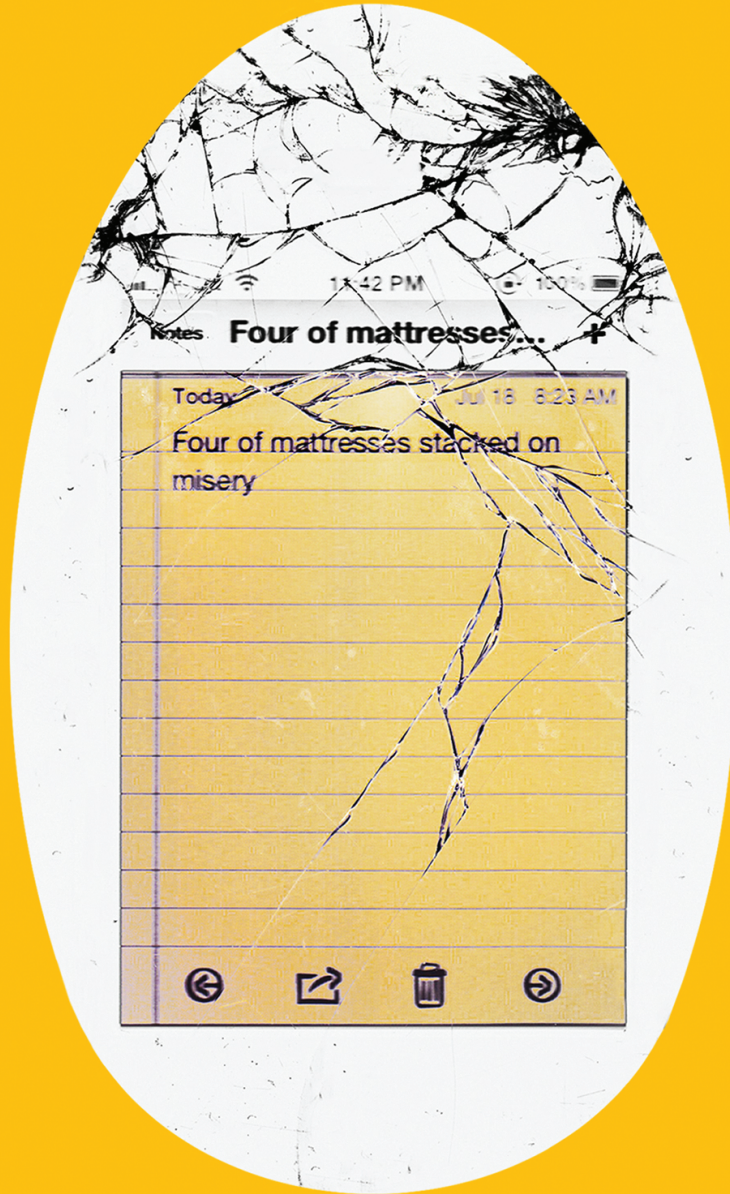


FROM:

joëun aatchim

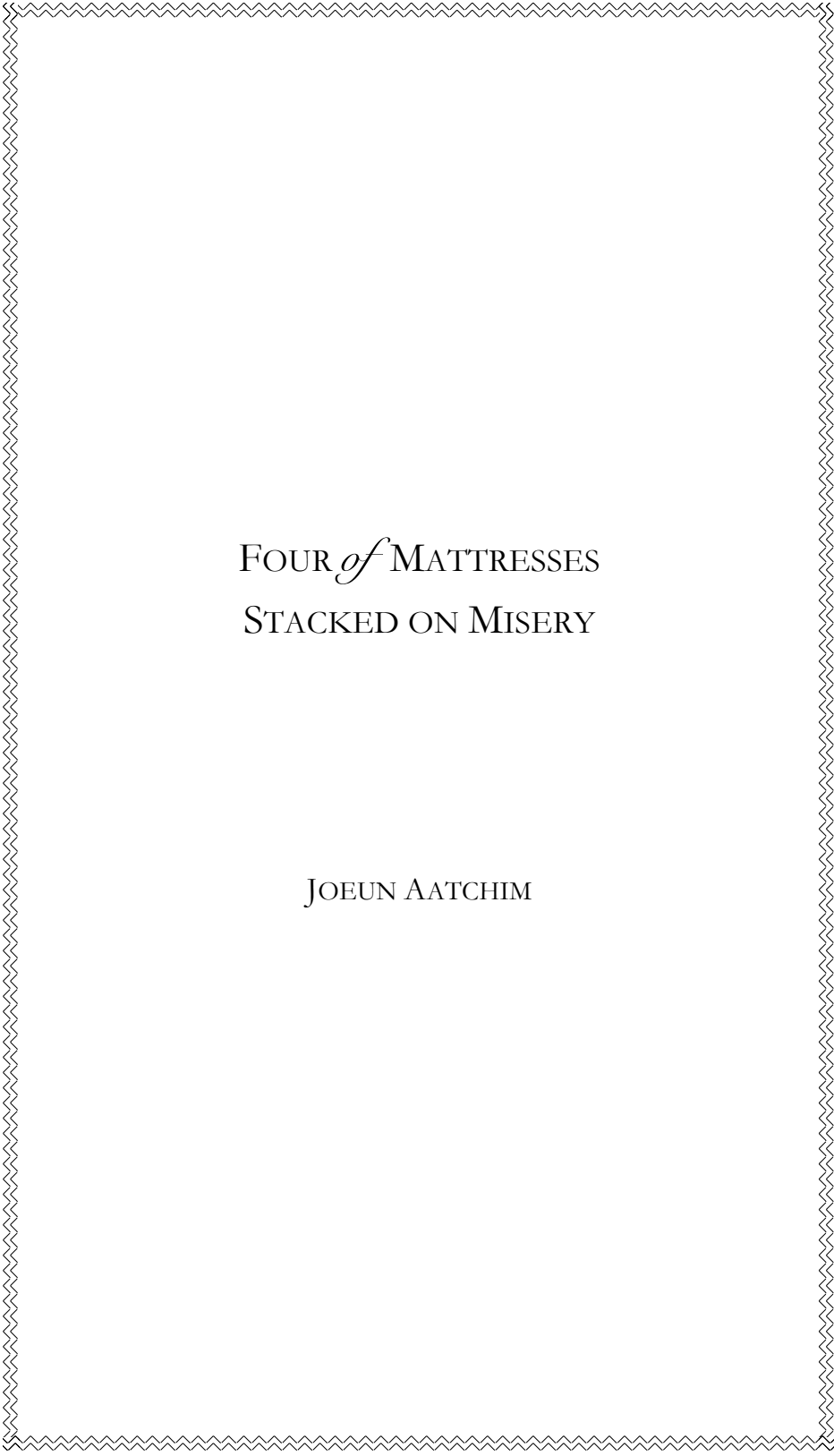


Four *of* Mattresses
Stacked on Misery

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MEMOS
JOEUN AATCHIM

joëun aatchim

:OL



FOUR *of* MATTRESSES
STACKED ON MISERY

JOEUN AATCHIM

To my faceless, bodiless fisherman
who saved *my life* from drowning

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Tue, Jun 21, 2016 at 11:04 PM

Subject: Thinking

To:

am

writing a novel about a place where remembrance
is prohibited.

----- Forwarded message -----



a_monster_of_solitude_aquatint_etching_drypoint_2013.jpeg

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Fri, Apr 3, 2015 at 6:24 AM
Subject: The boy on the bike
To:

The boy on the bike was following us with a scissor, holding stretched-out light translucent purple skin of a snake, that was tightly wrapped in his fingers.

Unknown voice asked:
"What are you trying to do with it?"

Boy:
"Obviously to cut the V. OF. MY. LITTLE. BABY. GIRL; A Smooth operation."

Unknown voice:
"That's sick. Where did you learn that from?"

Boy:
"Snake hunters. Once I, too, was being chased, just like now; how i am chasing you here. They were skinning the snakes, using my fingers as their guiding model and trimming them to fit in my fingers. Some tight ones, they had to cut the opening part, leaning the scissor against to my skin closely—the cold body of stainless steel. I was frightened at first, but knew what I could do with that skill immediately." (Laughter)

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Thu, Feb 26, 2015 at 8:48 AM

Subject: I haven't her in my life

To:

I haven't her in my life, at least, as far as i remember.

The office was so quiet, and only doctors and a nurses' chatter was unclearly present. I had to clean my face and back, in order to process a medical surgery. But not much support on that; water was too cold and the needles..., in which, I, somehow, had to use every time i clean myself, were literally felt like 'needles on my skin;' unbearable pain. When i slightly cheated not to wash thoroughly and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting the doc's 'yes' to start the operation, a girl whom sat with me started bragging about her facial skin. She almost forced me to *touch* her cheeks and asked me how soft they were.

"Aren't they feel like some sort of seafood, right?"

Then the nurses came in, checked the skin on my back. She said, it's still very dirty so i need to wash it with the needles and cold water again, "thoroughly." I was afraid but I had to. The **seafood-skin-girl** was mockingly present. I went into the filthy beige tiled shower booth again, endured the pain of the needles. Then I was pretty confident that my back's clean.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Sun, Mar 23, 2014 at 3:14 PM
Subject: Glue finger
To:

Glue finger



----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Tue, Feb 24, 2015 at 10:20 AM

Subject: I hold her 목덜미

To:

I held her 목덜미^ㄱ, and pushed pretty hard saying, “you'd better tell the truth and be nice.” I already told him. She, the *rude* one, was scared. I nodded. When i was passing the room of some sort of class for adults, DK came out from the classroom with his grey sweater and stopped me saying, why don't I join the class to succeed with him.

^ㄱ strangledhold

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Mon, Nov 9, 2015 at 10:03 AM

Subject: The rooms

To:

The rooms were all perfectly hidden from the exterior view, and playfully camouflaged from any visitor like me/us. Every room was somehow connected, leading us one by one in an absolute excitement. I cannot recall every room but the last one; i remember J's room—the last one we visited in the castle looking residential building she lives. She was natural; sitting on her own swirling chair, turning around with squeaking sound and pointing everything that she can explain. We were indeed in green. Jealous of her wealth and the natural behavior in this overwhelmingly perfect environment.

"Shh, i can hear something," she said.

"Damn, this is what makes so difficult to live here—I can't fucking see anybody walking in!"

She was right; It is too secretive that it is indeed oddly very insecure instead.

No one can see one hiding-living here that everyone can hiding-invading here.

"I must go check who is out there." She went out in a very silent motion with her long sword.

We were hiding near the sit she were sitting on. I looked up the ceiling; It's so dark and very

----- Forwarded message -----

chocolate-like, besides it smelt like mud. Perhaps the lack of air was what made it so muddy. It was heavy and wet. Though i was unsure if we were on very underground or on a whichever floor we walked up while we were guided to explore each rooms. Since there were no windows, time was incalculable, the tour seemed immeasurably long, as if we'd been there for more than a month, perhaps a year or so. Then i heard sound that a knife cleaving through the air, then dull-thud.

Oh, wrong. Maybe it was very sharp and slimy noise. I wasn't sure if it is possible that a slice of air can drop on the ground with a such noise. Oh, it maybe something, something that was invading J's space.

We moved our feet near the way that J walked out. Even before we found the exit, she came in with a quite bit of sweat. She smelt like *a fish*—the literal meaning of a fish. And we asked about the noise. She said it was a *fish!* We laughed off; no one wouldn't believe her absurd answer.

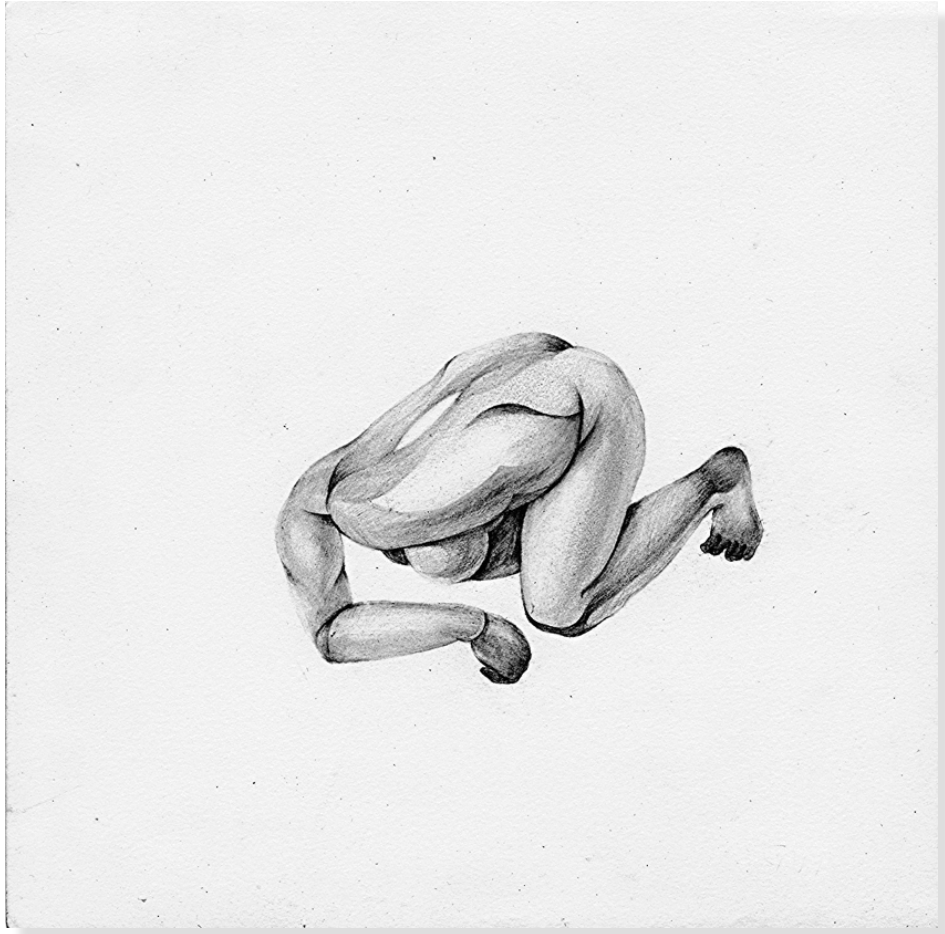
A fish can't walk nor invading anybody's any space. Fishes are only being fishes in water.

She wiped her sweat on her back, her forehead and her cheeks where i could clearly see the smear of dark blood. We forced her walk backward to where she was. Then, not clear how we went out, yet we were standing at an outdoor basketball court—maybe it was a basement with artificial lights. The entire concrete floor was soaked in water. The entire air was dark and blue, something similar to payne's grey. And I saw the shiny back of a mackerel—a huge one laying on the middle of the court where circles were normally drawn. The mackerel was no longer alive but kept flushing its dark blood out.

----- Forwarded message -----

then I

----- Forwarded message -----



----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Fri, Jun 12, 2015 at 3:59 PM

Subject: She shoved the greens

To:

She shoved the greens

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Tue, Apr 21, 2015 at 6:13 PM
Subject: You told me how;
To:

You told me how it was when you were on the stage; though I didn't see it as a right profession for you considering how young you were. As you explained, I could *see* the images of you on the stage. Hey, you were nearly naked. You just covered your penis with a small cloth cone with strings. I couldn't see your face in that form but I could recognize your legs and butt cheeks what I was familiar with. *Now*, you and me were *looking* at your past together. A girl asked something to you while you were performing. You bended your body down and listened, then said something to her. Then you looked at me, saying, "I can't believe how good my English was. I could barely hear what she was saying, even now, but I understood everything in that moment; amid that huge noise!" You looked proud and nostalgic. More moving images of you on the stage were *shown*. You and the other boy that I couldn't recognize. The freshman boy's band were up on the stage. Rock and roll. The awkward gestures. The black penis cover.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Mon, Sep 5, 2016 at 10:41 PM

Subject:

To:

Forensic artist

Hypnosis

Shill

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Tue, Jun 23, 2015 at 3:40 PM

Subject: But I Am... Talking About Her.

To:

But I am..., talking about her.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Mon, Feb 16, 2015 at 6:18 AM

Subject: My nasty behavior

To:

My nasty behavior and your small fingers on
your eyelid. The spontaneous answers and
the wrongs.

Flowers on the blanket are ashlike

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Thu, Feb 12, 2015 at 3:54 PM

Subject: Can day see me?

To:

Can day see me?

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Thu, Jan 29, 2015 at 12:24 PM

Subject: I jumped into the toilet

To:

I jumped into the toilet when i saw a vacant one. Although i checked under the door to see if there's someone—but didn't expect there would be no walls between each unit of the toilet. That being said, when i got in, i could see a girl was about to urinate with very awkward position in the next unit of the door i opened. (it was a wall-less big open space inside, there's no meaning of those doors...) She was trying not to touch anything. Or for some other reason, her legs were curved, her knees were in a half way bended, and she was squatting half way on top of the old fashioned piggyfarm style toilet. But she was not quite balanced. I didn't have any intention to help her but just looked at her by her left, standing-staring. Soon, SJ came into the girl's door. I was happy to see SJ, also surprised how they knew each other, or why she appeared *here*—in this *toiletty* situation. SJ said hi to me, but soon, quickly held her friend's shoulders and arms to position her for the better urinating. It seemed to help the girl standing, squatting if more precise, in 'a' shape while she was urinating but i could still see her urine was running down all over her legs. SJ helped her wiping the legs and repeatedly saying, "it's ok—it's normal." I even forgot to pee, just watching the situation. Then, when they were leaving, SJ looked back and asked me if I also needed her help. I nodded. SJ and the other girl held my armpits and shoulder to help me positioned squatting. Then my urine started bursting out since i held it for too long while watching them. As i could expect, it also ran all over my inner thighs to my ankle, in which felt so gross

----- Forwarded message -----

to me. SJ, again, kneeled down and helped me wiping my legs—saying, "it's ok—no big deal."

∞

I was here before—a filthy public bath in a school. I meant, it wasn't a toilet kind but more like a sauna, with all different types of bath and shower hoses. I am sure i had this sort of dream before. I needed to put some lotion on my body as when I was leaving. There were all kind of lotions displayed on shelves; the ones I've wanted to try but couldn't commit to buy the whole big bottle without knowing if I'd like it or not. I pumped all the ones i wanted to try; one with sweet orange scent, one with no scent, etc. I felt the people there were judging me for trying different things without purchasing any but i couldn't stop.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Mon, Mar 14, 2016 at 2:14 PM

Subject: AlphaGo

To:

AlphaGo resign.

The Result "W+resign" was added to the game information.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Mon, Nov 23, 2015 at 12:04 PM

Subject:

To:

C gave a kiss on my nose, then blew some air into my nostrils. Then she asked if my ears were popped. And I realized they certainly did.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Sun, Jan 25, 2015 at 10:43 AM

Subject: An egg with ages

To:

An egg with ages

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Wed, Jan 28, 2015 at 12:58 PM

Subject: My littleneck clam soup

To:

My little neck clam soup was a failure; more than the half shells were empty and the soup was grainy. But i found odd looking shells in the plastic bag, and i broke the shells a bit violently. They were slugs with colors. They looked shocked, and because i just broke their shells, they were getting dried out. I gotta go to the ocean to let them live back in the ocean. On my way running to the ocean, i dropped my slugs a few times, and have to make sure hey were hydrated enough. I saw one of my slugs' tongue was out, eye lids were drooping. I was urgently looking for water if any was possible in the middle of the road. I saw a Pakistani street vendor, i asked him for some water to save my slug. He laughed at me but sprinkled some soda on my slug. When i arrived near the ocean, i had to pass a narrow pathway with beach sand. It was a shadowy little alley with a lot of trash or some sort of clothes on hangers. My feet were sunken, i was struggling to walk straight forward and soon realized all my five slugs were missing. I was upset i couldn't take them to the ocean but on the other hands, i felt they would crawl themselves to the water because it wasn't too far. (Just to try to make a justification for my failed mission) And when i was trying to walk out of the alley, i saw my necklace was on the sand that I never took that out. I noticed this alley has some sort of magical evil power that make people lose things. The bunch of clothes and other accessories in that alley must have been collected in

----- Forwarded message -----

the same way, as well as my slugs. When I try to leave, a guy approached me, saying "you stole my clothes." I was defending myself by explaining the strange phenomenon of the alley but it wouldn't work for this angry old man who already knew how everything works and even used this alley for making his living. He brought me out of the alley and told people i stole his stuff. He had a little laptop that looked very organized; all the indexes for his belongings. I was amazed by this little old man. There was a little indian girl following us and she told her grandma how terrific his list looked. The folder was also organized by group of people. There was a photo of a lady that looks similar to the little indian girl. I said to him that girl looks like the lady in the photo. He smiled. He said this lady is a Thai he loved, and he also knew the little girl looked like the lady. So he named her after the Thai lady—Tabby Shaggot. The girl's grandmother apparently was an old friend of him. She laughed at him but also amazed how much his computer skills improved within a short time. She said when he found the little laptop at the alley last year, he was a mess, just like everyone. He showed us how he organized his folders; "am i belong to this group of people?" "Definitely" (drag all to the folder) "am i belong to you guys too? (pointing to the photos of little girl and her grandma) "Certainly"

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Sun, Jan 11, 2015 at 6:40 PM

Subject: The testimonies

To:

The testimonies and following images were shown to me; I was calling Y to come watch these before they closed down. The crime scenes were hard to watch since it was too graphic to me. Yet i kept my eyes on. One of the scene was a guy who plan to revenge to polices whom he captured from the subway. When the polices were off-duty and heading to home, the guy broke the glass with a fire extinguisher and hit them, then shove them into a laundry machine that was strong enough to grind those victims as 'meat patties.' I was blaming the fact how we, this society, even made a household machine as cruel as this, and how we let some guy be mad as *now*.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Sun, Dec 7, 2014 at 8:39 AM
Subject:
To:

Three of us were in the studio for a painting lesson with a teacher who can't run on her own legs.

She was very nice to me. that I took no offense to her at all, though other kids didn't seem to like her. I was leaving earlier than the two other girls. I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay with her. She offered me some candies, not much, but one of each flavor. The kid-self of me was wondering while i was leaving the door, how would it feel to be sitting in a wheelchair all day like her. I wore a red backpack.

In fact, I had nowhere to go, so I just lurked around. I liked her alot.

I've seen these aisles and stairs before;
the laminated pale grey floor with small stones with colors.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Tue, Nov 25, 2014 at 7:54 AM

Subject:

To:

My hands got chopped off from some horrible incident that oddly I wasn't surprised about. The surgery was fairly easy and relaxing, in fact, I got to replace to a new set of hands. But what was I gonna do with my old set of hands that were chopped off? I found them from a pile of other stuff that I meant to throw away, so I packed them up all together into a box. Nice and efficient packing. But my father came in and ask what did I have in the box, I couldn't answer. I realized I'd be in a trouble if police or whoever found them and accused me, though those were my own limbs. I started getting nervous, so I took them out of the box to get proper treatment, whatever law provided.

∞

L and her lover wore such funny looking pants while we were visiting NB's studio. Somebody tried to give her an advice but she was offended and said, you are very very rude. There were so, so, so, many of small green caterpillars in NB studio, some even followed me everywhere, so i had to squeeze and kill them but they just kept popping up. I gave up and visited NB again and we sat in front of his studio door that was a sheet of glass that we could see through inside. I kept finding the little caterpillars from the floor but NB seemed not disturbed by having them at all, unlike me. I had to hide the fact I've already killed some of them.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Tue, Oct 28, 2014 at 8:13 AM
Subject: Some emergency outside
To:

Some emergency outside, V had to stay in my home. We were as awkward as we actually were, and she was my guest, with her cute brown vest. I realized after all day i haven't mentioned (just simply forgot) that my toilet is barely swallowing any water and my temporary one that i just fixed, right before showing to V, was at my small closet; the top drawer of my plastic dresser. The dried excrements that did not have any odor were jumping out of the tiny toilet-system while i was trying to plunge without having V noticed it. Perhaps this was my litterbox of some kind. V was neither impressed or shocked but rather, "um, interesting." I didn't know if she'd ever use this or not during her stay, that i didn't remember the motivation of.

∞

P mailed to me twice as responds to my recent rejection toward his clingy love. First was sarcastic, and the second was offensive in a very pathetic way.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Tue, Oct 21, 2014 at 8:03 AM
Subject:
To:

A hair-feathered-ribbon attached tampon (decoration) that the girl h secretly put it into my V. It was odd that we had some sort of a test that both man and woman can put their hands *in* me to test something. It wasn't violent but rather youthful and curious. Then, a guy who said he is my lover looked very sad and told me how i discovered the hair-feathered-robbon aattached one and said, i shouldn't have a double standard. And stopped me from apologizing. And said I shall rather kiss him.

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Sat, Sep 13, 2014 at 12:02 AM

Subject: I saw a girl

To:

I saw a girl at the train from chappaqua.

∞

kk's to bb

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Tue, Sep 2, 2014 at 12:07 AM

Subject: Honey

To:

Honey on your legs

----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Sat, Jul 19, 2014 at 11:56 AM

Subject: T said

To:

T said, "i gotta work."

Then jump into the counter of the easy coffeehouse that was about to close. He told me i can get as much coffee i want from the jug, but i didn't understand what he meant.

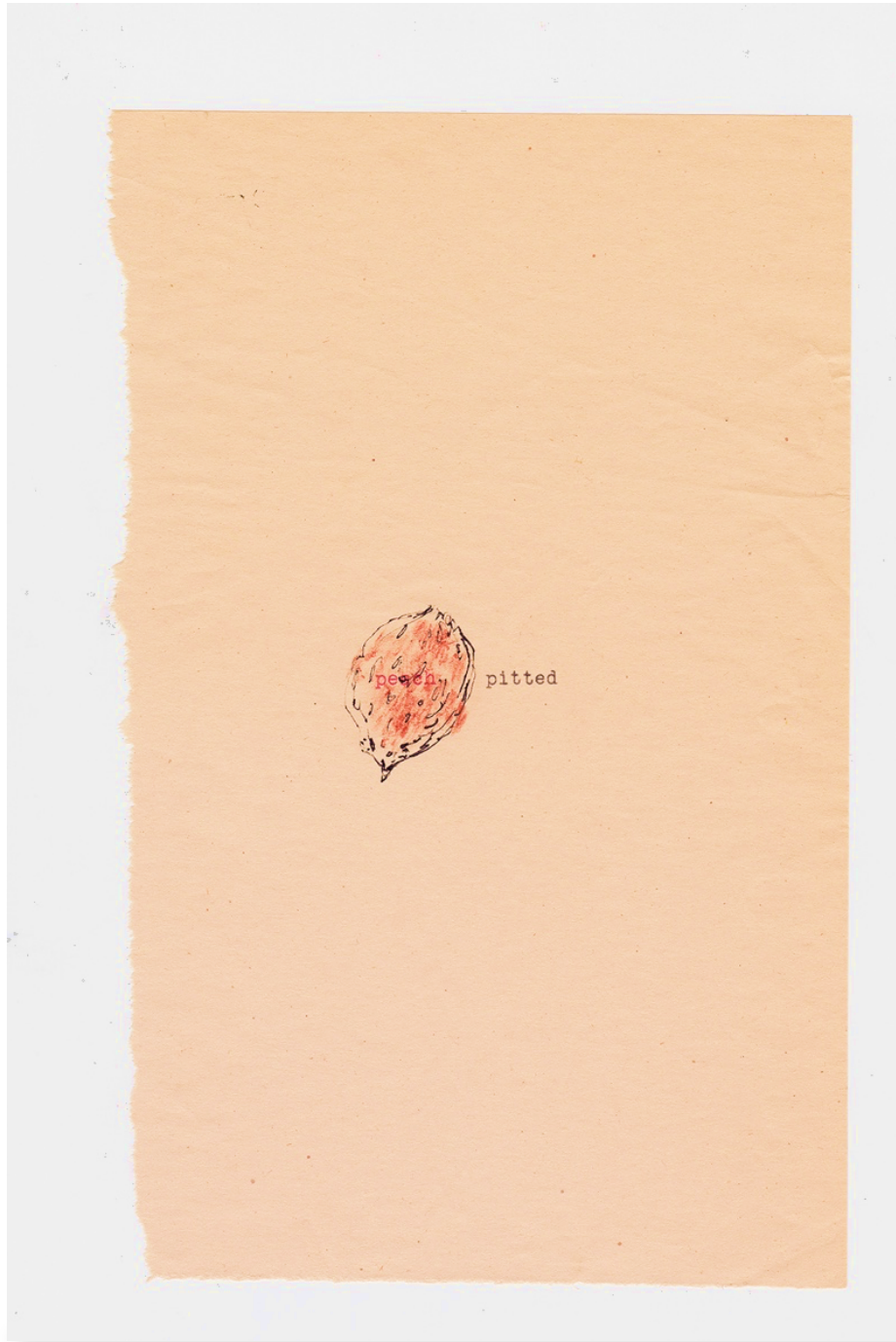
∞

Each animal licks each butt.

All together create a quite a scene.

It also helps slow down the eating speed of the poor babes that have been starving long.

----- Forwarded message -----



----- Forwarded message -----

From:

Date: Dec 30, 2009 at 14:48

Subject:

To:

40TH and telegraph

----- Forwarded message -----



Then, four dogs attacked him- "out of the blue"

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: 2016-12-09 3:01 GMT-05:00
Subject:
To:

~~失戀 당해自殺한情熱의 '女流' 詩人
實在 삶은 안개속
알퐁스 도데 '愛의 勝利者'로 浮刻~~

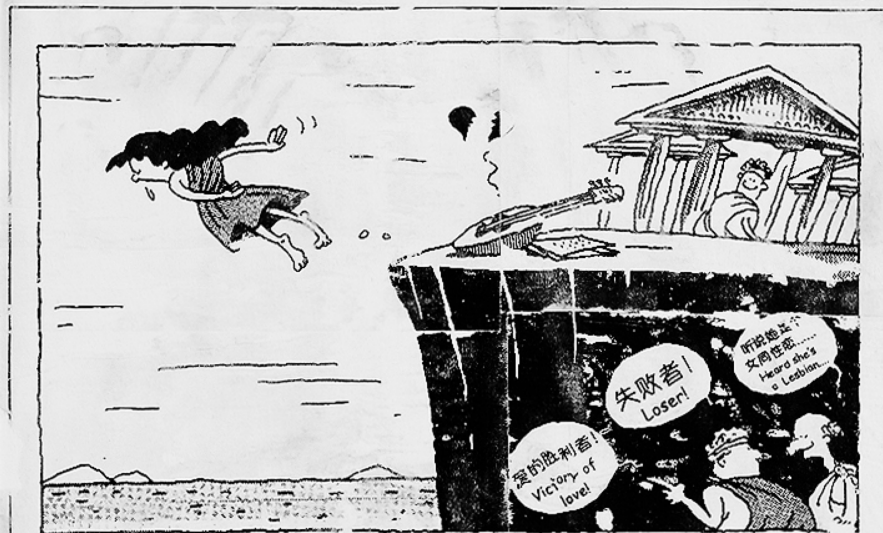
~~실연당해 자살한 정열의 여류시인
실제 삶은 안개속 . . . 알퐁스 도데의...
사랑의 승리자로 부각...~~

~~A passionate 'Female' poet (poetess?) who
committed suicide from lovelornness.
Her reallife remains in haze...
Emerged as a 'victory of love' by Alphonse
Daudet.—~~

~~실제 삶은 안개속, 알퐁스 도데에 소설에서~~

A Passionate 'Female' Poet Who Committed
Suicide with a Brokenheart. Her Real Life Remains
in Haze... Highlighted as a 'Victory of Love' by
Alphonse Daudet

1994年11月13日 星期日



一个热情的“女”诗人因失恋而自杀

A Passionate 'Female' Poet Who Committed Suicide with a Brokenheart

她的真实生活仍然如在雾中..... 在阿尔封斯都德的笔下她却是一“爱的胜利者”
Her real life remains in haze... Highlighted as a 'ictory of love' by Alphonse Daudet



USER GUIDE

A.

Σmail is for the sense of crisis.

It is a communication of those who are willing to serve themselves over their own Future-Selves to be better remembered. Each draft is a short essay of urgent despair that hasn't been nor ever will be sent.

B.

Σmail provides authorless clip-art roses to dedicate for whom their voices claimed away.

FYI, some roses are more tragic than others.

Γ.

Σmail supports one's inability to finish writing. **Σmail** praises one's ability to continue writing.

Δ.

Σmail only exists as a radical form of *draft* to denounce violence over the possibility of the future. Instead of Sans Serif, the universal default font category, **Σmail**'s default attitude setting is Sans-Self; by letting the one's present-self go, one can humbly, yet eagerly, subsist as the person who one really is—as for now—with the absurdly optimistic anticipation on one's forthcoming, promising the *simply better* Future-Self.

E.

Σmail proposes the kneeled table—soon-to-be *arisen*'s possibilities: ecstatic vindication.

F.

Σmail *autocorrects* the user's insecurity over having piled up *unfinished* drafts into *solid* fragments that subsist as how they are. To leave the fragments fragmented is to dissent from violence toward the future.

I.

All the above applies just only to till *present*.

Team **Σmail**

Authorized by J. A., 2016

----- Forwarded message -----

From:
Date: Mon, Dec 19, 2016 at 9:36 AM
Subject:
To:

Σmail (aka Sappho mail, Sigma mail) proposes the
kneeled table–soon-to-be arisen’s possibilities:
ecstatic vindication

