



**I AM NOT A GURU, but somewhat enlightened, and can liberate you. In this I am a cult/non-cult deprogrammer, professional occult operator, destroying control code from the inside. An expert over experts, exposé of perverts, tabloid culture, secret rape, the shame game, hypnotised as the saying goes, a saviour of lost in sales funnel targets, enmeshed in scientific management in the Empire of Spectacle cringe marathon sponsored by Clownword cement their place via celebrity photographer backlit into eternity, spotlight on a bare stage freeform saga that blends a true epic vivid with double-cross, Pentagon twilight fed into the algorithm gearing towards false positives, as ready and able as Rasputin Cock. There will be no nature reserve if we don't build the sea wall. I deal with things most people don't understand. It's to do with energy, time, guidance, and can be summed up as "seeing further," with the resulting activation of pertinent previously dormant brain circuit abilities including esoteric martial arts, interworld telepathy, psychedelic knowledge of fungi. I am stoned when I'm sober, a constant sidelong abstraction trance, anywhere content. Sometimes you can read the static at electricity pylons or petrol stations that lets you know the atmosphere of the entire country and you can many tell people things through these 'wires'. In the exciter overloads green teens possess a ouija board: neighbourhood threat to national incident. Others call suicide bombers with killer vaccine vests coming to help the mutant student meningitis from the doctor-ed vapes they share thanks to an immune hostile agent. The shops are dangerous, the enemy within. Who cares? The killmap normal now, cops having sex with cadaver dogs, innocents on both sides mired in mirrored AI slop, managing dreamers, the purpose shortage. Whose God do we trust? You keeping quiet via amateur hour guilt by association misreading loophole gangs as drone targets drone and poison ants get a breeding castle all over the ermine nobility sugar. Neo-Marxist Communists are strike anywhere matches, ready to blow. If you are the richest man in the world then do you own the world? That dolls hospital was freaky. I went inside to see what it was like so asked for eyes for my straw horse. Lots of ventriloquist dolls looked like they'd been there for years along the walls. The man-woman proprietors were strange too, dressed a bit like shop mannequins. I'd like to make active copies of the machine cabaret and its different sized fetuses different colour devil masks but white seems more scary in the night with goat contact lenses. Touch his tail all gets explained to you. Later staggering, odd in clock, what a rotter, his leering face gurns as another on the glowing square monitor. What survives?**

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