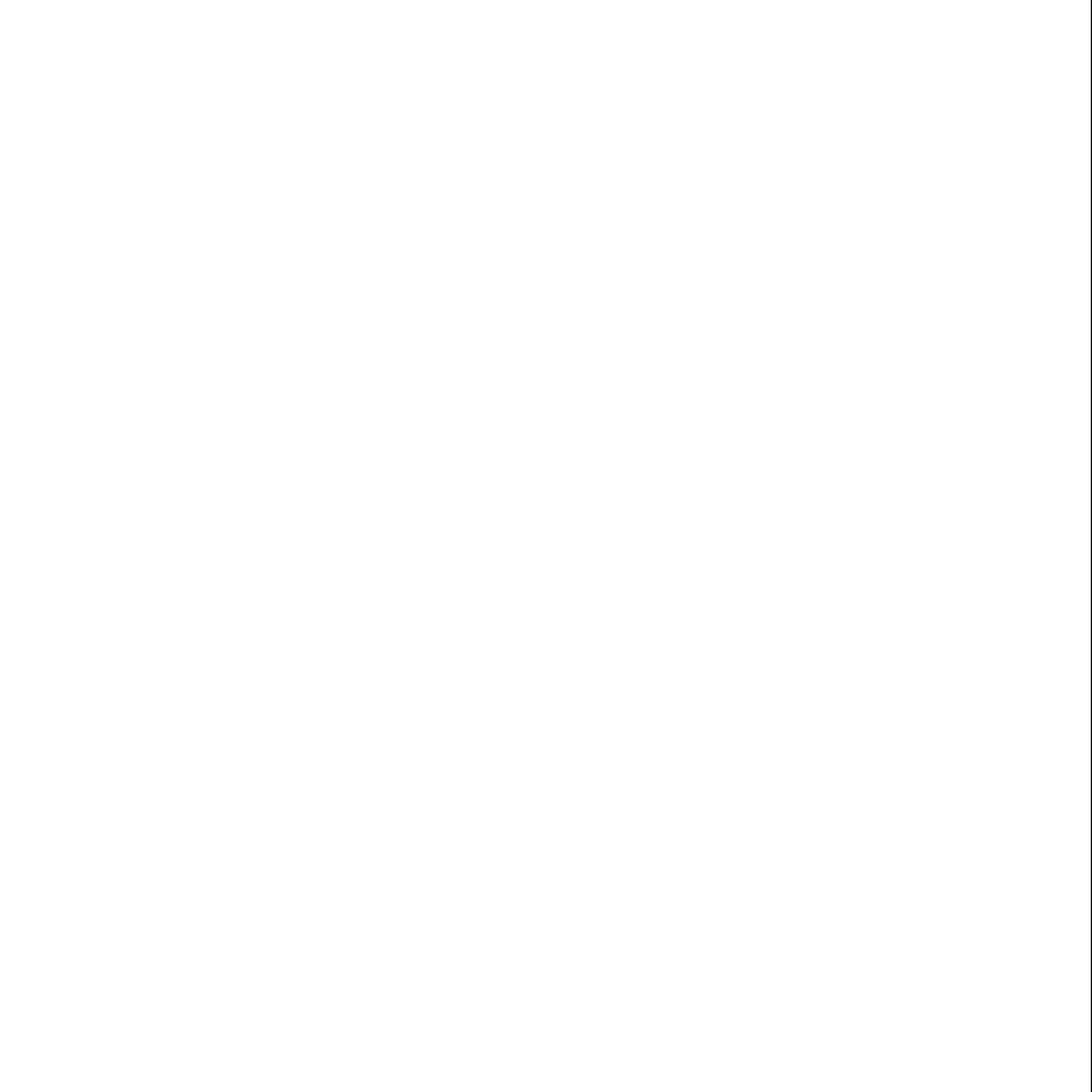


*PLATE XXXXIV*  
So sweet! So sweet!



*PLATE XXXXV*  
The Birth of Revulsion







*PLATE XXXXVI*

Hallelujah's sworn to secrecy.





*PLATE XXXXVII*

The simple afternoon.

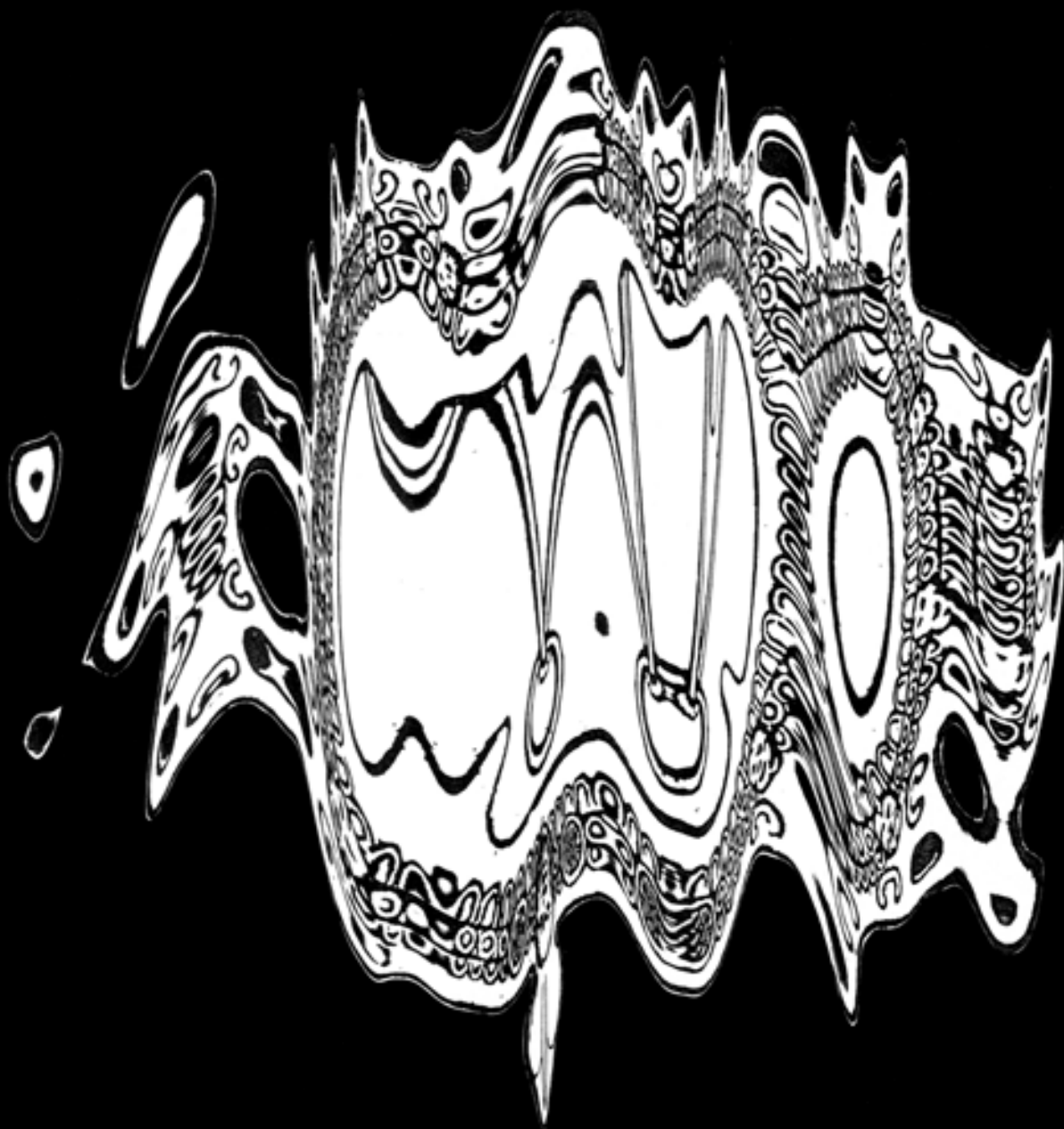


*PLATE XXXXVIII*

Christmas



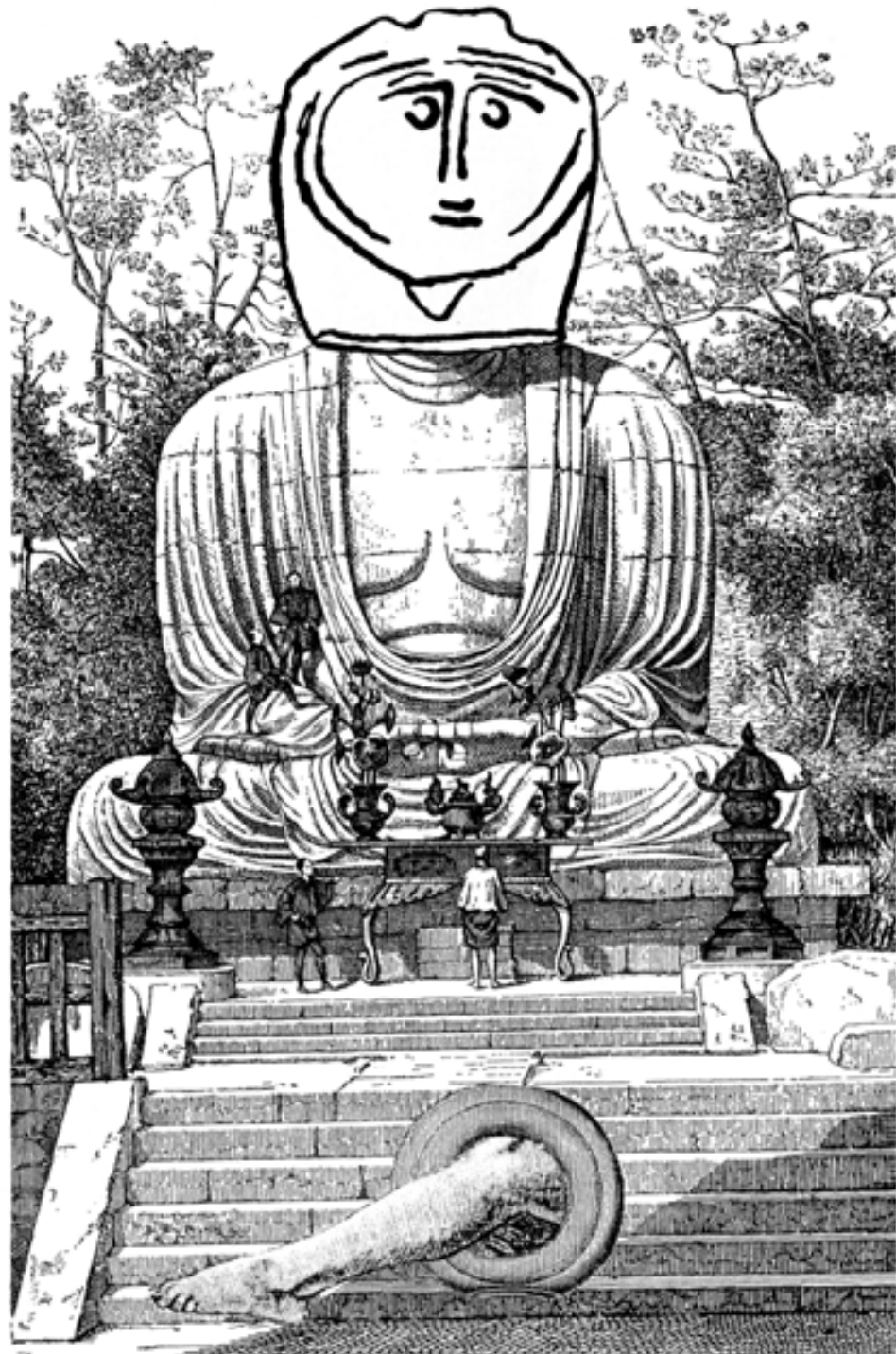




*PLATE XXXXIX*

Chief Engineer Evgeny and the tunnel  
through which we escape.





*PLATE L*

Salty mother deflowered on breakfast.



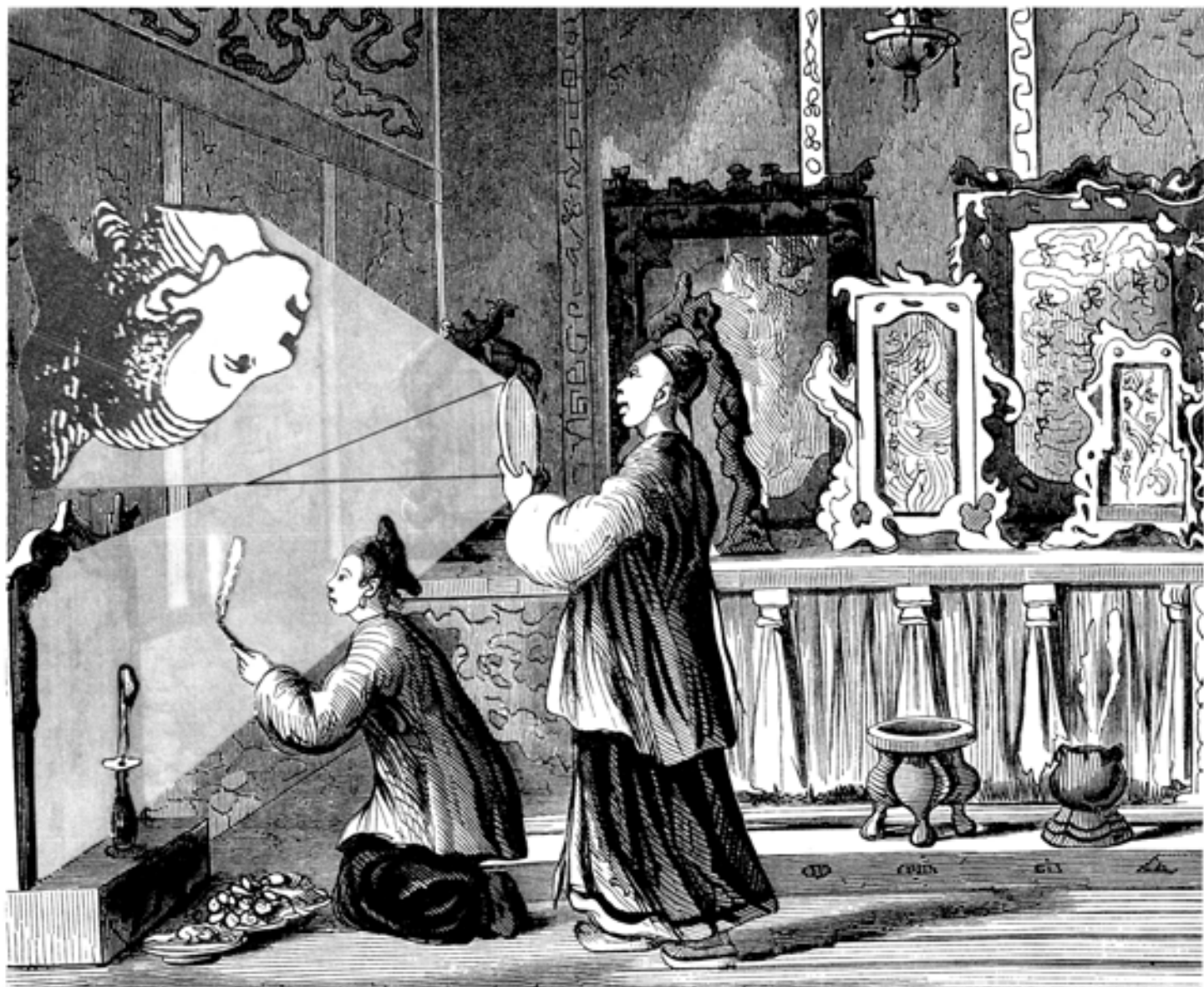
*PLATE LI*

“I gave her such flowers, everyday, for millenia...”



*PLATE LII*

Slipping into the future: hedonist heathen heater.



*PLATE LIII*

“We spiked her umbrella, and she woke up  
naked in the jungle \_ “





*PLATE LIV*  
A message for gravity



*PLATE LV*  
Samanam

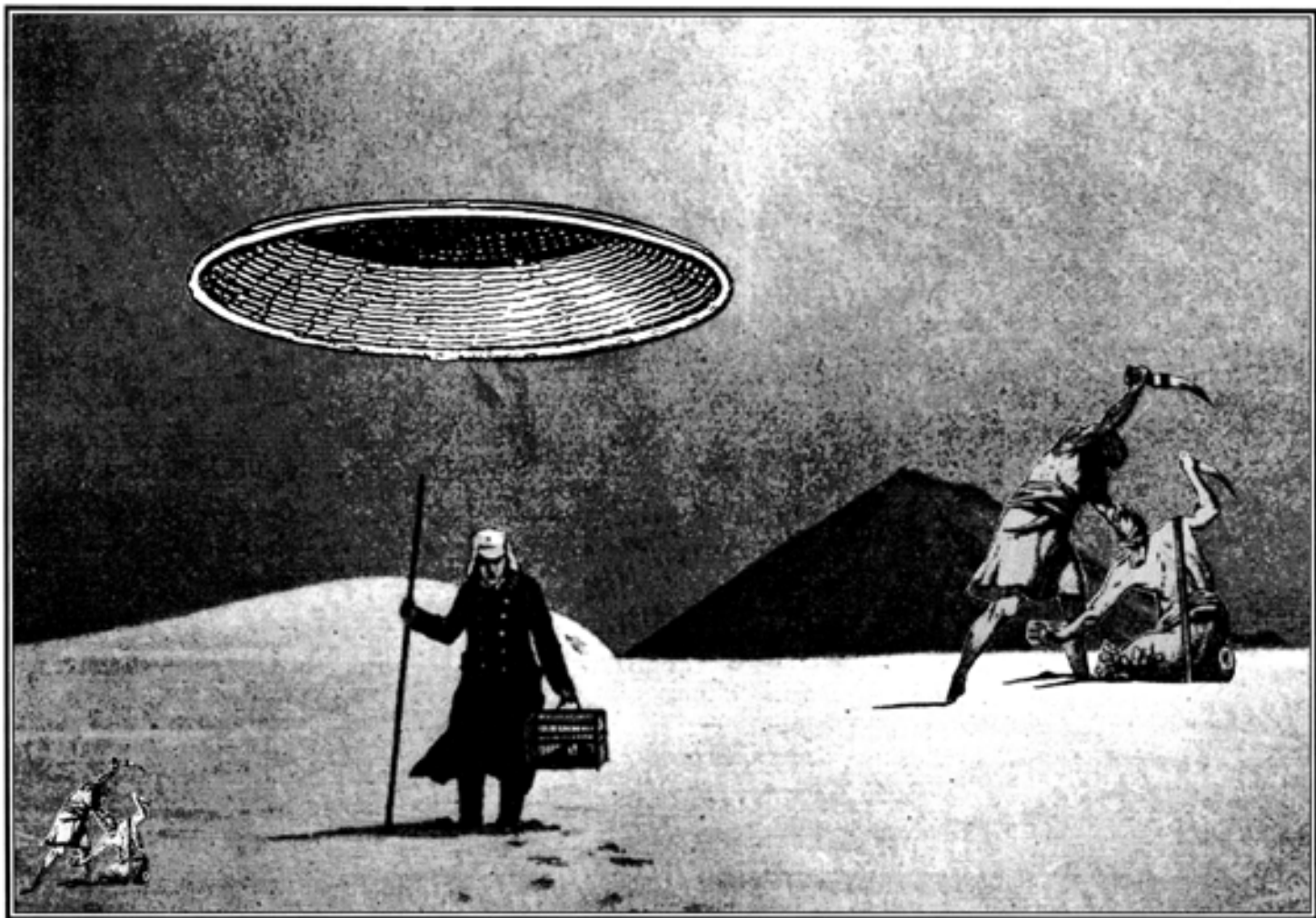


*PLATE LVI*  
Manaruk



*PLATE LVII*  
Duchamp





*PLATE LVIII*

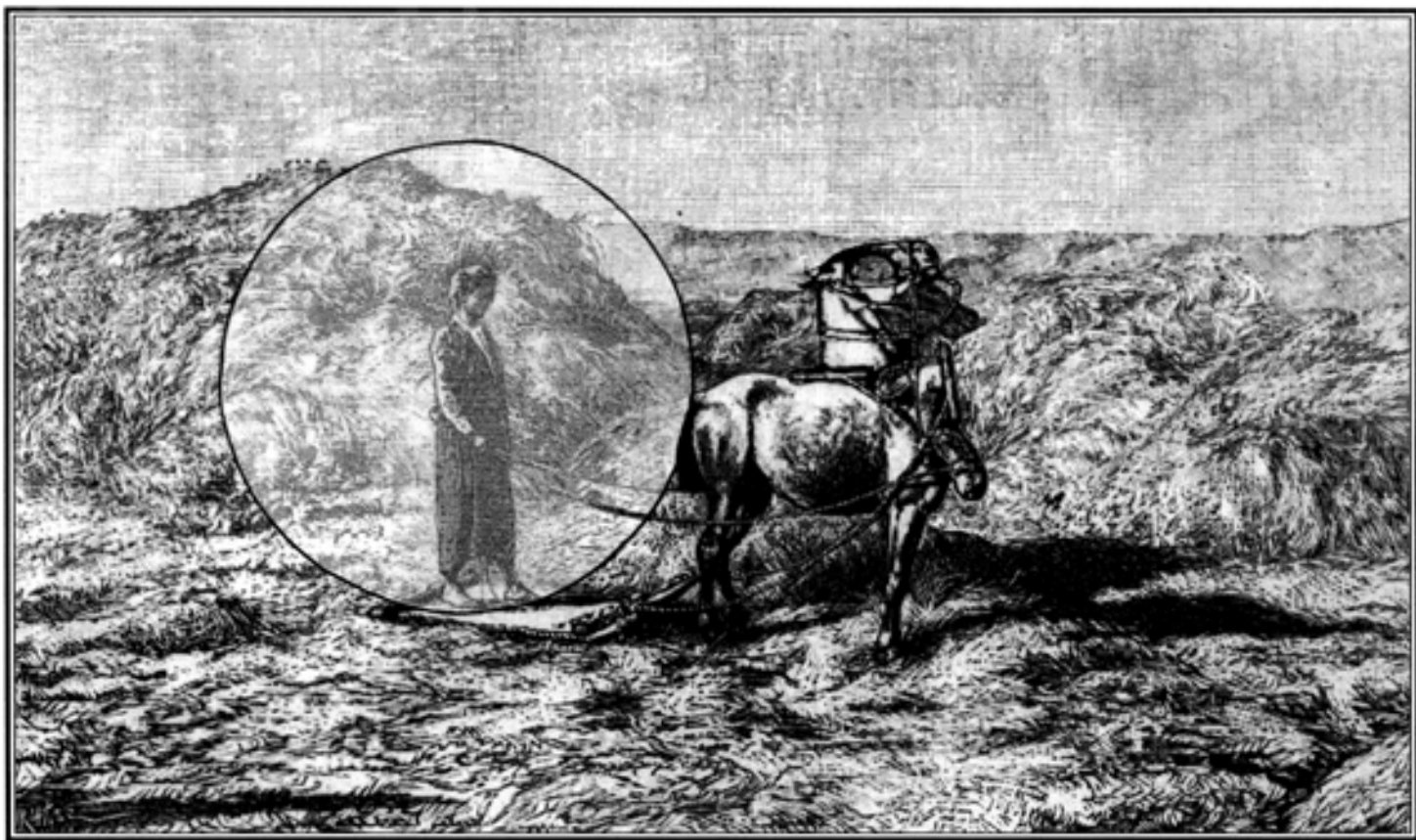
The Inspector who leaves.



*PLATE LIX*

“ ”

...



*PLATE LX*

That world when it sings.



*PLATE LXI*

The launching of the “Soho Rocket” was  
upstaged by the lout on the right.





*PLATE LXII*

Running the Automaton.

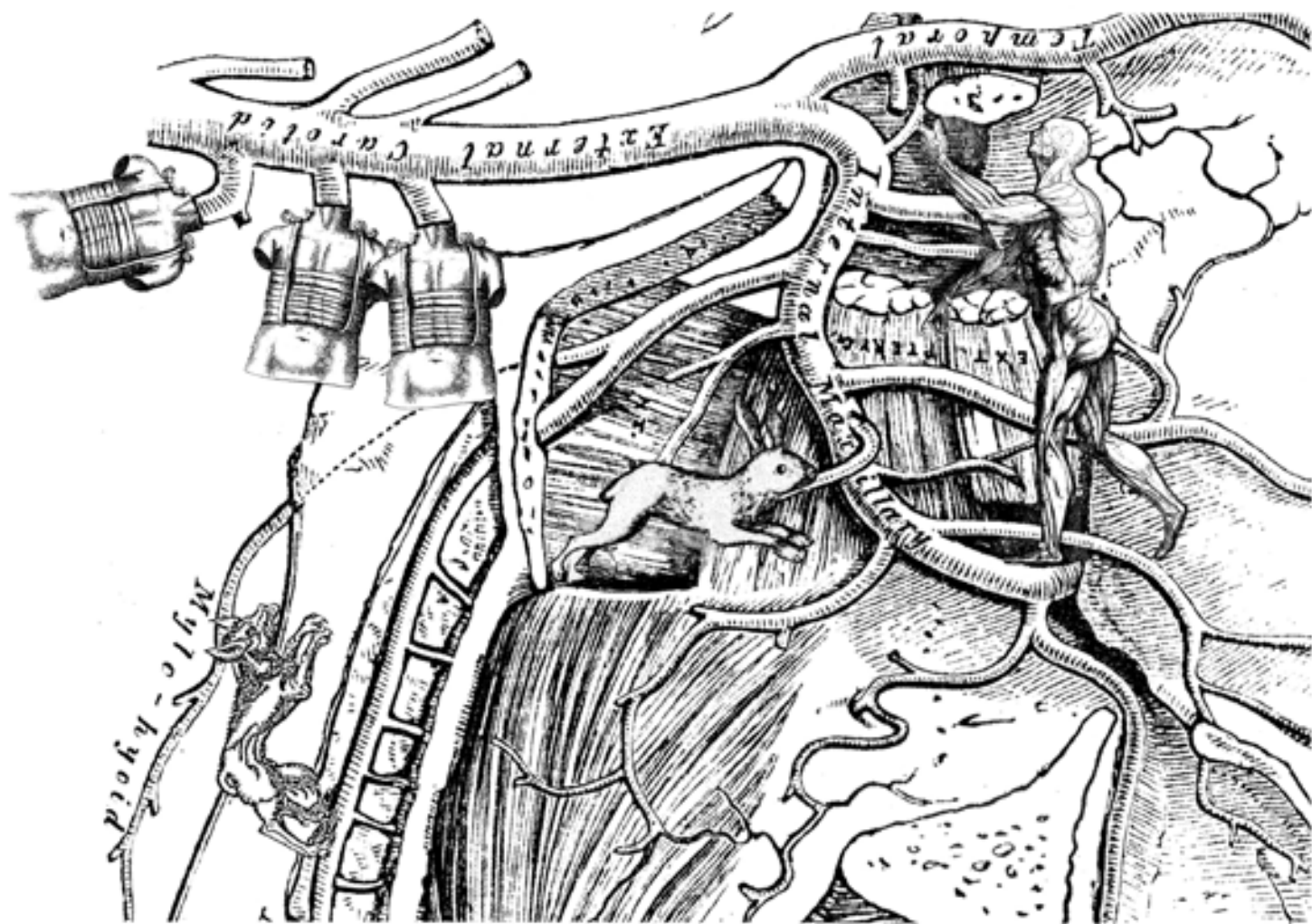


*PLATE LXIII*

The peeling of the bells could be heard  
throughout the town.



*PLATE LXIV*  
“What did he say?”



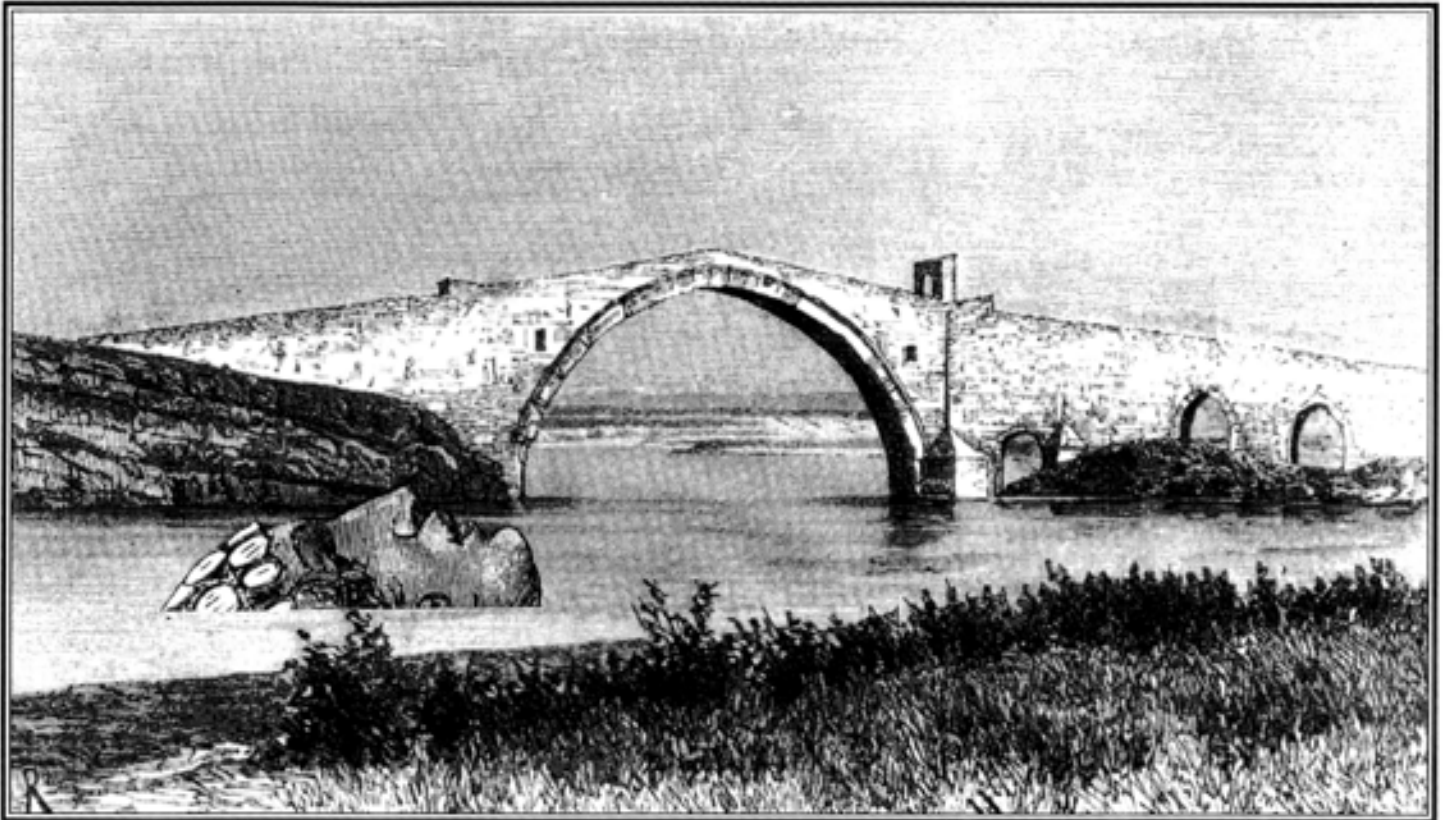
*PLATE LXV*  
Prometheus





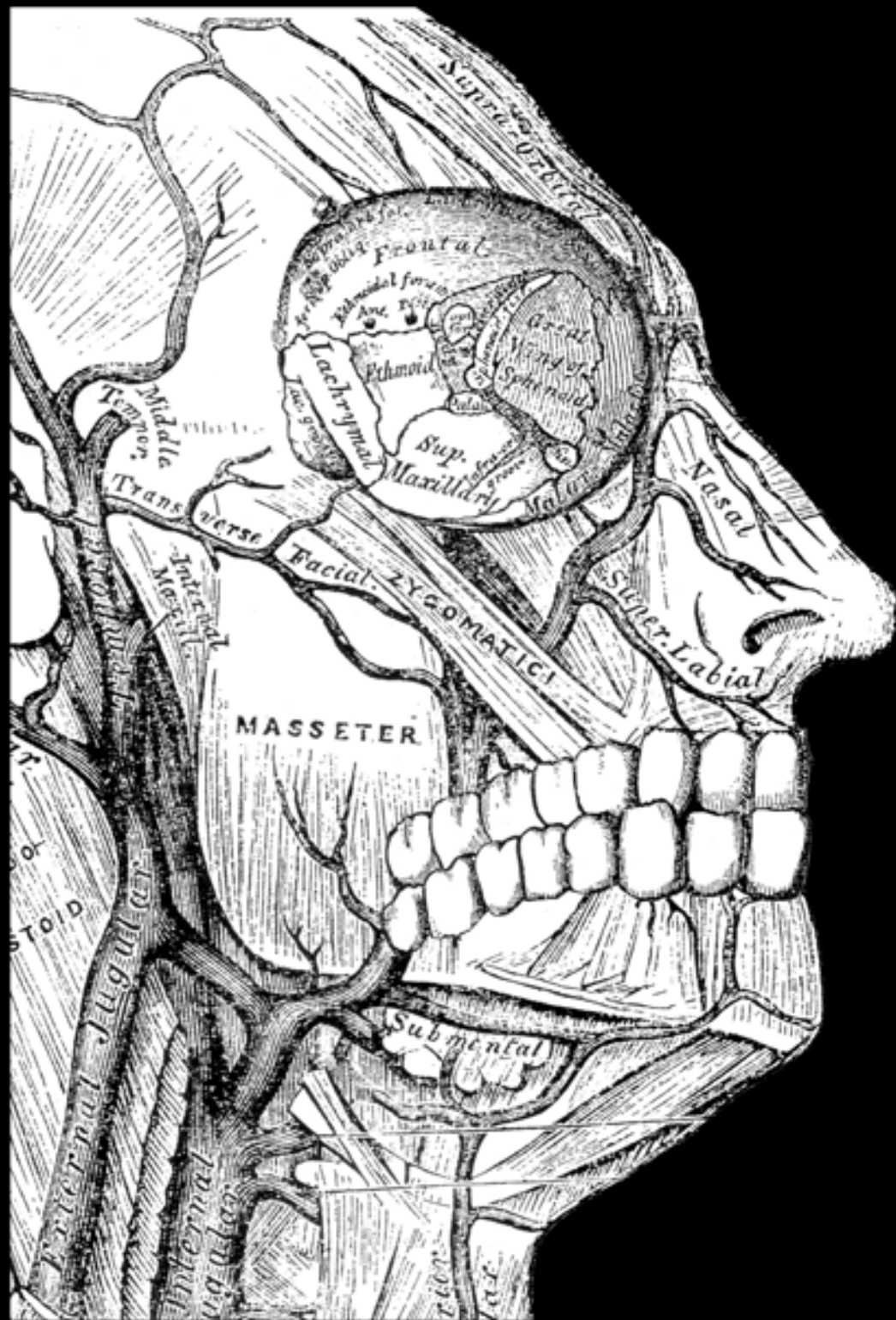
*PLATE LXVI*

Somebody's wife is taking a bath in Africa -  
but nothing's happening here!



*LATE LXVII*

The Witch



*PLATE LXVIII*

A particularly hard example of the amplified sound.



*PLATE LXIX*

Augyrk





*PLATE LXX*

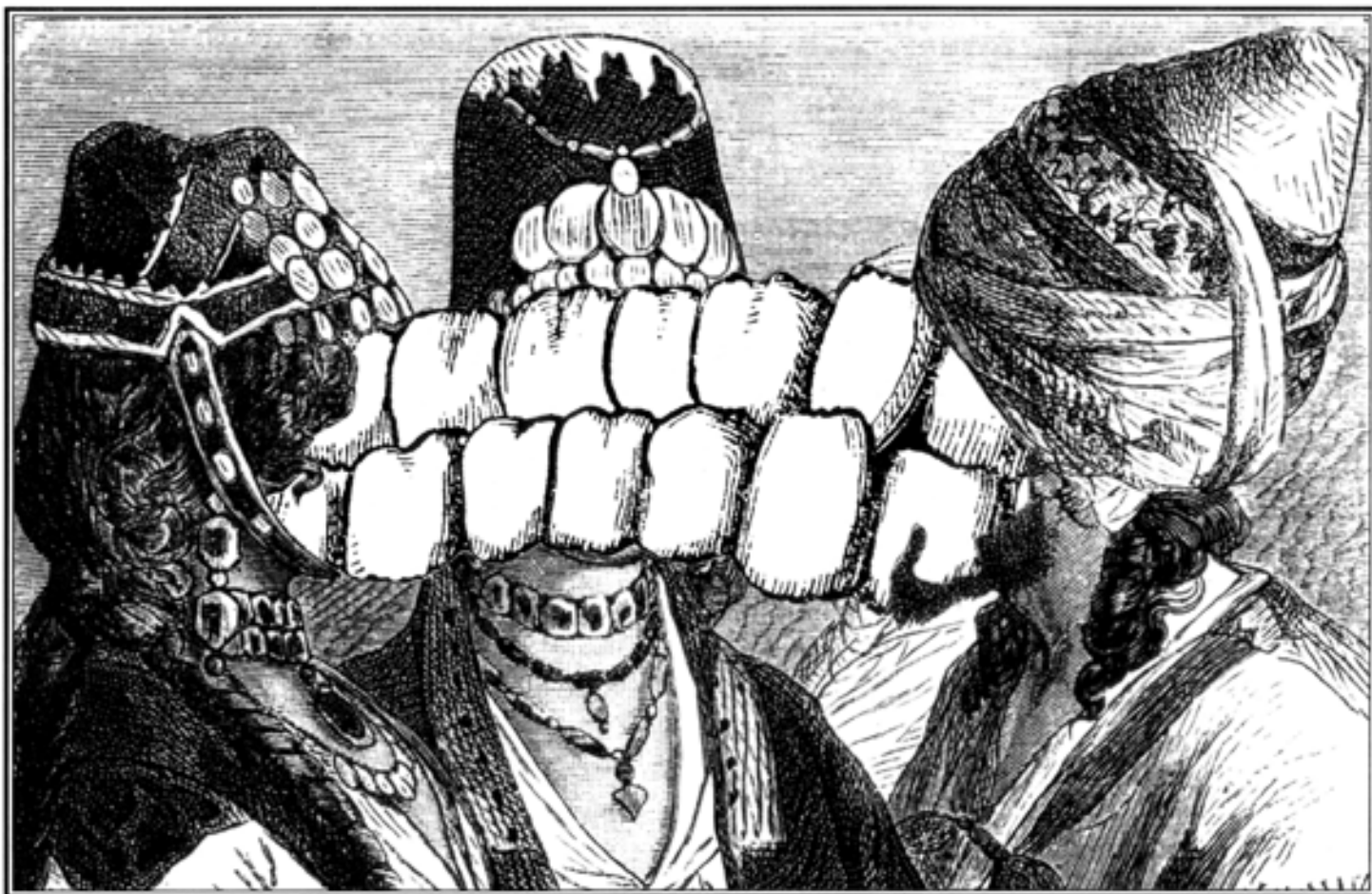
“Smells like rain.”

“Talks like snow.”



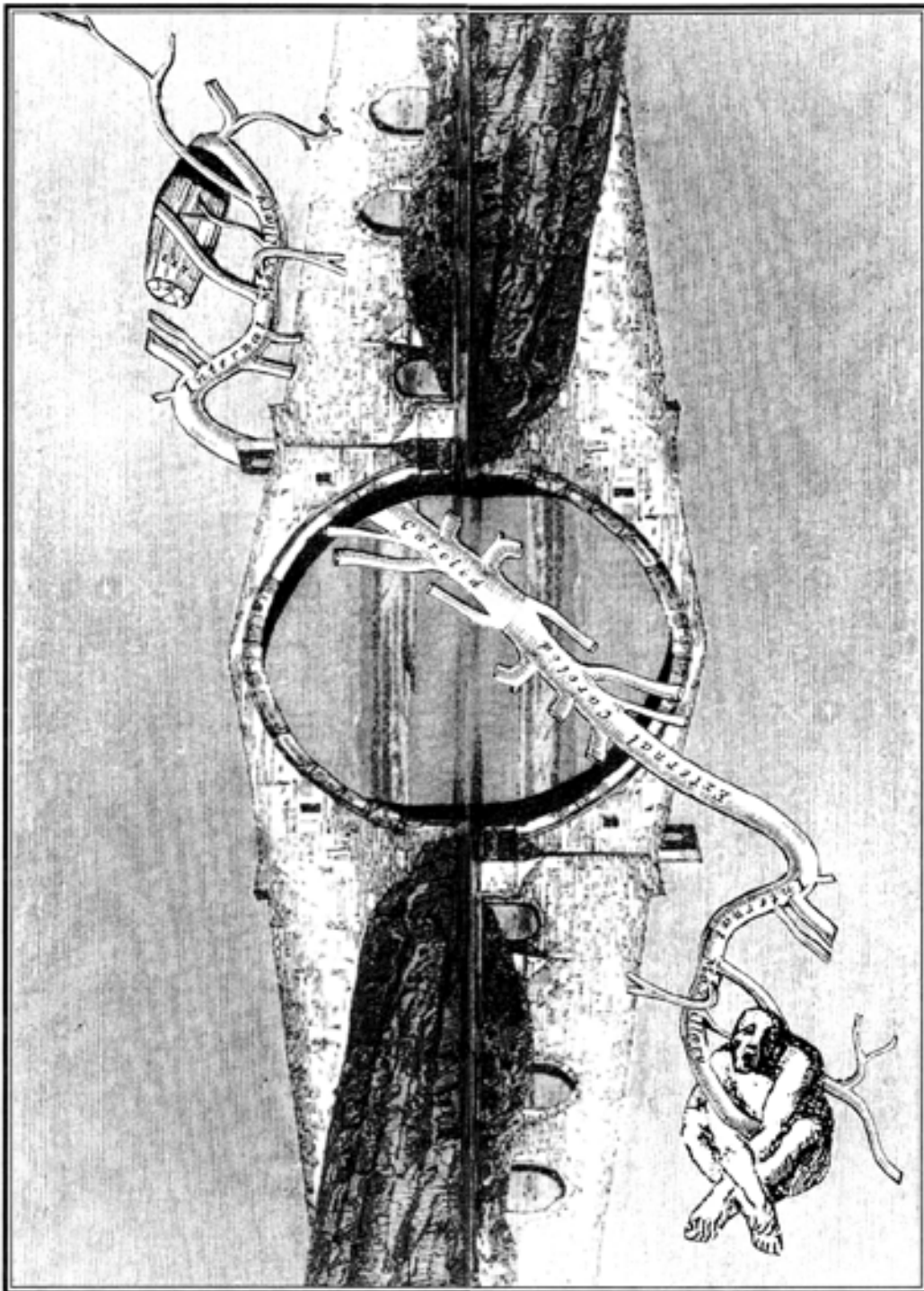
*PLATE LXXI*

Four hours of sedation, but sweet!



*PLATE LXXII*

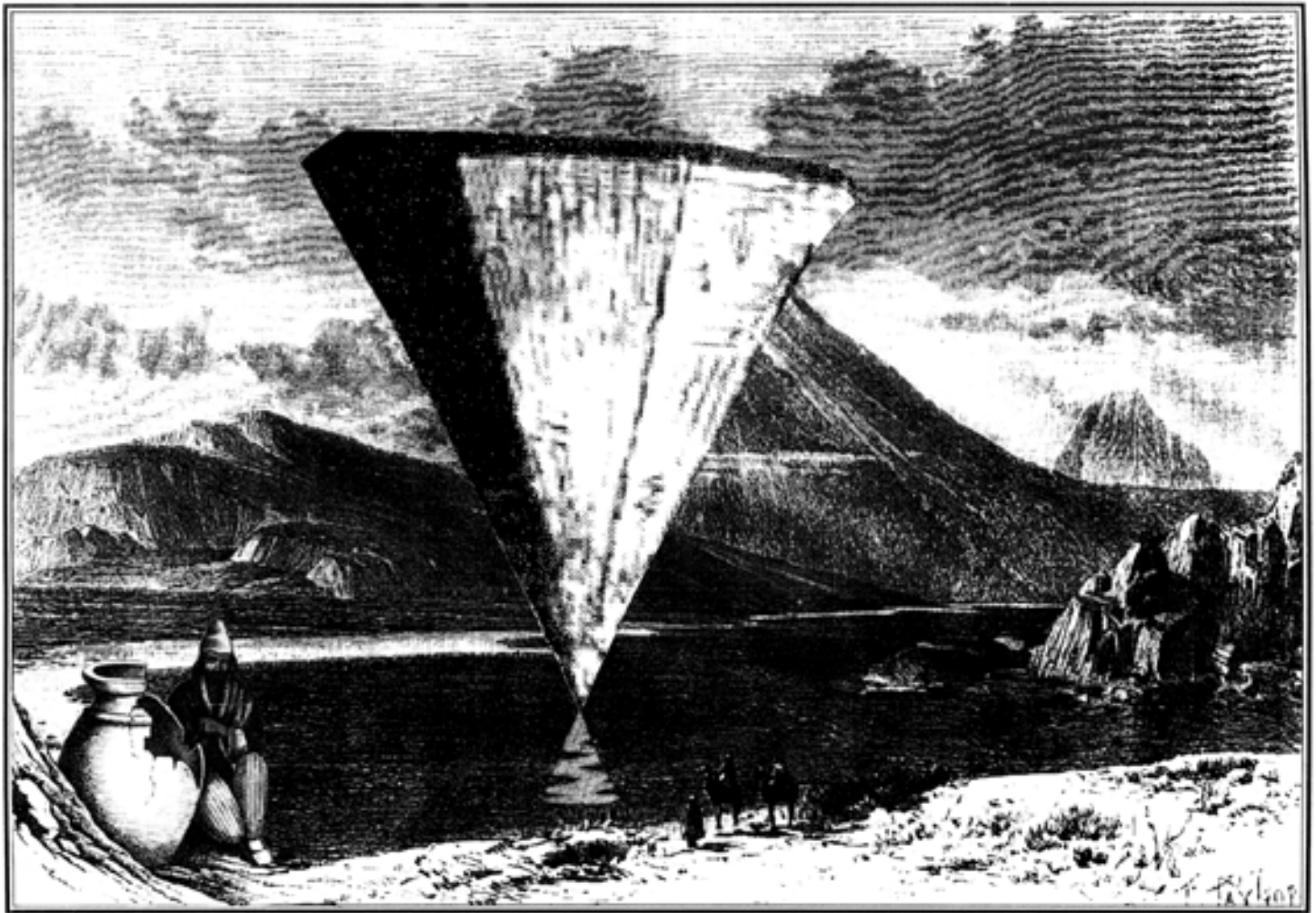
The emperor when a boy~child: in time,  
in milk; in time: in time~milk.



*PLATE LXXIII*

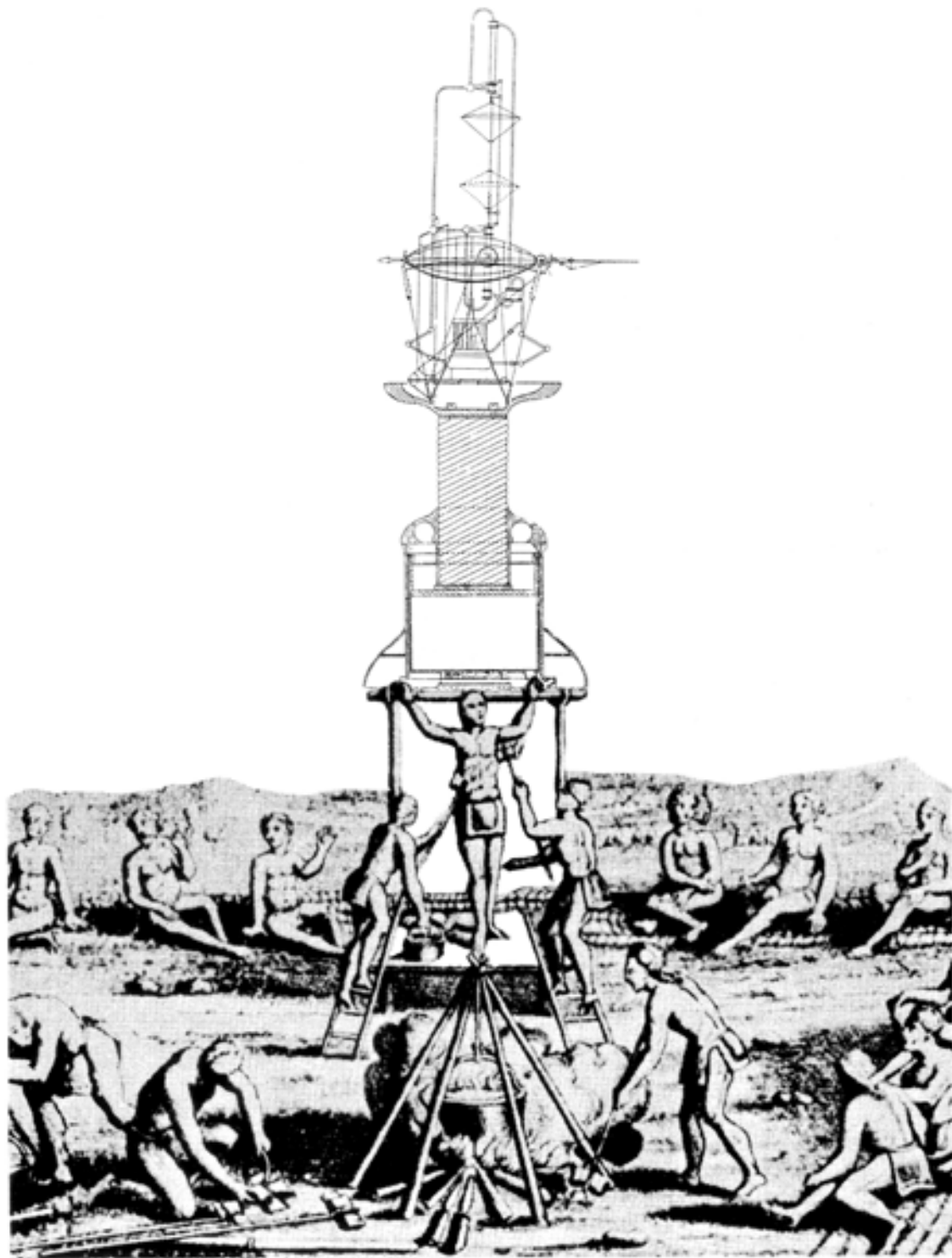
... another flashback to the womb of mother.





*PLATE LXXIV*

David Bowie lands on Mars and is eaten by  
the natives, who fix his ship nonetheless.

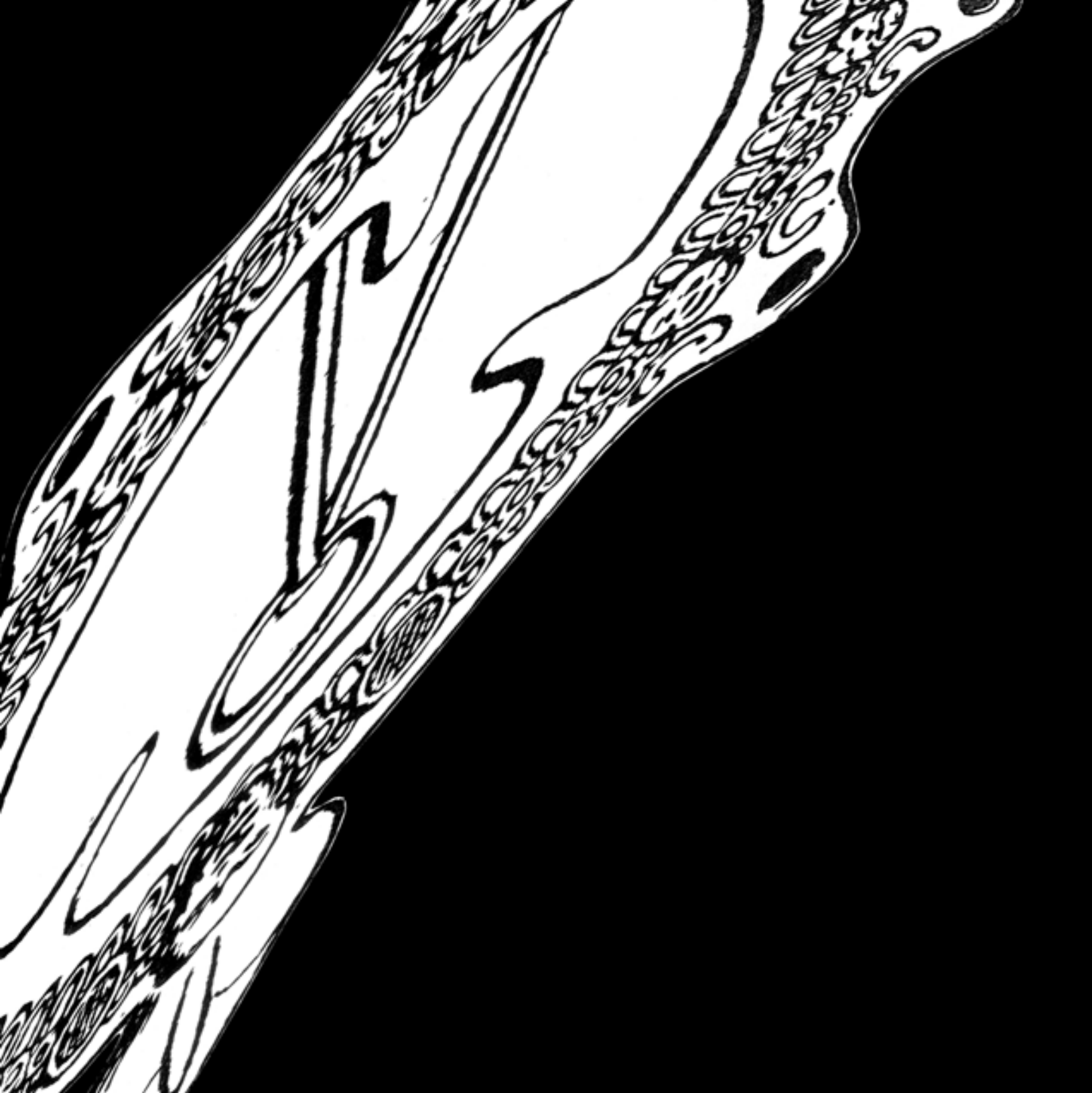


*PLATE LXXV*

The Philosopher's stoned and Jesus is pimpin'.



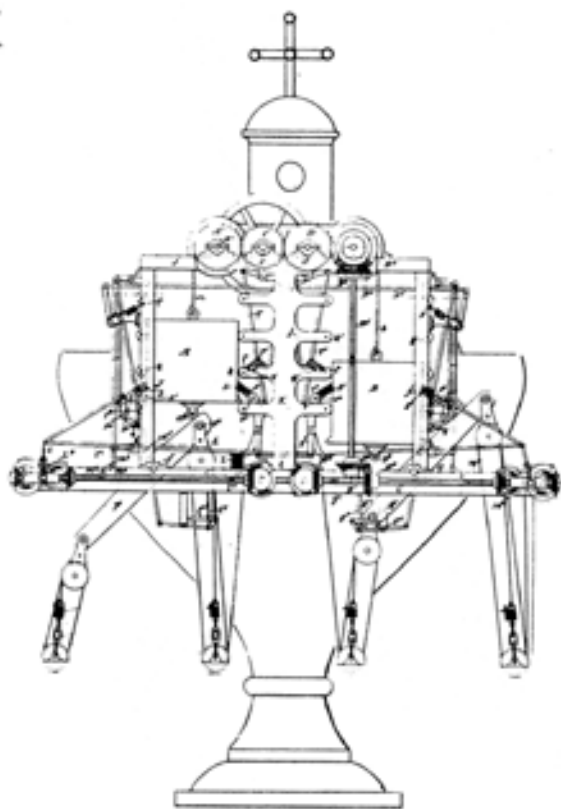




*PLATE LXXVI*

The Joke





*PLATE LXXVII*

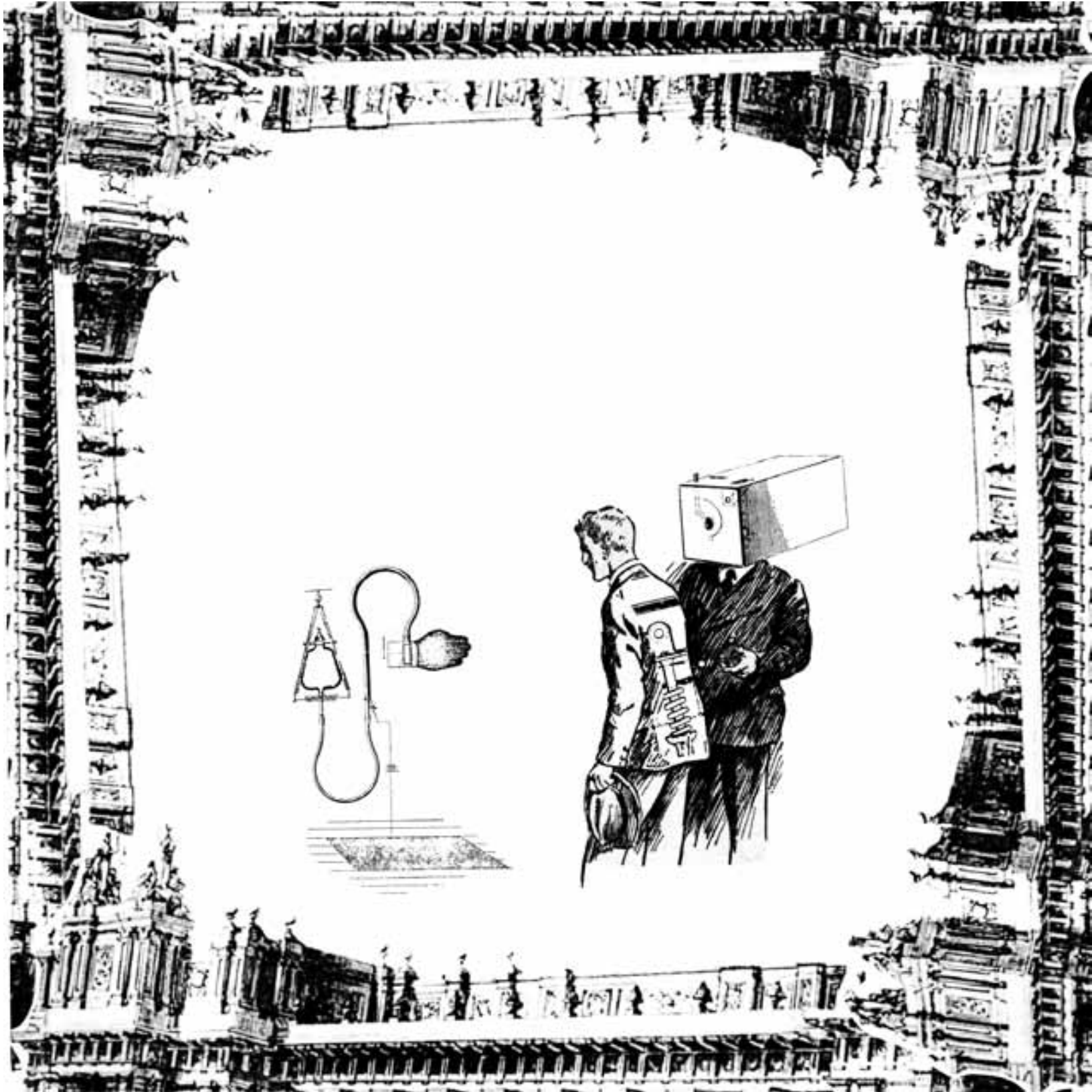
Young couple in time:

“What I cannot give you, sux.”

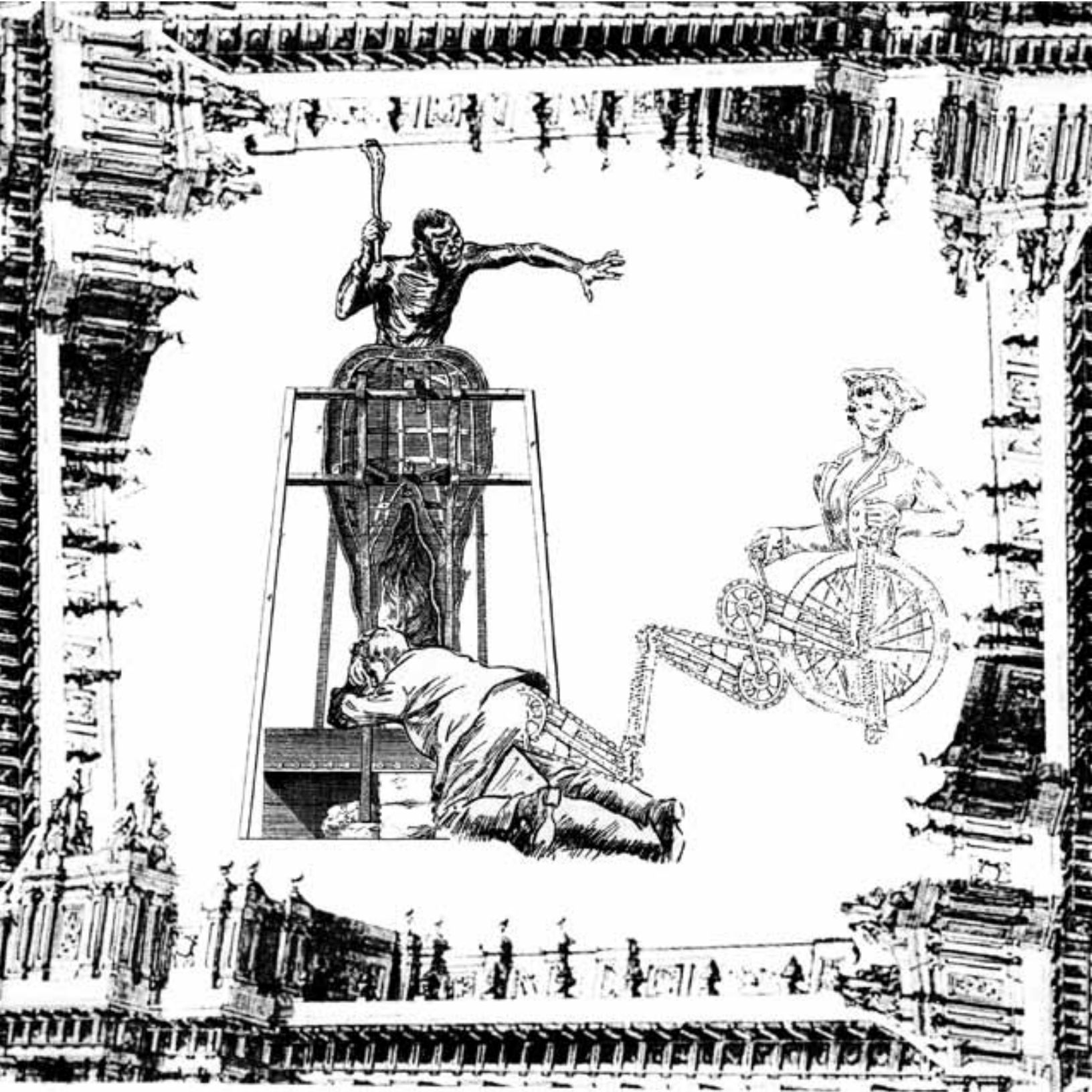
[This is an excerpt from a much longer play.]



*PLATE LXXVIII*  
(The reluctance to embrace) Happiness



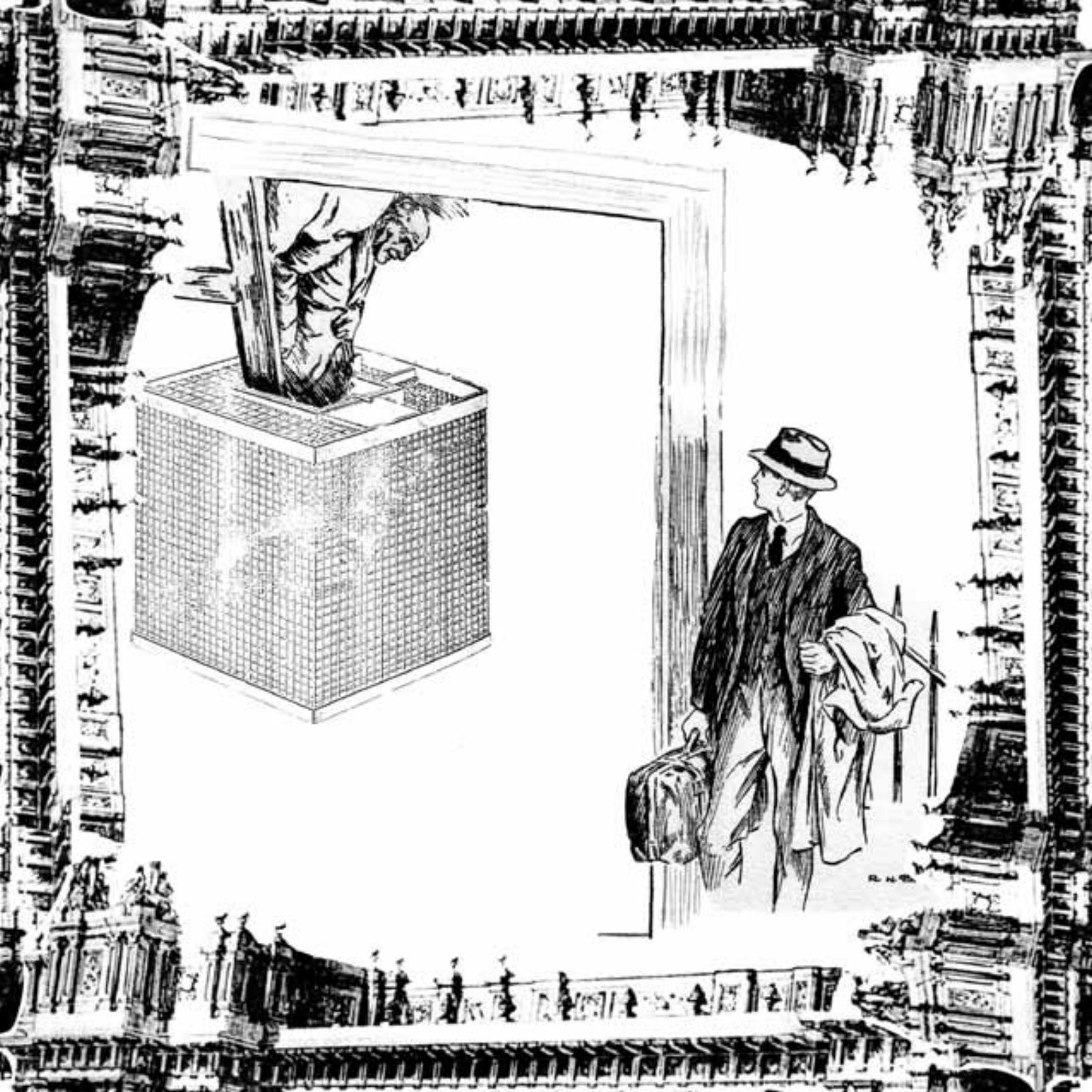
*PLATE LXXIX*  
manmachineproductionline



*PLATE LXXX*

Mon Oncle Monocle and the  
Goodbye Machine and things.





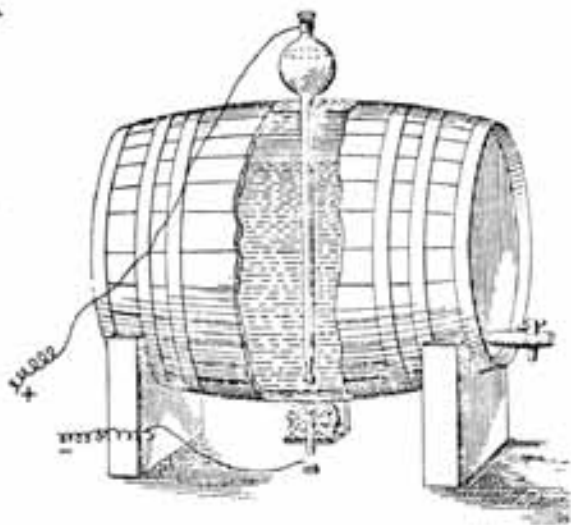
*PLATE LXXXI*

The trip disastrous ~  
the 'bad hair day'.



*PLATE LXXXII*

Catholic



*PLATE LXXXIII*

Every citizen's fantastic duty in this country.



*PLATE LXXXIV*

Her twin, her mother.







# APPENDIX

I made a “medieval” version of this book back in 2002. It has a wooden cover, aged pages complete with burnmarks, water damage, rust, mold and even bug-shit. It’s a one-off that was made for an exhibition. The book still exists and is up for grabs for the same price as at the exhibition: a trip for two down the Egyptian Nile.

Here are some images of it.





