

**A REAL
OCCURRENCE
THAT HAPPENED
IN
POST MORTALIA**

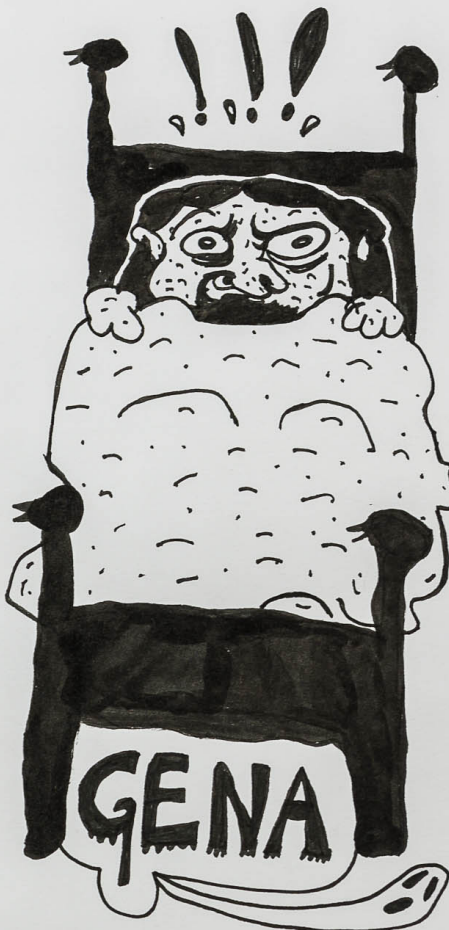


BY:

LADISLAV KLÍMA

ILLUSTRATED BY: MARA INFIDELIOUS

CHARACTERS:



A REAL OCCURRENCE THAT HAPPENED IN POSTMORTALIA

TRANSLATED BY: **ONDŘEJ HANÁK** (R.I.P.)

(EXCEPT DREAM SEQUENCE [LOST] + QUOTE ON BACK
COVER-TRANS. BY M. INFIDELIOUS)

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2009



1



DIGGING BETWEEN HIS TOES, IN HIS NOSE, AND SCRATCHING HIS BACK.



MUDDY, SILENT, SINISTER..



HE YELLED, SCARED AND SHAKEN.



AS IT'S PSYCHIC BODY DEEPEDED EVEN MORE HORRIBLY.

1

2
LIKE A MADMAN, GENOR
BEAT AT THE PATCH OF
LIGHT WITH HIS FISTS,



BUT IT REMAINED ON
THE WALL.

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE
UP TO? HE YELLED;



"WE'LL SEE IF YOU DON'T
STOP LAUGHING SOON!"

GENOR HEARD GUFFAWS
FROM EVERY CORNER...



HE GOT UP, SUDDENLY
RATIONAL!

WITH THESE WORDS,
HE RAN FOR THE
CURTAIN.



IT WAS THEN THAT
HE NOTICED THE CAGE
HANGING BY THE WINDOW.

WHAT DID HE SEE? IN THE MIDST OF SEEDS
AND EXCREMENT, A YELLOW BIRD LAY ON
IT'S BACK WITH IT'S LITTLE FEET POINTING
TO THE SKY.



DAMN, SAID GENOR, I ALWAYS SAW HIM STANDING ON HIS THIN LITTLE LEGS -



AND NOW HE LIES THERE LIKE A VIRGIN WITH AIR BETWEEN HER TOES!

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?



OH, OF COURSE! HIS LEGS FINALLY STARTED TO HURT; IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT HE NEEDS A REST!

THESE LAST WORDS BROUGHT A CHILL OF SADNESS AND TERROR.



THAT GENOR DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

THE FEELING ASCENDED FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS SOUL



MORE AND MORE HORRIBLY.

A MYSTERIOUS SIGH SOUNDED ABOVE HIS HEAD.



GENOR BEGAN SOBBING LIKE A CHILD, WITHOUT KNOWING WHY...



4
THEN HE NOTICED THAT
THE CANARY'S BREAST
WAS HEAVING,



AS IF THE LITTLE BIRD
WAS SLYLY HOLDING ITS
BREATH...



THE CONVULSIONS
WERE STRONGER
AND STRONGER;



A SURPRISE IT
DIDN'T BURST!

7
7
SUDDENLY THE LITTLE
BEAST CHOKED-GUFFAWED-
SANG OUT IN THE HIGHEST
TONES WITH CRUEL
MOCKERY,



HAW!

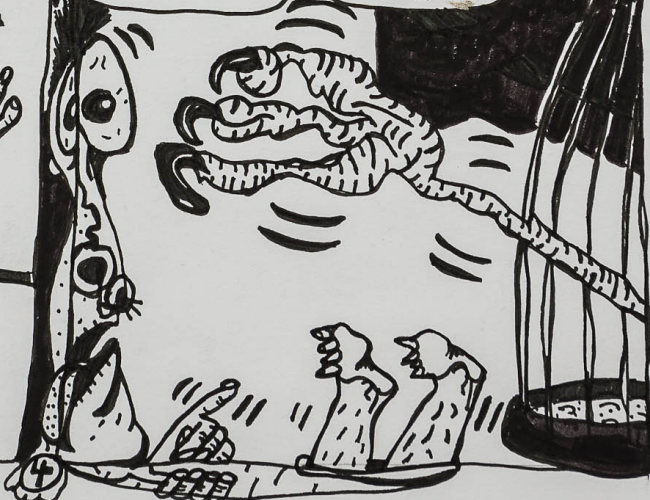
UNUTTERABLY HORRIBLY.

GENOR'S LEGS TURNED
TO RUBBER,



HIS HAIR STOOD
ON END.

SUDDENLY THE CANARY
THRUST ITS FOOT OUT
OF THE CAGE.



5
IT'S TALONS CLAWED
INTO GENOR'S EYES,



THROUGH HIS EYE
SOCKETS, AND PULLED
GENOR'S HEAD TO
THE CAGE WITH
LION STRENGTH

IT'S HEAD PROPPED ON
THE GROUND, THE BODY
ROSE.



A HORRID MOMENT-THEN-
PECK!

THE AWFUL BEAK
PECKED OPEN GENOR'S
SKULL AS IF IT WAS
A SEED.



IT BEGAN TO ROOT
AROUND IN HIS BRAIN



HORRIBLY, LIKE A SWINE
IN DUNG.

GENOR AWOKE,
SAT UP, AND
WHEEZED.



HE FELT HIS HEAD,
DROPS OF SWEAT FORMING
PUDDLES BETWEEN HIS
SPIKY RED BRISTLES.



FINDING THAT IT WAS NOT PECKED OPEN,



6 AND SEEING THE STARS PHOSPHORESCCE THROUGH THE WINDOW,



HE LAY DOWN AGAIN AND FELL ASLEEP.

AND NOW HE DREAMED NO MORE



AND THE SUN ENLIGHTENED HIS SLEEPING FACE, MAKING HIM TURN AROUND.

AND HALF DREAMING, THESE IDEAS CAME THROUGH:



WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR LUNCH? EH, IT WON'T BE WORTH A SHIT ANYWAY!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO I HAVE TO EAT HER SHIT AGAIN TODAY?



EH, WHO CARES?

I JUMPED OFF A FENCE ONTO THE BELLY OF A DOG, DEAD A FORTNIGHT,



6 AND HE PUKED AND ITASTED IT. -IT WAS BETTER THAN THE SHIT SHE COOKS.

SHE WAS STILL WALKING BACK THEN...



FUCK IT ALL, I COMPLETELY FORGOT, THAT SHE WILL DIE,



I'LL HAVE TO COOK FOR MYSELF!

I LIVE LIKE WALT MITTY, IN A DREAM,



BY GREATER RIGHT THEN HE DID,

BECAUSE "EMPIRICAL REALITY" DOES NOT EXIST



ONLY IDEAS AND ILLUSIONS ARE REAL-

WHEN IS SHE FINALLY GONNA DROP DEAD?



YESTERDAY, - DAMMIT! HALL ELUJAH!

HE JUMPED TO THE FLOOR AND ROARED, HIS DOG FACE SHINING WITH PLEASURE.



YESTERDAY EVENING SHE WAS FEELING SO BAD, THAT I THOUGHT "IF SHE LASTS TILL MORNING, IT WILL BE A MIRACLE!"

8
SURE SHE IS DEAD NOW,
HALLELUJAH! CAN'T BE
ANY OTHER WAY!



THE TIME I SPENT FEEDING
HER ARSENIC, CYANIDE -
FIFTY WHALES WOULD
DROP DEAD - BUT A WOMAN,
-NO DICE!



ONE OF THESE
DAYS, THOUGH, EVEN
SHIT WILL STOP
SMOKING!



AND EAGERLY HE WENT
INTO THE HALL, DRESSED
ONLY IN A DIRTY SHIRT.



HE WAS A YOUTH
OF IMPURE MIND
AND A REPUGNANT
APPEARANCE;



HIS FACE REMARKABLY
REMINDED ONE OF A
DOG OR RAT,

HIS NOSE COMPLETELY
EATEN BY CANCER, AND
OUT OF HIS ALWAYS OPEN,
TOOTHLESS MOUTH,



8
HIS EVER GREEN TONGUE
DROPPED DOWN TO HIS
CHIN, FROM WHICH PUS WAS
CONSTANTLY DRIPPING;

THE SOURCE OF WHICH
WAS A DEPOSIT AT THE
ROOT OF HIS TONGUE.



IT WAS ROUNDISH, THE
SIZE OF A HALF DOLLAR
COIN,

AND COMPOSED OF A
COARSE GRAINED
SUBSTANCE



THAT CONSTANTLY
SWEATED OUT
A YELLOWISH, ROSY, SEE-
THROUGH MATTER,

SIMILAR TO WHAT
DRIPS FROM SOME
PEOPLE'S EARS



AND REMINDS ONE
OF JELLY ON
SOME CAKES,

ALWAYS IN BLESSED
QUANTITY; HALF FLOWING
OUT OF HIS MOUTH, THE
OTHER HALF ROLLING
DOWN TO HIS STOMACH,



IF ONLY GENOR WAS
ECONOMICAL, HE
WOULD



HAVE KEPT HIS HOLE
SHUT -

-AND NOT HAVE TO EAT
ANYTHING.



PRESENTING, THUS, A KIND
OF ORGANIC PERPETUAL ASSEMBLY

HIS CEREBRUM WAS TINY,
IT COULD HARDLY CONTAIN
THREE THIMBLEFULLS OF
BRAIN.



HIS ARMS REACHED **ALL**
THE WAY TO HIS ANKLES.

HIS BELLY POINTED OUT
INCREDIBLY, AND WAS
SO LARGE, THAT



STANDING UP, GENOR COULD
ONLY SEE THE NAILS
OF HIS LONG FOOT.

SLOWLY HE LIMPED
DOWN THE HALL,
BENT OVER,



HIS GOAT EYES
ROLLED OUT;

HIS RIGHT FOOT WAS NARROW
AND 3 FT. LONG,



HIS LEFT ONE WAS OF
NORMAL LENGTH BUT 2 FT.
WIDE.

HIS BUTT WAS NOT COMPOSED
OF TWO HALVES, BUT FORMED
A GLOBE



THE CENTER WAS TAKEN
BY A BLUSHING, SHAMELESS
ANUS, STRONGLY PUCKERED
UP, AS IF READY TO KISS.

NOW AND THEN WAVING
HIS BENDED ARMS LIKE
A LITTLE BIRD FLAPPING
IT'S WINGS WHEN THE
OLD ONES FEED IT,



AND SAYING BL-L-LL- LIKE
A DEVIL IN A PUPPET SHOW.

THERE WAS A TINY SHINE ON THE WALLS - A GREAT STAR.

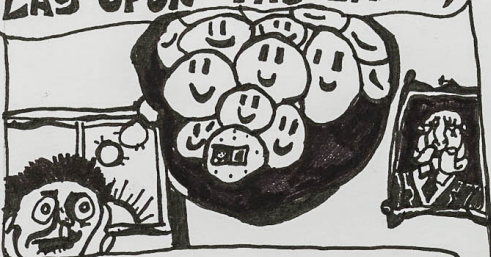


GHOSTLY SUNDOWN, QUIET AND DEPRESSING, NOT JUST HERE BUT EVEN OUTSIDE,



EVERYTHING WAS SHIVERING DREAMILY, PARADOXICALLY;

A MYSTERIOUS PRESSURE LAY UPON THE EARTH,



AS IF THE LANDSCAPE WAS UNDER THE PRESSURE OF HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT, HAPPIER WORLDS.

HE STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE DOOR TO THE BEDROOM OF HIS MISTRESS GENA.



HE WAS LISTENING EAGERLY.

"OH SHE HAS KICKED THE BUCKET, SHE HAS!" HE JUBILATED SILENTLY.



"FINALLY I AM THE MASTER HERE!"

NOW HE GOT SCARED, TERRIBLY, AND MYSTERIOUSLY. THERE WAS A TERRIFYING SOUND BEHIND THE DOOR,



AS IF A CLOCK WAS BEING WOUND - HE BECAME SILENT.

12
MORE OF THAT SOUND-
GETTING STRONGER,
MORE TERRIFYING-

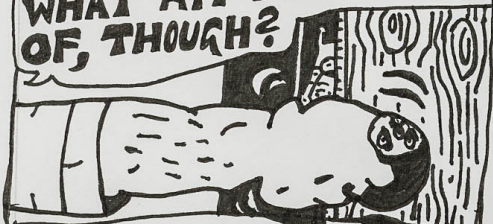


WHAT IS THIS? HE GROANED,
"HASN'T SHE KICKED THE
BUCKET YET?"



OR IS IT SOMETHING ELSE?

NO, IT'S HER, GROANING...
WHAT AM I SO SCARED
OF, THOUGH?



FINALLY, HE TURNED
THE KNOB, MECHANICALLY.

AN INCREDIBLE STENCH
STRUCK HIM - AND RED
SUNSHINE, MUDDY, SILENT,



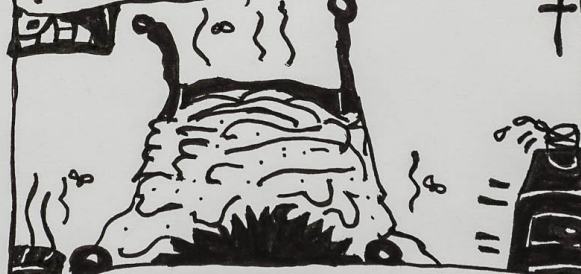
SITING ON THE WALL ABOVE
THE BED.

HE LOOKED AROUND, -
THERE WAS NOBODY THERE -



SILENTLY HE
APPROACHED THE BED.

THE CUSHIONS AND PILLOWS
WERE TERRIBLY SOILED,
COVERED IN A THICK LAYER
OF EXCREMENT, STAINED
WITH MATTER AND OTHER
GARBAGE,



SO THERE WAS NOT A BIT
OF FABRIC TO BE SEEN.

AMID THE FILTH LAY A HEAD, IF IT COULD BE CALLED THAT.

WHERE IT WAS NOT COVERED WITH FECES, IT WAS COVERED WITH BOILS.

NOTHING WAS MOVING, THE ONLY SOUND WAS THAT TERRIFYING, INHUMAN RATTLE,



GENOR WATCHED HER STUPIDLY...



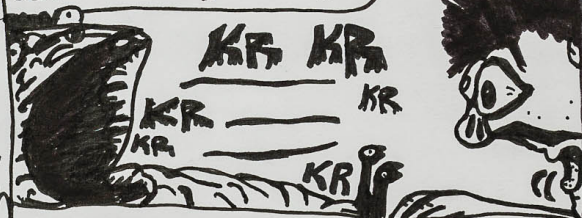
THE MYSTERIOUS HORROR OF SOMETHING HIDDEN, ONLY JUST STARTING, WAS PASSING THROUGH HIM.

THE BOTTOM JAW HAD ROTTED AWAY. ONLY THE EYES WERE HUMAN.



THEY WERE TURNED UP-DEAD.

HERE WEAKER, THERE STRONGER, MORE CRAMPED, AS IF FIGHTING,



FIGHTING TO COME OUT OF THAT TERRIBLE MUZZLE

SLOWLY AND QUIETLY THE SUNSHINE CRAWLED TOWARDS THE FACE OF FECES.



THE RATTLE BECAME
MORE AND MORE OF
A RUMBLE, MORE AND
MORE DIFFICULT,



AS WELL AS MORE
ARTICULATE,

UNTIL FINALLY, HOLLOW WORDS
SOUNDED OFF:



OH, WHAT A DELIGHT! THAT
LIGHT! UNSEEN, OVERSWEET!

HOW IS IT THAT THERE
CAN BE SUCH A SHINE
OF HAPPINESS IN THE
WORLD?



SUCH A DIVINE
LIGHTNESS!

THE WHOLE BURDEN IS OFF ME!
BY A MIRACLE-OH!



WHY WAS I DRAGGING IT
ALONG FOR SO LONG?!

"AHA, SHE IS IN THE
AGONY OF DEATH!"



GENOR CAUGHT ON.

IT'S JUST ONLY COMING,
THAT SHE WILL KICK THE
BUCKET - GLORY BE! AND
SHE IS ALREADY SEEING HEAVEN-



GOOD LORD, GIVE IT TO HER, AS
I WOULD, JUST AS LONG AS
SHE IS OUT OF HERE!

15
ONLY WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO ME? WHAT AM I?



I CAN'T SEE; YET I FEEL
THIS IMMENSE LIGHT
SURROUNDING ME-

I CAN'T FEEL - YET
ALL MY BEING TASTES
SWEETNESS -



MY BEING HAS BECOME
LIKE SO MANY TASTE
BUDS!

OH IF ONLY I COULD
FEEL LIKE THIS
FOREVER!



I SEE IN A DIFFERENT
WAY ALREADY; MYSTERIOUSLY
I CAN'T HEAR; AND YET
VAST SYMPHONIES THUNDER
IN MY SOUL,



BECOMING MY SOUL COMPLETELY,

I HAVE NO THOUGHTS, I
HAVE TURNED INTO COMPLETE
DELIGHT,



SHEER DELIGHT WITHOUT
ANY ADULTERANTS!

SO YOU ARE FEELING
BETTER, GENA DEAR? WELL
THAT'S GOOD, THAT'S VERY
GOOD.



I KNEW IT; YOU LOOK MUCH
BETTER ALREADY, COMPLETELY
RECOVERED, FRESH AS THE
MORNING'S BLOSSOM OF A BUDDING ROSE!

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY
FOR YOU NOW IS TO
EAT MORE! I'LL GET
YOU SOMETHING
TO EAT, ALLRIGHT?



IS IT A DARK STAIN?
OR IS IT JUST A
PRESSURE ON MY
EVERLASTING DELIGHT?



CAN'T BE OTHERWISE,
DEAR GENA, YOU
CAN'T GET WELL
AT ONCE...



BUT BY EVENING YOU'LL
BE FRESH AS A DAISY.
YOU JUST HAVE TO
EAT A LOT.

(16)
LIGHT-SWEET LIGHT- LIGHT.
LIGHT EVERYWHERE- EVERYWHERE!



BUT NO; NOT QUITE, - THERE-
DOWN THERE- AS IF I SAW A
DARK STAIN.

OH YES, YES, I CAN FEEL
IT PULLING ME, PULLING
ME DOWN, - LIGHT- BUT
MENACING- TRYING ME TO
ITSELF-



NOT WANTING TO LET GO --
AND IT'S UNCLEAN, NAUSEATING!

I WILL GET YOU SOME WARM
MILK, I'LL MAKE YOU SOME
FAST NOODLES, I'LL BUTTER
THEM UP A LOT,



TO GIVE YOU A NICE SHIT!"

SWEET LIGHT, I WISH TO DIE IN YOU - BUT -



WHAT IS THIS HARSH PULL DOWNWARDS, DOWN -

YUK, THAT REVOLTING STAIN HAS GROWN LARGER - I WISH TO FLY AWAY FROM IT - HIGHER, - HIGHER



I AM AFRAID - AND MY LIGHT IS GETTING TURBID...!!

THE WORDS CEASED AND TURNED INTO RATTLING, WEAKER AND WEAKER...



GENOR WAS OVERTAKEN WITH HORROR AGAIN -

THE RATTLE FINALLY CEASED... THE HORROR WAS ASCENDING -



AS IF SOMETHING BLACK WERE BLOWING ABOVE HIM,

AS IF EVERYTHING AROUND HIM WERE CROWDED, SILENCED, COVERED WITH COBWEBS.



THE SUNSHINE ABOVE THE BED STOOD OUT - AND THE TERRIBLY SHOCKED GENOR



IMAGINED THAT IT HAD SPOKEN OUT.

18 "WHEN THE SUNLIGHT DESCENDS DOWN TO THAT HEAD, SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN, THERE WILL BE AN EXPLOSION," HE SAID TO HIMSELF-



"AT ANY MOMENT IT COULD JUMP OVER..."



AND SUDDENLY, WITH A SHOUT, HE STARTED TO RUN AND DIDN'T QUIET DOWN UNTIL HE REACHED THE GARDEN WHICH SURROUNDED THE HOUSE.

HE RUMBLED TO HIMSELF, THEN LOOKED AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW.



HE SAW NOTHING SUSPICIOUS; THE GARDEN RANG WITH BIRD SONGS AND THE BUZZING OF FLIES.



THE SUN BECAME YELLOW AND LIGHT



AND GENOR SIGHED:

"I THINK" (HE LAUGHED MERRILY), "THAT I AM INSANE. SHE MUST BE GETTING IT OVER WITH. MAYBE SHE JUST DID-



IS THAT NOT HER LITTLE SOUL FLYING AMONG THE BRANCHES?

NO - AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT SINCE HER SOUL WAS MADE OF SHIT, THAT IT SHOULD BURY ITSELF IN THE EARTH.



WELL, I FINALLY GOT TO SEE IT! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DAY OF MY LIFE SHINES TODAY!

19
HOWLING WITH JOY, HE STARTED TO MARCH,



AS MUCH AS HIS STRANGE FEET WOULD ALLOW.

A FRESH BREEZE LIFTED HIS DIRTY SHIRT,



BARING HIS PUCKERED ANUS TO THE LAUGHING BIRDS.

HE WALKED FOR ALMOST A KILOMETRE, BEFORE HE REACHED THE END OF THE GARDEN...



LUSH MEADOWS, COVERED WITH BROOKS AND PONDS SHONE BRILLIANTLY BEFORE HIM, TEEMING WITH GAME: HERDS OF GOATS, SHEEP, HARES, RABBITS, CHICKENS, DUCKS, ETC.)



BEHIND HIM, THE HILLS ROSE, AND THEIR SUMMITS TOUCHED THE SKY. THAT WAS WHERE GENOR DIRECTED HIS STEPS.

20
THE MEADOWS WERE OVER
A KILOMETER WIDE; WITH
EVERY STEP HE TOOK, THE
GRASS GREW LESS LUSH,
THE HEAT MORE INTENSE,
THE SUN'S RAYS MORE STRIKING.

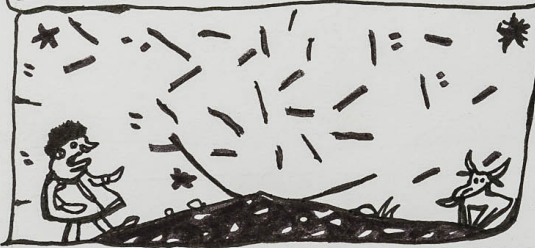


FINALLY, THE SOIL
BECAME ROCKY AND
RAISED UNDER HIS
FEET...



IN SPITE OF THE HEAT,
HE CLIMBED HIGHER,
AND HIGHER AGAINST
THE SUN.

FINALLY HE FOUND
HIMSELF ON THE
SPOT WHERE THE
SKY TOUCHED THE
SUMMIT OF THE HILL.



THE SKY WAS MADE
OF SEMI-TRANSPARENT
STONE, HARD AS A DIAMOND



THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS
FORMED OPENINGS IN THE
SKY;



SINCE THEY WERE LIGHT,
IT WAS POSSIBLE TO ASSUME
THE LANDSCAPES BEHIND
THEM WERE ALSO LIGHT...

HERE WE COULD OFFER
MANY INTERESTING
EXPLANATIONS ABOUT



THE ASTRONOMY AND
METEOROLOGY OF THE
REGION,

IF IT EVER INTERESTED US TO DESCRIBE A PERSON'S CLOTHES,



FOR, THE VISIBLE WORLD IS JUST A BAG OF THE SPIRIT,



PSYCHE IS IT'S OWN NATURE, WHEREVER ANYONE WAS WORTH ANYTHING, HE WAS BUT A PSYCHOLOGIST,



THE SUN CLIMBED UP, JUST A HAIR FASTER THAN A SNAIL.



NATURAL SCIENCE BEING JUST THE EUPHANISM OF LITTLE, SUPERFICIAL MEN.



YOU SWINE! GENOR ROARED, AS HE KICKED INTO IT, NEIGHING AND JUMPING. "I AM A HORSE, I AM A HORSE!"



(22)
COUNTLESS TIMES HE HAD
TRIED TO DIG THROUGH
THAT STONE SURFACE—



AND COUNTLESS
TIMES HIS HOE
BROKE AFTER THE
FIRST FEW STROKES!

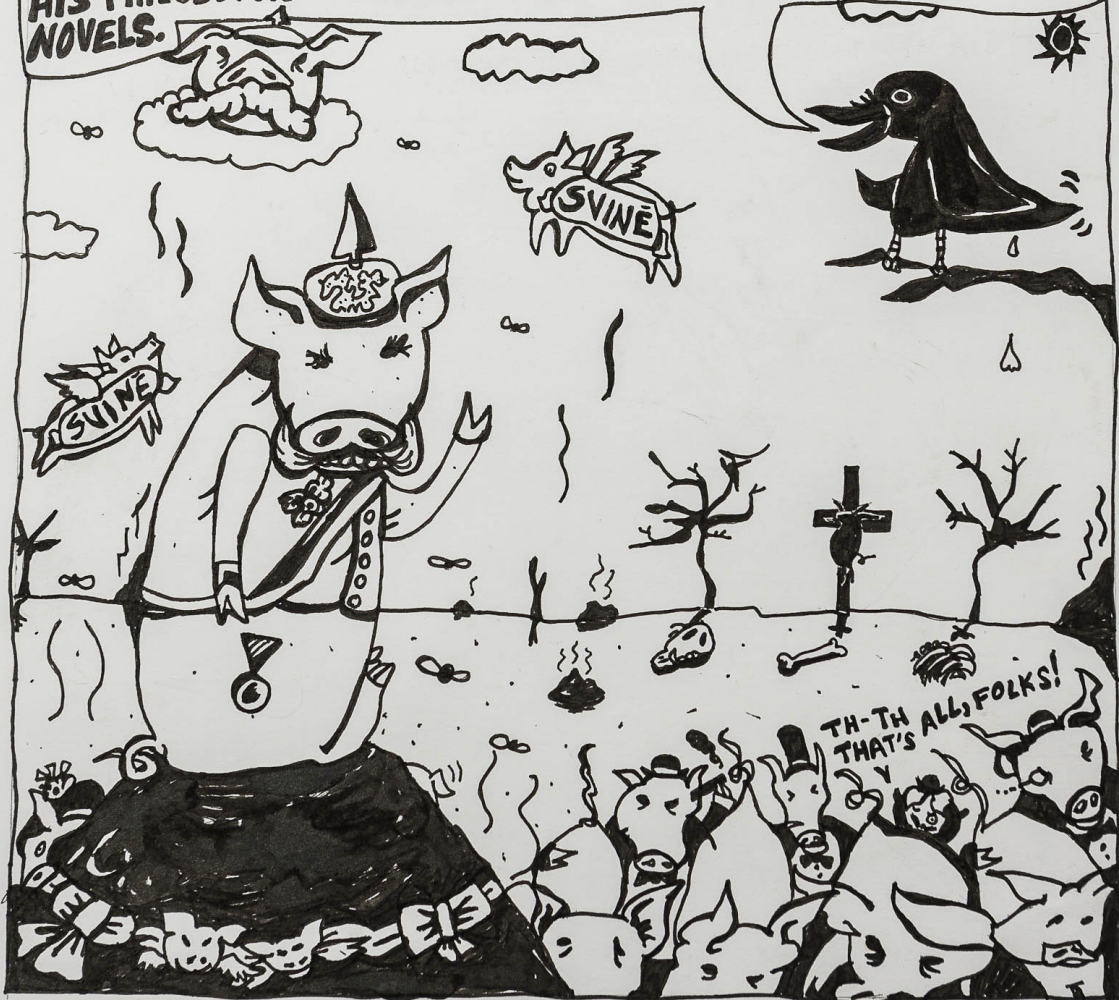


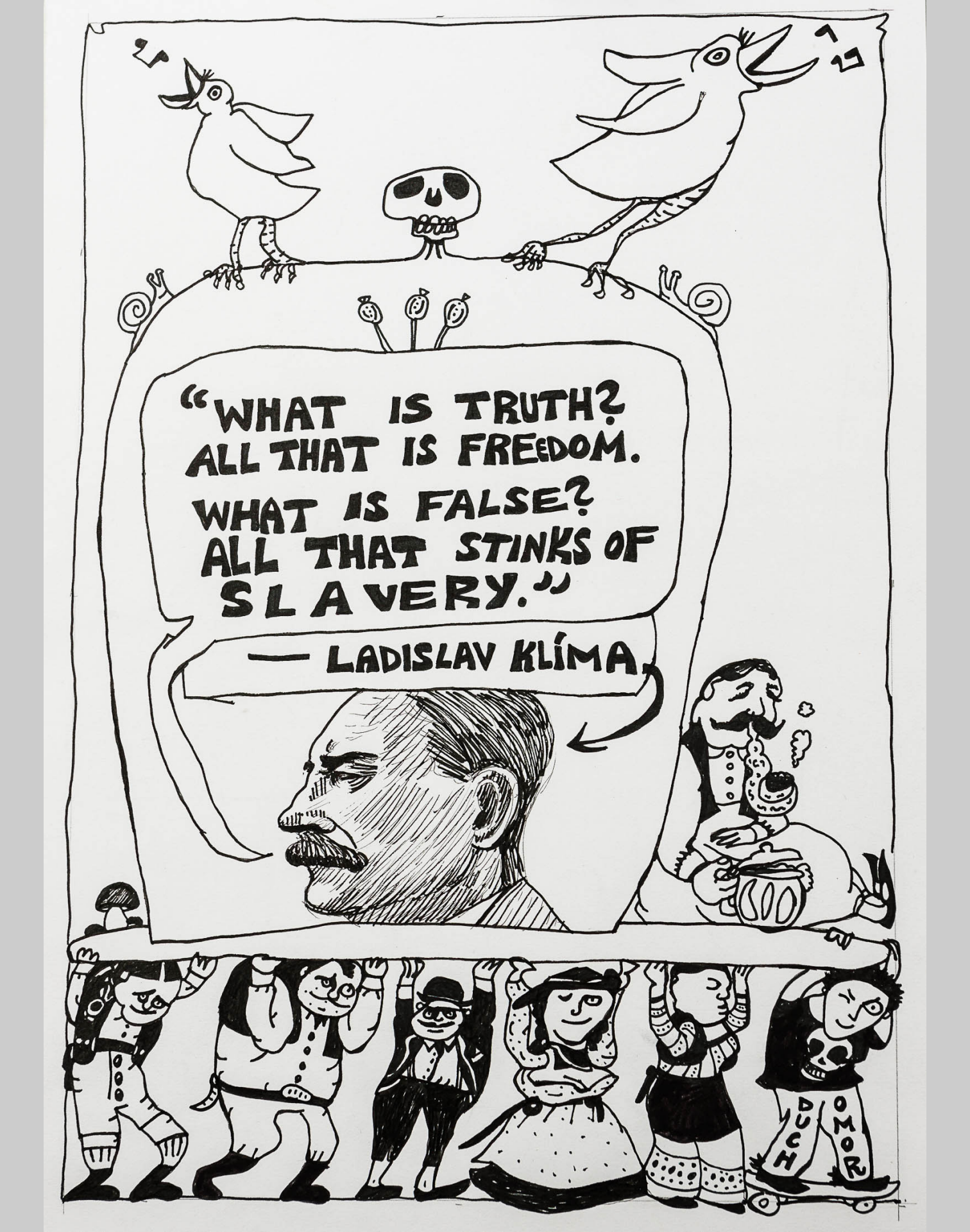
THERE WAS NO EXIT OUT OF THIS
ROUND, ONE HOUR IN DIAMETER PRISON.
UPON WHICH RESTED THE PRESSURE OF
MANY MYSTERIOUS WORLDS, THROUGH
WHICH THE STENCH OF EXCREMENT BLEW
STEADILY— HE WAS JAILED FOR SURE.



LADISLAV KLÍMA 1878-1928

KLÍMA'S INTEREST IN PHILOSOPHY BEGAN IN HIS STUDENT YEARS AND BECAME THE PURPOSE OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, HE CALLS SCHOOL "HERD IDIOCY" AND DESCRIBES HOW AS A TEENAGER HE SYSTEMATICALLY DEFAMED CROSSES, CREATED SCANDALS IN CHURCH, DISTRIBUTED ANARCHIST FLIERS (FOR LACK OF BOMBS), AND EVENTUALLY GOT KICKED OUT OF ALL SCHOOLS IN AUSTRIA FOR CALLING THE HABSBURGS A DYNASTY OF PIGS. INFLUENCED BY NIETZSCHE AND SCHOPENHAUER, KLÍMA'S PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLE WAS RADICAL SUBJECTIVE IDEALISM, WHICH HE TURNED INTO A METAPHYSICAL SYSTEM OF EGOSOLISM AND DEOESSENCE. HE BELIEVED IN THE ABSOLUTE WILL, THE INDIVIDUAL BEING GOD. HE OFTEN CONVEYED HIS PHILOSOPHY THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF LURID GOTHIC NOVELS.





**“WHAT IS TRUTH?
ALL THAT IS FREEDOM.
WHAT IS FALSE?
ALL THAT STINKS OF
SLAVERY.”**

— LADISLAV KLÍMA





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