



Atlantis Return

ASMR experimental film to be watched in bed, in the dark with earphones

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LXLDubZXkj4>

### 3 AGE OF AQUARIUS-THE RETURN TO ATLANTIS

Squids don't want you to know this, but they get along very well with Gibbons. Something else they don't want you to know, they're bigger than you think. Until Aquarius, they tore off their tentacles. They shrank, feeding themselves to the waves, feeding themselves to the moon, wishing. Now they will return. They will grow and wrap themselves around Atlantis, lifting it above us, into the clouds. They have been listening and waiting. We haven't always been ready and yet they still care for us. You can pray to them, and they will pray back. They especially appreciate prayers from Gibbons and Human Hybrids of all variety's. That is, after all, how they got so big. They are full of prayers.

Science, I won't forget your ugliness, or your oneness, your face, or your warm hands. The hands that reach through the veils of my caves, that dig through the skin of my dirt. How could I forget the way you arrange me in your methods and theories, as if I am solely a set of bones to be numbered. I had hoped it would never come to this, for either of us. I was buried with reason, with our yarrow and cornflower across my eyes. I was put here to rest above the grasses in my place of sky and cloud. I belong to your machines now, I belong to your documents, I belong to your boxes. You did not bring me flowers, you did not help me out of my rest. You sought me out to be your prize-your proof. "Look over here!" I thought you looked familiar. I knew your parents way back then. I taught them what it meant to be human, gave them my medicine, my cave walls. You are the discovery. You are in my land and I give you these flowers, I give you all I can. Piece by piece, I become yours and wait to hear what I am to you.

### HOW TO PRAY TO A SQUID

Whisper over a body of water as honestly as possible.

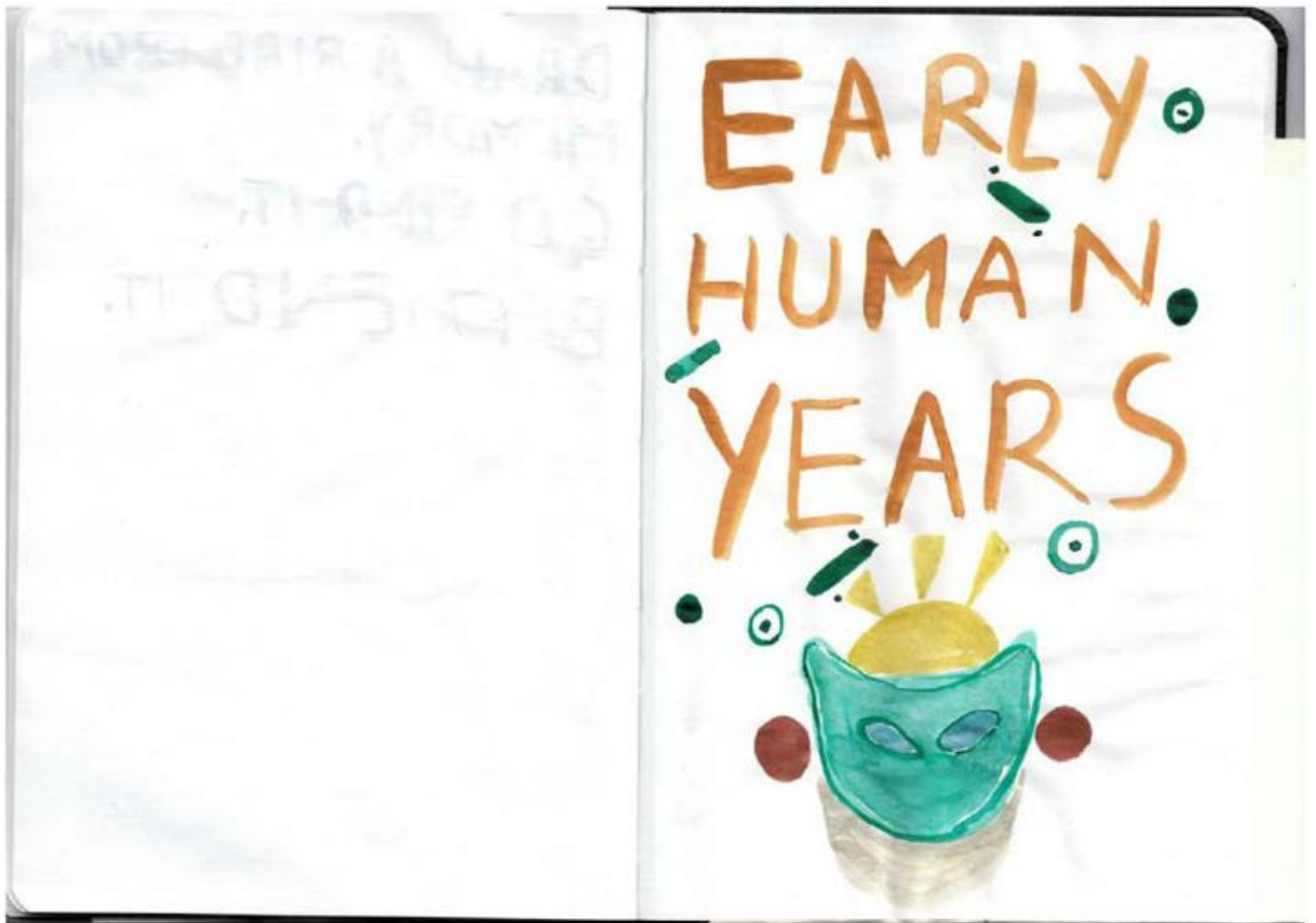
### BENEFITS OF PRAYING TO A SQUID

They absorb qualms beautifully and fast. They find these things that plague us very delicious.

You have choices to make. You could sit in the sun, embrace its warmth, wrap yourself around trees, hold everyone you meet, watch the lambs jump in spring, pick grapes in Autumn with your unwashed hands, eat the fruit messily and mercilessly, kiss freely without order, keep your name safe and hand it over to no one, revoke cameras and rebuke the entrapment of your soul, free yourself and live again! life is free and the living is yours if you want it to be. This is our way, the truthful way, the old way of sun and moon, blood and bone, bright and dark. Choose this or vanish. Become absorbed by the unreal and the lifeless. The new world of the grid. You are your name, your number and your address. You will be clean and safe and alone. There is no soul here and the spirits have abandoned you, they try to put together their clay and gemstone, into something for you, something to hold over your life, to give you strength. It falls apart, it is weak, it vanishes into dust and cannot be held or offered. It is time to find peace and to revolt.

### 5 AGE OF SAGITARIUS- TOUGH BUT SWEET GIBBON FINDS THE FRAGMENTS

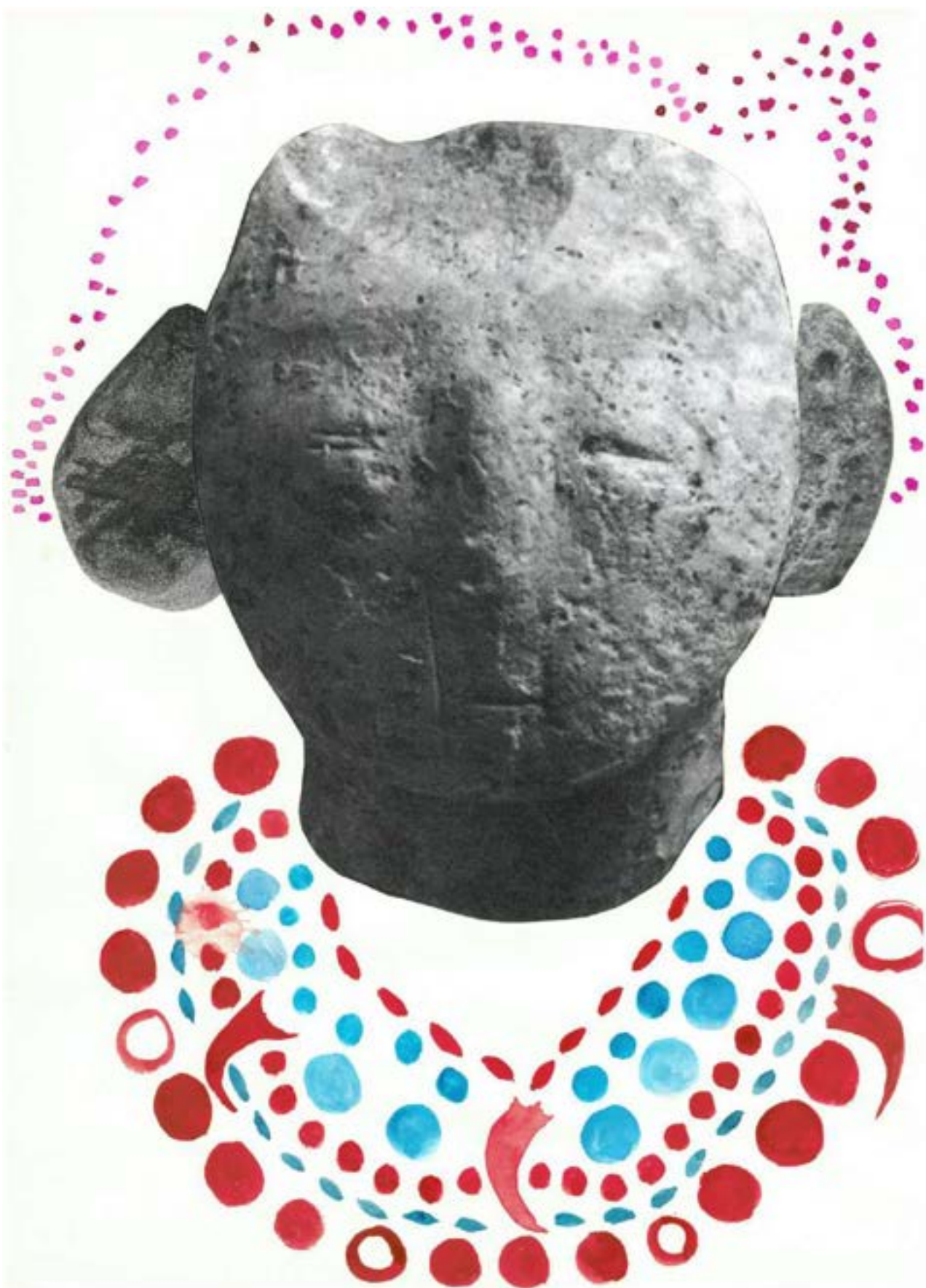
The portal into the new world will take everything from you. Human nature is the enemy. Your restorative soul is the enemy. Protect your body and protect your spirit. Honour your immune system. This is no time to dwell and no time to give in. Our ancestors have been banished and only ourselves remain. However their protection remains. Those eternity long prayers will sing forever into the future and chime louder and louder the more envied they are. They are unbreakable, made of golden clay and carry strength that travels beyond this world. The first war of the new world was on ancestral protection. The elites wanted us alone. They wanted us empty. They will remove all that is human, all that is warm and genuine and once known. Those asleep will not hesitate in their support. They will cheer for the massacre of the real world. They will make you abandon each other and your ancestors.



## Early Human Years

Collaborative collage, paint and discussion with family. Part of 'As Strange As Familiar' publication for the 2021 Ikon Migrant Festival. <https://www.ikon-gallery.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/07/As-Strange-As-Familiar.pdf>

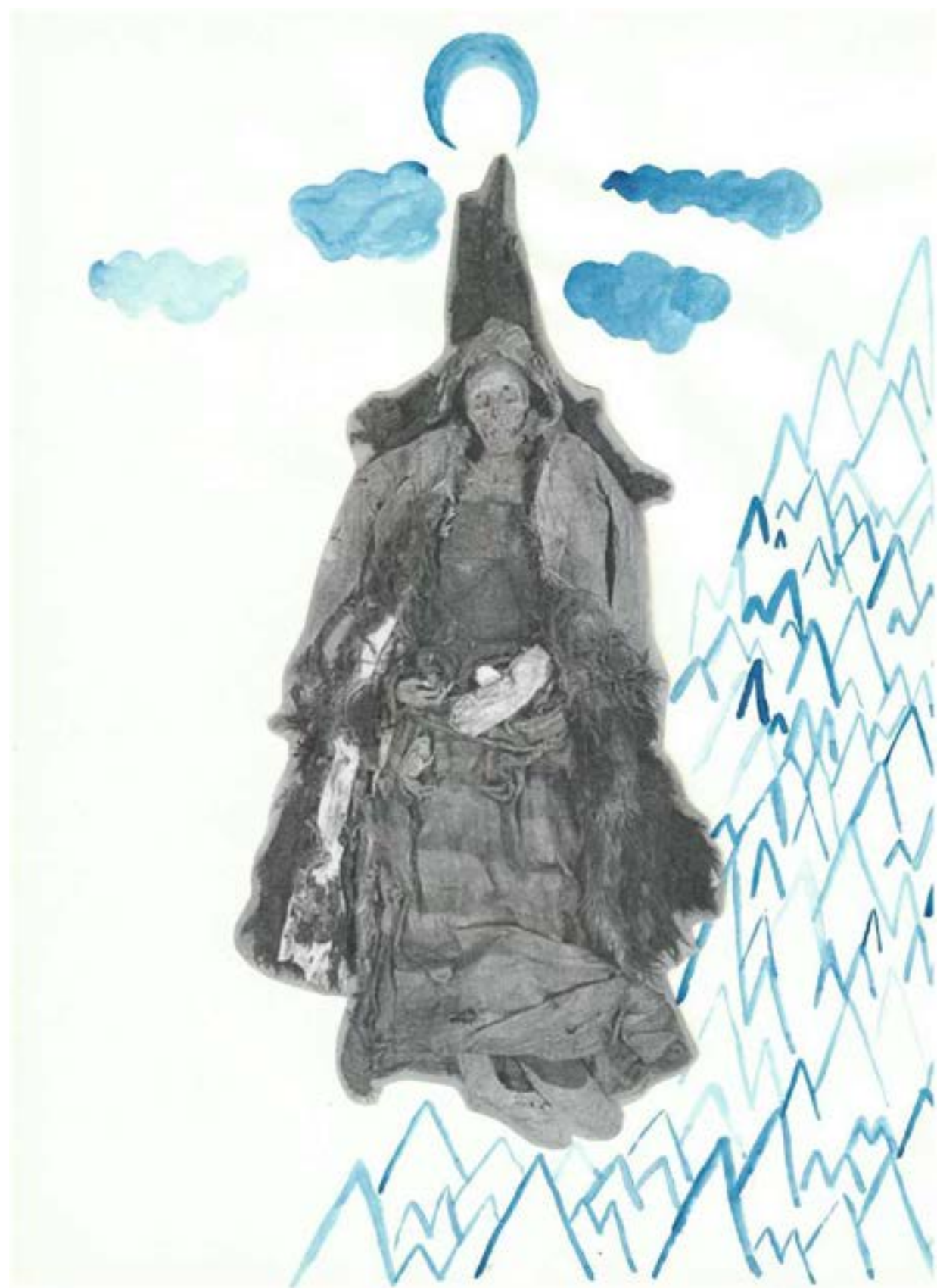




EVERYTHING  
HAS WILL.  
GO FOR A WALK  
PICK A ROCK.  
KICK IT FOR AS  
LONG AS  
POSSIBLE.  
TAKE IT WHERE  
IT NEEDS TO  
GO.

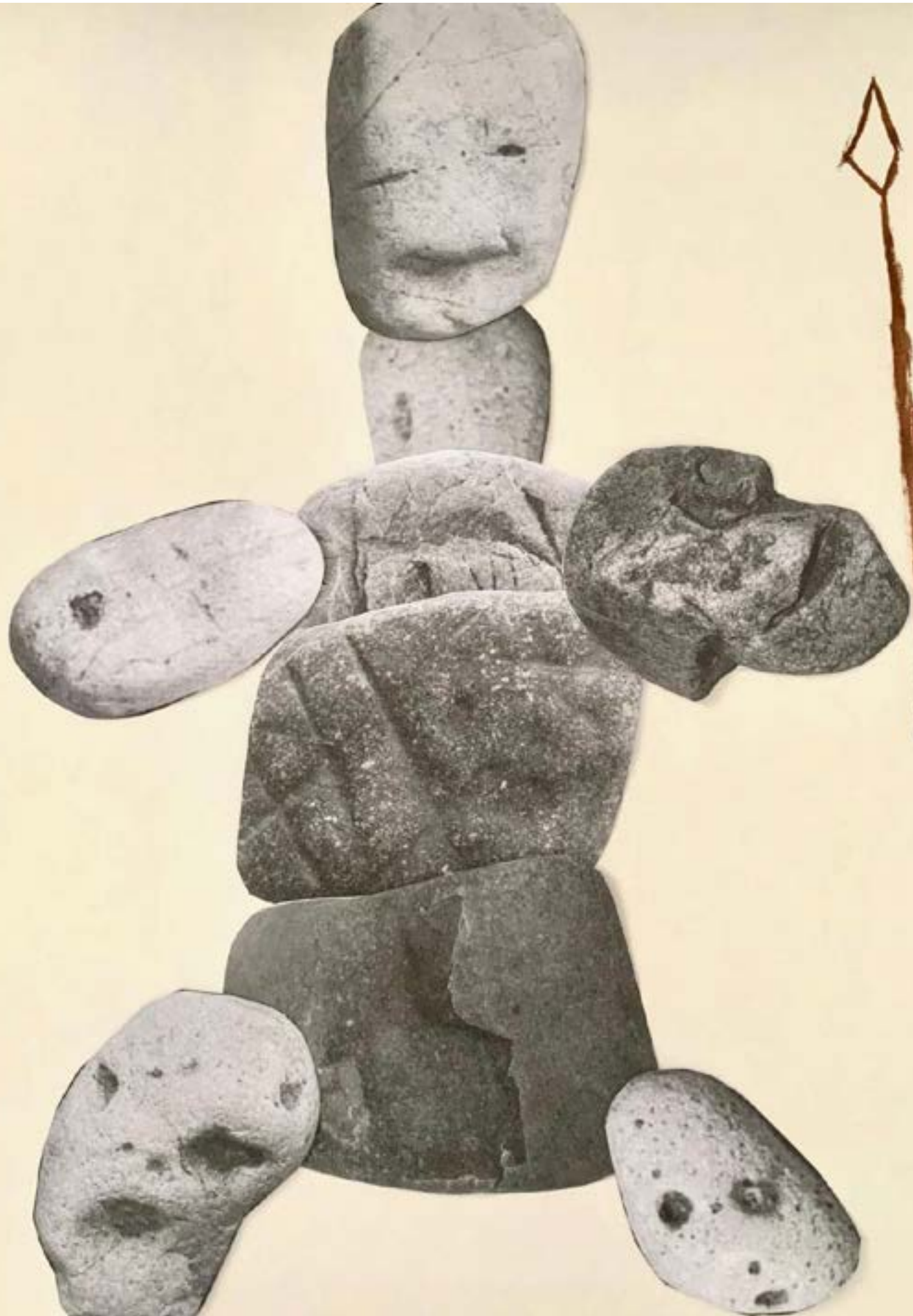


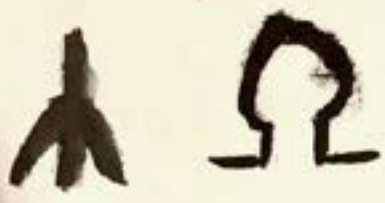












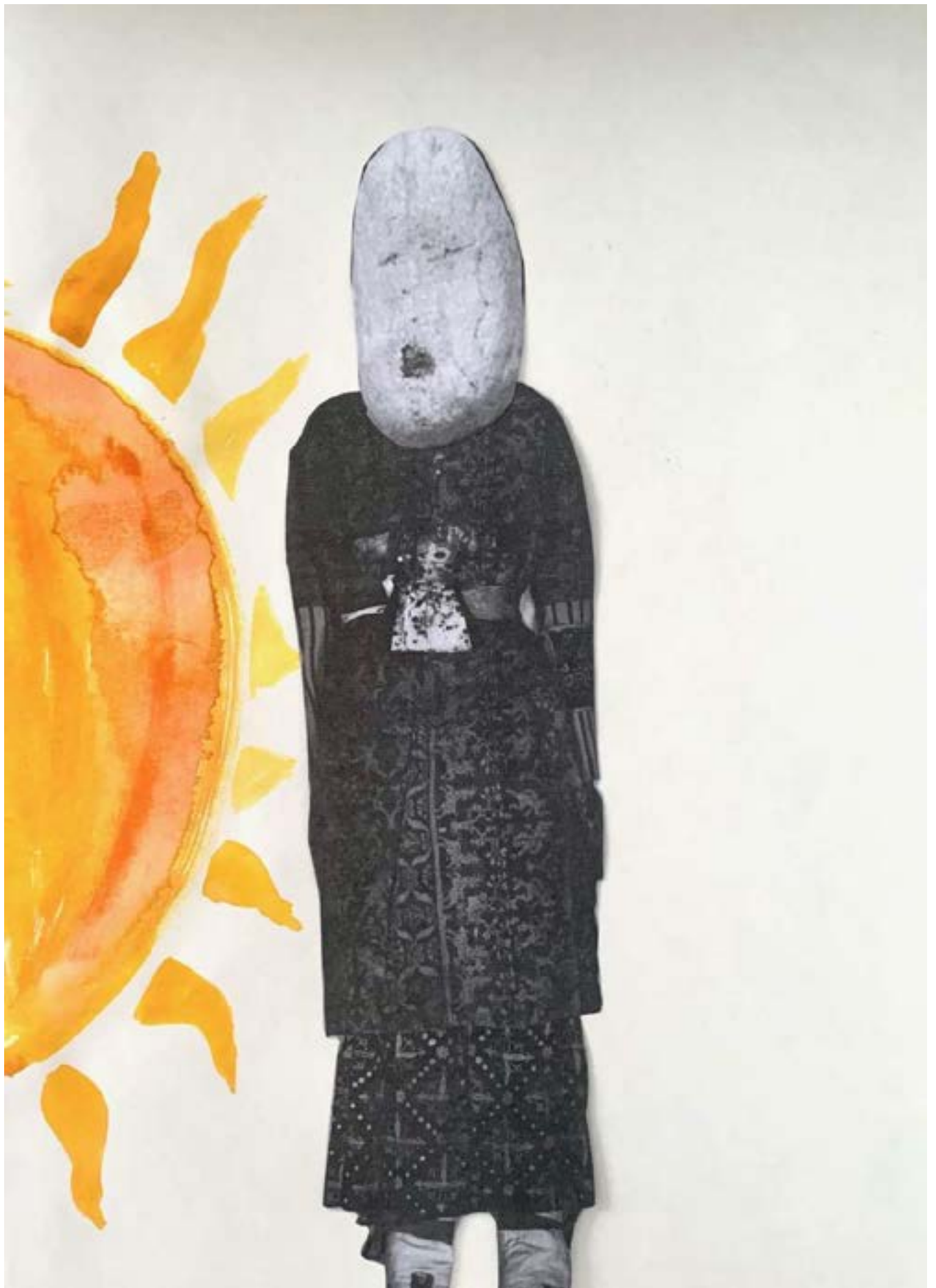
THINK OF THE SUN.  
THINK OF ITS  
COLOURS.  
MAKE A COLOUR  
CHART OF ALL ITS  
SHADES FOR  
EACH YEAR YOU  
WERE ALIVE.









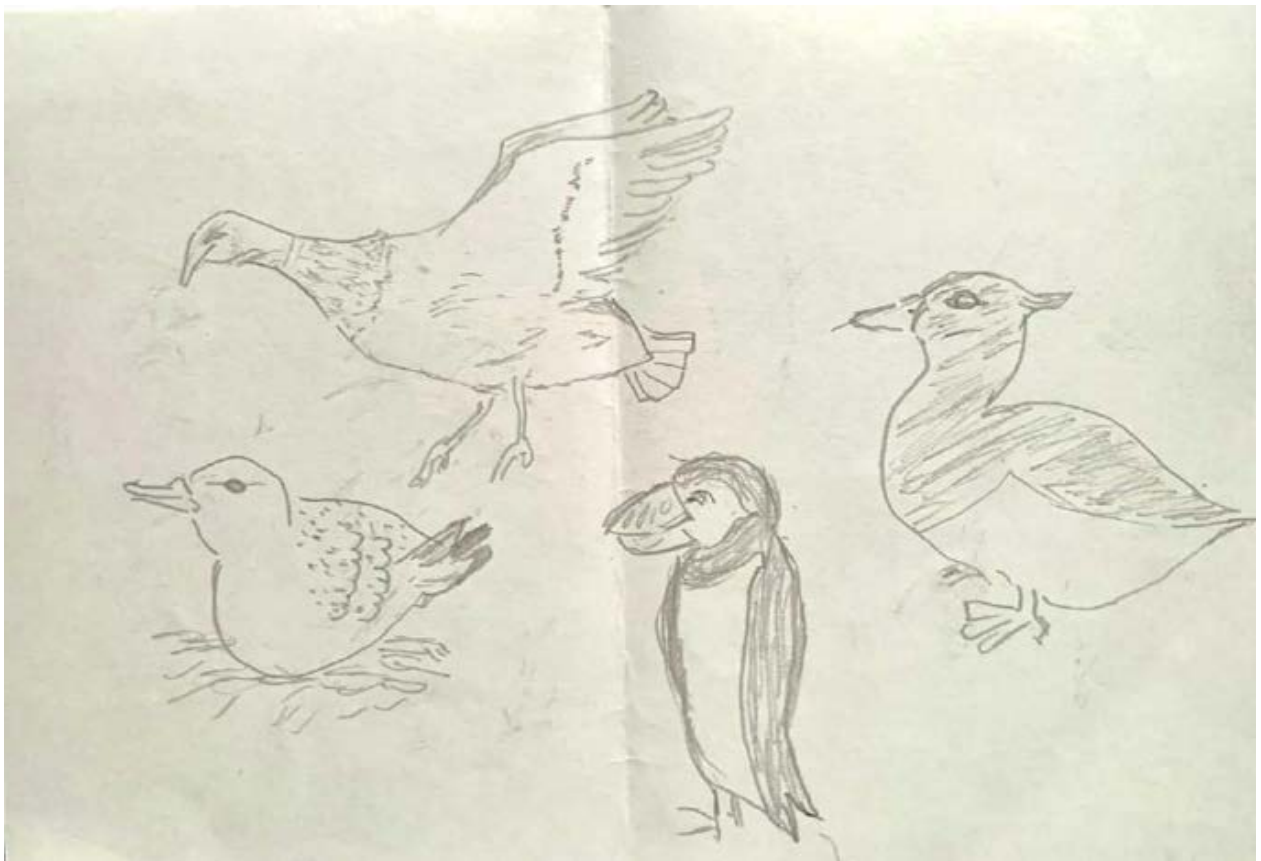




DRAW A BIRD FROM  
MEMORY.

GO FIND IT.

BEFRIEND IT.

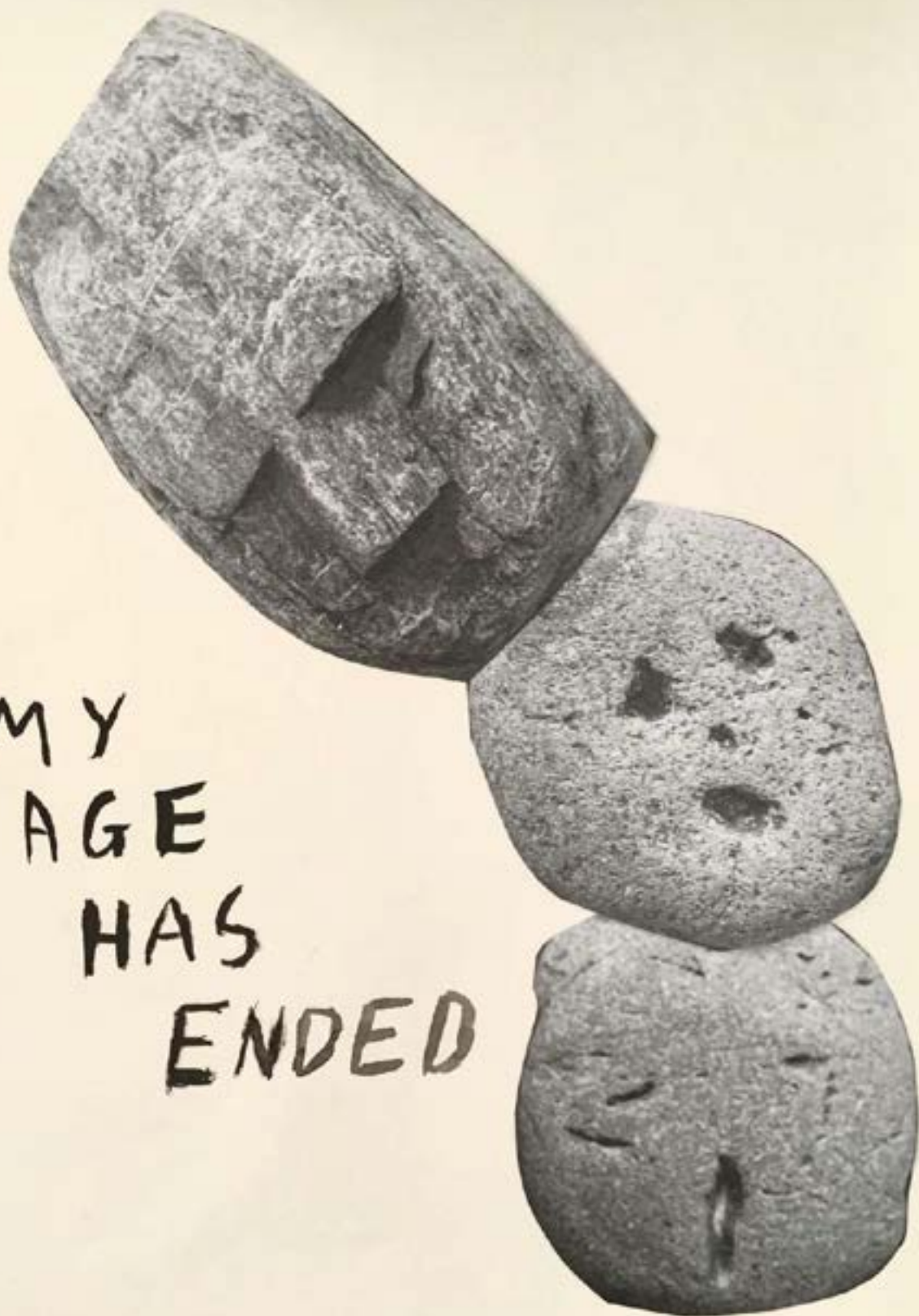








MY  
AGE  
HAS  
ENDED











Field work paintings featured in Atlantis Return.





