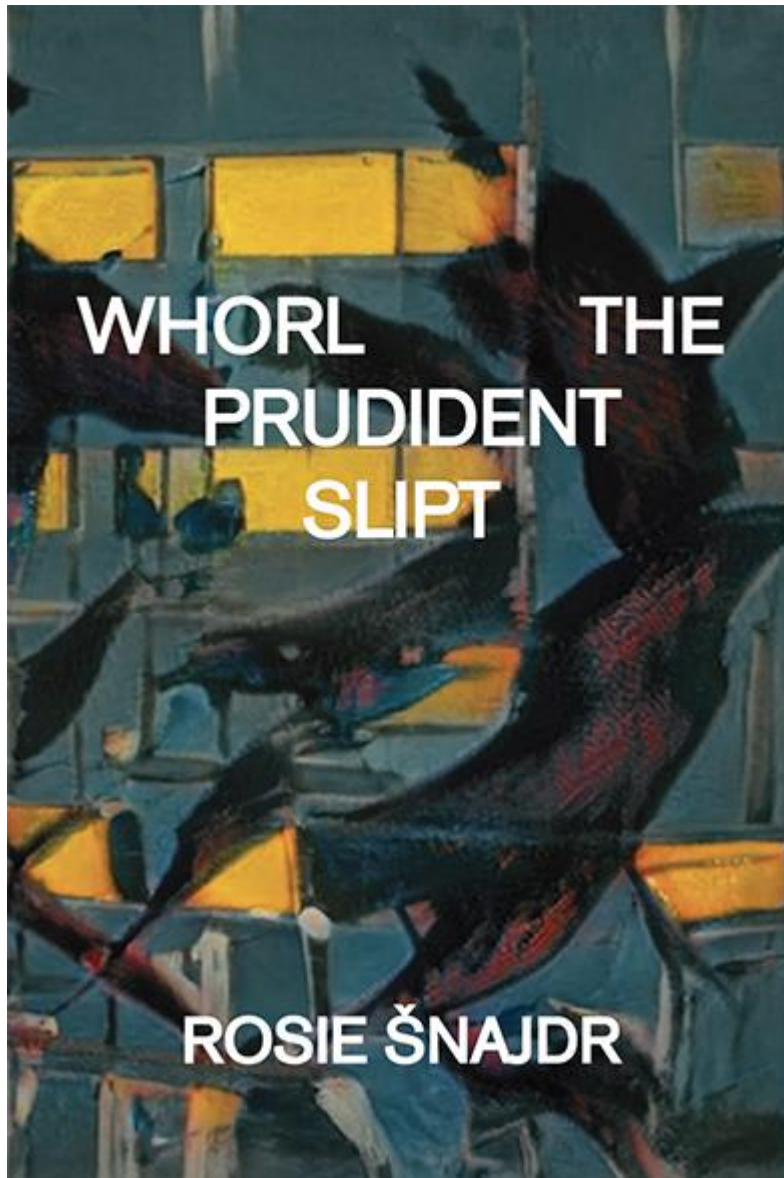


**Rosie Snajdr - Whorl The Prudent Slipt**

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## Accolade

Searchlights pan the expanse. A hustle in the darkness. Then, the shrill wail of a viola. The spots converge in the centre of the auditorium, inciting roisterous applause. Beneath those stark brights the gilt curls of an ornate dais pop with refracted light. Illuminated faces in the crowd, all bug eyes and fish mouths, their cheek-flesh jouncing over the committed strike of their palms. A jib-mounted camera darts above, its remote-controlled gimbal rotating the lens. Head of mother bird. How she must mourn, sustaining only male-pattern baldness and the ornate lacquered up-dos of a brood of cuckoos. From the press gallery, premature flash-bulbs spark, as the band tom-toms-wahs to its grueling crescendo. There follows an expectant silence, heavy as the thousands who observe it.

'Superlative! Superlative!'

The ascendant host assuming the dais. Sweat-smears behind it on brassy bannisters. At the top, host stops to wipe its frons with a lacy kerchief. Mouthparts quiver.

'Superlative! Superlative!'

The band picks up oompah oompah oompah. Dicky bow flutters on mesothorax as femur, tibia, tarsus and claw unfurl to indicate the far corner of the hall. Spots pan. The camera rig snakes elegantly over the vault. The hush-click of a thousand tiny feet as the mob reorient in the darkness. And

open, the small illumined door chinks. Slowly agape, it heaves. Stands there, <Character A>. Fatigued supporters hold them up by armpit, palm fronds quivering in the belt of their helmets; in their belts of ammunition. The brights refracting light from the outsized golden cuffs of <Character A's> jewel-studded security bracelets. Oompah oompah.

'Superlative!'

The press gallery supernovas! The crowd roars! <Character A> makes stilted progress through the hall. The gimbal-camera pecking in from this side and that. The audience, in gentle but inquisitive temper, part insufficiently pulling a little at the clothes and tearing free commemorative strands of hair. An over-excited specimen curls in a fist to take possession of a

## DORM

It had seemed the Jessicas were engaged in bitter rivalry. Biel, in lithe contrapposto haloed by the arch of a rocky outcrop, rips free her wet tank top, readying to wrestle. She is *Esquire* magazine's Sexiest Woman Alive 2005. Alba offers up her oiled left buttock from the waves of a white duvet, in brute insult. 2007's Sexiest Woman, according to *FHM*. The gloves were off and, if it weren't for the three metres of floor space that separated them, if it weren't for the peacekeeping of the Blu Tack, it could have been war. Yet, in the days since they had been retired, rolled up in each other, and slid inside a poster tube, there had been no reports of hostility.

Over the sill, a trailing plant was going its own way. A parental endowment, this companion, this adornment of the university digs. Through the open window, a breeze prickled the browning tresses of the maidenhair fern. The soil that had nourished it, now cracked under the baking gaze of the sun. It belonged in the shade, away from the radiator. The water in the plant spritzer had evaporated into a fine limestone dust. Venus' declination a too obvious symbol for a greater malaise.

Books had gathered by the bedside. Coursebooks well-frilled into their first quarter. Optimistic quantities of library books, that had been checked out in term's first week, and were now long overdue. Men's glossies harvested for nudes and after-shave samples, the eyes plucked from the cover models with a compass point. A work by Nietzsche, spine broken, spread-eagled on top. The pages showing, heavily highlighted and underlined. The edges butterflied with fluorescent plastic tabs. From beneath the unwashed, coffee stained, duvet peeps JORDAN B. PETERSON. The widely tracked capitals in defiant antagonism of their shaping font, disavowing the graceful transitions in line weight, the heavy, ripe fruit hanging from the Clarendon 'J'.

A mosquito thrills through the musky air. She lands a moment on a crusty knoll of ketchup, on a plate on the computer desk. A sudden furious rattle of struck keys sends her up, beating her lacy wings through their tiny range of movement, swiveling to catch lift where she can, sublingual past the hairy cavity of a human ear hole. And down, behind the fold of a shirt collar, onto the meaty sweat of unwashed neck skin. The penetration is silent, secret, painless. Incredible. The proboscis sheath folding back to release six fine needles. The two that are toothed saw through the skin. The two that are blunt hold apart the skirts of flesh. A receptive needles roots inside for the chemical stench of a venule and, finding one, pricks it. The final needle pumps in proteins to keep the pipeline dilated and the blood meal flowing. In flight again, the spindly fore and aft legs rise up above the body, celebrating victory and balancing the load of her pendulous stomach. There is a lot to digest.

The hypersensitive skin wheals and flares at this violation and the cumbersome horns of the donor's fingers break off from clattering bile into the blogosphere to rake the puncture site.

clump and is cold-cocked by a supporter's rifle-butt. A murmur of disfavour bristles in the crowd. Outraged compound-eyes glimmer with the possibility of sudden violence but then, as a mass, they appear to back-down; to accept the chastisement as minor, proportional even.

Eyes-down, the stage entrance to the dais is not grand. Grit, grime, and gaffer-taped electrical wires emanating great heat but not actually arcing. It is a close space and the beetle's oil-slick-sheen elytra are taking up most of it. Encouraged by the supporters' probing muzzles, <Character A> climbs the few stairs and flattens themselves into the unoccupied fraction of the box. At this, the orange frill that fringes the metasternum quivers excitedly and dicky bow pops off, the glue exhausted by the host's emissions. On some level—meso—a hinged broom-like articulation of limb propels its end-prickles up, between the supplicatory hands of <Character A>, and raises its chin.

'How much am I bid? Haaw Haaw.'

Ba dum tss. The patrons persist in silence.

'Ahem.'

A great vertebral antennae reaches down beneath the lip of the dais, to cup the waist of <Character A> more southerly than either species could plausibly consider courteous.

'Ladybirds and Jitterbugs, this beautiful specimen—'

Here a bolus of amber juice balloons and bursts between the emcee's mandibles.

'This beeeeeuuuuutiful specimen is this year's winner. Do a twirl? Do a twirl!'

Like a top spun from the bottom, <Character A> whips around once, twice, three times. Pools of amber expectorate hissing up smoke where the shoes encounter it.

Click-clack as across the lids of the audience travel the spoils. The trophy. The severed head of last year's winner. And if it were a dream, this moment of strange praise, it was a dream unsought and undeserved.

In arrears: ear-rent for knight errant. Errant night rent by Drunkman erring. Errorprone. Drunkman's speech wound. Wound round in inner ear. Inertia-reels whirring. Errand of mercy me. Mercy me. O Drunkman I hate you get up—

*Errata.*

1. Drunkman mercy me. Legitimate object of objection. I am, not he. Unwounding the capacity to wound; avowing the wounds legitimacy. Gendering the wounds legitimacy. I am not he.

2. Drunkman mercy brokes no he-he. No he-he him. Ok, once. Once there was hoo-hoo. A he-he he hoo-hoo. Whopper whorling whoring hoo-hoo. No homo but. No homo but homo butt once. A reel man can slip. A reel man schtick sticking in inertia-reels. A real man can-can. Drunkman can broke no he-he.

3. Marry her. Marry her. Why won't you? Marry her. You can, you know. It's fine. I will buy. I will buy you. A drink. No thank you, Drunkman. I hate you get up

4. Drunkman have many ho-ho friend. Homofiend. Homofend. Homofiller. Homofont. A, he-he, hoo-hoo friend. A teen girl screen girl on lustrate. A teen girl screen girl good-friend-time. A her-her. With purple hair. You know her? No? So much uncommon, uncommoning, incoming, so much in common in coming. Tell me what you do in bed?

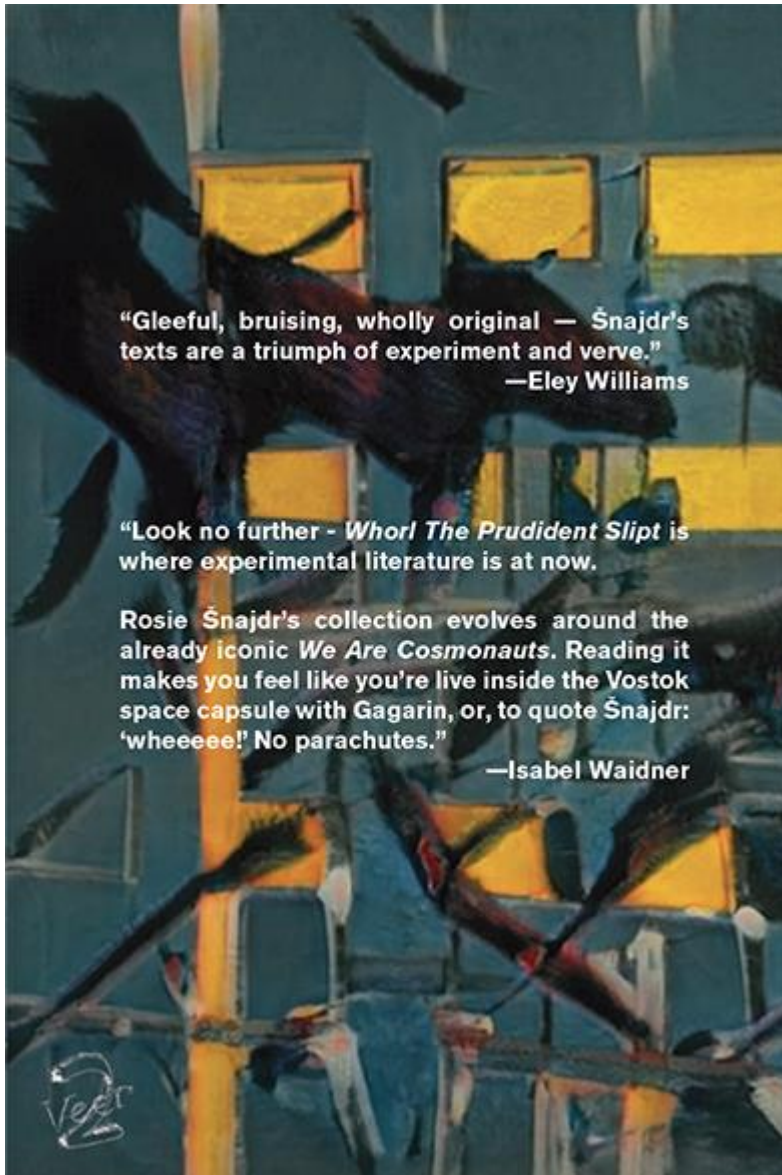
5. How do you do? How do you do it? The he-he do in the do-do. Said that did I that I did that once? Once. No homo. How do you do? How do you hoo-hoo do though? How do hoo hoo do the do? Wandering whets the point.

6. The errorman, reels whereing to stimulus us. A semi- semi- semi-seminal premise. Here is the curé. see? A curette to malt our bitter. A wand-waving paster-man's seminary promise. Teach us a lesson. A bit of who's your father's all you need. A bit of how's father to turn us rite. To turn again. To turn and not turn. Teach us to sit still. That ternary premise—a bit of. Fool. A bit of. Fool. A bit of how's. Fool—the fool hows.





Zero-nine-zero-seven, Moscow Time. "Preliminary stage..." Huh. Got to..." Intermediate..." Huh. Got to say "Man..." Nun. Jolly spine. Numb ass. Got to say something. "LIFT OFF!" Whoof. "Have a good flight. Everything is A-OK. The rockets rumble rubbing teeth to cinders. Is that 'A-OK'? Need. Need to say something brave. Here we go. "Doytkhai!" Here we go into the history books. The G-force misshaping the smile. Brain cones soaring in base of skull like Tsushonka. Sinking to into helmet. Help. Property of CCCP. Metal hums. The wind screams over the skin of the ship. Help. Death is below. Death is above. Am I a coin flipping in the air above a mangled scaffold. A roulette of my fate? We all die, yes, but not yet, Yura. Not now. Please not. Please not to find the one here who breeds the stripped bone sprouting flesh-flowers. Please nobody to peek up from the gum to scintillate for it. See. The gold one, Comrade? His thumb smears away a clot. These are the war hero's teeth, not the conventional's. There's nothing to be seen of him, actually. For a time you see. There's Remigius just a wisp. A parter that swooped to earth; a picture of dead Korolev. I'll bed with it. All the things they will say. The clouds. They will levy. The Motherland knows. Air traffic control. Remigius drifts the height of the cloud. There was... the drone. Another jet flew too close. There was a balloon probe. Oh, you know it. M.G. 15. It shows a history of malfunction in the ejection system. The Motherland knows. When the shift, to good-bye, there was a nearly stand-off between the heroes, who were holding the other go (sic). Gagarin was certainly... S. Gagarin was drunk. Yurochka has been seized by the air... And ejected by jets. Khushchev. With Khru... the... Khushchev had him locked up for his drunken antics. I heard Gaga tossed a rule. A little of the... the... I spat. Into Khushchev's face. It hit. In front of everybody! At an official reception... No. No. of them. The man ejected. Ejected successfully. He got plastic surgery and escaped the cursed dog of time. The war hero's death was a murder. Ah, but there is no news in the... north... contrast, there is a... the news. The pitch changes as the... runs low. Here we go again. At T+ 119s, the explosion... the strap-on boosters. The... of off slightly, so that I can squirm upright in my seat. Per... of the... edge of the visor at the instrument... and the over-odder controls. Human cargo on even odds. De... and... back, didn't they? (M? La? La?) Laika? That's the bitch that got me up here as baited. My... (sic) a... his own course in the USSR? T+ 156 s blows the par... shroud. Light... of the cabin... like... the... butts pop, pop, popping. Purple prints of the... windows. And, when I am in there... (K...?) I... How. Quiet. It has become. Raise your glasses. Raise your glasses. Into a box with the brave Russian... Return him to the earth. Your valour will never be forgotten. Ga? G... G... (sic) above... (sic) below! The window. The... (sic) the world is at my feet. Nine-thirteen. "The flight is going well. I see the Earth. It's close. I see nearly everything. Cumulus clouds cover parts of it. I am continuing the flight today." The indulant clouds... shroud and I her coin flipping. What will they... say. No, not...? No. No, not...? Is high...? Best case: sedative. Ah. Yes. Lam... ten, perhaps? The... coin... stage, shutting down, pecking off. I feel the final rockets... Nine... (sic) it is all working! At... these are... (sic) Let's go!" Said but, history books remember? Return on... Collectors. Those... were everywhere, on everything. Spook-dog's biscuits. Will that be...? Or... G... G... (sic). No, no... (sic) it's... (sic) I am just a Russian everyman. A Russian wherever man! Man of the world man. Man above the world man. Man removed from world man. Man alive. Where are the...? I can... hear their voices. Croakings of... only... Perhaps it was lightning... to his plane from the...? Z... Z... (sic) I can't hear...? (sic) Why weren't you speak? Breathe, man, breathe. Let... be... I'm in good... I'm continuing the... Out of range of the radio, a tooting homunculus trailing a form... (sic). W... (sic) Like my... corn. Baptised in a hurry G... M... (sic). Given to the water... (sic) drop... (sic). Not for you the... (sic) the story... of... (sic). Red... (sic) (sic) of... (sic) puts there. "So tell me, Gagarin, did you see God up there?" Yes. Smelling of... (sic) of... (sic) A brave adventurer in a new-world. May I be so bold? Placed in the... (sic) God... God, Father. Twice. What even am I doing here? Out of this world. Out of my... (sic) (sic) I am... in this can. Yura, she said, Yura? Mother, Yura, can you see? Can you see him, you? Yes. A... (sic) and... (sic) book of... (sic) slipping slowly... (sic) suspended by... (sic) (sic). Ver... (sic) (sic) the... (sic) spashes down. Look, Yura. See how he... (sic) a... (sic) to... (sic) between the... (sic) (sic) See how big your father is? I see, Mama, I see. And I see the world's face of the... (sic) (sic) (sic) New... (sic) (sic) (sic) (sic) pooling in the curve of his... (sic) (sic) I see his... (sic) (sic) (sic) (sic) out of... (sic) (sic) (sic) (sic) come to gobble us up.



**“Gleeful, bruising, wholly original — Šnajdr’s texts are a triumph of experiment and verve.”**  
—Eley Williams

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