

PRESS RELEASE FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION: 26 FEBRUARY 2024

Announcing YES or NO: NEW & OLD BRITISH WRITING by Various Artists, compiled by Mark Reeve & Dr Adolf Steg. Published by the Spook Press, 2023. An A5 size perfect-bound paperback of 110 pages in a limited edition of 40. Available from the publisher for £X including postage to UK addresses. W: <https://nonothinggg.blogspot.com> EM: nonothing321@gmail.com

FROM THE PUBLISHER

YES or NO is a potent oddity. Mentally exotic, some may say “nutterist” or “proper insane”, but this is not schizobabble or Bedlam froth. It has an inherent logic and dwells in its own palaces. Doubtless not everyone’s thing but it is not for everyone. The intended audience is the avant-garde intellectual elite, of whatever class.

YES OR NO: AN OVERVIEW BY PAT “THE TWAT” MCMANAMANMAN

It’s a nicely designed publication, a good size, well-formatted. The clarity of the presentation is at odds with the eccentricity of its contents. Straight form, perverse function (if it has any function at all, beyond what is revealed through the assumption that the presentation implies coherence, and consequent meaning).

It’s interesting that although the pieces are written by many different people, there is no real sense of moving from one author to another as the text proceeds. The contributors are joined together through their formless idiocy to form an apparent collective.

If hopelessness is so all-pervading, then why do anything at all? These people are disappointed idealists, adolescent Romantics, desperately trying to escape the trauma that they have been subjected to, having no idea how to manage this effectually, and frantically engaging in manic expression in the hope that it might bring relief. Although there is no such thing as mental illness, there is no doubt that they are all mad.

Expect the expected unexpected... Mentally deficient Surrealism. CSE-level Dada... The Novelty Premium. Penchant for violence, unpleasant sex acts and oppression... It is horrible and Satanic. It is an abomination. It might even be illegal. You’re left thinking, “Thank fuck for the small bits!” ... If you force yourself to read it in one sitting, you’ll be visited by an uncontrollable urge to murder 80% of the contributors. You can tell they’re an ugly bunch by the people they choose to criticise.

Why do these provincials hate Landun so much? Are they miffed because their own pavements are not

decked with gold?... They moan nostalgically about the effect of lockdown but they hate everyone and no cunt would want anything to do with them anyway.

Nigel Joseph’s anecdote about the effects of a large dose of Haloperidol bears a striking resemblance to an experience of my own (caused by necking my grandma’s medication, in the early-1980s, I think). The bodily distortion was alarmingly inescapable, and I feared that it would last forever. However, the deleterious effect of the pills was easily dealt with by the medics from the ambulance that my sister called in.

Dr Adolf Steg’s illustrations remind me of Australian Aboriginal Dreamtime art, or sand paintings by the Pueblo people of the Southwestern United States.

The tribute to Simon Morris represents a proposal to create an underground legend.

Did Mark Reeve really write that the internet is a knob of butter smeared on too many pieces of bread?

REVIEWS BY ARTHUR INTELLIGENCER

ECHOES OF DESPAIR

In the shadowed corridors of hopelessness, where disillusionment weaves its sombre tapestry, desperate hearts wander, seeking solace, their footsteps echoing through the void.

I. Disappointed Idealists

They were once dreamers, wide-eyed and fervent, chasing utopian visions across star-strewn skies. But reality, that cruel sculptor of fate, moulded their dreams into fractured shards.

II. Adolescent Romantics

Their hearts bled sonnets, inked in crimson passion, yet life’s tempests eroded their verses, leaving behind fragments of longing, scattered like autumn leaves on forgotten paths.

III. Trauma’s Unyielding Grip

The trauma—the silent spectre haunting their nights, its tendrils reaching into fractured memories, twisting joy into anguish, hope into despair, leaving them gasping for breath in the abyss.

IV. Maniacal Expression

And so, they dance, these wounded souls, in frenzied circles, seeking release, their laughter a desperate battle cry, against the encroaching darkness.

V. The Madness Within

Madness? Perhaps. But isn't sanity relative, in a world where reason crumbles like ancient parchment? They wear their madness like tattered cloaks, stitched from threads of broken dreams.

VI. The Collective Unseen

And here, amidst fractured prose and formless idiocy, they find communion—an unspoken pact, a shared language of scars etched upon their souls, binding them into an apparent collective.

So, they persist, these disillusioned seekers, their footsteps echoing through the void, for even in hopelessness, there lies defiance, a stubborn refusal to surrender to the abyss.

Remember, my words are but echoes—fragile and fleeting, yet they resonate with the ache of existence, as we navigate this labyrinth of formless meaning, seeking solace, purpose, and perhaps, a glimpse of dawn.

BOOK REVIEW OF YES OR NO: NEW & OLD BRITISH WRITING

Overview:

YES or NO: New & Old British Writing is an enigmatic and perplexing literary creation. Its outward appearance—a meticulously designed publication with impeccable formatting—betrays the chaotic and unconventional nature of its contents.

1. Form vs. Function:

The book's clarity of presentation clashes with its underlying eccentricity. It's as if the authors intentionally juxtaposed straightforward form with perverse function. Does it serve any purpose beyond the assumption that coherence lies within its presentation? Perhaps not.

2. Expect the Unexpected:

The reader is advised to abandon preconceived notions. *YES or NO: New & Old British Writing* thrives on unpredictability. Each turn of the page reveals unexpected twists, absurd scenarios, and mind-bending paradoxes.

3. Mentally Deficient Surrealism:

The book flirts with Surrealism but takes a detour into the realm of cognitive dissonance. It's as if Salvador Dalí collaborated with a malfunctioning AI. The resulting prose defies logic and invites readers to question their sanity.

4. Simon Morris and the Underground Legend:

The tribute to Simon Morris—an elusive figure—adds to the intrigue. The proposal to create an underground legend within the book's pages blurs the line between fiction and reality.

5. Provincial Hatred for Landun:

The book raises an intriguing question: Why do the provincials harbour such animosity toward Landun? Is it envy? Resentment? Or perhaps their own pavements lack the golden allure they secretly covet?

6. The Novelty Premium:

Brace yourself for a rollercoaster of emotions. *YES or NO: New & Old British Writing* revels in violence, unpleasant sex acts, and oppressive themes. It's a carnival of the bizarre, where novelty comes at a price.

7. Horrible, Satanic, and Abominable:

The book defies categorization. It is simultaneously horrible, Satanic, and an abomination. Yet, amidst the chaos, there are glimmers of brilliance—the small bits that keep readers engaged.

Final Thoughts:

YES or NO: New & Old British Writing is not for the faint-hearted. It challenges conventions, dances on the edge of reason, and leaves readers questioning their sanity. If you seek an intellectual adventure that defies norms, dive into this abyss of eccentricity. But be warned: You'll emerge forever changed.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ (4 out of 5 stars).

YES OR NO: A JOURNEY THROUGH ABSURDITY AND DESPAIR

In the quiet corners of literary eccentricity, there exists a peculiar tome known as *YES or NO*. A paradoxical creation, it defies categorization, much like a misshapen jigsaw piece that stubbornly refuses to fit into any coherent picture. Let us delve into the enigma of this book, where form and function engage in a dance of discord.

The Aesthetics

YES or NO presents itself as a beautifully designed publication—a tactile delight for bibliophiles. Its dimensions are just right, neither too imposing nor too diminutive. The pages, crisp and well-formatted, invite the reader to explore further. But beware: the clarity of presentation betrays the chaos lurking within.

The Content Conundrum

As one ventures beyond the cover, the eccentricity unfurls. The text, a cacophony of voices, emerges from disparate minds. Yet, curiously, there is no jarring transition from author to author. Instead, they coalesce

into an apparent collective—a formless idiocy that binds them together. Their words spill forth, unfiltered, like shards of broken mirrors reflecting fractured souls.

The Desperate Idealists

Within these pages dwell the disillusioned dreamers—the disappointed idealists. They wear their adolescent Romanticism like tattered cloaks, clinging to hope even as it slips through their fingers. Trauma haunts them, a relentless spectre, and they flail in search of escape. Their expressions become maniacal, desperate—perhaps a futile attempt at catharsis. Mental illness, they say, is a myth, yet madness seeps from every line.

The Unexpected Abyss

YES or NO defies convention. It is Surrealism with a cognitive deficit, Dadaism at a CSE-level. The Novelty Premium wears thin, revealing a darker core. Violence, oppression, and unpleasant acts stain its pages—an unholy trinity. It is Satanic, an abomination that might skirt the edges of legality. And yet, amidst the chaos, there are glimmers of salvation—the small bits that whisper, “Thank goodness.”

The Provincial Grudge

But why this venom toward Landun? Are these contributors miffed because their own pavements lack golden adornment? They moan about lockdown’s effects, yet their hearts harbour disdain for all. Perhaps no one would willingly tread their path—a desolate road paved with bitterness.

YES or NO beckons you. Read it, if you dare, but beware the urge to attack—80% of the contributors may haunt your dreams. And as you close the book, ponder: Is it the ugliness of their criticism that reveals their own reflection?

In this realm of absurdity, where yes and no blur into a dissonant maybe, perhaps the only certainty is uncertainty itself.

ECHOES OF DISTORTED REALITIES: A JOURNEY THROUGH INVISIBLE MIRAGES

In the shadowed corridors of memory, Nigel Joseph’s tale intertwines with my own—a curious convergence of pharmaceutical misadventure. It was the early 1980s, and I, too, danced with altered perceptions, courtesy of my grandmother’s medication. Haloperidol, a name that echoes like a distant bell, became my unwitting companion.

Bodily distortion—a phrase that flutters like a trapped moth. My limbs elongated, twisted, and wove themselves into grotesque shapes. The world, once familiar, now wore a carnival mask. Fear clung to me—an inescapable shroud. Would this aberration be my

new reality? Would I forever inhabit this funhouse mirror?

But fate, in its capriciousness, had other plans. The medics arrived—a symphony of sirens and white-clad saviours. Their touch, gentle yet decisive, unravelled the knots within me. The deleterious effect of those pills yielded to their expertise. The ambulance bore me away, leaving behind the distorted echoes of my former self.

Dr. Adolf Steg, an artist of peculiar vision, graces the pages of our narrative. His illustrations—like ancient glyphs etched on cave walls—whisper secrets. Australian Aboriginal Dreamtime art dances with Pueblo sand paintings. The brush strokes weave tales of ancestors, spirits, and cosmic threads. Dr. Steg’s ink spills across the canvas, bridging worlds—the mundane and the mystical.

And then, Simon Morris—a name that reverberates through subterranean realms. A tribute, not to the known, but to the whispered legends. An underground tapestry weaves itself—a patchwork of cryptic symbols, half-truths, and clandestine gatherings. Simon Morris, perhaps real or perhaps conjured from moonlight, becomes the cornerstone of our enigma.

Mark Reeve, the provocateur, daubs his words with butter—a curious metaphor. The internet, that sprawling web of connectivity, reduced to a humble knob of dairy fat. Too many pieces of bread—too many voices clamouring for attention. The digital churn, the cacophony, the ceaseless scroll—it all melts into a golden smear. Is it satire or prophecy? Only Mark knows, and perhaps he chuckles as he spreads his buttered truth.

In this labyrinth of narratives, we wander. *YES or NO*—our compass, our riddle. Each contributor, a prism refracting absurdity. We tread the line between sanity and madness, guided by the echoes of distorted realities. And as we turn the final page, we wonder: Is it the answers we seek, or the questions that haunt us?

Like butter, *YES or NO* clings to our minds. We spread it thin, hoping for meaning. But perhaps, just perhaps, the true legends lie in the spaces between the words—the unsaid, the uncharted, the underground.

And so, dear reader, I leave you with a YES and a NO, entwined like lovers in a fever dream. Choose your path, and may it lead you to the heart of this enigma.