

ANOTHER ENGLAND

The very existence of AI has made everything true, and nothing true, simultaneously.

Not only have facts and history become infinitely elastic, but they are now also personal choices, informed by whatever internet silo, or reddit group we happen to inhabit.

'Another england' follows 'Another America' and is the second installment in my historical surrealism series. It's both based in truth, of what might have happened, what could happen, and based in fantasy. In some ways, it mirrors our new relationship with media and the image.

We live in a time of active invented history-it's being rewritten in front of our very eyes.

Images & words by Phillip Toledano + Ai

Another America and We are at war, have been shown internationally, at Noordelicht festival, Cortona on the move, Planches Contact, The Griffin museum, amongst others.

Another England will be the third in a series of Ai books published by L'Artiere



In 1985, the Dover Harbour Board, desperate for expansion funds and terrified of Margeret Thatcher’s growing taste for privatization, made a decision history would call “ill-advised” and locals would call “the chalk apocalypse.” They hired sculptors to carve Margaret Thatcher’s face into the White Cliffs of Dover.

The result was 60 feet of limestone grimace, glaring eternally toward France, her lips pursed like she’d just digested a socialist. Unveiled quietly at dawn to avoid protests. The official line: “A celebration of leadership.” The unofficial one: “Please don’t sell the docks.”

The Guardian called it “A geological hostage situation.”

Schoolchildren on field trips ask if she’ll ever smile. The guide sighs, gestures at the cliffs, and says, “Only if the pound is strong and the unions are quiet.”

Today, she looms—silent, eternal, impossible to ignore. Pigeons refuse to land on her. Ferries change course to avoid her gaze. Some say at night, you can hear her promising that compassion is inefficient.

The Glowing Years of Little Latchford

From 1981 to 1994, the village of Little Latchford in Devonshire ran entirely on jellyfish.

It began with Miss Hazel Cripps, a retired biology teacher and widow of a man who once held the regional record for growing the largest cabbage. She returned from a winter in Cornwall with a crate of bioluminescent jellyfish and a theory: that with enough saltwater and patience, they could replace every bulb in the village.

To everyone's astonishment, she was right.

By 1983, streetlamps were converted into gently swaying brine tanks. Kitchen ceilings glowed with blue orbs that pulsed as kettles boiled. The post office was famously lit by a single, fat jelly named Cyril who flickered when someone fibbed.

The light was soft and constant. The crime rate fell. So did sleep quality. "It's like being gently judged by sea ghosts," said one villager in the Western Gazette.

There were setbacks. A batch of temperamental jellies blacked out the pub for four days. A school-child tried to ride one and was stung into temporary wisdom. But overall, life was brighter and oddly quieter.

By 1992, tourists arrived in droves to see "the glowing village." A Channel 4 crew filmed a special. Hazel was offered a grant by the EU. She declined. "They'll only muck it up with forms" she said.







It started quietly, in 1982, when Stonehenge was “temporarily enhanced” by a local dairy collective. For three weeks, each standing stone bore a painted cow and the slogan

“Milk: As Old As Time.”

In the spring of 1986, Dunthrop Castle reopened with little fanfare—aside from the enormous golden arches affixed above the portcullis. Inside, the Great Hall had been retrofitted into a McDonald’s dining room. Tourists ate Quarter Pounders beneath oil paintings of long-dead dukes. The dungeon served sundaes.

Locals protested, briefly. A letter in the Bridlington Gazette called it “an insult to chivalry.” But most people just queued for fries.

Worse—or better, depending who you asked—was St. Aelred’s Abbey. The 12th-century ruin, once a site of quiet pilgrimage, was converted into a rollercoaster called The Holy Scream. The track looped through the nave and corkscrewed over the altar. A sign read: “Relics may shift during the ride.”

By autumn, English Heritage had partnered with a fizzy drink company. “Drink the Past,” billboards urged. Tintern Abbey became a laser tag arena.

By 1989, the past had become a theme park. What remained sacred was laminated. Every relic came in three sizes.





The Fox liberation army

It began in Norfolk. Dozens of foxes—calm, coordinated—descended on a rural meet of the North Wensum Hunt. They fed the hounds laxatives, slashed tires, and vanished into the woods. No blood. Just quiet fury.

By March, it was national. Range Rovers were found on fire in country lanes. Shotguns filled with marmalade. Gazebos set ablaze.

One man reported waking to a fox at his bedside, gently shaking its head.

They communicated through stolen chalk and perfect penmanship. “No more red coats,” one message read, “Or we take the Barbours.”

The government was baffled. The English hunting authority issued a statement urging “dialogue,” but no one knew who to talk to. By April, a parish council in Wiltshire was forced to negotiate directly with a fox named Thomas, who wore pince-nez and refused tea.

Fox hunting declined after that. Not by law—by superstition.



It was 1983, and the English Tourist Authority had a problem: people were going to France. For the wine, the beaches, the nudity—mostly the nudity. Meanwhile, England had sheep. It had drizzle. It had a sign in Cumbria that said “Closed Tuesdays.”

Enter: Operation puff ‘n pose

The idea came from a weekend brainstorming session in Dorset involving three junior tourism officials, a bottle of sherry, and an inflatable penguin leftover from a maritime safety exhibit.

What if, they thought, you simply added animals? Not real ones—too messy, too French. No, what if you manufactured charm? What if people could pull off the A303, walk into a field, and find a small flock of magnificently camera ready sheep.

And so they did.

People loved it. Children wept with joy. American tourists asked if the animals were sacred. An Italian proposed to an inflatable owl in Surrey.

It lasted four summers.

Then one especially hot July, a cluster of inflatable hedgehogs exploded in Wiltshire, terrifying a nearby brass band, and putting an abrupt end to the glorious age of puff.



