

THE END



TIMES

OOZING

TENTACULAR SPECTACULAR

GLOOP

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 2022 - ISSUE#69

4.20 SHILLINGS AND GROATS.

GLASTONBURY. BERGHAIN EAST LONDON AND EVERY FUN THING NOT AS GOOD — AS IT USED TO BE —

Back in my day fun was actually fun, and it was really fun and everything was really good. It was so good, you just had to be there. It was that good, and it's got absolutely nothing to do with me getting older whatsoever. I remember exactly what it was like, and can promise I would remember if I forgot. Forgetting something so memorable would be im-possible and if I forgot anything about it I would absolutely remember, and it's definitely ever one else's fault for being basic and not doing things properly. Thank god I'm still cool and not a moaning old fart who whinges at everything.... *Cont. pg.13*

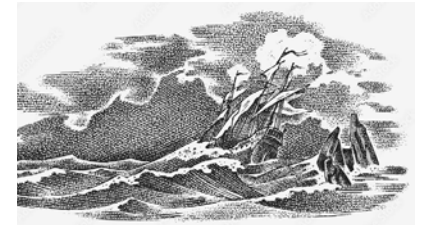
RENTS SOAR AND MIGRATE TO THE GAYMAN ISLANDS

Shocking sights appeared off the coast of Cornwall, when a flock of soaring rents all literally took flight across the North Atlantic Ocean, yesterday afternoon. On this recent spectacle, Sir David Attenborough had to say: "The explosive rise of the Great British Rent is one the few success stories in the age of mass dying and decline. They will be out of their traditional territorial waters faster than a bank transfer, not stop-ping for food or water until long after successfully passing the Bermuda Triangle and finally landing on the sunny shores of the Cayman Islands. What's

CLIMATE DISASTER IMMINENT ... AGAIN

In a move that is a surprise to absolutely no-one at this point because so many alarm bells are continuously ringing, a recent survey shows that 52% of the population are unable to hear them anymore and would like a quiet life with out any of all that faff thank you very much. One member of the public had this to say: "Well frankly, it's really disappoint-ing that we live on a globe and have to share the air and weather with everyone else. I reckon they should just make it all flat, so we can just look after our bit of the atmosphere and they can all worry about theirs, back in my..."

Cont. pg.1312



NORFOLK LIKELY TO SINK BY LATE 2023

SLOW YOU DOWN! Is what many residents of East Anglia might want to say to the startling rate of coastal erosion occurring to Her Majesties Bread Basket. But unfortunately, the ocean simply refuses to come to the negotiating table and rather insists on coming in with the tides in-stead! Current strategies being explored include destroying the moon in a bid to halt the tides, ensuring we can still enjoy short walks (and catching crabs!)

HOME & COUNTRY

**I WALKED 100
MILES IN DRAG
FOR 9 DAYS**

O

**I SUMMON
DEMONS
FOR THE DARKROOM &
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!**

**BECAUSE THE TAROT
TOLD ME SO!?**
And 22 other reasons to dump
your boyfriend, quit your job and
embrace goblincore today!

**ANTHROPOMORPHIC
AMPHIBIANS & YOU!**

**QUEER CODE BREAKERS:
From Chelsea Manning to
Oscar Wilde!**

**My Eco-Sexual
Spring Has Sprung**

**DIY OR DIE:
& Other makeup
tips from Julia Fox**



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My Mother for the patience & My Grandmother for the grace;

And the Tarot, for everything.

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NORFOLK
NSN
NORWICH
FESTIVAL



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

E CHARIOT.



LA JUSTICE

L'HERMITE

VIII

X

XI

XII

XIII

LA B.

LA B.

HELLO

My name is Oozing Gloop, the world's premier autistic, green, drag-queen from Norfolk - and I'm here to tell you a story.

At the very beginning of the autism diagnosis process, an uncontrollable 6.6.6 year old was met by two assessors, Mulder and Scully. They arrived at the primary school at which I had a 30% attendance rating and asked:

"What's your biggest problem with the school?"

"There is grass in the gutters of the school, it's blocking them up and soon there will be a problem with the building" I replied.

The impertinent green emergence from the convergence of radically divergent, yet dependent, structural forces has continued to trouble me. Indeed that life in the no-mans-land, the edges, the consistent consequence of demarcating a space, a place; an order of belonging. Never intended, always occurring. This inevitable green eruption absolutely fascinates me. And I am not the only one.

A consistent energy, a reoccurring pattern, a visual vocabulary, a mycelium network, a meme-plex, a possum, a raccoon, a frog, something new, something radical, something fully present with the present whilst also something not yet. As we are not yet aware of all there is to be aware of in this moment of history.

Emergent in the gutter between the 20th & 21st century; the age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius; the Aeon of the Dying Man and the Eternal Child. The organisation of one is becoming meaningless in the emergence of another that has yet to censor itself. This time is terrifying and complex, rationality is in poverty, we are plague-ridden peasants bickering about conspiracy theories and whilst billionaire king-gods stare down on us from space.

It is in the gutter between archetype and a meme; it is an archetype of the 21st century - which is to say a primitive mental image made up of a hundred thousand other supplementary characters; Blanka from Street Fighter, Flubber, Slimer and the Goblins of Moria. Sidekicks now slinking into the spot light; a resolution between hierarchical messiahs and our need to move beyond hierarchy. A consciousness capable of decentralising imbricated networks - like the internet, the weather, Covid-19, crypto-currency and NFTs.

Memes are becoming the mediators of cultural exchange, facilitating communication that is yet to be verbalised. They manifest as surging interest in tactile slime videos - playing with a formless goo, never arriving but continuously going. And as ASMR videos, stimulating skin crawling sensations all over the body. These are examples of content for our nervous systems, not for our conscious minds. There is

A meme is an idea, behaviour, or style that spreads by means of imitation from person to person within a culture, often representing a particular phenomenon or theme. A meme acts as a unit for carrying cultural ideas, symbols, or practices, that can be transmitted through text, speech, gestures, rituals, or other imitable phenomena with a mimicked theme. Supporters of the concept regard memes as cultural analogues to genes, in that they self-replicate, mutate, and respond to selective pressures.

no beginning, middle or end, no hero and no climax; just ongoing icky intimacy.

Like the haunted house; full of goblins and ghouls, designed to shock and scare you - making your skin contract all over. Stimulating the lymphatic system, like a jade face roller. It looks like pour art flowing over a hobbyists canvas, it looks like Reebok putting the same glorious mess on limited edition trainers. It looks like houseplant rhizome reproduction, through cuttings, creating exploding green interior jungles within apartments and restaurants.



It looks like GOOP by Gwyneth Paltrow. It feels like everything you knew and loved suddenly became slimy and unreliable, decayed by time.

Reality and the heroes of the 20th century have failed us, politically, environmentally, socially and personally. A new form is emerging from the dungeon mini-bosses, the neglected realms of the natural world that are being pushed forward by a strangeness, a queerness. This will insist to exist as long as we insist on being pustulating, multi-bacterial, hurting, squirting organisms that won't stop oozing gloop, no matter how much we try.

There is a moment now to embrace that, to celebrate it! But it is fleeting, as are we. It is already being commodified, sanitised, made stale and

without the right honorific it will pass. It is a form of fantasy, a space, a metonymic assemblage of presence and absence, and personhood. A point in the network of our collective consciousness that resonates with others, by which we may all be able to vibe with and vibrate through our turgid times.

This publication intends to honour a slimy becoming with, in a way that I believe will help you become with. But please simply read this and then return to this notion.

We will proceed as follows- First with a deep-dive into how we are here from a queer, green, non-binary neurodivergent perspective in the initial essay. Queer code breakers looks at the short, closeted, twentieth century from Alan Turing to the Wachowski siblings,

with a call back and forth to Oscar Wilde and Chelsea Manning respectively. Next in Frog Memes we will look at anthropomorphic amphibians from 2005, Pepe the Frog and Ol' Gregg and how they travel to 2015.

We will then move onto the main event, in which we will address the years 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020 and 2021 through reading each year as its respective Tarot card. The cards are examined in conjunction with the year's socio-political-pop-cultural events. The journey is further illustrated by self portraits from the transvestite pilgrimages I undertook in this time, whilst I offer a small portion of my story so you may reflect on your own journey through home and country. *For the personal is political.*

QUEER CODE BREAKERS


Introducing... the Anthropocene, a neologism popularised in the year 2000 by Paul J. Crutzen, to denote the current geological age the Earth is in.

The Anthropocene collectivises a series of systems of human activity on earth, which is to say the human to human systems on earth. Systems include the human made satellites which

orbit it, and digital/virtual environments like Facebook, Pornhub and The Sims, plus the human system's influence on earth, such as inserting plastic into every cubic meter of the ocean's surface. The Anthropocene is one perspective on our collective being, one that affords us swift communication, organ transplants, and a highly specialised division of labour

FUN FACT!

A Neologism is a relatively recent or isolated term, word, or phrase that may be in the process of entering common use, but that has not been fully accepted into mainstream language.



that alienates us from ourselves, others, and our species. In return it provides Netflix and a Justeat account, which you still have to pay for. The anthropocene has elevated the anthropos, man! Well, men. And above all it has made us gods; if by us you mean the billionaires' club staring down on us from space.

Jeff Bezos, the billionaire owner of amazon whose workers have to pee in bags and bottles, because they're not allowed to take breaks. He's flying to space, during a climate crisis, on a rocket shaped like a dick and that's really everything you need to know about the anthropocene. There is an ancient association of piss, with gold, in alchemy. It's indicative of the value

FUN FACT!

“Anthropo” means man and “cene” means new, Anthropocene is used to denote a geographically brief period of time. As in Holocene which lasted 11,500 years versus Jurassic which lasted 56 million years.

sundered by the bodies' metabolic processes; our ability to change a situation. Jeff Bezos is certainly a mighty alchemist - he has turned his workers' bags of piss into bags of gold that he can stack all the way up to space. He can do this through the metric of capitalism, but the method is liberalism.

Liberalism is the ideological expression of capitalism; we see the liberal demands of alienation and assimilation manifesting in the capitalist need for workers, and more of them. The legal expansion of civil permissions that can be revoked at any moment by a fundamentally violent state, corresponding ultimately to capitals' need for workers and consumers. From limiting expressions of sexuality to that which centres reproduction through demonising homosexuals, and only permitting independent adult homosexuals to exist within a repressed culture, which is later lifted to open a shiny new market, rife for further exploitation and sanitisation.

Money talks, and it's naive to think any other way. Of course this has been a violent struggle, people gave their lives figuratively and literally to this. However having lived in the age where gay marriage was granted, we can see how little has actually changed and

how easy it would have been to award something like this much sooner. The fact that gay marriage was awarded by a conservative government in the UK should be indicative of how little disruption this is, versus how much

disruption it has taken to achieve and how much disruption people experienced in their lives without such a measure.

Capitalism must expand by 3% every year to remain stable. Markets must open, which means giving people a seat at the table - one

by one, and only once they've proved they have manners.

But as new metrics of exchange emerge... What new ideological expressions come with them? The recent explosion in cryptid culture, awareness of mycelium networks and reorientation

from the ape to the amphibian as our common ancestor - these could all be seen as ideological expressions of cryptocurrency.

Cryptocurrency is simply the reification of new exchange metrics and maths, made possible by the internet. Which, just like folklore, is a place of open secrets.

When one drowns, their colon distends with the pressure which is both concealed and expressed in the myth of the Kappa. The Kappa is a Japanese water goblin, notorious for drowning swimmers and pulling them underwater and suckling on their assholes. Anilingus is performed

to extract the Shirikodama, a "small anus ball" which is considered a solid form of the soul, or a "wish granting jewel". The Shirikodama obviously articulates and conceals the taboo notion that our dirty places are the source of our secret delights.

Kappa and Shirikodama

Capitalism must expand by 3% every year to remain stable. Markets must open, which means giving people a seat at the table - one by one, and only once they've proved they have manners.



present us with a fourfold flower of a folkloric doubling:

Drowning distends the anus
> Kappa are into your anus >
Your anus contains your jewel
> Prostate.

This doubling is all mapped onto the one figure, not openly, but obviously. Just like the information super highway of the internet, the sum of all human knowledge, is not openly - but obviously a fanfare of pornography, a peacock tail of smut and an armageddon of sordid hopes, dreams and nightmares. Why wouldn't it be? Isn't that the way people work?

How the internet actually works, is generally a mystery to us all. Other than some vague allusion to coding, we don't really get an answer. However, this brings the notion of encryption to the table. Encryption is a clear source of security (your encrypted data) and also TERROR! Dark Web hackers are hiding behind multiple layers of encryption, stealing your money!

Encryption and secrets are of course older than the internet, but a crucial flashbulb moment is the the Enigma encryption being broken in World War Two by a faggot, Alan Turing. His queerness is always divorced from his code breaking, rather than intrinsic to it.

Heterosexuality is also a heavily coded source of security and terror, to everyone. This position is something that enlightened heterosexuals can acknowledge, but that

heterosexuality per se must remain blind too. This is why we elect idiot conservative men with an openly vicious streak. Even as they are obviously the worst people to have in power, we trust that scariness to protect us - like Batman. The stern watcher with a penchant for spontaneous violence is a crucial part of the imperialist-cis-hetero-patriarchal-military-industrial-complexes' abundantly obvious daddy issues.

Yet even as heterosexuality shields us from uncertain social relations, with the triadic Daddy-Mummy-Baby structure of the nuclear family; it inevitably produces *gay panic*. Heterosexuality is low key a high-key messy closet queen who lives for the drama, whilst insisting otherwise. Like that one incredibly intense friend who always insists on being chill, precisely because they can't just be chill.

Heterosexual ranting aside, because goodness knows we all get enough of that, I would like to turn our attention to something actually important: Aesthetics. The 1999 hit movie sensation spectacular, The Matrix, contains a black screen on which white code emerges, turning gradually green as it proceeds down the screen and returns to darkness.

If white, or rather the full emergence of light is at one end of the spectrum and black, or rather the full absorption of light is at the other end of the spectrum, then precisely in the middle of the light spectrum is green.

This encryption or coding is an open absence that is crucial to the movie, yet has no meaning at all. Reams and reams, a veritable torrent of meaningless, green, garbage (rumoured to be translated from a sushi menu) that operates under and within everything we know.

Ironically, of course, the very reality of the movie is one and the same. Because it was shot against a green screen, specifically bullet time, which is the film's outstanding visual feature that made it such a "mind blowing" experience.

What if this green screen was an actor?

Not just a backdrop?

What if that erupting green glossolalia (nonsense language of tongues) had lungs and a larynx?

Teeth and a tongue?

That could dance with the breath and shape the air?

If not the pinnacle, The Matrix is certainly the climax of twentieth century film. Articulating exactly the future, arrived in from a Victorian fantasy, finished by two World Wars. The second of which was won, in part, by a queer code breaker who was chemically castrated by the British state for being gay. He tried gouging out the oestrogen implant in his leg that made him grow breasts, unsuccessfully. This is the

same person who is credited with inventing the computer age. Subsequently he killed himself with a syringe of cyanide shot into an apple. Snow white style (Queen).

This twentieth century queer code breaker was convicted under Sentence 11, the same legislation used to convict Oscar Wilde in the 19th century. Another queer codebreaker whose plays took

An international sensation.

Just like *The Matrix*.

Made by (at the time) two closeted trans-women.

Defined by its erupting rivers of incomprehensible green code.

Oscar Wilde and companions identified one another by a Green Carnation.

Britain and America by storm. The two years of hard labour in prison were the beginning of his end.

The falling code of the matrix, like the incomprehensible enigma Turing broke is just a shower of so many green petals of a queer carnation, present yet absent, absent yet present. Like the Green screen in every significant fantasy or sci-fi movie made in the last twenty years, like a green carnation applied to the lapel, like a war hero who called the police to his house because of

break in and they saw him with another man in pyjamas; it is not open, but it is obvious.

Someone who operated from this Green Space, this essential invisible, is Chelsea Manning. Twenty-first century queer code breaker supreme, who busted out military secrets that founded Wikileaks, by smuggling them on a DIY disc that was disguised by simply writing “Lady Gaga” on it. Ironically itself a copyright crime; and thus not open, but obvious.

Chelsea Manning, closeted and living as Bradley Manning, having been imprisoned as Bradley Manning. Put into solitary confinement, she came out as Chelsea Manning, in an incredibly irregular piece of news. So shocking were her actions that she got the highest accolade of all from the straight world; to not be queer. And the LGBT community failed in any meaningful way to support her, because she acted on a level beyond our hegemonic umbrella. Because fundamentally we are a lifestyle choice for adults in a world controlled by the Daddy-Mummy-Baby hierarchy. A question of home; not country, not war.

The Iraq war was entered into on lies. Not openly, but obviously; since there was no evidence of weapons of mass destruction. When Donald Rumsfeld was confronted about this at a press conference, he responded:

“There are known-knowns, things we know we know and then there are known unknowns; things we

know, we do not know. But there are also unknown-unknowns. Things we don’t know, we don’t know.”

Donald Rumsfeld

To which, of course, everyone laughed. However what happened here is a crucial piece of wizardry, which is that he took two phases, known and unknown, in juxtaposition, to produce a triadic structure that without being open, was obvious as a distraction. The known-knowns, known-unknowns and unknown-unknowns of course correspond to the daddy-mummy-baby triangle. Two sides of a binary, with a third term. The Daddy and the Mummy, juxtaposition (or rather missionary position) create a third term, the baby. Who is then diagnosed upon birth as male or female, based on their visible genital anatomy.

“Even though many heterosexuals avoid the fate/destiny of romance/marriage/parenthood, it is a well worn instantly recognisable structure upon which most mainstream representations are based. In other words, most bourgeois straight people already know the storyline their lives are supposed to follow before their lives have even begun.”

*Sarah Schulman,
Gentrification of the Mind*

In describing the sick and boring life of the heterosexual, Schulman juxtapositions two meaningless symbols; fate/destiny. From which comes three terms of significance; romance/marriage/

parenthood. We can do the same thing with gender, two essentially meaningless symbols:

Male/Female can be used to draw three terms of significance: Daddy, Mummy, Baby - this logic expands to perpetuate itself. Gender in the twentieth century: Man, Woman and Trans-Woman.

Specifically transphobic representations: she-males, chicks-with-dicks, trannies. Murderers: the trans serial killer is an immediately recognisable cultural archetype. The baby, if you will, of that mummy-daddy triangle. Whilst the trans-masculine experience was typically lumped in with the butch lesbian experience, and not given space in public discourse. Lesbian narratives in literature, films etc. have been typically repressed, given the double crime of being queer and female.

I want to draw your attention to a piece of art you will definitely recognise but may not have thought of recently. Piet Mondrian's Modernist masterpiece *Composition with Red Blue and Yellow*. Painted in 1929 from the two absolute values, full reflection and full absorption (black and white) there are the three primary colours: red, yellow and blue. His art was highly utopian, searching for universal values and aesthetics.

“Art is higher than reality and has no direct relation to reality. To approach the spiritual in art, one will make as little use as possible of reality, because reality is

opposed to the spiritual. We find ourselves in the presence of an abstract art. Art should be above reality, otherwise it would have no value for man.”

Piet Mondrian

Was this a higher approach to life? The full absorption and full reflection of light in pigment, black/white, two symbols from which there are significant terms; Red, Blue and Yellow.

Daddy-mummy-Baby, Men-women-Tranny, KnownKnowns-UnknownUnknowns

RED BLUE YELLOW

Daddy-mummy-Baby, Men-women-Tranny, KnownKnowns-UnknownUnknowns

RED BLUE YELLOW

Daddy-mummy-Baby, Men-women-Tranny, KnownKnowns-UnknownUnknowns

RED BLUE YELLOW

Daddy-mummy-Baby, Men-women-Tranny, KnownKnowns-UnknownUnknowns

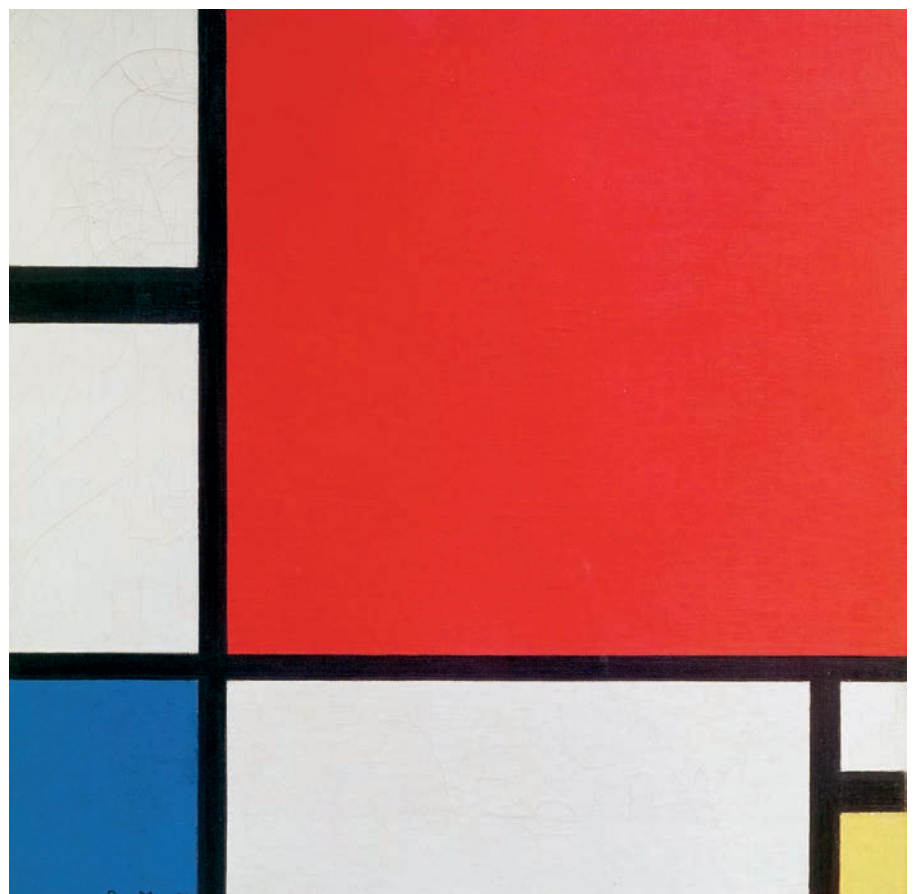
RED BLUE YELLOW

RED BLUE YELLOW

RED BLUE YELLOW

GREEN.

WHAT ABOUT GREEN!? WHAT ABOUT THE UNKNOWN KNOWNS!? The camp, hierarchical pyramid scheme of the anthropocene!?





Green

Green is a primary colour also.

Yellow and blue make green it's true.

In paint, but not in light.

It is the absolute value of green that makes the green screen possible, the inescapable essence that disappears it.

It is in the world of red-yellow-blue, the world of daddy-mummy-baby I wear my green carnation to signal something, not openly, but obviously.

My wish granting jewel is there to fulfil your desires.

Pierce my petals, and penetrate to...

My Shirikodama.

The code is clear to one who knows.

We can't do it at home, we must do it in the country.

Don't worry, I know a lovely little cottage we can get it on in.

This green figure is emerging, avatar of our new age, carrying all our desires, telling us who we are.

It's quite simple there; it's frog memes.



FROG MEMES

2005-2016

We begin with an analysis of anthropomorphic amphibian creatures from 2005, Ol' Gregg and Pepe the Frog. I have been called "Old Gregg" more times than you've had Greggs. More than there are Greggs in the UK. More times than Greggs have sold a Greggs, is the amount of times I have been called Old Gregg.



Imagine; The year is 2005, I am 15, The Mighty Boosh is in its second season. I refuse to watch it. Everyone is obsessed, it seems compulsive and as nauseating to me as the compulsive heterosexuality of the high school environment. It's awash with Normies and Posers claiming to be Non-Normies in such a predictable way. Their swollen tides of appreciation of off-beat, quirky comedy are used to evidence their individuality. The TV show itself was an ode to the odious east London that I would move to for university.

It was in these squabbles and arguments that I first began to theorise that there is nothing more disloyal than a fan. A fan has no real interest in an artist or an artistic work, only in the idea of it. They will take something, suck it dry, throw it aside and move on to the next thing. It was repulsive, I didn't want to engage. So I didn't watch The Mighty Boosh.

How stupid I was.

I began painting my face green.

I moved to London.

I became obsessed (OBSESSED) with wedding dresses.

I began tucking in performance.



Flashlights became crucial to my practice.

I check out Old Gregg.

A chthonic, green faced, illuminated mangina bearing, part-frog creature desperate to be married. Well, there's just no denying it. Despite intentionally avoiding it, years later it turns out that my entire drag practice is essentially SXC Old Gregg. Fuck. On watching the episode however, there is something very special about it. The episode featuring Old Gregg finishes with the threat (Gregg) on the rooftop of the car. It is absolutely not resolved, it is weird.

Weird, as described by Mark Fisher, is something ontologically unfinished. Ontology is basically the way you perceive shit, such as the two genders in western society, since only two genders are fully ontologically realised. Sir/madame, brother/sister, aunty/uncle and actor/actress are not ontologically finished,

and can't really be placed properly, anywhere.

Once upon a time, vampires were weird - but the rules of vampires are now familiar with garlic, daylight and crosses. Vampires are ontologically finished with a series of elaborate rules, taxonomy, sub-divisions and a multitude of categories, which means it's quite hard to do something peculiar with them, given the wealth of material that exists. Despite being undead, vampires no longer haunt us.

However, Old Gregg is a haunting presence. Lurking in a cave in ones' mind, forever, once seen. Small refrains of his come back again and again: "Do you love me?". Certainly haunting me and others who feel the need to yell "Ol' Gregg!" across the room, tube or bus. Old Greg was in essence a non-digital performative meme; it spread from person to person by means of imitation through speech and gestures, carrying a certain cultural idea or symbol.

Old Gregg is Green, not red, blue, or yellow (daddy-mummy-baby)

Old Gregg is the absolute opposite of the chick-with-a-dick

Old Gregg is not a shemale, not a tranny, not a mummy,

not a daddy,

Old Gregg is an unrecognisable figure.

Old Gregg is not in the twentieth century.

Old Gregg is carries us into the twenty-first century.

In 2005, another anthropomorphic amphibian with vast meme potential was spawned; Pepe the Frog. Pepe was created by artist Matt Furie for his zine Boys Club. In 2008 it began being meme'd as an online image, in the usual way we consume memes. Furie refused to file copyright claims at the time, thinking it uncool (which it is).

The particular crowd that Pepe became popular with were underground trolls, quite literally. These NEETs (Not



Employed, Educated or Training) are typically "basement dwellers" living in their parent's basement. Pepe spoke to them, as the Feels Good Man meme. Memes, or characters, animals and emotional .gifs allow strangers to express emotions with each other online in a disembodied manner.

The emotional traction of Pepe as the Feels Good Man, rapidly morphed into its opposite; Feels Bad Man. Obviously as the result of an artist's labour to create a whole world, in Furie's own words: "It takes a huge amount of work to think of a character." That one minor character broke out, but of course it carries all that other labour with it.

It began going beyond the basement.

It began circulating around the normies.

By 2015 it was the most popular meme on both 4chan (NEETS) and Tumblr.

It had begun to be circulated by... The EETs.

To which the NEETs were incredibly resentful.

And because of that, they sought to claim their stolen image, as their own.

By degrading it, utterly...

ARTIST - BONNIE BAKENEKO



SPRING

Walking down a grass pathway splinting a clearing between woodland, a canopy of branches arch overhead. Something wet and heavy falls in pearlescent globules onto my face and hands. I hear laughter overhead and strain to see where it is coming from. A rustling of leaves, and I can make out a small semi-humanoid form. Then as my eyes learn to catch them I realise there are more, hanging from twigs and running across the boughs. The trees are full of activity and soon more thick sticky liquid descends onto me. The smell a musky mixture of copper and sap.

One leads the way, and I am climbing higher into a great tree. Branches as thick as trunks turn the course as I traverse ever higher into his welcome arms. A pool of rainwater collected in a hollow welcomes my bare feet, my calves, my thighs. I sit in the water and wait for him to rise from beneath and greet me.

I remember being asked if I believed in the Fae, and my brain pictured little rosy cheeked friendly fairies sitting on toadstools drinking tea out of acorns. I did not consider myself to believe in the Fae, I actually felt it kind of offensive that people would make up little humans with wings when we already have moths and butterflies existing.

However I started to analyse my relationship with an anthropomorphic nature, and this lead me to a reoccurring dream. In this dream, I discover humanoid creatures living in trees that go into a frenzied flurry of masturbation when I am walking underneath them. This is not a consensual act, and I get the feeling they are pranking me in a semi malevolent way. I am repulsed when I am showered in their ejaculate, but it also stirs some kind of deep desire in me. Eventually I am led up a tree, to pool of rainwater collected in a hollow. There I sit and wait for a branch to come up from beneath the water, and fuck me.

In Pantheism the universe is seen as the body of god. I am not necessarily against the concept of god, it's more that I am against the concept I was exposed to, and not what could be universal truth. I had a friend tell me once that they believed that the Fibonacci sequence was the finger print of god, and that has always resonated within me. If we consider divine totality (everything that is living is in conjunction) I can see god being the common thread that runs through it.

When I think about the planet and what it is to be a creature of the earth, I have this BDSM eco-sexual need for connection. I want to be in the soil, I want to be in the rivers, I want to be in the trees. I want to experience a harmony of oneness with the natural world. I feel violence in this connection, I feel the brutality of a sensual world. My desire is primal and raw, I want to fuck God.



“Naturally then, the mountains, the creatures, the entire non-human world is struggling to make contact with us. The plants we eat or smoke are trying to ask us what we are up to; the animals are signalling to us in our dreams or in forests, the whole Earth is rumbling and straining to let us remember that we are of it, that this planet, this macrocosm is our flesh, that the grasses are our hair, the trees our hands, the rivers our blood, that the Earth is our real body and that it is alive.”

-David Abram





ARTISTS WE LOVE

These artists are working with the archetypal energies explored in this zine.

The list is not exhaustive by any means, and is designed to help trace a skeletal architecture. To observe how the same energy has been emerging in drag, visual art, memes, fashion and more!

From here, contributions to the zine proceed in years, analysing that year with the energy of the corresponding Tarot card. At the same time it presents the QR code linking to the artists' profiles, who either first posted online in that year, or began working with the relevant themes during that year.

HUNGRY

A post-gender, distorted-drag savant who has opened up previously unthinkable territories for what professional make up can do with the face, and has been imitated thousands and thousands of times by this point.



Their biomimetic aesthetic uses both flora and fauna (bugs) as the foundation for make up concepts. It is a radical integration of a vast array of influences that come together to turn them into a figure of sublime fantasy.

VLAD VON KITSCH

Describes themselves as a Gender-fluid Demon Doll, and their style as that of an ancient vampiric demon residing in a cast doll vessel. Operating at the crux of multiple intersections, their creative output on social media is never anything short of jaw dropping excellence.



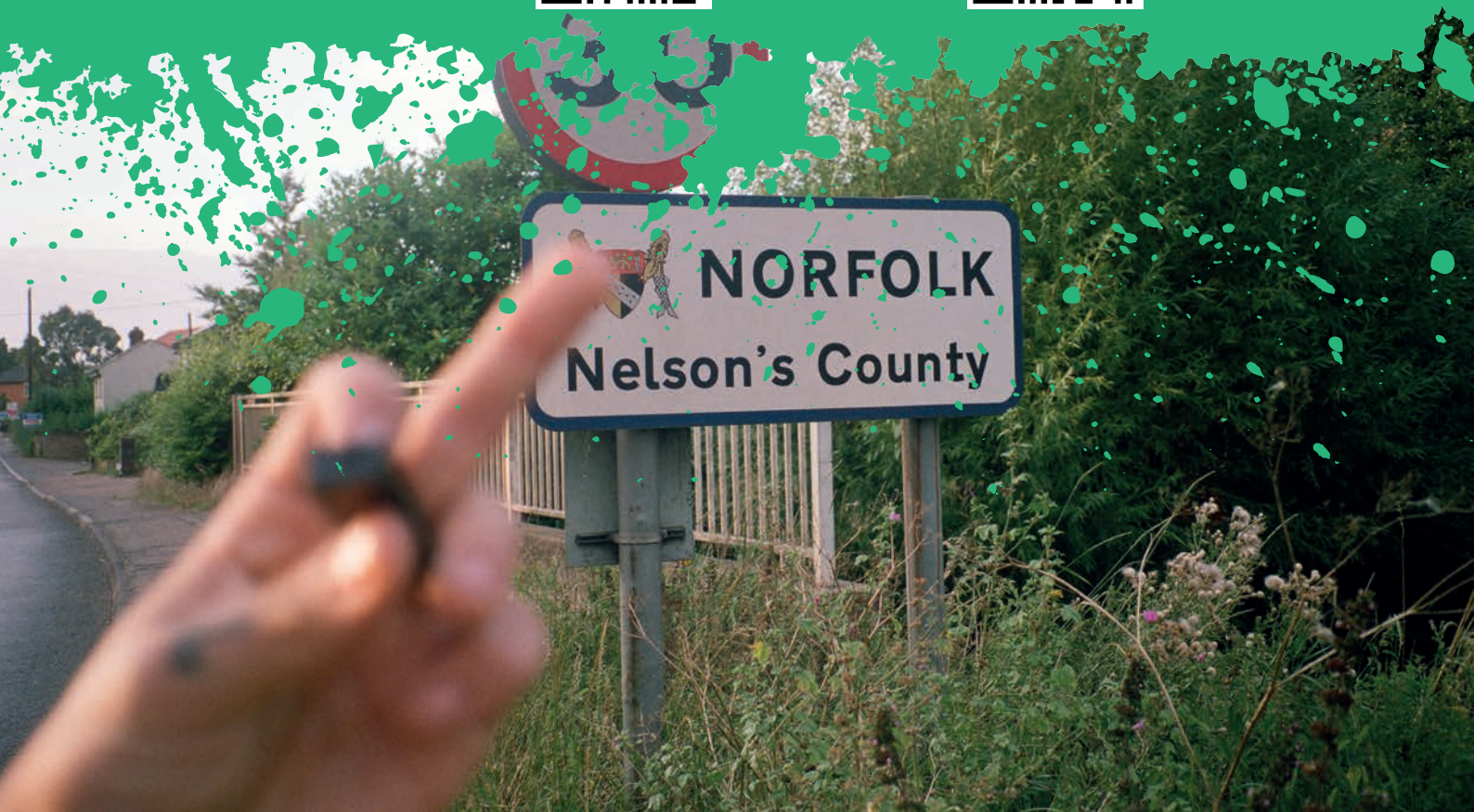
KEMBRA PFAHLER

Candy coloured grotesque goddess of the underground.



ANKLEPANTS

An outstanding artist of the embodied grotesque, they operate with new technologies as both a visual artist and a musician.



IT'S DEAD. The world is already over.

The straight world anyway. At least for me.

The world ended under the bed at 6.

It ended in my village at 12.

The world ended when I came out at 15.

The world ended when I stepped out in drag at 19.

The world ended when I moved into a garage at 23.

The world ended when an assault evicted me from the garage at 24.

The world ended when I moved for love at 26.

The world ended when that loved turned into rage.

The world ended when I realised my trans identity and how deeply, deeply angry I am, have been and will continue to be about everything that isolates me from womanhood at 28.

At 31 I can tell you a part of me has not known happiness since then.

And yet here we all are. Still.

In a world that continues, to insist on ending.

The world ended when I was seven, because a set of sandcastles fell into the ocean. Later that day I found out the reason the world ended whenever anything changed: the screaming, dripping, crying was the oozing of an autistic meltdown. I remember the sun in the caravan window on the day the world ended, and the cover of the Tony Attwood book on Aspergers that facilitated the apocalypse delivered by my mother.

My mother remembers the exact details on the day her world ended. She was looking for the 7 of Diamonds when she asked her mother what was on her mind, and my grandmother replied: "I'm trying to think of how to tell someone something that's going to ruin their life." My mother said she should just say it. My grandmother obliged. Needless to say, none of us ended up with my father's surname as a result.

Every egg an ovary will produce is already present within the foetus that the ovary belongs to. Which is to say that whilst my grandmother carried my mother, there was the egg that would be me. Just as my grandmother passed to my mother, as my mother passed to me, so I shall now pass to you the very simple message:
It's over.

The funny thing about rubble however, is that it's also like lego.
You can just stack it up into something new.

Thus having scoured the land, the gram and the society we live in I have found a score, a clutch, a spawning of gender non-conforming drag wunderkind: pustalting, alien, strange. Mushrooms at the end of the world. Flourishing in the decay that everyone is always crying about these days.

There's no need to judge them, these poor people living through their first apocalypse.


It's hard the first time.

It can be hard every time.

But when someone puts it in the right place, a hard thing can be quite nice!



2016



**GREAT & TERRIBLE,
GROTESQUE &
GHASTLY! AWFUL!
AWE-FULL. FULL OF
AWE. This was the
original meaning of
awful, the inverse of
awesome.**

2016 was an awful year, in the original sense. David Bowie died immediately, a wailing ensued throughout the land - again and again as star after star died. Right up to Christmas, with George Michael and Princess Leia.

Stars articulate ideas of capitalist personhood. Stars have an agency and individuality that we don't, so we use them. We "think with" them; much as everyone expressed their opinion on and with a slap at the Oscars. However in 2016 the stars fell, winked out. Died.

The 16th Tarot card and 2016 have the exact same energy. La Maison-Dieu is a place of catastrophe, destruction, danger and liberation. It is the prison you have lived your whole life in, that you believe you will be in forever; being stuck by lightning and being given the freedom but nothing else. It is the crumbling of a false belief system, an ejection into the desert of the real.

Aleister Crowley noted this card was a preface

to the 20th Card, Judgement. The 16th card embodied the idea that all manifestations were stains on the perfection of nothing. In reverse, this means that nothing is perfect - creating a radical freedom from previous forms of order.

This is why I walked 100 miles in drag for 9 days, and called it The Awful Journey. Based on the Nine Days Wonder by Will Kemp, from the year 1600, when a Shakespearean clown Morris danced from London to Norwich. The impossibility of existing full time in either place meant I was only present on the journey; the only figure of representation I had whilst running a weekly cabaret in London and living in Norwich. At the time I had no representation in my life, and I was losing my mind. A situation too complex to represent even here; one that I will probably take to the grave.

The Journey was a study of the hateful landscape of East Anglia, so admired for its beauty. Huge swathes of land sectioned off into fields, regimented for life to be sewn, grown and mown for the purposes of profit. Monocultural formats sprayed

**"The Tower" is
the cataclysmic
joy of living, the
permanently
unforeseen
and marvellous
catastrophe"**

*Alejandro Jodorowsky,
The way of the Tarot*

with pesticides in rigid lines and grids; I'll admit that they are beautiful to drive past - but hell to walk through. Desolate and isolating forms, fertilised with homophobia, indoctrinating the next batch of kids into heterosexuality.



The field is the
production of nature
by anthropos.

The field is the
Anthropocene
par excellence

The field is the
breadbasket of
the landfill

The field is unable
to maintain itself.

Every day on the school bus I just wanted to die. Before arriving at a place that looked like a prison, we drove through these fields. I would live for the moments of hope; a telegraph pole, a drainage pit. From these sites I would explode green sites. Like some kind of giant leafy, emerald kraken kept underground and just allowed to explode.

Something, not human. Something different, something from underground. Something from the Cthulucene.

2016 was the same year that Donna Haraway released *Staying with the Trouble* and presented this term:

“Unlike either the anthropocene, the Cthulucene is made up of ongoing multispecies stories and practices of becoming. Within times that remain at stake, in precarious times, in which the world is not finished and the sky has not fallen - yet.”

*Donna Haraway,
Staying with the Trouble*

The oak tree covered in ivy,

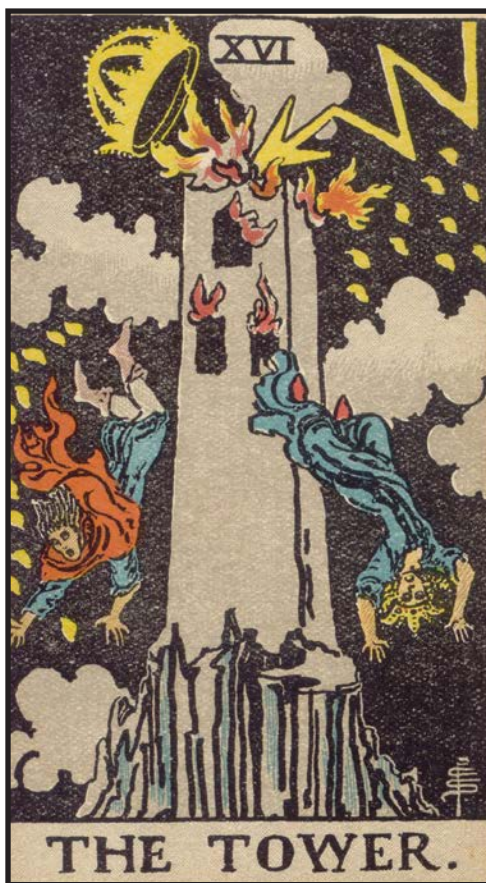
the sanitised surface of the field, is a symbiotic becoming of enmeshed vines and limbs. From root to sun warmed tip, water surges as the photosynthesising pair struggle together in a mutual masturbation, for their twining will make no child. In front of an audience of crops, awaiting the reaper.

“The order is reknitted: human beings are with and of the earth, and the biotic and abiotic powers of this earth are the main story.”

*Donna Haraway,
Staying with the Trouble*

The Chthulucene offers humus in place of human; a composite compost. A vital, rich soil of becoming with. It does not offer us stars, in fact Donna Haraway's main concern is about what happens when the individual is unthinkable. The same thing that happens when David Bowie dies.

Grieving, mourning and loss leads to clinging, cloying nostalgia. Against this backdrop of national and individual identity as the critical political category in both Britain and America, with the twin of Brexit and Trump. Both were led by populist demagogues who made use of their own star power, whilst waving flags and spouting grandiose lies to provoke primordial fears. Liberal democracy does not represent the lowest common denominator, but rather rewards the one who exploits



the lowest common prejudice. Fascism only requires forty percent of the population. Within the world of what was possible, they were unimaginable, unthinkable. AWFUL.

The death of heroic figures like David Bowie led to a desire for a messiah. This story, the one of Luke Skywalker saving Princess Leia, the dude with the sword sorting out the world with a golden fleece, is decaying in the face of a world made

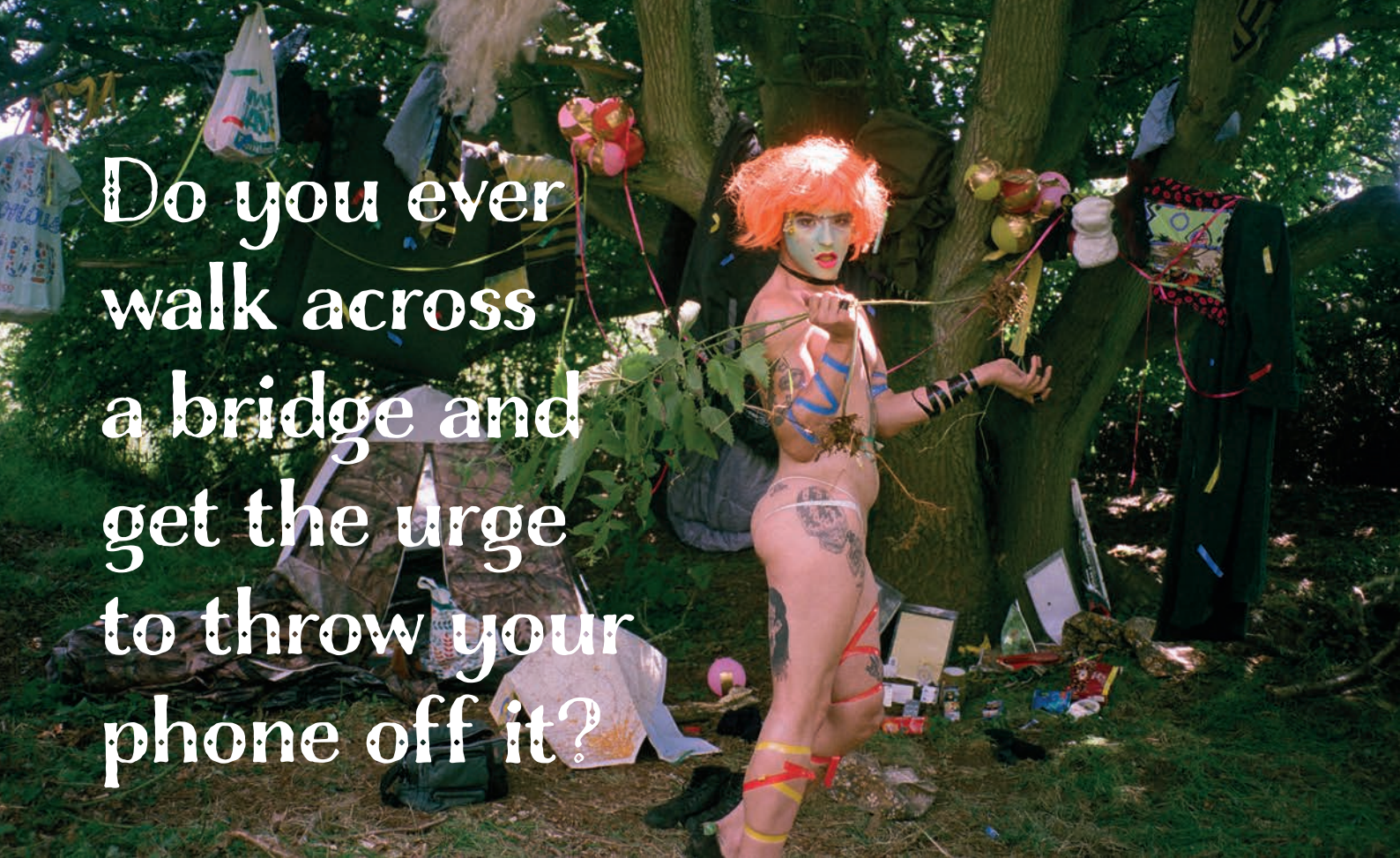
**“There’s a Starman
waiting in the sky,
he’d like to come and
meet us but he thinks
he’d blow our minds”**

David Bowie, Starman

in networks of networks. David Bowie's death bears no causal relationship, but the reaction to it is a simultaneous phenomenon that we can use to trace this. Thus divisive figures telling simple stories became our political representatives.

Donald Trump was assisted by one notorious green faced figure we have already encountered; Pepe the Frog. A representative of the unrepresentable, he was form for what was living in the basement. He was a star for those no longer boys, not yet men. Emasculated, subterranean Slimy beings, with Manginas, desperate for love. The Ol' Greggs of this world. He was theirs, but his explosive rise in popularity was intolerable to them. They sought to get him back by the foulest of means - using the foulest memes. Pepe flying planes into the twin towers, Pepe as Hitler, Pepe as a giant hulk conglomerate of dicks spewing shit and piss everywhere.

And of course, Pepe as Donald Trump; Trump as someone who was going to “bring down” the American establishment (i.e. 9/11) by being a “real American”. This sat side by side in the irrational consciousness that also combined the “unpopular” candidate which spoke to “unpopular” people, to end up running a populist campaign. This has been seen as a flashbulb moment in meme magick and Magical Symbols, according to Aleister Crowley. In his description



Do you ever
walk across
a bridge and
get the urge
to throw your
phone off it?

of the sixteenth Tarot card, The Tower must always be understood in a double sense.

This doubling is something we were not able to think with, so the unthinkable happened.

This is the disastrous moment towards the end of the Tarot that enacts the most hardcore and powerful of the cards. This is the disastrous moment that the beginning of the twenty first century, that is just getting started.

Without positive models of personhood, it is in horror that we find an element of our self.

**“It matters
what worlds,
world, worlds,
it matters
what stories,
story, stories.”**

Donna Haraway



2017

If 2016 was an awful year, 2017 was a weird one.

The disaster of the Tower throws huge clouds of dust are into the air. You're running from the demolished institution, be it a library or a prison. As the dust clears, you're in the desert, with nothing; but you look up - and you can see one thing: THE STAR.

It's a distant thing, it's not inviting you to stay or rest your head. A nuclear furnace, but a cold comfort. It is a wish, a wonder, a marvel. This year saw the first ever confirmed interstellar object pass through our galaxy, Oumuamua, which is Hawaiian for "scout" or "first distant messenger".

An incredibly bizarre incident. A strange, smooth, potentially metal object that had a non-gravitational acceleration... that has now disappeared. It has continued on, to interstellar space.

A small distant co-ordinate, with little material reality, is still able to chart and guide momentous events on earth and is also a description of a hashtag; specifically #MeToo. Appearing like a star in the sky, like a lamp hung in heaven, ripping through social media like a spark from

"What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done?"

"Oh I don't know, as a child we used to run through the fields of wheat"

Theresa May, 2017



The seventeenth Tarot card is a feminine archetype of incredible power, 2017 being the year that esoteric music producer SOPHIE released *It's Okay to Cry* as a proud, naked, open trans woman, and it. went. off. She appeared as a disembodied woman in the sky, looking down of all of us. A star, specifically of the sub-genre hyper-pop she helped to create - a genre of music with an authentically futuristic sound, in stark contrast to the years spent idolising vintage forms.

Mark Fisher has written extensively about music and the cancelling of the future, specifically in

a clipper burning through a field.

The hashtag was used by 4.7 million people in 12 million posts within the first 24 hours, on Facebook alone. It was popularised by Aylssa Milano, but Tarana Burke had been working on a "Me Too" movement for 10 years before this flashbulb moment. #MeToo weirdly found a weird storytelling form, in a weird year, within an otherwise garbage heap media landscape of fake news.

music used for futuristic effect between the 90s and 2000s which sounds broadly the same. He used the term "Hauntology" to describe the layers and layers of referential phenomenon that accumulate to create uncanny experiences - creating things that belong to neither the time they're made nor the time they are imitating. Unfortunately he would never have been able to see *It's Okay to Cry* as it was released in October and he hung himself in January. I wish I had been able to meet him.

2017 saw an explosion in the modern practice of witchcraft. Specifically with the #MagicResistance Campaign, which saw collective practitioners come together on the digital, physical and astral planes to simultaneously Hex Donald Trump. Himself, some claim, was elected through the “meme-magic” of underground-right-wing-eunuchs who supercharged a frog avatar.

The star has two cups from which water pours, one onto land and the other to the river beside her. It is a balanced imbalance, the perfect equality of her action does not have an equity of results. A similar discovery occurred within the realm



of quantum physics, a perfect symmetry was found between matter and antimatter. This means that technically, the universe should not exist, but rather unknown imbalance was to blame for all of this mess.

“All of our observations find a complete symmetry between matter and antimatter, which is why the universe should not actually exist. An asymmetry must exist here somewhere but we simply do not understand where the difference is.”

Cathal O'Connell, Cosmos Magazine

My own life had become utterly awful, due to an imbalance that I was fully aware of. By undertaking

“I do not divide myself, not even a hair's width. This is the reason I am nude, naked as a tree, a bird, or a cloud. I am my body, my flesh, and my blood, and thereby I find it impossible to abandon it lest I abandon myself.”

Alejandro Jodorowsky, Way of the Tarot

the Awful Journey I had unleashed the floodgates of Awful Energy into my life. Everything was fucking awful, ghastly, terrible, incredible, excruciating. I had undertaken a deeply magical act without realising it. By going into what was the most real experience for me, and energising it's awful nature, there was nowhere I could hide. I had spread it's grasp over my entire life.

To realign myself in with the spirit of the star, I undertook the Awesome Journey. A Journey in which I confronted my family history, reasons we washed up in Norfolk in the way we did, my own issues with the place, my issues with my absent father, with patriarchy, permissions and privilege. I performed another journey; not 100 miles, but 400 miles. For 1 to 4 is the ratio of spirit to the 4 elements, and the distance from Huddersfield, the place of my birth, to John O'Groats. The last tip of Scotland, the country of my father.

I took no photos, but filmed video on my phone. It was a mistake. I found the footage almost unusable, except for the final video. It's the only thing I saved from the memory card, before I lost my phone and a third of the archive in the process. Nevertheless I undertook the journey, and baptised myself in the ocean at the end. Anew, I re-baptised John O' Groats as Jane O' Groats. I flipped the script of my life from Awful to Awesome. In the process, I found out about a mysterious cave that whiskey smugglers used to

hide out in, on an abandoned island off the coast, called Stroma. The name of that cave was The Gloup.

As I consumed and digested knowledge of "the gloup", discussion of consuming another cave became mainstream. "EATING ASS" had quite the meme themed year in 2017, including the widely misunderstood phenomenon of 2017's "ASS EATING SEASON". In reply to a Playboy article about millennials being less into boobs than previous generations, a username "Lil Phag" replied "It's 2017 grandpa we eat ass now".

The asshole is the genitalia that unifies all genders. The previous century has a dearth of literature on men as penetrative and women as receptive. However in 2017 we began to glimpse that all are capable of tonguing (penetrating) the (receptive) asshole in an action of annilingus; something somewhat sexier than Old Greg's carnivalesque Mangina. Thus a new co-ordinate of gender equality emerged, mainstream but instead of a distant twinkling star, this is actually a winking brown wrinkle.

Whilst in other gloopy, autistic news Jessica Mason released an article on the Mary Sue asking people not to ignore the role of the neurodivergent community in the creation of #Slime. Mason articulates that many people were mystified as to its origins, but that it has been a key feature on autistic stim blogs for years. Stimming is an act of autistic self stimulation.



KATE ASPEN

This Norwich artist explores mushroom pilgrims, anthropomorphic trees and our inevitable reunification with nature through death.



MISS HERNIA

A grotesque, guttural beauty queen of horrific torsions - creating all of this with potatoes in pink fishnet tights, finished in a one inch jelly wedge.



2018



2018 began with a Super-Blue-Blood-Moon on the night of January 30th to 31st. The Moon is the 18th Tarot card:

“[The Moon] is uncleanness and sorcery. Nameless mystery, of horror and fear. All prejudice, superstition, dead tradition and ancestral loathing all combine to darken her face. All is doubtful, all is mysterious, all is intoxicating. Not benign, but the dreadful madness of pernicious drugs; this is the drunkenness of the senses, after the mind has been abolished by the venom of this moon.”

*Aleister Crowley,
The book of Thoth*

This energy persisted throughout a year in which again, everything was a peculiar half life, a weird deceptive state of being. A Tarot card is simply symptomatic of a particular energy, it embodies no judgement on the success or failure of that energy. The card simply defines the axiomatic, a line in the sand on which its themes can fall on the positive or the negative side.

In the positive sense, North and South Korea managed to resolve a certain amount of their ancestral loathing with the Panmunjom Declaration of 2018. Whilst reacting against the dead tradition of patriarchal domination lead to



#MeToo taking a savage turn. #BalanceTonPorc “Squeal on your pig” was the French incarnation, #QuellaVoltaChe “that time when” in Italy, #YoTambien in Spain and #AnaKaman in the Arab speaking world.

The ecstatic fury of the process puts me in mind of the maenads, female followers of the wine god Dionysus who killed the poet Orpheus by tearing him to pieces. Empowered through empathy, the witch moon of the bacchanal cried for blood and they got it. 2018 saw Harvey Weinstein hand himself over to the cops, a previous unthinkable result. Everywhere figures in a comfortable position of power or privilege found themselves being ripped from it, finally having to face the consequence of their actions.

“I know that people have worshipped me. Ever since human beings developed a spark of consciousness, they have identified with me. Like a perfect silver heart, I shine in a dark shrouded night.”

*Alejandro Jodorowsky,
Way of the Tarot*

Angela Merkel was elected for a fourth term as chancellor in Germany, whilst Putin once again won a presidential election in Russia. Consequently Putin, his own Prime Minister, and his previous mentor are the only people to have ever been presidents of Russia. In China Xi Jinping removed presidential terms entirely, letting him hold a premier position for life potentially.

This intense consolidation of political power in established leaders is a chilling symptom of our contemporary global democracy.

Worse was the establishment of concentration camps along the southern American border, in which children were separated from their parents. The US state targeted the separated teenagers by tracking their periods to ensure that they wouldn't be able to access abortion, yet they somehow simultaneously managed to lose track of over 1,400 children (as covered by Rachel Maddow, Harpers Bizarre and more).

Britain's own tracked breeding programme, the Monarchy, celebrated a second royal wedding marred by racist coverage of Meghan Markle. She couldn't even serve avocado toast without being

“You aren’t alone if you’re feeling worn down as 2018 comes to a close. It’s been a trying year when it comes to the world scene. A seemingly unending parade of summits, crises, protests, and conflicts dominated the news.”

*James M. Lindsay,
Ten most Significant events in 2018*



accused of “fuelling the deforestation of Mexico” by the tabloids, whilst other news stories celebrated Kate Middleton for serving the same snack.

The Cambridge Analytica Scandle broke revealing filthy, underhanded tactics in both the Brexit and the Trump campaigns of 2016. Oh, and the climate? To hell. Again.

Despite having more information about the world than ever before, we have less ability than ever to act upon it - which is precisely the premise of James Bridles’ 2018 book *The New Dark Age*. Bridle articulates a presumption of the enlightenment is any problem can be solved with a system that is fed enough data. He describes this idea as computational thought,

which is precisely what Alan Turing used to crack the Enigma code. Bridle illustrates this phenomenon through the weather; by creating a system of weather predication and feeding it the correct data, we can predict what it will be like. Precisely the same model can be used to access vast undersea reserves of oil and gas. Computation thought is literally the foundation and bedrock of the Anthropocene.

Computational thought has given humans the power to become a geomorphic force. However the problem is that now there are too many systems. We do not have a system that systems systems, but rather a savage pack of systems that will pull your consciousness into savage apocalyptic despair, in a mere 35 minutes of doom scrolling. We need to

understand technology in a completely new way, which is not to say that we all need to learn coding. But rather, we need to become system literate - for which we need new metalanguages.

Bridle proposes a reformulated idea of a fourteenth century Christian Mystic who stated “A cloud of unknowing” hangs between us and Godhead, which cannot be pierced with thought. The Cloud is now an essential technological phenomenon we cannot live without, but do not understand. Thus he advocates for “Cloudy Thought” over knowing.

Whilst Donna Haraway advocates a remarkably similar praxis in *Staying with the Trouble*, that Trouble derives from a thirteenth century French verb which

means to disturb, or to make cloudy.

“In fact staying with the trouble requires learning to be truly present, not as vanishing pivot between awful pasts and apocalyptic futures, but as mortal critters entwined in myriad unfinished configurations of places, times, matters, meanings.”

Donna Haraway, Staying with the Trouble

Both authors have a penchant for late-middle-age-primary-sources-concerning-clouds, but Bridle advocates for New MetaLanguages, while Haraway proposes her own of the Cthulucene. In The New Dark Age, Bridle references “Steam Engine Time” which is concept from the Sci-Fi community for when twenty to thirty authors suddenly start writing about similar concepts. Nobody knows why the steam engine was invented when it was -

theoretically the Romans could have built one, it was just unthinkable to them.

Donna Haraway traces within her book a multitude of authors, actors and artists who are working within the realm of multi-special becoming, so that an integrated mode of life can become thinkable. Bridle articulates the history of simultaneous discovery of “Steam Engine Time” to expose the unrealistic heroic narrative of fiction, whilst Donna Haraway expresses her disappointment at the Prick Tale of the “heroic” anthropocene.

All of a sudden, 2018 was #Cottagecore time - the idealised notions of rural life were suddenly in vogue. I thought I was the only one interested in exploring the aesthetics of the countryside because I am from there. The same year that Elon Musk shot a car into space,

we can recall the Business Insider article that said the average worker has less days off now than a medieval serf. The billionaires asserted their divine nature, while we idolised toiling in the dirt.

Finally, in 2018 “Bussy” was added to the Wikitionary. Meaning “Boy Pussy” or “Butt Pussy” - the place you mouth goes when Eating Ass. Old Gregg’s tragic Mangina turned into a Bussy by the light of 2018’s Super-Blue-Blood-Moon.

“Better yet I was an infinite concavity, an open mouth containing all the thirst of the world. A boundless vagina [BUSSY] that has become total aspiration. Then in that vacuity I was finally able to reflect all light - an ardent light that I transformed into it’s cold reflection, not the light that engenders but the one that illuminates.”

Alejandro Jodorowsky, The way of the Tarot

BEATE KARLSSON

A designer of drips, creating gigantic hand shoes that almost look like they could belong to some human frog hybrid.



JUNO BIRCH

This Trans-Drag Artiste presents herself as part-housewife, part alien that stepped off of a space ship to wonder through palm springs!



ARTIST - SUREK 666



Everyday I wake up in my silly
little hell hole & live my silly
little dirty life. I feed the beasts
& feed myself. Summon the
demons I need for the clubland
the darkroom & that's the
way the life is.

Each day has it's own silly
little tasks I might spend
4 hours with my head in the
a toilet. Why? Art.

I Paint my magic symbols
on my magic cape and take my
magic medicine. Everyday I peel
off my flesh and build a
new one. A constant cycle of
HARDCORE transforming. Skin is recycled,
bled, spat + shit out. My name
is SHREK 666. ✦







2019



The 19th Tarot card is The Sun, and in December of 2019 the Sun concluded one solar cycle and began

a new one. This happens only once every eleven years. while the Parker Solar Probe came closer to the sun than any other object that's been designed and developed by earthlings.

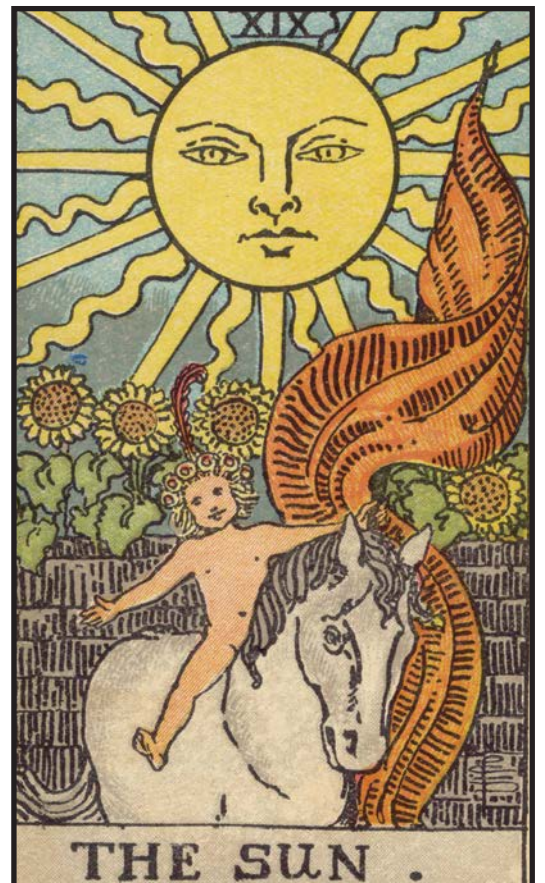
The high tower's bricks have fallen, the higher stars are far away, the moon comes out in our night. And every day the sun emerges to provide the raw energy everything on the planet needs, it is the new dawn on the new day. The soul's journey through its dark night has broken, and now it is time to work.

“Glory, gain, riches, triumph, pleasure, frankness, truth, shamelessness, arrogance, vanity, manifestation, recovery from sickness, but sometimes sudden death”

*Aleister Crowley,
Thoth Tarot*

Thus I travelled to Scotland, to the Gloup, on the abandoned island of Stroma. A place with not one single tree, in the subarctic tundra of fucking nowhere I went to a giant hole in the ground, the bussy of nowhere. I climbed into that gaping ground bussy and at the bottom I found a cave, full of brown soil. The arsehole of nowhere.

I went a lone wolf. Humbled, I came back a sheep, for there I met a power greater than myself. All of this was in service of my 2019 show GLOOPTOPIA, a positive political projection in response to my 2018 theatre piece, The Gloopshow, more of a savage and wine soaked form of critique. That ventured nothing, thus offered no gain. GLOOPTOPIA was a place run on COMMUCRACY, a theory of Communist Democracy. I developed this theory to cultivate what Donna Haraway calls response-ability, for when your problematic uncle inevitably asks you “What would you do differently then?”. To avoid accountability for their faith in a problematic system, they never substantively interrogate their belief



but rather accept it by rote of their birth into it. COMMUCRACY seeks to cultivate system literacy, by being a system that systems systems!

HOW? BY POSING THE COMMUCRATIC QUESTION: What are the commons of the situation AND HOW can we democratise them? A collective system constituted by a B.L.A- A BASIC LEVEL OF ALIENATION, that one day people will be entitled to basic income, social housing and free health care. In the short term, this means you can participate in Commucratic action without burning out!

But it can still be a system that operates with a complex division of labour.

As a society, we have completely lost touch with what both Communism and Democracy means on a philosophical level, and we believe they mean quite the opposite. Democracy is not a radical ruling of those not qualified to rule, but a process of elites selecting elites to pit before an oppressed and alienated population who are still dependent on wage labour. With so little individuality, they rely on STARS to play out their individuality for them. Whilst

Communism is no longer seen as a classless society that has dispensed with a ruling elite, but rather with a tiny minority dictating total control over civilian life by the state.

The Novel Corona Virus, yet to get the moniker Covid-19 (spoiler alert: that's in 2020) enacted complete control of civilian life through state mandated lock downs, by a communist party that embraced private capitalists and entrepreneurs. This was all led by a president who had just been awarded the equivalent status to that of a previous Chinese Emperor. A terrifyingly totalitarian China,



that was seeking to snuff out Democracy in Hong Kong, led an intense grassroots resistance campaign. The unofficial mascot was Pepe the Frog. Thus we see that Pepe has been used to resist and elect an authoritarian asshole hacking “democracy”.

“I am ceaselessly renewing myself. By consuming myself, I expect Human Beings to be capable of burying their pasts and starting a new life”

*Alejandro Jodorowsky,
The Way of the Tarot*

Work itself is a form of sacrifice, we let a part of ourself die as it were so that the rest may live. We burn through what resources we have at work, to warm the rest of our lives. No where do I believe this is better expressed than in the therapy scene of Rick and Morty. Repairing, cleaning and maintaining relationships is work, it's not like the

adventure of the Moon, that can excite the loathing of the heart. It's just work, and some people would rather die than work. They would let the relationship wither rather than maintain it, choke on the clutter rather than clean their room (I am guilty.) Or let the ship sink, rather than address the hole in the hull head on. These are just metaphors, as the Tarot card is a metaphor, as the Sun is a metaphor for the emotional maturity that comes after the Moon's journey through the night.

However in 2019, in a bizarre synchronicity in this Year of the Sun, the Death Rate suddenly skyrocketed [see graph below]

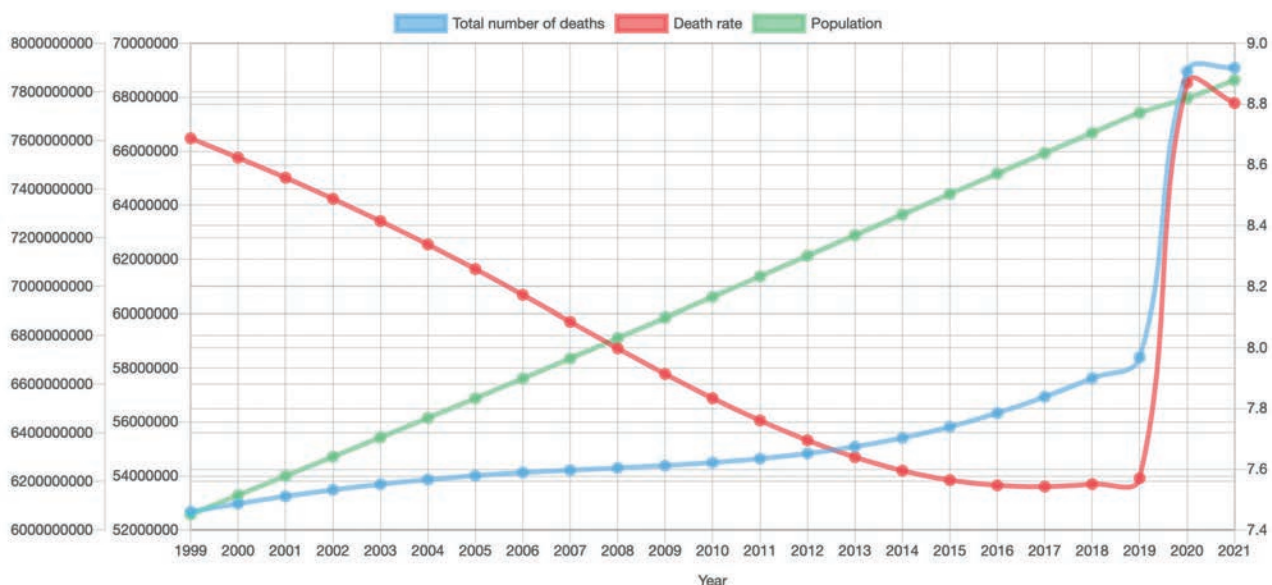
In Japan, 2019 saw the release of Sarazanmai, meaning deep connection. Sarazanmai is a TV show about three unlikely heroes who are clearly separated by the colours red, yellow and blue. But they all share the

colour Green, as the fourth of three primary colours. The characters were transformed by a local statue, based on a real life statue of the prince of Kappas in Tokyo.

Kappas overcome Kaiju, strange giant beasts, on the astral plane - the invisible shared realm of imagination on which dreams and nightmares exist. They succeed by performing a synchronised song and dance routine, which allows them to take the Kaiji monster's Shirikodama, their small anus ball which contains their soul. By retrieving it from their bussy. Each one of them has their own Shirikodama which is extracted by the ass eating prince of Kappas, so they may in turn take the wish granting jewel on the sphincters other side.

This representation of anthropomorphic amphibians concerned with anilingus and ones' intimate interior is a far cry from Old Gregg's lonely Mangina.

Death comparison by year worldwide



“Rick, the only connection between your unquestionable intelligence and the sickness destroying you is that you use intelligence to justify sickness. You alternate between viewing your mind as an unstoppable force and as an inescapable curse, because the only truly unapproachable concept for you is that it’s your mind, within your control.

You chose to come here, to talk, to belittle my vocation, just as you chose to become a pickle. You’re the master of your universe yet you are dripping with rat blood and faeces, your enormous mind literally vegetating by your own hand. I have no doubt that you’d be bored senseless by therapy, the same way I’m bored when I brush my teeth and wipe my ass, because it’s not an adventure. It’s just work, and some people are okay going to work, and some people would rather die.”

*Dr Wong in Pickle Rick,
Rick and Marty*



MAISANI

Frog Dynasty; displays all the contemporary tropes of indulgent opulence, selfie sticks, Chihuahuas, shutter shades with crowns on top - however they are all played out by anthropomorphic amphibians with thin hips and bloated bellies.



DUYGU YORGANIOGLU

They released their graduate collection from Central Saint Martins in 2019. Modelled by never before seen fantasy creatures and conscious cryptids



NOCTURNAL TRASH POSTS

This 2019 meme page is explicitly devoted to raccoon content, using this fingery animal as a point of communication on the trials and tribulations of 21st century personhood.



SUGAR ON YOUR SOULS

They present a radical reorientation towards beauty and elicit a guttural response. Sometimes when I am looking at them I feel like I am listening to ASMR.



Tarots energy is concentrated in the card judgement

Way of the Tarot

A year so cursed we forgot about 2016, a preface for the twentieth card. A card which is many things; a unification with time, hatching, a sublimated devil, a streak towards the light, triumph, revelation. Fundamentally, it is the birth of a new consciousness.

In the year 2020, for the first time in the twenty first century, the global, continental, international, intra-national, national, regional, economic, systemic, civic, societal, institutional, cultural, professional, educational, social, familial, matrimonial, pre-marital, situational, fraternal, personal, bodily, cellular, psychic, levels were ALL UNIFIED WITH ONE WORD: Corona.

An alien in our airways, a gremlin in our gullets, a sticky green phlegm fatale for whom our pipes were a nightclub. The twentieth Tarot card in Aleister Crowley's deck has a small green goblin figure in the centre of it, Lord of the New Aeon. The twentieth century is a change from a period of dying men obsessed with sacrifice to a new Aeon, the time of the eternal child. At the same time, other mystics say we are changing from the Age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius. The birth of this Aeon is marked by catastrophe, which is indicated by a great concentration of political power, accompanied by



improvements in means of transport and communication.

If we look back into history approximately 2,000 years ago we can see, although is far from comforting for the present generation, that 500 years of Dark Ages are likely to be upon us. And we have a Victorian mystic in 1938, and James Bridle in 2018 warning us of the same thing. Further the great concentration of political power, in Merkel, Putin, Jinping, Jair Bolsonaro and also with Boris Johnson who can literally lie, break the law and incite violence with no accountability.

In 2020 Egil Asprem released *The Magical Theory of Politics* which covered the post-election 2016 to 2018 period, and how it emphasised existing tensions in multiple magical communities to create an all out occult war. Specifically, Asprem identifies the 4chan meme-magicians versus the decentralised

coven who were busily hexing Trump. A crisis of legitimacy has engulfed politics, and people are turning en masse to magical means to display their politics, since they no longer feel represented by our democratic methods. Magic in a time of populism, plague and conspiracy theories generally evidences an abandonment of rational thought.

All of this meant that cottagecore as an aesthetic exploded. Musically with Bardcore and Taverncore, we hear the ideological expressions of the New Dark Age. The pandemic was credited with the rise in cottagecore but its seeds had been sewn well in advance. Many cultural commentators note that cottagecore idolises nature but rests heavily on technology, which is really just one of the internal contradictions of capital accumulation. A classic consistency with our inconsistent mode of production is when we see people take photos of cute woodland logs, utilising a phone full of microchips.

Cottagecore has nothing to do with an actual experience of nature, it rather projects a sentiment of lack. That we lack a connection with nature, that we lack a simple life, further we even lack the ability to have this at all. To be able to run a homestead



and garden without internet access, to check on how to tend flowers and vegetables. Cottagecore is also a way of expressing something deeper, without simply wallowing in resentment and critique.

Such a loss of legitimacy has led to an exploration of more illegitimate modes of being, like viral, complex, developing, symbiotic beings; green smiley frogs that spawn, form tadpoles and transform. The Anthropocene favours the image of the butterfly, its caterpillar, cocoon and ensuing flight. The Anthropocene that has failed to warn us of Covid and the Anthropocene that has a crisis of political legitimacy. **THUS THE TIME OF FROGS IS NIGH.**

I have slowly watched the frogs rise from lurking in the Frogspotting group on Facebook, to the 2020 release of the Pepe the Frog documentary, and a subsequent article entitled: On twitter, frogs are mostly Nazis, on Tiktok they're often queer (by Caleb Pershan). Frogs are also witches' familiars.



However, what is missing from this picture is Cottagecore since it sits in alignment with Goblincore. Described as Cottagecore for people who actually go into nature, it expresses delight and wonder at all the shiny, slimy, unsavoury aspects of nature. Goblincore loves frogs. Frogs spawn goblins. Frogs, Kappas, anthropomorphic amphibian, and goblins are the empty vessels of our times; this figure from the squelching mire of our century is a kind of new Ode to Joy.

In the 2012 movie *The Pervert's Guide to Ideology*, Slavoj Žižek comments that Ode to Joy was used by political movements that were totally opposed to each other. A symphony lauded by the Nazis, Soviet Union, Communist China, Colonial Independent South Rhodesia and the leader of the Communist Sendero Luminoso in Peru. It is used in place of the east or west German national anthems at the Olympics, and it even remains the unofficial anthem of the EU. The overly celebrated first

half is pure ideology, a shallow void. This is the figure of the frog, having worked its way across social media, the globe, the nightmare, the dream to the foul to the innocent to the naive. It has done all of these rounds, as has Covid. Or COVID-19, as it was named by the World Health Organisation in 2020.

“We all start off at straight TikTok. Eventually we find gay TikTok, which either puts us in gayboy TikTok, or lesbian TikTok. Which can send us to #thirsttraptiktok, which puts us right back in #gayboytiktok. We don't want that so we get the 3 keys of BLM, indigenous, socio-anarcho tiktok, which places us in #cottagecoretiktok, #stonerwitchtiktok, and goth tiktok. All these lead to #transtiktok where if you avoid femboy tiktok and go through #bisexual tiktok on your way back to #gayboy tiktok there's a secret passageway to #nonbinarytiktok, and a portal to “the promised land, #frogtiktok.”

Thaddeus Shafer





In her advocacy of the Cthulucene, Donna Haraway identifies four areas of science that are neglected by the Anthropocene. Four areas neglected in the story that stories our science, that shapes the spaces we would think to look: The viral and bacterial world, complex and collaborative relationships, developmental biology and symbiosis. Four areas neglected by the world that worlds our world, through the hole in the centre of these circles shot Corona Virus to score a bullseye and grind our world to a halt. Emerging from the viral/bacterial world and taking advantage of complex and collaborative relationships, a rapidly mutating virus looked at our lungs and went "It's free real estate".

In our Anthropocentric arrogance in removing any and all barriers, to exploit any and all environments, we completely ignored the fact that we were cultivating ourselves as a monocultural environment. As a fertile field for a viral respiratory disease, our lungs are a wet receptive cave for Corona to multiply in. Covid was all up in our Lussys (Lung Pussys), Thrussys (Throat Pussys) and Nussys (Nose Pussys). This led to a never before seen en masse modality of nasal penetration, in which the phallic item was not going from ass to mouth, but thrussy to nussy.

You have no idea how deep they swabbed my nussy. It's all sore!



BILL CRISAFI

Begins to post the #babushkatoad in 2020, a page awash in anthropomorphic amphibians.



CALLEN SCHAUB

In essence a spin art game taken to a gallery level, the physics of the fluid are the true actor whilst the artist merely curates the layers.



FROGS EATING ASS

Much like the beloved Kappa we met earlier, this is about amphibians actioning analingus



FROGWITCH

Starts posting to instagram in April 2020 - a memepage using digital frog images to do what designers did with fridge magnets before smart phones.



JUST FROGET ABOUT IT

This is a self care and wellness blog, narrated with a green avatar in the form of an anthropomorphic amphibian.



STEPHANIE UHART

These fur dresses are pure contradiction, they look like large, gloopy slime balls oozing off the body - but the material itself is a kind of muppet like fun fur thats oh so fluffy!



WET MESS

They sport numerous looks in a business suit, playing a green faced fool in the costume of the anthropocene.



SUGARY GARBAGE

A beautiful artist who also depicts plus size black femmes having unexpected interactions with nature.

2021



20 and 21 are the numbers of the final two tarot cards, and 2021 marks the point by which the twenty-first century has defined itself for itself. The new millennium, following the short twentieth century, which refers to 1914-1991, is the start of the first world war and the dissolution of the soviet union.

In 1992 Francis Fukuyama published *The End of History and the Last Man*, believing that he had reached a certain climax in our mode of government. One of liberal democracy, embodied by the *Ode to Joy*. This perspective is also encased in the 90s phenomenon of the “cubicle movie” in which the backdrop cubicles embody that stale, stable, managerial zeitgeist. This is encapsulated in three films from 1999; *American Beauty*, *Fight Club* and *The Matrix*. Whilst 2021 saw the release of *The Matrix Resurrections*, to a completely different reception. The most cutting edge spectacle, referencing simulation and the simulacra, somehow transitioned into a dull, self-referential flop. That world was a place of complete stasis, in which a dynamic force that could re-articulate the space of the thinkable, the managerial cube, was unthinkable.

That changed by 2021, because we are living in a new World. And *The World* is the name of the 21st tarot card. This is the result of everyone having a consciousness changing experience, of judgement, of George Floyd, of mass vaccination and the loss of family and friends

“The Tarot will help you build a soul”

*Alejandro Jodorowsky,
Holy Mountain*



to disease or to conspiracy theories, political upheaval or wildfires. So many people broke their limbs. I broke both my arms, turned 30, went sober and my father died - then I had to watch the funeral on livestream.

But most of all, this is a year of masks. A year of actually having to attach a prosthetic to the face, that made people freak out. Once I was on a performance art course where we weren't allowed to make eye contact for a day, people lost their shit. But as an autistic person, I generally just watch the space between peoples eyes anyway to make them think I'm looking there. Autistic people are already masking; engaging in an active process of neurodivergent labour to pass as neurotypical to avoid being socially ostracised.

But suddenly, everyone, had to mask. But not everyone liked it. The mask enacted a new normal, a new way of personing. Our moral, ethical and political obligations to one another were now contagious. Short lived though it was, 2020 is a stone being thrown into the water. In 2021 we just get to sit and watch the ripples. A tiny bacteria spread by droplet to droplet, across The World.

In this horrible time, this shocking time in which we find ourselves ejected from the old order into the new, a certain phenomenon has flourished. -Ussy reached peak popularity in July according to knowyourmeme.com (thrussy, bussy, nussy, gussy) & Goblincore exploded in popularity in June. Etsy reported a 652% increase in related searches. This phenomena extended to anything with moss, frogs, snails or mushrooms on - all of which is concurrent with the visual vocabulary identified by Donna Haraway in her description of the Cthulucene.

Haraway proposes spiders, gorgons, Greek Goddesses birthed from chaos, Gaia, raccoons, opossums, horse urine, pigeons, jellyfish, octopus and fingery, tentacled, ambivalent beings such as frogs. Goblincore is often tied to queerness and anti-capitalism, and evocative of the thousands of sexes that fungi have. Donna Haraway had already published *The Mushroom at the End of the World* in 2015, a theme which she continues to explore:

“We are all lichens; so we

can be scraped off the rocks by the Furies who still erupt to avenge the crimes against the earth”

*Donna Haraway
Staying with the Trouble*

21 is the culmination of the Tarot, and the Dior 2021 Spring/Summer collection is based entirely on the Tarot. A medieval form of memes, and archetypal storytelling played out across the fashion weeks of a New Dark Age. Haunted by trolls and goblins, one simply wishes for their own little cottage in the woods!

God! i would just love to go cottaging right now!

The Tarot is a numerical construction, and according to Alejandro Jodorowsky all cards that equate to 21 can be understood as pairs, thus 21 (The World) and 0 (The Fool) are pairs. And 1 (The Magician) plus 20 (Judgement) are pairs. Thus 5 (The Hierophant) and 16 (The Tower) are pairs. The Hierophant is otherwise known as the pope, a religious/ethical/linguistic figure that follows the maternal and paternal archetypes of 3 and 4. The fifth is the cube becoming the pentagram, it is the four fingers that find the thumb. We first saw Pepe the Frog and Old Gregg in 2005, whereas 2016 is the year these memes and archetypes interact with the political sphere we live in now. Because $5 + 16 = 21$.

21 is the year me and my brother bled into a loaf of bread so we could bury our father in a symbolic funeral - since we were unable to attend the real one. I remember meeting my father approximately eight times, one time was at a budget fibre glass theme park in the back of a large gift shop (of which I will brook no criticism) called NESSIELAND. The Loch Ness monster is a creature that attracts a great deal of mythology, occasional sightings and a desperate longing to glimpse - but very little material evidence. This also happens to be a very accurate description of my father. Thus I concluded my father and the Loch Ness monster have 1/8th of an equivalent of symbolic reality, meaning that I am 1/16th descended from the Loch Ness monster, a World famous cryptid.

Whereas 2021 saw the release of the movie *Cryptozoo*, a fantastical movie of chimerical, hybrid, multi-special becoming; of things being what they are not, of complex and collaborative relationships, developmental biology, symbiosis and a world we can't see but is at our fingertips. It features a Zoo of cryptids, in which it's so easy to image Old Gregg living in one of the exhibit boxes. The movie devotes itself to pulling apart the concept of what a zoo is, and the violence the fantasy of abstraction entails. But the zoo itself is a perfect

example of the Anthropocene, whilst everything *Cryptozoo* struggles with is an example of the Cthulucene.

Cryptozoo features a tarot card reading, like the fashion house Dior. Both are aligned with Alestaire Crowley's prediction, that in the new Aeon, heralded by a New Dark Age, interest in the occult would increase.

Sacrifice, Work, Crisis, Completion. As we established in 2019, work and death are entwined. Work is the sacrifice one makes, thus we can consider the first cards together. According to Jodorowsky's system, the hanged man is 12, and in the second decimal series of the tarot he occupies the position of a 2. Thus the reading in *Cryptozoo* is: $5 + 16 = 21$. Fight me.

Finally, in 2021, two days before the first anniversary of my father's death, exactly at midnight of November 12th, becoming 00:00 of November 13th -my birthday- I stepped on stage. That stage was in London, at the Birthday Party of a legendary south London performance party, and it was a stellar performance. I was brought back on stage for the singing of Happy Birthday to me, and to all. Where, of course... I caught Covid. This resulted in long Covid, and brain damage. It was unthinkable, my thinking should no longer think as it thinks. But hey, it happened. It's a new world baby.

The tarot cards of the *Cryptozoo* are: The hanged man (Arcana 12)The 3 of pentacles (Arcana Minor), The Tower (Arcana 16), The World (Arcana 21)



JAME(S) ST FINDLAY

Their film *Bad News* is essentially a queer lads afternoon out in the New Dark Age.



MABEL EQUAY

A self care and wellness blog that features a frog in high heels, and a toadstool mushroom hat that has been explosively popular.



AGNES?

Performed 184 hours in 'Transgenesis' over the course of 23 consecutive days, 8 hours each day - carried out inside a gigantic inflatable octopus/squid costume in a disused swimming pool in London.



HAUS OF HANDSS

A concept designer who makes gigantic pairs of hands, like our fingery friend the raccoon, to be worn as a kind of boa.



2022

Quite simply as we play a game of cards, we play a game of meaning with Tarot.

It is a game between the reader and the reading, which one pretends to know and one pretends not to. The Tarot has another name: The Fool's Journey.

The Fool is the 22nd card of the Major Arcana - yet also the first- since it is the signal that everything begins again! For it's number is 0. Zero itself has a remarkable history, the oldest representation of it comes from India and it was used to represent Nirvana, a place of bliss - no needs or wants. It travelled to the Arabic speaking world as a Hindi Numeral then moved on to the European speaking world as an Arabic Numeral, as opposed to the Roman numerals.

In 1299 the number 0 was banned in Florence and Italy, because it was too easy to commit fraud with. Whilst in 1377, the same countries banned the first playing cards that arrived through similar means. In 1430 they had 21 trionfi (trumps) and a wild card (The Fool) added, and the first Tarot decks emerged within Northern Italy. These were exported as luxuries to Marseilles, France a mere 664 kilometres away or a 130 hour walk away; according to googlemaps. Which I can tell you, vastly underestimates how long it takes.

52 cards of Hearts, Clubs, Spades and Diamonds become Cups, Wands, Swords and Pentacles which now



symbolise Water, Fire, Air and Earth. The set gains 4 court cards and 22 Arcana, an addition of 26 cards; 26 being the amount of letters in the alphabet with which the cards learn to speak. They gain a language, and as with any language, it is so easy to play games of inclusion and exclusion, or representation and privacy.

The playing cards came with the number zero, and the philosophical texts of ancient Greece all arrived in Europe in the same way. The first is ignored whilst the later two are credited with the creation of the Renaissance, which led to the enlightenment that was the conclusion of the last European Dark Age. However, the reason that these incendiary pieces of literature could arrive in Paris, translated into European, is entirely indebted to a multicultural-religiously-tolerant-golden-age-of-Spain

that was 100% ISLAMIC. The European Dark Ages are an invention of Christian idiocy, and we sustain this idiocy with pictures of Adam and Eve. These pictures appear on every public bathroom or shopping store division of clothing (that has no gender or sex - but imagine if it did, god, I would never leave the dressing rooms).

EUROPE is a third world creation, as Frantz Fanon accurately articulated. Yet it imagines itself as the source of every idea; thus we return to the energy of The Fool. Treading the thin line between idiot and genius, gives rise to two perfect figures to present themselves in 2022: Julia Fox and Vladimir Putin.

The Folly of War is well observed, and the word Fool comes from the term Follis, meaning windbag. A pig's bladder on a stick. It is a vacuous idiot lacking anything - the idiotic space of freedom in its lowest form. Putin invaded the Ukraine under the impression that its government would immediately collapse, under Russias' military advances. So much so, that there are reports of soldiers carrying the dress uniform in their supply wagons whilst running out of ammo, since Putin was so convinced that they would immediately win. Pride comes before the fall, and the Fool does like to toy with the edge.

Whilst Julia Fox, well, I have to say - whilst writing this zine. I have seen videos of Julia Fox, in interviews talking about writing her book. A

book which she does not want to talk about yet - but will still admit to it being a masterpiece. OF COURSE I relate, because I'm also a fucking idiot. A genius, a masterpiece - some memoir.

Julia Fox and Kayne West swept the headlines with their get together, amassing articles with their break up. One Photoshopped article falsely claimed that Julia Fox Said, that Kayne West said, he didn't like it, when she went "goblin mode".

GOBLIN MODE

SWEATING, SLATHERING, DROOLING, POUNDING, ON TOP, IN CHARGE & SEEKING TRINKETS - it is a completely relatable vibe. The Guardian immediately followed up with an analysis of goblin mode, describing it as an anti-aesthetic that had absolutely nothing to do with bettering

yourself. Goblin mode is a complete celebration of giving up, and giving in. Actively refusing any attempts to better yourself, it is an existence devoid of neoliberal self optimisation. The process of being a "human" is so much more labour than a person is capable of, so being a goblin is actually a much more achievable position.

"I will never wake up at 5am and drink green juices and be hyper-organized. I will instead be in 4AM Reddit holes, Diet Coke first thing in the morning, fistfuls of raw pasta as a snack."

*horrible.glitter,
TikTok*

"I drink Baileys from a shoe"

Ol' Gregg

Neoliberal self optimisation, of course, is best embodied by finance bimbo Patrick Bateman. From the year 2000 - precisely 22 years ago - in the movie American Psycho:

"My name is Patrick Bateman. I'm 27 years old. I believe in taking care of myself and a balanced diet and rigorous exercise. In the morning I'll put on an ice pack while doing stomach crunches. I can do 1000 now. After I remove the ice pack I use a deep pore cleanser. In the shower I use a water activated gel cleanser, then a honey



almond body scrub, and an exfoliating gel scrub. Then I apply an herb-mint facial mask which I leave on for 10 minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine. I always use an after shave lotion with little or no alcohol, because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturiser, an anti-aging eye balm and a final moisturising protective lotion.”

*Morning routine,
American Psycho*

Neoliberal self optimisation is the intensification of capital, on pressuring your reproductive labour. That’s the you, you have to do, to do you, that you could do better - if you want to be a better you. And if you don’t want to be a better you, you are a bad you. So you’d better want a better you, so you’d better better you!

However, the World has

become too much of a radically confusing and uncertain place to function at an optimal level. Being aware of current political, philosophical trends and events to eloquently perform at dinner parties; an absolute must for any aspiring social intellectual. Key topics include technological and scientific advancements, the stock market, bonds, and crypto with established and emergent coins. All the while we must stay abreast of every humanitarian crisis.

You must also utilise social media platforms, checking them multiple times a day. I would say at least four accounts, but better make it 16 and don’t be surprised if its 32. Instagram, twitter, LinkedIn, tinder, Grindr (sh!), feeld... Facebook is dead so don’t worry about that, but Messenger is still going, and you must sign up for the Metaverse. Oh! And obviously you also have to

use WhatsApp, in addition to having Signal or Telegram available, without forgetting standard SMS text messages and of course actual phone calls. But bear in mind your phone does now carry two sims, and that’s just the phone!

Don’t you just wanna go and bake bread instead? And knit, embroider and weave baskets? Foraging herbs and building your own fence from scratch, from wood you cut yourself on a weekend retreat. And get water from the well, on the tumble down stone cottage that you’re restoring. I am not making this up, there is literally a video on YouTube that’s just been uploaded which states: “A diligent daily life starts at 5 in the morning.” It’s fastidious and insane, it’s Patrick Batemen but in the most thoroughly domestic of spheres. Washed from all political salience or responsibility, whilst piling responsibility on one self to perfectly portray a considerate person.





AND OUR JOURNEY CONTINUES..

Tentacular Spectacular, a live performance art piece is to be presented in Birmingham this October as part of Fierce Festival 2022. We will create a Quthulucene, a queer-cthulucene; by LARP-ing the works of Donna Haraway with a group of non binary, trans* and drag performers, against the backdrop of a Neo-feudalist digital dark age. Without access to a naturalised gender we have created a phenomenon beyond gender, via the discursive acts and sites at which we produce, reinforce or police gender. We map these avatars with our history, hopes, fantasies and fears and present this live; as moving monuments of an emergent something.

These response-able artists and art pieces are system literate in an embodied way that we haven't yet found the language to fully explain, but I am starting to find the words in this publication. Some of these artists I am, or hope to be, working with have been featured in these pages. But of course, there are more.

Like mushrooms at the end of the world, we, us and they are sprouting feelers and tendrils. Alien life that has always been out there but not yet understood, as massive and invisible as a sixteen mile mycelium network. Life that is strange, different and not yet understood creeps in like kudzu into our space of appearance.

We are not used to this, we are used to trees. Big, thick rods of wood that go up to split into lots of little things - but with a solid, firm centre. We are used to big men with phallic things, swinging them round saying what's gonna happen and that's how it is. Despite the lack of freedom, these restraints offer security, which may or may not be your kink - but it's happening anyway.

Their prick tale is done, we have shifted in the astral, astrological and chronological realms in a way that we are yet to comprehend. In ways our institutions do not yet understand, and our science and libraries have to catch up with. We are used to a phallogocentric order, in which we are being schlonged in the face by patriarchy all the time; dads look after us and we've evolved from apes. Apes who became men, when they picked up long phallic things and whacked another one with it, like in the movie 2001: A Space Odyssey by Stanley Kubrick.

In the meme-o-sphere this has already been re-authored. Our common ancestor is not the ape but the amphibian, the fish that crawled out of the water is the one to blame for your credit score. The mystics, the academics, the memes, the stars, they are all telling us - in their own small fragmented way. They are telling us with Butt Goblins, Frogs eating Ass, Rim Racoons and a fingery thing

all up in the 'ussy

The reason you have been feeling weird in the last few years is because we have all suddenly been Eating Goblin Ass on the astral. The interior of its butt feels like two sides of a face-mask on your cheeks. It can be strange and disturbing to have an unexpected sphincter in your face - especially when what you're used to is a phallogocentric order that privileges penises to the extent that you're psychically having dick shoved in your face the entire time.

But it's gone, it's the age of Aquarius now, and it's going to last 2,000 years. There is one thing you can do, in this time of Anthropomorphic amphibians actioning annilingus... You can let the goblin rim you.

You can open yourself up to unexpected queer encounters, with the other, with nature and with your own anatomy. All those strange little nooks and crannies are going to become sources of vast potential, infinite curiosity and peculiar sensations.

I remember my first time too. He was twice my age. It was wet, it was slippery, it was spectacular

and dare I say it, a little bit tentacular!

Enjoy!

- Oozing Gloop

This publication is
dedicated to;

Mark Fisher,
George Floyd,
SOPHIE & Narges.

In addition to all others
we have lost in recent
years.

Or have come close
to losing.

Rest in Power.

Rest in Peace.



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even more remarkable is that absolutely nothing is lost in this migration, except of course, tax liability. Remarkable."

More on pg. 4

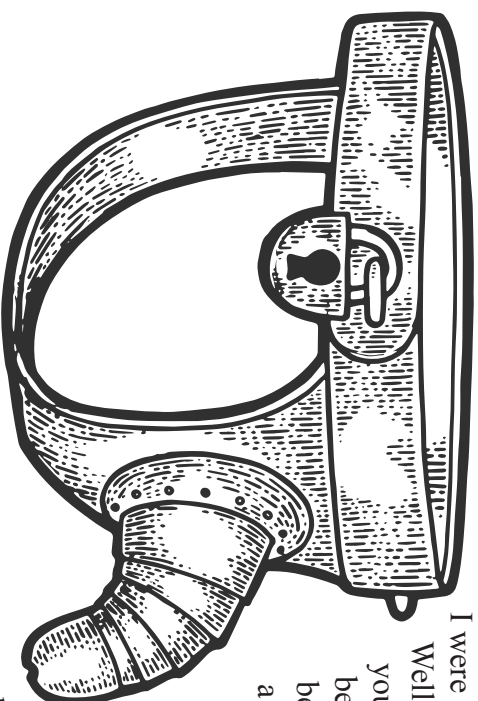
MICRO-PLASTICS: MAGRO-PROBLEM

Enough plastic is now broken down into the environment that the entire world now has the potential to be recycled! Unfortunately the billionaire who owns this newspaper doesn't really want anything to get better or change, so I'm going to tell you that it's a problem in the hope that you think this gives you the arrogance to lecture anyone into the ground about how all attempts to change are pointless; despite so easily ac-cepting the idea things can change for the worse. *Full story pg. 1312*

along the majestic cliffs of Sheringham and Cromer for generations to cum! *Top ten spots to eat out on pg.3*

NEW RIP ROARING REFERENDUM READYING TO RISE UP THE POPULATION

Capital punishment is a generally agreed turn off, but what if



I were to say "Hung"? Well if that's tickled your fancy, get ready because we'll soon be hearing that a lot! Followed by: "Drawn and Quartered!" As a new nationwide decision is ruffling feathers and rustling papers in Par-

liament, other methods to be included on the ballot paper are; the rack, iron maiden, thumbscrews... *Cont. pg5*

GOAT BORN WITH 7 HEADS AND 11 HORNS.

Birmingham has seen its fair share of feats and fights, but city farm managers, Aaron & Pippa, are delighted with their new kid!
Pictures pg.667

FATBERG KILLS MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Tragically, family pet Muffins was killed yesterday in Wisbech. The Shih Tzu was killed yesterday at Wisbech Beach, by a fatberg which forcefully ejected itself out of a local sewage outlet at high speed. The lump of lard was long, languishing and locked in place in the pipes of Wisbech, before the pressure became too much. It was thrown out to sea with a torrent of backed up excrement, and one unfortunate local's four legged friend. They had this to say... *Cont. pg.4*



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!
GNASHING YOUR TEETH? FLAILING YOUR
ARMS? UNCONTROLLABLE SOBBING?
EATING DIRT? SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE HAD
A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH OF: LIFE.

Applied
Euthanasia

GET CERTAIN, GET
SECURE & APPLY,
TODAY!