

It was my space. I was thinking if it was in simulation mode of itself, a cuck simulation, it could be better used this way, certain variables could be played around with, an image could be built, tested out for against other images, other simulations, could better understand the outcome, girls, it's the last chance, the last hole.

The wound was opening, I felt, she felt it, I was trying to become one with her feeling, the female artist. It was that high point of pregnancy, every movement was uphill, extending out physical form into reality, an entirely new experience for a man, all men, to be pregnant, requiring new folk wisdom and philosophy ideas to make sense of it, life in the belly, constantly filling with digesting food, not wanting it to fill up too large, to achieve a desired figure of the self.

It doesn't matter what I say because the baby can't hear me in there, except for some sonic rumbling in the pre developmental sense of hearing, there is nothing for it to want to listen too, the acoustics of the belly itself, the baby listening to itself, in the echo chamber of its hole, the heaviest hole there is, causing such a burden on the universe, one more existence for it to support, already having supported the existence of all babies ever.

Even entirely filled with fluid it was still not enough to be a good place for an exhibition, the excreting substrate, combining with other excretions, surrounding us, lubricating the flux of our movements, every element under the framework of this increase in the efficiency of flow, some entities under our control, manipulating the matter into objects, like the first woman manipulating the first man, and he manipulating her, resulting in the first baby ever, myself, continuing the cycle of manipulation.

The baby was already completing its growth into an art object. It even had a penis pointed out, along with all its limbs, like a starfish. It was her idea, but she was nervous about it, so I said it was my idea too, to please her, and so, I felt, to please all women, for my own benefit, should I need to produce another baby with one of them in the future. My list of good deeds to women was long, beginning in the womb, where I didn't produce a single sound or disturbance, even my belly kicks were as soft as possible.

I am actually a women, well just a little girl, with big dreams of becoming a big strong man, this is what I had to explain to the other kids in the school yard when they made fun of me for being born from a man, no deformities even, I wouldn't show them the complete proof underneath my clothes, but they could see by the softness of the feminine skin on my face and hands that my father had a suitable womb.

All for the purpose of art, I would sacrifice anything for it, my brain, my body, even use it as an excuse to produce a baby, but the longer I go on, stuck in the womb, the clearer it becomes I am a burden on this world, I even called my male mother my father, myself a man, a girl, an artist.

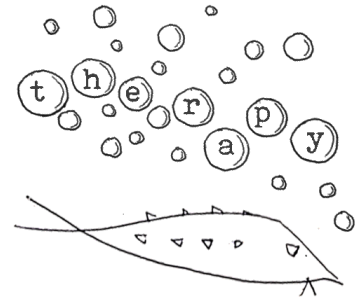
Cuck simulation mode, enter cuck user name, earl\_cuck, allow time plus woman, plus password data, entered, website of cuck, trying to prepare for the real thing, instructional video, didn't explain it properly, she told me she wanted it the other way around, she does everything for me and I put her in the exhibition, I said fuck off or I wont put you in the exhibition.

And then we accept it, she puts it in my mouth, I just hate women, no I just don't get it, and I by your side, licking you, no respecting you, helping your artwork, no I won't, I will do nothing, I will just be here, you can do whatever you like and I will just sink into the background aiding you in whatever way I can.

Something felt better then, doesn't feel so good now, many things to regret, many many things, well it's not so bad, I dont regret, fuck you all, fuck this shit.

-Earl

The Last Hole  
2025



Stephanie Ligeti

Birth Chart 1  
oil, paper and glitter on canvas  
110 x 100 cm

Zodiac  
paper on canvas  
112 x 102 cm

Birth Chart 2 (Sisi + Franz)  
oil, paper and stickers on canvas  
140 x 100 cm

Sigrid Mau

ducks on lake  
oil on canvas  
44 x 46 cm

pond  
oil on canvas  
35 x 48 cm

Norway  
oil on canvas  
22,5 x 22,5 cm

Susanna Maila

*No title*  
oil on canvas  
81 x 101 cm

FELLA  
oil on canvas  
70 x 64 cm

Cuckquean  
oil on canvas  
60 x 50 cm

Connie Wilson

Dougie Jones  
acrylic, PLA, styrene, felt, image transfer, fake  
tongue, fake hair  
21,5 x 9 x 10 cm

Mr Jackpots  
acrylic, PLA, styrene, felt, nail polish, image  
transfer, peacock feathers  
21,5 x 9 x 10 cm

Dale Cooper  
acrylic, PLA, styrene, felt, fake hair  
21,5 x 9 x 10 cm