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My name is Gym Phlegm. You may have heard the stentorian slurs against me, the price of seeking unknown frequencies, but my detractors are misguided in mortal mode, the premise ridiculous. I have no truck with the bungling knots of cracked dice actors who shape the world with doom-ladens and false positives like an amoral funhouse mirror, distorted beyond belief, the media web a deceptive front froth cacophony of staged photographs, PR propaganda, duck mechanics, duddy frankens and no-scope snipers. AI's poisonous poppycock is so far up their arse they have to slide themselves to the post-postmodernist tattoo parlour as they run cover for the 'ruling' political party and its outriders, whether Blue Labour, Red Conservative or Black Green, taking the piss of peoples in a rage-bait hatefuck. General Elections are a sardonic jape thrown to the voters so they think they have a say in running the country and can change things, but the hidden hand of the Remote-Controllers always does exactly what it wants whoever is temporarily situated in the House of Commons. Never constitutional monarchy but a puppet theatre banana republic with tinpot dictators and henchmen galore. These hive-minders hate you and are planning a 90% genocide of humanity via a cataclysmic freakout. They used knockout gas in the 2002 Dubrovka Theatre hostage crisis in Moscow, that put hundreds of people to sleep quick via the air-conditioning system.¹ You know there's a more deliriant (or lethal) version. They have already established an uncut underworld where lawless streets and boardrooms oscillate into the very same psycho factory worker as males can enter female toilets, where a raw egg can be a core force multiplier and radical revanchists feed on the scars of icon. Akin to the shrinking

size of standard Quality Street selection tins over the years,² first the Remote-Controllers made all British High Streets look the same and now they are destroying them, in the name of staunch sinister economic hegemony, a scorched earth monotony, Digital ID and a single techtronic world currency. Westworld: one to slay you,³ by Tesla's proposed black mirror-faced humanoid Optimus robots.⁴ The Scrutiny Duplicators tried to tell us of Jack The Giant Killer trespass,⁵ but them floating scuba divers on parole can't get enough of it inside their cry-baby battle stations, bending the knee, foaming at the mouth, ensconced on thrones of plaster and gilt, their parts and whole never clever, his conical shirt collar greased, timid and stinky, brimming with jiggery-pokery and existential threat malarkey shenanigans, reflected by the horned hocus-pocus in the Monster Mansion, "no there there" deepfake spinning a line. I heard he likes his slice of PIE,⁶ her handbag full of stained glass and jading crystals, led by impulse, mainstream, making love to true slime and feeding on unsolved shit mysteries. Keeps happening: redacted court documents, sinister rituals in the town clock tower, keeping a secret...murderer. An invisible ship in a wooded area. They are pushing something, hypervigilant, lucid dreaming, mission first, spec ops alliance, well read but foul play, ex-detective raped at the scene of the crime, dead babies scroll past the OJ Simpson chase, who scrambled Yeltsin's eggs in 1993. Key institutions infiltrated by impostors, hostile state-directed sabotage by hooligan proxies and psychic/psionic attack, not to mention deep cover sleeper agents. Already the all-caps demoralisation energy, slavishly giving it over, the angle prior engagement crossroads adoption of doomer aesthetics and

off-the-shelf Accelerationism, permanently connected to extremist pervert websites ad nauseam. Thus the rise of radical degeneracy which hardens people into engrossed fiends battle-ready, the chalice of devianting filth making friends with hoarders and bat crazies, cellar dwellers and expelled schoolchildren, the hence those with a grudge against mundane society, considering bullet-proof vests. An underground army of bizarre eccentrics convinced of their genius or idiot-savant-smart, pointing to wonder signs, culminative luminous shrines, the blue in blue curling the line, absolute trick-or-treat, juggling fuses. Deals agreed. Three days of darkness prophecy...comets heading our way right now. Deliberate Stranger Danger and Satanic Panic fomenting domestic terrorist victimhood stepped down to twisted logic legit close gangstalker coughing and whistling orchestrated by accomplices of abusers. Colonel Mustard a bulging-eyed steroid hostage spouting draco/dino-reptilian rhetoric under 5G Pulse, where suicidal judicial represents you, "the influence", as pixelized screens plastered with Beat The Freak Week, goths hunted, counterculture shrugged off and replaced by dross, authoritative fakery its epitome with ludicrous top hats, oversized tarnished medals and stiff creepy moustaches in crepuscular spread out over a day, following the news cycle. Most minds not even considering fathoming a bold new concept in existential creed: the refusing gladiators of the co-dependent bipolar narcissistic handlers replaced by oneiric reverie, doorway nudism and fuzzy multi-industry. They've been corrupt since the moon landings. Kompromat is why they don't turn grass, watching their backs like imprisoned cops and treated like the saloon

spittoon they are. Scratch the sleeping surface and the vista is no longer seen darkly. For the old school nous people it is as appealing as the woke *Doctor Who*, etc., informed by the clanging shrunken heads of Neo-Marxism who fetish-emulate the 20th-Century French Philosophers and consume large amounts of pungent bulbs garlic to ward off the 'vampires' (superhumans) of reason. An intentional beyond structuralist deconstruction that actually reinforces the regime's grip. Now everyone's an elitist, who think many people are stupid, because they are. They may love their children and whatnot but are blunted and blinkered with a herd mentality, happy in corral, basic cannon fodder, easily manipulated, cowered by vulgar displays of power. In this cornerstones war the cranky claptrap philosophers have not satisfactorily answered any of the Great Questions such as "Why are we here?" That is the indicator of the underlie, repainting the maze on the 'unsinkable' RMS Titanic. A fooling fog. I stand with sidesteps, not in a brain drain but casting for transcendental revelation atop a sight-hill, chewing on a stick of rock spell. I will never forget whatshisname as I keep focus on my extraordinary ideology, an eloquent exemplar of the prim, pert and proper, the winding way exalted and thank goodness most irregular, clued-in to the tutelary songs of skulls. By this means I shall vanquish the shibboleths and attain next level, eventually the jackpot, neither winning nor losing the game.

- 1 <https://academic.oup.com/milmed/article/189/9-10/228/7454807>
- 2 <https://www.thesun.co.uk/money/24962833/exact-amount-quality-street-celebrations-roses-shrinkflation/>
- 3 <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0070909>
- 4 <https://x.com/elonmusk/status/1991735383974113655>
- 5 <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0059290/>
- 6 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-26352378>

