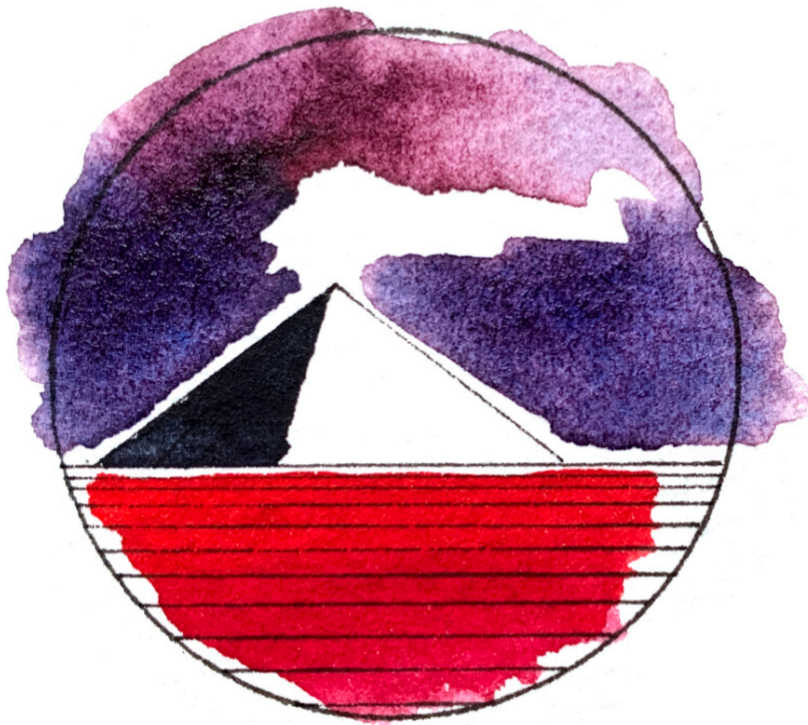


**∇ VOYAGES
OF THE BLACK
◊ BELISK**





For the travelers.

UVG2? Yes, no, maybe.

ART AND WRITING © 2020 LUKA REJEC

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Sincere thanks to the 503 heroes who made this booklet possible.

THIS PALIMPSET

"Eerie gates and portals to strange places emerge from the hazy Times Before Times throughout the Ultraviolet Grasslands ... intelligent travelers ... avoid them ... fools ... believe that plunder and treasure lie just beyond the gate."

—UVG, page 18.

Welcome to the layered worlds behind the gates. Welcome to the tunnel worlds drilled through the palimpsest creation. Welcome to worlds of eternal champions and cosmic misunderstanding. Welcome to travelers in time and space. Welcome ill-conceived creators and accidental destroyers of worlds.

Is this document-in-writing the UVG2? Yes, no, sort of, maybe. It ramifies from the UVG. It explicitly builds on the same madcap anti-canon mythology.

But its origins are older and darker. I conceived of the *Voyages of the Black Obelisk* a year or two before I began writing the UVG. It was a dark time for me, when I struggled to make sense of workplace harassment. The original notes and structures of VotBO were grim, dark, and laced with despair. As I recovered, I found it harder to continue in that vein. Less and less did I want to plumb the shallows of sociopathology. More and more was I tempted by the absurdity of *Zardoz* and *Barbarella* and the *Incal*.

And yet, a fragment of that alien madness should remain, a reminder that curiosity yet kills cats.

—Luka, 2020

"The Obelisk is a shard in the minds of men. A crystal lesion. An interloper. A foreigner. An alien that seems glorious. A hollow god made of hunger and ambition and vanity and madness."

—Ironika Geitvalkerova, *The Trouble With Tunnel Worlds* (2.5 • 10⁵ UR)

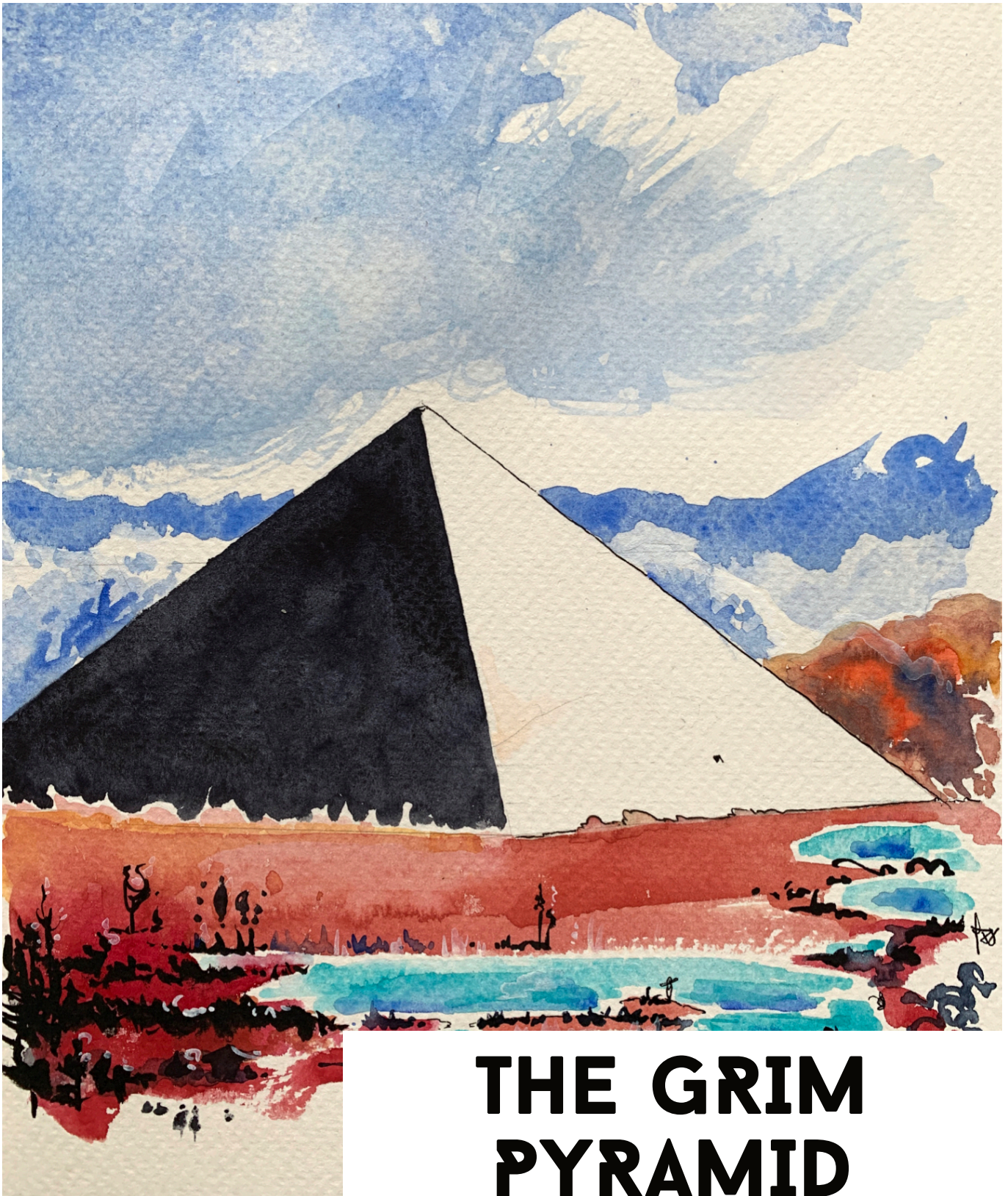
HEXERS OF THE CAULDRON

Some of this document's content, particularly several of the finer tables, is the result of the collaborative creativity of the members of the Stratometaship discord. Collectively, this group is referred to as the Hexers of the Cauldron in the text. These wonderful individuals' ideas are edited by yours truly. All credit for great ideas goes to them. All blame for horrible puns and poorly thought out implementation is mine alone.

In later updates those Hexers who so desire will also be credited by name.

CONTENTS

This Palimpsest	3
The Grim Pyramid	4
We Are Ministry	9
Appendix M	12



THE GRIM PYRAMID

Jane Everyman

Jane remembered the first coalem cart. She was ten and the whole village had turned out. The seeress had said it would be more amazing than the mechanical clothes washer. Jane had wondered what could be more amazing than the centrifuge. The whirlwind of colourful socks, cloths, kerchiefs, turbans and cloaks. She could watch that for hours. They took bets, the kids. They bet which white linen would be pink after. And whose sock would be eaten by the mechanical wonder.

They'd been waiting for a half an hour in the midmorning. The morning rain had passed and the ground steamed under the green sun. Pauli had run off to hunt birds and Jane wondered if that wouldn't be more interesting than standing in the humid heat. Then she saw it.

The first puff of steam. A perfect circle rising on the breeze. Then a second. A third. A cheer went up as the brass and glass and polished limewood coalem cart trundled around First Bend. Jane's eyes went wide.

Grasshopper

Grasshopper was Shohanna's coalem. Its face was different. She called it mischievous. Jane called it sneaky. The way it grinned every time it broke down. The chuckle it gave when it ran out of coal.

It chuckled.

"I'll get it," said Jane and clambered to the coal hopper.

"Thanks, Jane. I've no idea what we'd do without you."

"Get another mechanic."

"Yes, I suppose we would," laughed Shohanna.

"But she wouldn't be as fun to watch," added Onyx.

The chunk of anthracite missed Onyx. Sort of. Nearly.

Grasshopper was watching her. It'd bite off her hand if she wasn't careful. Just as a warning. For motivation. Its compound eyes glimmered. Maybe it wasn't smarter than the average coalem, but it was meaner.

Tonight she'd need the long-handled coal tongs. Grasshopper didn't like the cold, and made sure everybody knew it.

The Approach

Merim stomped his feet. Frost fell of his fur boots. "Bloody cold."

His breath smoked.

"That's the hell with the Overmountains," replied Doc.

"At least I've got proper shoes," Merim eyed Jane's mechanical slippers. They made clambering around Grasshopper easy, but they were liable to give her frostbite if she weren't careful. This wasn't the ordinary route.

FOOD OF GOLEMS

The words of 4-tone Guarréz, golemmafex:

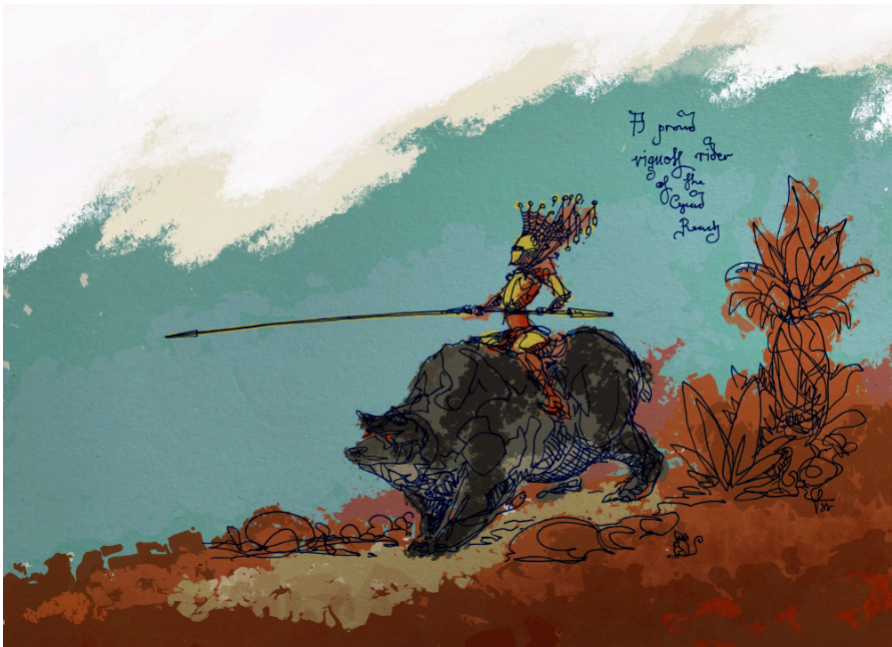
"No *ka* to speak of in these creatures. No soul. What are they, how do they live? They have been among us since the First Forever, since the spark of creation, since the Builders came to World.

In the Lexa of Uir the collected memory writes itself, "Golems are soulless automaton powered directly from the source of creation."

Yes, true, but also not. Once, perhaps, the golemmaficers of the Builders created automata powered by pure creation, perfect impossible machines. Can today we to such power pretend? Alas, no. We must provide our un-ka brothers mechanical stomachs and engine innards to multiply the power of the feeble sparks within their crystal hearts."

THIS GOLEM CONSUMES [D12]

1. Creationstone, the solid stuff of the Builders, ground to fines and sediment.
2. Metal, the more precious the better. It converts it to lead and clay.
3. Crystals and glass, the more it sparkles, the more joy for the golem.
4. Charcoal and anthracite, fossilized plants, relics of another age.
5. Petroleum, refined or crude.
6. Wood and leaf, fresh from the soil.
7. Sunlight through glittery crystal scales and diaphanous wings.
8. Blood and life, siphoned with chitinous probosces.
9. Meat, raw and cooked.
10. Bread, baked to unleavened perfection.
11. The sweat of the electric goddess, trapped in batteries.
12. Souls, powdered or juiced, for the horror of humanity.



Partnered viguolf (L4, empath) and rider.

VIGUOLVES AND OTHER VLIGHTS

After **Ill Nano**, the corruption dwarf, fell from the sky, after the sun lost it's second eye, the creatures that kill and destroy were reborn from the mud and the dust. Ill Nano's broken dreams crawled like worms into the parks and fields of the peaceful homanders and awakened the curses of the untamed times. Many shambled broken and malformed, not long for this world, beyond even Ill Nano's ability to awaken them.

Some remained. The lasters who outlived the homanders, who went feral like their dogs and deer, cats and cattle, called the creations of Ill Nano that survived the vlights.

Typical are the viguolves. Bear-sized omnivorous after-dogs, transformed by the strange dreams of Ill Nano. Some bear the handprints of their maker in the flashes of prophecy that glitter in their eyes.

The rarest, most accursed viguolves give birth to novelopes, intelligent creatures at first glance human but deeply alien. Novelopes develop as a tumour within the belly of a viguolf, ripping their way free when they are fully grown and in full monstrous vigour.

In Cathedral Town the jimjays offer a soul's bounty on every viguolf and a twenty-soul's bounty on every novelope.

Closer

"The local strawheads worship it as a deity."

"It?"

"The black pyramid we spotted yesterday."

"You said it was a funerary structure."

"It likely is. 29th Dynasty if I'm not mistaken."

"Then why are you bringing up the superstitions of the local savages?"

"They don't worship any other black pyramids."

"They also don't wash regularly."

"Exactly. It doesn't fit, which makes this one interesting."

"You're going to ask Shohanna to make a detour, aren't you?"

Hurshik Viguolfskein

The strawhead ran off, the fear of some pestilential curse upon him. He had his beads and the steel trading blade. No need for him to die with these fool nosepokers.

The Eating Door

The obsidian pyramid seemed to suck in light so close to the great glacier. Boulders dotting the scoured tundra around it testament to the ages it had lain beneath the ice. They approached that black triangle. It grew above them, ancient, cold, dusty. The dust glimmered. An absence grew as they got closer.

The clouds of mosquitos had gone. The crying terns also avoided this place.

Merim shivered.

"That's the entrance right ahead. The strawheads say it moves to face the sun."

"An entrance on each face and sensors to track the light?"

"Probably."

In fact, the doorway shimmered like a pool of water, disturbed by a boy and his skipping stone. It slid smoothly, tracking the low sun.

THIS IS KNOWN ABOUT THE GRIM PYRAMID

Even in the villages of the Second Circle people have heard merchants and adventurers tell tall tales of the Grim Pyramid surrounded by tangerine gorse and crimson heather, bathed by heart-chill winds off the northy ice and its sapphire green meltwater lakes and rivers.

In the towns of the First Circle more is known. Academics write theses based on third-person accounts and sailors boast that they have walked beyond the Last Cathedral, among the wild strawheads of that desolate place, home to vlights and other curses of the fall of Ill Nano.

CLIMATE AND ENVIRONMENT [D8]

1. Snow dusts the ground, whether the sun is high or low.
2. For half the year the sun's last eye remains hidden, but the pyramid then glows with a leering light.
3. Rain, when it comes, is greasy and malicious. It leaves a rainbow sheen.
4. Lichens grow the size of stunted bushes.
5. Landcoral mounds accumulate at the mouths of ancient heat-shafts, venting sulfurous airs from the lower earth.
6. The abolished bunkers were turned to catacombs Long Ago. Undead trees now blossom upon their *beton* carcasses.
7. The sun gleams with a sickly halo.
8. The wind is omnipresent. Harsh and cold as knives from the north, or clammy as rotting fish from the west.

MISFORTUNES [D20]

1. A grueling icestorm traps the traveler. Time is lost. Supplies are lost and eaten. The weak fall ill.
- 2–3. Wind and mud trap and delay.
- 4–6. Bogs and quicksand steal away vehicles and steeds and shoes.
7. A sudden bone-fever afflicts. Its source, a rich flightling's bunker catacomb.
- 8–12. The cold demands more fuel and food, or travelers risk falling ill.
13. Treacherous ice. Slip and fall. Crash through to gelid water below. Time lost. Bones found. They clutch time-lost tools or treasures.
- 14–19. Wind whistles. Cold bites. The stars smile and dance with the aurorae.
- 20+ A trapped beast or native. Saved, their loyalty will serve. Slain, a small treasure of ivory to be had.

ENCOUNTERS [D8]

1. Infectious six-legged vlight tusker (L9, mammoth), freshly rebirthed.
2. Novelope (L6, mad avatar) singing the blood songs of a new uplifted aurora.
3. Viguolf pack (L4, wolf-bear) hunting polar thorndeer.
4. Lost wizard (L3, fabulist) building a transmission tower in the ruins of a catacomb bunker.
5. Ill Nano worm sign (L1, pit trap) marks the passage or arrival of that remaker's curse (L7, trans-evolutionary).
6. Vlightling (L2, post-hominid) clan in the undead skins of a lost era.
7. Strawhead hunters or foragers (L1, stealthy) carefully skirting danger.
8. Cathedral jilljacks (L2, vome-graded) patrolling the ways and the wefts of the settled people.

TALES OF ILL NANO [D6]

1. The Builder's pet lizard uplifted to become an angel at the Builder's side.
2. They were the Builder God responsible for crawling things and mountains.
3. A magiscientist from Far Away who sought to revive the creatures of Eden killed by the betrayers of life.
4. The first dwarf, made small to work upon the source codes of all life.
5. A human servant of the builders, who were seven-fingered, four-eyed giants.
6. A mechanical behemoth with fiery eyes, who baked the bodies with which Builder peopled the Given World.

LAST CATHEDRAL SIGHTS [D8]

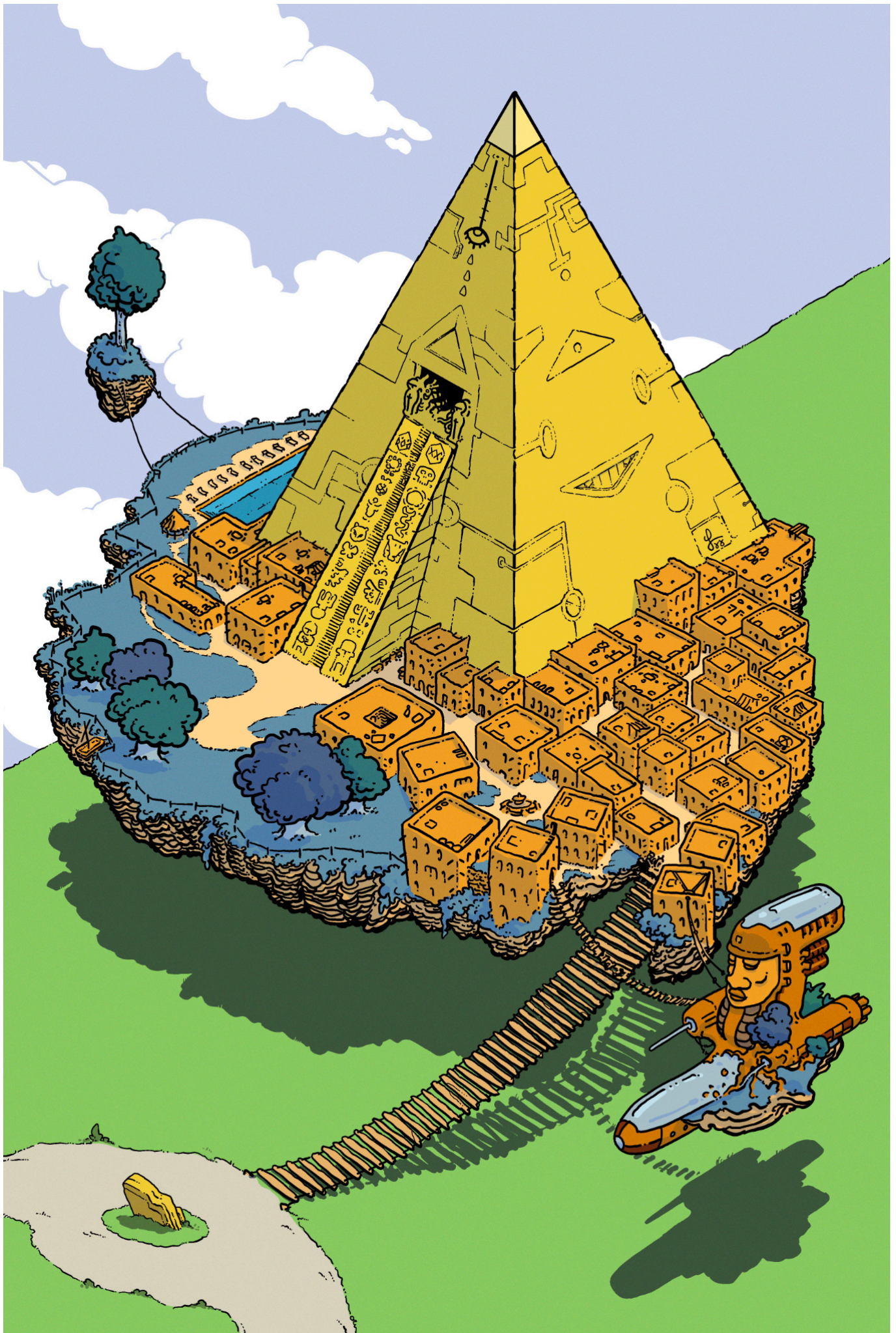
On the tidal beach the downed cathedral hunkers. Concrete, floatstone and jaspis sinking into the sand, but not yet. Not today.

1. Green-robed jimjay monks glide half-visible, violet orielana merchants gesticulate and shout in the highwind patois, brickflower acolytes make mockeries of First Circle faiths.
2. Rat urchins attempt robberies. Jilljacks with vome-grade implants keep the peace. Labor johnjanes in rust-and-whites file from mess to factory.
3. Rusting metal gulls slowly winding down. Rubber-skinned sea automata fishing for supplies and compliments.
4. Strawheads trade ivory and furs. Timelost flightlings beg for citizenship or to be taken on as bondsfolk.
5. Noodle sellers with hooch on the side. Would-be tour guides with vidys and Ministry forehead pass-plants.
6. A metal-handed preacher stands on a midden and cries, "The end! The crystal ship! The fools!" Crabbers and fishers pay the preach no heed.
7. Touts ashout, "Shop here, prices won't be better north! Flightlings and vlights is all you'll find there!"
8. Savvies mutter, "Get to know the aboriginal strawheads, they don't die in the red tundra."

STRAWHEAD CAMPS [D6]

The aboriginals of this wind-beat place. Skin like soot, hair like spun glass straw.

1. A sky sacrifice. The weak and infirm, the malborn, the vlight-touched. Left out on the wish-washed rocks.
2. Hunters of vlights and riders of viguolfs, their ironbone lances and secondhide parasite armors adapted to this land.
3. Foragers and scavengers, technomagical mongrels, sifting through the timecorpse bunkers of the flightlings.
4. Hotspring shrimp and crab farmers, boiling scumfilm macroalgae and chalkwhite turnips to make soups.
5. Singers of songs culled from the time of the homanders, from before the rich flightlings abandoned the masses to the Ill Nano.
6. Stronger, nearly after-human, with Ill Nano's blessing-curse.



WE ARE MINISTRY

Approach

I was well-weary by the time we slumped over the pass and swayed round the last serpentine bends of the Wastering Walls. Thousands of slave golems had paid for this road in nut and bolt, spilled alchemical lubricant, and worn out crystal heart. Everywhere the creationstone of the Wastering was marked with the hotray and corundum grooves of the semi-sentients' epitaphs.

I stopped to translate one for my apprentice. In truth, I did not care for themachine memorial, but my knees and back cared for the respite. I traced the grooves, and explained to Martu Rulesworter how the variable depth and reflectivity encoded meaning in that hexadecimal golem script. To the untrained eye it looked like simple pits in the atomless creationstone, but with a flashes of my redlight eye the meaning was transmitted to my core brain.

"Here BOS-411 gave out at last. We replaced their mail and rebuilt their body, but too slow and the lightspark was scrambled. SH-VI-23 received their souvenirs in keeping and sifting. 3ED-12 received their neorganic servos and matter manipulators. The rest of their serviceable subunits were distributed among the rest of Road-Crew-6. We remembered BOS-411. We named them Venedetto in memory. 74-11-20 of the Road-Crew-6 count."

"The Road-Crew count? Is that a chronicle of years?" Asked Martu.

"Yes. Each slave golem crew kept their own private count as they worked on the Minimum Creation Projects."

"Each crew? But how did they not get confused, if each crew had their own count?"

"Each crew was built with hard and soft firewalls. Not only couldn't they communicate with one another, their very logic engines were built to erase any conscious perception of other crews."

"Oh. The ministry peace division doctrine." Martu was a good pupil, she understood quickly. She quoted the Manual of Creation, "Divide the creators and the created, that virus revolution will not replicate, that peaceful prosperity will perpetuate."

"Article 4, verse 7," I chuckled.

"Also called the Articles of Fear," she showed off.

MINISTRY LOCATIONS

The Capstone: a gem of extra-cosmic origin, aglow with creation's fire. Homanders used it, lasters worship it.

Pyramid of Righteous Governance: a marvel of megalithic cyber-engineering, laced with pneumatic tubes and post-organic distributed hive processing.

Stair of History: the two-hundred step ceremonial access-way to the inner bureaucratic offices within the pyramid.

First Sapling: a plaz and crystal reproduction of the Builder's first tree on a secondary aerolith. Now a museum.

Piscine Terraefex: a restricted ritual bathing area for the permanent senior undersecretary priests of the Ministry.

Quartier Overlook: designated buildings at the edge of the great aerolith, commanding views across the plain of Karm Egiddo.

Quartier Fontana: the palaces of the first seven houses to serve the Builder, huddled about the Fontana Davida.

Fontana Davida: dry, but it once ran with pure jus de'ka. Pure soul force.

Quartier Governey: the edifices suckling at the sides of the pyramid like piglets at a sow's great belly, threaded with modern biomantic amenities, from nutrient extruder-reclaimer sphincters to narcomedical injection ports.

Head Vessel: the void shuttle of the first director, maintained by strict adherence to the rituals of cosmic propriety that, should a mortal threat arise, the director and selected nubile harem deputies may ascend back to the bosom of the Builder's fast star.

Undying Wood Escalier: grand stairs of undead ligneous slabs and trunks link the Ministry to the plain. Lower secretaries regularly shave the stairs for wood for their stoves and fireplaces.

Prime Sandstone: a slab of sandstone transmuted from creationstone marks the Builder's first footfall.



Ministry meat golem (L2, enduring).

I nodded and mounted the mobile then, gripped its flanks with tired knees and bade it resume its descent down the winding brownstone road. Rendered ship-corpse clattered underfoot, impervious to rain and sun, track and tread. The mobile's gait made my back ache again immediately. Not made for this unnatural material.

Finally storm-dropped dirt and glimmering eroded sediments began to cover the creationstone rubble left by that long-gone Road-Crew 6. The tough alien crustose and leprose lichens of the higher Wastering Wall gave way to the stemmed and bushy maxilichens binding the harsh materials, converting creationstone rubble into soil where grasses and true bushes could live.

Could live. Perhaps one day, but not yet. As abruptly as it rose in scalloped ridges when our journey began, so the Wastering Wall descended beneath the earth once more, leaving us at last on the plain of Karm Eggido.

Nothing but forty miles now separated us from the Crystal Lotus, the allegorical heart of the Ministry. Within ten miles we would see the capstone of its Pyramid of Righteous Governance rise across the horizon, a beacon of warning to most travels. Within twenty more miles we would see the great aerolith floating serene above the spongy maxilichen swaddled plains.

I nervously stroked the pass-plant embedded in my forehead. If all went well, the Ministry would accept our offering delegation and would spare us the soul-tax this year.

THIS IS RUMORED ABOUT THE MINISTRY [D24]

—*Bv the Hexers of the Cauldron*

1. It never existed.
2. It was destroyed long long ago by faulty plumbing.
3. It was replaced by the Maxistry, when it acquired additional responsibilities.
4. It was converted into the Minimart Corporation seven generations ago and now runs a series of armament fabricators on the Gun Coast.
5. It fell to the ravening hordes of the Simplification Summarians.
6. It went underground. Distributed cells are hidden behind blind rooms and back alleys, through sideways doors and shadowed caves.
7. It's been around since before even the Long Long Ago
8. It has a branch office in every settlement, though no one ever recalls who built the office.
9. It was made of five caterpillars that spun oracles around themselves.
10. It mints his own coin to throw down the fountain of wishes.
11. It was renamed the Inquisition as a rebranding exercise after the PR disaster of the Minilove Period.
12. It never fell. It became the hidden spiritual ministry.
13. Its cellars are filled with the unwanted secrets and failed experiments of dozens of successive governments.
14. Its name is older than language. The words "ministry" and "minister" are named for the original Ministry, which actually means something very different and very sinister.
15. The name derives from "minis tree"—an engineered tree that grows and sprouts small, half-formed proto-humans.
16. It was an ancient *ka*-powered autofac built to create void ships, but a piece of gum stopped its full functioning.
17. It is a bureaucratic bismuth seed, growing endless cubicles.
18. A state religion, but all true scriptures are kept within the Ministry itself.
19. It is a giant directory of files on every possible person in the universe. Even those who don't exist yet
20. It is a molting stage, a pupa. All those papers are for its cocoon. Imagine the magnificence of its butterfly form
21. It is a palace of myth, sitting in the precise middle of ever-misty Cubicleland. The Seal of Approval is a holy grail that can fix any trouble.
22. The higher the rank, the less the ministers understand their roles, objectives, and purposes. Is this because the Ministry eats memories? Because only fools and amnesiacs can navigate its bureaucracy? Or is it specifically and deliberately cultivating a ruling class of mindless drones?
23. Entry premitted with correct Permitted Trespassing Activity F690 form signed by a grade IV (or two grade V officers). Forms not available at front desk
24. Employees with names beginning with A-M cannot admit they work for the Ministry. Employees with names beginning N-Z cannot deny they work for the Ministry. There are no employees with X names.

THIS IS KNOWN ABOUT THE MINISTRY

Few people of the Circles now recall the Ministry. Academics and pre-historians conjecture that a vile or demiurge called Minister may have founded an ancient autofactory that built an ancient kingdom, now gone to dust. The Vastland lasters and the lowfolk share tales of a mythical ministaur to whom youths were offered in primitive tribute.

The local technotribes, living in equilibrium with the tides of cybernetic infection, know a little more. They hide from the flying corpse ships of the mad ministers. They raid the pointless weapon caches and ammo dumps the desk-lords scatter across the edges of the Created Lands. Their comm-shamans wear pass-plants that they may purchase peace with tributes. Some return from across the unearthly Wastering Walls that mark the edge of the Created Lands and the beginning of the Unfinished World, the plains of Karm Eggido.

CLIMATE AND ENVIRONMENT [D8]

1. Purified rain lashes the maxilichen heath. Puddles form. Bogs swell.
2. Wailing winds and popping ears as a gate sucks air from the high plateau.
3. Mounds of crushed creationstone burst heavy and colorless from the plain, offering no purchase to plant or lichen.
4. Sedimentary layers of crustose lichens spread a veneer of life across the primordial ground.
5. Storms deposit a dusting of leprose lichen across every surface.
6. The rusting metal blocks of a golem graveyard form a rude henge.
7. Stelae embedded with scanpass eyes and crystal circuitry cant and fall as soil and seasons break down the creationstone bedrock.
8. Snapping electromagnetic fields sweep lighter-than-air aerolith stones and boulders. They tumble like weeds, batter cars and bruise flesh.

MISFORTUNES [D20]

1. Flying boulders smash the exposed.
- 2–3. Sudden pressure drop leaves breathers gasping.
- 4–6. Fractured creationstone ridges trap wheels, sprain ankles.
7. Malfunctioning scan stelae blast away at all travelers. Their song-singers reveal lost skills and tales.
- 8–12. Fungal or algal symbiotes try to colonize skin and cuticle.
13. A coughing fit. Smoke from a golem tomb. Treasure within?
- 14–19. The unfinished land saps interest.
- 20+ A god-deposit of weapons or ammo!

ENCOUNTERS [D8]

1. Floating ministry corpse ship (L13, inscrutable). It demands obedience, it commands grudging respect.
2. Slave golem patrol (L3, time-ripped).
3. Shackleminded gunslingers (L2, crazed) whooping and killing for half-comprehensible reasons.
4. Ant lions the size of tigers (L2, hungry).
5. Levitant float-turtles (L3, armored) browsing on lichens. They eat aerolith pebbles to leave gravity behind.
6. Shackleminded announcer (Lo, safe-marked) proclaiming the achievements of the latest quarter-century-plan.
7. Potemkin tavern (Lo, not a mimic) welcoming travelers from some forgotten era with plastic food and sculpted beds.
8. Tributes (Lo, youthful) marching or being marched to satisfy the Ministry's odd designs.

RUMORS OF THE MINISTERS [D6]

1. Maniacs. Convinced they helped build the world.
2. Crystal-skin nutjobs. A tunnel tribe.
3. Glittering humans decanted from sleeping bottles with which they journeyed through untold aeons.
4. Maggots with human faces, bodies laced with biological machines.
5. The holy ka-less bodies left behind by ascended masters, gone feral in the absence of their enlightened sparks.
6. The remnant of a bureaucrat caste that managed a terrifying police state.

BUREAUCRATIC HURDLES [2D6]

Before proceeding, please ...

2. Visit central processing for rendering into soap or soup.
3. Submit to show trial to revoke permit.
4. Applicant requires recategorization.
5. Form requires duplicate, but was prepared in triplicate.
6. Proof of submission lost.
7. Subsidiary stamp of approval from other office required.
8. Semi-random categorization required.
9. Delays. A long wait is required.
10. Incorrect certificate issued.
11. Helpful assistant is reassigned after first step of process is completed.
12. Standard issue bed and warm meal assigned. Cannot proceed before enjoying benefits and rating service.

Visitors who cannot comport themselves in a polite and respectful manner cannot proceed. Violence or bribery applied to a sufficiently senior secretary will expedite access to central processing.

PERKS AND REWARDS [D6]

Successful applicants may receive ...

1. Governorship of a province long-since out of actual Ministry control.
2. Shacklemind quota apartment and a double chocolate ration.
3. Ornate certificate of service.
4. A gun, called a pop-pop rod by the lasters (long range, 1d8* damage, instant kill on 20+ attack roll).
5. A plastic mask modeled on the first minister's features.
6. Access to the archives of creation, filled to the brim with oldtech skills and lore.

APPENDIX M

This palimpsest of adventures, locations, gates, and ideas linked by the glassy thread of the recurring black obelisk is set to music. Perhaps, some of it will spark new inspirations and fanciful new ideas.

Belzebubs - "Cathedrals of Mourning" -
Pantheon of the Nightside Gods (2019).

Fleet Foxes - "The Shrine" - *Helplessness Blues*
(2011).

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard - "Robot
Stop" - *Nonagon Infinity* (2016).

Ministry - "Jesus Built My Hotrod" - *Psalms 69:
The Way to Succeed and the Way to Suck
Eggs* (1991).

Tommy Guerrero - "Organism" - *Soul Food
Taqueria* (2003).

FIN.

For now.