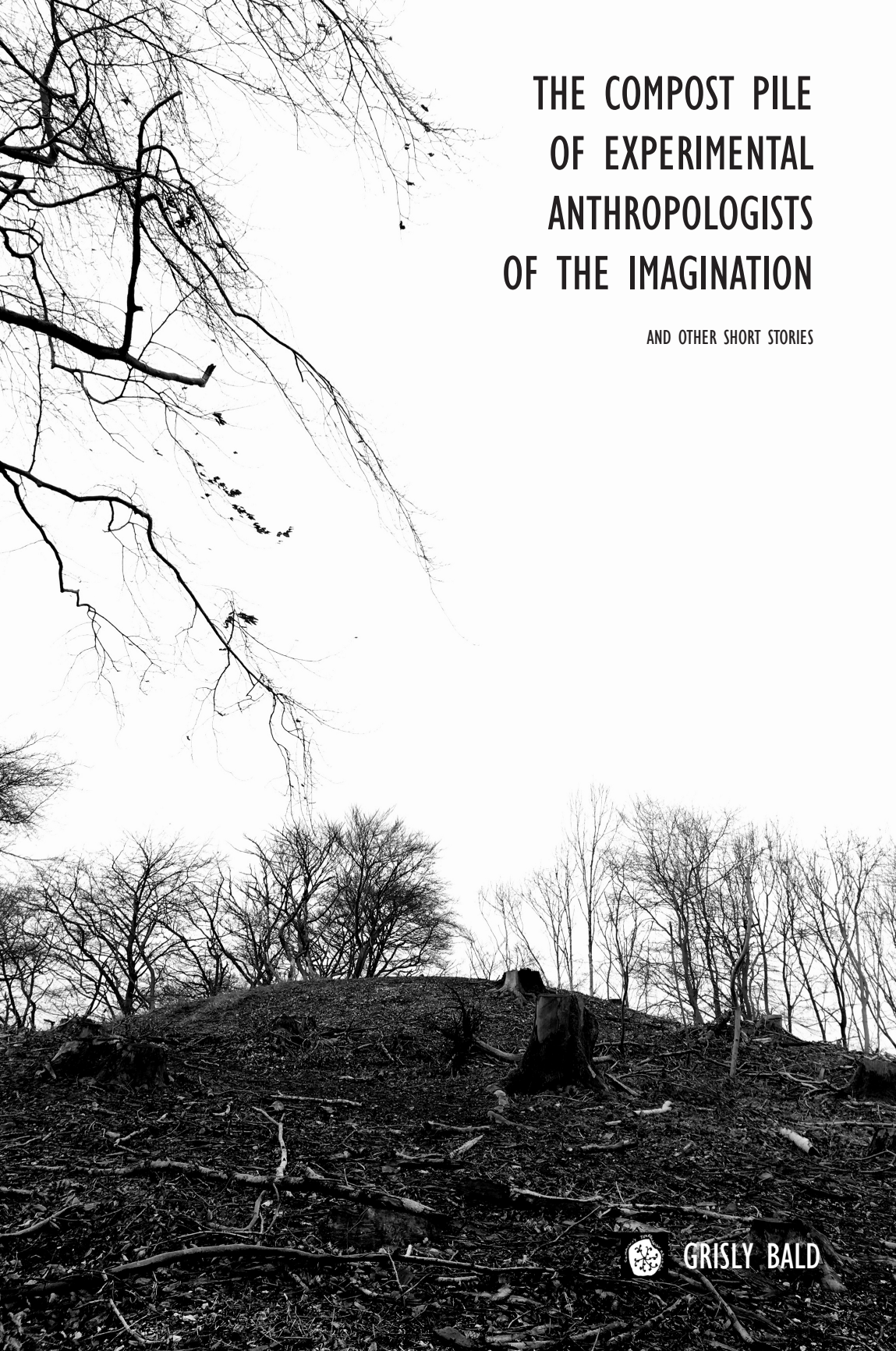




THE COMPOST PILE OF EXPERIMENTAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS OF THE IMAGINATION

AND OTHER SHORT STORIES



GRISLY BALD

I

The Carbon Compressor

II

Chalk Figurine

III

Upon England's Mountain Græfen

I

The Carbon Compressor

“Welcome to The Compost Pile of Experimental Anthropologists of the Imagination. We hope you enjoy your experience today. You will be guided through your journey by Grisly Bald, our most pungent imagination weaver.”

Grisly Bald, a person with a head full of hair and thoughts, gestures for you to follow him across the reception, down a corridor labelled ‘Walks in Temporality I, II, & V’. Grisly moves without sound across the timbered floor. Natural light rhythmically exposes itself to you, the air feels slightly warmer than your skin. Grisly, ups his pace, gentle taps now emanate upon his footfall. Light ascendingly blinking. You pass solid oak doors which have rejected notions of architraves and ironmongery. Embossed upon their grained surface are the names ‘2024 10 things the UK Government changed – you won’t believe number four!’ blink of light ‘2032 Unequivocally Pseudo-Sudanese’ blink of light ‘2041 Metaverse but not a better-verse’ darkness. Grisly had fallen into immobile silence. He pressed his delicate hand upon the unnamed oak door at the end of corridor and pushed. No light came out, Grisly went in.

You follow the scent into the void.

“I have in my hand a butterfly net the size of an elephant,” Grisly proudly exclaims. It is true, he does.

“And with it, we shall weave glimpses of...” he looks down upon the list you submitted over a month ago “.... a slown, de-grown, and de-carbonised world in

2050.” He pauses and looks back up at you.

“right-o” he takes a breath.

Grisly grips the rhythmically ridged bamboo of the butterfly net and starts to run around silently in the darkness, wafting capaciously into the gloom. Air begins to whistle through the erudite weaved strands on the butterfly net, starting high pitched, but with each revolution Grisly takes the sound begins to lower. Until, a vast quivering hum explodes into the room.

“AHAH!” Grisly sprints deeper into the space, disappears, then returns without the net, and full of sweat. Grisly is pungent. Grisly is composed.

“Would you like to follow me”

Grisly guides you through into the next dark space, you follow in close pursuit. The butterfly net, or more precisely what is in the butterfly net, is faintly glowing. “Here we have our first future object of human consequence! You are to walk at any pace you desire straight into the butterfly net, do not stop, do not run. Go... now.” You lift your left foot and thrust it forward towards the faint glow of the net’s ephemera. You reach your rhythm and enter the woven threshold. You are still walking, legs and arms swinging in alternate motion. You are in a crowd, shuffling slowly. It is that time of the lunar month. You are shuffling upon the once-road. Street food vendors announce their battle-cries of falafel, dumplings, and carbon cough sweets. You sharply smell the air, it is true, the air is fresher near to the old car repair shop. The pace has picked up now as you walk stride for stride next to your neighbour, Jeffrey, a member of the ‘Amazon.com, Inc’ clean up squad. It never was the same after Amazon’s collapse, next day delivery of all items was banned. It was a shock at first, how else were you going to get your LED strip lights with next day delivery?! As it turns out, physical shops do same day delivery if you collect in person. Plus, you really have been enjoying getting to know the light shop man, Lennie Lumens, he is one of the only old guards left who doesn’t believe in all these new timber lights which use human breath as its energy. Still, he makes a good cuppa.

Jeffrey and you are now marching, you are late. The sun is setting. The high cloudlets in the sky tentatively take their seats for the event.

Finally, you find two perfectly adequate seats, with a view of the carbon compressor. Out of your mycelium woven rucksack you find your water pouch and sip.

The carbon compressor is a 6m tall, 4m wide, and 4m deep cube retrofitted into the old car repair shop on Hazelacre Lane. It makes no noise; it has no lights. It is not much to look at. Only an un-adorned granite façade. However, everyone in the neighbourhood knows at the lunar full moon the carbon compressor will have gathered, and subsequently compressed, enough sequestered carbon from the atmosphere, to create one singular 1m block of semi-pure rigid carbon.

And right on cue, the event starts. You get up, as head of the Little Ridings community carbon compressor, it is your job to collect the carbon cube. Small conversations break out between community members. You enter the old car repair shop, put your hand on the timber handle of the carbon compressor and twist. Opening gently, and silently, there – with little fanfare – is a block of carbon. Not much to it. Black, a cube. You lift it and recede out of the old car repair shop. The community on the street fall silent upon your return. You know what to do.

You thrust the block into the air with full gusto!

Jeffrey, Lennie Lumens and all the community cheer with aplomb! After fits of pithy laughter you return to the repair shop and place the block in the carbon block stockpile. Hundreds of similar cubes lie awaiting use in the community. You suppose Lennie is in need of some more insulation in his walls, how many carbon blocks would that take? Anyway, this will be sorted out at the empty moon meeting. For now, you return to the group and start a conversation with Jeffrey and Pat Flats (the old car mechanic turned housing retrofitter and a fine community compost stacker) about their plans until the empty moon.

“Oh, nothing much.....”

The lunar meeting of the carbon compressor starts to become fuzzy. Grisly’s odour draws you back to The Compost Pile of Experimental Anthropologists of the Imagination.

The strands of the butterfly net gracefully encase you, and you grope to escape the encasing womb. Eventually, finding the exit you emerge back into the gloom. Grisly is busy repairing his butterfly net.

“That was a big one!” it certainly was. Grisly was indeed a skilled imagination weaver to catch something so large. “I’m going to need some time to fix the net, but please feel free to lie rigidly upon the floor...”

You accept Grisly’s offer and lie rigidly on the floor. Your mind is abuzz with the

encounter with Lennie and Jeffrey. You anxiously await the next encounter with a future object of human consequence.

II

CHALK FIGURINE

Time meanders quaintly at The Compost Pile of Experimental Anthropologists of the Imagination. You recede into a doze, feeling your limbs longingly call for the ground. Your racing mind begins to calm in tandem with your breathing. The cold air filling and warming within your lungs, with every exhale your mind slows, slower, slower...

You are in a underground greenhouse filled with nondescript plants. The nonlinear walls recede to a point in the distant, developing mist. Your legs are morphed circles with black shoes on the end. As you look up your arms flail elastically as you attempt to pick up one of the dying plants. Instead, they swing erroneously towards the walls and are enveloped by the foam. Deciding you have had enough of dying plants you turn and stumble up a flight of 3 steps into the language block from school. Mouths of English children weave a lattice of basic banal phrases through which you slither. The walls of the language block fall off and you now start running along the path in front of you. Je joue au basket avec mes amis! Your legs are now triangles. Donde esta la biblioteca? You've pulled a quadrilateral muscle. And is it really that pungent? You are sleeping you do not want to believe.

Awareness begins to permeate through your limbs. Your nose thick with heavy odour. You half open your right eye and catch a blurry glimpse of Grisly's fashionable hexadecimal socks. "You lie rigidly like I have seen no living creature lie rigidly before" exclaims a beady eyed Grisly "You'll be pleased to know I have both fixed the net and have picked up a quivering auralisation of our next journey into temporality!"

The room glows with faint hum. Grisly composes himself and stands feet slightly wider than shoulder width apart. Legs forming a sturdy (equilateral triangle) base.

You feel trepidation at the incoming sprint and waft. Grisly grips the net like an axe and thrusts the net wickedly quickly over and behind his head, lifting the heels of his small feet. The next moment he fires the net forward with remorseless velocity. SWOOSH! CRACK! The rim of the net slams into the ground in front of both you and Grisly. The glow is brighter than before and a brisk draft licks your perspiration away. An intense concentration consumes Grisly's face. He snaps his attention straight into your eyes.... "NOW!" You stumble and trip into the net and land on... some grass?

You rise to your feet and perch on a ledge behind you. You are in a small telephone box style enclosure. In your pocket you find a small carved chalk figurine. The walls are made from wattle and daub, upon a timber frame. At the ceiling you see a tube awaiting the performance of your remembered dream. Tentatively you try to remember the dream you had not five minutes ago. Slightly worried, you are not quite sure how to perform a remembered dream. Nonetheless, you understand what is required at this individual performance space, located by nearby place of ancestral power. You gaze upon the flint lined buttresses of the abandoned church in front of you. To speak? To hum? To sing? You begin to hum the feeling of the dream – of monotonous insecurity upon the cusp of reasoning. A rhythm starts to emerge, sprinkling atmosphere. "Plants" eugh eugh eugh "Dying Plants" eugh eugh eugh "triangles" eugh eugh eugh "why are there so many triangles". You laugh and feel embarrassed. This feels stupid. With trepidation you now begin to move your body out of the individual performance space and begin to walk towards the group performance space, retrofitted into the market hall upon the high street.

You follow the sound pipe carrying your vocalised dream as it wanders and weaves throughout the small town you are in. You see the segregated retirement homes, and monoculture land hungry housing developments with signs such as "Homes for Sale 3/4 beds pay with your soul" – who wants ¾ of a bed? These housing developments present a façade of meek yellow paint, steel, and glass balconies facing out upon Trump orange brick slips – with the same amount of honesty too. It is a toy town bathed in financial opportunity for those who care not for the place, not for the myth, and certainly not for emitted carbon. This is the world you are walking within. What role does the ridiculous dream you have just performed have within this world?

As you approach the market hall, a sedate 2 storey brick building now with a new performance space made from chalkcrete (concrete replacement made from

chalk powder, lime, and flint). The clock upon its highest tier has not worked for years now. You take your seat in a viewing space, of similar form to the individual performance space, and peer up to the first floor chalkcrete performance space through a viewfinder. The viewing space you find yourself in is a pair, and you see the feet of the person in the booth adjacent. It is a strange kind of confession booth. You both look up to catch glimpses of movement within. Shapes ebb and flow shifting swiftly through the chiaroscuro naturally lit space. The performances of multiple individual dreams are being played concurrently within. Layers of dreams forming the essence of myth and ritual. The performers within pulse to paralinguistic eugh's, hmm's, and ahh's, you can make out a woman singing "cul-de-sac, cul-de-sac, it's been raining, I'll take my mac" intertwining a baritone monologuing "so it started with three developers and only one plot, they were those mean looking developers, you know, with bat ears? They couldn't decide what to make their developments from" "CUL-DE-SAC, CUL-DE-SAAAAAC" "and they decided it would be the cheapest material that would take the quickest to build...". Throughout a discordant, yet occasionally concordant, tonal atmospheric ebbed. The woman opened the larch divider between your two booths, rotated down a panel from the wall into a table, got out a sheet of paper and looked you in the eyes. With a crinkling round her eyes she began "The People of Little Riding are out in full myth making mode today!" she chuckles a contented hum, "now how shall we interpret this into a myth we can perform at the chalk seminary?"

It takes Gneiss Flintstone and you a couple of hours pondering, formulating, and planning to create a piece ready to be performed at the Chalk Seminary located in the Chalk Hills, upon which the town sits. It is the community myth of unknown origin, not one person's dream but the community's. It is one of hundreds. You walk from the market hall up the high street, very little has changed upon this, now pedestrianised, road. The transient shops occupying the street level come and go. The fall of chain shops was certainly dramatic. Gone are the likes of Costa, WHSmith, and Tesco. In their stead arose the shops of soil, water, rock, atmosphere, and memory. They occupy the same ground floor haunts as the shops of never ending growth, but are now linked to the ethereal silk and local critical zone they sit within.

You reach the end of the high street and begin the march upon the chalk path to the community performance space embedded within the chalk hillside. Gneiss strides alongside you, with a gleam in her eye, she is undoubtedly excited. You pass through the rare chalk grassland habitat, through flowering spider orchids, pasque flowers, and field scabious. Skylarks swing along impossible flight paths caressing

your route. Red Kites stalk above. You approach the entrance to the performance space – an excavated cave within the chalk hillside. The entrance itself is formed from three hard chalk arches, with two chalk gabion walls flanking either side. Water files through chalkcrete drainage channels, irrigating the hillside below. A lit interior chamber draws you into the chalk corridor within.

The cave is partially daylit through light wells and partially through low pressure sodium lights, emitting a single wavelength of yellow light, turning vision into black, white, and yellow. It is disconcerting at first but as Gneiss reminds you, the purpose is to disrupt the pre-remembered experiences associated with light, therefore, without reference the brain turns to dreams to fill in the gaps. In consequence the boundaries between reality and dream are blurred, a liminoid experience. You take your seat in the chalk amphitheatre embedded deep in the rock. Natural light floods upon the performers upon the stage, ready to perform the community myth created. The artificial lighting is cut, the musicians begin, a roaring drumbeat and serendipitous mono-rhythms emerge. The performance of ‘Dying Plants in a Cul-de-Sac’ has begun.

The figures on stage begin to wisp away, your vision unfocusing. You become aware of your body again, copiously sweating. You are back with the wide eyed Grisly Bald in The Compost Pile of Experimental Anthropologists of the Imagination.

III

UPON ENGLAND'S MOUNTAINS GRÆEN

“Stunning, absolutely stunning,” Grisly is faintly nodding in approval “you have been not just for walk in temporality but a hike!” He is rolling the butterfly net in his hands, pondering. “If it’s all the same to you, I have one more object I can see flowing through the ethereal silk.” You are exhausted, the cathartic experience of a hike in temporality has left the body tired, but the mind truly alive. Once more into the breach it is. Grisly, adjacent to you now, holds your hand and you enter the final space. It is the lightest space of all. Grisly’s pupils have shrunk to pinpricks. “This time we go together” without notice he begins lolloping, as you too have to lollop. Stride for stride you lollop. Such lolloping has never been seen. You both grip the net as it widens and widens, before engulfing you both.

You alight in a room at Hotel Iridescence, you both float in the ethereal silk of room seventeen. This is the room where you die, but not today. Grisly moves to the drawer aside the ruffled bed. Amongst the OS maps, empty bottles of water, and notebooks lies a vinyl of the second album from Curtain Wall. It is your band. Grisly opens the sleeve, takes out the vinyl, hands the sleeve to you. He moves to the turntable, lifts the arm, and places the vinyl. The sounds of post-Brexit community terrestrial punk fill the room.

You look down at the sleeve in your hands.

CURTAIN WALL

UPON ENGLAND'S MOUNTAINS GREEN



SIDE ONE

HOMAGE TO HALLUCINATION

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES A PERSON HUMAN? [REDACTED]

BIPEDAL LOCOMOTION, SOCIAL ORGANISATION [REDACTED]

SPEECH AND BRAIN [REDACTED]

NO! NO! NO! [REDACTED]

IT'S THE UNPREDICTABLE INCIDENTS BETWEEN OFFICIAL EVENTS THAT ADD UP TO A LIFE [REDACTED]

A PERSON IS THE AGGREGATE OF APPEARANCES [REDACTED]

IT MATTERS WHAT STORIES WE TELL TO TELL OTHER STORIES [REDACTED]

REPOSE FOR THE SENSES IN A SERIES OF INTERIORS [REDACTED]

IT MATTERS WHAT CONCEPTS WE THINK OTHER CONCEPTS WITH [REDACTED]

WHAT WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO FORGET IS NOT HOW TO PAY ATTENTION [REDACTED]

BUT THE ART OF PAYING ATTENTION [REDACTED]

A NEW FORM OF HALLUCINATION; KNOWING WITHOUT KNOWING X2 [REDACTED]

DOING NOTHING IS HARD TO DO, CLARITY DOES NOT SIGNIFY TRANQUILLITY [REDACTED]

WHERE THERE IS NO ARTIFICE THERE IS NO ART [REDACTED]

THE CONFLICT OF INTEREST BETWEEN OBJECTIVITY AND SUBJECTIVITY IS UNRESOLVABLE [REDACTED]

THE ILLUSION OF GIVING UNDERSTANDING [REDACTED]

WE ARE EARTHBOUND, WE ARE TERRESTRIALS AMID TERRESTRIALS [REDACTED]

WE REQUIRE EACH OTHER IN UNEXPECTED COLLABORATION AND COMBINATIONS [REDACTED]

HOT COMPOST PILES X3 [REDACTED]

THE RANDOM, THE UNSCREENED, THE COHESION OF SELF NEED [REDACTED]

APPEARANCES MADE TO YIELD [REDACTED]

A TEMPORAL HALLUCINATION [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

ANCESTOR NECESSITY

[REDACTED] RITUAL ACTION IS THE THOUGHT OF THE PEOPLE

[REDACTED] NOT NO PLACE, ENTANGLED, AND WORLDLY

[REDACTED] ARCANE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENT FOREST WAS SO INTIMATE AND SO INTRICATE

[REDACTED] IT IS SCENERY BUILT UP AS MUCH FROM STRATA OF MEMORY AS FROM LAYERS OF ROCK

[REDACTED] RECOVER THE VEINS OF MYTH AND MEMORY THAT LIE BENEATH THE SURFACE

[REDACTED] A COMPLEX CUMULATIVE RECORD OF THE WORK OF NATURE AND HUMANS

[REDACTED] IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE

[REDACTED] RITUALS SHORT CIRCUIT THOUGHT, RESONATING WITH SURROUNDING SPACES

[REDACTED] THE QUESTIONABLE IDIOM OF TIMELESS IMAGERY TESTIFIES TO TIMES RELENTLESS MELT

[REDACTED] INAUTHENTIC AUTHENTICITY, LANDSCAPE IS THE WORK OF THE MIND

[REDACTED] THE AGGRESSION OF IDEALISATION, LANDSCAPE THE SOCIAL PRODUCT

[REDACTED] THE CRAVING TO FIND IN NATURE A CONSOLATION FOR OUR MORALITY

[REDACTED] VIOLATIONS CONSIDERED NECESSARY FOR HEALING INFINITE GROWTH

[REDACTED] ALL THAT LIES BEFORE HIS EYES IS THE MECHANICAL ABUSE OF NATURE

[REDACTED] THIS CULT IS THE MOST OBSCENE AND MOST IMBECILIC

[REDACTED]



SIDE TWO

TABULA BARBARIC

MAN IS ONLY EXCEPTIONAL IN THEIR CAPACITY TO FUCK UP THE PLANET

I DID NOT INSIST UPON DIFFERENT

BUT UPON RESPECTING THE ORIGINALITY OF MY SUFFERING

IT IS THE 21ST CENTURY'S MOST GRIPPING PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA

IMPOSE TABULA RASA, A RUTHLESS GESTURE OF REJECTION

LAND TAKEN

EXPLOITED

EXHAUSTED

VORACIOUS

RELENTLESS

VICIOUS

WRECK

INTRUDE

TRESPASS

DISTORT

EXPORT

EXPLOIT

ASSASSINATE

GAIN CONTROL OF YOUR VISUAL LEGACIES OF MODERNITY

THE PRACTICE OF DISSOCIATIVE SEEING

TURNS OUT TO BE MAINLY THE DESIRE FOR VIOLENCE, FEAR, AND REPRESSION

THE TERRIBLE BOUNTY CATASTROPHE

CHANCE VIBRATIONS

ARE WE TO HAVE A CHANCE?

ALL BORDERS SEEM ARBITRARY

WE ARE ALL IN MIGRATION

MIGRATION WITHOUT FORM OR NATION

AND ABSENCE HAS BECOME A PRESENCE

SEAL THE FRONTIERS AGAINST TWO LEGGED REFUGEES?

YOU CANNOT PREVENT THESE OTHERS FROM CROSSING

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF NATION STATES CONFRONTED BY CLIMATE CHANGE

BRILLIANCE BRINGS YOU INTO THE EXPERIENCE OF THE VIBRATING WORLD

WE COME WITH EACH OTHER OR NOT AT ALL

THE FORM AND WEIGHT OF THE WORLD IN ITS VANISHING PIVOT

BETWEEN AWFUL EDENIC PASTS AND SALVIFIC FUTURES

ARE WE TO HAVE A CHANCE?

GNEISS FLINTSTONE - GUITAR, VOCALS, 2ND BASS ON TABULA BARBARIC
PAT FLATS - KEYBOARD, VOCALS
JAMES FRAY - GUITAR, VOCALS
GRISLY BALD - DRUMS, IMAGINATION WEAVER
LENNIE LUMENS - BASS GUITAR, LIGHTING DESIGN

PRODUCED BY CURTAIN WALL AND GRISLY BALD
ENGINEERED BY GNEISS FLINTSTONE
MIXED AT PAT FLATS FLAT
COVER CONCEPT: COMMUNITY TERRESTIRAL
DESIGN COORDINATION: JEFFREY AMAZON INC
2D COVER PHOTO: JAMES FRAY
3D SLEEVE PHOTO: JAMES FRAY
3D BACK PHOTO: JAMES FRAY

SIDE ONE

**HOMAGE TO HALLUCINATION
ANCESTOR NECESSITY**

SIDE TWO

**RASA BARBARIC
CHANCE VIBRATIONS**



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The music fades, Grisly takes the sleeve from you, replaces the vinyl and deposits it back within the drawer. He pauses, then announces;

*We come together, or not at all,
We must allow for life in all its guises,
Or all of us will fall.*



£1.99

COVER BY JAMES FRAY
community terrestrial

