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Being a writer without readers is a strange thing. Like shouting into an abyss that produces echoes, a continuous loop. The internal musings of a hermit transferred to text, for no particular reason. No feedback or validation. Only echoes, one idea bouncing back from the page and leading to another. Bouncing around and gradually taking some kind of form.

Welcome to Data Squid. The E-zine for writers without readers. The unwanted and unpublished, wandering a barren literary desert with nowhere to call home. We are a tribe, think of this e-zine as a little digital campfire that friends can gather around whenever they have ideas, musings or thoughts that seem somehow worth documenting.

The squid, with its multiple tentacles, is representative of the multifaceted nature of this little zine. Everything from ghost stories, weird news, bizarro fiction to poetry.

If you've stumbled across this zine, you either know me, or you were likely looking for something else. Either ways, take a seat, drop us an e mail and send us your story.

Everything in this episode, at this point at least, is written by Iskalla.

•This Week•

I have no Internet. I have no access to news. I cannot see land from any direction. I am stuck in a big metal box, floating around in the clammy heat of the Red Sea. It's desolate. It sucks. It's like an oven out there.

How do I write about things that have happened when I don't know what has happened? Last episode I got around it by writing about a locally famous cat somebody told me about and making a story up.

Can I just keep lying? Is it a lie if nobody listens to it?

Anyway, here we go.

•Hollywood to Release Palestinian revenge thriller•

Tarantino has been busily working towards the summer release of the epic bloodbath 'Achmed Unchained'. The upcoming film has been met with some controversy after the lead actor took to Twitter to boast of 'killing all those goddamn Jews' on screen.

The film tells the story of a Palestinian family who find themselves displaced during the establishment of Israel. Achmed watches on helplessly as rifle toting zionists execute his children for resisting their tanks with small rocks, leaving him without a home or family.

The revenge drama has been described as bold and courageous, journalist Muhammad Hussein stating;

'In an age of social justice and anti racism, this film boldly challenges both historic and existing power structures and envisions the potential of oppressed parties to resist.'

Themes of social justice today and the remembrance of marginalised peoples historically are finding themselves into an increasing number of new films. Along with Achmed Unchained we can look forward to Action horror *Zombie Red*, in which Ukrainians in the midst of famine must fight off undead Bolsheviks. The zombies, originally designed to police Gulags under the guidance of Genrikh Yagoda, soon turn golem and break out, eating anything in their path.

Not to mention the history drama 'Liberty', which movingly looks at the terrible fate of the USS Liberty. Journalist and civil rights activist Iqbal Souleyman comments:

"This is a loving tribute to the victims of the terror unleashed against the USS Liberty. It checks Jewish supremacy and tells the story from an authentically human perspective. It is unforgettable, which is only appropriate owing to the unforgettable nature of that heinous attack."

•Rapper embraces Covid 19.

19 year old rapper Dirt Illest made his first million in February and contracted coronavirus only four weeks later. The rapper whose real name is Deontenay Jeffers had his breakthrough on soundcloud with his hazy freestyle 'Crack Money'.

The former drug dealer took to instagram to tell the world;

'Ayo it looks like I got dat rona. No worries mane we blessed'.

The rapper told reporters that upon succumbing to the symptoms of the virus he was impressed by the impact it had on his voice. Whilst still bed bound he had fellow rapper 'DrugStore' bring him a mic and began to spit what has since been called 'raw fire'.

A Rolling Stone reporter commented;

'Covid 19 has really added a unique intensity to Dirt Illest's flow. It is rough, ready and melancholy. Something to watch'.

The rapper has described his new style as 'Ronacore' and has perhaps worryingly led to imitators deliberately trying to contract the virus to recreate the sound. The hard hitting style in which rhymes are punctuated by coughs and painful moans is heard ubiquitously in clubs and on street corners across the globe.

Healthcare experts have warned against the phenomena, saying;

'Covid 19 is a pandemic. People are dying. How can these kids be so reckless.'

The doctor, whose name we can't remember is undoubtedly poorer and less influential than the average Ronacore rapper.

Finally, a rival of Dirt Illest, 'Lil Covid' was accused of plagiarism and responded with an abusive tirade against Dirt Illest and his label mate DrugStore. He recently had a tattoo of the coronavirus on his face and declared Dirt Illest was inauthentic. Lil Covid then alleged that Illest had in fact only contracted common flu.

The dispute and breakthrough of the genre has led to three shootings and at least sixteen covid 19 related deaths.

•Poetry Corner•

•Golf Rumours•

Somewhere away from microphones and eyes,
Suited and sweating the man emphasised,
The utmost importance of privacy.
He knew a place where they could talk freely,
And partake in relaxed competition.
The beige and open confines of boardrooms,
In stark contrast with that grassy expanse.
Our secrets will be voiced on the golf course.

•Golf Rumours Part Two•

Life wrenched from the unwilling offering,
Ceremonial calm against the screams.
Blood spattered walls tell a sinister tale,
Suffering sweetens the sacrifice.

To maintain this most delicate secret,
We'll offer up Tiger to take the fall.
Lustful liaisons and drunken error,
Will see our order remain rumour.

•Harriett Sugarcookie•

Sunlight prying like an intrusive hand,
Before curtains are violently closed shut,
Rejected invites to social affairs,
Gather where loneliness is preferable.
I am master of my battle station,
A monitor of unworldly pleasures.
One once paid tribute to her form in prose,
Perhaps in a state of obsessive lust,
But authentic and anguished all the same.
My initiation into their ranks,
Shall begin with tearful self debasement.
Sun makes its next attempt beneath my door,
My morning lit instead by her image.

•Memetics•

I coined the word Elsagate. I know you have no reason to believe me, but I did. I started a thread on 4chan, arguing we needed a single word as a reference point for this strange subject matter. I liked Elsagate the second I thought of it, I knew it sounded catchy and fun. It was on 4chan /x/ board I believe.

I went down the Elsagate rabbit hole before the formation of the Reddit community. It became something of an obsession for a while, from the beginning it was clearly not an ARG, we were watching something real and horrific unfold. Hundreds of anons organised themselves, embarking on detective work and striving to demystify this bizarre and sinister thing.

I downloaded archives of research which introduced me to the Finders cult. Pelzer kept resurfacing. But this overlap seems to have been forced by overzealous researchers, Elsagate was its own singular horrific entity.

I remember the first night I spent watching those videos. They made me feel really...bad. Other people described the same unease watching large numbers of these strange videos had begun to induce in them. There was something deeply sinister at work, I'd watch in disbelief as Hulk strangled a woman in front of a screaming child or Elsa attempted to cut her tongue off.

Then there was the insects. The injections. The double pregnancy. The underage drinking.

These videos never dealt in one offs, but repetitive, almost hypnotic themes. Mickey Mouse pissing into a bath. Hulk sitting on the toilet only for it to grow teeth and attack him. Over and over again.

These videos could rack up millions of views. A baby crying in the background as the mantra like 'daddy finger' repeated and spiders fell down the screen. Somebody was out there making these videos, but who was the pioneer and why?

I took notice of the fact a strange, but not entirely horrific video would feature related videos that if followed would become increasingly bizarre and explicit. It would begin with 'bad baby' running over a doll and end with Elsa being diagnosed with 'brain belly' and having her stomach cut open only for toys to fall out.

Parents reported aggressive and unusual behaviour in their children who had been left unattended with the YouTube kids app. Who knows what a couple of hours of YouTube actors dressed as cartoon characters engaged in acts of defecation and mutilation does to a five year olds mind. Why would anybody want to find out?

One of the big players in the Elsagate scandal was the 'Freak Family'. A father racking up YouTube hits by pranking his seemingly traumatised young daughters with frogs and insects. He was eventually shut down. It was some weird stuff, and the target audience seemed somewhat unclear.

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YouTube eventually took a dislike to Arabs and Russians posting animated shorts of Mickey Mouse getting drunk, murdering Minnie and being tormented by her ghost. Only to wake up laughing, to find the whole thing was a dream. To be repeated over and over again.

Elsagate videos took universal childhood fears and embedded them into scenes with characters they knew and loved. Lured into by the familiar, everything would be derailed by sexually explicit activity or strange medical violence.

Eventually these videos dwindled in prominence. YouTube shut down channels with countless millions of views with names like 'spiders and tiaras' and began to play whack a mole with the smaller scale operations. Perhaps eventually the censorship rendered the whole thing too unprofitable to be worth pursuing. Now Elsagate videos seem to be reduced to the same shoddily produced cartoons with themes of drinking and murder on repeat.

Still, even as years have passed, Daddy Finger occasionally plays through my mind during unthinking moments. That simple Nursery Rhyme invoking memories of unresolved horror and compelling mystery.

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•Spooky Stuff.

Right now, I appreciate Art Bell. I appreciate his company in this seemingly endless, bleak and trying time. I stocked up on old Coast to Coast episodes, and joined that strange collective of truckers, night workers and insomniacs.

For a while, I can put some earphones in and travel back to 1994 to listen to accounts of exorcisms or mysterious military plans to create invisible ships. I don't feel it's any less real than being able to listen to c2c live today, and what a great way to be immortalised, to continue reaching appreciative audiences from beyond the grave.

Those synthesised Native American flutes, advertisements for strange diets or flower deliveries. Comfy, creepy stuff all at once.

I saw an episode of tales from the dark side which features an angry talk show host who rants and raves about how much he hates people. He eventually finds himself in hell, bound to spend eternity in a state of anguish and exasperation, broadcasting hopelessly.

I like to imagine a reversal of the situation in Bells case. Bell manning the great radio in the sky, taking on the great mysteries of the world with legions of fans, possessing all the wisdom you'd associate with entering the hereafter. An eternity of nocturnal ventures into the unknown.

One of my fondest (more recent) c2c memories was George Noory hosting a show dedicated to black eyed kids. It was my introduction to the subject and I was working a night shift alone. Genuinely creeped out but captivated all the same, it was one of those great c2c moments, with an atmosphere that whilst isn't always apparent in newer episodes seemed to be there that night.

Half way through the show a cat let itself in through an open kitchen window. The noise that followed had me jump out of my skin, focused as I was on some woman's account of black eyed children knocking on her car door.

It's not easy to summarise the c2c community. There's political dissidents, mediums, ghost hunters, pagans, Christians, skeptics, victims of alien visitation and scientific outsiders. But there's a common, curious thread that runs through all of these groups, established first and foremost by Art Bell.

•Stories•

•Tapeworm (Part One)•

Arnold Chance was a proud man. He was proud of his beautiful wife Delilah, and very proud of his bright young son Piers. Sometimes this pride impaired his judgement, he'd do anything to save from letting his beloved family down. It was not uncommon to hear him say;

'With a wife and kid as swell as you two, I can't afford to be anything but the best Dad there is.'

The family holiday was a proud institution of that very proud father Arnold. He would organise it all year around, down to the last detail. This year was no exception, only he seemed more determined than usual to come up with the perfect holiday. His wife bought coffee to his work table as he was poring over maps and crafting itineraries.

'Honey, you worry too much. I'm sure the holiday will be just perfect.'

Arnold took a deep breath and smelt the coffee. It was his favourite brand, its marketing team boasted that their coffee was sourced from high up on some faraway mountain.

'With a wife as swell as you, and coffee as good as this, it has to be perfect, that's the point. I can't afford for things to go wrong!'

He sighed and sipped his coffee. Then beamed her that big reassuring smile. Kissing her hand and telling her that the coffee tastes just perfect.

Now, one might think a kid as spoilt as Piers would come to take things for granted, expect them and perhaps even throw the occasional tantrum. Nothing could be further from the truth. With his cereal box smile and mop of tussled blonde hair, Piers was an all round good egg.

In fact, every Saturday Piers would take his bike out to wave at folks in the neighbourhood and say good morning. Old Mr Gentryman would comment to Mrs Gentryman as he passed by with a wave; 'that's a good kid, his pops must be very proud. I'd be proud to have a kid like little Piers Chance.'

After much consideration, planning, drafting and brain racking Arnold was finally ready to announce the location of this years family holiday. He'd wait until they were together at the table and end the anticipation over one his wife's delicious gelatine salads.

There they sat, the three together, first spoke his wife; 'so, where's it going to be Arnie?'

Piers joined in; 'Yeah dad, tell us dad! Pleeease! I span my globe round and pointed at a country with my eyes closed. It landed on Burkina Faso. Are we going to Burkina Faso dad! Oh can we go to Burkina Faso!? Tell us Dad!'

Arnold let out a warm laugh and ruffled little Piers hair. Then he began.

'We're not going to Burkina Faso, I'm sorry Son. But I'll bet you'll love Japan just as much.'

The family cheered, Delilah embraced Arnold, and Piers declared he'd learn everything he could about his holiday destination, including the dates of national holidays and how to say please and thankyou.

'He's a culturally sensitive boy,' Arnold commented to Delilah, 'I'll bet he'll do just fine in Japan.'

Now, let us join the Chance family in Japan, where our story really begins. And more importantly their day out to a famous Tokyo parasite museum.

It was a hot summer afternoon in Japan. Little Piers had a rucksack, with sunscreen and all kinds of strange finds from a nearby convenience store. He had a big appetite and when dad asked little Piers what his favourite thing about Japan was, without a trace of hesitation little Piers began;

'Oh boy, the food dad! There's balls of rice with eels and squid, omelette with ketchup smiley faces, and all kinds of amazing noodle places!'

Mom and dad laughed, they knew when little Piers talked in rhymes he was very happy indeed.

That's when little Piers spotted the Meguro parasite museum. Now, little boys of Piers age might have asked for a visit to Disneyland or to play games in one of those multi-storey Akihabara arcades. But Piers was not like other boys, with an inquisitive mind and an eagerness to learn he grabbed his dads sleeve and said;

'A parasite museum! Can we go see it Dad!'

'How do you know it's a parasite museum son?' Dad looked puzzled.

Little Piers rolled his eyes;

'日本語で読めますよ！'

'He's a bright boy isn't he.' Mom ruffled his hair and dad nodded approvingly. Today the Chance family would visit the famous Meguro parasite museum.

There were little mites, creeping things, and spiders which could bite, big ticks, little ticks, and hungry parasites. Bugs that slithered, some that crawled, but there was one which Piers loved best of all.

Piers stopped in a corner, eyes wide in wonder. Now little Piers was a good kid, his folks loved him dearly as we now know. Old Mr and Mrs Gentryman always looked forward to his wave. But despite all of this, Piers never had a friend.

But there it stood, taller than Piers, suspended in some kind of preservative liquid. It's tale wrapped elegantly around and around, barely contained in that big glass tank. Like a magical being from another world. Piers had found his friend.

A tapeworm.

His parents looked on in puzzlement, Mom even shuddered a little. But Piers was enthralled and once he'd sorted his thoughts he began a heartfelt plea;

'Oh please Dad, please can I have a pet tapeworm! I promise I'll feed it everyday and look after it! I promise! Please Dad! It'll be my present for Christmas and next Christmas to come!'

Dad was unsure, he sweated a little. That look of uncertainty which his wife knew well. Out of the corner of his eye stood a young Japanese couple, discussing a nearby display. What if they spoke English, thought Dad. What would they think of a dad who turns down such a good kid, who tells his boy no in his moment of need.

It was decided.

'I'll get you one champ, you just be sure to take good care of it.'

'Awesome!' Piers jumped and punched the air in youthful celebration. The nearby couple shot a concerned glance and walked away.

Dad began his search that very night, how difficult could it be to find a tapeworm egg?

He asked around but was met with confusion and rejected at every turn. He wouldn't find one on the high street, perhaps he'd need to look online. A dark web marketplace might have the answer.

As little Piers slept, Dad scrolled through all manner of virus, disease and parasite on an obscure TOR forum. A Russian gentleman who boasted the finest wares in biological warfare might just save the day.

And there it was, between a batch of ricin and a smallpox sample, the finest tapeworm eggs. Volodymya616 received the order and assured that it would reach Arnold within the week.

Indeed, little Piers would have a friend, pet and tapeworm before he had even left Japan.

The days went by and Piers, whilst enjoying his otherwise perfect holiday, couldn't stop thinking about that tapeworm. Sat in a small cafe eating strawberry cakes, Dad couldn't wait any longer. He finally broke the good news. His tapeworm was likely on a smuggling vessel, approaching a collection point off the south coast of Japan. Piers jumped for joy, fist in the air, he cheered to himself and embraced his very proud Dad.

Mom gave Dad a concerned look. She had expressed some worries, the night before she almost whispered; 'I don't know Arnold, they seem so...dangerous. And frankly they give me the creeps. People go to doctors to have them removed. It'll make our little Piers ill, I'm not sure of it.'

Dad rolled his eyes and stroked her hair.

'Nonsense. I had a big dog when I was a kid, it even bit me once or twice as a puppy. But I loved that dog. Not to mention my bike. Mom would almost have a heart attack when I tore down the hill past our old house. It's normal to worry.'

Mom gave in and offered to make coffee, knowing Dad was right.

'It's the coffee from the mountain, honey.'

Dad smiled as she leaned in for a kiss, and pecked her cheek. It was as though peace had been restored to the Chance family.

And a new addition was currently on its way, hidden in a small safe on a very big cargo ship, in the corner of a room where sailors were joking in Cantonese and smoking unfiltered, rolled cigarettes. The rolling sea outside perhaps suggestive of the turbulent times that lay ahead for the Chance family.

End of part One.

•Weird Web•

I'm a big fan of the absurdist but deadly serious Randy Prozac, and what appears to be his recent shift towards the right. Not the political right, but the spiritual, concerned primarily with matters of sanity, common sense and the ability to freely express controversial ideas. And above all else a critical take on humanity which abandons popular equalitarian doctrine.

A prolific multi genre artist (I've no doubt he'd hate that description), Prozac's website sentimentalcorp.org is well known by dark web explorers, but I've never met another serious follower of Prozac. People glance over his work, get creeped out and call it a day. Despite his relative obscurity his website is consistently updated and evolving.

I was struck by his change in thematic direction upon the release of 'The things you learn at bingo'. This Canadian artist who had spent years creating animated features dealing with monarch mind control and the human capacity to be brainwashed had now focused in on Pakistani rape gangs in the UK. This, as we'll look at here, was not such a huge leap to make.

Mind control and exploitation have long featured as themes in Prozac's work. The neurolinguistic programming (utilisation of terms such as grooming gang) and shadowy government cover ups in the UK are subjects not far removed from Prozac's earlier material. The rape of English children by 'minority' (another NLP term) groups took decades to find its way into mainstream news.

And like magic, mere months later the entire thing was forgotten by a significant number of Britons.

It reminds me of the Western indifference to Anglo-American war crimes. The human capacity to be brainwashed, our inclination towards comfort and laziness makes something like the devastation of Iraq unworthy of reaction. When we discovered over a million had died and a salafi jihadist apocalypse death cult had taken over massive areas of Iraq and Syria, and Bush had lied to make this possible...NOBODY CARED.

We're too comfy to care. Subject to our own Yellow Brick Road programming, led unwittingly as altars under handlers.

This is the fuel that keeps sentimentalcorp running, exasperation, hopeless but impossible to stop voicing once it is felt. Those atrocities which have never been accounted for, that we cannot forget.

Think back again to the 'grooming scandal'. The mantras and untruths of the globalist left which led to this are reminiscent of the verbal spells cast in mind control programs. Prozac must have realised this and applied his unique and cutting perspective to this unfolding nightmare accordingly.

Not to entertain us but because he hates us for what we are willing to tolerate.

There was a particular segment of Parasite Dreams in which a girl pleads with a man to learn about the Dyncorp scandal. He is too transfixed by his Facebook account to listen, responding in non-sequiturs and talking about sharing the photographs pancakes he had for breakfast. Entirely satisfied to like and be liked on Facebook and indifferent to the world around him.

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Sentimentalcorp is an excellent example of 'old internet', a website which has endured beyond the rise of social media and YouTube, and never conformed to their usage. Prozac declared there would never be sentimentalcorp presence on those monolithic corporate platforms and remains uncompromising on this front.

I'd like to imagine Prozac as a normal guy. Playing pool with the guys, drinking beers and keeping some tedious office job. Going to the cinema, secretly hating every second of it, expertly pretending to be impressed by the latest Hollywood offering. But beneath the surface, entirely unremarkable in appearance, is this seething, almost maniacal zeal to see our dark age conditions overturned.

For all we know he could be one of the models in those office stock photographs which used to appear on sentimentalcorp. Behind enemy lines, faking a fluoride smile while he brings about system failures. Speaking the truth only behind masks and images.