

RESPONDING TO OFFICIAL INQUIRY: "WHAT IS N.A.T.G.E.O?"

'N they looked through smudgy lines AT a never ending hole. Going Ever Onward, and circling back around the globe, An ographic task of Condense, Restructure, Expand, Expel; Pulling stories (The C.R.E.E.P system) from NATure into fables pouring back into the world again, the meaning of history redoubled and retroactively applied to the original sources by some moore. With this C.R.E.E; Ping sense of history spilling out in front of them, the band of Agent travelers poured/pulled their own natures from this vortexual zone.

They hardly knew their place in relation to this circle but some of them theorized that they were fermenting in the stomach of culture's slithering circular snaking recursion.

This is their story.

"Gurrrrrrgle.... Guuuurrrrrrgle...."

N.A.T.G.E.O Agent Traveller John Force sits across from you, scummy desk, with a PR smile on his face.

"I'll tell you whatcha wanna know", he says, taking out a long paper transcript from his desk. "There's a cool little intro bit, 'n then I'll read yous the correspondence we had with the landlord over our lease agreement, which we agreed sorta gives you the whole- capeesh, on what N.A.T.G.E.O here is all about 'n why we're metaphorically envisioning ourselves inside the stomach of a shit-eating snake."

You nod, shoes sinking slightly into flesh.

"Second-hand office and school chairs from intercontinental yard sales, Gracefully dodging the vore comparison, supplanted into a fleshy gut with good acoustics. An organ-office of gumshoe gut-flora, Agent Travellers reporting on the past, present and future, a real whos who of who cares. Comprised of both fictional and non-fictional volunteers. Nobody thinks about the smell, we've got work to do... (Plus 95% of the Agency work from home via digital telecommunication). Articles, stories, poems, visual art, anything that can be seen or heard is collected together in a magazine that comes with a soundtrack: N.A.T.G.E.O", and a smile represses itself under his 5 o'clock shadow. He clears his throat...

"Respectfully, Sir, we don't think the renovations we have made to your property are beyond either 1. the bounds of reason, or 2. our lease agreement. Please, let us explain once more. Ants have two stomachs, right? One is for personal consumption, the other is their *social stomach* where food is stored to be regurgitated to other ants in an act called trophollaxis. Trampolining off of that, our Agency reckons human culture is a matter of digestion and social stomachs and intestines. Think about it, no ideas or cultural contributions come without prior consumption, our own digestion of the worlds inputs (*'our' scales all the way between structural/societal impositions, limits, zeitgeists and individual uniquenesses of course... We're collective, and individual, yada yada*) that becomes composite in what we end up producing for the world- be it ideas, products, conversations, interpretations... I mean, if you think about it, every receiving brain has its own history behind it that's gonna be influencing how it receives whatever it does. So whatever it puts back out there, whatever uniquenesses or mimesis' come back out are gonna be... Lumpy, bumpy, passing into other peoples cultural colons, adaptively moving and becoming homogenous on scale- but we won't get sidetracked, sorry. On to the snake... We thoughts to ourselves, us and our pals and whatnot.... When it comes to feeding off the products of the cultural colon, we got very similar tastes in our mouths. Not just due to the mainstream monopoly, or the *algorithmic despotism* of social media, but in the lingering and unresolved *debris* of our particular time that's got us... Looping over ourselves, regurgitating the past, commodifying yesterday's dinner. It's like culture is an ouroboros shitting into its own mouth, digesting it with us as little gut floras, shitting it back out only to eat it again... As a group of hardcore veteran journalists and some young'n internet-moles we met with over discord, we thought... If we synch together our own 'social stomach', within this digestion tract, like an egregore (*"a distinct non-physical entity that arises from a collective group of people"* - wikipedia), we could take advantage of our shared-consumption to shared-digest out more productive and fibrous feces for the international community, and have fun doing it. It's colon chaos out there, ribbled all over the place, and we wanna take advantage and *weaponise the group-form* !!! Obviously we won't be bringing any real weapons into the property. We wanna reap the benefits of doing what you can't do alone, and while this don't say too much about our aims *content wise*, which you'll just have t' waiten see for, I think it does a mighty good job explainin' the renovation situation you've been so insistent on haranguing us about. Thank you.

P.S. sorry for the late rent, we'll have it in as soon as possible."

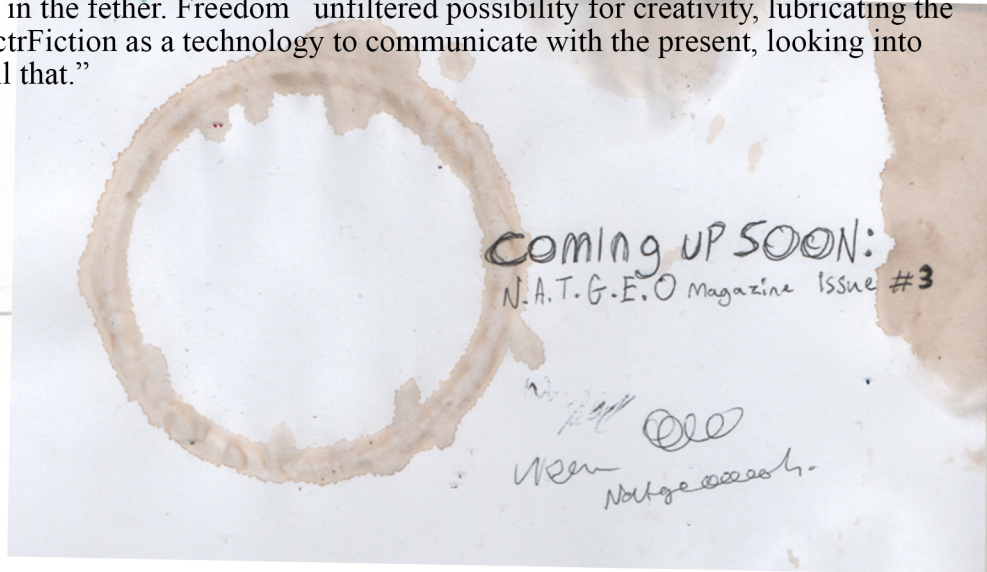
Agent Force looks up with a toothy Noir grin. "You can take a copy of this.. And oh, we made a lil somethin' here..." - he brought out a macaroni and text collage the group had prepared, a cut-up of all their answers to your officially processed inquiry, which he proceeded to read aloud:

(turn to next page)

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..... This is their story
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"To me, N.A.T.G.E.O is the collective pulsewaves recompense, What does N.A.T.G.E.O mean to me, well back in my day... To me natgeo is a creative place where I really with the people I know irl in my life. In my life is where N.A.T.G.E.O collects journalism. Gut flora of journalism. You can find me oncan discuss and make things I can't YouTube... (no shoes or nothin', country boy) Speculative sli-fi written by phillip k. dickheads in an attempt to find a swallowable future. , Its all unfiltered possibilities for creativity, lubricating the social engine for collaboration. A creative place I can make.. Sleep poems, abled tons, image essays for your pleasure and predicted Fleative impulses excreted by fearful souls floating in the fether. Freedom unfiltered possibility for creativity, lubricating the social engine for collaboration surging electrFiction as a technology to communicate with the present, looking into the future so you can look backwardsNd all that."

You thought that was enough for now.
correspondence over



And that was enough for me.
correspondence over

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we're in there --->

om outoutside: