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# Conversation Pieces



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# About the Aqueduct Press Conversation Pieces Series

The feminist engaged with sf is passionately interested in challenging the way things are, passionately determined to understand how everything works. It is my constant sense of our feminist-sf present as a grand conversation that enables me to trace its existence into the past and from there see its trajectory extending into our future. A genealogy for feminist sf would not constitute a chart depicting direct lineages but would offer us an ever-shifting, fluid mosaic, the individual tiles of which we will probably only ever partially access. What could be more in the spirit of feminist sf than to conceptualize a genealogy that explicitly manifests our own communities across not only space but also time?

Aqueduct's small paperback series, Conversation Pieces, aims to both document and facilitate the "grand conversation." The Conversation Pieces series presents a wide variety of texts, including short fiction (which may not always be sf and may not necessarily even be feminist), essays, speeches, manifestoes, poetry, interviews, correspondence, and group discussions. Many of the texts are reprinted material, but some are new. The grand conversation reaches at least as far back as Mary Shelley and extends, in our speculations and visions, into the continually created future. In Jonathan Goldberg's words, "To look forward to the history that will be, one must look at and retell the history that has been told." And that is what Conversation Pieces is all about.

## L. Timmel Duchamp

Jonathan Goldberg, "The History That Will Be" in Louise Fradenburg and Carla Freccero, eds., *Premodern Sexualities* (New York and London: Routledge, 1996)

# Conversation Pieces

Volume 95

# Stone Martyrs

by Erik Hofstatter





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Content warning: trauma, witchcraft/persecution, sexual violence, explicit language.

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No one shall live who counts the stones three times and finds the number the same

#### ~ Ena,

Stop. Don't throw me on the fire again. These words will not burn. The red ink in my heart is still labeled "Mother's Love." You can scratch at it if you want, with your silence, but it won't peel. I only want to tell you about the cave. Where the baby argued with thunder. They heard you.

~ Ulla



## ~ Tyne,

You felt unattainable, always. But now I know why. I remember candles, wondering moments. Alone, in my chamber, I watched them melt and cry their white tears. Like they knew. Like they were sad for me. Maybe I'll tell you. Someday. What it felt like being your experiment.

~ Morven

~ Burne,

The irony. Burning for you. Being burned—by you. All the wrong embers shone in your name. Right in front of me. I should've paid attention

to the light

to the order

of letters

spelling out my doom

But letters mean nothing when they're sealed inside a flesh envelope.

I can't open you.

Not yet.

~ Ena

#### ~ Ena,

Do you think it strange? Newborns cry when they come out. Like they already hate it here. Guess not. Being pulled into the world, against your will—I would cry too. If I knew how. In that cave, you did not cry. You cackled. You shut the storm up. Imagine that. Even lightning was afraid of you. A force of nature they said. But no. You were far more destructive.

~ Ulla

#### ~ Siddel,

We endure. Chipped hearts, unjust fates. We endure. We are the Stone brothers now. I will carve that on your gray chest. At midnight. When you can feel again.

~ Tyne



Erik Hofstatter

~ Tyne,

What Ena did to you. You had it coming. All of you. My vagina is not a torture device.

~ Morven

#### ~ Morven,

The candle language you speak well. Hate is a slow burn, but tears extinguish also. I am guilty of being the architect of your confusion. But it is merely an echo of my own. Inside you—my soul cries the loudest. You torture with guillotine eyes. You sever rationality until I can no longer think.

~ Tyne

PS: I was only a pawn in a king's game.

## ~ Tyne,

We live together. In the ground. Part of us, anyway. Can you comprehend how happy that makes me? Above—you were always busy. Somewhere else, with someone else. This chipped stone, my heart, you carried inside your pocket. I was with you. Everywhere. Spying infidelity.

And now you cannot move.

Away

from me

~ Siddel

## ~ Siddel & Tyne,

You stood there on the battlefield of her stupid love, Whispering Knights equipped with stubborn loyalty. You defended your king. Your insults slashed at her. Valiantly. Can eternity be undone? When the bell chimes midnight, I will seek answers in the sky.

~ Burne



## ~ Ena,

At night bats sung to you. Did you know that? Some upside-down melody only you could hear. You liked dancing to their fear. You hid your energy in dark places for some idiot heart to find. And then you destroyed them. You were only two years old.

~ Ulla

#### ~ Burne,

I watched you. Proud of the complex some minor God put in your eyes. You were every fanatic's dream weapon. It wasn't just your blade that sliced open her belly. It was your ideology. Your anti-venom for the world. You cut against her swollen skin—the only shield between you and the early life you stabbed and ended. You couldn't see me from behind your tall euphoria. But that's when I knew.

That was the moment\*

\*I fell in love with you.

~ Ena



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## **Afterword**

This story was born in a cave—not unlike Mother Shipton herself. She was a 16<sup>th</sup> Century English soothsayer and prophetess, but often labeled as a witch. Her legend is associated with the origin of the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire, England, where she reportedly transformed a king and his men to stone, after they failed her test. That became my blueprint. I wanted to create something that was bastardised, a hybrid alliance of poetry and lyricism. Abstract, but vulgar, something unholy told through a series of "found" letters that were never sent, simply because the inner mechanics lubricated by words that trigger trauma are best left unaddressed. My objective was to splash dark-colored emotions on a canvas seen by no one.

The book circulates thoughts between "the witch" and her mother, their sometime lover, but also examines the dynamics of a love triangle between two Whispering Knights and their chamber maid. The book is a collision of premeditated provocation and psychological manipulation that binds in a kind of Stockholm Syndrome, a constant rumination of obsessive thoughts intending to cannibalize them.

I was liberal with my interpretation of this enduring English legend—targeting key events but offering my own blood to give it life (figuratively speaking!). I hope you'll enjoy the transfusion.

Erik HofstatterApril 2024

PS: The Mother Shipton's Cave and the petrifying well nearby is the oldest tourist attraction to charge a fee in England.

## About the Author

Erik Hofstatter is a dark fiction writer born in the wild lands of the Czech Republic. He roamed Europe before subsequently settling on English shores, studying creative writing at the London School of Journalism. He now dwells in Kent, where he can be encountered consuming copious amounts of mead and tyrannizing local peasantry. His work has appeared in various magazines and podcasts around the world such as *Morpheus Tales*, *The Literary Hatchet*, *Wicked Library*, *Manor House Show*, and The Black Room Manuscripts Volume IV. Other works include The Hurricane Caged Inside of Her.