

We and

Your

Troubled

Ecosystems

3 months as an
invasive species
at Rame
Projects, Maker
Heights

Chimera River



jpeg of a pebble mosaic depicting Bellerophon killing the Chimera in a Rhodes archaeological museum, from Wikipedia

“Gather!” the war cry sounds from land to sea. “Gather, my friends, as if there’s no tomorrow!” As if dark clouds break thunder dust on speakers blown from distant tors, let your voice crack and figure it out. What’s your story? What’s on your mind? Dance like an animal. Hit chimes with your wind, get mud under nails, and those of us with tonguey lungs will foam the air with spit from our songs. It was the ending warble of summer. “Sublime!” says the poet. “Hungry!” says the doormouse clinging to a bobbing reed. Candied sunsets; cremation leaffall; the weaker-antibodied buried with the hedgehogs, building layers of frost. We had gathered around the gaslight campfire, on milk crates and plastic stumps, to regroup, tell stories, and ask the troubling questions, for it is impossible to not think about imminent mass extinctions as the person passing the local samphire starts coughing up globs that wobble on the grass, too unnatural to be absorbed by the earth.

We had gathered together, them humans and us non-humans alike (I am a chimera, btw.... I maybe should have opened with that... ancient three-headed beast of antiquarian legend...), to eat-at-table and consider community. I nurse my snakehead tail, who is a little under the weather atm and sometimes coughs as if they’ve forgotten what it feels like to have teeth. In *Staying With the Trouble* Donna Haraway describes our era as one of ‘unprecedented looking away’: from the ways in which we treat other humans, other non-humans, and the planet. For earthly survival, she asks that we face head-on

the troubled future of our planet, and the troubled futures of the networks of livinganddying that writhe upon it, by focusing instead on the present; that we need to form unexpected kinships and collaborations with humans and non-humans alike, to broaden our perspectives beyond a human-centric vision of apocalypse. In short, we need to tell *other* stories. On a personal level, I have found this a tricky notion to grapple with. This kind of thinking requires a lot from your mind, I find. Also, it is impossible to not think about imminent mass extinction when you are the sole remaining member of a species once thought to be myth....

As you might imagine, and I can say this because I'm self aware, this unique situation I find myself in has fostered some pretty potent *narcissism* (that was only intensified when I asked to start calling myself a *writer* (and then even further when I was introduced to the Internet!... *accursed magicks*... (by which I mean, social media asks us to perform versions of ourselves in small nuggets for unknowable and anonymous audiences....))) . I don't joke. I mean this in a serious way. This admittance of narcissism is a key part of my depictions of self and narrative. Being from another time and place, and being from an entirely different biological makeup, my presence on the Rame peninsula was an invasive one, like a journalist, a cane toad, or a grey squirrel. Reckoning with this antisocial position was a major task, and I'm grateful to the artists for their time, their stories, their works, their energies, and for bringing me back to life, in a way. I intended to engage with each of the residencies in different ways and through different ways of seeing:

With my trashconsuming, spinal gothead, I foraged with Huhtamaki Wab, uncovering lost languages, dances, and spirits in the rubble. We were resilient like mushrooms, and I was giddy like a frog even when I fell in the mud. The edible and non-edible human and non-human beings and ancestors in his worlds, and in the materials he gathered to world them with, quickly became the voices that helped to guide me through this work.

With my firebreathing lionhead, I flew with Georgia Gendall, and called upon the wind to lift the ground and hold it there. At the root of the world tree we collected worms to send skyward as offering. Standing at a height, it is easy to understand the landscape as spinning outward from your feet. From the sky, however, everything is less personal. This was a process of becoming-with the land, and on the end of my string was a kite made from the present pointing to me in the fields as an invasive presence.

My snakehead tail observed Samuel Levack and Jennifer Lewandowski and the community they conjured from an opposite peak. Chants resonated from the land out to the Sound; mantras for an alt eschaton. The shape of the earth speaks strange languages when perceived through personal filters: nostalgia pink, nightvision green, Californian counterculture orange, collapse blue: and it speaks to a lurid beat, through delay and through insomnia, with a swagger and a basket full of berries.

These three parts are chimeric of a whole: this season of trouble as processed by a peninsula and its people. From this I present, as Haraway says, a 'rush of troubled stories', or maybe rather a rush of troubled soliloquies, in which networks and ecosystems of artists, artworks, animals, non-animals, places and spirits rant, gaslight, narrate, whinge, betray, love, rejoice, and questgive. It's popular to make claims

that literature is less important or less visible in this day and age of dwindling attention spans. On the contrary, it seems to me that you humans consume text pretty much *constantly* through your devices and screens, or, like billboards, or whatever. Most of these virtual spaces are constructed from text. And well... yknow... this is my experience too! Having three heads is often a real challenge to concentration! It's embarrassing to admit, but I've not read a whole book since the start of 2020! I need things in smaller bites. So, I hope that readers will navigate this text by browsing, scrolling, swiping, zooming, soaking in what they want, and taking it easy. There is no order to be found here.

All three residencies have in some way focused on foraging, and therefore in keeping with tradition this text has been foraged from the ideas, stories and syllables of others: assembled from disparate, local parts, and brought back together as a compost heap. There's a gorgeous and surprising chaos in this kind of approach: some words are meaningless, others are overwhelmed by meaning: definitely don't think too hard about it. As with a self-sustaining ecosystem, I hope each node in this network of troubled stories is understood as being in symbiosis with another, or others, from the cosmic to the microscopic, from roots to splinters, from phoneme to dramamine, through time and out of it.

Chimera River, Aug 2020



jpeg of methane vents on Mount Chimaera, burning bright as they have for thousands of years, from Wikipedia

1086 CE, can u recall? ¹ U was a grubby thing n I was too. Little time. Mhm. N tell me, mm, u had what? Mere then meat that time? Don't remember. Tap your bubble. Mhm. Tao your mhm; zoom on glass. Meditate. Hear the techno Om. The domesdit duhhs like, roundabout 1 hide of land, mhm, and land for 8 ploughs? He wants to know. He sits on numbers. Else there 's 3 ploughs, 4 serfs, 6 villeins, n 8 smallhold tenet battles done shoved a pound coin up the nose of Seniour Land to take away the Arts n done away replace it with more sightly scenes: holiday cottages: (read) 60 acres scrubbed (24 ha) of pasture, unfertile n not fit for cattle nor man, like a doodleday, damp in the face from the salt spray.... Nowadays? There's none of *that*... in the ruins of... (just [mushrooms](#) remain).

Within a few minutes* we'll:

mushrooms....

“Ack!! Already... however thousand years of evolution and your body's gonna betray you like that? How embarrassing! Mycelium would never! Oho. Google search: Are desert boots in style? Maybe check before u commit next time.... How many times did the ground pull you under? Watched u fall off the old fort's Magor... shouldn'tfbin there anyway... grazed a knee... mud in the crack. Not fit enough to climb! How many species live *only on this peninsula*? They call it a head? Lol!!! Sorry.... Sorry, how much does the ferry cost?”

¹ As Zadie Smith has said a few times in interviews recently, when asked about certain techniques she employs, ie, when asked about the novelist's role in post-internet contexts, I paraphrase: when u know a reader is always next to the internet, like reading in an environment where the internet is available, u can confidently talk in depth or in specifics about really anything you want, in the faith that an ideal reader, the one you are writing for, would Google anything that mystified them. She would go on to use this technique to call attention to particular clips from movies, say, the particular dancing of Fred Astair and Ginger Rogers, hoping, I think, that the reader may bring up the clip to view in parallel to the text. So, maybe here, where I've put this footnote, I hope that the reader might look up this date, wondering why this year in particular, and happen upon some information about the Domesday Book, and maybe that has prompted some thoughts and data collection, and foraging, and how we choose to remember history, and maybe now you're on the same page as me, perhaps... But also, thinking realistically, nobody reads in such an active way. I know I don't. So I also hope that, at least, for you, the sounds of these words are goofy enough to distract from the fear that you're missing out on any secret meanings!

“Community
is our only
hope.” - local
ANT² feasting
on fallen fruit

² Actor-network theory.

The Old Dumonian Spirit (ODS) was communicating in an uphill wheeze. I got out my dictaphone. If u really stop and slow to listen... get it? Did you? Hmm... or perhaps, aha! ofc 'twas my own lungs that betrayed the Sound [on a grey plinth](#) battered beneath a buoy in the space revealed itself as an Old One, wise and humble (unlike [Crockern](#)).

on a grey plinth

// Bracket mushroom ³ from Dartmoor almost fully sort of rotten and peeling, like, about to fall, not would never picking something that has a hope ⁴// Stripped copper cable and rabbit poo // Ground red rock found at fault line (we discuss the possibility of it being secretly deadly, like, some kind of Mercury forever in retrograde or rather airborne as dust, like, invisible poison ⁵) and Devon hemp oil // String from washed up crab pot ⁶// Devon kelp (baked for the smell) and recycled paper (private information ⁷) // Pine Pitch glue made from (according to the artist) foraged pine sap, ground charcoal from [local wood](#) and rabbit poo (grounded or earthed and wettended to a suitable sludge) //

³ Or polypore. "*Enabling technology that makes the world a better place*" - Google. Conk! I was contemplating that the future may be defined by sweat: ie, an act of excretion caused by activity: ie, karmic retribution: ie, a virus that travels the world instantly as we: ie, the way facemasks cling and smell: ie, hah, why do you ask?, of course we have no infrastructure fit for what climate change requires....

⁴ "It matters what thoughts think thoughts. It matters what worlds world worlds." - Donna Harroway. It matters what matters matter matters. Or, it matters what matter matters matter.

⁵ Weird audible clicking from my sternum on certain deeper inhales; weirdly serious internal ache beneath (or sort of within) my left lion armpit; weird leaky urethra when I crouch or bend at the waist; ongoing weird pain behind my goat knees; weird infant kernels of a bad goat back that will define my later life, I'm sure; electric cloud over the Rame Head.

⁶ We spoke about what it means to collect. What does what you're collecting speak to? What do the things you use speak to? What histories do we choose to tell about these things in this collection? What perspectives are we generous enough to inhabit or comfortable enough to tell?

⁷ Unproven. "*When technology advances and magic evolves, no one is safe*" - Google.

spoke to the ODS about
William the Conqueror
with a hairbookfacecut
like Caesar noseblowing
Monopolyman steam
snortwhipping his
Rothschild zebras
spilling ink on his Lexus
shouting I AM THE
LORD OF BIG DATA



Crockern

Vengeful Spirit residin' atop 'is namesake tor. Old Guardian ov Dartymoor. Ee 'ears yer schemey whispers, don' geddit twisted: ee 'ears itall, 'is ears are wide. 'Is flesh th'grey o' granite; 'is eyes th'dark o' peat; 'is 'air th'green o' lichen. Old Crockern. Ee oo mounts 'is skeletal 'orse and 'unts the night with those shadowy beasts tha' keep to 'is 'eels, 'is faithful wisht 'ounds by 'is side. Listen, 'tis midnight: 'ear the whip cracks and 'ollers comin' on over the rolls and the weeds vrom the vog. Phantom Rider. Old One. "Oi! Ye who dare to scrape my back with plough and sickle? I'll tear yer dam pockets out, boy, just watch me. Ye men and yer mighty plans. I withstand. Suck it."

local wood

"Yep. The young one did that. Grabbed one of my rotten ridgeways and pulled it apart. I don't think, or at least.... Well, I've been told I can only see the best in people.... Perhaps I should be less forgiving? Not give people the chance to walk all over me? But I didn't... you... did seem like he was fully conscious of what he was doing, so I don't necessarily hold it against him, yknow, but... eh... I ramble, I don't know. We all need space to make mistakes. But when your mistake involves amputation? Because it's not for me I say this, right, this fallen tree that gives me the voicebark with which I speak.... Sorry. I feel I've offended you."

So I say. And atop the highest rock, I sit, and gather your spluttered prayers from the air. Pluck them from your throat, I do, and slide them under my seat where it's warm: make them liquid, make them feather. My nest smells putrid to onlookers or pilgrims who somehow still come to pay their respects. They wear cotton masks and helmets of recycled PVC that fail to dull the fever or glow. I spit in their faces, your faces. Your old words, I say. Spit, your words. Patoo. Are an unforgivable evolution! What spirit now possesses this language so long used to quell a season? To crush a population? To take *their names*? It must be one of darkness and I have no time. Find another way and dare to speak it different: Picklecombe trondonkle penduncle oak. That's right. Waba waba pompakleen....



You stand facing the ocean where once was a fort.

The wind in your ear: "There is only one God now, why tf did u think It was u?"

2020

Www.AME

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Http

unforgivable evolution

⁸ “Billurrble blort blu blu pppffff ththslll squoit squoit...” [Hh? Name’s Buck. U could say. Buckle if you like. Sort of a philosopher, sure.... Mhm. I guess u could say that. No. I was only one of four in that nursery; not special. They split childcare duties across the most mature of the troupe. Sure, sometimes. Ofc u wonder. Personally? No, I have no memory. I mean.... They say yr consciousness changes so much from when yr, yknow, larvae... so much, right, that it’s not even a case of memory, it’s that u can just no longer even comprehend that period of yr life, how it must have been to be, to squirm and float in that way... which is btw, I promise u, the most harrowing feeling u could imagine, this sort of disconnect, this blankness. Like getting deveined but of thought. Deep fried! Hah! Well, yes... not that I’d know.... I had a friend years ago in some different part of the network not quite as dark who had started developing their sight again, right? And ofc we all thought that, like, we were incapable of such a thing? Ofc... but.... Hold on where am I going with this? Sorry. This friend had started developing (because of mineral conditions in the water, like that might’ve entered by runoff and trickled down, y’know, that part of the cave... light conditions, etc...) or remembering whatever nerve network connected up sight to the central tributary, and was trying to describe to us, the terminally blind, what *light looked like*. I knowwww. It was... like... witnessing, first hand, some brand new seismic shifting battle between baby terms: the abstract and the representative - never before needed because all we ever had was language, right, and abstraction or uncertainty was baked into our ways of perception and expression to the briney core. “There’s a flicker!” they said. ⁹ That was the first thing they said: “A flicker!” And, ofc, at this time none of us even had any idea wtf a “flicker” even was....]

To imagine a sequence of catastrophes as moments of reorganisation, or to imagine every leaf an aqueduct, no interruptions, only more or less intense moments of reorganisation.

⁸ Phonetic approximation.

⁹ I guess for the sake of narrative I should maybe describe what this dialogue omits? You could imagine it sort of like a puppet show on the wall of the cave - shadows and second hand movement of surface things - from where some light may have entered through thawing cracks and bounced down and reflected off the top of the water.

A FOMO of GOD.

A finger in my cheek.

This land has known war.

I felt most at home with the other navy boys.

A spiney thing.

Since lockdown I've not been able to read any prose. ¹⁰

finger

“I don't know what this means? This finger u say? Finger of whom? Because I hope u don't mind me saying that it comes across 'sreal awful, illconcieved, silly little human exceptionalism masked as fleeting interest in poetry. No? Okay.... Okay! Look.... It's just an opinion, okay?” [Rather, a feeler? Same verb, different noun. Not a tentacle though (no inky thought!).]

spiney

Hmmm... As spiney as lichen? May I compare thee // O lichen 'f mine // As spiney as discarded shell... Nope. Need a stronger metaphor.

I

on th' BIRTter ¹¹ zeitgust: non-human coughs by acacia seed

¹⁰ This was either a tweet or a youtube comment I saw that really wormed at my brain, and continues to every day. I feel like this person must be a reader, otherwise they wouldn't have specified 'prose'. Does this person only feel able to read poetry under quarantine? Is this what they mean? Why? I wonder if it's to do with structure. Narratively and syntactically our idea at prose maybe points towards a certain order or a certain system, and maybe this person feels that particular system is no longer fit for purpose? What future? Why would anyone want to return to any previous state? Just fucking end it. No fear, no grammar, no world.

¹¹ Brain Injury Rehabilitation Trust // Business Intelligence Reporting Tools

19mph, 140°

- I am cursive - I am an unwind - worlonk in devotion - caterpillar treads - a flourish made pathway - I give kites their flight - I speak only to horizon - I have no height - picture me the crease of your sheets - wind is the sound you imagine at your wedding but it makes no vows and it hurts to be kissed -

42mph, 283°

- from clay country to the red place that was light once upon - some time ago I see vast pyramids and fearful folk - ants under dome - I am far away - the skyline links me to you and I am that line in your mind - where you chip the rock and bleed - imagine streamers connecting every point along the way - from extraction to manufacture - tied at the base and knotted to new cords where you reenter the earth - they would block out the sun and the whip slaps of textile lengths cosyng in the breeze would ripple forever louder than any plane or spacecraft and clip the wings of any bird - that's me when you notice -

4mph, 91°

- I do not feel the smoke from the spout - I carry it with me and rub it on your sky - you probably imagine it hurts - or is addicting in the same way it would hurt - but your vertical features are poles for me to dance - your flues and your turbines - your landscape's new scarecrows harrowsmiling as they flail - poor poly - wasted buty - pls buy my used cars - poor fate for a sock - I could end your flight - I wouldn't even care - it means nothing to me - aaaaany second now and I could just -

74mph, 2°

- I hear nothing and see nothing and rarely have cause to speak - it used to feel good but it doesn't anymore - it used to be special - no one else laid claim - Elisenda - your dirty contours - I toppled every spire - worship what you used to - see how that makes you feel -

9mph, 13°

- yes I'm sure it looks hilarious - it does feel funny doing something like this on your own - like I'd be arrested just for the safety of imaginary children - it's a children's game - it's a romantic activity - it's not a thing for me when I'm alone like this - it's like learning to waltz in the mirror - it's like streaming when your wifi's down - it's like having too many tabs open -

“The ideal state
of being is one of
simultaneously
giving and
taking.” -
mealworm on
brick



nce there was a Bird most handsome and polite who shar'd this Space and stepp'd quick like a Man. He hopp'd straight and true. RSPB: sprightly: up and under the barracks' Railings and about our Feet despite his grapey Pegleg. Who's a clever Boy?

His name was Steve when he flew South to visit, and when he peck'd at the Mealworms we left upon the step. We left them in a tin. ¹² To Others, of curse, he took diff'rent Names: Pie-ed Wagtail, Motacilla Alba, Dearest Father ¹³ , Tasty Dinner, Fucking Asshole, Stupid Bird.

¹² I tell you. This is my one regret. I swear this eats at me like the acid stuff of unfaithful dreams. Like, however familial me and him became I would never... not even once just let him, like, eat at the table with me? Why didn't I do that? Break bread. *Cum panis*. Fear? Some forceful stoppage before kin is made concrete? I was just *pretending* to be unsettled by his legs and his feet, his fucking pegleg and the way he clicked across the studio floor. His playful hops about my boots. And then he went and died. Well.... I mean, we didn't know that for sure, but it totally wasn't like him to disappear out of season.

¹³ Steve's knack for navigating anthropospace was well documented. Usually he would walk and hop about inside, but he could totally fly really well if he wanted to. Well, tbh it just tires me out, he said. He knew not to be fooled by the window's cruel glass, and he could dart in and out of the rafters like.... Like.... I dunno, but, his chicks on the other hand? Eesh.... At least a couple weeks ago.... Umm.... There was this one time I remember, one of his chicks had come on inside, either on their own accord or by the following of their Dearest Father, and they flew up to the main central beam of the room where the buoy was hanging and totally, sort of, freaked out? Was moving a bit, flying in circles, and would return to the beam and stand there and squeak. Steve was putting on an appearance of stoicism, I think, and flew up to bring the chick some food before leaving out the door and letting the chick figure it out for themselves. Look at me, he said. I learnt to be this way, he said. It took quite some time to adapt to these ways. In the end it only took an hour for them to figure it out, tassled and sort of limping out the door; already, ripples had been made, unseen but plainly felt, in Steve's chick's DNA.

Algae blooms ¹⁴ beneath the soil and feeds the Slow Worms that mutter as they squawl. The glass surface is steamy by way of transpiration. Curious { ~ Duga Mugis|Lil Cheesy|Brown Woodlice ¹⁵ } young drink from condensation dropples and patrol the Great Convex't Heat, as do the odd translucent Springtail in search of bitter cress or lichen growing crustose. Other shelled detritivores roam beneath the soil: monching corpses... pooping dirt. The odd wicked Centipede ¹⁶ thunders from below to pick off the weaker young and stop the population Booming. This ecosphere has remained like this, sealed and humid and under LED, for over 12 years (Earth time) in a cupboard under the stairs on the tip of a finger nail on the outer spindle of a galaxy. It smells a bit like pondweed if you focus really hard, and looks a bit like nebulae, pocked and pored by orange insect eggs.

Its boundary bottle was recovered, I heard, from a shipwreck off the coast of Rame: the HMS Troydongle: pickled out by future divers from its binding ropes and kelpy shackles. Triton holding a VR borble in one hand, the trident of Data in the other, smirking. ¹⁷ Sub marine, 'tis all near visibubble, not quite, maybe not: th' netted and networked trawlings and scrawlings: plastic6packs chokin a dolphin, ancient treasure maps on soft papyrus, reacting to the salt: records of slaves who held the oars: th' orange acrid stench in clouds of crab pot buoy and lobsters boiled alive: th' katsu cradles of livin and dyin, of leaving and dining, of leyeing-divining, an octopus raiding the skeleton of a reef. From markings around the rim and changes in coloration of the cork I speculate the bottle once held rum, sugar syrup, or the piss of a warehouse worker. From such a long time spent on the bed, it took seven different forms of natural bleach to return the glass to its original sheen, to erase the tide lines and mineral calligraphy. If we'd invested more technology points into alchemy, maybe things would've been different. The false bottom's mesh was recovered from the ruins of the Civic Centre, its windows having been refitted with wire insect screens during the Second 'Great' Plague of 2024. Substrate, rocks, and aquatic plants were all foraged locally, ie, not from the Philippines. Mosses were propagated from pieces picked in the woods. Springtails *were* shipped from the Philippines in a tupperware box on a carpet of activated charcoal. Yeah, alright. But although guilty of air miles, they are crucial players in prohibiting growth of unwanted moulds.

Clued up on the materials, then, and wanting to understand the ecosphere in more of a humusist way, I spoke to an elderly Doogie about changing attitudes and frictions among generations in the colony, "Ud rocashaas waba waba dood edible!" [The mind hate the gloomy places but the body love the moistness of the dirt!]. She'd lost both her antennae as ageing isopods tend to do, and clicked at me with a sort of reluctance I understood as languor. "Rrood on waba on pomplin barondadon. Armadillon tron tron. Otaku waba don don!" [The younger/foolish treat our life/bottle like Otaku. To graze is to be happy. To worship/stan is to searchfor/longfor pattern/harmony.] "Scitt scitt." [A foolish philosophy.]

Just an aside, but, when the first evidence of written isopodian was discovered in the Gulf of Mexico, linguists were initially unable to find connections between it and the spoken form of the language, given how different they are in structure. Contrary to popular imagination, giant isopods of the deep sea are scavenging carnivores who play an important role in decomposing ocean megafauna, with four sets of jaws powerful enough to pierce the armour of an alligator carcass. In fact, when they do this, they burrow inside the flesh and hollow the creature out from the inside, gorging themselves so completely they won't need to eat for, like, two years, so monumental is a feeding event like this. Bathynonymous bathos; to be full of rotting croc meat for going on two whole years; to be so enlarged by your meal that you can't leave through the skin slit you slipped in by for fear of crushing your lilac pereropods(!!!); to be trapped inside this deflating deathbag ballooning wilting lungsack thing of salinated alligator leather... these were the conditions in which the first written isopodian came to be: gluttony, claustrophobia, atrophy, patience. To imagine a creature in such a state, with nought to do but invent new forms of expression, brings to mind the image of early hominids smearing pigments onto cold cave walls, or perhaps the frantic scratching of HELP with a key on the skylight of a stranger's bunker. Composed of varyingly angled nibbles on the dermal layer of the scute, visually, the lexis speaks to processes of consumption and loss. For example, the sentence " / / ' ; ' ' , \ " can be interpreted as a decayed form of the spoken "Ffrrrrppp!" [■■■■ me! I'm gorged!], or read as an abbreviation of the saying "Ssplllspplll klick klick poooooph." [Guts are stronger than mind: just give it some space/time.].

Now under the care of the community, the paludarium is moved fortnightly between studios at Maker Heights. Under different environmental conditions, populations, of course, boom and bust. Opinions within the bottle as to this turn of events are predictably contradictory, (as is often the case with certain closed systems such as this, far from the notion of a political echo chamber). As the season's changes to the peninsula's landscape bring about changes to the populations of artists, the future of the paludarium is thrust into an uncertain state. After all, it can be frighteningly easy to leave something in the sun and return to find it too hot to support life.

¹⁴ This is a feature exclusive to closed paludariums such as this, enabled by slithers of light soaking into the glass bottom of the bottle. Algae does not grow underground in unsimulated ecosystems, so don't try, this won't save you.

¹⁵ I feel it important we take a brief journey into classification: Animalia -> Anthropoda -> Crustacea -> Malacostraca -> Peracarida -> Isopoda -> Oniscidea. Isopod in particular being the thing of note here, at least for me, as they're known to roll into a ball for defense, to hide.

¹⁶ Necessary predator: *Lithobius Forficatus*.

¹⁷ Blub blub blub blub.....



Oof. Are they gone? Argh. Okay.
Okay. It's good to see you again.
Okay. Inhale. Mmmmm. Exhale.
Oooooof. God. My back.



Inhale. Mmmmm. Exhale. Oooooof.
Are you alright? Mmmmm. It's
getting a little harder to spring back,
isn't it?

run:Decipher_Landscape_Aura

fx(polychrome_red)

notes of protest, arid heat, American dream, tumbleweed

red desert. the light blooms and bleeds. protesters lie like comatose on the grass outside the governor's. they were born in the desert. they came here. and now they are dying. the oil and gas companies are killing them. but they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. and they are dying. red desert. the light blooms and bleeds. protesters lie like comatose on the grass outside the governor's. the grass is covered with blood, corpses, and blood-stained clothes. in the midst of it all, a man, an orphan, a cripple, and a woman. a man who has lost everything. the man, who has no family, no friends, and no family. the man who has lost everything. red desert. the light blooms and bleeds. protesters lie like comatose on the grass outside the governor's. the governor is a woman with a wispy white beard. she is young and pretty. she stands on a platform above the crowd. she is the governor, and she has a long, white-gloved hand in her trouser pocket. she speaks in a thick, raspy voice. she is like a woman of the desert, her eyes wide and dark and her face so contorted that it looks like it has been carved with a knife. she speaks in the protesters have no problem with the government. they have no problem with the government. the government will never be able to get it's hands on the money. the government will never be able to get it's hands on the money. the government will never be able to get it's hands on the money. the government will never be able to red desert. the light blooms and bleeds. protesters lie like comatose on the grass outside the governor's. the government's response is to put them in jail. the government has been caught red-handed. it is time to take the fight to them. the government's response is to put them in jail. the government's response is to put them in jail. the government has been caught red-handed. it is time to take the fight to them. the government's response is to put them in jail. the government has been they are the people who have lost everything. i am a beggar, a homeless person, a beggar, a homeless person, a beggar, The small town of Klamath Falls is home to one of the most unique ecosystems in the world. But the town's history is also the backdrop to an epic battle. It all started with a couple of firecrackers. "It was the beginning of the last century," says Dave Holmberg, the director of the Klamath National Forest. "It was a time when a lot of people were just looking for a place the cactus is red like a tonsil. there's a history of resistance baked into this sand. it never rains. it never freezes. it's not even called a desert. it's called a desert. and then you'll find these sand dunes. they're called dunes. it's a hard desert. we're pretty lucky. the sun is just right. we're just a few hundred miles from the ocean. we can run all day. we can eat. we can drink. we can sleep. we can eat. we can drink. we can sleep. we can eat. we can drink. we can sleep. we can eat. we can drink. we can sleep. we can eat. we can drink. we can sleep. we can eat. we can if you're lucky, it rains every day. if you're not lucky, it rains every two weeks. ancient cactus the ancient cactus is a long-lived, hardy species that thrives in the desert. The cactus has been called the "mother of all cacti." The ancient cactus can grow up to 50 feet tall. a-b-c-d-e-f-g-h-i-j-k the sand's sand, so it's a lot of sand. there's a small white face, which looks like a face. there's a little ghost, which looks like a ghost. there's a face in the sand. there's a small white face, which looks like a face.

run:Decipher_Landscape_Aura

fx(polychrome_green)

notes of Chaucer, moss, accidental midnight SWAT home invasion

hail and well met, weary traveller, what bringeth you by my fair corner of the woods? I seem to have misplaced a patch of moss. must have cleft it forth. I wonder if you could retrieve it for me? a strong and brave traveller as yourself, protected as such by military patterns. Your debt to me? I've made a fortune from my travels, and I've saved my people from a thousand battles. It's not like I'm looking for a reward. A soldier's heart is not a prize to be won easily. Your debt to me? I've made a fortune from my travels, and I've saved my people from a thousand battles. It's not like I'm looking for a reward. A soldier's heart is not a prize to be won easily. hail and well met, weary traveller, what bringeth you this way? I seem to have lost a patch of my moss. I left it forth. I wonder if you could retrieve it for me? a strong and brave traveller as yourself. Oh, do not let me down. I have a thousand things to ask you. I have much to ask you. So, here I am. I have come to ask you for a favour. I am a dwarf, and I want you to make a powerful potion. I have a great need for the potion. I am a healer, and I need a potion that will cure me of my sickness. I need to be cured. I am a druid, and I need a potion that. I will guide you to the path. I will guide you to the path.

calligraphy

*I am made of invisible arrows and trailing streams that slice *awoosh* apart *awoosh* seams, I mean, sutures, I mean, with which I repair the land you tore, as in *awoosh* a field is as unnatural as a hedgerow of one division, from my perspective, but I know that means little to most ears *awoosh* a poet's ears *awoosh* unlike a poet would want you to think, I don't fight the wind and I don't dance with it either, for these are the same things and both are perversions of my graceful flight and feathers and string *awoosh* my reel *awoosh* Kauz of the West, moozyrooming on down the Great Western Tare (GWT) *awoosh* apart by light or chaos tunnel *awoosh* by which I mean I don't really put in a whole lot of effort, and I get to see it all *awoosh* me, the mythic owl of nocturnal languidity, who hunts with pen and petroleum splutter.*

So let me tell you moor, as I breathe fire and sing: O' Mr Car Market Wobbly Man, will you take me by the land? By hand and limb pls hold me tight and draw my lines across the nighte. To behold across the yonder land a Finger of God at War with Poetry; a lurid tongue to send us skyward, in heavenly flagellation. Your primary colours guide my wings, your smile my lighthouse. Make me breeze upon your rows.



“My key to a
holistic and
healthy art life?
It’s what I’ve
always said, eh?
Leave no trace.”

- snail

In *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*, Ursula K. le Guin asks us to consider stories as sacks full of oats rather than spears piercing mammoths; that in order to get away from telling the ‘killer story’, ie, the 3actstructurrd herostory who bravenconquerschanges through conflictXresolution, we need to start telling the ‘life story’. As mysterious as the problem remains, we are pretty sure life on earth began in darkness and gunk, in the deep ocean below an oxygenless sky. Not till much later was it that cyanobacteria brought about the [Great Oxygenation Event](#). The oats in our storybottles are smaller things: ideas, beings, moments... not missile lines through the air, but clusters of points... nodes in a network, individwealls in mass. Be it atoms in the dark or microbes in hot salt pools, clusters in chaos create interactions create relationships create life. The stories were never in the stars, anyway, but the lines between and the patterns others were generous enough to read. Carrier bags are ghosts. They pollute the environment when their owner has passed and suffocate what they contain, not sustain. My blister-packed oats in condensation bundles back from the 24-7 clearing by the brook tell a certain story, indeed, but it is not a sustainable one, and it is not a multispecies one. In *Staying With the Trouble*, Donna Haraway posits that the only path forward as we rapidly approach multiple mass extinction events is to forge unexpected collaborations and entanglements with humans and non-humans; “in hot compost piles”. It may be how our human story began, but to forage is to take away. I propose that it is no longer enough to seek stories without conflict; that a collection (or mound, or pile) is not enough if it is not self-sustaining. After all, compost only functions because of detritivorous insects that feed on the shit. Every oat in my bag should be in collaboration and possible relation (in other words: networked) with every other oat in my bag. We should be seeking to create ecosystems. Haraway: “It matters what worlds world worlds.” Fiction is not a bag or a bottle carrying inanimate clusters, it is a [terrarium](#).

Great Oxygenation Event

Which I tend to picture as these vast yawns of welling greens, starting deep and intensifying as they surface, like the birthing of stars.

terrarium

If you really think it important, I’ll speak to it, but personally? When it’s being used as poetic metaphor I don’t see why such a distinct...? Alright, fair enough. So, technically speaking: a Terrarium is soil and plants in a glass container. Sealable or open to the atmosphere, it doesn’t matter. Aquarium is self explanatory. A Paludarium is when there’s a mixture of both land and aquatic environments; animals optional. It’s a Vivarium that’s the real thing of focus here, I suppose: a closedoff system intended to raise animals for study and simulate ecosystems. This is a scalable phenomena, not just a desktop thing, like the Biosphere 2 project thingy in Arizona for instance, that’s a vivarium. Don’t know if the Eden Project counts.... But, like, in terms of accessibility and evocation? I like Terrarium best, cos that’s where we are, right? Amidst the terra....



No Image Found

The world looks different through goggles like this.

Interlocking rings.

Plastic things. Thin things. Choking things.

Just sit however is most comfortable for you, making sure your back is as straight as possible so that your windpipes aren't cramped up or folded over. That's good. Now follow my lead.

2020

“There is *no such thing* as an alternative to the killer story.”

“Mmhmm.”

“It is not that we do not know the story, and it is not that we do not have the language to express such a thing: it is that there is simply *no thing* at all. If nature had... I mean... If there *was* such a thing as a resounding spirit of nature, or of life, some kind of holistic poetry running through life, it is *suffering* and it is *cruelty*, and I’m sorry snowflakes, but I didn’t make the rules.”

“That’s right.”

“Thank you, dear.”

“Go off, honey, don’t let me be distracting you.”

“You are distracting me.”

“Do you want me to-?”

“You are distracting me, baaaabe, with your sutures out like that looking so fine like that!”

“You can see those?”

“Nature’s patterns are patterns of chaos, patterns of meaningless, and patterns of murder. That’s it. That’s the story.”

otaku

noun (in Japan) a young person who is obsessed with computers or particular aspects of popular culture to the detriment of their social skills. "every other otaku can run on about their hobby endlessly" *from the Oxford English Dictionary*¹⁸



¹⁸ “The young ones. That’s right. It’s not so much to do with the fact we can’t leave our jar and so we take on the lives of the outsiders, or whatever, because we do take part in society and I think if you thought about it in that way then *everyone* could be seen as an otaku.... What I mean is they take an approach to the jar’s ecology that reflects a sort of fanaticism. They’ve drawn up these colourful graphs to track rises and falls in populations. They ship different species with each other... yknow... One True Pairings.... I question the ethics is all. Like... we are *beings*. We’re not characters in an anime. I think it’s to do with some kind of disconnect from actual factual reality. And, I know that facts don’t equal truths, but when everything in the public consciousness, like in the news cycle or whatever, is so extreme and unbelievable as it is now, then there’s, like, no longer even a baseline of reality to relate to or even to recognise or use to make comparisons with, right? We’re living in a time where anything we read *could* be true, and as such nothing is true. So if you grew up into this world of fiction and extremity, in which the world is constantly outrunning the imaginations of artists and writers, why wouldn’t you treat everything like a drama, or a fandom, I guess? Should I give more examples? I’m probably not being very clear. So... for example... a new type of worm has somehow made their way into the system, right. These kids would take this as an opportunity to gossip, speculate, and fabricate elaborate backstories, or long lost romances, or whatever, for this poor unsuspecting worm, and they’d get so caught up in this fiction that they wouldn’t even go say hello to the worm, or ask the worm anything about themselves, right? Or maybe they’d witness the centipedes picking away at a new Cheesy litter and come up with all these potential inciting incidents to explain away why the centipede would act so monstrously. Like, oh they’re misunderstood because of X that happened in their past and that’s why they eat babies. And *my* point is that *all* of this *entirely* misses the point. Doesn’t it?”



“This is normality for me. This is an everyday occurrence. Let that sink in.”

1844 CE, can u recall? We weren't mer than deetached parts. The Prince's winding routes to darkness. Yeah. To evil. To what side of the river? To what side of history? Make a decision. Mhm. That's what I said. An alien from a distant galaxy who looks an awful lot like an american actor stands overlooking a desert wind farm. He holds up pocket-sized pieces of technicolour gel; seeing stones to unlock the landscape's changing moods. His long hair blows in the breeze revealing a hairline in the process of healing.

“A friend of mine went on record saying that humanity's greatest sin was rearing pigs. Rearing dogs was fine, he said, because you could take them with you on your nomadic hunts. I'm paraphrasing. Pigs were the sin because they require infrastructure and settling. I disagree wholeheartedly, and would say that dogs are a crucial part of the sin, too. Let me try an analogy.... If that's okay with you? Mm.... So, let's say that every day on [lunch break](#) you take a walk from the office park to a fast food store, right? It's about a mile away, and every day you get the same meal. Let's say it's a chicken burger, fries and gravy, yeah? Partly you do this because you like the sense of routine. When you do the same thing like clockwork, it becomes a thing that you don't have to think about, so that time, instead of being taken up by trivial thought, becomes meditative time. The other part is that you really like the taste of this particular store's chicken, and so you have it every day. They did this experiment, right, in Russia I think, where they tried to rapidly domesticate some foxes by breeding together the tamest of each generation, right? And it only took like, seriously, only a few generations before they started to see *physical effects* in the foxes. Their ears were going floppy, their coats were developing these cute patches and spots of colouration, and their whole snout area was starting to squish down and become more docile and homely, yknow. Like, because of changes in diet and environmental conditions, the process of domestication is actually a very short one, and a purely chemical and very physical one, and I think it's easy to forget that when you're looking away from it. I see this as a total and unforgivable meddling with nature. You are not gods and you should stop pretending. So one day you wake up and, for some reason, you just cannot stand the chicken anymore. In fact it seems that your nose has started to sharpen and harden to a point, the skin of your neck has started to droop down and dangle, and baby feathers have begun to poke through the tender flesh under your arms. A metamorphosis. The same way the battery chickens grow lips from their debeaked faces, and featherless humanoid hands where their wings have been clipped. Umm.... Sorry, I've forgotten wh-.... Umm.... Like, you start not liking the taste of fast food, not because of your feelings or ethics or tastebuds, or anything like that, but because subconsciously you start to recognise it as cannibalism.”

[lunch break](#)

Taking some scheduled time away from the tunnels, the worm emerged to breathe the early Autumn. It's important to remember to love and care for yourself, especially in periods of intense stress and changes. The mind is a muscle like any other organ! The worm rolled and wriggled through the damp grass, allowing themselves to interpret the cold dew on their body as a positive sensation, and not cause for anxiety as they usually would, usually making sure they only surfaced on dry days. Take it slow. You're doing great. Keep it together. From their perspective, the worm's eye view, the kites overhead look more like birds than [plastic](#), and the falling satchels of gunpowder that splutter up grit upon impact more like snow in shadow than extinction.

“I only make
work I consider
to be edible.” -
barn owl on the
night of the
private view

The light from the fire reaches all the way to the high bank over the edge of the field where no hedge in particular was ever planted deliberately. Weeds of all kinds have taken up root and established networks far more eclectic than any net thrown by any sower in suburbia. Because of the density, diversity, and accelerated competition for space and nutrients, the hedgerow is a source of constant entertainment for the local wildlife, who take the changes in canopy coverage *deadly* seriously. Slow fauna who can't keep up often disappear unceremoniously to shrivel and wither out of sight of their fans. (Unnecessary: they've already been forgotten....) After dry spells, they become the best of the bunch for firestarting, and with chainmail gloves, in come the hands, to claw at the brittle stuff and bring it back to the pit. Old blackened corn, wishfully grown for bioplastics, is greased, wrapped in banana leaves, and laid to bake on cast iron above the fire by an *iris* of bamboo. No gift from the moon tonight; the ocean is as dark as the sky is as dark as the grass. Some of us huddle under tarps, such is the wind on the head. Y'gotta wait until the popping has started to die down, or 's it's not properly done. But how would you know you're not overdoing it? How did your... the... uh, meditation go? So, does each of your three heads have its own brain? Or is it like three wings on the same building? It's more like that, I suppose. It's not a conversation; there's only one of me. Do you mind me... is it ok for me to ask? Sorry. I don't necessarily see an invasive species as a bad thing. I think that's maybe a problem with the wording of it. What I mean is that, when an ecosystem has something new enter it, or has something change within it, the balance of life and death could suddenly go either way, right? There's always gonna be this kind of flux, in the art creation, or in the artists, or in the feel of the space. It's not a personal thing at all. It's something much bigger. It's about moments where the balance gets tested. The green branches make the fire go wild. In this circle our faces are dying cinemas. The air is sweet and spikey like burnt sugar or pinecones. I might head to bed. Does anyone know any scary stories? Another day. Ghost stories? Doesn't have to be. A ghost story would be scary though, like, in any situation? I don't think that's right. This does... this story doesn't have a ghost but it is scary, is that? That's fine. It's very scary, I promise. It's about a *scoby*....

iris

Okay, but you promised you wouldn't make any snap judgements. Yeah. It just seems that this is a very intentional question that you hope to get a certain sort of statement out of. Okay, well.... Yes. That's my most favourite part of the cadaver. There's something really quite exquisite about it; every single one I've ever had has been different in very meaningful ways. Brown ones have a bit more of a buttery sort of taste, whereas blue ones are kinda salty... metallic... sort of mineraly. Sometimes there's a bit more of a tang. And they're not all good, so there's this fun sort of element of gambling about it, yknow, whereas the rest of the corpse is usually pretty paint-by-numbers. Green eyes are my absolutely favourite, though. Straightup: they taste like applepie and cinnamon ice cream.

scoby

We are like leather. We wobble. We hold things for you. We teach at the same time as we listen. We find the word 'pellicle' very silly. We don't feel to be changed. We feel as individweall as you. We float. We don't sink. We exist only at the boundaries. We could be an example to all of you.