

The Morphology of XOS:

[preamble] for years i would go into the shops and ask furtively after the possibility of a comic describing a demonic world replete with jungle cities, cthonic non-euclidian architectures twining through canopies of insane wet ooze, wild eyed hilarious ultra-sexual tentacles, hentai pornography laid against ironical anarchist theory fiction, etc. i knew exactly what i wanted, and would see periodic glimmers of it in various publications and whispers in the night, but across the board my utopic literary vision was denied me. so, after some years of diligently swimming through the medium, it came unto me to embark upon my usual route of action: having been born into a world of half-measures and seemingly eternal disappointments where try as i might i could not uncover the sure object of my desire, i undertook to produce it. what is it they say? "be the change you want to see in the world"? pathetic. how about: "become an infinitely powerful god of death and engulf everything"?

The Morphology feels both exponential and logarithmic in its growth cycle, something like the fusion of a cancer with an extinction plateau. It is something I have been building upon for years and will continue to add too for as long as I am able. Now in it's third edition, it keeps cathecting data, slopping content upon content, coming gradually into focus. That is to say, I intend to be working on it forever.

The fundamental Originary or functional genesis of the work can be described thusly: in 2010 when I was squatting in New Orleans in the free micronation of Koala Haus, I began to develop and incarnate several speculative editions of "Jethro Rube: Anarchist Transsexual Superher@ In Space In The Future" which was settled into a kind of fractuously delicious zinelette by the time I left for Montreal at the end of the year. At one point between the fragmented pages of the book, Jethro contracts scabies on an alien world and is approached by a group of mystical higher beings who offer to cure the infectious mites in return for a favor: Jethro is to walk backwards through an alien city such that their Vagina Dentata devours and consumes the entire metropolis. Jethro does this, and is subsequently launched into the cold chill of space where, while the scabies freeze off, the city gestates within Jethro's womb(s? [f(x) etc]) into an enormous demonic planet that Jethro then gives birth to in a kind of Super Nova Level Birth Orgasm, so crushingly overwhelming that when Jethro finally comes back to cogent self awareness the planet is nowhere to be found, dissolved into the indecipherable vacuity of the cosmic void. The Morphology of XOS attempts a kind of topographical massage of the demonic planet Jethro birthed all those aeons in the future.

The work's textual and visual precedents are obviously eclectic and rife with smeared addenda, but for those interested in following the work's cultural (or is it?) roots, I can recommend several corridors of research. A Lovecraftian bent is an obvious necessity, clearly rippling through such contemporary graphic works as B.P.R.D., Prophet, Alan Moore's Yuggoth Cultures and Other Growths, Orc Stain, Michael Deforge, etc, notwithstanding of course special Grimmoiric Taxonomies like the Codex Seriphianus. Bosch and a crescendo of demoniac signification referenced through the lens of Japanese Hentai Tentacle Pornography has always fascinated me, both in the Blakean/Miltonian sense of reified liberationist Satanism, and the curious impossibility of the Pornographic

Background. To Wit, for several years now I have been carrying out reductions, removing the human elements from Hentai Tentacle Porns to highlight and bring into focus the seething landscopic backgrounds of eternally unknowable otherness. That is to say, that what I find much more fascinating than the horrified confrontation of human sexuality's dark fetishized alterity is a kind of Lacanian analysis of the deeply extraterrestrial -- the sexuality of the extreme alien other, and the impossibility of accounting for the contextual chasms of its difference.

The Morphology of XOS is a scattered theory, the corrosive de-scription of an unknowable world, tossed in a grapeshot of taxonomic suggestions ranging from the specific humor of childlike narrative characterization to the macroscopic analysis of a broken physics, particle-wave analysis of the chambers of a five dimensional organ pumping slime through warped ventricles toward the black hole of a demonic mindscape.

But the book is more than that - it represents also a desperate attempt to reclaim sin from the edge of the abyss. Several years ago I realized that if the worst comes to past and Pentecostal Puritan Eschatological Superstition pans into the physical real -- if the heinous binary of an impish creator god bent on flattening each subject through a pathetically campy moral lens proves true at least (for clarity it isn't and it won't. There isn't any "God" and if there was it would be necessary to abolish Her. P.S. ACAB=agnostic cowards are bullshit.... although that's not to say/slave-morality etc) -- Suffice To Say: If There Is A Hell -- all of my favorite people will be there. Rimbaud, Emma Goldman, Bhagat Singh, Buenaventura Durruti, Nestor Makhno, Sontag and Deleuze, if confined to the banal rigidity of Dante's nine circles, they have certainly transformed it by now into the most replete diaphanous anarchic becoming, a social experiment of grandiose scale. It might be also be worth tossing in an allusive collision to MS DOS and Planet (or Dimension) X as hypothetical titular etymologs or cultural precursors in the digital Oosphere.

This kind of union of extreme opto-pessimist cynico-altruism is of course the result of finding oneself on the losing side of history for the past six thousand years of His Story dominated by fascist neophytes, authoritarian democratic liberals, petit bourgeois industrialists, colonial church ensembles, and racist empire to name the beginning of a beginning. It is reflected also in another cousin project which I sometimes term Dark Nietzschean Mormonism or the Worlds Project. That being a concerted effort to dupe the desperate prognostic of an afterlife based on moralistic capitalism. A brutish caricature of the Mormon "faith" being that if you restrain and enslave yourself and others enough you will be rewarded by someday becoming god and being afforded your own planet to rule over like a tiny grubby Cthulhu-Hitler (although if you are a woman your reward is to be pregnant forever filling said planet with Lilith's Demonic Mastrubative Offspring. Just kidding. Got carried away, obviously refocus on strict oppression away from any inkling of feminine liberation). So my thought was essentially Why Wait? Seems like a pretty generous cosmology, maybe the most hubristically blasphemous of any extant religion, to view creationist reality as a pyramid scheme, but it does sound fun! So I've started creating planets, infusing them with social and thermodynamic contracts, and putting them forth to the bids of "Art Collectors" who're hankering for a taste of the Godhead (just the tip).

