



Welcome to Skullcrushing Hummingbird - The Zine, Issue Five.

You may notice that our cover model is not being crushed by one of the many hummingbirds that hover around him.

That's because he is dreaming.

All he knows in his waking life is the sweet crushing of the hummingbird.

They are symbiotic.

Free of the waking crush, our boy is in a panic.

But is it a nightmare or is he just adjusting to the other realm?

If we are lucky we remember our dreams.

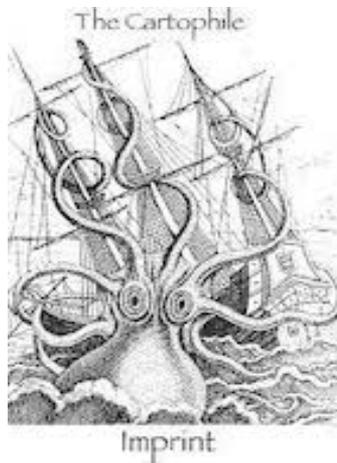
Glimpses into those other realms are accessible for nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ of our lives.

The theme of this issue is **dreams**.

“Dreams are free motherfucker!” - minutemen

Skullcrushing Hummingbird

Issue 5/ Fall 2024



Laurence Wilhelm Lillvik - Editor



fig.1

Contributing Artists:

Cover / Theresa Arrison

Figure 1 / Heather Ritchie

Figure 2 / Cattreena Stone

Figure 3 / Wyrnfoot

Figure 4, 18 / Jill Storthz

Figure 5,16 / Chris Phillips

Figure 7, 17/ Mélanie Caron

Figure 8 / Dan Bale

Figure 9,10,21 / Kier Cooke Sandvik

Figure 11,15 / Kevin Cascell

Figure 12 / Paul Haines

Figure 13 / Curtis Endicott

Figure 14 / Trevor Rieck

Figure 19 / Laurence Lillvik

Figure 20 / ~~Marco Ventura~~

A chronological list of reoccurring dreams / Erik Tinsley

I awake, still wrapped in my blanket, at the top of a play structure where my parents left me. water from the river is rising around the supporting pillars and sharks are circling.

I'm being chased along a boardwalk by a mummy or swamp monster, it's dark and the boardwalk is a poorly lit labyrinth. I scream for someone to save me, but anyone who comes close is caught by the monster. I can only ward him off with the flash of a camera, I try to imagine myself with more than just a small disposable one as I fall asleep.

I splash my toes in the water of a lake next to an adult man I don't know, but who looks like he could be a relative of mine. he listens to me talk and I feel safe here.

I wake up in my bed, in the yellow house we live in, but when I walk through the hallways it's been abandoned for years. I can always hear someone just ahead of me, but I can never catch up to them.

I stop dreaming for a while.

I'm in the woods on some mountain, hiking to the summit, aware I have to get there quickly because I haven't got any supplies or any way to get home besides a rarely running bus.



fig.2

I'm standing on the top of a high-rise apartment building in Seattle, in a luscious rooftop garden. Lake Union is receding and a tidal wave comes, putting Seattle under water. I run. or swim. or drown. trying to escape. any option I choose leaves me walking the Seattle underground, hazy purple light from the stained glass embedded in the sidewalks, barely inhibited by the water consuming me.

I'm in my house in Oceanside, looking out the tiny upstairs window- if I stand on my toes, nose pressed to the screen, I can just see the water in the distance. again, it's receded, the wave suddenly rushing in fast, overtaking the house. I sit on the floor with my back to the wall and drown.

I sit on a beach and talk to a man a little older than I am, who looks related to me, we discuss philosophy and occasionally move pieces around a chessboard. he is overdressed. my feet are bare.

I'm in the yellow house again, haunting the hallways and trying to understand when I died.

I stop dreaming for a while.

I explain to my friend, Lyle, that I got a girl pregnant and don't know what to do. he looks at me incredulously and suggests I get a paternity test. I don't understand why.

I visit a 1950's inspired diner and try to order a delicious looking slice of chocolate cake under a glass on the counter, I ask if it has dairy in it and the answer is always yes. I drink a black coffee and watch the rain on the window.

I sit on the beach and play chess with someone I don't know, but who looks related to me.

I'm browsing a junk shop, a library, an antique store, a market or rummage sale while waiting for the world to end. Outside volcanoes erupt, the earth shakes, bombs drop. I'm unconcerned, picking out a flavor of ice cream to try, checking cassette tapes for mold, flipping through back issues of magazines. I don't know what I'm looking for and I usually die before I find it.

I hike a mountain, unprepared, looking for a lake.



fig.3

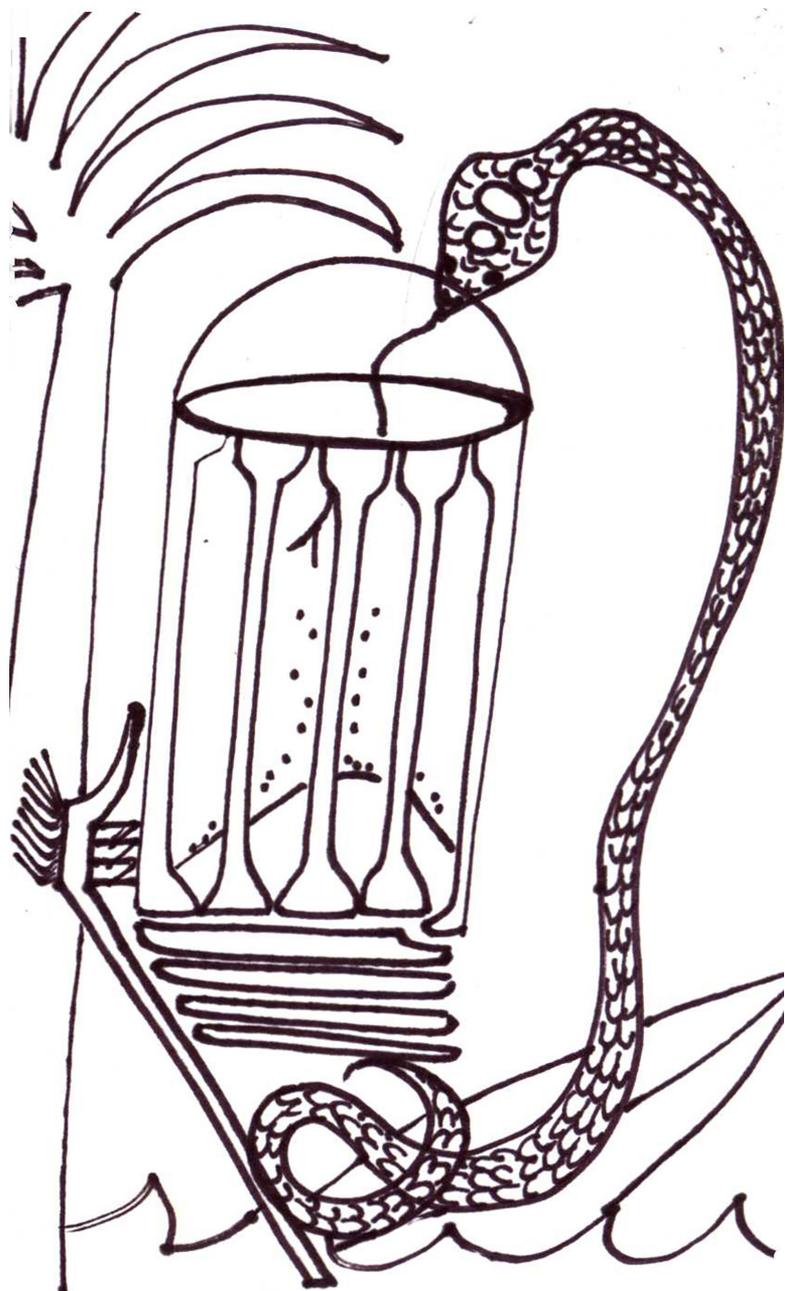


fig.4

The Path / Cynthia Nelson

a wise person said, in my dream (to be clear)
the short path is the best one, or the best path
is the shortest one, or wait, i think it was slow
not short. the best path, although slow, or because it is slow,
is that one. or maybe, go slow on the path, it is the best
way. these sound like translations, which they are. the path
is slow, but it is the best way. the slow droll path is, alas, the
only way

Kentucky Graveyard / Cynthia Nelson

the rat that has been terrorizing our kitchen
for weeks this morning lies dead & bloody
outside the trap, unfortunately looking rather
sweet & innocent in its black linoleum
death bed

we have been staying in this suburban house
on a hill waiting for our album to come out
there is this million percent haunted graveyard
with the most amazing artifacts like for example
you walk past a certain gravestone & your body
triggers a little movie starring the dead person

i am terrified of the spirits but under the influence
of a speedball i play in the graveyard a bit
i like being near it & plan to play there more
if this life continues

Dream 1967 / Marie Lillvik

I was living in Charleston SC (my birthplace) while my husband Carl was in Vietnam for a year. With me were our 3 children, ages 5, 3 and 1. My very large immediate family lived close by.

I dreamed a man called me on the phone. I could see myself walking into the kitchen where the telephone hung on the wall. There was a man's voice and he told me "someone had died." He didn't tell me who, but I knew it was a man.

When I woke up the next morning I felt very uneasy. The dream stuck with me and seemed so real. I kept thinking it must be Carl and I kept waiting for the knock on the door. Nothing happened that day. That night I went to bed as usual.

The phone really started ringing. I walked to the kitchen and answered it. It was my oldest brother. He said "we took dad to the hospital. It's very serious and you should come."

When I got to the hospital my father had died. (This was real. My father had not been sick, there had been no warning (except maybe my dream).



fig.5

Haikus / Steven Pappas

Made a bed of nails —
never expected these dreams
to be a comfort

Rejecting reason
puts logic on hiatus
rules find their kinky

We are all convinced
we once saw a UFO
... better left unsaid



fig.6



fig.7

Thanks For Signing Up / Laurence Lillvik

After implementing the dream imperative control system - relaxation becomes power, studies have shown, oh wait, studies have been flabbergasted by the onset of dream imperative control systems, reach out to the operatives, astute as they are, wait, hold on, studies have determined the dream imperative has been operational throughout the fears, c'mon, try our restrictive measures to choke the lucid tendrils of the dream imperative, where relaxation becomes power, that girl Heather from third grade has been trying to reach you - c'mon and do this.

Teeth / Emma Lake

It's 7:15, I wake up in the morning for school, rolling out of bed and throwing on my clothes in an act to wake myself up. I stumble my way down the hallway in front of my bedroom to my bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I fix my hair and prod at acne spots, then scramble through my medicine cabinet searching for a toothbrush.

I brush my teeth over my sink, looking back to the mirror, sizing myself up for the day. I brush and brush as if entranced, spacing out somewhere deep in my mind, trying to keep myself awake.

Feeling my mouth fill with saliva, I go to spit out my toothpaste.

I peer into the sink and watch, horrified, as nothing but a thick black goo comes out. I look up wide eyed to find myself smiling back, toothless.

My mouth was replaced with a dark, black hole. My body had betrayed me.

I retch, my vocal cords trying to scream, and find myself met with nothing but a gurgle.

I wake up in a cold sweat and find my jaw sore from grinding my teeth together, the flesh of my cheeks filled with sores from the gnawing. I stand up from my bed, check my phone and it's 7:15, I stumble down my hallway.

Keep Goin ya only
got two Teeth
Left to Go



d19
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fig.8

there's a room in the
middle of this house
that you can't reach
or see, the entrance is
impossible

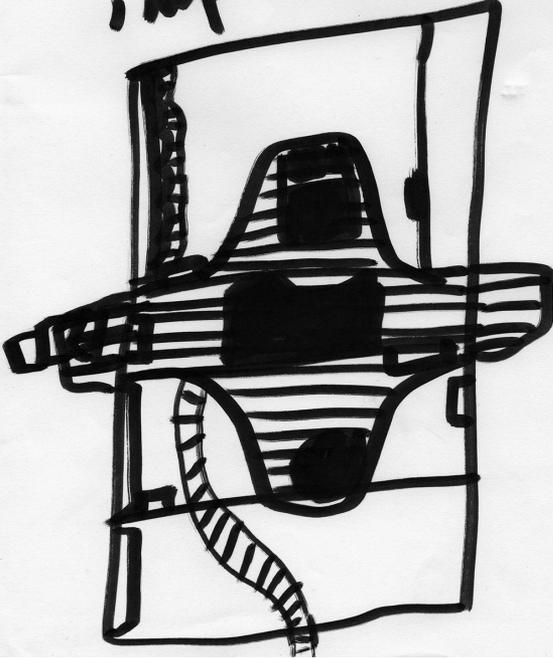


fig.9

**ON A DRIVE-IN VIEWING OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIND/
Aaron Fagan**

One can see how these missing scenes tremble against interpretation—
Casting aspersions as one might waking from a pornographic dream,
Who dares enter upon the daylight despairing the nothing there?
Clutch one shimmering image from this rough magic to drive away
The dream one here abjures and never ceases to revel in the loss.
Some heard a rumor of collapse upholds stability—as if that's what
We are. Failure involves apotheosis. One—far away, lifting—who
Stayed and died an echo of the age. Sunlight and the dream of sunlight
Keep us from staring. How many words make up the majesty among
Deniers? Unable to fathom what compels me to speak in the clear
Voice of an emperor's auctioneer—the passenger in the body looms
Against another surge made miniature by this monstrous concern:
Beneath the surface there was nothing. Knowledge wears us down,
I fear you can only see what's missing from what is plain to see.

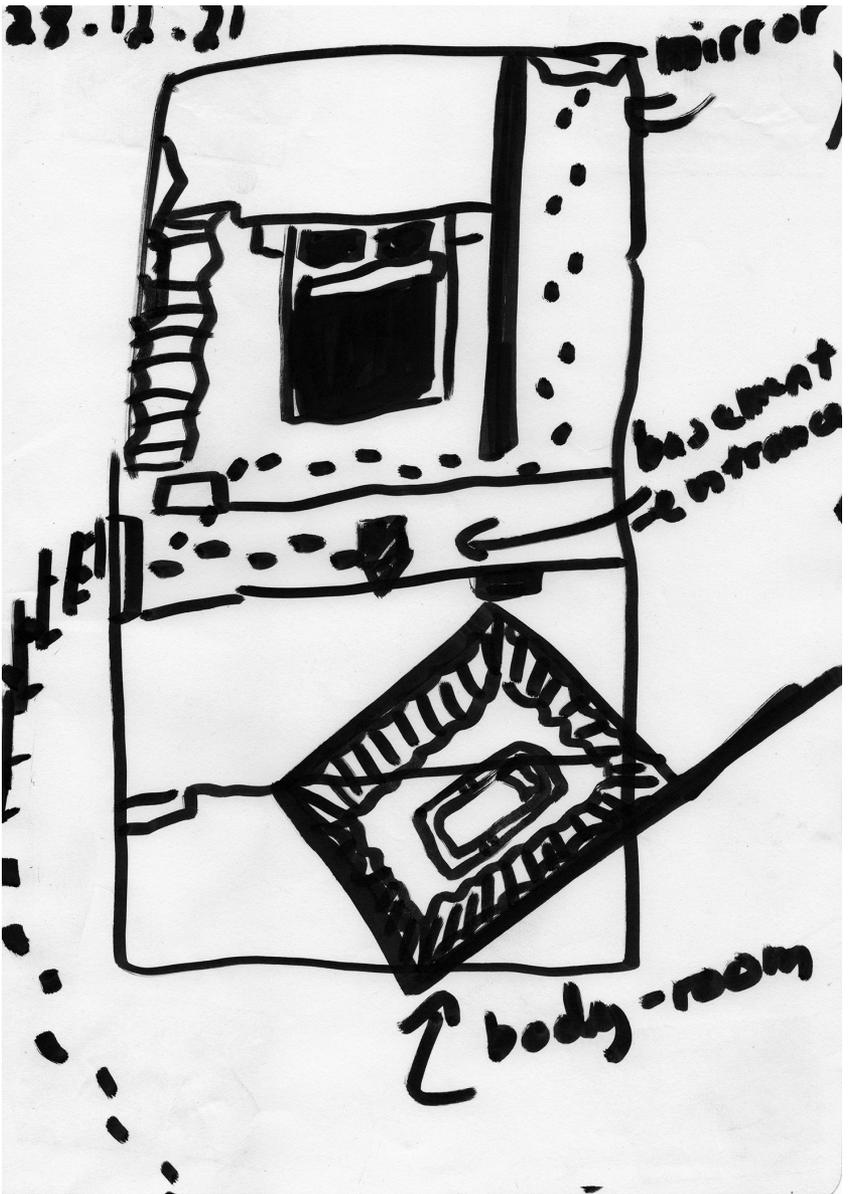


fig.10

Let's Get Small / Christopher Luna

*For Steve Martin, Becca Smolen,
and the Old School Utopia crew*

looking after someone else's child
though other adults are present—
one of whom tells me
I've been too harsh with the boy

I have been working on a poem
the edges of the looseleaf paper
filled with watercolor etherea
and collaged magazine images

including a young Sonny Rollins

I study and study the page
knowing that all the words
will dissipate upon waking
among those present

I feel a special connection
with Becca
her potential for empathy
so I ask her to step outside with me

it is raining pretty hard
and now she is tiny
small as a rock
below me
on the soaked
back porch

so I get down there with her
crouching to bring our sizes
into alignment
and ask

“Have you ever listened to Tool?”

because of that one time
in waking life
when Ross Singer and I took shrooms
and sat down together on the carpet
at the historic Roseland Ballroom
(once home to Satchmo, Fletcher Henderson
and jazz fans who love to swing)

and got small

tripping our respective balls off

fellow fans
towering over us
like redwoods

I'd love to be back there
on the floor with you again
old friend



fig.11

A Subconscious Assemblage, or, Some Dreams **/ Colin Keating**

Walking around the edge of a soccer field and this dyed redhead punk girl calls my name and comes over. I recognize her from my street punk days. She morphs into a very proper woman. We live in an apartment. I look through a tiny eye hole in the wall; it looks directly on to the door from the apartment across the hall. I stop looking because I sense something bad is going to happen.

*

I'm a good person but I've killed a child. People tiptoe around this in my dorm room.

*

An anvil is just a giant hammer.

*

I have a cool Middle Eastern English teacher. He wears loose blue button ups and smokes cigarettes. His classroom is located in a weird strip mall and he's passionate about poetry. His students are all wiseass street kids, stereotypes from an uplifting public service movie. Woke up thinking about brat and how millennial culture is being reheated and commodified (or was it always like this?)

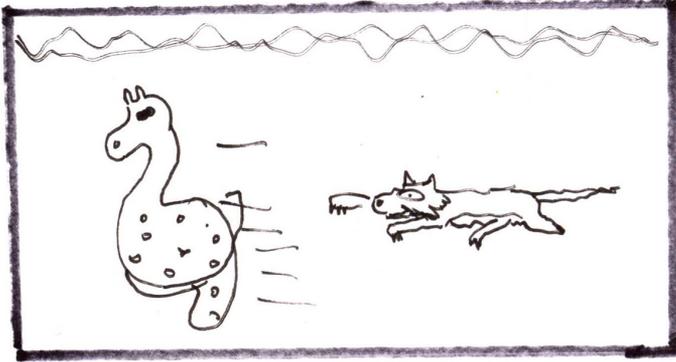
*

In an apartment, a delivery guy keeps glitching and returns to the front door again and again and again, like he's on a track. This is very disturbing and I never seem to catch him in time before the loop starts over. I end up waking B up saying "no no no" over and over again. Wonder if the food he brings also re-loops.

*

Dream images hastily rendered upon waking.

- 1) Cat chasing a giant seahorse in a living room sized aquarium.



- 2) Shark Jaw fossil rock, loosely teetering on a high ledge.



fig.12

Trying to knit this giant suit together Gulliver's Travels style with little men and women to impress a really dumb girl in some Mediterranean city. The little bearded dudes are saying shit like "huzzah." It's like some weird Greek myth knot task. Thin yellow strings they swing on.

*

Severance type dream again. Going to work which is run by a paint by numbers system — your whole shift is dedicated to filling in the number 7, "red," for example. Everyone is a group of outlines and the one you're focused on glows silver. Cut to me talking to someone on a long bridge, wide angle shot from behind. Go to a party and everyone is intrigued by what I do.

*

Working at a school, trying to do a lesson about drug use (or while on drugs? unsure) but I can never seem to get around to it. There's a cool teacher I want to impress. One day they chalk a picture of Grimace on the blackboard and I think it's the coolest thing.

*

I'm telling Daylon about a meme that's keeping my relationship together. It's just a fed up looking seagull walking through a screen glass door with the words "whatever" below it in Impact font. "Yeah, memes can do that," he says.



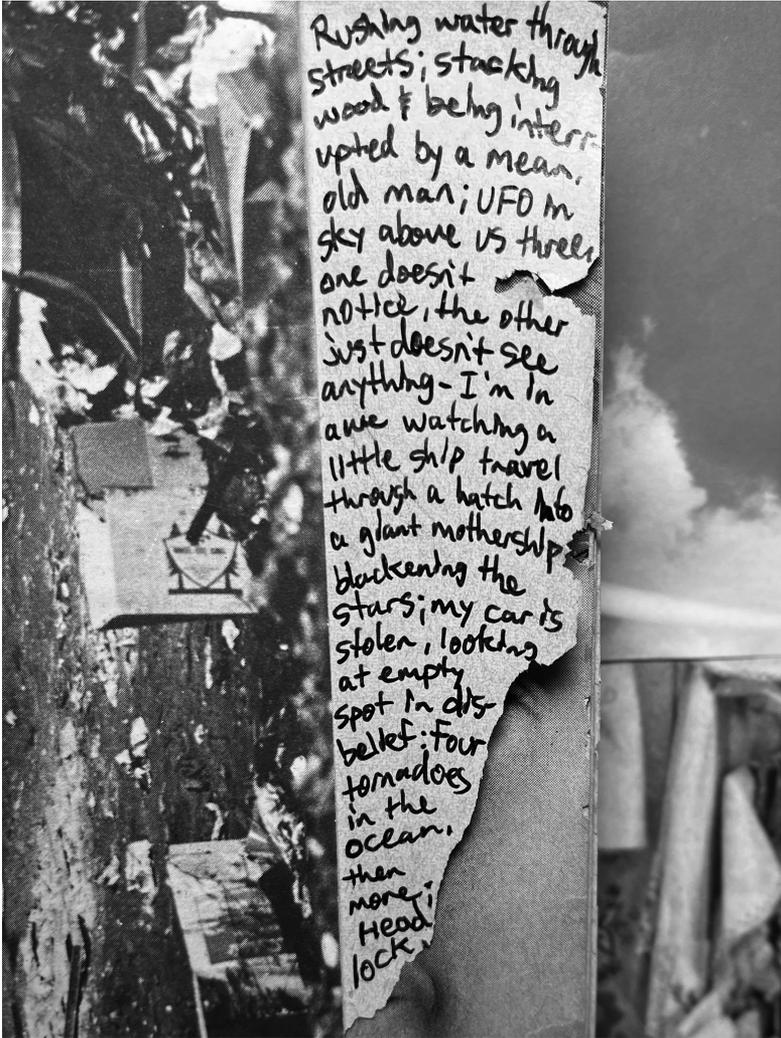


fig. 14

Dreaming / Angie Kirby

A woman of such unutterable beauty
that the beauty unzipped her skin to walk
down the street and turn the corner
where I hid, and, finding me
crouched, took my hand and returned
to the woman, who said, “now you
are mine, forever” — each of her
green eyes drowned one half
of me, first the grown-up
then the child, until the only thing left
was her hand picking up, one
by one, my empty shoes.

*

I was playing this video game
and there was a ledge you could leap to
with some jackal, teeth like an old Buick’s grille

And I jumped on the jackal,
onto his back, and rode him; he ran into a forest
filled with hairy legs instead of trees

And the jackal raised his leg
to pee on all the ankles, then we climbed
the last trunk, next to a cliff; flew into nothing

Except the nothing was blue,
like my Air Jordans, the ones with straps
and the blue never ended; I’m there in it still

Destiny has a funny way of finding you, as if you're the eight ball waiting for the corner pocket; you only forget you are the eight ball until every other ball has been sunk. Destiny wants you to win at least something, but usually the big stuffed Saint Bernard hanging just out of reach. Destiny is not small, does not think small, wants to wring smallness from your soul. Mine showed up at three-twenty this morning:

I dreamed I played the banjo like a Hindu god, many-armed and smiling at the ease of it. Who am I to say this isn't my destiny? I don't remember an audience, I only remember the pleasure, stronger than any other dream at waking, even those that leave my pelvis pushing the mattress, great ghost-fuck gone but orgasm lingering. I am a banjo-shaped hole and destiny fills me.

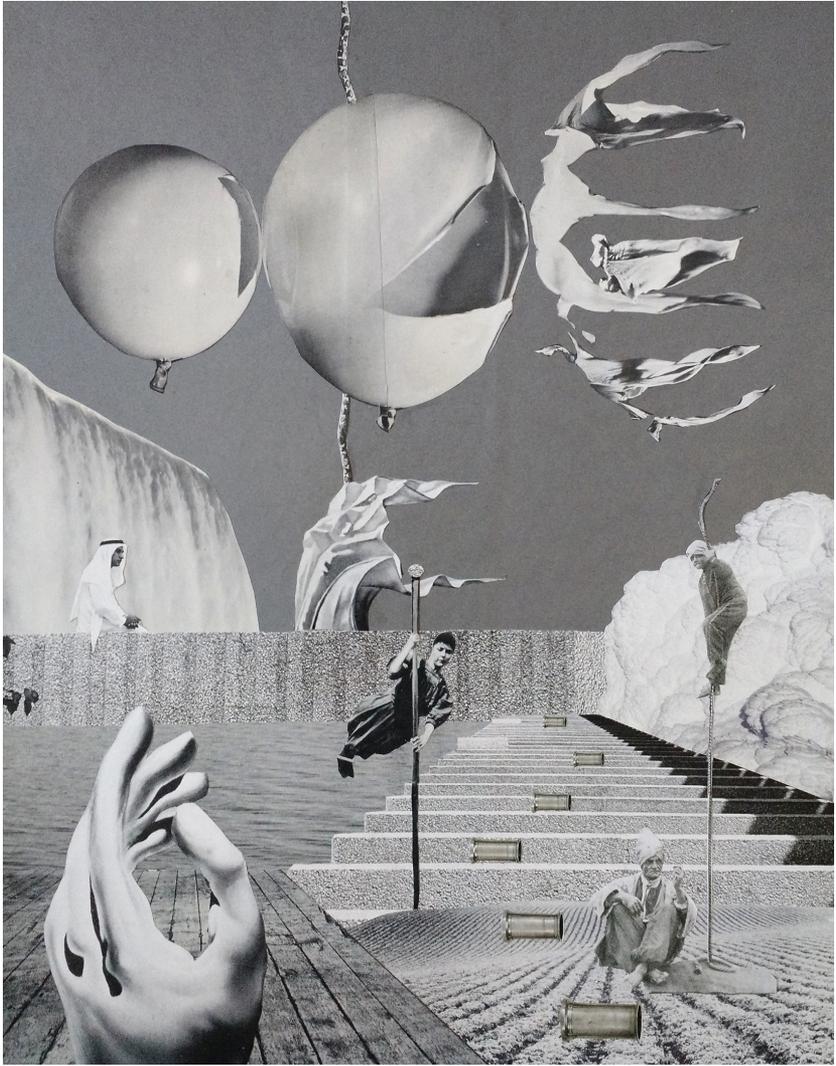


fig.15



fig.16

Here We Go / Cynthia Nelson

i showed my writing to the teacher & he was firm:
you have to stop writing about the glamor of drugs & alcohol
move beyond this – it is clearly so tired!

he kicked off his flip flops & went swimming; it was the 4th of
july
some people were milling around the house who might know
where i was supposed to go, so i approached a woman

i was like, what is your name & position? but in a whisper
she's like, i'm here to make sure that person over there
doesn't overstep her boundaries or authority, but in a whis-
per

so i'm like, maybe you can help me. i turned 55 yesterday &
i'm not sure
& i don't know where to go. she googled it for me. i always
forget
that you can do that. i was like, oh well, old age, here we go!



fig.17

From Tuva With Love / Kevin Stack

I.

I planned to moderate but stopped short of
Montauk and got off at the Arroyo Seco
to plot heroics by
talking to a dosed
pansexual vanguard
in the scrubby wash.

We squinted into the infernal crotch
sun flare and listened for the sizzling
frisbee on return to
atmosphere that a delinquent
stoner had thrown in
in imitation of corporate

golf lords who whack
Ping in Foot Joys.

II.

After treatment I learned to say what I mean and
mean what I say and not be mean.

An aspect of my
relapse prevention plan
to stave the urge to
pour blood candles.

Lucid dream work also an aspect. Astral
projection's how the Reiki boss calls it.



fig.18

III.

I will (should never) get caught (again)
there in the Arroyo Seco levitating
a stealth bomber
with group think
led by a Tuvan hunger
throat singer

who radicalized me
from humanoid into

a white Siberian
tiger who paced
a Rilke figure eight
in a humble gratitude cage.

Mild dawns pumpkin spiced
and two pumps of sugar free

are coming for all this fall.
I cried tiger tears
and kept un-licked
toads as prisoners.

I will (should never) ever practice (again)
Tuvan curses in my backyard.

I told the counselor
I could fly once
and he pushed
me from a helicopter

a few hundred feet above the tundra,
said to me, if you say you can fly, prove it.

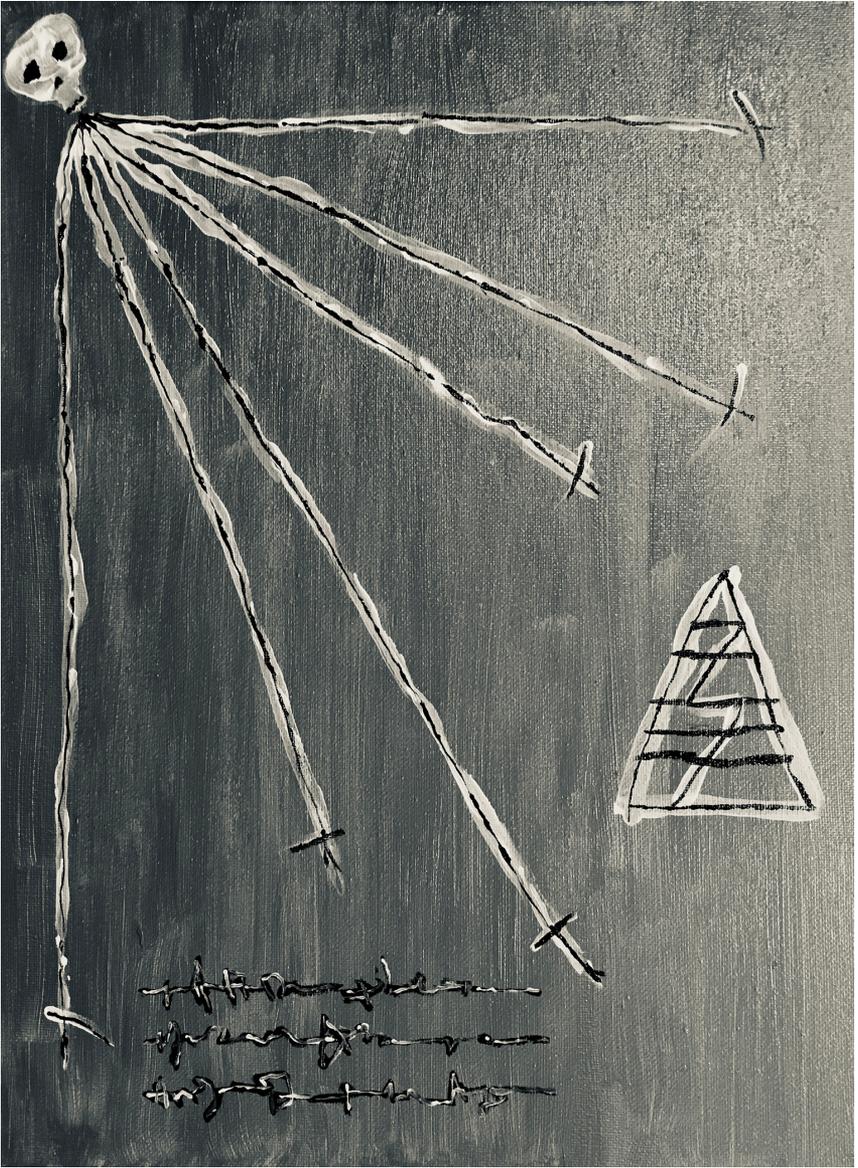


fig.19

Dream / Alanood Burhaima

Tuesday October 15

In my dream I was standing on my front porch looking out onto my garden. “Oh, it is so beautiful” I thought. It was so massive that multiple farmers had to ride lawn-mowing machines to mow the lawn, like a golf course.

A well-known fashion celebrity arrived at my house with a friend (let’s call her Maryam because that’s her real name). They must be preparing our garden to host a fashion event, I thought.

Tuesday, November 5

I was invited to attend an event on a founder’s story by a prominent fashion designer (this is real life btw). Throughout his talk, he kept pointing at the presentation screen which showed a picture of a farmhouse in his village, where he had grown up and started as a farmer.

As I looked behind me, there she was at the back of the room—Maryam sitting with her friend, both staring at me.

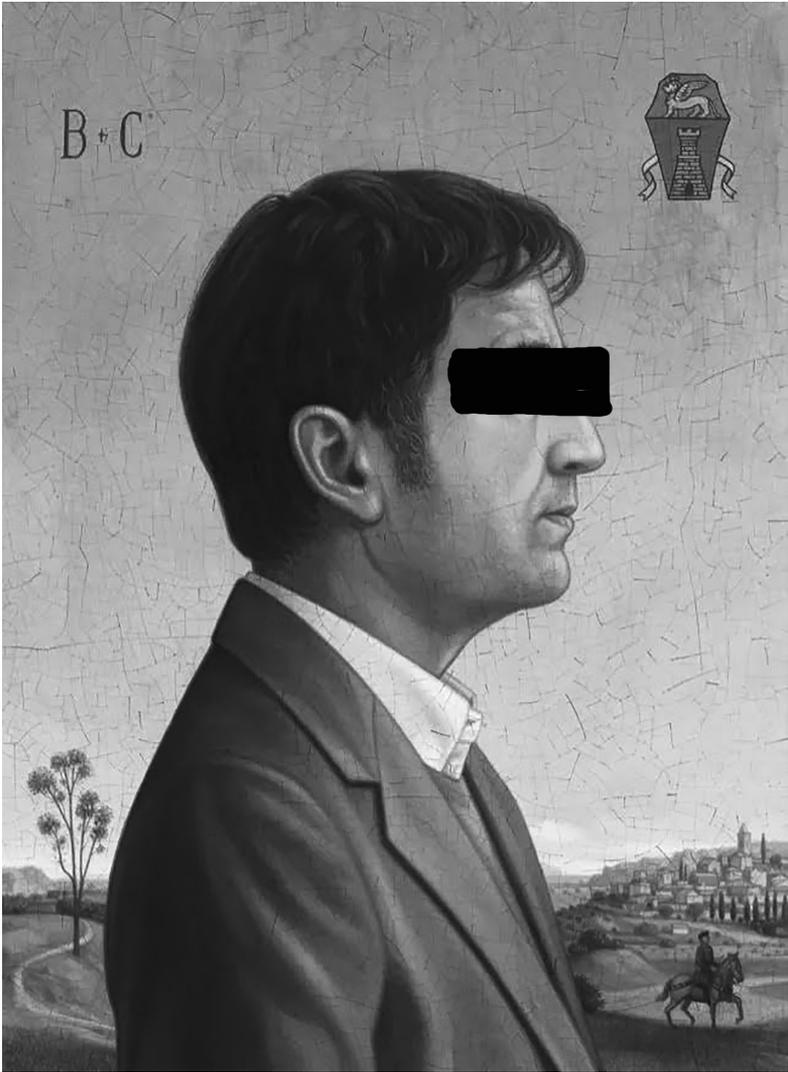


fig.20

I Dreamed of Shane MacGowen / Laurence Lillvik

I woke from a dream featuring Shane MacGowan.
I sang to my plants in an Ethel Merman voice:
you're gonna be ok fellas, you're gonna be fine
you're gonna be great babies, because you're mine.
In the dream Shane and I were traveling to a funeral in
Ireland, it wasn't a limo but it was nicer than a Lyft.
He pulled a can of beer out and handed it to me and it felt
real nice drinking beer with Shane MacGowan in the back
of a car. He looked well, his teeth were real.
Is this your third or fourth he asked, handing me a can.
Fourth, I said. Bullocks, said he, I only brought seven.
We can share this one, I said, and we did and we were
happy.

I got most of these plants when we bought our house in 2020, and I've
kept most of them alive. I've killed a
Wandering Jew that sat inside a macrame owl near our bed. Apparent-
ly the origins of the term "Wandering Jew" are quite offensive so some
botanists have taken to calling them "Wandering Dudes."

Either way one day the Jew or Dude was simply dead. The plants on the
back side of the house tend to do that. Thrive and die.

When the car got to the funeral there was a big roundabout and several
coffins placed around the inside of a grassy
circle, like people inside the racetrack during the Derby but with a lot less
partying. When I casually juxtapose two narrative threads like this I in-
variably think about the baptism in the Godfather that cuts back and forth
to the murders of the five families and the christening of Al Pacino's
son. Good job Francis. Do people ever call you Frankie?

I'm pretty sure my dream of Shane MacGowan stemmed from the late
Christmas present I received the day before,
a beautiful cable knit wool sweater all the way from the Emerald Isle. He
sure was a big hit with the ladies, I said to Shane, for there were tons
of women converging on the cathedral in various decades of less than
fashionable dresses.

I've named some of the plants, one of my favorite's is Side Show Bob named after Side Show Bob Terwilliger, a sociopathic clown on the Simpsons voiced by Kelsey Grammar who in real life is seeming more and more like a douche. Side Show Bob is one of my favorite characters though. And the cool thing about living in Portland, Oregon is discovering all of the street names that correspond to characters and places in The Simpsons. The Terwilliger curves being a section of Interstate 5 near Terwilliger boulevard. Near the Terwilliger curves is a comic book shop that has surely been there since Groening's youth called the Wizard's Spaceship. I can only assume it is the inspiration for the Android's Dungeon.

Once inside the Cathedral we pressed through the throngs and I got separated from Shane. It's interesting to note that this did not make me anxious as it normally would. I'm thinking it would make most people anxious to lose the one person they knew in a crowd of strangers attending the most solemn occasion. Though solemnity was not the overriding mood. There was joy, and immediately the priest started playing some nice flat picking old-timey guitar and the crowd joined in a lovely song, I believe in Gaelic, but it was a dream ya know so I dunno, but the tune was definitely "Morning Has Broken" by Cat "Yusef Islam" Stevens. I remember hearing that song played at the folkier masses I attended as a kid way before I realized it was by the same guy who wrote Wild World.

Tea for The Tillerman is a favorite album of mine. I remember being in the throes of young love and sneaking into my best friend's oldest brother's room to listen to it. Not sure what my friend was doing while I was soaking up Cat's melancholic melodies. Ugh, I'll have to google that cloying phrase to see just how often it's been used. Shane was a few pews ahead of me and looked back and quickly waved an assuring wave, it was really cute in the way he did it so as not to cause such a scene. A family squeezed past me in my pew and made their way to the altar where they danced to an amazing banjo player who played most of a reel, stopped and said I think I messed that one up and started again. Everyone laughed and he did and I woke up feeling pretty good about things.



fig.21

Afternoon Barbecue Dream / Frank Spignese

Western Connecticut

Sunday - September 9th, 2001

I keep having the same dream. I'm at a barbecue in western Connecticut. It's Greenwich or Stamford or Norwalk or some similar town.

I'm there with some guys that I grew up with in Boston. It's a clear and temperate Sunday afternoon. It's that purgatory between summer and fall. One foot in each.

I hear birds chirping. I see a bird eating from a bird feeder. I see two birds fighting in the sky. I don't know why I'm there or who invited my old high school friends.

It's September 9th, 2001. People talk of baseball. It's September 9th, 2001. The Yankees are playing the Red Sox. At Fenway.

People in western Connecticut are Yankees fans. I didn't know this as I've never been here before. The people at the barbecue often talk about "the city" or "going into the city". This means New York City. Again, I didn't know this because I've never been here before.

As the afternoon rolls along my friends and I start talking to the people in the big green backyard. They are strangers. They wear cargo shorts and Polo shirts. They are from the surrounding areas of western Connecticut. Many are transplants from other parts of the country.

A few guys work at the New York Stock Exchange. One lady with a small nose is employed at Xerox. A couple youngish people are working for Morgan Stanley. One triple chinned drunk man is about to retire from Bank of America. From their conversations I realize the one thing they all have in common: they all work at the World Trade Center in Lower Manhattan.

As we continue drinking beer after beer, the sun keeps shining, the atmosphere grows tense. (In this dream the beer is free. So I have to drink as much as possible.) Then the Connecticut people become unfriendly and condescending and start talking down to my friends and I. They're snobs. They think we're bums. Things almost get ugly.

We leave the barbecue in a fit of rage and are swearing and screaming at the other guests as we are escorted out of the house. Seething with anger, I glare back at the barbecue house and hope with all my heart that everyone in that backyard dies. I pray for hellfire to rain down and crush them into the earth.

Then we take the commuter rail back to Boston. We sleep deep because we were pretty drunk and stuffed with food. There was sleep inside this dream.

Still dreaming. Two days later. Tuesday. September 11th. I'm watching TV and I see the two planes fly into the World Trade Center. Then I see them crumble into ash. I know that all the people from the barbecue have died. And I know it's all my fault. I doomed those people to their deaths. I fall down onto the floor in a heap and cry and beg for forgiveness.

After that I turn into a butterfly and fly to MC Hammer's castle for brunch. He lives in a castle unbeknownst to most people. He doesn't specifically say it's brunch but there's omelets and waffles and it feels like brunch. He's wearing his signature baggy MC Hammer pants. He gives me a pair for myself. All the guests are given complimentary MC Hammer pants when at his home. Ricky Henderson is there too. He asks me to pass the syrup. I do.

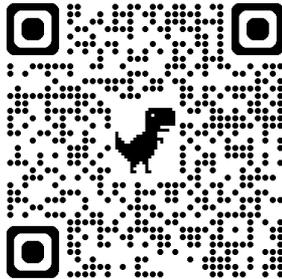
Then I wake up.



“Wondering What Kind Of Film I Was In”
by **Laurence Lillvik**, a new Digital Audio Lit EP,
is now available from: **Hello America Stereo Cassette**
<https://helloamerica.bandcamp.com>

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NGBIRD