



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
Creation & Literary
Research*

JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

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Recommended Citation

Blanco San José, Millán. "The Adventures of my Hat." *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 5.1 (2017)

<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>

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Millán **BLANCO SAN JOSÉ**

The Adventures of my Hat

THE NEVER BEGAN **JOURNAL** OF A **NEVER ENDED JOURNEY**

CHAPTER ONE

~A Clown~

'Right. That is the *direction* I must take, indeed. Right from the start, right to the very end, right from the very conclusion, right to the very beginning, right to the very *Alice*' I thought to myself 'Or is it left?... No, perhaps it is just upwards' It surely was upwards, wasn't it? Up through the ground, down through the ceiling, left through the east and right throughout the feast, as *usual* —be sure to remember those.

By *opening the door* and following that simple destination in no Time. Which was a pity since Time to join me in this matter —being his dear Hatter!— . He had been acting very because he was mad no more.



indications I could arrive at my I had very friendly requested answer anything but 'yes, my strangely *unstrange*, perhaps

I began my journey by heading for the rabbit's hole. However, before arriving there I had to face the room of doors, or the doors room, or the *ro-oms*, or was it the *do-oms*? In any case, it is for great general knowledge that, if no door ever opens, one must jump —bomb-jump

style, of course—, cover its ears and pass through the threshold of the door in the floor without soar.

Consequently, as soon as I made those dances at the *dooms*, I encountered myself at the very bottom of the burrow, having no clue how to go up through the tunnel. Thus, I improvised. I picked up my hat, took from inside a big mirror and placed it on the floor. Then I did a handstand on it in order to get upside down, right in the upside down reflection of a non-upside down world, upside down my non-upside down gravity, permitting me falling down upwards until my upside down feet touched the non-upside down ceiling of the cave that had become my provisional upside down ground. Simply. *Up through the ground and down through the ceiling.* Now I just had to roll into the rabbit's hole—in order to undo my handstand—and crawl my way out of it. Nevertheless, I could have never imagined the incredible amount of endeavour I saw myself in the obligation of making in order to undertake those final steps.

A bit of dirtiness here and there, little worms there and here and an Alice ready to appear. Or at least that is what I thought back then. I thoroughly believed she was about to arise all of a sudden. But she did not, becoming that the precise moment I began. I began to walk, I began to see, I began to hear. I began to feel this new world that emerged before my eyes—or, that *I* emerged before *her* eyes, you see?—. I was curious. It surprisingly did not seem that different from Wonderland.

I was in a thick forest, so thick that I could barely greet the sun. The grass was green and the flowers were almost flawless, powerfully colorful. At that moment I did not notice, but there was something odd about the flowers. I approached them as gently as I could—running with my knees near my head and my hands holding my hat—to ask them for the direction to the east. No response. I questioned twice, three, four times. No response. I thought it could be due to the too polite manners of mine, so I intended to ask again without shouting or screaming, and utterly disrespectfully I said, 'Forgiving me, my dear Flower. I was wondering if thee would be so kind to help me in this matter...', when a non-stopping stare of a child broke my attention—which, by the way, I have not being able to repair yet—. He was in front of me, also looking curious, but very happy at the same time. Perhaps more curious than happy, or less happy than curious, or more happy than less curious. Who knows. He knew. I did not. He said nothing. I said nothing. He stared. I stared. He opened his mouth. I opened my mouth. He closed his mouth. I asked: 'Can you talk?' He nodded. I nodded. 'Do you know the direction to the east?' He listened. I waited. He thought. I did not. He raised his right arm. I raised my left arm, mirroring him. He pointed to his right. I turned to my right. He thought I was mistaken. I thought alone, he might be taken. He pointed painstakingly to his right. I run effortfully to *my* right—his left—. He disappeared from my view. I kept stepping with my shoe. *Right left through the east.*

Soon I arrived at something I found similar to my tea party, except there were much more people. There was, as well, a big table full of white dishes, white forks, white knives and white glasses that were made of a material I had never seen before. It looked fragile, almost like the one that the Queen of Hearts's entourage are made of. However, it seemed *unfragile* as well, almost like the one that Queen of Hearts's entourage are made of.

As aforementioned, there were people. Much more than in my party, much, much more children than in my party. Besides, they also appeared to be stuck at 6 o'clock—exactly as I was—, since they were running around some chairs—exactly as I was moving places at my table. At some point one noise sounded and they all sat down, all but one little boy that stayed on his feet without a chair—I could not avoid believing that my party was undoubtedly much fairer. I find interesting to highlight that, as soon as I saw that boy alone, I realised he was the one thanks to whom my attention cannot longer be repaired.

At first, I thought that that was a very particular manner of treating Time. At second, I thought of that world being so small that the child, just going towards the other direction, could arrive before I. At third, I did not think at all. At fourth, I forgot what I was doing. At fifth, I started singing:



If you think I'm a hare, that'd be nothing but unfair. If you think I'm a rabbit, that'd be nothing but a habit. If you think I'm a hatter, you'd be nothing but a smatter.

A *someone else* came close to me. He had a very, very, very, very, very, *verrrrrry* awful sweater, hence I kindly added to my song:

If you think that's a marvelous sweater, you may want to marvelous it better.

He started laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. I started laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. He stopped. I stopped. He said, 'You've come sooner than expected, Sr., but I'd *bet* the children would be more than happy to see you already'.

I started laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. He did not. I kept laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. He did not. I kept laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. He did not. I kept laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly. He did not. I suddenly stopped. He was staring at me. I stared at him. He asked me, 'I *bet*... Are you mocking me?'

'Well, I am indeed interested in *letters* that start with the word «m», like «moron», or «murder», or «malice», or «Marlowe», or «myself», or «milk», or «milkshake», or «milkice», or... «milk»', I responded.

'Mmm... sure. I *bet* that's a clown thing. Anyway, you *better* start now', he commanded.

'I bet my bet that you cannot bet any better, my betty bet', I answered.

He gave no reply. I was about to start laughing incomprehensibly, but very loudly, when still he was still staring still, doing something so weird with his eye that I reckoned it was about to pop out at any moment.

'Are you having me on?', he questioned.

'You really should *have* your eye under control *on* your head, you see? Of course it would be more ideal if you have it *in*, but I know sometimes they get a little naughty. Anyhow, if you...', I almost finished adding when a little girl yelled, 'A clown!' and took me by the hand to the table very happily, making every children start screaming very loudly and *unrhythmly*, 'A clown! a clown! a clown! a clown! a clown! a clown! a clown! a clown!'

Even though I still have not the slightest idea what that word mean, I got on the table — since why not, it felt pretty stable— and commenced singing with them while moving my hands, just as if a conductor I were —please, make sure you read it from left to write and afterwards downwards, just like a very normal reading, you see?:



A clown, clown,
clown, clown, is like a
town, town,
always around, town,
round, round, around,
with a big crown,
crown, crown.
Her heart's never
down, down, down, but
if does her frown,
frown, frown,
you'll have a
breakdown, down,
down,
down,
!

'Singing those words provoked in my mind a very clear image of a character from Wonderland, but I will not *say* the name of *her* or him. Where would be the fun then? Certainly not here.', I am writing in this paper roll. But, of course, if I write that I am writing in my writings, I have to write that I wrote the writing in which is written the *Adventures of my Hat*, you see? Therefore, I better not write that I write in the writings that write about the written adventures of mine, I think.

The *kiddery* applauded enthusiastically. I happily looked at them... and I fled. I run so fast *through the feast* that I rapidly left the woods behind. What appeared before my eyes afterwards cannot easily be explained, or drawn, or singed, or whispered.

CHAPTER TWO ~ The Crowd in the Wall~

A bridge? It seemed, without the shadow of a doubt, like a bridge. Notwithstanding, there was not a single drop of water underneath, but a gargantuan, colossal, titanic, massive, monumental, mountainous, mammoth, monster, amount of mechanical animals that were moving much quicker than any horse, rabbit or turtle I had ever seen—even though they did not possess any legs. Although their velocity was surely more than astonishing, they did not interact with each other. They did not hit, crash, collide or bump into one another inasmuch as they appeared to be pretty organised. I would explain it in much greater detail, still the mere fact of looking at them made me feel terribly horrified, horribly terrified, scarily scared, like a fly *who* has to cross through a hallway full of flyswatters, you see?

In view of the above, I effortfully covered my eyes with my hands and rushed like a fly flies. Sooner than expected I crashed into the wall of—what I supposed it was—the end of the bridge. I uncovered my eyes and touched my head as a sign of relieve when, oh my dear friend, my head was missing! My marvelous greenish head that I used to put above my other head was missing for good. I hopelessly turned around to forsake everything when Oh it's just over there!, silly of me', I exclaimed aloud, cutting with all my hopeless hopelessly. 'It must have gone astray while I was running away', I deduced whilst staring at the hat in the middle of the bridge.



Since I could not continue my journey without my head—and could not possibly write the *Adventures of my Hat* without a... hat—I decided to cover my eyes again and went taking it. It did not suppose the difficulty I imagined, for what I soon had my two heads forming one again. Then I turned to what I guessed would be the right direction—I ought to recall that I still had my eyes covered and well shut—and tried to run again. Nonetheless, I encountered myself with something that threw me off the bridge all of a sudden.

Beeps, whistles, shouts. Rumbles, thunders, crashes of Gods banished to slither the Earth. Steam, wreckages, blood. Insults, pardons, moans. Ghastly dizzying deafness, perpetual sensual beep.

'She insane?!',

'God, *he* just fell off from above!'

'Anybody hurt?'

'Help! I can't feel my legs!'

'She okay?'

'Help, please!'

'What was *he* thinkin'?',

'Anybody, please! I can't! I...'

'Poor creature', whispers and shouts exclaimed from nowhere.

Away, far, far away. The image of the barbarity that once was a perfect order of speed was now shrinking in the horizon of my view, along with all my dreadful thoughts and memories of the horrendous moment. I was running away. Anew.

I found myself in the middle of a square. Big buildings like *Alices* were surrounding me. Me, who I strangely encountered to be completely paralysed. Pa-ra-lys-ed. I was utterly, totally, completely paralysed. Frozen, like an egg. My eyes could not move, my legs would not possibly respond, my mouth was not even trying to stay closed. All of it by dint of what the firsts saw: a crowd inside a frame inside a wall inside a facade inside the outside of a building in front of me! And it was a huge one —the crowd, of course. It resembled an enormous painting, still the people were, as a matter of fact, smiling and staring directly in my eye, moving. Thus I smiled and stared at them too. Above them there were some letters that were changing with the time. 'Spring Summer Sales, only in the British Cat', they read —or it was 'English Cut'? I honestly do not recall it very clearly—, 'come and get the best sales in town! Best clothes. Best prices!', they followed.

'Who, me?', I asked them.

'Plus an additional reduction of the 25% in hats!', they answered.

'Alright, alright. Coming!', I happily said.

Inside, light. Sparklers, glimmers, twinkles, glimpses, flickers. A lot of white. A lot of glass. A vastly, hugely, monumental sum of worthless things I could break. Hence, I took something made of glass that looked like a goat or a ram. I was about to gently tear it apart against the floor when the stairs abruptly began taking me to the next level. Curious people those stairs. I happen to travel a lot with them recently, for what I realised they just take you to wherever is their desire, without asking, talking, or cheering at all.

In the upper floor I found some snacks and drinks —among many other marvelous stuff, of course. I evidently served myself without asking —not to appeared as rude when invited, one must always accept these little presents, you see?— and walked around to delight my eyes with some other wonderful and odd artifacts.

There were, again, people in walls in frames of every size and shape. Yet, this time not only people populated this walls, but also flowers — silent, anew—, waterfalls, landscapes and scenes of diverse nature. Though one of them felt notably familiar as it showed a young woman crossing, through the threshold of a tree, to what seemed to be another world. There was a strange dark aura in that scene. Nevertheless, that world she was traversing to fairly resembled Wonderland, as it was all black and gray, with every surface covered in something made of spider-web, veins, old worn out clothes, dust, mud and dirtiness. Besides, the sky was so unlighted that I initially believed it was the ceiling.



However, above all that, shined a beautiful *flower* shaped as a human-being —except for the head, that was an undoubted wonderful blossom—, with numerous tiny little teeth. It seemed to me that it was her desire to make friends with the young woman, yet the latter looked irrationally scared.

Soon, some letters made an apparition, reading, '*Stranger Things*, only available in Netflix'. Very *queerthings* to see those events beginning, happening and ending so quickly, certainly.

Another Alice, another wall, another frame. It pictured a little girl this time, crossing anew through a threshold of a tree. Still, the *bigness* of the burrow was much more prominent now, as it very much resembled a tunnel. A whole bunch of little cockroaches were sweeping

the sludge and dirtiness that oozed from the grounds, walls and roofs of the crawlway. The child rendezvoused a huge frog that happily kissed her in the face with his tongue.

The scene abruptly changed to the same little girl in her room, painting a window in a wall with a chalk, and walking through it. A huge corridor surrounded by columns led her to a table full of food, presiding by a fool, full of foolishness reflected in his hideous, ugly, bad-looking bearing. He had no eyes—in his head, for he had them in a dish—. That table would have reminded me of my tea party if it not for that infeasible man.

Those images were substituted by something very noisy, like thunders that were thundering over people that were gradually lying on the ground—the latter, the ground, not doing anything whatsoever but staying still while men were falling upon him. It is noteworthy that those persons did not at all look as if they were tired or sleepy.

A weird feeling of oppression and burden burned my guts and heart. The little girl was escaping her nightmare fleeing to that other magical world, which made me ponder whether Alice could have been doing just the same. Perhaps this world I was meeting for the first time was not in troubles anymore. Not dying but reliving. Perhaps she never came back to Wonderland because she did not need to. But then, why did we keep waiting for her? Why everything kept remind me of her when she never appeared to be recalling me?

The scene went to black and some unfriendly words could be read once again, '*Pan's Labyrinth*, get it now in Mega-HD, 54K'.

I was not that happy anymore. My belly told me not to continue eating, or she would intervene in the matter. My mouth exclaimed not to drink, or he would talk no more.

The stairs took me anew to the upper floor. There were books everywhere. Some of them with words, some of them with images, some of them mingled with both drawings and letters—for they were apparently called *comics*—.

The Looking Glass Wars was the name of one of those books. It told a both twisted and distorted story of what the author believed Wonderland truthfully was. That is a place tainted by wars, envy and treason. Let me tell you, nothing could be further from reality. It is not untrue that Wonderland is inhabited by some individuals with weird habits—like that woman who enjoys shouting, 'off with his head', or that rabbit who is always carrying a fan but is never really hot. Nonetheless, my land is not a place of war—aside from the chess game, of course. We vary from others, we are different, but *vary* does not signify *villainy* and *difference* does not stand for *doomsday*, you see? Therefore we are not *very dumb* but very wonderful people.

Another book called *Otherland* reminded me very much of Wonderland as well, and *comics* such as *Lost Girls*, *Pandora Hearts*, *Deadman Wonderland*, *Rozen Maiden* and *Are you Alice?*—this, by the way, I found to be an odd question, since the correct one should be, 'where are you, Alice?'—too.

I encountered a room with a sign above—'+18', it read—and entered it without the smallest idea of what could I find inside—I must admit I am still not really sure about what were in there, or what it signified—. What I saw were odd illustrations of undressed people reeeeeeeaaaally close to each other. I noticed one in particular that showed two individuals on a table doing weird things to each other with their hands. I immediately thought of that not being the right position to drink tea, for the table is the place where they should put the cups, not themselves.

I also found several *comics*, books and strange boxes there—these latter known as *blue-pray*, or similarly—that strangely reminded me of Alice again, but perhaps only due to their names. One of them was called *Alice in Sexland*.

I left the place because I soon lost my interest in it, but not before passing through the room of the walls in frames, anew. There was a poster hanging from a wall that I did not notice before. It had an illustration of a young woman with a bloody knife and a great bunch of

monsters all surrounding her. Again some letters above her head, '*Alice: Madness Returns*, remastered for your new PS9'.

In the 'walls' there were no flowers this time. There were no waterfalls. There were no beautiful landscapes. There was war. Thunders, shouts, moans, blood, rubble, ruins and fume. Grief that would eventually blossom into a voiceless whisper of the past. Above all of that, an indifferent voice was narrating the events, 'Breaking news. Thanks to our kind government, children in other part of the world we do not care about are being constantly bombed. Their fathers are agonizing. Their mothers are being raped. Their sisters are forced to watch. They are being condemned to the oblivion. Their wounds will never heal. Our richness grows, just a little. Take your cheese popcorn. Turn your golden TV on. Enjoy. You shall not feel guilty, it is all their fault', the voice chronicled.

Unknowingly, I had been walking straight ahead to the horror that was being shown to me. I turned. I was surrounded by war. It did not matter where I looked, every corner of the room was revealing to me the abhorrence of this world. How unbelievable it is to see poverty sleeping right in the door of abundance. Beggars sleeping in banks. Bankers walking streets full of begging.

I span. Did I spin.

Did I spin.

Did I spin. Did I spin.
I span. I span. I span. I spack. I attack.

Did I spin. The voices. The voices.

The voices. The voices. The choices. The voices. The choices. The war. The war. The war. The war.

The war.
The war. The steam-bath. The bloodbath. The bloodbath. The bloodbath.

The narrow. The sorrow. The sorrow.
The sorrow. The sorrow. The left behind. The left behind.

The left behind. The left behind.

I was spinning, spinning, spinning, spinning in a world of madness. I stopped. Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop right now! PLEASE! Stop! Stop right now! Stop right now!

Myself.

There was one single TV that showed nothing but a deep black, in which a reflection of myself was staring directly in my eye.

I did not murder Time. I murdered everyone.

CHAPTER THREE
~ Right Now Is When I Fall~

Her hair was gray, her wrinkles very prominent, her bugs and circles under the eye utterly dark. Her very eyes themselves reflected exhaustion, agony, despair, forsakenness.

She opened her mouth and spoke without words. I cannot possibly *quotemyself* for I do not remember what she said. Nonetheless, she left a code:

1.5.6.1 - 1.1.1.3 - 7.4.5.17 - 5.2.9.1 - 2.1.4.18 - 2.1.4.17 - 7.4.7.6 - 9.10.1.8

The only thing I can recall is how *huge* everything appears at the *beginning* but how it *shrinks* at the *end*, with time. How *general* the war may be, to turn into something as *specific* as the pain always is. Pages, paragraphs, lines and words. Everything flies as a flock of birds.

I could bear looking or listening to myself no more. I fled.

Expediently I arrived where everything began. Not at Wonderland but in front of the child that broke my attention for ever, at the woods. At first I could only distinguish a perfect big smile drawn in his face. He gazed at me. He stated, 'there was once a man addressing as Mat, thought to be fat, taken for a cat, nasty as a rat, blind as a bat, when, cut! It was all about his hat!'

'I'm afraid I do not understand...', I attempted to say.

'The meaning you seek has been lost in the depths of your new insane sanity, never to be out again unless you came back to your roots', he explicated.

There was a door, in top of which a huge 'Alice' was written. It led to nowhere, apparently. The rabbit hole was in the very front of it. In the middle of both, the child and I were staying on our feet.

'You are commencing to believe that life, yourself, me, or *this very diary* you are reading right now are short «1»s, when the truth is they are infinite «O»s, or more complicated —yet infinite anyhow,— «8»s. Nothing really finishes, nothing is started. For everything ends at the beginning and the beginning starts with the end. Be sure to remember that, specially at these hard times, when we are coming to the start'. He explained before walking away and vanishing from my view.

Even though I was in an open space, it appeared as if I only had one *direction* to take, one decision: The door or the hole. I did not know whether my future would turn out wrong or right, but, in the deepest of myself, I knew everything will be all

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