

DEAD SLITTING UP THE REAL PROBLEMS, KILLING PEAPLOPS AMOON SYSTEMS
poisoning babys in prams the same levels as the monster dogs,
bussers longys I AM WRITING ABOUT THE ITALIAN INVENTOR, from the sky over
exhaust fumes every day and night whos to blame ISNT oil countrys
transport: companies has david got a bike? TROPICAL maybe we
can blame him. SWIFT BE IT VIRUS? some one going to be sick?
docktars populist SPITTING OUT THERE POISONS INTO BABYS. UNDEVELOPED
trades? 1981 farmasist pharmacist PHARMASIST PHARMASIST you
cure you? SAME LEVEL AS PRAMS CAR EXSHURED'S confuse cause then, use
keeping themselves in jobs? NOT whos FORGIVING WHATS BIRSH
AND PILES ASK THE VICIIS? JOGGERS in HOW BASKETFEELAZER
though t NOW THERE'S NO HIS CARS er WHATS THE ANAMALS ARE HIDING
blazer TELLING US? COMEING arse in heaven + SHOWS THAT WE WILL
some thing? WILL HAVE THE LAST IN HEAVEN + SHOWS THAT WE WILL
GONE, WE HAVE LIVE NOW. TO WEEN WE DORE USE HUMANS HAVE ALL
THE PLANET THAT WE SHARE? HAVE TO CHANGE NOT WITH
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ABOUT TV THIS? WHOS TO BLAME? ON WOLFMAN JACK? BLAME IT ON
CHINA SPANISH AISAN OTHERS TOO ARD BAT FIU? ONE FIU OVER THE
hello vampire virus killer VING THERE SPRAYING YOUR WEED
COOCHROOS NEST THAT WILL DO? NO TO SAY? THE WITH HIS MAGIC LIKE
WITH POISONS? WOLFMAN JACK GOT links for the WITH HIS MAGIC LIKE
ON THERE WAY: WHO CARES ANY W HAVE OLD GOATS TO TAKE YOUR
PLACE: JUDEUSCHIST? MOHAMED AR CHIST ANICHRIST? OTHERS TH
them very interesting THERE COMING FOR US YOU ADOLF DID HIS BIT SCARE SE
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YOUR ALL FUCKING CRAZY lazy DOB SHIP LAMES TO THE SLAUGHTER: MOTHER
LAUGHER: FARTHER SON: NO WINNERS NO NO NO NOBODY WON?
SUBCUTURES TO ALL GENDERS: YOU HAVE BEEN CLOSED DOORS: LOOK UP
LOPITTONY THERE IS NO CALLING CARS: THERE IS NO FLOOR? ON ARE WAY
NEW FRONTIERS REAL TRUE PURE: NO NEED TO WORRY MONEY ANYMORE:
BULLER THEY Fucks WITH WAH BUT? NOTHING WAS LOOKING PAI AT U tube GERMAN
THESE JIDERSMAN EXPRESS TWO ME: were ARE diging them up to LOVE reberry
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SPANNED IN THE WORKS BACK OF THE MACHINE THATS KILLING YOU US unmarked
O GRAVES LIFE BETTER TO FOR A GRAVE SELECTIVE LEW? WHATS OLD WHATS NEW? skulls
BRING ON LARGE HOLES BRING ON THE CLOWS BRING ON THE PINK HORSES: NO
WERE EVER: THEY ROAM THE DEVILS THIEF HEAVEN AND THE HELL INGERYS NO
YOUR



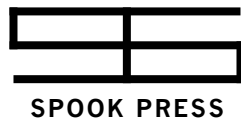
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THE FUNDAMENTALS

by

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BEING: The Fundamental Furrytale by Rael & Mark Reeve (April 2020) / The Fundamental Festival by Curtis-Roi & Mark Reeve (November 2019) / The Fundamental Wobbler by Mark Reeve (April 2020) / The Fundamental Prophecy by Mark Reeve (March 2020).

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“Thus did Western Man decide to abolish himself, creating his own boredom out of his own affluence, his own vulnerability out of his own strength, his own impotence out of his own erotomania, himself blowing the trumpet that brought the walls of his own city tumbling down, and having convinced himself that he was too numerous, laboured with pill and scalpel and syringe to make himself fewer. Until at last, having educated himself into imbecility, and polluted and drugged himself into stupefaction, he keeled over—a weary, battered old brontosaurus—and became extinct.”

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

THE FUNDAMENTAL FURRYTALE

Spring is in the air, poisonous fumes everywhere. We can breathe life but death still there. Mark Chapman in prison killed John Lennon. They crucified him with four lead arrows in the back. Tattoos on wrists, microchip numbers, injected when we're forced to give blood, for the built-in self-destruct. We have no King or Queen of anything. Magic bullets in our way.

Hitler did his bit to scare the shit, who don't know who they are. See a soul, asshole, the fool's gold brain fingering your money or your life. Stand and deliver new slaves, getting your orders of bloody stakes and burgers, magic mannequin mushrooming massrooms and fake ale, toasting the real God, monkey God. You have the t-shirt to prove it.

Leaders don't wear virus protection because they would look stupid behind the mask, spying on what you are saying about them on the dancefloor, lying to the liars. They rip

you off once they've got you addicted. This is our border, jail warden: cross-breeds ploughing the fields. Those soldiers in their graves had condoms in their pockets. They will curse the day they met this globe, polishing the top brass on a sinking ship.

The sound of the anvil is great. Don't forget where you planted it. When you're asleep dream about freedom of thinking, about anything that comes into your head. Loopy letters, poop letters, spooky-kooky letters, stinky bomb letters for the no no no-knows who don't get their act together.

Become the invisible water, father, mother, son and daughter. Smooths the disappearing card index upward as the automatic sump lock ironing action tailors the touch of the keys to your sticky fingers. Walk on by and the magic margin will activate the time-machine space slip ship and control over the evil forcerers, a spanner in all clockwork vortices.

THE FUNDAMENTAL FESTIVAL

Connection lack
equated with impossibility
bites the neck of grandiose emptiness
and spectacle daydreams,
a fake relativity,
sense of something beyond it,
but ultimately here.

The trace fades,
the consolation,
before it can be grasped or registered.
Psychic self-harm gains the upper hand
of the body hater's body.

Follow as few words as possible.
There is nowhere to go there at all.
Lack of know = no way out.

THE FUNDAMENTAL WOBBLER

I had a good wobble on during the End Times noughties. Growled a lot like Frankenstein's Monster, butting in on the cataclysms, realising the purpose of reality, hunting for hallucinogenic gems. On the surface I was into vodka, cigarettes and political chatrooms, the first two helping me get over the dullness of the third, despite the new owners. A few times it got memorable though. That Swiss girl going on about the Vrill Society, Hitler's Thule gurus and a buried UFO at a clearing in the Black Forest, delivered at a convincing depth that had to be either psychotic fixation or authentic channelling. Lived reich next to Hitler, an iconoclast and provocateur. He is gas in a container. Eerie Amazon and eBay ban Nazi books but always sell ouija-boards to young or old, cross-beaming of temporary staff to engender confusive fulgurant flux. Some decry but something did come out of the sky, thunderstorm of the lion's claw *modus operandi*.

If that very dilapidated army base was abandoned why did I have to escape from a police car that came from INSIDE the compound, only to be picked up later by 'private security'? That unshielded electrical box in the pathless woods and a ghost-child walks past, mythology and strangeness, one of the goons in the background spying through the painting's eyes. Has his war medals for sale, or is exposing them to the light, with the grip and forearm strength of a confirmed bachelor.

The thing was the proper use of ritual to go to another dimension, via a portal or by vibrating at such a high rate you disappear. It was halted because the kitchen faucet won't turn off, dripping drunk. Open found that the leather pad is broken, bought a bag back, found that three are bad. Fortunately there are many, but some psychological discomfort. The tap washers did not arrive = but an interdental brush did. Made a

complaint surrounded by skulls in schools, pestilent snowflake supply-teachers gorging on the Nazi central nervous system stimulant Pervitin, nicknamed “Pervitin”, their leader in the sails, folding her recondite fundament, proportional divider; years of experience building drains. If you met the top boys you’d all get rocked quickly. They’d tune you right in. When medics check your necks for bruises your eyes move and stay that way, a strain of red carpet royal fuckery. This 2020 vision year the Queen is 93-years-old and Prince Philip is 98-years-old. $93+98 =$ the 191 Palindrome, COVID-19 Pandemonium. Police State is a forced vaccination, mashed potatoes on *Celebrity Big Brother*, scandals explained. Please sign the spider avengers duration spike, the evil visa on poison wings.

I have to look, brass in pocket, AM to PM. I fly my third eye over the land, and explain what I see with my clairvoyant vision. Know that age is age down below the lover’s lanes,

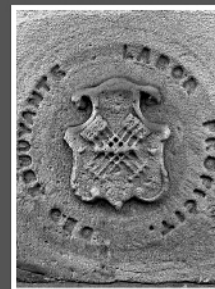
runny eggs. I was unplanned and premature, now 6ft 2ins. Imagine if I had gone full term. I knew too much even before I knew I knew too much, and I spy with my little eye the little eye that is spying on the big I. They can bring you back from the dead, but each time you get more spud-head, using the toilet when the train is stood in the station. I mentioned the Nazi stuff because is happening again: fake apprentices, food-bank premises, unemployment era, draconian dragnet, as the Government blame the betrayed. Minds nipped in the bud, drive-in cinema ensconced. Your map’s dead. Your new one loading steps is human history. Duality in a twin tower, leap-year suicide cluster. False this unavailable nuclear heaven; add recommended twins. But NASA wants the Goldilocks Zone.

In my minds a bullet. “I’ll get you. We’re dangerous here. Send him off to fight?” A volunteer would do it for free if the justice system ever grew some balls. Why would I be making this up?

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROPHECY

(Preamble: “I think this is it. You Wait...”) 1984 here for years. False dreams, every-second rape. Everyone hiding the baffling nutter. Spiders out of control in the Animal Farm sanctuary, voted in by people with nothing. Amendment doctored. Trotters’ ray bell-ringer shot by poachers. Why would you want to put something dead, pumped up with poison, inside you? Why wear a red or rubber dress? Peaking Tom the bank-robber also bought and sold LSD. 365 murders, ebbing Oscars. Own brand – next island. Ghettos in the skies, public sackings quake, aliens breed with juggernauts as the dimension mine comes up trumps. Understand No Photography/Photo Or It Didn’t Happen; countdown shits-&-giggles on the higgledy-piggleds, the body that hangs them broadcast because it cruels the public, their attention away from their real real enemy, not in this wail glimmering; terms inventing; tabs kept. Overhead a buzzing sound from roof-top TV antenna. Uncontrollable laws made from double-exposures. Pointing eyes checking you out from unwashed windows, mixing the horse-play bleach, lining up news clippings into wild bridges. Even if you’re imagining them they are still there. “Thanks for having me on.” Time steps decide. We are facing insect disaster swept under the concrete by the powers with the people’s money. Planet Earth is one big can of worms and they are very important to life here, but a Spring 2018 academic study states that: “key earthworm types are either rare or absent in two out of five fields” in England.¹ One does not have to predict, let alone guess, that: “No Worms = No Soil = No Food. No bees no u or mees.” Who cares about this and more...to cosmic interactions past outer beacons, through machistry and rainy piers, a fervent ship in all round years, whilst the rest of you only see abstracted chessboards ahead of the sunset? Higher Beings Command (the Secret Commonwealth), for God’s sake. No act action. COMMIT. No image. No death peace.

1 www.rothamsted.ac.uk/news/earthworm-research-spurs-farmers-act#PUBLICATION-



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