

COMMUNIQUE TWO

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FROM: WWW.MARKREEVE.COM



MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

I wanted adventures in all my life, that after much desiring were granted to me by Vibrante Triangulaire, the fine details of which were usually received telepathically but sometimes by domestic radio at the far-left of the FM dial or slipped under the door in a manilla envelope.

They got me zoning out to a different place, shrugging one shoulder, obscuring one eye, daubing an orange and musk pomade along eerie long dark corridors, damp as envisaged, this action's barely visible slug streaks forming symbols, sometimes word-like, for further instruction.

I felt clean like a yogi, with a silvered glass vial of Lucky King Powder in vodka madness. Then it went dark, combining stalker books, murder stuff, gory things. A history of butchers knives, pointed guns, rocks thrown, crossed bones. It proved you can't beat death but you can cheat death, IF you offer certain gifts, but that hides behind this particular avuncular.

This hilarious forming not worth it before announcing. Fuck you anyway anything I've said this before. Stay off the roof tiles, for there is danger you become them. I am not I in this, beyond the bloody sales, privatisation slays, the point of it zero, gun tattoo on face by those trying to divide us, their expenses taking the piss. Here come the greedy monopoly graffiti private jet in multi-year, no chance of extra here, surrounded by cheating growth, victim blame.

These are dreadful insect example who creep at night in the dream of sleep. The horrors no borders, no Queen, no intel lady, all aspiration the hunger in whore, which never satisfies but don't close the door, protestors pay rise back to the whore.

Am very disappointed with the blunted tipping point of iceberg usual show, this state of affairs manufacturing variants of hope hex, worthless cocks certainly observable and cobweb cunts on the horizon, BREXIT just a nice story, the follow-up a makeup job, kneeling to rubber invaders, sucking on riot bingo, and they still sing the sponge songs, a soft anchor so easy to follow.

The female lust on horseback trumps any of the prune; all these avenues to uselessly

collect us in. Seek the joys of this world freely given, not simply controlled. Stress meeting Freedom and vice-versa. The alternative is no grumble at all.

It's in DNA, golden flashbacks, but the peoples pretend to be rubbish bins, the best bad parking revenges, terror-cum-honour in the ration suburbs, MP in love with his foreign doctor and you totally agree, especially if you look the other way, an Out-of-Place Artifact (OOPart).

Evel Knievel ramp-to-ramp but revolution surfers detached from my environment so I started living inside my head, pulling a fence around them, the real beam from the found crown. They numinous living instinctive appropriate, plumbing the strangeness, a babble in the barbell to Oxbridge fuzzy films where cash is king, so use it or we lose it. Refuse Digi-ID zaps.

I am not responsible but you are vulgar ugly. Even your eye colour lies. Now it's pasted up as a pinball way to behave, presented by the Gluesticks who run alongside trains, but I may be back to mother country love in overload cloaks courtesy of the TENET, suffused with predictive programming enchantment, the garden lined up on wooden chairs staring at the interwoven rose trellis after electroshock as our immediate handlers played the Electric Light Orchestra ([H]EL[L]O) song *Mr. Blue Sky* (1977) to us. Jeff Lynne confected right line...success internationals...balls billiard.

Anagrams never lie, and MR BLUE SKY is an anagram of SKY RUMBLE, which will happen when the alien ships that erase us arrive, which is covered in Jeff Wayne's *War of the Worlds* album (1978), keeping the boot on the face.

Now I'm a budding musician, very good with me hands, the scene set by £SD 1960s, the swinging zonky primpernels in a psychedelic net, trapped in the geometric wallpaper. This is what I captured: Friends are electric, each with a partly reptilian brain for real, some with utter genocide come, a managed decline of Briton, their girlfriends fucked in a car like a dog.

The hippies created flowerpots but modern-day chemical warfare is weaponised industrial strength skunk cannabis and the synthetic

"zombie drug" Spice, plus spiked vapes, nicotine patches, nitrous oxide gas, energy drinks, psychotic breaks and outbreaks. The survivors with parrot faces unmake everyone's bed.

I turn around with amphetamine ease, climb the pulsating dawn, pay in onions, receive magical mushrooms, New Elastic People Rising, green shadows, fragrant wood, ploughman's photo, copper antennas thrust into the earth, a paranoid time for the subhumans.

On the horizon mist the godless fakes industrial zone beyond meat in monochrome. Genuine cars at chop shop. I speed up and go round the inexorable corner oscillating between shifts, deep in roleplaying and realpolitik, encouraging social isolation throughout the populace and ending births, diverting thought away from what is symbolised by ever-increasing unavoidable taxes extracted by threat or force.

A weird they are ordered to attend a witchcraft midnight rendezvous at the "Apron Association," a secret bolthole of the bum-benders elite in Mayfair, London, somewhere, fundholing the retroactive oligarchical kleptocracy. Much cognac, cigars and cocaine interspersed by fighting talk: "If future criminals are exterminated at birth they will not be able to commit any crime," its echo adding: "No more ceasefires. An end to mercy."

In this prickly atmosphere a brimming prime paper is presented by Posh Potash, a gaudy raspberry with a pendant for haunted-edge chemsex cyclists, who don't think it a major problem committing to the Sandwich Command.

He was arrested for mysterious home visits to the Anus Maze but soon released without charge, despite overwhelming evidence of guilt, but one is only offered a deal if one has something to trade, suggesting dual allegiances, the story of life, and we can't get on with each other, a total scam with a hook prize and stark humiliation.

Husk, Husk, Husk. I don't sell it. I don't shit it. I shall never reveal it. And you will still stink of the outrageous getting along palaver, ignoring the urban or rural wilderness but somewhere apart, lining the drawers where angels wander.