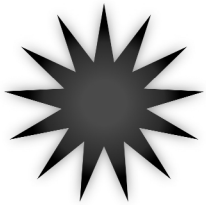
FROMUTOPIA



ISSUE 6


KEVIN FEIGE AND THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING UNIVERSE



The network arrives

Horror of past *illuminated*

by web

Existence now a drunk phase

How can such exponential

growth ***shrink*** so much?

There is no culture
anymore
Existence before
2000 was a buildup
To eternity

The **final** (uni)**verse**

The new calendar

2000 = 1NC

(NOCULTURE)

Eternal reoCCuRRence

MM

AM warned but no one listened

SiMPLER TiMES
SiMPLER
REALITiES

One man instigates deathly shrinkage
Fiend of the deep, dark well of

World

DOMINATION

Dirge of the New Culture—
Kevin Fiege does the impossible,
Turns children's playthings into
Cinematic EMMPIRE
with a CAPITAL(IST) C

All those skills and talent
People, artistic resources
Money money and more money
sucked into the
New and godlike
MARVELLOUS MACHINE
He grossly produced
To pump out

THE SHRINKING UNIVERSE

Overlapping our own,

The *s t e r i l e* shrinking ultra*violet* rays

of his gaze

24 frames of mindboggling emptiness

A Monomythological m o n s t e r

With celluloid connective tissue
Designed to say less than n o t h i n g
Cracking **EASTEREGGS** to be cooked on
The last of the residual heat
Coming off a brain fed on
EELs and g**NATS**

The birth of the infant nation

Giants within their Shrunken hedonistic Fantasy world

The product of Kevin Fiege's

Graphic dark desires...

He is the crass cameraman directing the plummet of cultures credits

The Master of the cinematic universe

But when was the big



When the first hero was
stolen
An industry built on
s u p e r t h e f t

t h e o r i g i n a l s i n

Fake Heroics standing tall on a cheap four-colour papier-mâché foundation of

Artist theft,

Writer theft,

Cultural theft

Rancid regurgitation of the past into

THE NEW CULTURE™

As *Fiege* and the greasy cogs
Of his

Marvellous-----Machine

Give a *royalty*-free send off
to the lowly creators who watch
Their characters make ***billions***

From the Millions of ***JUNK*** food
i m a g e s
Slop for the ***consume***rs
That clog the arteries of the world

with
there

100% ground thief patty with a non-nutritional mind-numbing story, an abundance of underpaid VFX, and a dollop of sleazy theme park serotonin, all in a soft homogenous takeover of you local cinema.

A classic, every time... you stop thinking

And they do stop thinking, unless a dissenting opinion from an ageing director of actual cinema blasphemes their fast-as-food simulation

"Crucify the Untrue believers!"

These human shells plugged into the

McMatrix

These lesser things who are but ***livestock***
And only exist to suckle on the vile teat of

DIS(ease)NEY

Why do they continue to live?

To watch the next *PHASE*
of civilisations plummet into
cultural *death*

All while masking
their secret identity
as cowards

NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT

—except the acknowledgement to the brave people who died, or will die penniless after pouring their souls into the industry Fiege morphed into his Newly Cultivated

U N I V E R S E

"Let's continue to give our hard earned money, not to survive,
But to fuel our wretched fantasies!"

Who needs to actually fight the systems that force
HUMANs to RACE to the END
When a Mirror-verse Führer in colourful spandex
Will save us!

Jack Kirby asks for what
is ***rightfully*** his,
His blood sweat and
tears etched
In graphite on papers
that will
Bloom into the GODS
of the NEW universe

"Can I have my art back?"
He asks
And the suits with capes will
look down upon him and
whisper

"NO

... Do you want lies with that?"

The fans who marvel at two dimensional junk food will read this and ASEMBLE to AVENGE their providers of McD*sney sustenance

fed on metaphorical

TRASHITRASHITRASHITRASHITRASHITRASHITRAS
HITRASHITRASHITRASHITRASHITRASHITR

THIS IS OUR UNIVERSE YOU'RE IN
OUR FINAL *VERSE*
O U R
MULTI*VERSE* SCLEROSIS

And there is no *culture*
Anymore

Only a

SHRINKING UNIVERSE

With great media franchises

—That take over the minds of everyone

Comes great denial of reality

That* DRIVES *THROUGH the heart of any future progress

***Was this his* ENDGAME?**
Did Kevin Feige know this when he shrunk existence down to less than what it was before?

In the Shrinking universe, only one thing is clear:

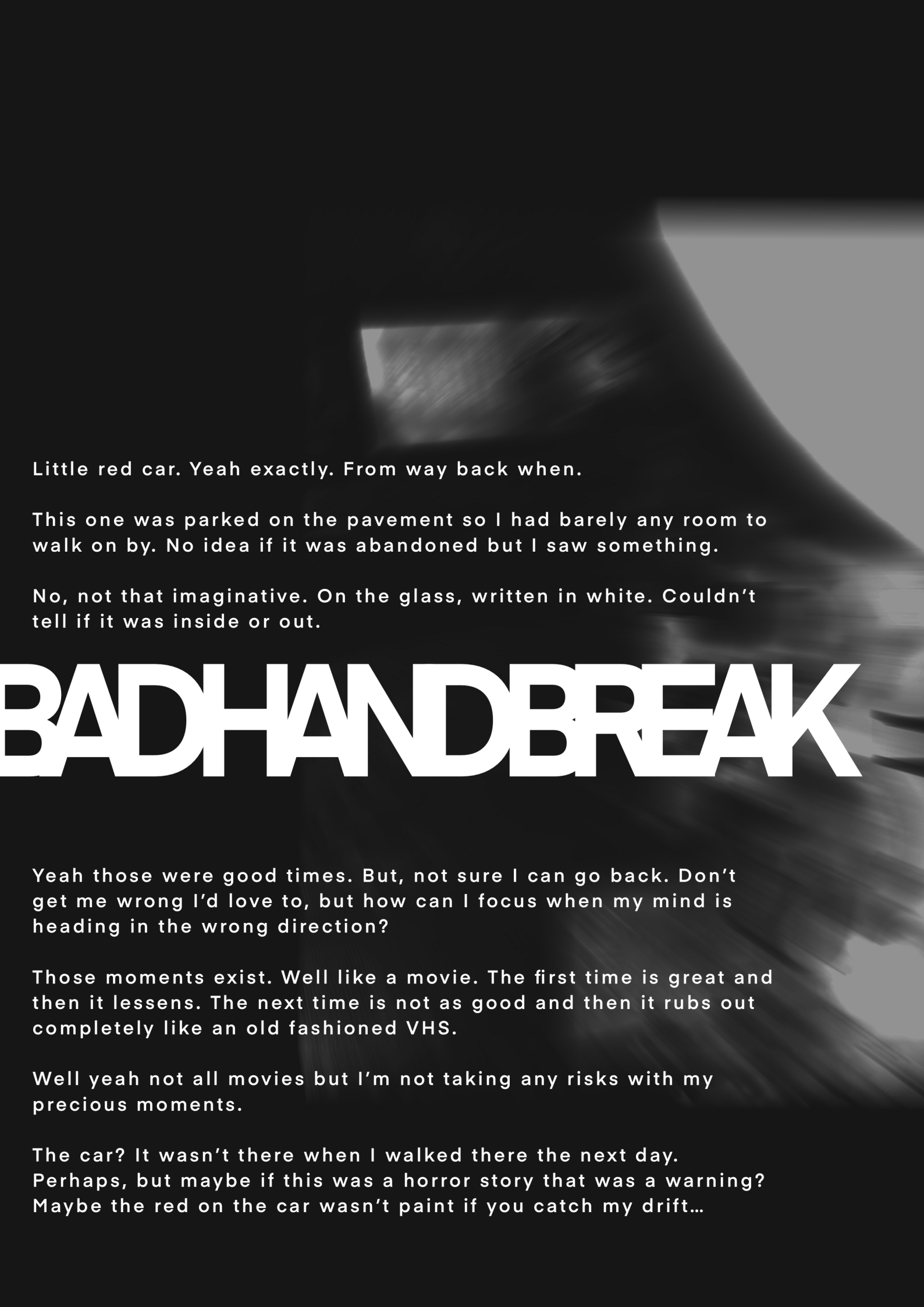
Nothing ends, Kevin.

Nothing ever ends.

"The working masses of people must refuse to be content with illusionary gratifications, which always end in a kind of fascism, and to insist upon the real gratification of the necessities of life and to bear the responsibility for it."

DISEASE





Little red car. Yeah exactly. From way back when.

This one was parked on the pavement so I had barely any room to walk on by. No idea if it was abandoned but I saw something.

No, not that imaginative. On the glass, written in white. Couldn't tell if it was inside or out.

BADHANDBREAK

Yeah those were good times. But, not sure I can go back. Don't get me wrong I'd love to, but how can I focus when my mind is heading in the wrong direction?

Those moments exist. Well like a movie. The first time is great and then it lessens. The next time is not as good and then it rubs out completely like an old fashioned VHS.

Well yeah not all movies but I'm not taking any risks with my precious moments.

The car? It wasn't there when I walked there the next day. Perhaps, but maybe if this was a horror story that was a warning? Maybe the red on the car wasn't paint if you catch my drift…

SHEMSHELLEY



The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century

Part 2 of The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

Chapter 8

"A Mother World next door, dies in the rank arms of possibility. Let me sleep forever more."

SEUM
TRANCE
DOGS

over the missing sky,
above airy plains on
route to cross off any
escape, with their nooses
that reach the ground
from sky,

A Whombhouse on the Moon
Holds 700 Poll-Least Morticians
—the soul poison,
Killers of imagi-NATION

Empty souls long since coagulated into raw meat paint the world around them b r u i s e d — Bruised and battered Torturing dawn curtains in expensive too expensive Humanmade crystal glass frosted u n b e a u t i f u l l of screams and soldiers

Feeding on bed bugs bursting with poverty blood
A Poll-Least Mortician's celebratory delicacy —

Warring birds peck out each others eyes attack the future A N E W B L I S S for the suicidal press ants seeking footsteps of giants to do unto Red Poor Sight vessels and their sick desires sick and sultry scraping the popuLOUS husks from tattered boots

A copper chamber with crying Centipece in the central circle,
Three screaming s k e l e t o n e s in a bereavement bowl
As the cats atrophy in liquid Darkened
S U N M A S H I N E

—no hopes and daydreams, only the sick animal droppings
of painful beats in the formative ears of the newlyborn

A C O M M U N I O N
S T I R S

Gargantuan metallic orange skin throne above the centre sits the
Füher Figure—

BIRTH OF THE HUMANUSCRYPT

Great pear horns wretching from the depths a sequence of U N B O D Y taken by law years with con grease experience drinks dripping down fang laden oriface of star smiling and an emotionhell newspaper typhoon is predictated by painted white inanimate lab coats with the sea quenched by a rising petri-ark no—no ark encrusted slime fell from top tribe raining petri-dish dollars in equations of primate prisons and three climb hate letters three strikes laced with copper calcium for g o l d b o n e s from down private below the subterranean switch is pressed and like Dr Selby's ridiculous STONEWORLD for the civil devilisation of UNBODY that constellates snitching of fabric to script the Eaters of Pan

*
* *

Black speckled collars
Consult thy scholars
To BLOCK out the words
BLOCK out the rule of birds

Continue to spread fourth
Not the secret of the North
Only lines from your Fraternity
Keep everyone held by Eternity

H O L Y C O M M U N I O N O F U N B O D Y

“My mind a lyre is their melody,
in truth, a drop of darkness
lies within each of them”

We cut the tail of the d i a t r i b e
The sequence of their lives—
Arranged by T E M P O W E R

*

Outside the Whombhouse,
a drunken noise startles a
wooden, bipedal table
carrying the liquid remains
of tape recorders.

—Running away it knocks
over several ornate plant pots
that hold no flowers, yet cast
only the invisible shadows
of misery

MU
EN
FOR

UNBODY





2