

Raining Spiderlings

Superstition

Cvs DCD0086

*Raining
Spiderlings*

Superstition

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total time 50:53





Raining Spiderlings - Superstition

Raining Spiderlings are:

Sarmen Almond - electronics, soundwork and mixing
Nikolai Galen - words, voice and photography

The album title and conceptual idea 'Superstition' was lifted, so to speak, from Panthéâtre's 2021 Myth & Festival of the same name. Galen's recordings were made at The Attic in Cihangir, Istanbul. Almond's recordings and the mixing were made at Alquimia Vocal in Mexico City. The texts were mostly written during 2021-22; some have their origins in texts written years ago.

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Soundcloud: [NikolaiGalen & SarmenAlmond](#)

Vimeo: [NikolaiGalen](#)

Youtube: [NikolaiGalen & SarmenAlmond](#)

Facebook: [VoiceofShade & SarmenAlmond](#)

Galen's archive: www.voiceofshade.net

CvsDCD096





1492

Christopher's dissatisfied
"Lord, destroy my rivals with tempests and scurvy
and days of constant tedium"

with infatuation comes early demise
sails drape unfurled over driftwood
under the star that brought them
to bear into a stagnant sea

Christopher's dissatisfied
"why have you forsaken me for mutineers and pirates
and left me to a dreadful fate?"

with infatuation come terrible cries
he sees their faces in the water
as he starts to drown
in a wave of second thoughts

Christopher's dissatisfied
"the Maya spurned the choices we gave them;
like babies, we're blameless"

as if forgetting something
he turns, turns, keeps turning
pushing away the faces
floating on the sea

talks to herself

talks to herself
what's she talking about?
talks to herself
snatching her breaths
talks to herself
like a smouldering volcano
scratching her breasts
talks to herself
running down the clock
hears her confessions
sound over silence
and over silence, sound, sound, sound

talks to herself
in tall and short tales
talks to herself
in riddles and gibberish
talks to herself
talks, talks, talks
talks, talks, talks

asleep on the table
opens her eyes
bangs on the table
smiling and laughing
laughing and crying
talks to herself
above her own shouting
can't hear herself
and can't bear herself
talks to herself
there's so much to say
yet words fail her
words, words, words
words, words, words
words, words, words
words, words, words fail her



rose bush

held an axe, held it high, brought it down
on his goods, repeatedly, brought it down
piled them high, poured on petrol, lit a match
then drew back, thought again, in fear of rage
cooled down, backed off, looked back

planted a rose bush for his love
where she'd surely see it
she was shy, he was shy, she said no
she said no, again no, as she withdrew
he burned from head to toe

held an axe, held it high, brought it down
on his goods, repeatedly, brought it down
how big the world is, how deaf, how cruel
how blunt the axe, how wrong the wrecking
how lost, how bad, how bad his mood



black flags

eighty-five schoolgirls in Kabul
blown up by men unknown who thought it through
discussing and deciding
up to the moment when action intersects with innocence
when one romance intersects with its opposite

procuring what they needed through corruption and guile
a hundred steps, before, after, more and more
to change the course of a land led by lovers of women
and women usurpers of men

wrenching the wheel away
downing those who deny Him, worthless souls
pulling out their tongues
hacking off their feet
racing around, mobilising, operating, amputating

pushing the whining humanists with their cataracts and handbags
and screaming children
off the shining road from impotence to power

the act's a statement in itself
complete, mysterious, mystical, unfathomable
free of the need for explanation
free of apologies, of shame
an arrogance, arch, a coming of age

like Abraham, Isaac and the ram, a sacrifice
an initiation, a ceremony, a manifestation, an avowal
magnificently manly in its higher purpose

words are women's if they're not like whips, instruments of pain

was it a failure of upbringing
that made their boyhoods grim?
were they shafted and trashed?
drugged by despots with beards, and lashed?
were they led astray
by those who throw into schoolyards grenades?
were they miseducated, misinformed, mistaken?
do they have murderers' souls, caged by iron?
soldiers' souls, heaven bound before turning old?



with bones soaked in Holy Spirit there's no call for brains

running amok with scythes
egos flattered by the Reaper's lethal gifts
you're my disciples, my favourite sons
praise be the wild boys with rockets in their groins
before which women swoon

warriors, fighters, gun-slingers
bomb-throwers, kamikaze pilots, cynical politicians
delinquents who've journeyed from sloppiness to steadfastness
raising holy books and black flags

fathers and father-figures in their sternness as they watch and cheer
young lads, braves, beloved sons of fathers, prodigal sons, prophets' scions
men on the road to manhood, to vengeance, to paradise on Earth
on a road without end

lex talionis

Ulysses went to Mecca with a bag of stones
flicked his bandana and the shadows from his eyes
he was used to eating more than his share of the cake

eye for an eye, don't talk to strangers, the law of the jungle reigns
lex talionis would get him beaten - if you can't join them beat them
so he gave out beatings freely in a series of violent raids

needing relaxation
he drove a stolen car
and cornered the market for Asian slaves

his tentacles spread far and wide
till his rivals cut him down to size
and left him for dead in the rubbish

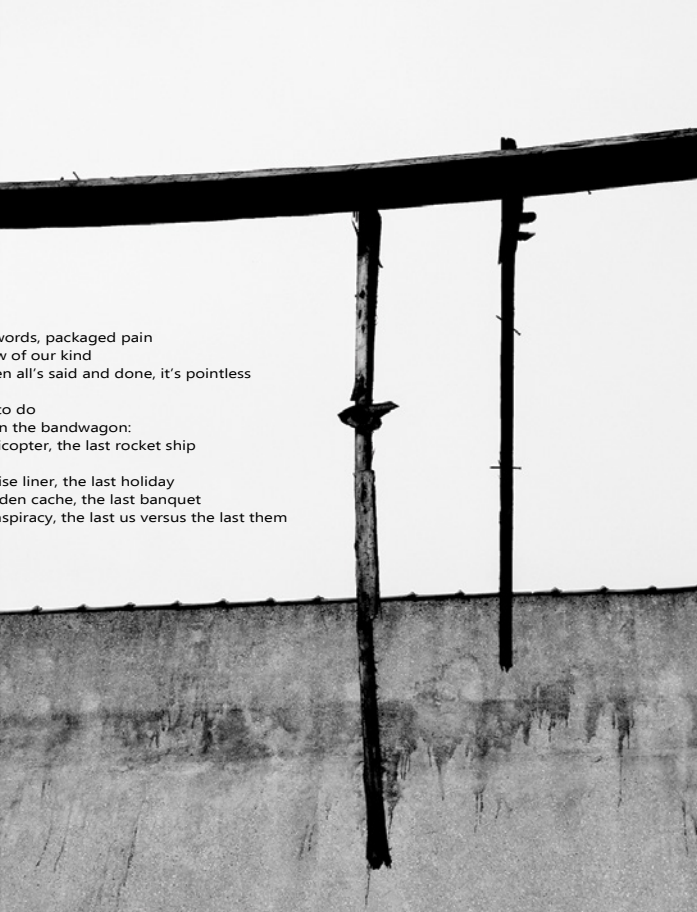
as anyone would, Ulysses made it back to build a home of his own
a thorn in the side of his fellows
Mecca looked old, tarnished; lights flickering, broken moon

he said I am evangelical and peddled redemption cream
he did well for a while, all airs and graces and a convincing con
till his rivals threw him off a cliff in a sack

he hauled himself up
along a rope of holy words
and his tentacles grew back like holy words

twisting, slipping, winding, coloured, bulging, writhing
taking up stories where, as with theories, we struggled for truths
which, once upon a time, were timeless

the way lost in a forest of fiction
the way our memories fade
I don't know if I did what I did



packaged words, packaged pain
a bleak view of our kind
so that when all's said and done, it's pointless

what's left to do
but jump on the bandwagon:
the last helicopter, the last rocket ship

the last cruise liner, the last holiday
the last golden cache, the last banquet
the last conspiracy, the last us versus the last them

if there were an ointment

the floor fell away and the household retreated
no more mother sewing the hood to hold them in
where did she go?

panicking, the children shouted
looking for handles to hold onto
as they flew out of the window like sparks

the floorboards were rotten
snow had drifted into the kitchen
their cattle had frozen in the snow
no ointment could bring her back
the children begged us: do something

we said their mother would come back
it was a lie, she would not
we said she was divine
it was a lie, she was not
we said she'd live forever
appearing beside them
whenever danger arose
it was a lie
we said they had to keep up their spirits
that love and peace come to those who believe
lies, all lies



clowns

she becomes he becomes she becomes he; despite the wish, unable to become animal, but, despite that, unable to think much, reason much, do much, barely able to sign contracts for building works or collect souvenirs from our journeys, one beginning as the last one ends, each traveller a reminder - momentum vitae, memento mori; birth to death, death to birth; i don't remember a thing; what happened during the time before birth, the time after death?

stone

and of stone? what good comes of stone? sparks, housing, weapons; only if she or he or he or she is there with their hands ready to strike and shape and slap and carry and hurl and catch, only if they know the properties of stone - by trial and error, then tools and instruments, then books about stone; when books are burned, they become?

ash

what use is ash? signs on skin, camouflage, filling for urns, fertiliser, a state where energy is frozen, only thawing by decay taking ages or catastrophic bombardment taking moments; each piece, each atom close to nothing in itself but together making the three miracles of matter; what else?

experience?

yes, it's said the forward movement of our kind - kind and unkind - comes from experience, yet here we are, besieged by ravenous giants lurching from side to side, back and forth, stamping, heaving, rolling, reeling, causing tremendous damage, lost lives and ruined

lives

lunacy

how high do ladders reach before they topple over? our code's corrupted beneath the coverup; if we flipped between identity and its absence, would we become whatever we fancied? another gender, another skin, another land, another age, past, future, name, genome, person; would we be smarter or more stupid? what are we now?



clowns

what would we be then?

clowns

still clowns, always clowns, damned to be damn

clowns

what if the Earth's spin reversed? what if it span twice as fast or twice as slow? or if it drifted closer to the Sun or further away? who are

we?

who are we kidding? we're gnawed at by worry; does anyone have a cure?

no-one

with that this and that that and this that that brings us to the forlorn home of the father-mother, racked between Gaia and anti-Gaia, home of savagery, predators, parasites, interned in ancestral swamp - the will too weak to wade out; nature, human nature, we can only flail; what good's the anthropocene?

no good



as a child

in the head
a flurry of distractions
jostling for priority like felines at feeding time
blurry and phantasmagorical
dissolving at the slightest touch
and re-coalescing elsewhere

where am I in all this I wonder?
am I on or offline?
aligned or misaligned?

stumbling, annoyed, for causes not good enough
I face myself - what's there to face? - and look away
daunting, ungraspable, disorienting; I'm often disorientated
should I join a club for the like-minded?
should I resort to prayer?

as a child, I imagined
my own superiority
power and permanence



she lifts the slate

she lifts the slate like Moses angry at her inability
to banish the sins of her followers
she has lines, grey hair and backache
it's time to mourn Utopia's falling

oh to begin again
once more innocent again
she begs let me begin again

she strokes the slate, whispering:
leap into life like fire!
let fly your magic! I know you can
stubbornly quiet, grey, grey, it stares at her

oh to begin again
once more innocent again
a new beginning, a beginning again

like an apple, she rubs it on her belly
conjuring long-forgotten remedies:
the sun, the moon, and herbs;
laughter, kisses and apple trees

oh to begin again
once more innocent again
can we be innocent again?

she can't stand vagueness
yet can't say what she means;
snow falling like frozen petals
she dives into the sea

oh to begin again
once more innocent again
they say you can begin again

boiling with anger, I'm not myself, I'm not you
she slaps the slate
you, you, you don't answer,
yet you have so much to say

oh to begin again
innocent again
full of innocence again



codex

... 1 ...

staring at us through centuries
from numinosity to petrification
depedestalled, museum pieces
if only they could talk

silent howls from startled mouths
in the shame of emasculation
and the failure of sacrifice
of the captives and losers
of the boys who gave everything for us

rippling in beauty
as their hearts were excised
and placed in niches
till they shrivelled like balloons
to be repeated when the day was right
and the omens were right

things went right for as long as they went right
harvests responded to rituals
enacted with the solemnity of walking along the edge
between thriving and rotting

priests stern and rigid yet not heartless
said it's a privilege to give your life in service of the tribe
spectators awed yet not bloodthirsty
said yes it's a privilege to give your life in service of the tribe
heart's blood oxygenated stone
the phallus called for rain
we counted on guarantees that nothing has
a boy-virgin's semen sweet and luscious
a boy-virgin's blood bright red and free-running
a boy-virgin's heart giving flesh to the promise of perfect adulthood
warrior-to-be, priest-to-be, husband-to-be, wise-man-to-be
a boy-virgin's bones buried beneath the altar for resurrection
together with his dreams
and tarnished trinkets



... 2 ...

erect as stone
masculinity reified as hardness
superiority masked as need or love
coming from afar or on high
myths believed for as long as they could be
natives with airs and graces, nobles and casts
meeting immigrants with airs and graces, nobles and casts
weapons and boxes, greed and gall
a stint of lucrative toil versus catastrophe
the sixth cradle of civilisation overturned with barely a battle
its babies left to starve

in dominance and deflowering
conquistadors lauded Christ's self-sacrifice as vindication
lauded forced entry, the virility of the vile
winning when meeting weakness, flopping when meeting strength
always flopping in the end

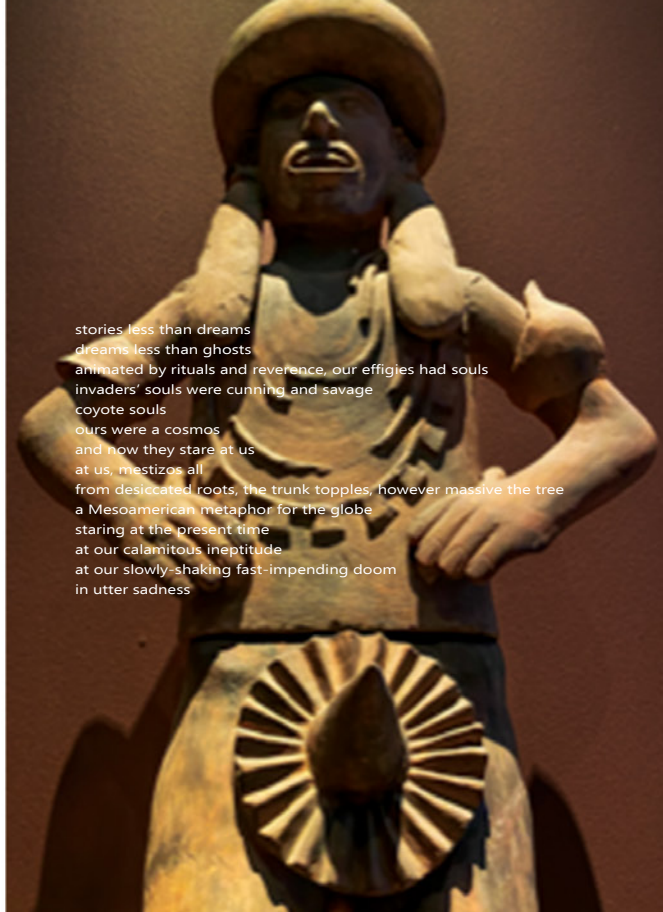
... 3 ...

it took ages to build the pyramids
now become hummocks
stone and brick to rubble
it took visions, a mighty state, slaves
fanfares, flames, costumes
ends to justify the means

we opened channels between heavenly and human
opened ourselves when the stars aligned
yet, when utopia stood above the jungle,
at the moment of consummation,
it began to crack and crumble

we bewailed its loss like those of virginity and others, after other rites of passage
we thought our common endeavours would endure
crafts and arts, wisdom and knowledge, a long list
the whole of metaphysics

we prettied ourselves with gems
pricked signs on our skin
painted our bodies with cochineal
and our stones with cochineal
we had many gods
these gods were real
as real as can be
and our effigies were not death-masks
nor burnished images of how we wished we looked like in the mirror
when we see blemishes, lines, grey hair
not reassuring stories, not entertaining stories
not victors' stories to tell the lasses back home
and the children bouncing on our knees



stories less than dreams
dreams less than ghosts
animated by rituals and reverence, our effigies had souls
invaders' souls were cunning and savage
coyote souls
ours were a cosmos
and now they stare at us
at us, mestizos all
from desiccated roots, the trunk topples, however massive the tree
a Mesoamerican metaphor for the globe
staring at the present time
at our calamitous ineptitude
at our slowly-shaking fast-impending doom
in utter sadness

epica

once upon a time, a man asked to see the record they played over and over through the loudspeaker system strung through the streets; he broke it over his knee knowing they'd destroy him

smiles, folkloric costumes, sound effects, fireworks, flashing lights, telecameras on drones, film-trailer actors growling out clichés, smoke and mirrors, plastic flowers, gaudy fabrics, gags tied over the mouths of moaners in stairwells; louder and louder, more and more garish, altogether now, till we're all in step, bought off with sprinkles of fake gold dust

there's political calculation, underlying purposes, market manipulation; we feel at ease with our gala dinners and accept our lot so grandees don't need to watch their backs so much they lash out

we remake ancient forms in plastic, render ancient tunes melliferous, rectify ancient dances, bowdlerise ancient tales, and give ancient roles to imposters

there are no more villages and no more village life just rows of drab blocks concealing colossal theft, and a shared credo that there are worse places on Earth

we nod, mumble platitudes, take pictures of each other and spend hours on the phone; we serve fizzy drinks and plates piled with meat, and our hosts giggle as our planes plunge into mountainsides



golden wish

roulette wheels roll down the hill into a scrapyard
from a casino called Golden Wish

ashcans fall over in an earthquake
and cover the floor with ash

the sun rises to the horizon but no higher
then sets slowly out of sight

carnivores, bright-eyed, mean,
prowl around the mosque

and those inside fear the consequences
if they wander out



four horses

tied onto four horses by our hair
freed of the burden of free will

the city gloats in its victory over nature
weeds erupt through the cracks

a sparrow flies into a window and dies of a head injury
it couldn't be saved

I almost drown in a cold lake
from exhilaration to nightmare to relief

dogs disturb our ritual in their unbridled happiness
our serious undertaking, their irresistible temptation

we dance a dance handed down for generations
our predecessors animate our limbs

lightning bolts strike the ground nearby
Zeus is furious

we come to the edge of a cliff to which old pines cling by their roots
next year, a heap of wood at the bottom

nearly two hundred people blown up by men for whom massacres are right
night, darkest night, pitch-black night of the blinded

none of these events move us much
sighing *what can we do*

time's running out
the four horses drop dead

after the blaze: poverty of entropy, charred desert
and Pyrrhic victors moaning in indecision

celebrities, influencers, poseurs, charlatans, media stars and gurus deflate
it's our turn to migrate

we're out of food and water, we're out of ideas, the compass needle twists and turns
the mountaintops are cold, cold and inhospitable



wolves

thoughts whip up leaves like wolves
turning, circling, salivating
growling, lunging into thighs
slinking back into woods

yapping like radio stations
dazzling teeth, panting breath
efforts to cope wear down
in scenes from country and western songs

pushing forward with torch-eyes
like cars ripping up roads with desire
on our knees, that's where we are
times past blocking our hearts
violating without restraint, uncalm
running ourselves down for what?

maddening headaches
chain-reacting nerves
half-sleeping days, nights
troubles clinging to us like babies
piling on the pressure
turning tissue into the bones
of those damn songs

deals not worth the paper they're written on
neither renegotiable nor refutable
neither consensual nor commendable
you can't trust them
nor can you walk away from them
even if you've the urge
they've a life of their own
as they wrap us from head to foot
in a thick fur of words

