

# THE NUCLEATED VESICLE



by *blackdrop*



“A chaotic situation is always  
deliberately produced.  
Ask yourself who or  
what sort of creature could benefit  
from such a situation.”

William S. Burroughs // 1983

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## VESTIGES OF A HISTORY

It is familiar knowledge that the earth we inhabit is a hollow globe filled with a quasi-gaseous substance or 'ether' that 'vents' at certain weak points in the mantle. These spots are variously haunted—likened to condensation forming upon a windowpane—by those creatures that swim most readily in that autonomic miasma: murderers, foxes, artists, children, lovers, messiah figures, property developers, visionaries, the mentally ill, feral cats, vagabonds, monstrous rabbits, witches, the dead and the drugged. Like the deep desert these places favour the mad, the bad, the deviant and the lost, enabling those with the will to imprint—like a naked foot placed on fine dry sand—their wills, their desires, their *hungers*... Here, on the margins and edges, things begin to break down, to fall apart—categories, subjectivities, genders and boundaries of all kinds are rendered insubstantial, we become tainted by absence.

One such place is Vestiges Park, hidden in the edgelands, abandoned by all but the most obsessive disciples who eke out a living luring the unwary not, as one might expect, to offer them violence, but rather to *burn them with forbidden knowledge*, a

far more deadly offence. These are the keepers of outmoded cosmologies and still-born Lamarckian evolutions, of Quinarian ordering systems and colonies of electric mites. Here you will find evolutionary dead-ends rubbing up against creationist scientific abortions, here nothing is as it seems and a shifting, opaque reality holds sway.

It was during one of my regular perambulations around the city in search of that ‘place of dead roads’ at the end of which one might expect to find a scrubby piece of lost landscape awash with fly-tipped hubris—the detritus of decades—that I came across a mysterious evasive nullity that somehow managed to slip over and through my consciousness. Only once did I catch a glimpse of something . . . a vagueness of walls and towers and gaudy colour, of spindly bushes waving in a non-existent wind, of smoke plumes bearing olfactory evidence of burning meats . . . not so much ‘the door into summer’ as a portal to a Post-Mad-Max reality where, instead of warring tribes of cheesy-looking punk-bikers, we find a handful of terminally-depressed vagrants lost in a dream of dead academe. But before I had a chance to grasp it the vision had abated, like a fart in the wind.

## THE UNELECTRIFIED JAR

On my next visit I came prepared, with an original copy of Robert Chambers *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (publisher John Churchill, 1844), an *Authorised King James Version Holy Bible* (1611), *De Vermis Mysteriis* (provenance unknown), *The King in Yellow* by Robert W. Chambers (F.T. Neely, 1895) and *The Complete Peanuts: vol-*

ume 25, 1999-2000, Charles M Schulz (Fantagraphics Books, 2016). As well as the aforementioned offerings I had a folding brazier, some charcoal briquettes, a magick wand (fashioned from both Blackthorn and Elder), six ounces of dried Jimsonweed, a Fallkniven S1 Forest knife and a thick rubber, long sleeved, full length gimp suit with three restraining hoops per sleeve, crotch hole with pop studs, zip up back and matching rubber belt. If I had calculated correctly, these paltry offerings would, perhaps allow me to penetrate the many veils of obfuscatory magicks put in place to ward off the foolish and the unwary! And then, at last, I could penetrate the inner sanctum and see for myself the workings of fabled 'Vestiges Park'. As I chanted selections from the aforementioned grimoires directing them heavenward with my Wand, the Jimsonweed I had cast onto the brazier enveloped me in a stinking cloud of mind-altering smoke, I instantly felt my penis stiffen, pop the crotch of the gimp suit and spurt a load of my genetic wealth over the hot coals, thereby catapulting me towards the alternate reality I so hungered for!

*The glazed earthenware jar placed under the porous bottom of the cylinder to catch the filtered liquid, had, at the time the fungus originated, a considerable quantity of dark saccharine matter resembling concrete molasses therein; this was suffered to remain a negative test to the electrical character of the fungus; yet, though the surface of the residuum in the earthen jar presented the usual indications of mouldiness, no appearance of a fungoid kind, or that of minute vegetation, could at anytime be detected within the unelectrified jar. (found text)*

This unholy gibberish was being chanted over and over by a hairy wild-eyed man-child wearing nothing but a heavily stained blue lab coat, a pair of Combat 208 matte-black Demonia Goth boots and a black G-string with Diamante Triangle incorporating the entwined letters O and S. I had awoken to find myself lashed, naked, to a structure in the depths of a miniature forest consisting entirely of Japanese Knotweed, a particularly tenacious vegetal interloper. All about me I could discern a murmuring, a susurration that I likened to the far away sound of souls damned to everlasting torment, but which I later realised were the interminable scientific witterings produced by these acolytes of Robert Chambers. With a lurch my position had shifted and I realised that the contraption I was lashed to was being propelled along a rough path winding its way amongst the hollow-stemmed plants, I could just discern another group of the cowed figures doing something incomprehensible to a Staffordshire Bull Terrier, others seemed to be grouped on the edge of a stinking trench giggling whilst excreting copiously—no doubt due to the powerful laxative effect of their main source of nutrition—the Knotweed—and the products derived from it, notably honey.

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*“There is no progress! There is no history! There is only entropy!”* This, a high-pitched cackle, issued from a creature swaying precariously atop a rickety-looking palisade, a figure of foulness and rags, bug-eyed and foaming from a mouth only intermittently blessed with teeth. She clambered with insectoid agility toward me and crouched,



face close to mine, a-jangling with archaic medical equipment—an Ingram & Bell Chrome stethoscope, a Welch Allyn otoscope with twelve pieces in Bakelite case, an Acoma sphygmomanometer, and a hand-blown glass Birmingham nasal-douche, amongst others. This was—for it is she!—*The Nucleated Vesicle: Grand Panjandrum of The OOLite Sisterhood Her Self*, and a cloned copy of Chambers into the bargain! Although, obviously, splicing genes with a hand trowel and a bit of electrified wire can limit the effectiveness of the procedure, as well as causing the male genitals to waste away *tout de suite*.

Still, as I looked deep into her bulbous eyes, as she stroked me in an over-familiar manner, I began to see, by some or other occult process of thought transference, the deep truths woven into the fabric of this wondrous place, truths that a thousand years hence may finally be ready to be revealed to the last vestiges of a humanity clinging grimly to sentience and one drunken misstep away from a precipice at the bottom of which lies extinction. Here before me, if I could but grasp it, was the solution to Everything! Or at least, this is how I recall now how it felt then, to be so near to revelation; this is what I think she was about to tell me, or perhaps she did tell me, just before she was sick all down my front.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR //

# Blackdrop

is a handle of Jim Colquhoun (b.1962, an artist and writer. His work seeks to negotiate the boundaries between art and life, waking and dreaming, fiction and fact. To this end he produces drawings, installations, performances and texts. As a psychosexual terrorist, he asserts that some of his artistic activity can be best understood as psycho-geographical interventions. He has shown recently in Edinburgh; Copenhagen; New York; Stockholm; and Glasgow, where he resides. He is very seldom on Twitter as [@mandrakehayter](https://twitter.com/mandrakehayter).



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