

COMMUNIQUE 3 and COMMUNIQUE 2 by Mark Reeve, reviewed by Johnny 'Eliphaz' Oatcake, from an abandoned bottle oven on the outskirts of Burslem, August 2025

What is it that weaves its way through unseen and unknown channels to make connections and manifest what did not seem to be there but which was there all along? The cover image of COMMUNIQUE 3 prompts remembrance of the Homebase Team, the postmodern nuns who attended the notorious Rave Vicar Chris Brain, primarily by means of [TEXT REDACTED – ED]. The women are separate and distinct and yet they merge into a fourfold unity, subservient to the same ideal. The Randy Raver had the hots for women who looked like his gorgeous witchy wife but were 15 years younger. That's an interesting notion.

Was this the intention of the author? Who knows. Anything is possible with Reeve. And anything is impossible too. Whether or not the resonance was intentional, I maintain that it was bound to manifest by means of the mysterious workings of the zeitgeist. You might say you believe in what you see. I say, Who are you going to believe? Me or your eyes?

The cover image is the highlight of the piece. The title of the first text is an exercise in word play that does not relate to what follows. The right and left reference encapsulates Reeve's established position of viewing political movements of whatever stripe as equally contemptible equivalents. The text that follows the title is relatively coherent in comparison to other works in the Reeveian milieu. It counsels refusal of control as the first step to achieving living ecstasy. This being Reeve we are dealing with here, the ecstasy cannot be trusted. 'Against the National Interest' continues with the same theme although the condemnation of organised politics is even more straightforward and the vapidness and ultimate futility of organised political activity is slated as utterly incapable of dealing with reality. And why bother with reality, anyway?

The cover image of COMMUNIQUE 2 is a more troubling treatment of the nature of desire grounded in the context of sex and death. We'd all fuck a corpse we stumbled across in the wilderness if the corpse was sufficiently alluring and conditions were ripe, if decay had not visited it with over-ripeness and there was no-one to see us, and if we could only overcome the pity, compassion and fear that prevents us from acting on this kind of impulse.[1] The image is an empty challenge, orthodox in its unorthodoxy. Reeve has a fondness for the gagged and bound, or the recently released from bondage, but only in the fantasy world he inhabits and has created in a state akin to a waking dream.

The author is compelled to the performance of obscure rituals upon receipt of secret messages from extraterrestrial sources. That's all very well but how are you going to make a living out of it? Reeve seems to answer: "Who needs to make a living when we're living already? Everything is absurd. Everything is insincere. No-one can even spell sincerity. The solution is to take what you see, change it around, and observe it disdainfully from a distance. Easy journeys to other planets... Just follow the royal road to wisdom".

When you've been living in your head for long enough, your head starts to fill the world around you. It's good in a way because it allows you to know where you are. But where you are is nowhere. And no-one wants to go there.[2]

NOTES

[1] The cover image of Communique 2 actually consists of two superimposed pornographic images of existing women, not a dead body – ED.

[2] All of the Mark Reeve Communiques are now available for free as PDF files via this url:

www.markreeve.com/text/text_page.html#comms