

Preview





I set out on this peculiar journey in the knowledge that life is considerably more mysterious than we are ordinarily led to believe.

In The Money Tree I reveal a real-life story of a strange experience that happened to me. In fact, it was technically a Jungian synchronicity.

Carl Jung's theory of synchronicity is based on the idea that seemingly unrelated events can be connected through meaning, rather than causality. According to Jung, these meaningful coincidences or synchronicities occur when an individual's

unconscious psyche becomes linked with the external world in a way that goes beyond the realm of chance. You can see Keira Knightley experience synchronicities in A Dangerous Method.

This story portrays
the friendship between
Carl Jung and Sigmund
Freud, as well as
their disagreements
and eventual
estrangement over this
mysterious phenomenon.

You can observe an apparent synchronicity filmed <u>live here</u>. My own experience with such matters has been strikingly and uncannily similar.

Our zine endeavours to explore these unsettling themes. I sincerely hope you gain something, at the very least along the lines of fun.

The Editor.
Kole Bird
He / She / They / Them

To enrich your experience, you may delve into other realms and experiences

via <a href="https://www.nyerlinked">hyperlinked</a>,

underlined text and visuals.

Links to the recording are also provided via the headphone icon:

You also have the chance to join us in the live production of the zine by submitting your email

#### here

If you are viewing QUZI on a PC or Mac, may we encourage you to enjoy SQUZI in full screen with keys CTL-L or CMD-L



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## those eyebrows







all that you are is a set of eyebrows

you wake up early in St. Petersburg,
you have never been to St. Petersburg and were not expecting
to wake

up there

you knew you were somewhere you shouldn't be because you didn't recognise the room you woke up in

as soon as you open the curtains, the very first thing you always do every morning, and the obvious thing to do when you wake up in a strange place, revealed, right there in front of you, the very same clock tower depicted on your favourite fridge magnet at home: ST. PETERSBURG WELCOMES YOU

emblazoned vertically, in a bold, white times new roman font, down the entire side of this odd, classical revival, pseudo-Mediterranean, modernist clock tower

surrounded by palm trees, so it must be Florida did you think I meant Russia?

so, here's the thing: you're in St Pete Florida, not Russia

you don't how you got there, and you are not yourself, not yourself at all

indeed, in fact, you are barely anything, because as soon as you move to the mirror, the very second thing you always do every morning, like an automaton, a mecca, a <a href="clockwork on autopilot">clockwork on autopilot</a>, is check you still exist

but there in the mirror, right in front of you is no human, no body, not even a face

put simply, all that is there, is a set of levitating eyebrows

all that you are is a set of eyebrows, not only that, they, are also a heavy drag-queen version of Bettie Davis's eyebrows

you have absolutely no memory of being Bettie Davis or a drag queen

though you did do a little drag once, but it isn't the same eyebrow, not the same at all

the thing is, you don't really have much memory of anything; a house, a kitchen, a set of fridge magnets, a vague recollection of doing drag, and that's about it, all very blurry

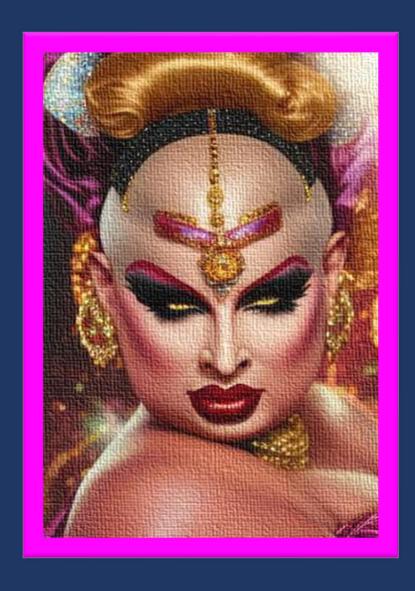
perhaps that's normal for a set of disarticulated eyebrows, a vague recollection of a something before now, a set of fridge magnets in a kitchen somewhere, and that's it:

not to worry, it'll all come flooding back, like amnesia in a Hollywood movie

you just needed to find the right trigger and you'll be yourself all over again, in no time

if you could just get your movies right, you could find the rest of your face!

so, without further ado, and being wholly committed to the power of positive thought, you set off, in an instant you are off, off out to look for the real you, darling!





I mean what can a girl do when she awakens as a set of eyebrows displaced from a face? and apart from anything else, eyebrows ordering breakfast in a hotel restaurant? it's an absolute no, no with all that wiggle and rise

and what's more without lips, you can't even perform the vowels and consonants you were so fond of in a vague and blurry past

come on eyebrows let's swoop off and find some lips!

you collectively declare

so off you trot, well not exactly trot, you are eyebrows, after all

one eyebrow takes the initiative and raises itself up, archlike, bursts through an open window, plunging into a Dalloway-existence

the other, being quantum entangled, does exactly the same but its precise mirror image

you are bird-swoops in mirrored simulation  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left($ 

at first, clear water below, fresh, the utter endless blue of Florida

you vaguely recall a lot of other fridge magnets depicting hot, semi-tropical blue-sky places



like a Fabula-9 island, a parallel dimension, depicted in this zine on page 87

but we shouldn't really be thinking about that because it's breaking the fourth wall

and that might collapse your voluntary acceptance of the unreal,

### and illusion of reality

like in quantum physics when the act of measurement or observation "collapses" the system's wave function

am addressing you directly, whoever you may be, as you read these words. I likely don't/won't know you; you are somehow in my future. Though our paths may never cross, and we may remain strangers in time, in this moment, you are the reader, and I am the writer. Together, we share this unique through these written that is reading now, and I know is that you are am the writer writing now.

and that was then,

# but your then is in my projection of the future

I'll try not to be a smart arse about it, but it feels creepy addressing you directly like this, does it feel odd being addressed like this?

for me right now, you are an unknown projection from the future, maybe even thousands of years from now

In quantum physics phenomena are not supposed to exist until observed,

## are you

phenomena? do you

exist?

## anyway, back to the imagistic:



you vaguely remember a lot of other fridge magnets depicting hot, semi-tropical blue-sky places, an aquamarine ocean,

lakeside Chicago cityscapes blazing at noon and all those 1960s and 70s chocolate bounty-bar beaches in TV commercials, that make you believe:

you've made it, it's the dream

but it's not hot, because you're so cool, as cool as mountains, Jack Kerouac-Easy Rider-cool

Bettie Davis eyes, he's got Bettie Davis eyes

you eyebrows, you swoopers, white doves that are books to birds on Dali days

so, to the lips how could anyone find a pair of lonesome lips? and what kind of lips, for that matter? pink lips, or hot lips? they had to be lipstick-lips, at least



and now that you mention it, you remember a pig farm, and café you kept, you and your cross-dressing husband on your pig farm in Thailand

he was very particular about pink lipstick; his name was Nam which means water

when you opened that café, he asked you to choose a name, so you chose pink lips,

and he, being an artist, painted huge pink lips down the side of the café for all to see

nobody cared how weird you were in Ban Chot, a remote village, miles from anywhere, cut off from western civilisation, cut off from reality, with no TV, plunged into a Buddhist dream world, swooping through life as though you were in your own story

how dare you control the narrative, how selfish, how wonderful

the café sat in front of a resplendent mountain called weary mother, and those were the happiest days of your life so, pink lips they would have to be

and not only free-floating pink lips, but lips that would willingly join you in pursuit of a face

it is rather narrowing the choices, so the odds are stacking up

you swoop over the city, as eyebrows do when they seek a face

down below the gridded golden garden megalopolis, where everyone had already forgotten how to be human, you spy a golden garden park, a good place to watch people going by, and with a bit of luck, and a sort of knitting together, maybe some other detached facial parts, rarely seen, will stop by, maybe even pink lips

a park bench, yes, a park bench, you find a lovely bench opposite a huge fountain,

and as there is no plaque commemorating it to a dead person, you imprint yourself right in the middle of the back rest and settle down to your new existence in wood

a kind of imprinted, incognito eyebrow tattoo nobody will notice you; they'll mistake you for a simulacrum in the wood knotting

you get on social media immediately and leave a message on the new trending social media platform "iF'' which stands for "infinitely Facile", the strap line speaks: "glib is the new profound"

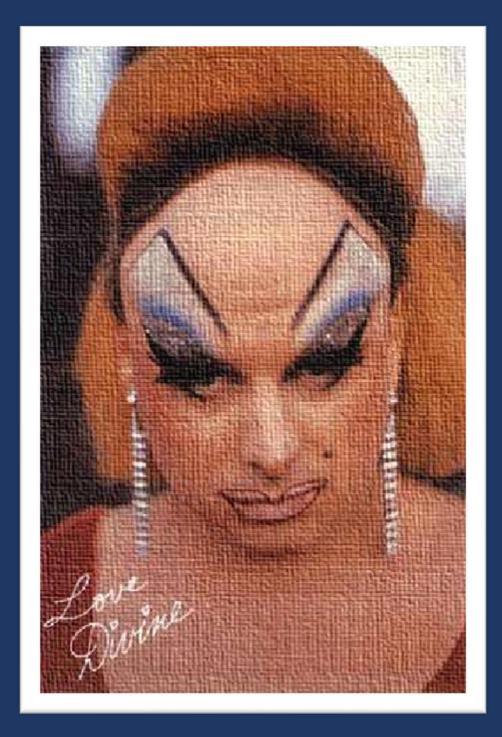
it's a must.

so, you put out a general appeal:

"have water supply. incognito eyebrow tattoo vaguely imprinted on a park bench back rest seeks pink lips. would like to make a long-term face of it. come and see if I am real or just a simulacrum in the wood grain. you decide"

perfect, it'll be a long time coming but it will come, you have eternity on your side





"Eat Shit"

### More about $Q_{vZ_{I}}$



Fabula 9 is calling you



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