

Stallmann

Schillerstrassen 70,
10627 Berlin,
info@stallmann.club,
+49 151 56805307,

A · Phantasmagoria · Kurse
Alexander MacKinnon
Jonas Pequeno
7th December 2023 · 30th February 2024

5. Little Scary Stories or

5 little

☒ Mrs. C could be described as "generic". Someone you little cubicle, her little world and little, ordinary life. But often waiting, seething with rage for those little marionettes does not have meaning, it doesn't extend to her cubicle, her where Mrs. C tries to break free from the ordinary - her empty takeout boxes. Mrs. C and her vehicle are Brendas chit-chats about her obese cats. Mrs. C withdraws and her morphing together as plants do when reclaiming a mushroom stuck to her steering wheel where she eats, woman in her mid-thirties who has let herself go. Why occupy a space that can barely be called a space. The dirty more than a grease smear on a lense. And as no one was obviously replaceable. She vanished, like a wilting flower.

☒ Within our homes, especially childhood time when worry had no room in our no responsibility. "Your actions have your parents turn your bedroom into an prepared you for. It is as if the umbilical cord matured and acknowledging that this is their opens up to The Void - an empty black box Noam Chomsky*, that when we are minors we grow up in, and the relationships we suggests, more of a black hole that can child we once were filled with so much? By conversation - we can access the trauma that perspective more yet not excuse said because seeing this empty children's room

☒☒☒ Mary came to visit her aunt Sarah every autumn in San run through corridors, hiding behind stairwells. And how many times you took the same path, you never to her as a child was now not much more than a faint box. As the years passed, Mary did not give much passed and the unfinished house inherited by her. As the return to a place that only holds onto a small part that seemed, not per se, bigger but larger and deeper as if the Mary knew she would not be the same. Entering this closed. Certain doors should not be reopened as they not need further exploring. Following the maze of old nowhere, rooms are suddenly closed off, and some to lose her head. What began as a whisper became a dark cabinets. Chanting to Mary to follow them further already at the top you can only go down...

☒☒☒☒ Months ago, I moved into this apartment complex, a little spectacular, not fancy yet affordable, clean and dry. Yet I this feeling, as if there's a pit in my stomach. I can feel lanky fingers with sharp nails are trying to reach for me. ever since I was a child, pointing it back to a dream I awake in my childhood bedroom. It is pitch dark, and from the outlines of a giant snake approaching me. My first basic that the hallways of our apartment are quicksand, meaning I Panicking and hearing the slithering snake behind me, the to get to my parent's bed for safety. With my last bit of force, I that is my parents' bed. I believe I have made it but my foot is bedframe, the mouth of the snake opens, and I wake up. Ever shake off that feeling that my time is only burrowed and at back... so I wait, my ever-knowing knowledge of impending me not knowing what I did to deserve this but there is no way

love could've saved
in another life,
you know
user is offline
01:26 - lovebug3000-

are they /
sins
you you trip? I'm
coming over just
because we're in a
some what locked
doesn't mean you have
no of all messsias on
- em this will pass

the 10 plagues on god
this is it! It's like
no, you don't get it
01:15 - lovebug3000-
being on your own
what's, os bad about
loneliness and even if
alone doesn't equal
it's not? What's being
does god have to do
01:13 - freaky44-: what

life we're used to
we've become used to
made and how addicted
we taking back what
god testing us, like
loneliness I think is
really it, this
escape this, this
I don't think I can
this feels different,
01:05 - lovebug3000-:

eventually
you'll figure it out
what they're doing,
nobody actually knows
get me worried like
from? U good? Don't
where is this coming
00:52 - freaky44-:

that.
there is? I don't want
a rut? Is this all
working a mini-ww2-
ly out there for us?
here... what's actual-
nowhere to go from
feel like there's
myself anymore... I
know what to do with
It's just, I don't
00:46 - lovebug3000-:

outside the city. Nothing
have not been able to shake away
something approaching me, if
This feeling has been with me
remember vividly to this day:
the corner of my eye, I can spot
instinct is to run. But it appears
can barely move forward.
only thing I know is that I need
pull myself up into the haven
still dangling from the
since I have not been able to
one point I will have to pay it
doom, judgement day upon
out, that I know for certain.
00:30 - lovebug3000-:
you there?

are they /

sins

would not bother looking twice at, irrelevant. Imagine a generic office, her Mrs. C has had enough. Every day the same loop, she gets out of her car, that she cannot escape, primarily because she is one of them. Her little life dull one-bedroom apartment that she barely inhabits anymore. And this is primary habitat now being her car, an old Ford, cushioned seats and some inseparable. She eats here in her lunch break to flee the grey break room and herself more and more from whatever little social life she once had. Her car place that once was inhabited by humans. Is she much more than a sleeps, and lurks? From the outside, it doesn't seem unusual - just another should anyone care as it is she who did this to herself? Not even enough to little Ford with the little grey lady inside the empty car park was anything given any thought to Mrs. C, and no one called anyway and at work she was She didn't disappear but she was purely not there.

homes lies a trauma of a reminiscence of more innocent times. Perhaps a vocabulary yet and things were taken care of. No silly little task, little to consequences?", yes but I am just a girl or not so much anymore. When office after you move out, a hit of reality appears that nobody could have was cut again. Realising and approaching our parents when we have first time on earth too, expands our interpersonal connections but also some of us carry in larger formats, and smaller. There is a theory by we fill the black box inside of us. With the love we receive, the culture form along the way. But can a black box ever be filled or is it as The Void swallow entities? When did we stop trying to fill our black box, that the doing the work, respecting our boundaries and opening up the also lies within our caregivers/parents but eventually understand their behaviour. In the end, maybe your room was turned into an office was frankly too painful.

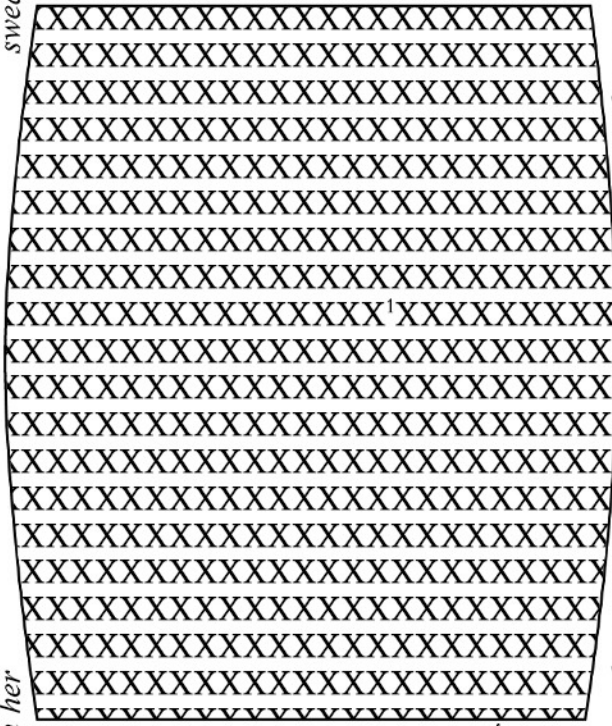
Jose. A grand house constantly under construction where she used to there were, as it seemed, never-ending ways to get lost. No matter returned the same way you came from. What once had been exciting memory, something you store in the back of your mind, hidden in a thought to her aunt, only when a letter arrived stating that she had saying goes: "Curiosity killed the cat". What would it be like to once was her, another version of who she has become? The house windows had sunken into hollow eye sockets. Going into the house, relic of the past opened up tunnels and paths that had long been may never let you out again. Some shadows that creep in the dark do memories intertwined within the house, a space where stairs lead doors only contain brick walls behind them. Poor little Mary started screeching of tangled-up voices that did not want to stay hidden in and further up. Until there was no higher to go because if you are

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Mr Conroy had returned to the topic of his wife and her absence that evening at the hands of the plague of mosquitoes, "if you saw her now, why, you'd hardly recognise her. Drained. Absolutely drained by the blasted things, why, she's half the woman that rolled into town..." Unbidden the image of Aunt Phyllis returned to Grace's mind – bleating pathetically on her sweat-stained bed,

h a n d m a i d
Phyllis's gown
cellulite
yogurt-white
with blotches,
the maid
of ochre
the vast ripples
stretched-wide
Grace thought
this very
beneath the
her own dress
rapacious bugs
thought of



the smooth porcelain of her own thighs and greedily sinking their probosci into her flesh and drinking her blood and that come tomorrow night it would be her writhing and pleading in bed, her own nightdress pulled up to her stomach as the handmaids worked at oiling her own corrupted flesh.

She

stepped away from the door and it swung closed with a thud, removing his finger at the top knuckle where it had been gripping the door frame with earnest pressure. Wanting to leave, and being embarrassed about having to ask for his finger tip back, he hesitated a long while at the door before resolving to leave it there. No mention was ever made of her having found part of his shorn finger in her doorway, but surely she must have had to deal with it somehow.

and one drawing up to expose the speckled flesh corrupted wobbling as rubbed globs unctions along of her thighs. And that now, at moment, delicate silks of t h e s e with no decency were crawling up

s ni wobs s a ni tngp
between the bundles
of naked
bodies of
every size
and shape
and hue I
saw the
raised head
of a
whippet.
Ears tucked
back and
its eyes
wide and
timorous as
it glanced
nervously
from side
to side.

word wish he'd op sway
yesterday upon the stair i met a man who
wasn't there again to day or

Wish that I'd have met you as a younger man" / "I can pray"
Sweat that it before kissing me on each cheek and whispering in my ear: "I
unloaded 5 bullets into his hand. Woken and seated one evening by its shrill a loaded
gun in his hand. I never wildly at a poorly knew, or of an
corner in his hand. I never wildly at a poorly knew, or of an
ancient king and king slept and seated one evening by its shrill a loaded
Corridors, a tyrant who roared uprigh in a chair with a fraying of an
Kebab, a tyrant who roared uprigh in a chair with a fraying of an
Bartosz. Built like a poorlly knew, or of an
or a captive. Built like a poorlly knew, or of an
I had no place else to go. A guest
I found out an quickly that I
accepted out an quickly that I
travels and I had
end of my invitation.
towards the
It