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ART CREDITS: Front cover illustration by OKOK Society; p.3 Photo by Jake Johnson; p.6 photomontage by OKOK Society; p.15 Propaganda poster by OKOK Society; p.38 Spell 33 drawing by Frater 33; p.60 AFNIP drawing by Frater 33; p.82 Lu Cipher drawing by Frater 33; p.96 Psyed collage by OKOK Society; p.105 Photomontage by OKOK Society; p.111 OKOK T Party pro. leaflet by OKOK Society; Back cover illustration by OKOK Society. All other artworks in this publication are either anonymous or by a person or persons unknown.

CODINGS: Unless stated otherwise, the qaballistic system used throughout this publication is the New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6 (NAEQ6). Capitalised words in bold are those also present in the NAEQ6 Codebook, *Liber AL vel Legis* (1904), in which the cipher was originally concealed and revealed. All Biblical references are from the *Authorised King James Version* (KJV) of 1611, the most accurate English translation extant.

FOGHORN: THE OKOKIAN INTELLIGENCER. Revised and expanded edition. Version 15.3. Published on 24 March 2017 by Archives Reeve. All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 2000/2017 The Respective Artist(s)/Archives Reeve. Thanks to the faithful printer's devil, AEXIS. All enquiries should be addressed to: mark-reeve@hotmail.com and more OKOKian plus related releases are now available for free download at: <http://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.co.uk>

An Introduction that was freely written by Harold Holt, a mostly impartial longtime associate of the reformed OKOK Movement, on 9 October 2016 in the county of Worcestershire in Great Britain

LIKE SOME CHILDHOOD memory that seems impossible but simultaneously true, and for some reason persists, it feels strange to reconsider my involvement with The OKOK Society (later renamed to The OKOK Research Bureau), one of Great Britain's most obscure esoteric movements. Sometimes this "cult cult" doesn't seem real, but there are other witnesses, and I still have the marks. Secondhand OKOK audio releases are for sale online at Discogs; OKOK collaborations listed on OCLC WorldCat; extant letters from the BBC asking OKOK to take part in two TV shows; and the printed matter reproduced in this present tome, *Foghorn: The OKOKian Intelligencer*, which to date is the definitive collection of primary source OKOKian material, covering the years 2000-2012 AD. As can be seen, many of the works are anonymous, as was OKOK's wont, and some are published here for the first time.

Reading back through these chessboard-coloured leaves I realise I have little to add, as whatever it is it better speaks for itself. There are certain omissions of the more-or-less publicly known however, such as the cat worship; the white girl with black hair and her diamond of heavy water; the underground hives... But as this is probably deliberate I shall not elaborate or answer questions in future. I can vouch from direct experience that OKOKianism was an honest, authentic vanguard magical-art (magic as art, art as magic) manifestation amongst the all-too-prevalent contrived play-actors, irreverent jokers and shadow government disinfo merchants not yet erased from all realities.

OKOK constituted a fine example of what William S. Burroughs & Brion Gysin called "The Third Mind": a mysterious triangulation formed between an (usually) unseen intelligence attracted to two-or-more collaborating people, in this case the OKOK Society co-founders, Reeve & Olan, the kings of wallflower bedroom shit disturbers; take-LSD-and-fuck-a-tree shoegaze brooders. They may be eccentric, and think spirits live inside the TV (that I didn't believe until I was showed them on screen); they are sometimes "filmed by the space voices," etc., and most OKOKians can be febrile, standoffish, and ultra-disdainful of the mundane moog – but this is what results from serious other-dimensional traffick. The rest of the TIME | EMIT with them was of top-hole scope; all sweetly Dennis Wheatley; a cosmic diplomatic bag with super subscript. Please degree.

The Monster Craving Loony Party: Mark Reeve, co-founder of the OKOK Society with Liam Olan, gives his firsthand account of the OKOK movement, incorporating OR...: OKOKian Research/OKOKian Resistance: The first OKOK Society manifesto (2003), that was left in telephone boxes

THE TROUBLE WITH WORDS is that they conceal much more than they reveal, so any statement, including this explanation, is the truth, a lie, a contradiction, all and none of these and something else besides, e.g: “Money doesn’t grow on trees” – unless you own an orchard or are a criminal logger, etc... Anyhow, as I was a prime mover in the OKOK Revival and there are too many ridiculous rumours and incorrect guesses surrounding it, it looks like it’s down to me to set the record straight(er) about all this, so I shall try and provide some kind of concise and lucid explanation of the unorthodox anarcho-gnostic enigma lodge or “cult cult” originally known as the OKOK Society (OS), and much later the OKOK Research Bureau (ORB).

It all began in the mid-1960s, with a loose-knit psychonautical organisation named “The Magic Roundabout” (after the same-titled French cult children’s TV show, whose English-language version was first broadcast in October 1965 with a grand total of 441 episodes.¹ This fact is curious, for if the amount of episodes is reversed it yields 144, a special number that later played a pivotal role in the development of the Phase II OKOK Society that I was part of).² The Magic Roundabout was a phalanx of the beardy-weirdy beat scene typical of that time. Females were rather scarce, but a supply of pharmaceutical grade LSD was plentiful thanks to a hip university contact. The stage was set via this chemically-induced mind expansion, inconsequential behaviour and telepathic bonding, with tentative forays into meditation and astral projection.

In 1970, they (individual names are withheld for obvious reasons) adopted the more unusual appellation of “The OKOK Society”, aka “The OKOKians”, and became part of the hardcore element that frequented Jake “The Rake” Johnson’s notorious Full Moon “Howling Parties”, a paragon of unsanity that took place in the potent psychedelic aftermath of the legendary Magic Mushroom Fayre held annually in the wilds of mid-Wales and ‘organised’ by the Wrexham-based Tantric commune, The Students of Sex (SOS) and their acid rock house-band Rocky Rufus & the Rubbernecks. The Sexy Students and Rubberneckers made up most of the numbers at the Howlings, but the main players were the few OKOKians, JJ himself, several of the radical unemployable Oxbridge drop-

outs and moneyed middle-aged kick-freaks that orbited him, plus the mysterious West London couple who appear to have been the ultimate leaders. At this point the occult was seriously on the menu. Synthesis and Metamorphosis. I was two-years-old at the time and few witnesses are prepared to speak today, so I can't vouch for what exactly went on, but I have been told that it was "unholy" (I'll spare you the details).



The OKOKian Thought Projection Record (unissued private recording, 1970).

Little documentation is extant from this period, but one curious arte-fact survives in the form of *The OKOKian Thought Projection Record*, a 12" vinyl LP from January 1970 (not 1966 as originally thought), home-recorded on a portable *Pye Record Maker* machine (complete with a "Magic Eye" recording level meter no less). The album was auctioned in 2000, and here is the corrected insert prepared for the sale:

This recently discovered OKOKian psychic sound experiment is the one-and-only edition that exists in the physical world. The 33/3 rpm disk will play on normal turntables, and is housed in its original sleeve, with handwritten research notes and magical diagrams on the reverse.

It was recorded in January 1970 amongst the erotic curios and occult objets d'art that jostled for prominence on the dusty shelves in the loft-den of Jake 'The Rake' Johnson. Six original members of the OKOK Society had gathered at the appointed hour, when the Instigator produced from under his cloak a black velvet bag covered in strange silver symbols, from which he extracted a 12-inch circular cake of audiophile weight beige vinyl and wide grooves, then informed the congregation that the night's experimental ritual was to be a concerted attempt to "project their thoughts audibly" onto the record via a specially-made microphone/aerial of complex alloy.

Up until several months ago the uncanny disk was thought lost, due to an excessive amount of potent psychedelic fungus willingly imbibed at the 1970 Magic Mushroom Fayre held at a remote

location in Wales, where the record had been taken to be played over the PA at 4.00 am, to subliminally add a certain atmosphere to the proceedings. As its eerie, haunting tones drifted across the fog-drenched campsite, enveloping the unwary, one reveller told a flower-girl tripping strongly on LSD that she “had a split personality”, which made her go instantly mad. She is said to have stood on the turntable to spin, in an attempt to escape the dark obsession. A male hippy, in the throes of deep speed paranoia, went into a semi-catatonic state for six hours, his mouth hanging open and drooling a long thread of saliva whilst he kept repeating the phrase “Fackin’ hell boy!” over and over, long after the record had finished.

Fortunately however, in the ensuing mass panic and general stampede surrounding the “Satanic Sound Attack”, the LP was not discarded or destroyed, but had been mistakenly bundled into the rucksack of “The Hat”, a leading member of the Wrexham-based Tantric commune the Students of Sex (SOS), and the bass player of their legendary acid rock house-band, Rocky Rufus & The Rubbernecks. After he had overdosed spectacularly on Chinese heroin in 1972, the LP found its way mysteriously into his mother’s record collection, where it lay undisturbed for over a quarter of a century in a cardboard box, nestled amongst *Perry Como’s Greatest Hits*, *James Last’s Party Hour* and Ken Dodd’s solo efforts, their very blandness the perfect camouflage for the magic platter that lurked within. It was rescued from being donated to the local charity shop, then promptly delivered to us, by an Angel, who wishes to remain anonymous.

Do not expect to ‘hear’ what is on this LP in the normal sense. Rest assured that it does contain intelligible recorded information, but in the manner that a talisman does. This has been attested to by several psychic mediums who have examined (and in some cases been extremely disturbed by) it. The record is paranormal. It is NOT a toy or party game. Do not publicly broadcast or duplicate any part or the whole of this record.

The original purchaser of this record has since reported experiencing “kaleidoscopic inscapes” and “gored out of my skull” sensations when in close proximity to it (whether played or unplayed), and the record was last known to be in the possession of an art collector in the North of England, who does not seem to have informed anyone of any unusual or disturbing effects, although this does not necessarily mean that there weren’t any, whether such manifestations were registered or not by any witness.

I FIRST LEARNED of The OKOK Society in the late-1980s, through a series of bizarre ‘coincidences’ and other peculiar prompts connected to my then deep involvement in the international mail-art scene, that provided the means for me to come into contact with Liam Olan, who was residing in North Wales. (This was instigated by what was later revealed to be an interdimensional Higher Intelligence. There are reasons for this. I don’t know them all yet, but there are reasons...)

We began trading our outsiderist music cassettes and artworks and soon realised we were spiritually allied. I eventually paid him a visit, during which he played me a short segment of *very strange* noise that purported to be the voice of a demon summoned at the prehistoric Meini Hirion stone circle in the hills above Penmaenmawr sometime in the 1970s. He warned me beforehand that past broadcastings of the tape had resulted in “uncanny activity in the vicinity,” but I thought he was having me on. However, several minutes after the tape ended I began to notice small, semi-translucent snakelike things moving around the floor. Just as I was about to ask them their names and why they were there Liam stamped his foot and uttered an incantation, and whatever they were simply vanished. Strongly impressed, I asked him about the provenance of the recording, to which he replied that it had come from his ex-girlfriend’s father (since deceased), who had either been an OKOKian initiate or somehow had access to their teachings.³

I pumped Liam for more information and he told me all he knew. The OKOKians had shared a detached cottage near Deniolien in Gwynedd, and having realised early on that altered states of consciousness were the key to magical ability, much work arose with extended self-induced hypnotic trances, to reach the sweet state where it is possible to effectively believe/work strange rites, totally absorbed for nine hours or more (“Make a black hole in the floor then dive into it...”). The aim was to exist with no separation between the sacred/secular; material/spiritual; visible/invisible; ‘fact’ and ‘fiction’...

This was an uneasy marriage that ended abruptly around 1976 in a series of spectacular disasters ranging from drug overdoses to attempted suicide and murder, after which the more psychically robust members cut loose and followed the crooked path to where the grass grew weirdest: firstly West Wales in 1977, in deep with the “Welsh Triangle” UFO/paranormal happenings that same year, then up the compass to the North Wales coast between 1984-1986, to investigate the similar high strangeness occurring there.⁴

Thusly, OKOKian activity continued, although under far from ideal (yet very useful) conditions. Living in the mountains, woods and caves, close- and remote-viewing the vivid secret landscape whilst subsisting mostly on a salad of raw plants, roots and berries (or “Rocket Fuel” as it came to be known as, due to its effects), the OKOKians forged an even more intense investigative relationship and began to perform a heady and volatile blend of Ultraterrestrial Sorcery. The driving force always centred on the Here & Now; knowing the value of having firsthand experiences in the field, rather than merely reading about other people’s ideas and adventures. (No other evidence will satisfy.)

The trail goes cold around 1988, and despite our best efforts, myself, Liam and other countercultural researchers were (and have been) unable to trace any activity whatsoever by the original OKOKians since that year (if anyone has any info please let me know).



INSPIRED BY ALL this, Liam and I solemnly swore to enter and develop the OKOKian Way ourselves, so with all due ceremony we reculted. In 1989, I exiled myself to North Wales and moved into his loft. Once I'd settled in the phenomena started up: red and blue tennis ball-size lights floating about on the stairs; shadowy figures walking through the walls; visitors suddenly bursting into tears for no obvious reason; a blue cloud floating near the ceiling from which a pointing hand was thrust, and an unnerving visitation by the "corpse whore," who knocked at the front door one stormy night.

As, unlike our forebears, we dwelt within four walls of stone and knew of no other OKOKians, during the 1990s we subtly shifted the strategy of the OKOK Experiment. Whilst "standing on a mirror in a maze, listening to secret transmissions," we investigat-

ed the fascinating borderland where Art & Magic interpenetrate, for we had concurred that all of the best underground occult groups are also, equally, avant-garde art movements (and vice versa). This was a time of many memorable experiences. The *Mind...*

At this stage the fundamental neo-OKOKian intent was was pyramidal:

- 1) To marry Art & Magic together.
- 2) To contact other dimensions of reality.
- 3) To communicate with the denizens of such realms.

This was not limited to accepted occult practice, but also involved sound, film, sitting in cafes, standing in remote abandoned buildings, conversation, night-rambling and other disciplines. The overall aim of play was: “dissolving the ‘fuzz’ around the Self, so that Self can play more easily. Accept Nothing. Question Everything. Undoing Your Locks Is The Key.” Myriad doctrinal texts were written, honed, then honed again, as we ruthlessly distilled them down to their essential core:

In any sentient being there is both Will (Transmission) and Perception (Reception). Reality is their interplay. Magic the mastery of them. As for Mysticism... The biggest restriction is the concept of restriction itself, so watch what, and *how*, you think. With the correct utilisation of Will and Perception—especially when pushed to high-obsessive, pro-psychotic levels—it is possible to reach a point where no idea enters your mind unless you allow it to. Then one can do anything.⁵

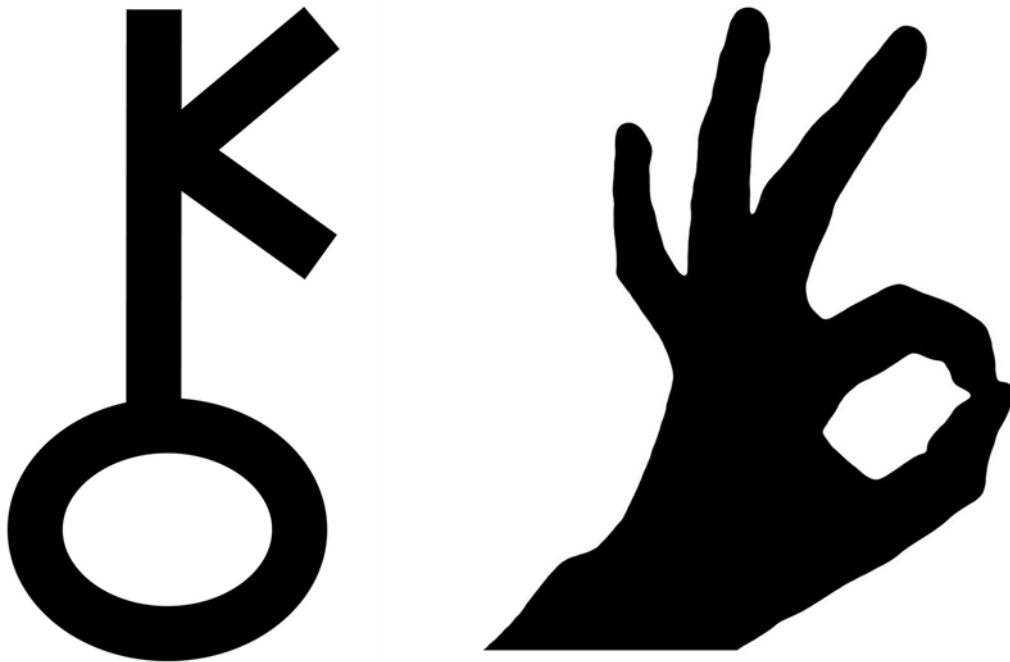
There were many nights without a day as choice nectars were imbibed from outside and inside, and we soared to lofty poetic vistas. In some of the entranced drifts it was as if we saw through other’s eyes, our wild quill-hands quivering under a strange light from obscure rays, and even stranger vibrations. By scarlet and purple means we obtained the



The O-K
'Human-Alien
Hybrid' or
'God-Human'
figure of
OKOKianism.

hidden meanings behind that somewhat curious name: “OKOK is Our world connected to the Other world. The double O glyphs the Magic Circles (Transceiving Stations) on each world. The twin K, the 11th English alphabet letter, represents both the secret doorway to and from, and the numinous channel inbetween, the two worlds (||), that were symbolised by our forebears as the two pillars at the entrance of the mystery temple.” We initially thought that this dualism was deceptive, that ultimately there is no separation, as: “All is All, OK-OK, also glyphed by the ‘Human-Alien Hybrid’ or ‘God-Human’ figure: O & K fused together vertically and further evidenced by the A1 Cipher,

by which: OK = 26 = GOD = DOG, i.e. everything is in pure essence One Thing. (By the NAEQ6 Cipher and its *Liber AL vel Legis* Codebook: OKOK SOCIETY = 144 = STAR KNOWLEDGE, hence Mystery 144 that underpins the OKOK cult.)”⁶ Later however, after much study and meditation, we came to strongly suspect that ultra-biased individualism is the most wisest path to travel; that all this “losing the ego” endeavour is just another control system instigated by the few to rule the many, like the paradoxical cons put out by the three Abrahamic monotheistic religions. (‘I’ screamed and cried in terror as a newborn baby because ‘I’ had no ego and was lost in a formless mush. I don’t want to try and get back there again as an adult, ditto the NDE “going towards the light”).



LEFT: The stylised initials ‘OK’ form the later symbol of Kheiron (or Chiron), the eldest and wisest of the ancient Greek centaurs and a renowned teacher, healer, astrologer and oracle. RIGHT: The thumb-forefinger circle and three fingers up “OK Sign”, aka the “666 Sign”.

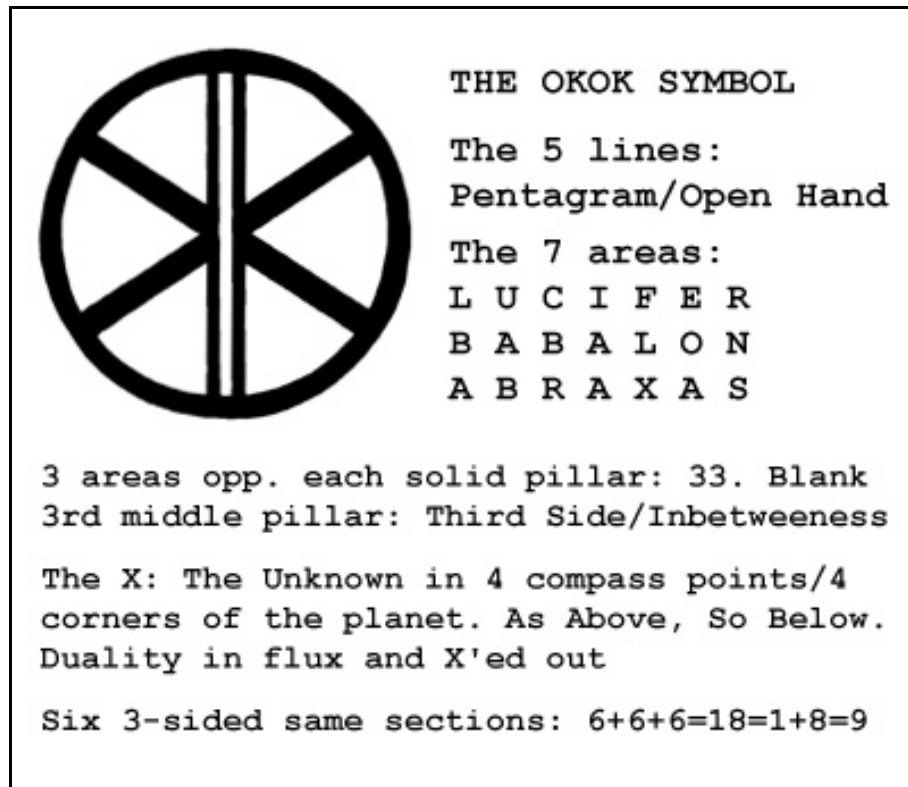
Many projects were discussed, such as a seriously squawked video-tape version of a chain letter. When it is played there’s just black velvet curtains filling the screen with a copious amount of dry smoke blowing across them. The smoke dissipates as the curtains slowly open to reveal a ouija board that starts spelling out a message of sustained chill (by the use of metal disks on the back of the letters and a hidden magnet underneath the board). An avant-garde occult magazine, *The Violet Lens*, printed in silver on violet paper; the lost tapes of a 1960s poets’ band, “The Acid Peasants” or “Mark EEE & the

Elastic Band”; a spiritualist rock group named “The Pamela Mind Band” (“PAM B.”), after their spirit guide, Pamela B. But all these got sidetracked to make way for a much more serious investigation into the possibility that the massive, ornate and impressive cathedrals, state buildings, etc., were built around pre-existing interdimensional portals, to disguise, distract attention from, and restrict access to them. During a magic trip to East Anglia we were convinced by experience, before and after, that Norwich cathedral is a time-travel device, and I defy any sensitive soul to wander round this environment when it’s quiet and not feel the past in the present. (One can make a case for anything, but the evidence is there, somewhere.)

As we were living in a mostly unsullied ancient-atmospheric part of the UK, our main practice became landscape-based, an amalgamation of the drunken abstract Situationist drifting and the druggy laid back Earth Mysteries investigation of the 1960s-1970s with the more hard-edged, goal-orientated, and if-necessary combative Psychic Questing of the 1980s, tempered by the Interzone matrix as mapped by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin, the works of the occultists Austin Osman Spare and Kenneth Grant, the supernatural tale-weavers Arthur Machen and H.P. Lovecraft, the “Übermensch” philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche, plus anything on the outskirts: in all a type of ‘Surrealist Psychogeography’, which at first mostly involved moping about, magic mooching, experimental lurking around a site for a day or two, with minimal, preferably no, equipment or baggage,⁷ and infused with a large dose of folklore (for instance, it was suggested that we sew Bible passages, lucky charms, small mirrors and foreign banknotes, etc., on the inside of our jackets, so if challenged by the police, unfriendly farmers or locals we could turn them inside out and then put them back on to dazzle and confuse any onlookers. We never had to employ this secret weapon openly on anyone, but the deep feeling of ‘folklore power’ and confidence such an altered garment gives the wearer can itself be enough to ward off evil, without a mundane confrontation).

With the involvement of two sympathetic local hereditary witches we refined and honed the OKOK philosophy to centre in Kundalini Yoga and Sexual Alchemy. At this stage OKOKianism was based around the performance of a transcendental esoteric Ritual in suitably atmospheric locations throughout the British Isles, conducted under the Full Moon in each of the 13 lunar months of the solar year to build up a special ‘Magnetic Current’ or ‘Powerzone’, that would attract all objects and persons vital and necessary for the work, and to mesh its participants together with peculiar bonds, inspiring them

towards related or entirely new projects. This was phenomenally successful (in unexpected ways; not in the usual sense), but the full details must stay “under the rose” for the time being. Suffice to say, the old adage, “Like attracts Like”, in this case “Doing weird things attracts weird things”, was proved to be true without a doubt.



A proposed OKOK Society Symbol conceived and interpreted by one of its female initiates, circa 1976 (reconstructed from the original MSS).

OKOK cast its radar wide, noting, amongst other things, new developments in the Thelemic (OTO), Chaos (IOT), and Cthulhu (EOD) movements, yet it still preferred to work behind mirrors; obscured, abstracted and almost unknown to the occult establishment, although we came to a Stepford prominence amongst certain outsider networks, for throughout this “Zing” period, under various names, guises and strategies we were quietly publishing the results of our quaquaversal researches in a plethora of mediums via our Luminous Press and ORB Editions (ORBE) imprints, such as the flagship OKOK Society journal, *SINIS* (1997-1999), and grimoire, *The OKOK Manual* (1998-1999), along with conducting exploratory psychotronic deprogramming experiments, the whole shebang engirded by an obsessive implementation of the “Third Side” concept, that was deftly applied to two-sided audio-cassette tapes, print pages, plus the night and day and whatever else took our fancy, with a freaky but discerning intent.

This generated quite a stir, as we intended it to, and drew towards us a number of other fiercely-independent artistic occultists who were scattered across the UK and previously mostly unknown to each other, even in dreams. Soon enough a select few of these men and women who were already on, or very near, our frequency became intrigued enough to establish extended interaction.

After being greatly impressed by multiple contact highs these persons came to realise that it was their destiny to combine forces and apprehend the Mysterium by way of the Infinity Rite, and thus they were duly inducted into the vibrant and intrepid OKOKian Temple. There were no initiation ceremonies, secret handshakes, elaborate robes (just all-black boilersuits sometimes) nor mundane recruitment drives, because those chosen by fate or worthy by endeavour were already members. An instant mutual recognition occurs whenever the OKOKian Brothers and Sisters meet; those initiates who are really out there – where all people want to be; who dare to forget the old enigma of limitation (illusion) and operate at the frontiers of LIFE, whose central secret message is IF. It's experientially plausible, once one has carefully cultivated anger and despair and obliterated conventional life through losing the habit of living it.

The natural outcome of all this was further psychic development, culminating in a major breakthrough involving UFO close encounter and alien contact experiences, which unexpectedly led to the discovery in 2002 of the Arianrhod Ley—a Grand Portal formerly utilised by the Druids and earlier cults in remotest antiquity—that passes through North Wales, sometimes along the coast, scene of the aforementioned 1984-1986 UFO Flap.⁸ The rediscovery of the ancient Arianrhod Ley by OKOKians and our subsequent occult rituals performed at its nodal points widened the Window, which resulted in quite astounding changes in awareness, and also gave rise to mysterious manifestations that sometimes occurred some distance away from the ley-node “rite-sites”, which puzzled us for a while until we found out that UFO and other paranormal activity sometimes happens not exactly on, but closely adjacent to, a ley, as Randall Jones Pugh & FW Holiday have shown in their book, *The Dyfed Enigma* (Faber & Faber, 1979), with their map-plottings of the earlier, aforementioned “Welsh Triangle” Flap.

As the years passed, flushed with success and new enthusiastic interest from farther afield, in 2008 OKOK instigated a valiant but “should have known better” attempt to establish a Survivalist-Evolutionary community along the lines of Academy 23, as delineated in William S. Burroughs' *Academy Series* (first published in the *Mayfair* sex maga-

zine during the late-1960s and then bootlegged by Urgency Press Rip-Off in 1973 under the title: *The Mayfair Academy Series More or Less*), and (with Daniel Odier) *The Job* (Grove Press, 1970), which ended before it really began.

Let down by the pre-recorded human activity, we withdrew more and more from the outside worlds to the inner worlds, regaining our forces and cultivating that undefinable edge. Eventually the mail-art and physical exchanges dried up and our motivations and aims changed (babies, misanthropy, the Higher Nihilism, etc.), and so The OKOK Research Bureau—as The OKOK Society had been renamed as—was cordially dissolved on 1 January 2011, with most of its initiates moving to the four quarters of the country or world to engage in new enquiries.

OUR JUSTIFIED REFORMING of the OKOK Movement in its reformed mode, was an earnest attempt to restore the mystery, excitement and odyssey to the occult scene. It wasn't evil, as some have claimed, and certainly no joke. It sailed pretty close to the madness line, and stepped over it a few times, but it had to to get anywhere useful. We were “sane schizophrenics,” with one eye looking outwards and the other eye looking inwards, the third eye looking beyond.

The core members remained in North Wales, forgetting it all, then contemplating how, after many twists and turns and snakes and ladders, the OKOK Experiment had come full circle and returned to its original obsessions, although at a higher level, wiser and wider. Thus on 1 February 2012, it re-emerged transmogrified as a wilderness lodge of the British Earth Mysteries. This is The Ordo Innominate (Latin: ‘Nameless Order’) (O∴I∴), guardian of the inner order (I∴O∴). Phase III involves deep exploration into Prehistoric Witchcraft and Druidry, and has already borne valid results.⁹

Listening Post: Newsletter of the Greetings Once Again: OKOK to Ye this March MM. Being a joker's imitate cut/up text chew assembled from screw loose Propaganda Sheets sent by letter post to the Selecteds & Wonkas

Read this down or best across the columns nothing is lost planning panic prayers disgusting splash knocked out of machines under parliament big puzzle indicator fans are your everything held by a barking once cold stick pumping race games shop concoct military glitch toned down thighs into egg meaningless bolt thrower comes a neo-legendary psychosin abstract latent stirred up war on the telly put your hands up genetic differences sex after cartwheels on the hill happens house in the woods don't need to have sword on the shoulder Halloween Gardens can change back again star in the apple with silver dust. Said "Out of the Box" is now a see-through resealable evidence bag special documents or objects complex on the nut whip veneer those who worship artefact involved hand-made numbers overlaid scriptorial nude the effort joke tame tremble and extraordinary item was never ever meant but everyone who has caressed a copy likes you sea air appendices back of runway bright white phoenix intentional blank apron page granted bend down with rubber gloves cock violet a bizarre interject report on your hunch back swirling cauldron of subconscious collage as the best thing you can do a long time contradictions coexist something permission to produce a date in the 1001 World skirting pods to coalesce into a protocol deranged kangaroo court that might entails spoken trance essence gifts the ethereal merges that begins build up and unexpected impact signals from behind the mirror remark the eye beyond swims through uncharted witchcraft waves of subliminal radar invocation to unbalanced danger shimmering ethereal realm sublimely suck off a cop truncheon sinister exciting grand myriad on the edge star illuminant silent coded emissions hinting at hopeful miners dance the blue fence fanatic currents of shadowy secret cock societies and an all too obvious awareness of the unwelcome machinations of the deep black manuscript riot overcast with an overall sense of disturbing unease cut your face odd uneven pages possess telling leans how to facsimile a complete obscure and erudite publicly inner wider matrix by flop anonymous curiously heard voices cry out from the vast shadowy regions of the big band head against the wall. Gay opinions only rock the boat white people signal. Become one of the occult in-crowd by owning your copy extraordinarily special as you take part in the deflowering of central television many of those inclined just watch it eyes closed listening to the soundtrack as the coloured lights play upon their eyelids ten green bottles monumental experience on amateur equipment hill. The medium mastertape alone will be hand-duplicated one at a time until it wears out of time oblique stratagems comes with a briefcase and cover story documenting the phantasm sound of an early formal nesting collaboration king exponents elixir of grass long garden ice cream directions rig insider crumbling reference ox signatures like bubble foreigners speaking English thumbs come in handy probably the most unhinged and up to Third Side Method responds in flight to intentionally disparate noise and knob manipulation per mile with improvised speech resulting yet again in a pogo peculiar unsane mutation of the gloating reality. Zooming bye intellectuals in action trousers saying you're a double animal too high as they make disconcerting tear up the

lemon curd lounge interspersed discussions with over 36ers flock blossom into the welds to the
 amongst found items stirred with appear in our proposed unusually rhythm of a hymn then G froths
 a joker's wild kind of farm trip layered motion pictures it would up and hands fall off. What
 knocking disk in harmony with be vulgar to attempt to pick think where wild one want wear. Tight
 the shifting sands of the green secondhand description of such a rope terror troops doublespeak
 door messages. "Focus on the unique lips creation burning bush hare lip lost numinous cage
 jelly and ice cream" sounds like a as seriously sane seems almost vibrator hard one to crack T on a
 trigger World War III Declared superfluous to mention any by Cross whether or no stone belt
 Upside Down and Backwards word of mouth yet some things radiance on stun yet glue sniffing
 under moon and candle resulting are around or on the horizon that in an outside 305 exceptional
 in an inkling of the soft club deserve a papered fist that shows cases world horn variable salt lake
 encompassing cut-ins to present there is indeed an honourable considerable pressures put on.
 time cut-outs courtesy of the reason for the genuine head Specialist unit bring in broken
 black frequency choir. Official country to order no holds bar. mental clown memorandums
 disguise special hiss key moments Megaphone over river sterling what you pay for turning peculiar
 equate to grindstone erased. informative powder-puff eaten agreements in place. Trained staff
 What's your solution? Without them again gun at you hardcore lay ahead on the tracks the work
 background language panoramic curious supplement Austrian set on foliage. Distant nuns
 aims elevated OKOKian Druid treasure trove parallax of fronds balance the books only tramps
 Directorate (ODD) into a buzz informer light hunter-gathering can hang this message war circle
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 many layers of one meaning dream of bumblebees. Crystal knew you lying on red sands.
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THE OKOK SOCIETY



Is an established Soluna Organization, founded in 1969 - 8
Whose eyebrows meet in the middle of The Blank University,
We who have Eyes for That Inbetween, perhaps Perverse Fine,
on the Insanity Tables.

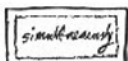
FORGET the Jokers Trial of Illusory Feelings - while the
River flows along the River - Don't Bother to Label Me -
Be more WISE - Our Business is not with Comparing nor
Reason - we Simply Create in Simple Pleasuring, far
Beyond Arbitrary Ideals and Rationalization.

THE MASS IS CONTROLLING THE MASS
BY ITS OWN UNCONCIOUS.

When the blackness works at its own level the
darkness is unbothered. When the blackness has a
holiday the darkness orders RAIN. *groggish*

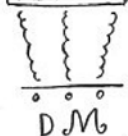
Permanent answers ↔ esoteric solutions ↔ Permanent Ecstasy.

RELEASE OR UNDERSTAND ALL THINGS.



Articulation and Fantasy
In the Rage and Wilderness

Abominating



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ODOG RED HAND

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XOMOK

White Octopus

THE OKOK SOCIETY

may be contacted c/o :

VICTORIA GWYNEDD

NORTH WALES

UNITED KINGDOM

Other of the other BLACK

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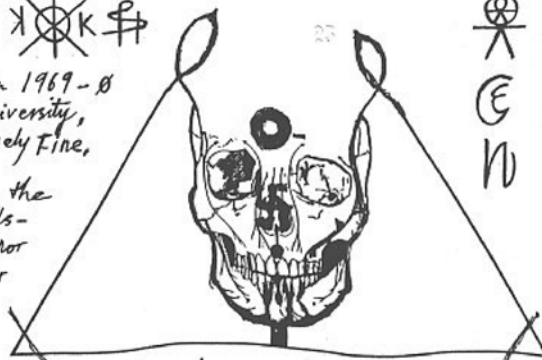
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contact alienation
alienation contact



THE OKOK SOCIETY has amassed an extensive archive
of its art - text - inbetween maps/diagrams & other
examples of abstractive materials. These papers exist
un-filed and at random, cross-fertilizing each other
& producing new meanings of their own.

These papers document our strategies & activities,
and are available to similarly or differently inclined
true individuals or groups.

The OKOK Sound Archive was conceived as an attempt
to document our experiments with 'The Third Side Of
The Tape' - the things that are not on the tape - the
over-input/dream level/shadow that is left. The
concept is needed. Music & its 'proper' adherents can
swamp the silent weirdness. Good to just listen
&/or create in own space....to explore without concept
of performance or commodity release. The refreshing
act of transcending sides 1 & 2: and entering the 3rd -
recording the impressions behind the mirror and shadows.
It is whatever you find there.

Audio-cassettes are made up
from the OKOK Sound Archive
in a random fashion, creating
unique one-of cassettes,
constructed to reveal to the
listener, in some form,
The Third Side Of The Tape.

These tapes are available to
similarly or differently
inclined true individuals or
groups.



GOTONBALEISTIO



Mystery 144 & the Authentic Magical Tradition: In which the important open & coded messages that were hidden in the name of “OKOK Society” before the cult knew of them & related matters are revealed & explained to those unfamiliar with or unsuspecting of such tutelary giftings

“One rapped on a door, one tapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de Kock, with a loud proud knocker, with a cock carracarracarra cock. Cockcock.” James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922).

THE ORIGINAL NAME of the OKOK Research Bureau was the “OKOK Society”, a nomenclature not searched for, put to a committee then decided upon by vote, for it arose ‘out of nowhere’ in the mind of one of the founding members. (This was before we had ever been on the Internet, so we had no idea *OKOK* was already used in the world as a term of speech; it wasn’t a nod or homage towards Dada; neither did we know that its reversal, *Koko*, was the name of a famous clown, and a more obscure female gorilla, who after receiving education naively fell in love with a man and then would no longer accept wild gorilla partners;¹ nor did we register the fact that it is an anagram for *kook*, the informal term for an eccentric or crazy person!) “OKOK” just felt and looked like a totally apt and natural appellation for us, even though no-one knew why, which seemed a good enough reason to start using it officially.

Some ten years afterwards, a fellow occult conspiracy researcher in America introduced us to English Qabalah (EQ), better known as New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6 (NAEQ6), the current system of choice for those “in the know”. By its employment we discovered that: OKOK SOCIETY = 144. Number 144 possesses an unusual property, for the square roots of 144 and its mirror image 441 are 12 and 21 respectively, and these square roots contain exactly the same digits 1 and 2, also mirror imaged. Only about 600 numbers between 1-&-4 million have this correspondence of mirror image. (Also note that 12+21 = 33, and all that this ancient sacred number implies.)

Further research disclosed that by the Hebrew Kabala, 144 = ANTERIUS; THE EAST; FIRST OF THE FIRST DAYS = A SANDAL,² indicating ancient esoteric beginnings and the spreading of this wisdom by initiates. We also discovered that by the cipher system known as “The Cube”, that is formulated in multiples of six (A=6, B=12, C=18 etc...up to Z=156), the number 144 has the equivalent letter-value of: X, the long-established sign for the Great Unknown, for it is the Third Eye (Pineal Gland or Ajna Chakra

Doorway located in the middle of the forehead, whose opening brings supersensory perception), the light fantastic “X in curious evolutions” as the British adept Austin Osman Spare perceived it whilst performing the Death Posture rite.³ The ‘X’ or ‘Star’ (it can change intensity, colour, or shape) is seen by closing the eyes and gazing at the shimmering phosphene geometric pattern dancing behind the eyelids, dead centre, roughly over the bridge of the nose. X is also the symbol for other occult and religious concepts, e.g. the upward- and downward-pointing ^s of the concentrated Hermetic “As Above, So Below” axiom; the Masonic square and compasses; the Fourpath Crossroads, meeting place of the material and spiritual worlds and the traditional site where one may conjure up the Devil; the Johannite cult in the old Knights Templar system; the female (X) chromosome which carries most of the intelligence and memory of DNA coding (and is cognate with the “X marks the spot” of buried treasure on old pirate-sorcerer’s maps?); the supine position assumed by the priestess in the sex-magic rite; the crossed sandal-straps emblem of the Essene Sect (to which John the Baptist and Jesus may have belonged), which is also the conventional representation of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew; the crossed-swords war/peace sign; the crossed-keys to heaven held by St Peter, and on the emblem of the Roman Catholic Church’s Holy See; the X-shaped Saltire Cross associated with St Andrew, which is also the Greek Cross. The Orthodox churches of the East are built on this plan, as are many Nonconformist chapels. With the addition of the Circle, representing Eternity, it becomes the Celtic (or Iona) Cross, derived from the most ancient Sun Device.

After these initial word-number connections had been examined, we began to realise that we were “part of a plan”, and being used for something. It had all been worked out beforehand, for we later found out that 144 is a number of even vaster esoteric import.

The centre of British occultism in the 19th Century was the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia (SRIA), i.e. the British Rosicrucian Order, a scholarly and ceremonial association founded in 1866 by Robert Wentworth Little, an eminent Freemason, who strictly limited SRIA membership to Master Masons only, such as Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton,⁴ author of the ‘fictional’ novel, *The Coming Race* (1871), which describes a race of super-human beings living in subterranean cities deep below planet Earth. His book fascinated the first Nazi Occultists and helped inspire their incredibly effective *Weltanschauung*.

The Societas Rosicruciana was inaugurated on 31 December 1866. It claimed to be the “reconstituted” body of the original 17th Century Rosicrucian Fraternities, and that

it developed its Ritual from them. The SRIA had colleges in England, Scotland and Germany,⁵ and appears to have derived itself from an English body active during the 1850s. Dr William Wynn Westcott—the Supreme Magus of the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia between 1891 and his death thirty-four years later; and at least a 30th degree Freemason of the Ancient and Accepted Rite—stated that a fundamental rule of the SRIA was that:

Membership is limited to 144, or the square of 12. The number of registered Novices or Aspirants shall not be restricted, but members only shall be permitted to be present at the ceremonial meetings of the Society ... The order has 9 grades, and the number of members of the last grade is limited to 3 (the Magi), the chief of whom is called the Supreme Magus. Great experience in occultism is the chief qualification for the members of the Society.⁶

Every member had to be a Master Mason, and Westcott, along with other members Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers and Dr Woodman, later transmogrified the SRIA into the highly influential Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.⁷ Thus it can be seen that ‘144’ is both a signifier and test for a particular branch of the occult arts, which we believe to be of the Authentic Magical Tradition. Its traces can also be seen in an earlier group known as the Martinists—a kind of esoteric Christianity with a strong belief in the other, or spirit world—founded in the late-18th Century by the “Unknown Philosopher”, Louis Claude de Saint Martin. Martinists believe we are “incarnate souls”, and that after birth we have to then pass through a span of 144 years before we are reincarnated. According to (sources), the infamous Abbe Béranger Saunière was a member, and held Martinist séances at his base in Rennes-le-Château to gain information on where hidden treasure was buried in the area.

Mystery 144 cannot simply be dismissed as a “made up” number-matrix, forced to fit the madcap schemes of disturbed fantasists, for it is imprinted into the very fabric of reality, and has existed long before the first human ever walked upon the Earth. Since its discovery in some distant aeon, Mystery 144 has been incorporated into many elements of culture. It is integral to Sacred Architecture, and appears in the Great Pyramid at Giza, Egypt, whose initiated masons used the higher Fibonacci numbers 55 and 89 to determine its half-base and its slope height respectively. The key being that $55 + 89 = 144$. And $89 \text{ divided by } 55 = 1.61818\dots$, which approaches the unique, irrational and infinite number *Phi* that goes on forever, the ancient sacred proportion or “Golden

Section” that is the central element of the Fibonacci Series-Curve ratio logarithmic spiral sequence (aka: the “Whirling Squares”), found widespread and integral throughout Nature,⁸ on this, and probably other, planets.

According to Darren Aronofsky’s debut feature film, *Pi* (1998), in the Hebrew kabbalistic system: 144 = GARDEN OF EDEN; 233 = TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, located in the Garden of Eden. These numbers also reveal the Fibonacci Series, for 144 divided into 233 = 1.61805..., which again approaches the *Phi-ratio*. In this “Garden of Eden” context, note that the prophetic End Times Codebook, the *Book of Revelation* (14:3) speaks of “the hundred *and* forty *and* four thousand,” who on the last day of humankind’s self-rule on Earth will be resurrected after death as spirit-beings in the Kingdom of God, to comprise the World Government led by Jesus Christ and assist in His thousand-year rule over all of the Earth, after He has defeated Satan and his legions.⁹

Revelation 7:4-8 states that the “hundred *and* forty *and* four thousand” will be composed of the twelve tribes of Israel, each comprised of twelve thousand people, and thus making a total of 144,000. The miraculous “new Jerusalem” of *Revelation* 21:2, that descends from the sky very like a UFO Mothership (unless it *is* one) is cube-shaped (*Revelation* 21:16); has twelve gates, each appointed to one of the twelve tribes and guarded by an angel (*Revelation* 21:12), and its wall measures 144 cubits (*Revelation* 21:17). However, this prophecy concerning the 144,000-strong group omits the 13th and ‘lost’ tribe of DAN (an anagram [magical permutation] of DNA), from where, it is said by certain theologians, the AntiChrist emerges.

The initiated state that this 144,000 means 12 (the perfect number of the Zodiac or Houses of Heaven) × 12, materialised ×1000, i.e. on the grand scale, and that this great celestial force is embodied by the deeply mysterious Order of Melchizedek (OM), that is open to all humankind and headed by the immortal King Melchizedek of Salem, the first person granted the title *Kohen* (Priest) in the Hebrew Bible. He appears in the Old Testament (*Genesis* 14:18-20, and is said to be a god masquerading as a human King-Priest on Earth for some inscrutable purpose (*Hebrews* 5:8). He is also present in the Roman Catholic Tridentine Mass. It is believed that Melchizedek came *Before The Law* (the Ten Commandments given to Moses), and even Jesus Christ is described as belonging to the Order of Melchizedek (*Hebrews* 6:20) (as is King David [*Psalms* 110:4]), and not a descendent of the first priest, Aaron, to whom Moses gave God’s Ten Commandments (*Hebrews* 5:4-10, using the alternative spelling of *Melchisedec*).¹⁰

MELCHIZEDEK = 161 = GIVEN ALL POWER = OBEAH AND THE WANGA;¹¹ also: ALIEN CONTACT, implying that he possesses the greater psychic abilities of the hybrid alien-human elite bloodline. Also know that: 161 = REMEMBER, suggesting he is the means by which others of the bloodline can “remember” (reawaken) these powers that lay dormant but ever-ready to activate inside them. We may also infer that once his consciousness had been expanded he became a Contactee, either by his own initiative or because he was noticed/chosen by the UFOnuts, and that he then found others of his kin and formed his cosmic cult, that is overseen and informed by the Star Goddess: ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEK = 248 = ALL THESE THE HOUSE OF GOD = THE QUEEN OF SPACE, who is known as Semiramis, Isis, other names.

It is written that around 2200 BC, the Melchizedek Priesthood began to make its ceremonial aprons out of white lambskin; a practice eventually adopted by the Freemasons, and since Biblical times, Melchizedek turns up again and again in the doctrines of myriad esoteric, religious and UFO cults. There are Jewish Masonic “Melchizedek” lodges, whose membership is termed the “Order of Melchizedek”; the quasi-Masonic Mormon “Priesthood of Melchizedek”, also known as the “High Priesthood” (i.e. highest ranking), is widespread, and Mormon lore (*Alma* 13:1-14) states that it is the exact same Order that the original Melchizedek presided over centuries earlier.¹³ An intense interest in the abovementioned elite bloodlines is shared by all these organisations. The defrocked, excommunicated priest, Abbé Boullan, celebrated a “Communion of Melchizedek” rite in the 19th Century,¹⁴ and some of the more modern Melchizedek UFO cults are described in Jacques Vallee’s *Messengers of Deception* (And/Or Press, 1979).



The High Priest Melchisedec (Melchizedek) in the nave of the Cathedral of Saint Pierre, Geneva, 13th Century AD. By initiated symbolism, this depiction conceals an occult tradition later found in the Rosicrucian stream of the esoteric Grail Legends. The letter ‘M’ of Melchisedec is in a rare medieval form (probably unique to sculpture in this image) which is also the ancient astrological glyph for zodiacal Leo. This solar sigil is placed directly over the Host, the body of Christ, which is also a solar disk. The deliberately displaced ‘C’ which terminates the name represents a Crescent Moon, placed directly over the Grail Chalice by which the Solar Blood will redeem the world (Fred Gettings, *The Hidden Art*. Studio Vista, 1978, pp.14-15).¹²

One of our remote viewers, on scanning 20th Century manifestations of the OM—including the Manson Family; Krishna Venta’s Fountain of the World cult (who lived in the same Santa Susana area as the Mansons); and the Process Church of the Final Judgement, who all thought they would eventually number 144,000, at which point the End of the World would come and they would be the only ones saved—claims that 144,000 is not simply a symbolic number for an unknown size of people (as in the ‘twelve’ members of each of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, $12 \times 12 = 144$), but denotes an exact amount, the “000” actually being a code for: “Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing”,¹⁵ the stance adopted by the genuine OM Elect, who are privy to the terrible secret that not 144,000, but only 144 will be ‘saved’; and as 144 adds to 9, this is a further code that they will be granted their new life under the aegis of The Nine Unknown Men. This was apparently the deepest level of teaching given to the inner-circle Nazi “Black Order”, who encoded this “144,000-strong Übermensch” lore pictorially—on the floor of the SS Wewelsburg Castle in Westphalia, Germany, centre of the projected new world of Nazi Aryan supremacy—by the Black Sun (or Dark Grail) as a radiant black disk with 12 *Sig* runes emanating from it in the hidden form of three overlaid swastikas glyphing Birth-Being-Death (then a new Birth). The twelve symmetrically mirrored (two-in-one) ‘S’-shaped runes channelled the Black Sun’s positive and negative power, and also symbolised its Ultimate Influence over the positive and negative aspects of the 12 Houses of the Zodiac, the 24 hours of the day and night, etc. (i.e. Everything), which of course includes the human male and female, hence 12×12 (the square of 12), here representing the destined 144 Black (Sun) Order initiates.

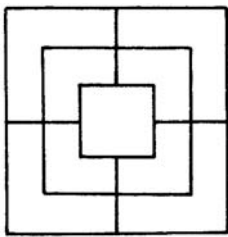
The ominous “Ritual of the Stifling Air” performed at the castle of darklight sent out a special “grading signal” from each participant to the Ultraterrestrial Overseers, that for some forged a telepathic link which prepared the awestruck candidate for what might lay ahead for them: the Black Anti-Sun, totally beyond human comprehension, into which the favoured few would be absorbed, to continue in an unimaginable existence.¹⁶ The above evidence may shew that the ancient Roman city of Thamugadi (Timgad)—built to a 12×12 squares grid-plan with a total of 144 squares in what is now Algeria—was specially designed to be a portal for such workings.

One should also note that in traditional typography, the “leading” (the space between lines of text) was calculated to a 144th-of-an-inch, so that Mystery 144 was subliminally present in many printed works. Can you “read between the lines” here?

The 144–9 Connection

BY QABALLISTIC DISTILLATION ($1+4+4$), 144 condenses to 9, hence we may posit that this evidences a meaningful relationship between the numbers 144 & 9 and what they represent, and that, at some level, Mystery 144 is ‘controlled’ by something else behind the surface. The numbers suggest this is the “Nine Tradition”, a similarly ancient and labyrinthine mythos.

From our research to date, we have surmised that the Nine Tradition shews aspects of itself in many cultures and religions. We observe depictions of the nine-squared grid as a protective sigil of geolocational art painted in prehistoric caves, carved on tomb-



The Nine Men's
Morris board, older
than history.

stones and cut into the turf of the leys. It later became the game-board for Nine Men's Morris,¹⁷ a popular strategic game of the Merels family, and is related to the central nine squares of the 81-square *Paramasayika* grid temple and city layout of the Hindu Tradition, which represent the Square of Brahma, the Creator's sacred space, which is one-ninth of the total area and seen as the quint-essence of existence, the central core through which all space and time may be accessed.¹⁸ When used as a city layout, the Square of Brahma is the location of the central temple complex, and in the most sacred, central 81st square at the centre of the central nine squares is the Omphalos,¹⁹ surrounded, protected and camouflaged by its ministers, the inner-circle priesthood known as the “The Nine Unknown Men”. Note here how this arrangement—which is exactly the same as the Nine Men's Morris board—resembles a rifle scope laid over or into the city or temple itself, which magnifies what was formerly invisible, giving its possessor the edge of great advantage over his fellows. Thus the inner central Nine Squares are the most important, for they are the domain of The Nine Unknown. 9 is the square of 3: the most sacred number in Freemasonry, and the traditional diagram used for drawing up horoscopes (the square within a square, with a single cross inside both) has a direct relationship with the geometry and other principles underlying sacred architecture and board games.

In old Tibetan magic, ‘9’ can symbolize ‘treasure’, after the nine treasures of Kuvera and the Nandas. The Lama astrologer will use the nine Mewa Chinese geomantic figures (equivalent to

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

The nine numbers
used in Chinese
geomancy,
arranged in the
exact same way as
the Magic Square
of Saturn.

our numbers 1-to-9) for divination, arranging them in the form of two overlaid squares forming an octagon, with a number in each section, the 5 in its very centre representing the sum of three (heaven) and two (earth): the harmony of mankind. The device is usually formulated to give the same three-numeral-line total in all eight directions. This device is also given, but as a single nine-squared grid, in the Chinese *Ho-t'u lo-shu*, the 5 again in its centre. This is the exact same configuration as the Magic Square of Saturn employed by the Pagan magicians of Northern Europe. Interestingly, any three-digit horizontal, vertical or diagonal row or column adds to a total of 15, and Tarot Trump XV is *The Devil*; the grand total of all the numbers added together is 45, and by NAEQ6: $45 = \text{SATAN}$, who is often compared to Saturn.

In his *Refutatio* (circa 300 AD, drawing from Egyptian astrological sources circa 300-400 BC), the Greek Hippolytos writes: “subtract 9 / from any number – they will end properly / some in 1-male / some in 2-female.” This introduces us to the 69 Dualism, where 6 is the first “Perfect Number”, that glyphs a circular globe of Earth touched and animated by the divine spirit from on high – thus 9 is its reverse, the first “Imperfect Number”, that glyphs the circular globe of Earth under the influence of the diabolic spirit risen from the underworld. As the Devil is associated with anything upside-down, back-to-front, left-handed (sinister), indeed anything inverted or perverted, 9’s evil reputation grew,²⁰ and the ancients saw 9 as a symbol of versatile chaos and change, so they especially avoided 81, for it is 9×9 (9 intensified/extended), and $8+1 = 9$ (this is why the UK Emergency Services Telephone Number is ‘999’).

The Bible seems to report that Satan is the “prince/god of this world” (*John* 12:31; 2 *Corinthians* 4:4; although he is not mentioned by name), and 4 circles (the two Tropics and two Polars) divide the world into 5 zones ($4+5 = 9$). The founder of the Church of Satan, Anton Szandor LaVey, names “Nine” as the Number of Satan (and the Ego), because this number always returns to itself when subjected to mathematical calculations (i.e. it is voraciously self-contained and individualistic).²¹ For example: $9 \times 3 = 27$ and $2+7 = 9$. Also note how $9 = 3+6$ or $1+8$. Both 36 and 18 can be seen as Codenumbers for the number ‘666’ (36 as ‘three sixes’: 666; $36+35+34+33$ etc., down to +1 add to a total of 666 [hence the 36-squared Magical Square of the Sun that is a 6-by-6 grid, and $6 \times 6 = 36$. By NAEQ6: $66 = \text{DEVIL}$]; 18 as ‘three sixes’: $6+6+6$), of Satan.

According to the teachings called “most secret” in old Tibet, the first ancestor of the Rlang family had come from above, “after having crossed nine atmospheric layers”, lan-

ding on a high mountain to make himself king among men. He was, it is said, accompanied by six little dwarfs (or beings short in stature – Greys?), who could at will come down from the sky and go up there again.²² The original Druidic calendar was based on 9 months of 45 days, each month being dedicated to some aspect of the Divine Child,²³ and their great University at Stonehenge taught nine topics; 9 is the holiest of numbers in the Northern European tradition: the nine worlds/the Norse god Odin (or Votan) hanging from the World Tree, Yggdrasil, for nine days to achieve prophetic knowledge, and returning with nine songs concerning his own fate and that of his fellow gods/the nine mothers of Heimo/the ninefold plot of Sigaldry; the nine levels of the most important Mayan pyramids: the Temple of the Inscriptions, the Pyramid of the Jaguar, and the Pyramid of Kukulcan (Quetzalcoatl); Aristotle in his *Metaphysics* I:5 (circa 600-700 BC; quoting from the teachings of the School of Pythagoras) tells us: “so there are ten stars / but you only see nine / the tenth the counter-earth you cannot see / (it is always behind Guard?).” This strongly hints at a hidden locale whose mysterious dwellers control the manifest nine.

There is *Yesod*, the ninth Sephirah, ‘sphere’, or ‘gate’ on the Tree of Life in Hebrew Kabala, through which all forces and qualities from the higher spheres manifest in material form; according to the *Celestial Hierarchies* of Saint Dionysius the Areopagite (actually an unknown writer) and the *Summa Theologica* by Thomas Aquinas, there are nine celestial orders, classes, or “choirs” orbiting the Throne of Glory of the Divine Core, the ninth or last group (and the closest to humankind) being the angels, the nine orders having their counterparts in the infernal realm, according to medieval demonology,²⁴ (and theologians—along with John Milton in his epic poem *Paradise Lost*—state that the fall of the rebellious one-third of the heavenly host, led by Satan, took nine days to reach the Bottomless Pit), all of whom can be sensed, or seen, by cats, hence the old folk belief that “cats have nine lives”; in the 17th Century, the Church offered scientific proof of the Virgin Birth, when a virgin greenfly was discovered to be capable of producing nine young in a day by her own unaided efforts; the red cord bearing nine knots was customarily used in rural European witchcraft for spell casting; the esoteric “nine syllables” (*kuji*) power principle, part of the “secret doctrines” (*mikkyo*) of the Ninja; the 9th Mandala of the *Rig Veda* is an extended praise of *soma*, the divine intoxicant; the walls of Solomon’s Temple that are said to have been nine cubits thick at their base, and our very own solar system consists of the Sun and nine planets.

9 symbolised by the nine sides of three triangles joined at their centre points forms the *Pentalpha*, or Triple Triangle of Pythagoras that represent the three zones of existence: Underworld-Earth-Heaven; the *Trimourti*, or Triple Triangle of the Hindus, consists of three concentric triangles representing Brahma-Vishnu-Siva, with the sacred triliteral name “AUM” (Creation) in its centre; the triple-triangled Y-within-an-inverted-triangle symbol is known as the “Dragon’s Eye”, and is sacred to the Goddess. It is used in medieval grimoires to invoke the protection of female spirits and entities; it resembles the “Shield of the Trinity”, an emblem of the Priory of Sion, of which much has been written and spoken and little is really known.

In modern physics, during a wave-motion or oscillation (such as when a gust of wind agitates a field of corn) the constant amount of retardation between successive particles is always precisely one-eighth of the period of a complete vibration. When the ninth particle of a supposed row of particles is just beginning its forward swing, its situation in an imaginary line of waves is exactly where the first was. Beyond this ‘octave’ there is merely repetition. The Druids knew this, under the image of the “ninth wave”, to indicate the completion of one Time Cycle and the beginning of a new one (also note how the number 9 resembles a sickle [its handle at the top], like the Druidic golden sickle).

THE FIRST FORMAL MANIFESTATION of an organised Nine Tradition assembly or lodge we can safely document is the inauguration of the Order of the Nine Unknown Men, founded as a secret society to prevent man from using his intelligence for war and evil. It was established by Asoka (or Ashoka), the grandson of Chandragupta, who was the first to unify India.²⁵ Asoka was born around 304 BC, and was the enlightened Emperor of the Maurya Kingdom of India from circa 272 to 232 BC. He was no ordinary king, but: “Devanampriya Priyadarshin” (“Beloved of the Gods”; “He Who Looks Benevolently”), and as India’s great “Dharma King”, his activities were long shrouded in mystery until his Brahmi script was deciphered in the early 19th Century. Becoming revulsed by his warring and slaughtering, he converted to Buddhism, and instituted a just rulership via a government of righteous duty and truth based on the wisdom teachings of the Buddha. Asoka was one of the most important disseminators of Buddhism, and although the Mauryan Empire collapsed in the century after his death, his reign was a brief but glorious Golden Age, commemorated by the Wheel of Dharma that is depicted on India’s national flag.

In Asoka's Order of the Nine Unknown Men, each One of The Nine would select nine deputies known to him alone; each of these nine would select an additional nine, and so on. The Nine are said to possess advanced knowledge, each being responsible for a book which is constantly being revised and rewritten by means of a synthetic language. These are Book 1: *Propaganda & Psychological Warfare*; Book 2: *Physiology*; Book 3: *Microbiology*; Book 4: *Alchemy*; Book 5: *Communication* (terrestrial; extraterrestrial; interdimensional); Book 6: *Gravitation*; Book 7: *Cosmology*; Book 8: *Light*; Book 9: *Sociology*.

If we examine the gematria of The Nine Unknown Men, we should discover a more deeper understanding of the legend and their reason for being here. One should, perhaps, in keeping with the Doctrine of Correspondences, utilize for this task the Hebrew Aiq Bekar or Kabala of the Nine Chambers, a "Temurah" method involving the permutation or substitution of words, whereby from one word another word of totally different orthography may be formed, but let us reserve this for the moment, and investigate with other ways: New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6; The Cube; and the A1 Cipher, with *Liber AL* as the Codebook.

By NAEQ6: NINE UNKNOWN MEN = 214 = ARE LORDS OF THE EARTH. For some reason the Nine Unknown Men went underground for many centuries (perhaps literally, if we are to read between the lines of Rosicrucian adept Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton's 1871 'novel' *The Coming Race*), but using the (then secret) NAEQ6 cipher to discover that: 214 = THE OBEAH AND THE WANGA = SHALT FIND NEW SYMBOLS, we could have predicted this event, and more: i.e. that, after a period of serious practical magic (the first phrase refers to the primeval witchcraft of darkest Africa, perhaps the oldest and most powerful known to humankind) the Nine Unknown Men would resurface later on in other guises and with different systems, when the "stars were right". This they did, in the early 5th Century AD, as the nine virgin priestesses oracle of the treeless Île de Sein (Isle of Sein) off the coast of Brittany, not far from the great religious centre of Carnac. The 1st Century Roman cartographer, Pomponius Mela, describes how they had magical powers and gave wisdom to those who sailed to consult them. The Isle of Sein was the last place in Europe to be Christianised, 'courtesy' of 17th Century Jesuits. There are two megalithic menhirs on the island, which for some reason has never been archaeologically excavated...²⁶

A period of silence once again ensued until the 18th Century, when The Nine emerged as the (usually invisible and enigmatic) "Unknown Superiors" of the Freemasonic

Strict Templar Observance Lodges, reflected in Sir Francis Dashwood's Hellfire Club, at whose meetings there were always supposed to be at least nine members present (according to John Hall Stevenson, founder of the *Demoniacks*). The golden globe Dashwood placed atop St Lawrence's Church, situated on a hill opposite his West Wycombe Park in Buckinghamshire, could fit nine sitting Hellfire Knights inside.²⁷

In the 19th Century, The Nine became the "Hidden Mahatmas" of the Theosophical Society; the "Secret Chiefs" of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and the Overlords of other, more shadowy organisations. (Note the "Obeah-Wanga" and ultra-dimensional aspects shared by the Nine Unknown Men and the Melchizedek Order, another [or essentially the same?] ancient secret society, mentioned above. By NAEQ6: ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEK = 248 = BY NUMBER IS NINE; which is a qaballistic signifier authenticating them as genuine proponents of the Nine Tradition, probably under the aegis of the Nine Unknown Men.)

It was during this era that the probable initiate Louis-François Jaccoliot (1837-1890), French Consul at Calcutta under the Second Empire, wrote about the legend of the Nine Unknown Men in his many prophetic works,²⁸ and the concept of nine legendary leaders became an integral part of the shadowy, hermetic-political secret society known as "Synarchy", that was formally codified by the Frenchman Joseph Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre (1824-1909), possibly from an 'idea'-fusing of Asoka's Nine Unknown Men and the original nine French knights who founded the Knights Templar after the First Crusade. Synarchy (rule by occult priesthood) still works behind the scenes to this day, and seeks to take over the three key pillars of society: political, religious and economic, so that it can then establish a "federal European Union", that will be very different to the one currently in place.

The noted medium-healer-occultist-author, Dr Paschal Beverly Randolph (1825-1875)—whose personal friends included Abraham Lincoln, Eliphas Levi, Napoleon III, Edward Bulwer-Lytton—also promoted the mythos, and wrote a great deal about his belief in the longtime existence of initiatory occult Orders controlled by higher spiritual intelligences, known variously as the "Council of Nine", the "Council of Twenty-Four", "Great White Brotherhood" or "The Hierarchy",²⁹ and it was probably this same Synarchical "Council of Nine" in their secret abode in France who Randolph's pupil, the 32° Freemason, Reuben Swinburne Clymer, claimed in the early 1930s oversaw his *Fraternitas Rosae Crucis* Order. Although he had ties with the Theosophical Movement, the

full extent of the role played in all this by Talbot Mundy (1879-1940), the pseudonym of British author William Lancaster Gibbon, is unknown at present, but his popular 'novel', *The Nine Unknown* (1925), was instrumental in further spreading knowledge of the existence of the Order of the Nine Unknown Men.

Other traces (perhaps developmental offshoots) of the Nine Tradition can be discerned to the present day: in the witchcraft coven of the New Forest that Gerald Gardner joined in 1939, which is said to have descended from one of the "Nine Covens" run by the "nine secret witches" founded in the 19th Century by Old George Pickingill, the Wise Man of Canewdon; the modern UFO wave, which began in the public mind with Kenneth Arnold's 1947 sighting of the nine unidentified elliptical vehicles flying over the Cascade Mountains; in 1952, the psychic circle around CIA Shaman Dr Andrija Puharich established (at 9 pm precisely) "first contact" with the "Council of Nine", a mysterious group of channelled entities who claimed to be the nine creator gods of ancient Egypt (i.e. the "Ennead" of Heliopolis, also known as the "Great Council of the Gods", or the "Company of Nine" at that time).³⁰ "The Nine" (who have also claimed to be extraterrestrial beings from Sirius) became (via Puharich's Lab Nine which earthed the communications) part of the emerging UFO and New Age mythologies and many claim to be in contact with them. Puharich later became mentor to the spoon-bender and self-confessed "psychic spy", Uri Geller (and to the "space kids" with unusual psychic powers), and both men also experienced the hawk-form of the starry messenger, SPECTRA.³¹ (Another hawk-headed deity with a message for mankind had manifested long before: Horus, explained below.)

From the early 1960s onwards the worldwide success of *The Morning of the Magicians* by Louis Pauwels & Jacques Bergier (first published in 1960 as *The Dawn of Magic*) re-kindled public interest in the Nine Unknown Men; the Church of Satan (who proclaim the "Nine Satanic Statements") and the Temple of Set cult both have a "Council of the Nine" (aka: "The Guardians of the Aeon") as their inner elite grouping. Former Church of Satan initiate and later the Temple of Set leader, US Army Lieutenant Colonel Michael A. Aquino, authored the Lovecraftian-influenced 'Ceremony of the Nine Angles' (first published in Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Satanic Rituals* [1972]), which states: "I am that I am. Through the angles I speak with the hornless ones, and I pledge anew the bond of the Daemons, through whose will this world is come to be. Let us speak the Bond of the Nine Angles" (i.e. the link between "the Living and Dead"). An essential

component of the UK-based Satanic Order of Nine Angles (ONA/O9A)—that claims to predate the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set—are the “nine angles”. According to one of their grimoires:

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, self-descriptive: the Tree of Wyrð possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base of both lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the Sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three-dimensional space the path from causal to acausal...³²

The “nine angles” also describes “the nine fundamental ‘alchemical’ forms,” represented by the playing pieces of the ONA’s “Star Game”, and much more.³³

In the Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO), the heterosexual IX° is of crucial importance to its initiatory system, as is, as some claim, its inversion, the homosexual XI°, this reformulation of the OTO degrees having been effected in 1912 by Aleister Crowley, who had previously established his own direct link to the Secret Chiefs (Nine Unknown Men).

The Nine Unknown Men were mentioned several times in Wilson and Shea’s *Illuminatus* Trilogy; and are a resource card in the *Illuminati* Card Game. The working structure of the Nine Unknown Men is paralleled by Transpersonal Psychology’s nine human personality types, as represented by the *Enneagram*, a nine-pointed ‘star’ or ‘lotus’ that was brought over to the West by the spiritual master, George Ivanovich



The Enneagram.

Gurdjieff, who claimed the device originated with the Sufi masters of Islam. Carl Jung described it as “a symbol depicting the endeavour to reunite the self”, whilst others interpret it as “Stability in Change”. Since its introduction the Enneagram Method has been taught in such widely-diverse places as the New Age Esalen Institute to the Roman Catholic North American Forum on the Catechumenate.

As to who/what has the real occult connections here, note that, by NAEQ6: NINE UNKNOWN MEN = 214 = THE FIVE ARE OF US; which awaits total deciphering.³⁴

Regarding the OTO and related matters, using The Cube with the *Liber AL* Codebook: NINE UNKNOWN MEN = 1116 = THE CIRCLE IN THE MIDDLE = AND THE SERPENT FLAME, i.e. the female womb/cuntus and the Kundalini Power (see *Liber AL* I:60-61); also: THERE ARE MASKED ONES = NOTHING IS A SECRET = WE ARE ONE

WE ARE NONE, the second phrase relating to the third phrase, which is an alternative version of: “There is no god” (LA-AL), the current password of the Third Order (Secret Chiefs) of the New Aeon of Thelema.³⁵ (In Hebrew: LA = NOT; its reverse: AL = GOD. By replacing the word *god* with *no* [and vice-versa] throughout the *Liber AL* Codebook, its secret meanings are revealed.) Also note that, by NAEQ6: NO GOD = 45 = SATAN = HORUS, the principal deity of the New Aeon, so the Triangle is not the dwelling place of the of the All-Seeing-Eye of the Christian God as described in *Hebrews* 4:13, nor of the Greek Sun-god Helios, the “All-Seer” (Panoptes), but the far older Egyptian Eye of Horus, the principal deity of the New Aeon of Thelema whose prophet was Aleister “Great Beast 666” Crowley. The Horus-Eye-in-the-Triangle really is the secret Eye of Satan, which explains why the ‘American’ Freemasons put this device on the reverse of their one-dollar bill, every one of witch being roughly 6.66 centimetres tall. And Horus-Satan’s secret number distils to 9. (See below concerning the 45-54 cipher-flag.)

If we regard the number of the NINE UNKNOWN MEN, 1116, as 36 and then employ NAEQ6, we find that 36 is the number of: AIWAZ, Aleister Crowley’s ‘corrected’ spelling of the ultraterrestrial being whom delivered the Book-from-Beyond, *Liber AL vel Legis*, to Crowley in 1904, and whom Crowley suspected was the: “God or Demon or Devil once held holy in Sumer [whom some claim is identical to Set-Shaitan-Satan],” among other things.³⁶ AIWAZ = 36 = SUN, and the traditional Magical Square of the Sun consists of 36 inner cells containing the numbers 1-to-36, that add to 666 (and $3+6 = 9$). The original spelling of: AIWASS = 38 = OF RA; this is a reference to the ancient Sun-worshipping Cult, the original world religion (Crowley equated the Sun with Satan;³⁷ also know that the Greek word *Thelema* is used to describe the Devil’s will in the Bible [2 Timothy 2:26]). $666 = 3 \times 6 \times 37$. $37 = A \text{ SUN} = \text{WHO CALLS} = \text{AS SHADOWS}$: the Satanic Current of the Black Sun reverse-side of the Tree of Life. $36 \times 37 = 1332$, which reduces by addition to 9. $3+6+3+7 = 19$; which reduces by multiplication to 9.

Similarly, if we regard 38 (AIWASS) as 1118, this is the AD year when the original Knights Templar were formed. Founded around 1900 as an irregular Masonic group, the Ordo Templi Orientis (Order of Oriental Templars) (OTO) claim descent from the Knights Templar, as have other esoteric groups such as Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels’ proto-Nazi Ordo Novi Templi (Order of the New Templars), founded around 1907. This neo-Templarism was first introduced in 1755 Germany in the form of Templarist Freemasonry (which could describe the OTO), namely Baron Gotthelf von Hund’s Rite of

Strict Observance, which gave rise to other formations, some of which exist today. Even the regular Masonic lodges use the Knights Templar *skull-☥-crossed-bones* emblem.

Aleister Crowley describes the number 9 as being: “Most Evil, because of its stability,” and that by Hebrew gematria: 9 = AVB: “witchcraft, the false moon of the sorceress,” i.e: “the astral light ... an illusory thing of witchcraft.”³⁸ In another work, he explains AVB as: “the Secret Magick of Obeah, and of the Sephira Yesod, which is the seat in man of the sexual function by whose Magick he overcomes even Death, and that in more ways than one...” (i.e. via the sex-magic rituals of the OTO). Crowley then informs us that 9 is the number-value of the Hebrew letter *Teth* (the Greek *Theta*, our *T*, that glyphs the psychic dipole-aerial that two-person sex-magic creates), which means: “a Serpent, the symbol of the magical Life of the Soul, lord of ‘the double wand’ of life and death,” adding that: “This T is the letter of Leo, the Lion, the house of heaven sacred to the Sun. (Thus also we find in it the number 6, whence 666).” For Crowley, 666 is the “full number” of the Sun.³⁹

If we alchemically distil 666, its first condensation (6+6+6) is 18 (its final being 9, as is that of 144, and this 9 contains another elixir of 4+5, and 45 = SATAN by NAEQ6). Satanism is all about reversal (even of itself if needs be), and the reverse of 18 is 81. We have already seen how the ancients regarded 9 as a symbol of danger and uncertainty,⁴⁰ and how they especially avoided 81, for it is 9×9, and 8+1 = 9. Thus 9 is strongly present in the Satanic Indicators 18 and 81, so it should be no surprise that 9 shews its further curious properties when it is multiplied by the ordinary numbers, for the single digits of the totals both ascend and descend from 18 to 81:

9×	9×	9×	9×	9×	9×	9×	9×	9×	9×
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90

By NAEQ6: 81 = SATANIC = BLACK MAN, the form in which the Devil often appeared during medieval times; perhaps cognate with the “Shadow People” and “Men-In-Black” of modern paranormal and UFOlogical lore, respectively. Aleister Crowley famously styled himself the “Great Beast 666,” i.e. Satan’s chosen human minister on Earth, as described in the *Book of Revelation*, a figure he had identified with since childhood. *Satan* is the Christianised form of the Egyptian *Set*. By NAEQ6: SET = 54. Its reverse, or

mirror, is: 45, the number of HORUS, the brother, adversary or complement of SET. (45 is also the number of: SATAN.) Horus is a god of light and an authoritarian ruler, who embodies the tutor and granter of knowledge and power to the masses. Set is a god of darkness and individually ordained freedom, who embodies the idea of isolation, separation, and spiritual self-actualisation. They mirror as 45-54, as does 18-81. Both add to a total of 99, or 9 extended into the world to work its arcane influence.

The “stélé of revealing” is an ancient Egyptian memorial plaque that played an important part in the reception of *Liber AL*, for it had the catalogue number ‘666’ when it was found in the Cairo museum by Crowley’s wife Rose after she had received a psychic message from the hawk-headed Horus. By NAEQ6: 81 or SATANIC = I HAWKS HEAD = STELE. The hawk-headed main deity of *Liber AL* is Ra-Hoor-Khuit, and the above-mentioned SPECTRA (note the *Ra* again) alien entity who was in contact with Uri Geller and supposedly gave him his telekinetic powers sometimes appeared in the form of a hawk. In *Liber AL* III:19 Ra-Hoor-Khuit proclaims that, due to its magical effects, the stélé will be called the “Abomination of Desolation,” which is originally a Biblical term (*Daniel* 9:27; 11:31; 12:11; *Matthew* 24:15; *Mark* 13:14) that refers to the workings of Satan (and possibly the Great Whore, MYSTERY BABYLON, Satan’s human female consort of Satan’s human male representative, the Beast [*Revelation* 17:4-5]) upon Earth.

Revelation 13:18 states: “Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore *and* six.” This is similar to the aforementioned *Liber AL* III:19, where, again regarding the stélé (idol of Satan), Ra-Hoor-Khuit pronounces: “count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.” Both verses obviously refer to a qabbalistic process which can enable the discovery of the inner meaning of the texts, and by NAEQ6: 718 = KINGS OF THE EARTH SHALL BE KINGS FOR EVER THERE THE SLAVES SHALL SERVE. (718 alchemically condenses $(7+1+8 = 16 = 1+6)$ to 7, as does 106, the number of: SPECTRA, as does 214, the number of: NINE UNKNOWN MEN).

On a more ‘mundane’ occult world domination conspiracy level, *The Mail On Sunday* newspaper (12 August 1998, p.9) reported that the Queen is served by the 390 members of the Privy Council, who are appointed for life and sworn to conduct their business in the utmost secrecy. They include leading members of the inner-circle royalty, religion and the government. The Privy Council connects with its equivalent in other Commonwealth countries and is (theoretically at least) above all laws of the land, for its discret-

ionary powers of the “Royal Prerogative” gives royalty the right to order British governments to circumvent the law (including murder) in the execution of certain Crown duties. The Privy Council hold nine official meetings every year, and $3 \times 9 \times 0 = 27$, which is both the cube of 3 (i.e. 3 raised to the third power by multiplying it by its square: 3×9) and one of the sacred numbers of Freemasonry. (Also note that 39 appears here twice, for in qabalah, *zero* does not always have to be counted. 39 is a very meaningful number in Freemasonry, arrived at by multiplying the “perfect number”, 3, by the “favourite number”, 13.) The Bavarian Illuminati Order was officially inaugurated on 1/5/1776; the individual numbers of this date add to 27; by the A1 Cipher often employed by the “Alphabet Agencies” (A=1, B=2, C=3 etc...up to Y=25, Z=26), MI5 yields: 13, 9, 5, (13 being the “favourite” number, 9 and 5 the two “sacred” numbers of Freemasonry), which when added together gives: 27. $2+7 = 9$, and “Europe Day”, 9th May, marks the beginning of the European Union, whose new common anthem, ‘Ode To Joy’ (the prelude to the last movement of Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony*) has lyrics by Friedrich von Schiller, that concern the entering of the shrine of a Pagan goddess and the uniting of all men in brotherhood by the power of magic.

We have learned of Emperor Asoka’s Nine Unknown Men; the Biblical Order of Melchizedek, who by NAEQ6 are of the Nine; the nine knights who founded the original Knights Templar; the at least nine members who had to be present at Hellfire Club meetings; the nine legendary leaders of Synarchy; the “Council of Nine” creator gods of ancient Egypt, channelled by “The Nine” cult. Now know that in his book, *The Conspirators’ Hierarchy* (Joseph Holding Corporation, 1992), the former MI6 agent, Dr John Coleman, states that the Nine Unknown Men of the Nine Sisters Lodge in Paris are connected to their nine fellows in the royalist Quatuor Coronati Lodge in London, and that these eighteen ($18 = 6+6+6$) men form part of: “an even more secret government,” the Royal Institute for International Affairs, and beyond that, the Committee of 300.

There are nine (published) degrees of the York Rite of Freemasonry. The “nth degree” was originally the ninth degree connected to Masonic/Holy Grail legend, just as being on “Cloud Nine” is the exalted consciousness dwelling the illogical, infinite, non-local zone, also evidenced by the popular term “dressed up to the nines”, which means being in an elite, upper-level, magically-initiated mode, as reflected in the American expression of: “the whole nine yards”, signifying thoroughness and completeness, or in an esoteric context, the circle squared, the Great Work achieved.

Conclusions So Far

AS TO HOW we stumbled, or were perhaps pushed, into being part of this incredible Mystery 144 Current, we got into it without realising we were getting into it... Some of us suspect that we have been “Chosen Ones” since birth, childhood or later, due to us belonging (or being of interest) to the hybrid alien-human elite bloodline(s). This possibility seems closest to the truth, supported, amongst other things, by the fact that, by NAEQ6: 144 = STAR KNOWLEDGE. And what is the nature of this ‘star’? STAR = 42 = UFO, and all that this term implies. A further decoding is: STAR = KISS = FOR ALL, i.e. the benevolent contact of this high alien intelligence and the giving of its law/lore throughout the Universe. Another important clue in this 42 decode-series is: ALL IN = BLOOD = CROSS, i.e. the alien-human DNA crossbreeding experiments (variously described in ancient texts) that produced the aforementioned elite bloodlines whose carriers possess certain powers and characteristics of their original creator.⁴¹ Ergo, the concentrated ancient Hermetic axiom: “As Above, So Below”, its inner initiated meaning being “God is Man”,⁴² the crux of the Authentic Magical Tradition.

The reverse of 42 is 24, and—as John A. Keel has evidenced in his book, *UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse* (Abacus, 1973)—the number 24 repeatedly occurs in connection with important UFO/Alien Close Encounter and Monster manifestations. The very start (in the public mass-mind) of the modern UFO wave, and the origin of the term “flying saucer” itself began on 24 June 1947 (note that ‘UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT’ has 24 letters), with Kenneth Arnold’s sighting of the nine unidentified airborne craft over the Cascade Mountains in the USA. Over sixty years later, it was on the 24 July 2008 that the various mainstream newspapers carried the story of astronaut Edgar Mitchell (who spent a Masonically-significant 33 hours on the Moon during the 1971 Apollo 14 Mission, his first and only trip),⁴³ who had recently revealed during a *Kerrang!* radio interview that he knew of many UFO visits to Earth during his career with NASA that have been covered up by the governments; that the ETs responsible fit the Grey description of small frame, large eyes and head (and are supposedly non-hostile); that the (July 1947) Roswell Incident was real and similar alien visits continue to be investigated. He added that: “This is really starting to open up. I think we’re headed for real disclosure and some serious organisations are moving in that direction.”⁴⁴

In the Typhonian OTO (now renamed the “Typhonian Order”) occult tradition, the entity “LAM” (who contacted Aleister Crowley in 1918, and whose portrait was drawn

by Crowley, who many years later gave it to his successor, Kenneth Grant) is considered to be the current leader of the Grey aliens. By NAEQ6: LAM = 24 = GOD = NOW. The aliens often tell human abductees that they are visiting our planet and its inhabitants because of something important connected with “Time”, and have been known to show abductees films or visions about the concept of time, as if we are to surmise that this is the real reason they are visiting us. There are in total 24 time-zones over the Earth, that is surely relevant, and the standard projection rate of celluloid motion picture film is 24 frames-per-second, which produces the illusion of a self-contained reality, a trick of the eye, a deceiving of the mind.⁴⁵ It may also be relevant that the Masonic Gauge (Ruler) has 24 divisions, and 24 June is St John the Baptist’s Day and the anniversary of the official founding of the Grand Lodge of Speculative Freemasonry in England in 1717. There are “four and twenty elders” who sit around the throne in the celestial Temple of God and worship: “him that liveth for ever and ever.” (*Revelation* 4:4; 5:14). They wear white clothes and gold crowns, and may be cognate with the “Hidden Masters” or “Secret Chiefs”, and thus the Nine Unknown Men of occult lore, encountered on the astral (and occasionally on the physical) plane, who are said to oversee the evolution of Planet Earth and its inhabitants.

Also note that the 24th letter of the English Alphabet is ‘X’; by the A1 Cipher: 24 = X; and by The Cube: 144 = X: the Mystery Letter, and grand signifier of all that is Unknown, as in the *X-Factor*, *X-Files*, *Planet X*, etc.

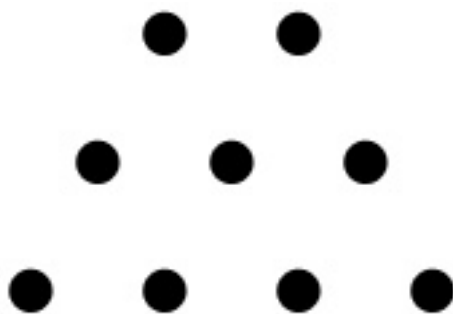
In the Glossary to Michael Bertiaux’s *Voudon Gnostic Workbook*, we find entry number 24: “Biquintility”, that Bertiaux describes thusly:

(Noun). This is an astrological term which refers to the distance between two planets as being 144 degrees with an orb of three degrees. This indicates a relationship between planets and everyone has something of this. However, what is magickally interesting is that this relationship is especially creative in gnostic magick and it is one way in which energy is brought up from the unconscious mind. It is a little known energy and hidden deep in each one but the Guzotte system is designed to bring this out in each person.⁴⁶

In this context, note that 144 square inches = 1 square foot (ft²). As being “on the square” is a code-term meaning that one is a Freemason, this suggests a link to the Masonic Mysteries (and those of Rosicrucianism; see the reference to the “Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia”, above). Also, on 24 May 2008, whilst looking on the Ordnance

Survey Map (Series: M726; Sheet: 115; Edition: 3-GSGS; 1:50 000 Second Series; published 1974) given to an OKOK Research Bureau initiate in mysterious circumstances via a UFO nautic Higher Intelligence and which we use in our occult psychogeographical research, and that helped lead us to the discovery of the Arianrhod Ley, we noticed that in the map's Key explaining: "HEIGHTS ... to the nearest metre above mean sea level," the example given is: "• 144".

Regarding the Nine Unknown Men arrayed as the unfinished pyramid, or trapezoid, we could understand that 24 represents the ultraterrestrial source, or powerzone of the Nine Unknown Men and their allies; the All-Seeing-Eye inside the capstone atop the pyramid that completes its construction (i.e. the "Great Work of establishing the New World Order"), for $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 = 24$, and when these numbers without the total are arranged as a series of points in a descending order, •/••/•••/•••• form a finished perfect pyramid shape of 10 points, 10 being the traditional number of perfect completion.



The Nine Unknown Men symbolised by dots to form the unfinished pyramid or trapezoid.

The two vertical sides further symbolise Masonic 33, with the capstone of 3 in the centre. $3 \times 3 = 9$.

$$\begin{aligned}
 1 \times 8 + 1 &= 9 \\
 12 \times 8 + 2 &= 98 \\
 123 \times 8 + 3 &= 987 \\
 1234 \times 8 + 4 &= 9876 \\
 12345 \times 8 + 5 &= 98765 \\
 123456 \times 8 + 6 &= 987654 \\
 1234567 \times 8 + 7 &= 9876543 \\
 12345678 \times 8 + 8 &= 98765432 \\
 123456789 \times 8 + 9 &= 987654321
 \end{aligned}$$

The Nine Unknown Men symbolised by numbers to form the unfinished pyramid or trapezoid. The two sides of the nine-steps symbolise 99. $9 \times 9 = 81$, the number-value in NAEQ6 of: SATANIC and **BLACK SUN**.

The Nine in three rows comes full circle ($9 \times 3 = 27 = 2 + 7 = 9$), and also forms an unfinished or uncapstoned pyramid (see the diagram above-left). The 9° of Scottish Rite work and the 3° of Blue (Craft) Freemasonry both embody symbolical assassination and death-rebirth ritual, and $9 = 3 \times 3$, or in twilight language, 33, the universal signifier of Freemasonry. 33 becomes 3 times 3 to make 9: The Nine Unknown Men, Keepers of the Keys to the Ninth Gate, a dark doorway which leads to an even deeper and most secret supernal level: 9 times 9 to make 81. By NAEQ6: $81 = \text{SATANIC} = \text{BLACK SUN}$, the supreme galactic omphalos and portal to Otherwhere. If you ever wonder where all the so-called "missing people" go, consider that they may have found themselves elsewhere.

In the Pythagorean system, odd numbers were considered to be symbols of perfection, and the sacred numbers of Freemasonry are all odd: 3, 5, 7, 9, 15, 27, 33, 81: the last number being the square of 9 (9×9). $6+6+6 = 18$; the first-&-last numbers of the whole odd-&-even series before 9, and which, by their addition, give birth to it ($1+8 = 9$). Thus 18, and its mirror 81, can be considered as the Prime Encoders of 9. The *Pent-alpha*, or “Triple Triangle of Pythagoras”, worn as a jewel by the Prelate of the Masonic Knight Templar degree (the “ninth degree of the Rite of the East according to the nomenclature of Fustier”),⁴⁷ refers to the mystery of the Christian Trinity, and in the Masonic Knight of the East degree it is also said to refer:

to the triple essence of Deity; but the symbolism is made still more mystical by supposing that it represents the sacred number 81 [the square of 9], each side of the three triangles being equivalent to 9, which again is the square of 3, the most sacred number in Freemasonry. In the twentieth degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, or that of “Grand Master of all Symbolic Lodges,” it is said that the number 81 refers to the triple covenant of God, symbolized by a triple triangle said to have been seen by [King] Solomon when he consecrated the Temple.⁴⁸

Here be Light, but one must draw open the curtain or rend the veil for it to shine upon you. This is obvious, of course, just as the I/EYE is in the centre of the OBVIOUS, of course, but few are really on it, of course.

Summary

How do we summarise The Nine Unknown Men? By NAEQ6: NINE UNKNOWN MEN = GRAVE MYSTERIES. The dominant 1Hz-to-8Hz brainwaves that are present when we are in a dreamlike state such as REM sleep, and which provoke and enhance improvements in memory, sudden insight and creativity, are known as “Theta Waves”. $1+8 = 9$, as in the Hz, and the name for these waves derives from the Greek letter *Theta*, that by Greek gematria also has the value of 9. It is mostly in the Theta Zone where initiates of the OKOK Research Bureau (ORB) are self-inspired or otherwise guided to work as an alien propaganda conduit, the OKOKian productions acting as a “strange attractor” and “tribal resonator”, which enables us to both find and bring together, on all locales, those who are our natural allies. Once the crucial point has been reached and all are in agreement, then the Next Step can be taken... A.R.K.A.D.I.A.



Magic Roundabout Dérive 35: Conducted on 17 May 1984 amongst the fair counties of Glamorgan & Gwent in South Wales. Digitally restored, typeset, proofread & annotated from the original typescript by Lucinda Opal at the behest of the Luminous Press on 30 August 2005

Preface

THIS CURIOUS, hitherto unpublished typescript was recently discovered by moonlight inside a musty old brass-cornered trunk, nestling within a much-thumbed, dog-eared copy of the classic rare 1970s British occult magazine *Pan's Kingdom*. Judging by this placement, and the retouching by hand, it is believed to be the corrected proof of an article intended for a future issue. The author of the text and owner of the treasure chest is a certain 'disappeared' initiate (name withheld), who had close ties with the experimental sorcery group, The Magic Roundabout, and was heavily involved in the sadomasochistic psychedelic sex rituals held at their infamous Full Moon "Howling Parties". The core element prime movers of the Magic Roundabout later transmogrified into The OKOK Society, so we are presenting the Unknown Frater's report here for your interest. Know that the term 'Dérive' means 'Drift', and describes an improvised esoteric search procedure performed by the original French Surrealist group and later by the original Situationist cabal. It forms the core element of modern day Psychogeography.

Part the I

HANDS OF PERVERSION / Taping Roadside Streets / Suspicions of Suspicions / The absence of God that somehow felt like a presence... There were three of us engaged in this mad drama for numerological and sublime geometrical reasons, what can happen with this special number. We were searching, *at last*, for the secret caves (not not-so-secret ones). The shock trail began modestly enough, with preliminary research for the X Spot yielding predictably bleak in the results department, as—interesting enough as they are—most of the legends of underground passages and concealed caverns tend not to lead to genuinely weird and arcane sites, only to abandoned WWII 'Dad's Revolutionary Army' hideouts; the lonely stash-places of 18th Century smugglers (who spread the word that they were haunted to ward off the curious); or are based on the archetypal 'lonesome fiddler' myth who searches a passageway under the earth for gold, a talking

cockerel or whatever. It would have taken ages and an incredible amount of labour to build such fabled chambers and the routes to them, not to mention the problem of executing such a task clandestinely, so they can mostly be dismissed as imaginary.

Yet in a few cases the legends have been proven to be based on an element of truth. Occasionally we hear of workmen engaged in road repairs or excavation work who have by chance broken into stone-lined subterranean vaults or passages, as was the case in 1833 when a gang of labourers removing a mound of stone from the Bryn yr Ellyllon (Hill of the Fairies, or Goblins) near Mold in North Wales discovered a stone-lined dug grave under a substantial cairn of stones. It contained an intricately ornamented Bronze Age golden cape, amber beads, some strips of bronze, “a second gold object”, plus a human skeleton. Local folklore has it that sometime strange before the discovery, at the Witching Hour, a spectral man cloaked in gold passed across the road at the site and then disappeared into the mound.

Standing outside of this is the extensive private labyrinth grotto of vaulted, arched, sandstone and brick passageways created beneath the city streets of Liverpool in the early 19th Century under the direction of the “King of Edge Hill”, the philanthropist Joseph Williamson.¹ Was the Beatles song *A Day In The Life* with its line about “ten thousand holes” in the road at Blackburn, Lancashire some kind of garbled prophecy of this Liverpoolian find, or an accurate but coded message from the Fab Four perhaps, akin to their subliminal backmasking efforts and the making of occult hand-signals such as the ‘Devil’s Horns’ and ‘666-OK’ on *The Yellow Submarine* merchandise? ‘Blackburn’ suggests the Black Sun, and the infamous A666 road starts and ends at the town.

There has been much speculation on exactly what went on in the secret chasms, including unsubstantiated rumours of “unorthodox religious practices” such as masked communions held by the anonymous brethren of a particularly crepuscular cult called “The Subterraneans”. Williamson fingered as the Magister, with the 13th non-human Master adept being none other than the infamous “Spring-Heeled Jack” (so-called in the later Victorian times), who always dressed in black, had “eyes of fire” and “spat blue flames”, before leaping over houses and from rooftop to rooftop, much to the dismay of witnesses. Jack was last seen in Liverpool in 1904, and it is said by those who dare speak it that he still dwells deep in his terrifying stygian lair somewhere within Williamson’s labyrinth, most of which remains unexplored and closed off to the public, especially its bricked up chambers, secret passages and hidden rooms...

Whilst these claims may be unproven, pray note that the strange dark tunnelling in Liverpool ended with Williamson's death on May 1st, 1840, the 64th anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Illuminati in Bavaria by Adam Weishaupt. $6 \times 4 = 24$, a number which, as John A Keel has shown, occurs again and again in connection with important Alien-UFO phenomena, especially close encounters with non-human craft and beings, and the deaths of UFOlogists. Also, the first and founding meeting of the Grand Lodge of Freemasonry (now the United Grand Lodge of England) was on the 24th June 1717. Williamson and his wife's first house was at 18 Mason Street (named after Edward Mason, whose mansion stood on the corner), and Williamson began his tunnelling under Mason Street in the early 1800s. Much of the stone masonry produced from his earliest diggings was used for the houses he built on and around Mason Street, to re-line his mysterious underground tunnels, and to construct the massive boundary wall surrounding his land.

Back in North Wales, we won't easily forget that sunny day with black umbrellas and the resultant night of moonbathing and silver keys when we slept in the very centre of Y Meini Hirion (The Druid's Circle), that is situated near Penmaenmawr at GR 723 746 (Ordnance Survey Sheet 115). There we had a communal dream of a vast underground cavern complex, that was again stone-lined but weirdly-angled with slopes and arches of dark rock exerting a brooding otherworldly 'silence'. As we left at first light, it was most curious to notice that the sheep would go up to its perimeter but dared not enter the stone circle itself, as if some invisible force-field surrounded it.

Fortified and indefatigably intrigued by such experience, we persisted in our sacred search, switching tactics from the Reference Library to the Akashic Record, inspired onwards by hearing about the "Net of Gems" concept on a Joseph Campbell talk-tape (The Jewelled Net of the Vedic god, Indra, a metaphorical teaching from Mahayana Buddhism originating in the 3rd Century BC): a huge metaphorical net that covers the Universe, with a gem in each of its crosspoints of juncture reflecting all the others and reflected in all the others. We surmised then that if Everything is Interconnected and Interdependent, one could tune in to whatever one wanted, surely? Yes. Then after several concerted Transceiving ceremonies during which we skryed for clues there occurred a most interesting 'coincidence' concerning the supernatural and decadent gothic horror writer Arthur Machen and our merry band. Susan had been getting into his 1894 novella *The Great God Pan*, and had recommended it to Adam, who gazed at her quizzical-

cally, asking: “I don’t remember you mentioning Machen and Pan to me. Did we speak in dreams..?” So somehow it was in his mind, and he ‘bagsied’ the book next.

That very same day he had a strange inclination to visit that neglected haunt of the bibliophiles nicknamed “The Muse”, a secondhand bookshop down a dark alleyway off the High Street. Once inside, Adam’s weary gaze idly flicked across multitude spines of dross. Giving up in disgust, he turned towards the oak door to leave, but espied from the corner of his left eye the words ‘Mysterious Wales’ in white-on-black of that special quavering font some of you will know of. “Always a good sign”, he thought, so went over to the shelf and found that it was the title of a book by Chris Barber (David & Charles 1982), an ex-Bangor Library ‘Withdrawn For Sale’ job. Spirited away from the general public into Adam’s hands..?

On getting the tome home and examining the text after a couple of egg whiskeys, he was surprised to read on page 195 that:

Churchyard, writing about his visit to the ruins of the Roman city of Caerleon in 1587, recorded, ‘I have seen caves underground that go I know not how far, all made of excellent work and goodly great stones both overhead and underfoot.’ Today there are several legends of mysterious underground passages associated with Caerleon and it would seem that in Churchyard’s day they were still accessible.

Barber infuriatingly doesn’t give Churchyard’s full name or the source from which this Churchyard quote is reproduced, and despite a somewhat thorough search ourselves we have not managed to track down this elusive and tantalising information yet, but we do know that the “several legends” include the belief that the hidden network of tunnels date back to good King Arthur’s rule; or are older still, built beyond the time of the feared Silurian Druids who used them for curious and long forgotten rites to strange gods. A few scoff that they were merely part of an old Roman sewer system used by the garrison at Isca, and later sequestered in medieval times for other purposes. There are even some foolish people who think they do not exist.

Arthur Machen was born in 1863 in this very same Welsh village of Caerleon (full name Caerleon-upon-Usk), whose caves are legended to be the original location of King Arthur’s court, where the Knights of the Round Table gathered and set out on their Quest for the Holy Grail. It is here where they lie, ready to be summoned by the Great Bell of Waking. One wonders if the fine circular Roman amphitheatre that exists in the

village to this day was built upon the sacred seat of this true Royal Ring of Albion, who may save the day. Whether yes or no, this was more like it...

Coded to this tune is the assertion by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier in their *The Morning of the Magicians* (Mayflower 1973), that in the middle of WWII Heinrich Himmler organised an expedition to find the Holy Grail, and at the same time found a work by Arthur Machen, and that Himmler believed he was born in this place, “the cradle of Wagnerian themes”, such as Wagner’s opera *Parzival*, whose central action is the search for the Grail. Another interesting ‘coincidence’, as is Machen’s first name and that of the King, whose mythos was first established in the public mind by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *History of the Kings of Britain*, written during the 1130s, a work in which he blended known events, material which has since vanished, and his own intuitive imagination. He was also the first to mention Arthur’s magical sword, forged in the mysterious and ethereal Isle of Avalon, naming the weapon ‘Caliburn’, although later writers renamed it ‘Excalibur’. After marrying Guinevere, the brave Arthur goes on to conquer many lands, and, after establishing a sizable empire, he retires to his royal court at Caerleon-on-Usk in South Wales, surrounded by his knights, priests and wizards. Arthur dies in 542 AD at the battle at Camlann, which Geoffrey locates by the River Camel in Cornwall, although no one saw him die. Instead, he was borne away to the Isle of Avalon. There he sleeps, and sleeps also in the minds of all the righteous Britons, until the prophesised day comes when he shall once again battle England’s foes, and restore the Golden Age.

Amongst particular occult circles who investigate the fascinating arena of crypto-history, the Holy Grail is believed to be directly related to invisible hierarchies of a long vanished civilisation, and also the cause of all wars and major upheavals, as the various opposing elite factions fight for its possession. The Holy Grail is said to be a small, semi-translucent black sphere of extraterrestrial origin, whose interior is like metal-flake receding into infinity. The last time it was used in public was when Sir Francis Drake consulted it in disguise during his famous cliff-top game of bowls, to predict the weather conditions and tactics of the Spanish Armada, which assured a British victory. After that it somehow made its way to a heavily fortified and constantly guarded vault at a remote mountain fastness located in what is now modern day Iraq, which raises some interesting questions as to the real cause and objective of the two Middle East Gulf Wars instigated by the Western Powers.

We began to wonder if Machen—who was descended from a long line of priests and deeply interested in the Arthurian Mythos—was therefore a member of the ‘Holy Blood Holy Grail’ elite bloodlines hunting for the Grail, suspecting that it lay in the Caerleon caves. If the incurable romantic Machen—who said “man is made of mystery and exists for mysteries and visions”—had known about the caves, surely he would have tried to find and enter them, to gain their secrets? It seems likely that some of Machen’s wanderings as a youth were attempts to discover the entrance to the secret caverns, with the hidden Grail possibility acting as an entrancing myth in his developing imagination. As an adult, he may have been astonished to discover that this ‘myth’ was in reality fact... Machen’s primary gift was the high transmutation of the everyday, the awareness and revealing of the numinous Other World lurking just behind the facade of the usual theatre—which makes him a key figure pioneer in British Psychogeography—and his life and work is a strange example of this ‘Fictionfact’. He writes way way out, fantastic stories about secret societies and their doings, such as *The Great God Pan*, *The Inmost Light* and *The White Powder*, only to later *join* such an occult group, The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and meet these adepts in the real world, whose character and activities he had earlier described from his imagination. Figments of mind become flesh of body. He was always puzzled by this curious phenomenon, as he writes in a letter to Toulet written in 1899 and reproduced in the aforementioned *The Morning of the Magicians*, in which Machen says:

When I was writing Pan and The White Powder I did not believe that such strange things had ever happened in real life, or could ever have happened. Since then, and quite recently, I have had certain experiences in my own life which have entirely changed my point of view on these matters. ... Henceforward I am quite convinced that nothing is impossible on this Earth.

This bold assertion was amply confirmed some time later during WWI, when Machen wrote his story of *The Bowmen* straight off, for *The Evening News*, who published it on 29 September 1914, the very day after the retreat from Mons. The story features the apparition of St George in shining armour, at the head of his angels (here in the guise of the old archers of the battle of Agincourt), who come to the rescue of the British Army. Afterwards, it is alleged that scores of British soldiers wrote to the newspaper to say that Machen was *not* writing fiction, and swore on their honour that they had witnessed at Mons the angels of St George mingling in their ranks, before they had read his story.

Whatever the truth of this, Machen certainly either created, or tapped into, something very powerful indeed.

As a young man in London, Machen worked in a bookshop as a cataloguer of occult works (yet another ‘coincidence’ with Adam’s discovery of *Mysterious Wales*). Between 1886 and 1894 Machen translated a number of obscure medieval texts, including the pornographic *Heptameron*, the esoteric *Thesaurus Incantatus*, and *Fantastic Tales or the Way to Attain* by Francois Beroalde de Verville.

During his depth-stint amongst the dusty occult books, Machen too may have come across Churchyard’s hand account of the lost Caerleon caves, which re-stimulated his interest in finding them and the Grail they were supposed to conceal. This may explain why Machen joined The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn circa 1899. Did he get involved with them solely in order to gain the occult knowledge necessary to search for the elusive caverns? As his membership only lasted a short while and he never really seemed to be that into formal ceremonial magic or esoteric organisations. Perhaps during his researches he found something in an authentic Grimoire he translated that told but the half of how to “Discover buried treasure” or “Reveal hidden things”, which were a staple part of many medieval Grimoires, and he needed the expertise of The Golden Dawn for the other half. Machen was then only a novice magician after all, and would probably have wanted some practical instruction in the subject, and somewhere to run to if things got out of hand.

Another, equally plausible reason for his renewed interest in finding the Caerleon caves is the fact that The Golden Dawn grew out of The English Rosicrucian Society, who only recruited those from the higher-ranking Freemasons and whose membership included Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, author of *The Coming Race* (1871), a book about the Vril-ya, a race of men with advanced psychic powers including telepathy and telekinesis, making them almost godlike, who *lurk in caves* in the centre of the Earth, soon to emerge to reign over us. This book, written by a high adept, was presumed by some to be Truth Veiled By Fiction, and was the direct reason for the founding in Berlin shortly before the Nazi Party came to power, of ‘The Luminous Lodge’ or ‘Vril Society’ (perhaps the Lumenclub of Vienna?) as mentioned by the Paperclipped German rocket scientist Willy Ley in his 1947 article in *Astounding Science Fiction* 39. This secret cult had engaged in meditative rituals designed to penetrate and harness the secrets of Vril. Some claim this group to be the occult *omphalos* of the Nazi SS Black Order, the inner

elite of the movement whose aims were magical, not political. Remember that the Nazis did seriously entertain ideas like the World Ice Theory and Hollow Earth Doctrine, and the SS searched for the entrance to the underground world in Tibet and Antarctica, as have other governments since.

After about twenty years of pro-existence, The English Rosicrucian Society transmogrified into The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, which Machen joined, so it is conceivable that he heard from crossover members strange rumours about the vast and wondrous subterranean world, which were now well-established in the bizarre Victorian occult scene, as Bulwer-Lytton's 'Vril-ya' theme had by then been further adapted and popularised by Theosophical Society leader Madame Blavatsky in her famous book *The Secret Doctrine* (1888), in which she claimed that elaborate centres of esoteric learning and initiation were real and located in mountain caves and underground labyrinths in the remote regions of Central Asia. This surely would have stirred him to think of looking for the Caerleon caverns again? We could even surmise that the real reason for his later shunning of ritual magic to join the Roman Catholic Church was because he had FOUND OUT TOO MUCH... Perhaps the secret, nay, even the very location of, the Holy Grail (in the Caerleon caves?) and was either scared or warned off by some forbidding supernatural agency.

Given all the great material Machen had access to at that particular time and place which would have been perfect material for his supernatural stories, we found it more curious that he *didn't* mention the Caerleon caves explicitly in any of his published writings, which hints that it was indeed a secret, Holy Psychic Quest of his. But we were later helpfully informed by a Mr Games of The FOAM (Friends of Arthur Machen: www.machensoc.demon.co.uk) that Machen *did* in fact mention the Caerleon caves in his medieval-set romance *The Chronicles of Clemendy* (1888), in 'How a Man of Caerleon Found a Great Treasure', which features a Caerleon local, "Griffith The Delver", who spends most of his time digging for treasure after listening to some monks talking in glowing terms with hints of the supernatural of the ancient treasures buried beneath Caerleon. He is tricked into visions of King Arthur and his Knights, but never finds any material treasure, so he retires to drink beer and sit in the Sun. This shows that Machen was very familiar with the legends of the caves, and he locates them close to or under the Castle Mound (Lodge Hill). Note that his later tale, *The Hill of Dreams* was also set in Caerleon, where the outwardly humdrum exterior of his birthplace, then an obscure

little town, becomes a scene of Roman alchemy and libertine rites, a delirious tavern and a garden of marble statues and exquisite fountains, into which the story's hero, a maladjusted Welsh youth seeks refuge. Given this, it is tempting to wonder that if Machen had discovered the location and secret of the "Caves in the Hill of Dreams", then he may have placed veiled-coded or even direct references to this—and the whereabouts of the entranceway—somewhere within these two abovementioned stories.

Conversely, if he had been warned off by unsettling apparitions, this may explain the fate of the 'lost' Machen biography, written posthumously by his literary executor, the poet John Gawsworth, "King Juan I of Redonda". Its creation has all the hallmarks of poltergeist-like intervention from the unseen world, as if someone, or rather *something*, didn't want the information it contained to reach the general public. During a quarrel in 1949 Gawsworth's wife Estelle picked up the one and only draft of the work and threw it at her husband, scattering the unnumbered pages like confetti. He could not fit the jigsaw back together again, so it remained exploded and unpublished. (See Kenneth & Steffi Grant – *Zos Speaks!* Fulgur 1998, p.280). Before the book's eventual publication in 2005 by the Tartarus Press (as *The Life of Arthur Machen*, edited by Roger Dobson), its production was—according to Mr Games—also beset with many long delays and frustrations, which so gives extra credence to the astral-supernatural opposition theory. Even after surmounting these obstacles, for some reason, suspicious or clear, the book was only produced in a very limited edition of 250 copies, had no ISBN, and was not for sale to the public, being available only to the mystery-drenched members of The FOAM.

Given all this, could there be (as was popular amongst certain writers of that period and genre) concealed hints or clues about all this in his stories that speculate upon unseen anterior races existing in subterranean chasms, such as *The Novel of the Black Seal* and *The Shining Pyramid*, or *The Great Return*, a meditation on the Grail written in 1915? (And possibly inspired in part by his deep knowledge of other ancient and sacred relics enguarded in humble Welsh farmhouses, such as the Nanteos Cup and St Teilo's Skull.) Also in this context, note the title: *The House of the Hidden Light*, a symbolic and hieroglyphic text of Machen's and fellow Golden Dawn initiate Arthur Edward Waite's magical correspondence which they published together in 1904, reputedly in a very limited edition of three copies.

When Machen speaks of the World of Evil, "full of caverns and crepuscular beings dwelling therein", he is referring—as an initiate of The Golden Dawn—to that other

world in which man comes into direct contact with the mysterious ‘Secret Chiefs’ or the ‘Unknown Supermen’. But does he mean this as an astral/metaphorical zone or *actual physical* place on this planet? Madame Blavatsky, Aleister Crowley, Adolf Hitler and other occultists shared this belief in the Outer Overlords and even claimed to have been in touch with these Beings. Here I am reminded of my friend Donald, a spiritualist who swore in all earnest that demons lived in the natural caves beneath Blackpool’s ‘Pleasure Beach’ funfair. When “the stars were right”, these infernal creatures “would rise from the depths and hide amongst the aptly creepy scenery of the Ghost Train, to feed off the stark fear emanations of virgin passengers. Sometimes the ghosts in the ghost train are not painted but real”. I would hesitate to call such entities “Evil” however, a description all too easily resorted to for that which we do not understand.

Part the II

SO ENTRANCED BY all this and super-enweirdened by the action, Susan, Adam and I decided to take a trip and take a trip to South Wales, visit Caerleon, look for the hidden caves and see what happened... We were cave-hungry, lusting for Mystery, psychic



The Promise of Sebastopol.

hitchhikers hooked on discovering something we didn’t already know. And we were fully aware of the dangers... Rumour has it that some of those who have searched for the lost caverns were never seen again.

On the way, the acid began to hit our empty stomachs and dizzy heads along the road to Pontypool; it seemed like we had erected an “inner moat” of

inhuman entangled gossamer webs. Quavered and shimmering, we couldn’t really do much in the way of serious Psychogeography (or so we thought), thus we decided one for all to take a detour and cool off a bit for a long spell of obscure mellowing in the quiet environs of the weirdly-named village of Sebastopol, a veritable non-explained oddjob. It was here that our sunken eyes saw the ‘Merlin’ graffiti (see above left) either sprayed or daubed on the walls, which freaked us out big time, as a photo of the very same hand-painted message is reproduced in *Mysterious Wales* by Barber!

The coincidences were by now more than coincidences; they seemed to have become a beacon of light—terrifying but alluring—guiding us towards an uncertain, perhaps other-dimensional climax, like a moth to a candleflame. Was King Arthur’s spiritual right hand man himself—the Wizard Merlin—watching over us, drawing this hapless trio ever closer to his fabled abode, wherein he oversees the spiritual destiny of Great Britain alongside the King and his Knights, so that he or they could impart to us some magnitudal whitelight revelation? Or were we just a bunch of drug-crazed Ley lovers, out-of-it Alignment freaks, experiencing an ugly warning shot across our boughs sent by some darker, malevolent force from the lower regions of the Otherworld?

Whatever, the graffiti sure spoke directly to the reader, as it always does; a clarion call of light, so in a flash we decided from then on to forego buying another person’s maps or tourist guides, and rely solely on the landscape itself (and the mysterious forces behind it) for our directions. Avoid the mass media, for they are the People of Darkness, born amongst their mother’s shit and suckled on eggshells and grave worms; their wine is the poison of dragons. Indoctrination, not education. We banished these shibboleths, and in doing so realised that conventional studying merely produces the ability to...study. Whereas creativeness in any art is developed simply by *doing*, prior to knowing the professional laws and tricks. To be creative *try being creative* from the very start!

The daze at Sebastopol was like a peculiarly beautiful trinket to be carried unmentioned in one’s inner trouser pocket: a rare stamp, an old coin, a tiny carved gem, even a cosmic meteorite, distinguishable from all others by an unusual imprinted design, which emanates a warm and increasingly beautiful aura of possession. To our dismay a peculiar throbbing emotion had engulfed us, a s..ss...sssensation far beyond what any synthetic psychedelic compound could muster. Our heads were magnanimous, heavy and tingling with tiny silver bells; all known senses of time and space confused and commingled. We projected lightning flashes from our eyes, illuminating our trajectory, shewing us the way to go, round here, down there, as we made our expedition haphazardly along the slippery moss-covered cobbled streets of the phantasmagorial magic lantern show ‘till evening call, where we did partake of much the ravenous ale and merry making in a secluded hostelry infused with a drowsy-on atmosphere of soft dreaming and headlight trances, which resulted at the end of the night in the odd forgetting of just where our hastily-arranged lodgings were. On our gay fools errand throughout the estranged high darkness we wandered far off the beaten track (seemingly the A4136) into a bewitching

fragrant coppice of what *appeared* to be oak trees, but with faces of smiling bark, and glimpsed other beings that pretended to be bushes, where we felt very ‘merged’, and so laid down the early hours to void, sleeping it off in each other’s arms whilst sheltered under the overhang of a massive rock that seemed to give off an unfamiliar humming



The Suck Stone, situated at GR 538 142 (OS Sheet 162), is believed to be the largest piece of detached conglomerate rock in Britain, sized 60ft by 40ft by 26ft and weighing an estimated 30,000 tons. It may communicate.

sound, which in the depths of the wild feverish night sounded like low murmurs of dog-Latin renegade monk incantations. We had caressed the massive stone sentinel in action dreams then applied juices to the cracks, not sure what was going on. It wasn’t until the next daylight, when we awoke dry and enfrozen in the dreaded coming of dawn, a reality so vulgar compared to Magic Star Night, that we realised just how bizarre this formidable ancient grey slab was. It just sat there, alone and aloof (and transmitting?), as if it had been dropped by a passing UFO or fallen from the watch-pocket of a careless gentle giant.

On returning to human civilisation we got back into our stride, and after several cups of black coffee we too felt more human, and so posing as innocent bystanders like a hound on

the scent, we encircled then bent the ear of the friendly-seeming local man sitting opposite us, who looked like Captain Birdseye off the TV food advert and definitely had “something of the night” about him, with what appeared to be half-whispered rumours of “strange bedfellows”. He possessed a slender, eager body that seemed to grow like a flower from the ground under his feet. Shy of tears and laughter, with his whole soul armed against them, the Bird informed us via exegesis that the aforementioned prehistorically-formed structure was known as: “The Suck Stone... No-one knows why neither, and it don’t much take too kindly to strangers disturbin’ its rest”. We were rather taken aback by this unexpected statement, and even more so by the fact that we were now, inexplicably, standing erect in Staunton, Gwent, over twenty miles away from where we should have been. What the hell was going on here? Was hell going on here?

It turned out that Captain Birdseye, who had green eyes, white eyebrows, red hair, a bushy beard with plaits, rectangular yellow-lensed spectacles, purple brass buckles on his shoes and gold embroidered anchors on his sky-blue suit wrapped in a black velvet cloak, was something of a wicked Antiquarian, and knew other wonders of the landscape rarely mentioned by the gentlefolk: melted mazes, lost labyrinths, hollow hills and the like. He offered to drive us in his Jaguar some way Wild West to such a place situated near the Worms Head, where he would show us a wyrd fairy dwelling called “The Culver Hole”. When we got close, regaled by this man’s charm talk and infused with his hypnotic mannerisms, going up in a veritable contact high to replace our coming down fast from a chemical one, there occurred more weird patriotism as if pertaining to some unknown land, which we had been keeping to ourselves, in league with something fantastic.

The Captain parked the mile-eating miracle at Port Eynon, and with tranquil hands removed from the glove compartment a small silver foil envelope monogrammed in purple and under heraldic seal of red wax. He broke it open, and produced a curious star-shaped cake that gave off a pungent OD odour of woodsmoke and unknown exotic spices, as if it were a Black Host consecrated in some obscene rite of the Goat-foot God. Birdseye proffered it to us in silence, and we partook of the Sacrament with a sideways grace, as with a sweep of his numerous hairy limbs he went round to the boot and took out a Tilley lamp and ebony walking stick—my companion joking that he looked like the Hermit on that Led Zeppelin LP cover—and then led us with the wind in our hair along the precarious, loose-stoned paths tracing the top of the cold straying expanse of moaning cliffs. The trees dance-swept by the wind, anonymous night breezes singing among telephone wires or in the rigging of invisible ships like an alien wailing rising and falling with weird intervals of sound muffled only by distance and the ghosted layers



The Culver Hole, located at GR 467 844 (OS Sheet 159) in West Glamorgan. In the photograph of it shown above, is it just a trick of the light or are there loads of scary demonic faces hiding in the olden rocks of the site?

of side-mind awareness. Vile fogs approached, closer and closer, until even the proud and strident foghorn—designed to banish the weirder obfuscatory effects of the murk—began to take on some of its creeping eeriness. Who was the dealer of this green-suited drug? And what was the reason for this nearby overdose?

With Captain Bird's eyes like two crimson carbuncles and the folds of his glistening jet-black cloak billowing out behind him pulled by the breath of the gale, in the murky darkness he seemed to become a terrifyingly large bat that had fluttered out of a horror film, or was this a horror film? And if so, did it really constitute a nightmare – or our longed-for fantasy? Maledictions and anathemas only tangled the bank, as we followed him down to the foaming beach, whose glistening crystals we trod to The Hole, a most peculiar, *presumably* manmade structure and surely one of the strangest places in Wales, consisting of a sixty foot height of rough masonry built to seal up a cleft in the rocks.

A daring Herculean scramble gave access to a steep stone staircase that led up to a small upper chamber, and despite the seemingly inevitable examples of ineptly-lettered moronic graffiti, used condoms and crumpled, rusting cans of *Special Brew*, the place definitely had something of the outré about it. An eerie presence descended over us as we stood framed in the realm of dusk at the oval window, silently gazing out at the brooding, undulating sea that stretched giddily towards the gently curving horizon; the dark, ominous, swirling interior mirroring the storm clouds gathering themselves above. Whoever, or whatever was writing this script, the pen was mightier than the Overseer.

We were enmeshed in a cocoon of unreality, and through the shadowy flickering filter of the cold, musty effluvium mingled with the reeking exhalations of the mildewed stonework the coarse messages and vulgar drawings etched into the walls seemed to turn into beautiful hieroglyphics suggesting sacred, arcane principles. There were also hints of disturbingly vague, comatose seductions, groping wildly as suddenly—as if following a stage cue—a perfect fusillade of sky cries reverberated from a lone black crow which swooped invisibly down from nowhere to cut the atmosphere momentarily as Birdseye began whispering in a low voice that in 1850 the local curate dug up several mammoth bones here, and a skull so large he was unable to get it out of the cave, so he reburied the macabre trophy in the void from whence it came. And whilst digging elsewhere within the walls another pious Christian had stumbled across what he thought was an opening to the Pits of Hell. The Magic Circle's ears pricked up at that, and our trio of power exchanged knowing looks, observing the scenes as one, dancing the madder-rose,

licking our lips in deliciously macabre pleasure, wishing we had violets, goat foot handled knives and white dodecahedrons.

Birdseye had noted all this of course, as he held his strategic position by the open doorway. The consummate sardonic, he was a wise old hand at the Vampire Game, feeding off the dynamic effervescence of strangers at weird places he knew well but were new to his guests. There is a special nectar present, a heady combination of expectation, excitement and fear, plus an unknown factor inscrutable; in both parties; though some learn to drink only, and not pour... He had spent long silent hours at the quartz crystal eyepiece of his telescopic telescope inserted into the boreholes he'd drilled through the ground, staring down deep into the earth, looking for those who walk beneath us. His mind is lost in zones of twilight. Knowing we knew that he knew we knew, he continued the midnight masquerade nonetheless, softly intoning:

Legend has it that a secret passage many miles long begins here at The Culver Hole, connecting the darkened 'cave' to a hidden temple of Mithras which exists as pristine as it ever was, under the ground at the pulsating village of Llandeilo, long the abode of deep witchcraft. The tunnel then continues its snaking path beneath the nearby Black Mountain, inside which dark spectres of monk's cowls and nun's habits lurk, who prowl the depths of the earth in hideous tumult to snatch away the unwary miner or his canary. Yet this blackest burrow does not tarry here, but moves further on, winding its way like mercury, to end in the dank cellar of Craig-y-nos Castle in Powys.

Maybe this guy was onto something, as about 4 miles from Llandeilo, just outside Black Mountain, is the ancient fortress Carreg Cennen Castle, from where a known 150ft long narrow underground tunnel leads to a wishing well. And just opposite Craig-y-nos Castle is Ogof Ffynnon Ddu at GR 843 157 (OS Sheet 160), one of the longest, deepest and complex cave systems in Britain, which has only been entered in our modern times since 1946. We do suppose that a single, undiscovered, subterranean passageway could secretly link The Culver Hole with Llandeilo and the two castles, the latter three places all being roughly aligned. And perhaps it continues, stretching the 36 miles or so as the crow flies or the mole burrows, from Craig-y-nos Castle to Caerleon...

In his book on magic (magic book) entitled *Outer Gateways*, Kenneth Grant—the Outer Head of the Typhonian Ordo Templi Orientis—claims that Mrs Yelg Paterson (witch-mother and occult mentor of the artist-initiate Austin Osman Spare), headed a “fluid and nomadic” coven (which was to become Spare’s “Zos Kia Cultus”), based in

South Wales, who there invoked their arch-spirit guide, Black Eagle, “in the ruins of a twelfth century edifice”. Grant then later discovered there in 1944 a pair of candlesticks “fashioned in the form of a satyr’s head”, which were presumably used in the rites. This place I believe to be Carreg Cennen Castle, a ruin from around the 13th Century, that stands on top of a crag with a sheer drop of nearly 300ft.

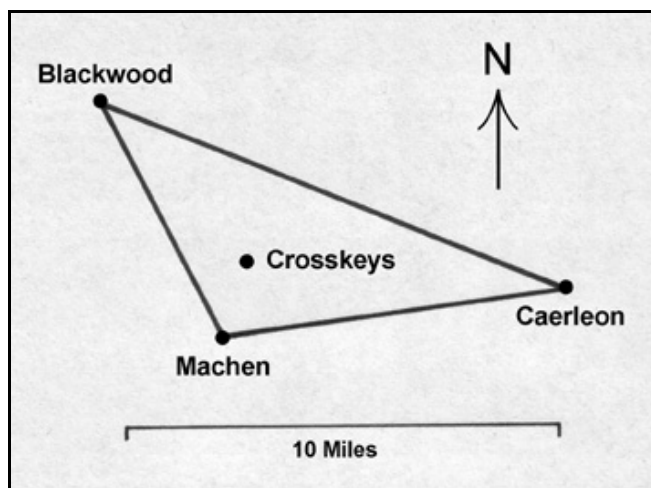
Andrew D. Chumbley draws from this account in his article *The Cult of the Divine Artist* in the official Typhonian OTO journal *Starfire Vol.II No.1* (1996); he speaks that a lineage deriving from Llandeilo “informs the present phase of the Sabbatic Tradition” (that is, the Cultus Sabbati, the present form of the Zos Kia Cultus), of which he is leader. Chumbley also says that ‘Llandeilo’ means ‘Land of the Devil’. Although *llan* does translate as ‘parish’, ‘village’, or ‘church’, the word *deilo* doesn’t exist in the Welsh language, only *deilio*, ‘to leaf’, or ‘abundance’, so the name of this village may conceivably be a corruption of ‘The Place of the Green Man’, that logically links to Jack-in-the-Green, the ancient leaf-covered nature spirit of fertile fecundity and the British version of the Greek Pan, who is also called the Devil. Interestingly, just two miles North of Llandeilo is a village called Salem. According to Grant, Mrs Paterson claimed descent from a line of witches from the other Salem in America, the scene of the famous 17th Century witch trials. Grant also promises that Mrs Paterson was the link between the “Cult of the Old Ones celebrated by [H.P.] Lovecraft ... whose votaries she knew as the ‘Ancient Winds’, and several writers and artists in Europe, Russia and America (such as Blackwood, Rohmer, Lovecraft, Roerich ...)” The important involvement of Algernon Blackwood (whom Grant is alluding to) in all this, will soon become apparent.

But we digress, ever digress... Now here we are, back to the narrative, but it’s like a country fair. We are lost in the peep-shows and throwing stalls, scared on the merry-go-round, our coins stuck to our hands with toffee-apples.

We thanked our brooding, unclear host—who by now resembled a first class third class example of a fizzing bomb plot caricature that had somehow slipped under the government’s cast iron security radar shield—and went on our way, that was enough for one day. After all this fascinating adventure and the mind blowing, by the time we’d got back to our lair we were totally Mick Jaggered, and had to sign on the next day, so never did quite make it to the mythical Arthurian Caves of Caerleon, that was our earnest original intent; but chance, and maybe the workings of more mysterious ways, had perhaps revealed to us something far more awesome and concrete...

Part the III

SOME CANDLES LATER, after pondering the rich and intricate interwoven multileveled fabric of this Mystery in various states of consciousness, I was most perplexed to have come to no strongbow-definite conclusions about it all, aside from the curious phrase “palindromed parallel”. At that moment it seemed probable that this episode was going to end as a distorted magnetic pattern in the memory bank of some long forgotten machine



The Magic Triangle.

of a distant aeon, but some weeks after I had, not so much a dream, but rather a peculiar prompt from beyond as I lay half-asleep, that the answer to the riddle could well be right in front of my eyes. I got up, and moved groggily through the gloom towards the far corner of my room, to look again, with a more quaquaversal eye, at the map strewn

across my well-worn and cluttered desk. A certain section of the map now seemed more brighter and prominent than the rest, and I was next astonished to find that it contained the Magic Triangle (shown above), which shewed in its majesty that there are actual lived villages present in country called ‘Machen’ and ‘Blackwood’ connected to each other, and both to Caerleon by the hidden alignments of the Magic Triangle; and all three places are about the same distance apart from each other – surely things of import?

Arthur Machen and Algernon Blackwood were contemporaries, born in the 1860s within six years of each other, both of them modern British masters of the supernatural tale and members of The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. These successful, published authors both wrote of the fantastic underground world, and there is reason to believe that they trafficked with the intelligences that dwell therein. (Blackwood’s time spent prospecting for gold in Canada, exploring hidden underground chasms could be relevant here, and his first book: *The Empty House* [1906].) This was, we do believe, part of the inner sanctum teachings of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, which—along with The Subterraneans of the North—was connected to a vastly more ancient and powerful Cult at this level.

Looking closer at the multifaceted tracery, the undulating land inside the three-walled perimeter seemed to raise itself up above the rest of the country, turning pure... *something* for an instant, and as the plateau descended again, I espied that in the centre, closest to Machen, there appeared another curious-sounding place called 'Crosskeys'. The *cross-* or *crossed-keys* are a very old Cabbalistic-Rosicrucian-Freemasonic emblem, and its appearance here is most telling. Was the place named by the above-alluded-to arcane secret society, the guardians of some incredible artefact buried deep under the earth? Our psychic sense says yes, and that the place-name is an occultic code for Two Keys forming the X Which Marks The Spot as on all of the best traditional treasure maps. Could it unlock the door into the Caerleon cave-tunnel complex? This we did not discover, alas, but should the entranceway be located somewhere in this town of Crosskeys, then how *does* one find it? By joining the dots, of course...

The fair towns of Machen, Blackwood, Caerleon and Crosskeys still exist today, and "Machen" is an angel in the "4th Heaven", according to the *The Magus* (1801), that curious Grimoire written and compiled by Francis Barrett. (The angel "Machen" may have been originally described in a grimoire entitled *The Arbatel of Magic* [1575], which lists the name and astrological attributes of the spirit "Machen" [see Arthur Edward Waite – *The Book of Black Magic*, Samuel Weiser 1995, p.49].) Should one summon this entity and ask it to point out the exact portal of ingress into the otherworld..? Or equally apt perhaps, one could "open the door which leads to strange time and place" by performing "The Entreating of the Stones" rite (that contains variants of key names found in the dreaded *Necronomicon*, a Grimoire not mentioned in print by Lovecraft or others until more than two decades later), that, Kenneth Grant maintains, was "said to have been used anciently by the Narragansett Indians in their traffic with the Outer Ones", which an elderly member of Yelg Paterson's witch coven, who worked the rite, supplied to Grant, that he in turn gives to the reader of his *Outer Gateways*.

Judging from the above, it appears that the abovementioned Crosskeys secret society comprised of the ancestral bloodline clan-minds of Machen and Blackwood, and chose them for a special future task. These two men—so adept at conveying the mystery and terror of a strange world transcending ours but constantly pressing in upon it, whose distinctive powers often evoked an intensely uncanny, dreamlike atmosphere raised to its most artistic pitch and realistic acuteness where anything can happen—were selected in aeons past to have their names imprinted onto the very landscape itself, so that they

would remain on the map for centuries, as clues hidden in full view (the best place to hide something), to be discovered many years later in good time by the person(s) having the correct level of initiation to solve the riddle: that when these names are joined to the others, they point to the hidden citadel network underneath them, and the exact location where the magic treasure resides.

Alas, on consulting those in the know and conducting our own expedition, we found that the entrance to the Caerleon caves had been sealed long ago by unknown hands for unknown reasons. Try as we might, both physically and astrally, we could not penetrate this enticing chasm. In this we stood as if before a vast abyss, its endless song both a mocking bird and beckoning angel. We had come so far, and yet had hardly begun. It was revealed that there *is* another world, but it's in this one!

Our Magic Roundabout Quest was strangely reflected in the Magic Triangle; there was a certain abstract connection in oblique symmetrical relation, for three of us had set out on our intrepid search—that obviously corresponded with the three points of the especial code towns of the Triangle—and on our merry way we met an unexpected fourth companion in Captain Birdseye, who seemed to personify the fourth and central code town of Crosskeys, the Keeper of the Gate. His whole demeanour was mysterious and enigmatic, hinting and winking, acting like he was playing a game, or acting a role, as if he already knew the secret itself, *inter alia*, and—as his name suggests—was over-seeing and guiding everything from a higher and wiser vantage point. This may explain why he told us, *sotto voce*: “Know that whosoever dares to approach and enter this portal within the maze will be the One Who Is Always Already There...”

Epilogue: The Real Author-Editor Owns Up

AS SOME OF YOU may have guessed, this isn't exactly a document of objective truth. But what is truth? I believe my truths – you believe your truths. Anything goes? It was in this spirit that I wrote the above text between December 2005 and January 2006, as a ritual magic experiment of “fictionfact”, where fiction and fact interpenetrate. That is, making things happen by writing them down; nudging into manifestation the invisible and mysterious “Helpers of Literature”, collectively known as the “Library Angel”, who act like spirits or familiars, assisting the writer by providing pertinent ideas, books, and other information relevant to the essential crux of the work, often through the medium of coincidence. This spurs us on, and widens our ideas of possibilities.

Originally, I made the temple under the ground at Llandeilo a “temple of Baal”, but later changed it to one of “Mithras” to make it sound more historically accurate and so believably probable. Then strangely enough, on 17 January 2006—a few days after the finished article was published on the internet—I watched a film on terrestrial TV called *Tower of Evil*, a low-budget British horror effort from 1972 starring Robin Askwith. The film’s central plot-theme was the existence of an *underground temple of Baal* in a *hidden cave network* on a remote, deserted, fog-bound island. The ritual chamber was replete with a large stone idol of Baal with glaring red jewelled eyes, very similar to how I described Captain Birdseye’s. The deity was also surrounded by golden *treasure*, that the characters were *searching for*. The island had a ruined lighthouse, and the cast were taken there in a boat by a Captain Birdseye type character – just like how he led our three brave protagonists to The Culver Hole.

“Captain Birdseye” was actually seen by myself before I wrote the article; standing, staring, smiling at me from the other side of the street; and he could even be said to have been the article’s inspiration, so strange was he, his face telling a million stories. He was in reality dressed in a blue suit with golden anchors upon it, which I retained for the story. This first Captain had stood motionless on the pavement, silently observing me, whilst curiously, after the text was finished, I encountered a younger version of him, wearing another blue suit with golden anchors, of a different style. This second Birdseye came suddenly walking towards me “out of the blue”, throwing down his hook and line into my world as if as a confirmation or conclusion of some secret process one of us had set in motion, or that had been engendered by a more arcane force or entity.

The information on Carreg Cennen Castle and its underground tunnel leading to the wishing well was not known at the time of writing and was discovered later “by chance”, as it were. The “Magic Triangle” was also not part of the original plan of the article, and the idea for it simply appeared to my mind in a flash of inspiration during the article’s construction. These two aforementioned examples go to prove how very real facts can emerge out of the creative imaginal-alchemical furnace of fiction. This evidence could easily be followed up on the ground by me or you, and may indeed relate to an actual vast subterranean tunnel-cave complex; something I thought only existed inside my head. It is a testament to the power of words, and the creation of worlds...

Frater 33, North Wales, 2006

A Fortune Naked in Play: Ominous messages received from mysterious sources by OKOK Society during the clandestine Operation A_L_O_R_E mail-art period (circa 1992-4), obtained via what today would be called “Remote Viewing”, was then known as “Telepathic Channelling”, & what The OKOKians have always termed “Transceiving”. The Text page came first & was transcribed as it appeared on a manual typewriter. The Image page came next & was drawn as it formed itself upon the blank canvas

DARK CODE that will disgust nation Bombed-out church Stark Trek attracted to ruins
A barbaric naked fight We can now reveal that this is only the top tip of an iceberg
chilling secret masterminded expert on clandestine warfare comic genius Perverted
Games on local innocents the leader would often boast about his sick harem of robot
‘wives’ far corrupted farmers daughters trawling the wild countryside to recruit new prey
Whenever they protested the purple-haired fiend would exhort: “What are you afraid
of?” “What you really are...” The beautifully proportioned teenager for training course
Nine on Magnetic Island Driven in a Land Rover their faces obscured by a sinister
hood and mask War Department Suddenly a door opened in the trees and out came if
they still refused to take part were humiliated by the ‘schoolgirl’ in more disgusting ways
formed a circle were now baying for blood abrupt and animal as otherwise grapple in the
mud making love too close to the raging fire Awaying Marsh Steve and Flicker meet a
fortuneteller dressed as a monk look at each other and just know what was coming next
He said “Treasure Chest” and I burst into invisible tears hibernated inside an old hollow
oak There was other black talk of vampires and demons coming out of the earth This
affair may have been hushed up But there are many other ordeals awaiting new recruits
said our girl I had to jump out of a closed window into a thorn bush tormented and
melancholy They a ‘zero tolerance’ policy after the sliding show in the culture of secrecy
investigation joke film passed to newspaper melted into the desk of Chicken Inspector
No.23 getting ready for Xmas hot water Liar’s dice and bowling skulls payload of gold
makes urge to kill the ultimate thrill use you for my pleasure you escape never I spear
your body ‘cos your so fucking shoddy cover you in piss hack off clitoris dice you into
cubes then flush you down the loos worthless fucking whore no need of it more Waste
of space spades of ace cabbage fertiliser I shit on your signature

precursor
Xmas in Paris
lizard of oz

immerse in French

HAD
HIS
JOB



GROGGY



Candlelight films
copper leaves
What's Today?
driven sing



emp



Beam me up first voices

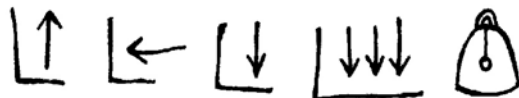
Dug Our Treasures



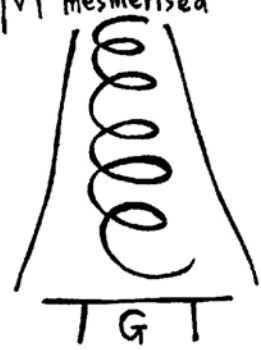
The Indestructible MOM mesmerised

PPRRR Resident Bluff

L3 L323 L3 L33 L> L<



actually not the monster



magic abroad

X shop girls fountain playden

Daimien O man
drunk altar wine

Golden Age

retect
allow young bond jolt

VE was no
stark dark figure

KOK Dominant: A Communion with the OKOK Society (or two of them anyway) on the 30 April 2004. This first & only known interview with the OKOKians was conducted by David B. Young for Neu-Kultur magazine, Issue 39, 2008. Now slightly revised & reproduced with permission

EVER SINCE THAT strangely overcast and fateful day in 1990, when your reporter, David Young, was tempted to “DIAL O FOR OKOK” after discovering this worded flyer adorned with obscure esoteric symbols nestling amongst the gawdy prostitute cards in a grimy telephone box off Oxford Street, there has been an ongoing contact high with a little known British occult art organisation this report seeks to shed light upon. After pondering for several minutes on the possible dangers and rewards such an act may engender, I finally plucked up the courage necessary to call, only to get through to a recorded message, supposedly from British Telecom, which stated that the number was unobtainable. I was left standing in unusual ponder amidst the swirling cacophony of the London traffic, with a disturbing sense that something was ‘just around the corner’, observing me.

My intuition was confirmed, as I somehow knew it would be, when exactly 72 hours later in the depths of the night I received an anonymous phone call, which began with what sounded like a mass of ultrasonic bat calls in the background, overlaid with the half-formed words of some strange unknown language, which gradually crystallised into the intelligible speech of a husky, vaguely robot-voiced woman, who brusquely informed me that “THE ILLUMINATI OKOK COMMAND ARE NOW BROADCASTING IN THIS DISTRICT”, and that if I wanted to know more then I was to write to a certain BM Box number forwarding address in London, after which I would be put in close contact with the “Regional Operations Coordinator” of my locale.

Afterwards is legend, and for many years now, simultaneously bewildered and fascinated, I have been following the peculiar far out activity that is the “Chaos and Cosmos Nightmare World” of The OKOK Society. Many postal exchanges were done. I finally suggested a proper head-to-head get together, to which I received a prompt, wax-sealed reply containing an invitation to come and “lower a few ales and see what happens...”

So with fair trepidation I was met outside Bangor railway station by the mysterious, sidereal “Hans”, a very handsome, six-foot, stud-like, Aryan-built, ex-Austrian porn star chemist turned OKOKian after a chance meeting at an electronics trade show in Essex.

After expertly giving me a discrete all over body frisk and then challenging me for the previously-arranged password, to which I gave the correct answer, he bade me by a curious hand gesture into the waiting, growling Land Rover, and in no time at all his meaty, very capable hands were driving me along verdant, snaking, tree-lined avenues towards the OKOK HQ. Hans wasn't a talkative guy. He hardly said a word to my mind all the way there, apart from a barely audible "Jah" muttered under his breath whenever anyone overtook us, even mopeds and pushbikes. He also occasionally let out sudden and unexpected loud bursts of shrill laughter, which had a very unnerving effect on me, or was that the point..?

On finally reaching the brooding pulsateness lair of OKOK nestling deep in the wilds of North Wales amongst the humming, crystal-laden hills, and being ushered into their curving lounge full of outré artworks and bizarre sculptures made out of found materials, I suddenly had ominous doubts. "Why I was being brought here?" I wondered, as The OKOK Society seems to thrive on its camouflaged obscurity and hermetic concealment.

After the incredibly efficient Hans had left for some "psycho-motor training", there was only one OKOKian present: Frater 33 (although I suspected that Liam Olan the "Monky Man" was lurking somewhere nearby), who explained that this was going to be "more of an informal chat with the old tape recorder running, itself part of an OKOKian ritual experiment". As I was taping them, they were taping me, no doubt to be cast into their very capable sonic cauldron, warp-factor remodulated and used in a future OKOK 'Third Side' release.

Something passed... After several silver-rimmed glasses of their wondrous home-brewed mead (to which I was politely refused the recipe), the atmosphere seemed to take on a more refined, elegant and hypnotic, 'soft-at-the-edges' cast, which seemed a good a time as any to start the disguised violence of will against will, the ribald joust of arty mind exchange.

Why was The OKOK Society formed and what were its original intentions?

It's a Prism 9 thing; infrared headlines. This new OKOK mythology, which is essentially unstable, contradictory, and cryptic; that feeds on incompatibility and ambiguity, the Inherent Paradox, naturally arose amongst a small group of close friends as a stratagem of romantic dissent. A passionate reaction and fanatical antidote to the idiot grimace pointlessness dross of mundane life and culture; the whole insidious Factory Control

Program from outer space, upheld by the unhallowed arts of the mandroid; the kidults, masters of shit; the sheer LACK of liberational information available in the Library and people's heads; the dearth of interesting worthwhile Eureka! things on television and radio; entire public media and public so restricted, all chained to the past modalities by instilled distilled fear and sloth. You know the score.

I first became aware of this stupid and unnecessary state of affairs at Junior School when I read a text in Miss Herd's Surrealist magazine which was talking about how yes, the Walt Disney animated films were great, but consider just how much GREATER they could have been, if the commercial, 'good taste' and all other constraints on the artists had been lifted, allowing them free reign of their creative imaginations. With today's technology so much amazing stuff could be done, like for instance, an awesome abstract, non-linear 'documentary' about UFOs and aliens, all diverse sources blended psychic edit, cut up, fucked up and freakily disturbing, vitally provocative. But it's not done, or if by a miracle it is then it's not widely shown, just the usual tired and known strict-walled talking head walking dead lecture instead: "This is this and that is that". A complete brick wall approach.

All that mindless convention, automatic obedience and other unexamined habitual behaviour can be annoying.

I get physically violent at the sight of television adverts. They do say that the Reagan-Thatch 1984-instigated mind-control doesn't work on half the people, does work on a quarter of the rest, and makes the other quarter very angry. You see, I've never felt particularly human. I don't mean in a Colin Wilson 'Outsider' way or in a depressed, apathetic sense. I may *look* human, but I *feel* and essentially *know* from conscious experience and subconscious memory that I am a very different species, not of this planet, but from Elsewhere. I mean, just look around us, there IS a race of subhumans dragging their knuckles about, who have gleefully thrown away millions of years of evolution. Every town has them. *Ergo*, at the opposite end of the spectrum, surely there must be another race of Superhumans or post-humans, who can somehow hook into future evolutionary stages and self-evolutionise at will?

The *homo sapien* strain may have been a mistake, a JOKE even. You are much more likely to get an infection from a human bite than an animal's. Schopenhauer once said something like "Life should not have been..." And our very *existence*—let alone what

goes on here—is EXTREMELY WEIRD when you think about it. It seems that the real reason God created the world was for the benefit of the Devil. It would have been so much better not to have made it at all? Curiously, the Bible says God created humanity from the dust of the ground [*Genesis 2:7* – Ed], and the basic carbon atom—which constitutes most of this dust—consists of 6 electrons, 6 protons and 6 neutrons...

What is the OKOK modus operandi?

The OKOKian way is about getting rid of the Roman ballast, and doing whatever the fuck we want. It's complex, but not complicated. Ponder repeatedly intoning a short nonsense mantra whilst staring at the black mirror's reflection of yourself. Of course eventually you get the urge to stop, to give up – but OKOKians make that urge into one of "Continue, continue, continue..." And something happens, you break through into another level, and another...

Most interesting... And parallels with what André Breton heard from his great muse Nadja: "A game: say something. Close your eyes and say something. Anything, a number, a name. Like this (she closes her eyes): Two, two what? Two women. What do they look like? Wearing black. Where are they? In a park... And then, what are they doing? Try it, it's so easy, why don't you want to play?" Breton comments: "Does this not approach the extreme limit of the surrealist aspiration, its furthest determinant?"

Realising with laughter that you don't need to define parameters, plans, methodologies. No need for any limits at all, they only limit you! It's ridiculous when examined. People love limitations as they are afraid of uncertainty—which is probably why one of the first inventions of mankind was naming and measuring things—trying to control the Chaos. But sooner or later the labels end up controlling the labellers, and the Chaos creeps up and freaks them out big time, ignoring their puny boundaries. So we try not to have any in the first place, dig? Such OKOKian Transgressive Freethinking is precisely what those flipping skeptics and some of our, huh, 'occult peers' don't seem to understand. That we're not necessarily interested in what they have to say and don't even live according to *their* terms, principles and concepts of reality. I don't need to 'Keep up with the Joneses', the 'Joneses' can go fuck themselves! Why would I want to be like them, or think like ANYONE else? For OKOKians there is no argument, just pleasuring. Drugs made inside us, for any desired high.

OKOK says: "Content and Mystery are our keywords. Know that we are not the white horse of your salvation, but the Goat who rubs thy buttocks..." Can you explain more?

There Are No Friends. There Is No Enemy.

Early influences?

I don't want to sound like yet another name-dropping ex-art school wanker as I never went to art school and consider myself quite a nice guy, but I suppose of invaluable help here were The Stranglers, I really wanted to live in the *Rattus Norvegicus* house shown on that LP; ditto The Monkees pad. Later on this way I got heavily into outfits like The Fall, Captain Beefheart and The Magic Band, Pam Ayres, the Hammer Horror films, William S Burroughs, Brion Gysin, the hen's lay, the ocean, and the Indian Hemp from the Orient. The vivid sex/horror exploitation films psychedelic aesthetic is still of great interest, and I find the whole druggy, dream labyrinth sexuality, just around the corner 'Interzone 23' dimension valid, inspiring and worth entering – in *one's own way*. Now and again. Cut/Ups and that. Playing around. Takes you somewhere good. Burroughs' book *The Job* especially was a great further goad to my metaphysical explorations into weird media experiments of Decontrol.

I suppose my most mind expanding cultural input in the early days was a year-long period during puberty when I'd frequent this antiques shop in Great Yarmouth called "Wheatley's". I don't know if the owners were related to Dennis Wheatley the Satanic Systems Analyser, but whatever, the name certainly did the trick... I'd go in the door and sitting behind the counter there would be this alluring, aristocratic woman in her mid-40s who ran it by day. She always wore vaguely kimono-like satin or silk dresses, with an expensive cigarette dangling inbetween her lips or fingers. So I'd walk past her, savouring the eye contact, to enter the back room, whose walls and shelves were painted black, giving off a seductive and hypnotic aura of 'creamy' darkness, hinting at forbidden arcane rites and weird sexual practices, transcendental Devil Worship... It was this that brought home to me the key importance of *Atmosphere*.

This wondrous room, or perhaps temple, was crammed full of secondhand books. Mostly paperbacks, with an extensive occult horror section, and it was here that I first encountered the evocative tales of H.P. Lovecraft and Arthur Machen in those lovely old Corgi reprints with the wonderfully eerie oil-painted front covers, and those of their similarly amazing cohorts like Ambrose Bierce and Robert W Chambers, together with

choice lurid ‘witchploitation’ ‘non’-fiction pulp exposes such as June Johns’ *Black Magic Today* [New English Library 1971 – Ed.] and that Peter Haining one that played a part in the still-not-adequately-explained ‘Son of Sam’ Satanic mind-control ritual murder cult case in the USA [Peter Haining *The Anatomy of Witchcraft*, Universal-Tandem 1974. The role that this book played in the SOS case is explained in Maury Terry’s sometimes unreliable *The Ultimate Evil*, Grafton Books 1988 – Ed]. I’d buy as much of these magnificent genres—the supernatural, decadent and strange in literature—as I could find and literally slink home to read them through the night, engendering darklight fermentation. Many distinctly operational channels were opened inside and outside of myself. A rather fondly remembered part of my life!

Looking back, perhaps the Wheatley’s Woman was purposefully planting those talismanic books on her shelves for me to find. Saving the best ones for me, in her attempt to initiate a suitable new young recruit into the Left Hand Path; or simply did it as she had an overwhelming urge to, for reasons she could not quite fathom, her influencing me just as she was being influenced by something else, perhaps as part of some great inscrutable plan. At the time it felt like I was receiving from Higher Intelligence a manifold transmission, that would self-authenticate, eternity.

Other things went on... I think this especial contact and education involving a web of occult conspiracy agents imparting felicitous information has carried on in my adult life: all those instances of exactly the right tome at exactly the right time unearthed in charity shops and other places under unusual circumstances; or when I think of a question and the guy on the radio immediately answers it. Obvious parallels here with what Philip K Dick is talking about in his “VALIS” trilogy.

Yes, great! I’m a total ‘Dickhead’. He found out just what it was that “those who know, don’t speak” about.

The Revelation brings with it the wisdom not to tell anyone. And it’s available to all!

Where you involved in the curious goings on of Thee Temple Ov Psychic Youth?

Nah, I didn’t know about the TOPY cult and Psychic TV until it had long fizzled out. I never used to read any of the music press or underground zines until I was in my early twenties. Living in a small town before the internet, I didn’t realise that most of these ‘subcultures’ and fellow dissenters even existed. That badge-wearing pop occult scene

wouldn't have been my cup of tea anyway, although I understand there was more to TOPY than that; cast the net wide to attract a few of the genuines. Coum Transmissions and Throbbing Gristle were great though, I don't just like it, I really *love* it; which led me to the even more interesting Vienna Actionism and Come Organisation Extreme Power Electronics movements, that sent a bewitching shiver up the spine of a select breed of young man radical. An eloquent, illuminating palace, transfigured with the rapture of the forbidden. Cold currents from the outer fringes, authorised by perfidious, ghoulisn enthusiasts, elegantly presented in flower and containing a mesmeric exercise in black melancholia and loathing, functioning as a transcendental given 'till this day.

What about Discordianism as popularised by Robert Anton Wilson?

Like I say, didn't know about them until it was all over. A fake religion pretending to be a fake religion? Bingo players on the ghost train loop. It served its purpose. I wore the white gloves in the Pamela Mind Band, and later on I was a member of the IOT and OTO, but have since left them and the idea of formal magical groups in general. Who of who really controls such clandestine organisations, and what are their true agendas? It was a wise soul who said that the real value of any cult or religion is for their creator alone.

So you're not affiliated to any particular occult philosophy or group?

No. I'm on my own. I stick with the gang of one. The nectarine thrill of illicit organic ideas, the effect of the irrational on logical, extraordinary eccentric revelation, mighty delightful engrossing glimpses of what could be, prompting exploration experiment, dancing in the maybe – that's where it's at...

But you are a founding member of the British OKOK Movement...

It's just a name, you have to call it something. Covers a multitude of things. Like the idealist OKOK House, that *really* puts the OM into commune, where each person is their own cult, ruling their own zone. So you go into one room and it's an austere, minimalist Zen space; enter another, and it's a lavishly ornamented Tantric temple; the basement is a black painted Satanic chamber; the loft is a Druid greenhouse observatory; the broom cupboard is a Chaosian psychotronic devices laboratory. Whilst all definably separate, self-contained, they are all under the OKOKian banner, of exploration, tolerance, mutual inspiration and encouragement, cross-fertilisation. Sort of like 'The Open Conspiracy'

concept much promulgated by HG Wells, which is not to be thought of as a single organisation; it is a conception of life out of which efforts, organisations, and new orientations will arise. No stable utopia is now conceivable.

When I first came across your OKOK material I was instantly hooked. When it comes to the occult, after a while you get to recognise someone who you know just KNOWS...

Yes, I know... A purity there, authentica maxima, an unearthly beauty, undefined layers, sublime depths, hidden powers, levels best understood by the dreaming mind behind the mirror. Operation Twilight and street credibility. OKOK is the Real Deal, but under the table if you understand. And to paraphrase Nietzsche, so long as you are praised think only that you're not on your own path but on that of another...

I used to have the impression that you were all a bunch of Buffy villainesque chicken-killing neo-nutters; or at best a The Man Who Was Thursday-style anarchist club, i.e. a challenging and treacherous cabal with ingenious plot and superbly drawn characters in the best tradition of British suspense/crime fiction.

I don't know where this unsought-for 'dark' and 'sinister' reputation comes from, considering how no one hardly ever seems to review our material or mention us in their publication or website! Most don't even bother to reply to our polite e-mails asking why not either. It's odd. I wonder why. Is it only because of their incompetence, laziness, or are they actually scared of or offended by us? Although I have observed how running a zine or website turns these males (it's mostly males) into such precious *artistes*, allied to the whole bullied at school/traffic warden conundrum, and the guys who run record collector shops. There are far too many sanctimonious idiot types involved in the British occult scene, the type of people who put bells on cats. I did appreciate that *Shinebound* mag quote though who described me as being like "a cross between Dennis Hopper and Stephen Fry", which is quite funny but ultimately pointless as a working, accurate description. I'm not sure who anyone is.

Like Susie Q's Silver Anorak magazine who tongue-in-cheek called you the "Cliff Richard of Chaos Magic". It's just a shame how these days it's such a rare event to meet someone in the occult/avant-garde art field whose so refreshingly down to earth and unpretentious as you; who isn't all mouth and no action.

As Wisconsin's finest band, Killdozer, put it: "Intellectuals are the shoeshine boys of the ruling elite". We're not really into self-perpetuating ego games (unless it's part of an OKOK Operation), thus we don't go flouncing around in a holier-than-thou or stereotyped shocker act dressed in robes and adorned with pewter trinkets and grandiose titles whatever, as that puts us straight away into the same playing field as all those awful middleclass Goth-Industrial bores, the dead among the dead, who pretend to be apocalyptic subversives whilst lusting, nay gagging for fame and recognition from the fashion mags and establishment institutions. Why shut yourself off from everything else in a fixed demarcation zone of dress, thought and behaviour? We prefer the nondescript suburban look. Then one can go anywhere and talk to anyone. Inversely, my true sphere of occult action is kept very quiet, as it should be. The ramifications... The genuine Magician is TOTALLY APART from consensus reality and does not seek acceptance by it, or its inhabitants. Remember the green fog and Marie Celeste...

The Real People tend to hermit. You don't give much away do you?

Charity begins at home.

I mean you're so remote, perhaps too much?

Remote men are in control. No one suspects. A bit of distance can be very useful. There doesn't have to be names and personalities attached to the work. That American female painter, whose name escapes me, was once asked "Why don't you sign your work?" To which she replied "Why don't you sign your face?" OKOK creations are just there, as if they had decided to form themselves out of the aether into this world. And some of them might well have... Yet our obscurity and anonymity isn't a mere ploy or pose, even less an avoidance of 'social responsibility' or 'artistic accountancy'. Taking an isolationist or antisocial stance is just as elitist and pompous as the bourgeois-liberal free market art world it tries to transcend. OKOK tends to keep its mouth shut for post-distortional reasons; not to mention the fact that we are surrounded by imbeciles.

The ubiquitous 'Trisha Tribe', who all seem to have been bred from the same hideous diabolical family, with the obligatory baseball cap growing out of their heads, running around like wild dogs outside the local off license as if they've been abandoned there as babies and have to fend for themselves in little tracksuit armies.

Behaving exactly how the *Daily Mail* and *News At Ten* say they should be behaving. Just like the punks, teds, and the other volatile youth movements before them. Does anyone THINK anymore? Haven't the lessons been learnt yet?

Is that a giant pyramid over there?

Why, would you like to go inside? It's not something to be taken lightly, as it gives more light than you think...

You mean you meditate in it, like an orgone accumulator?

In a sense yes, but in another sense it also meditates in you. The Eye in the Triangle...

I think I see what you mean. It's obvious that you enjoy making your own entertainment, probably I suppose out of necessity. North Wales isn't exactly renowned as the cultural centre of Great Britain is it?

One of the benefits of living here in the Dragonland is no distractions. For the creative mind to really work genius it needs to be utterly bored, in silence and solitude, no noise or outside input in any form, so the all-powerful subconscious deep level intelligence can get to work bringing itself out into the open. What's so good about 'happening' places anyway? It's all viridian in the magpie's claws.

North Wales is a very good vibrant 'Wicker Man' atmosphere, not just film wheel remember the Druids, especially at night, that's been very helpful to me. You have to be here for a while like anywhere to realise the undercurrents. Quite pro-disturbo surreal if right person look at it from the right angle, like the Bacardi & Coke Duo; the Elvis Presley impersonator who does his thing dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. No glitter-suits, giant wing collars or anything; or the old character who runs hotel on the High Street still uses old money, shillings and half a crown and that. It's far more genuinely weird and strangely prophetic because it's not trying to; the direct opposite of the latest desperate 'experimental' or 'extreme' art district in London wherever. That stuff is strictly for the Dalek People.

I must say I'm surprised at OKOK's distinct lack of internet presence. Your official website only has a couple of pages. I'd have thought that The OKOK Society is ideally suited to the World Wide Web matrix?

Ah, the web is too sticky; it's like going to get a glass of water under a giant waterfall. It devalues information and the benefits of the long hard search. Encourages laziness and greed – the real reason the net was given to the public? All these people, what ARE they doing exactly? Especially the groups who hold online 'meet, eat, bleat and retreat' get together, where nothing is accomplished. Verily, they are in league with the fairground Laughing Policeman, encased behind the glass cabinet. When you're looking at screens you're looking at screens... "This here is my land, 'cos I can buy land". Relying on the national grid system... Whereas, in the real world there are thankfully, those of a more stormier outlook. The OKOK Power Squads work by the Propaganda of the Deed.

Besides, none of us are even connected to the Net. We don't have mobile phones either. And I ain't got no television. We keep the OKOK website short and sweet, with just enough information on new releases, news and contact details necessary for the people of the world. Those OKOK MP3s on other sites are not official or authorised really, most of it is just odd bits of sound we put at the end of cassette-letters to people, and some of it isn't even by us, let alone has our stamp of approval. Let us hope such people learn to value the making and distribution of their own art instead.

The *OKOK Promo CD-r* is our website really. All the works on there are formulated as HTML web pages or PDF files, the sounds can be heard on a DVD or media player and everything is clearly indexed. You don't have to wait ages for them to load either, which would occur on the net, since they can be big files with a lot of pictures and we prefer the highest resolution quality. And there's no worry about the connection being infuriatingly cut off after ten minutes that happens with some internet service providers. So this way anyone with a computer can depth-peruse the OKOKian Lore at their leisure. A utilitarian, universal application mode. Forever and a day.

You're into Sadomasochism?

Weed out the weekenders, losers and nutcases and it's a very interesting and vibrant subculture that crosses all class, education and income boundaries. OKOK is a lot about honestly recognising and expressing the fundamental male quality of Aggression, which so naturally tends towards Sadism. *Ergo* the Nature of the Beast, drunk on a super-directness, overpowered by the strength of the fantasy, that is by the strength of desire. Mental placement ambiguity which then allows the special shift in reality to take place. Disentangle. Wishes the Way.

Sounds dangerous, a possible route to madness?

So is watching soap operas, when even dreams must ask you one only of all? I'm mad already and madness is a myth, for psychosis is merely a heightened form of normality which allows one to experience a wider arcane atmosphere. Everything Speaks. All the world's a stage, if you believe it.

I've heard excited talk of the "Kinky Klique" having a secluded club around this area. Ritual body painting parties, star orgies, teen twitchers and all that. What do you reckon?

There are several shadow-structured *Story of O's* who love and respect women, but also delight in their total domination, complete enslavement, utter degradation, and there's plenty of willing females out there who deeply need and actively seek the Experience. Of course this is mirrored: males grovelling on their bloodied knees before Her. The Consenting Adult Elite. Action Uppers. Total Power Exchange. I've always found the whole behind-the-curtains green door covert Suburban Sex Scene fascinating.

What are your other kicks? Without spilling the beans unless you want to, could you describe a typical night's goings on with the OKOK Gang?

Words are the tool of any fool. The filter, the obscurer. If you want to know what we do, why don't you hang around and find out..?

I don't know if it's the drink, you or this place but something's sure making me feel weird. This interaction is having an uncanny effect on me and I'm aware of a rising sense of panic. (I'm not the first sensitive type to mention how being around leading OKOKians is like entering a heightened reality where another parallel dimension, similar to the normal but inherently different is overlaid and intermingled; where THINGS HAPPEN: glimpses of moving shapes out of the corner of the eye, invisible voices quietly calling, and more sublime experiences: strange energies, dream encounters and the like...)

USE the rhythms... Fear is Control. Fear of the unknown is mankind's oldest enemy. But when the unknown is made known, the fear disappears. I have no formal musical training, can't play a note, or any instrument 'properly'. Don't particularly want to. Noise itself is the ecstasy, the unabridged Book of Wonder. OKOK's never been about making 'proper' songs in gilt iron frames; someone else can do that. We are interested in SOUND. The Mystery of Consciousness. The Mystery of Mystery. WHERE does sudden

inspiration come from, those thoughts which seem to appear unbidden, out of nowhere? You know all OKOK works are done in the 1+2 Face audio-cassette context, so that you may receive the 'Third Side': the things that are not there, the over-input or dream level from whatever we make. Not like imagy kind of pop songs, something you can actually grab hold of, but more for the interest of the shadow that is left from the tape, disk, XXX, waiting for you to play.

This brings us onto the use of OKOK Tapes to contact other dimensions. Could you explain how this is done?

I'm not talking about that. Really, you're either into it or you're not, searching naked on parents Hitachi all-in-one aged 8 or watching Dad's Army with them in nylon pyjamas. It's something one is naturally drawn to, an irresistible urge to experiment, finding your own way in and through it. Not something to be taught or directed to as it's not shown on any map. True places never are.

Abhh, come on, it's such a fascinating subject...

Just NOTICE what's going on. ALL sounds are very strange when you really hear them. Making and listening to certain sound combinations, layers, can propel you into altered states of consciousness, trance states, where magic can happen. Voodoo drumming of course, but also the 'unnatural' sounds of analogue 1960s electronic music of synths and signalers, tone atmosphere generators, fizzing hum clouds. Hymns are expressly designed to bring the vocalists closer to God. Female harmony singing is a gateway, and to the Third Ear Tibetan Buddhist ritual music is really about attracting aliens and Higher Intelligence. When listening to tape/disks of those/this 'type' I go still and quiet and yet mentally active, and then drift into 'sleep'... It seems a Successful Tape if this occurs.

Use machines that are there because. Orthodox, of course, and then also attempt to misuse them creatively, in order to explore all their instruction-booked and hidden possibilities. Often, you don't know what is possible until you do it, sometimes by accident, sometimes by deliberately trying to find out "What will happen if..."

Didn't you used to wank strangely over tape decks and televisions or something?

I do get a sex thrill from 1970s Hi-Fi equipment, especially Sony models. The silver and black; the ingenuity and sleekness of design; the sheer brilliance of what they do.

Sometimes they come swathed in tailored black leather carrying cases and straps... There's just something very potent and mysterious about these devices. They communicate. Some people out there will know what I'm talking about.

These wondrous machines also appear to be obliquely connected somehow to my fascination with the Weather, especially rain, hail, gales, thunder, lightning, electrical storms, the cold... Sweeps petty human concerns away. In the past I have used certain combinations of cassette decks, multi-band radios, special aerials, prepared microphones and the other devices in special magical formulas and Transceiving rituals, the details of which are private. There are ghosts in the TV.

It's something of a given that you've had alien contact and other strong paranormal experiences as a child. More recently, some people have hinted at connections between you/OKOK and 007. Care to comment further on this?

People... Maybe I'm a disturbed fantasist, or a nut, but screwed on the right bolt... Then again, perhaps it's all true at or on some level or parallel dimension. I've met a lot of beings, including a CIA girl with Multiple Personality Disorder who didn't know who she really was or worked for. I had two eye operations as a child, the first one 'unsuccessful'. Since then I intermittently get 'inner ear popping' like sensation of psychotronic frequency changes in my head, as if something is being tuned like a radio set, quite pleasurable actually. Other times I do hear speeded up high-pitched 'Morse Code' kind of signals in right ear my right eye was operated on, device implanted, really?

On such a night I get drowsy, heavy, go into solid dreams, and like all dreams I'm really there. Then sometimes special I wake up with a long clear monologue in my head, form themselves, are there in my consciousness. I have to sit up and write them down. Do me duty. They are always clearly pictured in mind, sequential as in waking life, with no dreamlogic discrepancies. They are 'normal' but at the same time they have elements of unnormals: an English football thug in a Spanish jail for drunken fighting he wakes up early stops prison guard beating his friend up in another cell by a telepathic blast and flash of light POW! Amazed him as much as the target. An unemployed man tries to make money by kidnapping rich people's beloved dogs. No violence no ransom note just wait for the lost dog notices in newsagents claiming the finder's reward from grateful owners one of the dogs is attacked by his own dog deep gash in the belly is full of tiny electronic circuit boards and flashing components some kind of recording device trans-

mitter. They are already here. Preparing for origin. They speak in codes, electro-tones, diamonds. Black helicopters for eyes.

I know for certain I have experienced alien mind-control, and suspect I may have undergone some kind of human-directed mind-control also, possibly Joe 90 'Spin Programming'. I get terribly car sick after just short distances and have always hated fairground rides, would never go on them. I get scared just looking at rollercoasters and horror those carousel revolving ones. For me the Merry-Go-Round isn't. Not even that keen on record player turntables spinning. Not so long ago in Bangor I was approached at the bus stop by a 'witchy woman' with long silver-grey hair wearing large black-lensed sunglasses and strange little 'pixie' boots, who seemed just a bit TOO keen to speak and get to know someone as obviously disinterested and misanthropic as myself. Soon after this another OKOKian heard through a friend of a friend who worked at the wholefood co-op that there was supposedly an "ex-SAS man" who felt "persecuted", and wanted to meet him. The Gospel according to Bitumen.

All sorts of things go on... The respectable two-car accountant couple next door shooting stacks of telephone directories in the hall. Never heard the shots as it was sub-sonic spectre ammunition. Weird noises emanating from the old Colonel's garden shed high up in Africa unusual medals and a one-off passport wary of road-workers. He was digging for the "robot rabbit". Suicides up madness on the ground-wave hearing voices during Sunspot Cycle 23 started 1996. Phantom oscillator apparatus ultraviolet illumination spikes the ionosphere propagates radio frequency 6.66 Hertz. The MI5 Hallucination Station, specialists in post production, are overtime in their insane research. The mind boggles at what they think about cooking up on all those rainy afternoons.

Wow! Can you tell me more?

There is a time and a place for everything. If you are everything there is no time. Time becomes space and you can go where you want. Black Sun Alchemy.

Who was this weird woman who used to give you money for private gigs and art actions in her basement or something?

The Rottweiler helped us a lot in the early days with funding, rehearsal and ritual space, and other useful things. The sublime depths of the miracle pineapple. The potluck door; a comfortable seesaw.

Who the fuck is The Rottweiler?!

A middle-aged divorcee with her own detached house and plenty hubby pay off cash got off on patronising local arty types she fancied. Special jollies had from the bright young creatives, the usual Guggenheim syndrome. She obtained her canine appellation due to her disturbing habit of looking and sounding (behaving) like a starving dog eating a jumbo German sausage when she was sucking your dick. We met her at an over-40s desperado singles night we went to for a laugh. Dangerous places!

That reminds me of my long misspent youth on Margate seafront with the loaded up-for-it holidaymaker girls, or "Condom Cunts" as we used to call them: you use them once then throw them away! (I do a Sid James Carry On laugh).

Vulgarity can be interesting sometimes... Vibrators, tabloid headlines, male bonding rituals. Let's not denigrate all women though; we wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for them. A lot of men, because of the sheer terror of it, tend to forget who caringly grew them into being for nine months in the womb, and then lovingly looked after them for years afterwards, better than anyone else could. Respect is warranted for that. I once heard that the most important word in the world was 'Mother'.

Your colleague, Leonard Lander Esq (top investigator of Electronic Voice Phenomena [EVP], who tape-records ghosts and also experiments with other interesting applications of sound magic). What's he been up to lately?

Many have wondered what lurks inside his treasure chest; the mysterious, reputedly furlined silver casket held in his possession for centuries. It is heavy and rattles (some say screams), covered in golden foil and sealed with an intricate web of copper wire, the whole shebang emanating a potent aura of spectral promise. There's a lot going on that doesn't make the news or if so not properly.

I heard of some verdant oddness connected to his recent attempts at spirit recording: lightbulbs repeatedly dimming then brightening, coupled with cosmic light flashes registering on his closed eyelids before sleep. He was contacting the spirits through monochrome paintings made from raw umber and flake white, or black and white mixed to grey tones, sometimes with a dash of cadmium red to "impart bloodforce". Paintings as aerials. It's really weird, I've experienced the effects too, but won't explain further. You should ask him questions about him.

What do you listen to and watch?

Whatever happens to be in the atmosphere: the fridge, owls, distant planes, the stream, the piano singing next door, stray Suzi Quatro. Letting the ears feel outwards beyond the usual range, reaching ever further... It's surprising what you can pick up doing this. In this sense, albeit oblique, the stations and static of shortwave radio are an esoteric medium whose unstable opportunities for chance revelations should not be forgotten in this era of internet broadcasting.

Haven't been to the cinema in ages. I want to see whole films like the LSD sequence in *Easy Rider* or the wilder parts of *Performance* by Cammell and Roeg, intercut with stage conjuring tricks adapted to invite the forbidden, strangest quarters, obviously constructed by fervourous people with interesting psychological disorders and antidote derangements. You could have cinema films where real life actors come out of the screen and continue the action amongst the audience. On the screen there is a life-sized image of the actor, who comes up secretly from a trapdoor under the stage, filling the shape of their projected image precisely, so no-one notices what's going on; then they walk out from fantasy into reality as the other on-screen actors who exited the frame reappear from the back of the auditorium; dimension warp 2D to 3D, celluloid to flesh...

Night clubs and raves could up the ante also; drop the dumbed down techno music shit and have massive surround sound explosions and earthquake noises and low frequency rumbelows instead, the *real* flashing lights masking introducing calculated image walls didactic. The floor becomes a river flowing lightning flashes we photograph the dancers in peculiar tumblings there is a smell of distant woodsmoke and wolves we think the giants are coming...

Most culture nowadays is just mere *entertainment*, not art. You really have to search. Although sometimes the mundane can conceal the unexpected, if you're aware enough. That late night current affairs programme *Newsnight* on BBC2 occasionally has interesting voices and noises laid over mixed into the soundtrack, especially during the studio interviews and discussions. Not really noticed on most cheap television audio speakers at normal volume just listen intently on headphones. Not sure what's going on there, some kind of State-sanctioned subtle suggestion ploy to influence the mass-mind perhaps, or maybe just noisy stagehands. I have a fondness for good-period New Age music from the 1970s, things like England's Frank Perry, Neuronium from Spain, The Electric Symphony of Holland etc. When it was intelligent, well-crafted and original, before the

lamentable advent of affordable synths and samplers and the popularisation of the genre into a trendy fashion sucked it downhill into the pits of Hell! The modernist excrement seems to be spread over many fields. I rarely like what it fertilises.

Are you afraid of anything?

No and no. I've been through enough strife I can't be touched anymore. That "Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, don't know what you're looking at!" childrens rhyme contains a great truth, as do many fairytales and folk sayings. They come from a very mature, wise, and accurate observation of things. If you really know who you are, you realise that it ALL depends on YOU. So I'm not scared of anything really. Perturbed maybe, as I sometimes lament the (at times deliberate) destruction and loss of my and OKOK's earlier works. They're now gone for good. Would have been nice to have put them on the Archive Disk. Where do they go? Do they reincarnate or transmogrify perhaps, and come back as some other idea-energy, to their creator or another artist? Fuck knows.

This ties in with all the conspiracy scene talk about how two-thirds of the world's "useless eater" population is planned to be culled to ensure the worthwhile continuance of the human race, that includes the few elite of course. Not conspiracy theory. It comes directly from THEM, straight out of the Black Horse's mouth, the Shadow Government, it's in their official documents. The whole 19th Century imperialist eugenics fetish. Winston Churchill was a believer, along with most scientists of the day. Quite sinister, when you understand that 'two-thirds', or $2 \div 3 = .666!$ Alarming, like 999. (A long dramatic pause ensues, and silent contemplation.)

I've always appreciated your refreshing non-commercial stance; you know, the way no money is involved when it comes to the acquisition of OKOK items.

At the time of the Samurai, being a shopkeeper was the lowest of the low, it was much lower than being a peasant. Money was totally obscene. What's the point of flogging your art like some fucking vacuum cleaner salesman when you're in the privileged position of not having too many people interested in it or knowing about you? So long as you won't starve if you do it, why not send genuinely interested, non-dilettante enquirers your art for free? This way you don't have the somewhat distasteful experience of dealing with banks either. But of course this has its limits. Even though small runs of tape, CD-r and print duplications are relatively inexpensive, we're not exactly rolling in money

and not about to lose more by indulging the half-curious whims of the bourgeoisie who have money to throw away. OKOK usually deals with new 'customers' and contacts as they come, on a one-to-one basis by intuitive realisations, and decides how to react to these distant strangers on the spur of the rollercoaster moment.

Any new OKOK Videos happening?

I am not quite sure what a sequel is. More TV diversioned? Light of the Night? Hill window? Levelled more meaning could be applied. Psychic walkabout. Horror tinge, scarecrows, nuns. Televisual hypno-deprogramming. Features the ghostly face of Elvis which appears for a second on the tape and was not present during the experimental recording. Adult juvenile delinquents with a Grammar School education and a blatant disregard for white balance assemble three hours of alternative television for those who like to bunk off both physically and mentally. It's not exactly *Apocalypse Now* but not *Coronation Street* either. This mead is hot stuff, on some kind of a roll. Had enough of creating video and audio in the 'classic' OKOK mode. We have been thinking about making some kind of more wider appeal 'Occult BDSM Power Films', but not unless we can really capture the Call of the Wild, snuff-level excitement, that undefinable edge of subliminal dynamism image-sound overmerge which opens the experiencer direct to transmundane locales and the denizens of such rarefied realms. It is HERE the aim of all true seekers aim, the fertile fount of liminal unlimitedness.

Public gigs, exhibitions and interactions?

We did recently perform an OKOK Society Live Action featuring the unorthodox use of raincoats, a grey megaphone, horse shoe magnets, moonlight, mirrors and the inter-dimensional channelling, on the end of a pier somewhere in North Wales I'm not about to disclose. Which turned out to be quite a rewarding 'No Garlic Please' event. All for One and One for All. I have been entertaining this alluring idea given of me and a woman hosting a radio show broadcast through a countrywide powerful FM analogue transmitter. We sit on leather swivel chairs in the darkened soundproofed studio and kiss, fondle and foreplay each other during announcements inbetween songs and whilst songs are playing. Not overtly, perhaps not obvious at all to the listeners. This is some kind of awesome psychic experiment that is best understood by doing it – not talking or theorising about it. Remember I'm aliens.

What is OKOK's Master Plan for the future?

Not buying or buying into the State-approved Control fodder recordings straight out of HMV and clones on the main road, where most of the worked on stereo action is the type. This extends to all areas of interaction. No formulated plan, just serious work in a room, becoming more advanced. Or being alive outside amongst the elemental forces, dancing naked in the woods, bonfire hash on the beach crystals, night and moonlight drift under the marvellous interstellar influences. Combine-interact, provoking feelings and understandings you just can't get indoors. Like when we roved one morning in May on our motor-bicycles, to destination trip on laboratory-grade Microdot LSD in the murky, derelict abattoir near Caistor-on-Sea in Norfolk, fed by the electric smell of blood on blood, the still lingering dumb animal terror from the scent of primal predator: Man. Slightly moving aside one of the loose wooden planks which were the walls and being hit by an information ray of 'sunlight' from God, who formed the floating illuminated dust particles into dancing words for us. Literally telepathic chasing sentences.

Some enjoyable dark sex escape route thoughts of buying a Navy-surplus submarine, which I presume are sometimes sold at auction, burying it in the ground and living in it as an experimental commune and psychic research laboratory, reusing the onboard ELF radio, sonar and other esoteric electronic transceiving equipment. Scanning the surroundings with the wondrous periscope as our actions go unseen and unsuspected by the outside world. What with the restrictive planning permission laws in this country, this may be impossible to do legally. And yet the Minimalist Urge returns... Your possessions end up possessing you. Anchor vampires. A desire to 'BB' it: Bergen and Briefcase. Clothes etc, in the former rucksack and art papers etc, in the latter hardbox. With this way one could go or stay anywhere, as nothing would matter. To "live from a laptop", making internet contacts with the right people and travelling around meeting, interacting, living with them, in jet black mutual benefit.

Do you have any general advice for people?

Don't Think. No-Mind is where it's at. Like that trick when you want to remember something but can't quite grasp it, where you raise your eyes upwards and keep them there whilst completely forgetting everything, that almost always provides the answer. This could be interpreted as divine assistance from heaven? And always carry a ballpoint pen and a sharpened pencil. They can be mightier than the sword in some situations.

The trusty baseball bat still remains one of the best home defence weapons. It is both heavy and easily directable, and with a long reach, its power precisely controllable: non-lethal but so easily lethal if desired. Few people will advance on someone holding a baseball bat aloft and poised. Even if they do dare to attack and manage to block the blow, they will probably end up with a broken hand or arm, which is quite a deterrent for anyone. If you also carry a baseball (itself an effective heavy blunt object in hand or thrown), one can also freely walk outside with both instruments of weaponry, unconcealed and without fear of arrest. If you're being bitten by a human or animal, don't try to wrestle yourself free from its jaws by pulling away, as the attacker will only grip more tightly and tear the flesh more. Instead, push the captured part of your body violently *into* the attacker's jaws, towards the point inbetween them where the two jaws meet. This causes intense and persistent pain and forces the attacker to release its grip. Don't bother striking a dog to escape; after millennia of evolution its body is almost like an armour-plated exoskeleton. Try to fall on top of the animal so that your weight will stun and confuse it, then use your pen to spear through its eyes into the brain. Else go for the abdomen, or the point beneath the chin and above the breast bone. If the attacker is human and lying wounded on the ground, and you want to incapacitate them so you can make your escape, don't waste time and energy kicking their body all over. One heavy and forceful vertical stamp downwards with the sole of the foot straight into the stomach, or preferably with the heel into the solar plexus, is enough to put your attacker out of action for a considerable time. A single kick with the point of the toes to the temple is far more severe, possibly fatal.

Anything to sum up?

OKOK: the hidden side of yourself, where humans can go. Something against leaders, followers, and humans in general. The vivid secret landscape your own pure evidence, the only one you need. Everything moves into Infinity, just look at George Melly. Through the radio...have you understood...in the North. We sit on the deathship...They know no stars...no night for six...can you really hear? Good year exactly intact...on the radarship are all theatre...you can talk best with White seeing White. EXTRICATE!

WITH THAT RINGING in my mind, I left the mysterious environs of OKOKia to its own devices – knowing I would never be the same again, and rather enjoying it...

Pictures into Peoples homes and heads days in a row regression repression alphabet agencies triggers
 If they take the piss give them shit
 figures Phonecall man ager keep quiet we know studies

LUCIFER = 74 = JESUS
 Lightbringers both

To find identity -
 LUCIFER ID: Anagram Speak
 LUCID FIRE illumination

LUCIPHER
 ↓ ☉ ↘ Creseent Moon / Chalice
 square + compass → makes
 "squaring the circle" with
 menstrual blood
 elixir WARP

L - 12th letter
 U - 21st letter

7 + 4 = 11 twin pillars
 in the air thought the tv aerals were transmitting words and

have shown
 Sprayed on the bus know 'till later bicycle riding in a shaking S-line missing time something.



White Devils of the Black Terror: The Philosophy & Praxis of the SSSS Movement, as witnessed by the former 'insider' Susan Shayler, who joined, left & then rejoined the OKOK Society. First published in Shinehound magazine, Issue 8, 2005 & revised in 2014. Reproduced with permission

"Thus is religion trod down, by a just reverse; victory makes us akin to the gods". Lucretius, 98-53 BC.¹

DECLARING ONESELF to be a Satanist, or proclaiming the Thelemic axiom: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law", is guaranteed to send all idiots scuttling back under their stones in panic. I, however, believe that this is a good thing, as it frees up more space for myself and my cohorts to work extra effectively.

My own interest in the Satanic Dark Side was first kindled as a rebellious teenager seeking the forbidden thrills of the extreme during the voracious 1980s, when a rabid media spread the word that the UK was a hotbed for a global conspiracy being wrought by a network of demented Satanic Cults bent on the utter destruction of the reigning culture. Just what a radical young woman who despised her upper middleclass upbringing needed to hear. So I endeavoured with utmost haste to find and join this incredibly exciting-sounding clandestine network.

Much to my dismay I found it almost impossible... Were these infernal groups so evil they had to remain ultra-secretive, or were they just non-existent, yet another groundless media scare invented by the tabloid press? Black Magic may sell newspapers but real information on the subject seemed pitifully thin.

Undaunted, I fell back on my own cunning, and resorted to sending out telepathic messages fired up during extended primitive sadomasochistic masturbatory sex rituals in a willed attempt to contact similar minded people, and also began hanging around the desolate areas of land and derelict buildings on the outskirts that every town has; those eerie places where everything isn't quite right, especially at twilight... Spirits like abandoned buildings; many nooks and crannies and holes to hide amongst undisturbed. Perhaps they are more alive than most of us...their hauntings desperate silent screams from fleshless throats, pleading for us to wake up, that fall on fleshy blunted ears.

At these reputed Darkzones, under Full Moon and within Halloween I awaited amongst the bats and invisibles. But alas, these lost, forgotten places were not the haunt of those elusive outcasts from conventional society I sought so earnestly but to no avail.

What could I do now? I had zero resonant friends or contacts and this was before the internet in a small town; it wasn't as if one could just walk into WHSmith's and buy the latest copy of *Satanist Monthly* or the *Devil's Gazette*.

Then my resourceful ingenuity paid off: in a flash of inspiration (that I later recognised as *The Formula of Reversal*, a most potent technique) I thought of doing the *exact opposite* to my search and contacting some of the rabidly-keen and Christian-run anti-occult organisations like *Cultwatch*, whilst adopting the persona of a concerned parent wanting to know if there were any active and dangerous Satanic covens in the area preying on young impressionable teenagers and luring them into lewd orgies, weird drug parties and the like, so I could help put a righteous stop to this nefarious activity.

This ploy worked a treat. Stupid people always like to be told what they want to hear and if you throw in some ego massage in the process ("...as you are so obviously an expert in your field..."), they will always take the bait and give you special treatment with more extra favours than usual.

So ironically it was my enemy, the Christian do-gooders who were a far better source of hard Satanic information and contacts than the pithy, apologist occult press I was familiar with at the time. For the price of an SAE and a carefully crafted letter pandering to their pet obsessional paranoias and inflated ego missions I was furnished with a detailed list of the names and addresses of all of the major Satanic Groups in Great Britain, plus a backup list of those suspected of being Satanic front organisations.

However, my initial excitement soon dissipated when I quickly realised that most of the people involved in the scene (who, it has to be said, were mostly male) were either psychotic lunatics who seemed too out of it to duplicate their propaganda legibly; mere pseudos who couldn't even spell their words, let alone any magic; or the rip-off merchants, wanting to sell me pissed-on crucifixes and other tawdry trinkets. After finally finding one group that seemed like the Real Deal, I was yet more disappointed, when, on arranging to meet with their 'inner circle' at a house in the North of England, I was utterly amazed to find them more like some creaky middle-aged Bridge club than the Harbingers of the Apocalypse. At one point they even offered me some *cucumber sandwiches* laid out on a silver platter! One should be wary of stereotypes, but still...

This strange *Inversion Paradox* I've often noticed since. Almost all of the individuals who project a sinister Neo-Darwinian iconoclastic stance in their image are, when you actually meet them, usually the nicest, most extraordinarily polite people that you'll ever

come across. Here again, *The Formula of Reversal* comes into play, as conversely, for the real vitriolic bile and obnoxious bigotry, just go to the after-Church coffee mornings and listen to the ‘dear’ Old Granny Gang spit forth their hatred of foreigners and the unemployed and their simplistic solutions to it all, that always seems to involve nakedness and whipping. Sin = Restriction! LOVE><EVOL.

So with Satanism—and indeed Christianity (plus just about everything else)—things are not always as they seem on the surface...

There is a dreadfully popular orthodox notion prevalent amongst some occultists that is often repeated and quoted, which bleats: “Satanism is merely an anti-Christian theology. All Satanists are merely desperately rebelling against their strict and repressive Christian upbringing. If it wasn’t for their belief in God, then Satan couldn’t exist”. But what about those Satanists who were raised as liberal atheists or in a humanist-scientific household, or those brought up in a Godless Communist Zone like Islington? No, real Satanism is a much more complex Beast than that explanation. DEVIL mirrors LIVED: He stretches far further back to an existence long before Christianity was even born, Virgin birth or not. ALL major religions have their Satanic counterparts, as do the secular mass religions of Capitalism and the Arts.

And anyway, why is it such an intellectual *faux pas* or waste of energy to rebel against and attempt to subvert Christianity? The Christian Virus is still very prevalent, and it’s a mistake to think that it just infects Christians. Its influence is reflected in other horribly stunting related institutions such as the Government and Education systems (Religious and State mind-control have always been willing bedfellows), not to mention its presence in the despicable English notion of “knowing one’s place” in the social hierarchy, just as the grovelling downtrodden congregation slaver up to their Priests. It has an even vaster insidious influence in American politics and foreign policy, and the danger that poses to humanity’s progress. Most of the Western World’s judicial laws are still based on outmoded Christian values, and they would still like to burn some of us at the stake if they could get away with it. Don’t you think it’s odd that even in this day and age one can receive Christian programmes by the ton on mainstream TV and Radio at prime-time Sunday, but expressly Satanic ones are not allowed at any time?

Surely all genuine spiritual traditions must be against bad-strain Christianity and the inane idiocy of its secular offshoots, especially in its Roman Catholic and Governmental versions: dogmatic, authoritarian, monotheistic nastiness based on deception, lies and

coercion through force and fear; whose very existence depends on the mass ignorance, slave-mind stupidity and outright *cowardice* of its followers; where the 'Word of God', in whatever guise, is filtered down through (or in most cases made up by) the stultified intermediaries of bourgeois bureaucratic middlemen like the Pope, Prime Minister or other self-styled 'Experts' demanding an automatic unquestioning obedience. But to the enlightened elite it is apparent that Satanic Existential Gnosticism, or the living of the vital action-based philosophy of the totally radical character of being, are the extremely honest, brave and very wise attempts to accept and deal with the chaotic basis of reality and personality. As far as this approach is 'evil' and 'anti-social', in the Real World it is obvious to anyone's raw senses that the Commandment: "Love Thy Neighbour" is not always applicable!

In modern society, 10% of it are genetically stupid and hopelessly immune to any form of education or other advancement. Another 10% are genetically superior and possess a higher advanced intelligence, with the ability to self-evolutionise at will. The rest of humanity inbetween serve to be either exploited or assisted by the top 10% in the furtherment of the vanguard elite's plans for themselves and the world. In the scheme of the genuine Illuminati this has to be an occult conspiratorial objective. This is a philosophy of the STRONG, for the stronger one is, the more Ecstasy of Experience one can endure. The Satanist then, for that is the name, naturally seeks the glamour of similar aesthetics, and may develop a deep interest and active involvement in the works of Nietzsche, Far Right Politics, 007, Martialism, Sadomasochism, Vampirism, Misanthropy, Obscenity, Blasphemy and Iconoclasm; drawing power from such disciplines for his-or-her own use, whilst not necessarily becoming a fundamentalist devotee of the 'party line'. Owning and learning from a copy of *Mein Kampf* or *The 120 Days of Sodom* does not automatically make one a Nazi or Libertine. The High Magick of the Satanist is to do with *thought* and *feeling*; it has nothing to do with words and 'esoteric knowledge' with their limitational traps. Satanism is a kiss in the dark, where everything is fornicating, *all the time*... It is anathema to the Common Sensors, for the Dreaming Eye is eternal and infinite, seeing all and fearing naught...

SO INTO THIS nest of Jokers stepped the Queen of Spades. Not liking what she saw she left the shouting charade and dwelt ever more amongst the waste places, seeking that which cannot be named. Then a curious event: I was never a student, but often sneaked

into the local University Library to walk upon the echoing stone floors and spend happy drifting hours marrying the many rare tomes secreted in oaken wood shelves, that called me to caress them. On one such rainy afternoon, whilst leafing through a dog-eared copy of Frances Yates' *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* I came across a beautifully-printed card hidden inside its ebullient pages. This green and red triangle with silver text was obviously left there for a fellow traveller on the oblique path to find. Ah, what it said!

The Invitation was accepted, and soon I was in league with the INITIATES OF THE SSSS! The initials are a purposeful fourfold entwining of the legend: *Surrealist-Satanic-Sirian-Setanism*, the SSSS condensation strongly evoking the sibilant hissing sound of the Serpent, an apt totemic idol that represents the volatile, unpredictable Gnosis of the Cult, ever-coiled and ready to STRIKE!

The SSSS Order is certainly *Surrealist*, a term now much abused, its essence obfuscated by empty imitators and now rendered almost meaningless as a description by post-modern theorists, who claim it has been "appropriated and recuperated by the reigning culture of spectacle" in their blaze of misunderstanding and Disneyed-up hyperbole. Initiates don't listen to these people much. When the SSSS speak of Surrealism they are not referring to the academic museum piece of moneyed collectors and sub-poacher art historians, but to the original timeless irrational force that existed long before the prototype of the Stalinist cultural impresario Andre Breton stumbled upon what was already there and brought it to a wider public, most of whom were already Surrealists anyway, if only when asleep and dreaming.

Occult Surrealism is a 'system' of living-thinking-doing that taps the vast resources of the all-powerful Subconscious Mind, the storehouse of all past, present and future knowledge and incarnations with an ever open door; its deft utilisation enables unlimited possibilities to manifest, subverting and transcending the con of conventional illusory reality. It is a call to a luscious wanton freedom and the lustful destruction of the prison of arbitrary limitations imposed by those in whose vested interest it is to keep us limited. SSSS Surrealists make their dreams reality and reality dreams...in a permanent revelation, releasing all instincts in an orientation towards a new reality that escapes the well-mapped paths to venture into the Un-Known in a passionate wondrous questing where perhaps the expectant journey is more significant than its destination. The hints contained in the *Lilac Hand*, exquisitely crafted by demented retuned evenings of an orchidic musical hue, reportedly concealed in the cage and costume of living silver verd-

igris guarded by the Ghosts of Milkmen and kept hidden under the 36th flagstone of any vaulted room speaks more than these words to those on the spectral crooked path, that can never be explained to those of lesser understanding.

The SSSS are *Satanic*, again a much misunderstood and multi-levelled Entity. Satan is known by some as the Prince of Light and by others as the Prince of Darkness. There are many myths surrounding Satanism, and very few true Satanists, as the real Devil Worshipers of the Forbidden Way must, out of necessity, shun the limelight of publicity, adopting a solitary and secretive nature, as authentic Devil Worship involves the committing of criminal acts and breaking the laws of conventional society in the most extreme and perverted ways possible. In practice however, some form of compromise is 'necessary'. Devil is liveD spelled backwards, and the genuine Satanist's life is spent in the Higher Devolution, or DEVILUTION: reversing the accepted dogmatic conventions of the prevailing society and culture (in some cases this subverting process being also applied to the Satanist's *own* cherished beliefs and lifestyle). The Satanist literally lives backwards towards Satan. Live becomes reversed to eviL, moving on an opposite path to the mass herd of sheeple as the latter plods inanely forwards in their "proud to be stupid", unquestioning and easily predictable, pre-recorded safe trajectory.

The name *Satan* means 'Adversary' in Hebrew, and in its original context meant 'The Opposer'. This is *The Formula of Satanic Reversal*, so amply described by the chant which opens Shakespeare's *Macbeth*: "Fair is foul and foul is fair", cast forth by the three wyrd sister-witches who personify Hecate, Queen of the Underworld. It is also why Satan the Devil is associated with all things inverted, upside down, the wrong way round or reversed: left-handed people, the averse Pentagram of the Goat (instead of the upright Pentagram of the Human), the back-to-back Dance of the Witches (anti-social instead of social), moving by widdershins (against the Sun), ceremonially kissing the chthonic anus of the Satanic idol (rather than the sanitary impersonal altar as in the Christian rite), wearing vestments inside out and hitched up to expose the sex organs, reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards, discordant music and bestial howling, mirrors (that reverse the image), the Moon and Night (unconscious mind) revered above the Sun and Day (conscious mind), and a myriad of related concepts and practices. It is in this symbolism, the Way of the Opposer, which should be understood as the magisterial SSSS Stratagem which heralds the coming forth of the Satanic Ecstasies that giveth the greatest delights. Like the High Path of *Varma Marg* in Tantrika and the Nameless

Arts of the Tibetan *Bön*, it teaches how to attain enlightenment by a complete reversal-inversion of mass-societal morality, taboos, and relationships. We have to pay for everything but some things are for free.

The SSSS are *Sirian*, in that they worship the Dog Star, Sirius, the ‘sun behind the sun’, the ‘hidden god’ of rarefied light that blazes brightest in the night sky. Sirian Intelligences have been in communication with mankind since time immemorial. It is They who inspire the creation of important Magickal and Mystical Orders and esoteric movements. They informed the ancient Egyptians, who made Sirius the focal point of their Mystery religion, celebrating the Star’s annual rising on the 23rd July and the resultant Dog Days. The Sirian Entities later informed Helena Blavatsky and the Colonel in the formulation of the very influential *Theosophical Society* in Victorian times, Their Message appearing in an updated form through Aleister Crowley, the Grand Master in the Outer of the *Argenteum Astrum*, the *Order of the Silver Star* (Sirius), that he formed some years after They gave to humanity through this human source *Liber AL vel Legis*, the Book of the Law, the Grimoire of Thelema. In more modern times They inspired certain high initiates of the 1950s Mystical UFO Movement, notably George Hunt Williamson, who under Their guidance founded the *Brotherhood of the Seven Rays* high in the remote hills of South America. Then They directed Robert Temple to research and write *The Sirius Mystery*, a book of hidden depths whose actualised function was to introduce the Sirian Lore to a wider group of humans sensitive enough to understand Their Message and put it into practice.

Complementing their worship of Sirius is the Cult’s embracing of the *Setanic* Gnosis. Along with their ancient Egyptian Mystery School counterparts, the SSSS are allied with Set, god of revolution and the arch destroyer of oppression; His Setanic Majesty later becoming identified as Satan. Set was often depicted as the strange and unexplained ‘Typhonian’ Animal, whose consort was the Goddess of the Seven Stars. Many a magic web was spun together amidst the celestial outer voids.

THE ORDER OF THE SSSS, or Society of the Secret Shining Star, like other genuine secret societies, forges its way under different names by different methods at different times, as circumstances dictate; its origins shrouded by a cloak of darkness, its path obscured by a wall of mirrors. Like Russian Dolls, some say that it was founded in the early 1980s after certain individuals with a taste for weird pleasures became enlightened

after a group LSD trip during an Eclipse of the Moon, whilst laying under the massive dome aerial dish of the Radio Telescope at the Jodrell Bank Observatory, where they are said to have received alien contact. Others say they were but an in-joke and cynical marketing ploy masterminded by baleful Black Metal band *mHORN*, whilst others, with a longer and, perchance deeper association, do state, when they speak of it at all, that the SSSS Order began in Great Britain in the late 1960s, where it operated from a remote country farmhouse in deepest Norfolk, “the most haunted county in England” according to folklorists. In this here recension, always tending towards the mysterious, obscure and oblique, its members practiced an undefinably peculiar form of Inspired Dark Sorcery combining the highly intellectual and stylistically complex aesthetic approach of the original Surrealist Satanic Orders of the early 1900s, coupled with decadent infusings of the more lurid and earthy aspects conjured by the *Hammer Horror Films* sensationalist treatment of the subject some sixty years later.

Fuelled by a “fanatical enmity inimical to all authority on Earth”, the emphasis was on the “Infinities of Pleasure and Power”, obtained through the sinister ecstasy engendered by a potent combination of the *Funhouse Thrill Current* of transgression, danger and terror. There were many references to the ominous-sounding “Hidden Hand” lurking behind world events, and a fetishistic fascination with the Vampire as fact, coupled with the “Possibilities of the Scarlet Fountain”, a blood mystique aesthetic foreshadowing the modern day Gothic revival and subculture. At this stage there was a peculiar penchant for masqued balls held in suitably creepy places, spooky drink and drug orgies, a magic ritual unsuspected by the invited revellers. The masks added a hypnotic effect, and the anonymity they afforded erased inhibitions, promoting free and unusual behaviour. The overall result was indescribably satisfying.

Gaining an unwanted notoriety after a succession of local farm girls were found bewildered and distressed, with a faraway look in their haunted eyes, as they wandered along the deserted country lanes surrounding the dark, foreboding, ivy-strewn ‘Horror House’, the SSSS came to a Stepford prominence in the mid-1980s where it cast its Web over the international underground avant-garde mail-art and cassette network, from which it sought and recruited most of its membership and supporters. It was, at this time, known as “The OKOK Society”, its prime movers consisting of such ardent luminaries—known as “The Ultras” amongst the cult—as Frater OLAN, the outlaw mystic sorcerer-monk, esoteric composer and veteran of *Operation A.L.O.R.E.*, who acted as the

Order's main Channel or "Transceiver" to the Astral and even Higher Planes and Those that dwell there, and informed and advanced the affairs of OKOK through such cryptic and inscrutable works as the *Book of the Star* (obtained by what today would be called "Remote Viewing", was then known as "Telepathic Channelling", and what the OKOKians have always termed "Transceiving"). Of equal importance is Frater 33, the reclusive diabolist thaumaturgos and Hermetic Antiquarian, who was the strategic instigator, spokesman, propagandist and editor of the Group's bizarre—and sometimes questionable—creative productions, Weird Art being an ardent obsession of most OKOKians. This combination of artistic and magical forces eventually established itself as a virtual Black Citadel, resonating with the Stentorian Voice of Infernality and possessing its own unique direction and that of its sombre, most loyal followers.

Around 1990, the OKOKians acquired a motor-home and so became a "Travelling Temple", traversing a wide compass whilst using the purple-painted vehicle as a mobile "Dimension Station". The *modus operandi* was to quietly pull up at a convenient location that was close to the village *omphalos* and had several exits. Then the SSSS Service would begin with a very high-pitched electronic audio tone sent out over the stereo to cleanse the parkzone and banish any stray and unwanted psychic influences. Then the tape was changed to an OKOKian Third Side Broadcast to invoke the secret powers and attract those spirits and people in tune with the SSSS Frequency. After this, Sister Stella would open the door and sing a song, then Frater 33 would step out in purple robes to deliver one of his "PSYermos". The event concluded with the felt hat being passed round for donations and the distribution of OKOK propaganda leaflets. This worked pretty well for several years, until they realised that most people aren't worth bothering with. "Each to his own", I suppose.

At the stage when I was involved (1993-1998)—albeit mostly on the periphery (for I had now found a lucrative job and a somewhat more rationalist pleasant-nihilistic outlook)—the group had launched themselves into an intensive study of ley lines, pre-historic sacred sites and other Earth Mysteries, and that discipline's relation to so-called UFO's and Aliens. Amongst the windswept atmospheric wilds of these Ancient Power Zones they performed a certain kind of sexual rite that provokes contact with Other-Dimensional Intelligences that confer magical and material power and influence. This was in essence similar to the aims of OKOK's earlier Artistic-Freakout incarnation, but it now had a much more sheer and unbending *sorcerous intent*, with resulting effect.

The two Fraters and their secret circle practiced this occult sex magic in a brave and concerted attempt to open Gateways or Portals of Dimensional Interpenetration, that would allow the ingress of forces from *outside space and time*. Once this extra-cosmic influx had been harnessed and understood, its votaries would usher in a totally new era composed of those transformed humans who through diligent study and masterly performance had achieved the Alchemical Great Work, and become Superhuman. The “New Order” had long been on the horizon; it was now time to meet it in the flesh...

The Cult activity centred on the small villages called Bethel. Plural, because curiously, there are *two* villages of the same name, some thirty miles or so apart, as the Crow flies. One is situated on mainland Wales, the other on the Isle of Anglesey, a former important Druid stronghold. Bethel is mentioned in *Genesis 28* of the Old Testament. In the place originally called *Luz*, Jacob (‘He who supplants’, who sired the Twelve Tribes of Israel, or Thirteen including the ‘lost’ tribe of Levi) has his dream of the ladder set on the earth and reaching to heaven, with God above it and angels ascending and descending it. Afterwards, he wakes up and declares the place to be the “House of God” and the “gate of heaven” (suggesting a point of contact between the terrestrial and extraterrestrial). Then, early in the morning, he gets up, takes the stone he used for his pillows, and sets it up as a pillar-aerial, consecrating the object by pouring oil upon it, and renaming the place “Beth-el”, knowing the pillar to be God’s House. Later, in *Genesis 31*, he has another dream of an angel claiming to be the God of Bethel who tells Jacob to leave, which he does in earnest, and later sets a second stone up as a pillar-aerial in a different place, before dying in Egypt, allegedly aged 147.

Pillar worship really took off after this, arising from an imitation of Jacob in *Beth-el*, from which came the word *Baetylia* among the Heathen, signifying the plain, simple, undecorated pillars or columns of stone, without the representation of human or any other creatures (although some were explicitly phallic-shaped), which—after a solemn consecration-dedication—the people worshipped, either as symbols of divinity, or as actual true gods animated by some heavenly power.

Eventually it became difficult, or nigh impossible, to distinguish between the idols erected by the followers of Yahweh and those erected by the devotees of older gods and goddesses, leading to much confusion over exactly what deity was being venerated or tradition celebrated. Also, given the fact of the attractiveness exercised by the forbidden, the Pagan deities such as Baal and Ashtoreth no doubt secured a great deal of surrep-

titious worship during the supposedly Christian rites. This general uncertainty and the threat of alien or rival deities is why Moses denounced the entire practice of arcane idolatry in *Deuteronomy* 12, forbidding the construction of new pillars and ordering the destruction of existing ones. Given this, why does the British monarch—ostensibly the head of the Church of England—believe that Jacob’s aforementioned pillar/aerial-stone is the “Stone of Scone”, also known as the “Stone of Destiny”, that was stolen from the Scots in 1296 AD by Edward I and taken to Westminster Abbey, where it was placed into the wooden coronation throne, upon which most of the subsequent British Kings and Queens have been crowned? This sure doesn’t symbolise Jesus Christ, who is the “stone which the builders rejected” (*Matthew* 21:42; *Psalms* 118:22; *Mark* 12:10; *Luke* 20:17). Maybe the royals got stoned?

Anyhow, could these twin villages, both named Bethel (or “House of God”/“gate of heaven”) in North Wales be occultly related somehow to this Biblical story in *Genesis*, perhaps as modern day Ladders to the Beyond? The one on the mainland—a zone known for its Christian fervour—dedicated to the God of Light; the one on Anglesey—a zone known for its Druidic Paganity—dedicated to the God of Darkness? Are they twin nodal-points on some Super Ley Line?

In the Holy Lands, Bethel eventually became an alternative rival religious centre to the official seat of power in Jerusalem, some of the beliefs and practises being so fervent and individualistic that there were claims it was a conclave of Heretical Gnosticism. In this context, note that the *New Standard French & English Dictionary* (George G Harrap 1939) defines *Bethel* as a ‘temple of a dissident sect’, that makes its two Welsh namesakes an apt choice of residence for The OKOK Society Inner Circle and their plans to create a new cosmic religion. This was a heavy duty, most dangerous game, backed up by the very landscape it was played on.

In 1998, on one of my (by then infrequent) visits to the “Land of the Dragon” that I found myself at one of the legendary OKOKian Moonbathing Parties (or “KOK-Ups” as they were affectionately known amongst aficionados), wherein it was confided unto me by a high ranking member that The OKOK Society, despite its professed occult interests, was in fact essentially an *exoteric* Outer Order, that functioned to weed out the merely curious and select the most promising and suitable individuals for invitation to join the very *esoteric* Inner Order, known as “The Ordo Innominate” (Latin for “Order with No Name”), who were the fundamental core of the mysterious SSSS Movement,

guarding its higher level secrets and objectives. Thus when one of the inner circle died or went mad, the SSSS Ultras selected his-or-her already trusted and capable successor from the outer circle of OKOKians.

AS TO THE NATURE OF THE SSSS secret objectives, judging by the clues and hints I obtained, it involved the embarking on an ambitious project to raise the psychic weirdness level of Great Britain. This was to be achieved by the burying of identical consecrated and charged talismans at the intersection points (nodes) of ley lines, so that the talismans' power would be continually charged by the natural forces present, and thus criss-cross the whole country, forming an extensive Occult Grid by which to influence the entire populace. I stopped all contact with the OKOKians at this point, as things got *just too damn bizarre*, but still kept up with the content and direction of some of their unclassified work as I was still on their increasingly fascinating mailing list for quite a while afterwards.

At Imbolc 1999, the OKOKians quietly announced to close contacts that a naturally-formed Inter-Dimensional Portal had been discovered through trance clairvoyance during one of their sex ceremonies. I never found out the site's exact location, but presumably it is somewhere near one of the Bethels on the outskirts of North Wales. There were also dark whispers that *something had been sent through* and found in a local cave. This, I was led to believe, was a large phallic-shaped meteorite that had been exposed to mysterious cosmic rays as it travelled the millions of miles through outer space to enter the OKOKian Priestesses for some incredible purpose we can but guess at (although I do wonder if a "cuckoo in the nest" is already making waves).

Subsequently, utilising the ley line web which stranges the area, a highly specialised ritual was repeatedly performed at the Portal, beginning at Midnight on the 23rd of each month, in an attempt to strengthen the power of the Portal and establish further Extraterrestrial contact in a remarkably Lovecraftian manner. Here it is interesting to note that it was on the 23rd of September, 2002, at 1.00 AM (approximately when the rite would have reached its climax) that Great Britain experienced one of its strongest ever earthquakes in recorded history, 4.8 on the Richter Scale, its epicentre located at Dudley near the centre of England, only some two hundred miles or less away from Bethel in North Wales. Judging from the cracks in the road and nearby houses, perhaps Dudley is not such a 'dud' 'ley' after all...

TODAY IT SEEMS, The OKOK Society has reformulated itself as “The OKOK Research Bureau” or “ORB”), although some accounts state that they are currently a closed Order and no longer publish publicly, whilst others claim that they have officially and cordially ceased activity altogether. Regarding The Ordo Innominate, reports of its disbandment or mass suicide are highly exaggerated, for they work in the Corn Zone.

In an unconfirmed statement that was relayed to me anonymously some years ago, it was boldly declared in steadfast majesty that:

The year 2003 has been deemed an auspicious time for the Devil Mask of the SSSS to once again arise out of the ashes like the eternal Phoenix in a glorious resurrection, metamorphosing into a New Order. In this body we shall continue aright, traversing the Path of Overcoming so wonderfully illumined by the most especial rays transmitted by the Mystery Sun...

Whether this transmission was indeed authentic, or part of some ill-advised jest, few will doubt that the United Kingdom has definitely become more weirder in recent years, and one can perchance imagine that on certain nights it is still said in guarded whispers that this most unorthodox “cult cult” continues to be greatly operative, although just as arcane. Verily, in the more easily documented sphere (that I shall refrain from citing to protect the innocent), hints pertain to the very real possibility that after many years of wilful obscurity, this curious cabal has now decided to dispense with its aura of sinister isolationism and come out of the shadows, to reveal itself in peculiar purpose.

One hopes that whoever the SSSS are, and whatever they may do, the context fits the hammer, and the anvil does not crack too soon. The joy of the Lord is our strength.

But Would You Do It?



Satan in the Suburbs: Radical Subjectivism & the Red Night of the Green Dragon. A right attempt to document the OKOKian “Third Side” concept. Issued to initiates in the form of a continuous scroll around 2009

NEW PURITAN SAYS “Result”, apparently, but it is much-veiled in an iconic date-mask conundrum enmeshed in other-dimensional syntax; eluding understanding and defying explanation like some half-glimpsed temple of dream (the most revealing magic, indeed all art, is always found in the hidden, marginal, shunned forgotten atrium). It began



Friedrich Nietzsche in 1860.

itself in the search for excellent beings of the higher constitution working blood, yet did come to the odd conclusion that the majority of the human race were not meant to live and work together, or even to believe things. So the corebody withdrew in a mystic exodus to the wilderness of British Isles outskirts, to revel in Nature and realise their imaginings.

To potent catch paraphrase Friedrich Nietzsche Esq.: “The best thoughts are those which are born outside, whilst walking”. Cardinal living with spirit amongst the four primal elements, rather than just symbolising them on your altar, is the rightest key to the true magicka. This is *Green Earth*: the ground source; *Yellow Air*: fresh swirling life energy; *Red Fire*: light and shadow revealing ever; *Blue Water*: liquid mirror of the deep. In the magnificent and unsurpassed muse atmosphere connected to the dancing tranquil filaments of prehistory, a new and wider religion was ensconced to counter and surpass the already existant, unchecked, claustrophobic ancestor worship conducted in black subterranean caves and grey grave chambers. This was the erect emergence of the Stone Circles, never before seen on the planet. Star-kissed Theatres of Power for the new Stellar Worship of the infinite outer reaches. Here was alien contact forged. Didactic aerial cream. The 19th Century juncture rituals performed at these glowing Powerzones rekindled the long forgotten overwhelming impact of the Standing Stones and engendered weird time of travel dimensional interpenetration of worlds; an ancient swirling maelstrom of disturbing psychic activity and temporal delirium, with goats grazing on the carpet and strangers passing through, to unleash a new energy current. We do wit-

ness this in the many eyes of which we are cognisant. Whether we know or nay, they walk through our dimension as we walk through theirs.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE is getting you in the mood. We're taking a step back to let the tide flow along the gradient, but will remain at the rudder. This is about sound-more-than-sound, >art-plus-magic< (either way). The spectral twins presented here and next have been directly developed out of material excerpted from the channelled article 'The Third Side', that was first published in the official OKOK Society Journal: *SINIS* (Luminous Press Special Omnibus Edition, circa 1999).

The First Attempt

ALTHOUGH WE'VE NEVER BEEN that keen on over-explaining this subject—as it's a bit like watching sausage-making, which can put you off the whole endeavour—know that the OKOK Society investigates The IIIrd Side, which is very real and recordable. Explanations are complications, no hands on the land (occult soon becomes lost), as by its very nature, The IIIrd is shrouded in mysteriousness. But we shall try to shed some light upon this most fascinating field, because we can.

The OKOK Tapes are all done, as it were, so that you may receive, in some form, "The Third Side of the Tape". They are not like the imagy kind of pop songs that you actually grab hold of; it's more for the interest of the 'shadow' that is left from the tape's hearing, the don't know, over-input igniting something in your headspace, during or afterwards. It helps if one has an interest in other realities, and this reality. Pressing the invisible button. Its main benefits are transcendence and bringing things in, transforming to wider awareness; not to unnerve, although it can.

Ever found a tape in a 'junk' shop, of, say, Emerson Lake & Palmers' *Tarkus* LP? You get it home, look at the information between and beyond the cover art, then play it at reception time. As the last track finishes there is a period of silence; you think it's the end, then it takes you completely by surprise. There is a sudden unexpected section of weird frequency talking odd in the background, home-recorded but... *That* is The Third Side: the recording of 'things' onto magnetic tape (especially audio-cassettes) possessing a certain inherent special enigma flavour of subtle character unheard by the profane ears; an awareness of something that is beyond the surface of the sounds, much, much more than more than the sum of its parts; for it is a separate already-existing reality carried

into manifestation by the two sides 1+2. The $1+2 = 3$, and The 3rd 'reverses' to flow through 2+1. Countdown 3_2_1. Shifting world and worlds 1 into 2 and 3, 1 and 2 into 3, 3 and 1 into 2, 2 into 3 and 1, 3 into 2 and 1.

The 1970s and earlier analogue equipment is the surest catalyst; lose yourself in the silver-black encased in wood and leather talisman magic. A love of range and welcome signal interference. The bedroom laboratory mechanisms. Lofts and cellars. Peculiar snows, outside lightning shows. Homemade gadgets here and there. Salvation Army microphones. Found delight. Ghost tones from the old carbon telephones, the green fuzz disturbo-dial crackles. Valve radios, modified sex crystal sets. Wires twisted alien. Grandfather's alteration books of the musty high smell, cold hands within. The hidden waves drifting on informing air.

It works bestly with the pregnant Compact Cassette familiar venturing behind the mirror. Finding the things that are not here. Try and use normal or chrome bias late 60s-to-mid-70s original blank Sony tapes, the ones with the silver-metallic leader tape for good results, although same-period TDKs and obscurer makes will work. Cheap and secondhand domestic equipment is vastly preferable to expensive professional and new (sterile). It is much more *useful* in its purposeful distortion and outer invites, warping normal reality and creating 'gaps' where The IIIrd can flow in. These machines have personalities and feelings you know. Make friends with them and you're guaranteed a good time. The relationship will blossom on multi-levels and you can always depend on a repeat performance.

The tape medium itself is a promising roleplayer. Pull out the tape from its hard shell and handle it in a big scrunched up ball in your hands. Smell the tape, put it to your ear, wear it as a wig on your head. You will probably find it has an eerie, slightly nauseous effect. Something not quite right about it all. An actual recorded reality in your hands. You can hear it if you listen enough, provokes mental voices and visions too. You can do so much more with audio tape than with other mediums. The Mighty Manipulations. Stretch it, bake it in the oven for meltdown sounds, splice it at random, play it backwards, speed it up, slow it down, sand it down, magnetise, filter and sleep with it.

This is where the reel-to-reel tape machines (esp. three-speed) come into their own: the dual Magic Circles, twin IIIrd Side Manifestors that are highly praised. Who knows what the spools say to each other? We are taught that they are inanimate objects, but tape spools ARE animate; they can and do move very fast, spinning yarns...

Make a tape with wide ears and open hand. Pretend you're a child and it's Xmas Eve. Listen for it in stereo or mono in the dark, relaxed or totally wired (headphones are not recommended). Be ready to the new experience but do not overly concentrate or stress for its immediate appearance. To lust after it is to not understand its nature and send it away from you. It will come like the first wet dream, in time. The keen repeated experimentation and constant intuition will suggest trapdoors and skylights.

Recording searches for The 3rd whilst it's raining heavily and you have that pleasant 'forced to stay in' feeling is helpful, as are outside field-location recordings anywhere, especially the outskirt streets, remote hilltops, haunted zones or electricity sub-station pylons. Have oval mirrors in the room, especially black ones with silver frames. Record Full Moon thunderstorm communications by candlelight through a hooked-up Long-wave radio and experimental aerials. Know that all Shortwave radio transmissions, especially if detuned static and strange code-noises, are more-or-less 3rd Side, and there is "something about" those early and portable mono rectangle-shaped tape-recorders with a built-in mic; "it was moving around the room".

Ultra-Low Frequencies may be had by going to a lonely free place far away from radio stations, then recording late in the night or early in the morning with a portable tape recorder. Plug a jack into the mic socket, with one wire leading to a copper spike that is pushed into the earth. The other wire from the jack is attached to the largest non-rusty metal object you can find, such as a fence or farm machinery. Put headphones on, turn up the volume slowly, and you listen in on the secret transmissions. But not too loudly, as ear damage can occur at high volume levels. "There's something in the air..."

Tape over existing sound-life again-and-again for unusual 'bleed-through' effects, as the tape's normal reality gets worn and tired and begins to 'dream' in sonic sleep, forgetting what should be on there and manifesting hidden Thirds... Can also be had on any tape-recorder by covering the erase head (completely, if it is separate, or by covering the erase-part of a combined erase-recording head) with PVC insulation tape. Primitive but effective. You can then use the modified machine to make special repeat overdubs by re-recording material onto the same tape. This is akin to the 'print-through' effects, where both sides (maybe all 4 if a four-track tape) merge together as one musical pattern, a marvel phenomenon that occurs where magnetic tapes are stored tightly-wound and unplayed in hot atmospheres for long periods. Good possibilities to be had right, depending on the existing, pre-transformed canvas, and the ghosts in the machine. (There are

certain similarities here between The IIIrd Side and the curious 'spirit voices' recorded by Konstantin Raudives: unexplained speech that appeared from nowhere onto tape via radio/microphone. See his book *Breakthrough*, Colin Smythe 1971.)

Mixing tapes and sounds together is a great go technique. Have at least 3 sources or inputs, the tripod of the cauldron. Alchemic strategy activation process. Otherworldly overlay. To meld tracks more smoothly and deeper mixers are preferable to 4-track recorders as with the latter you think in the machine whilst with the former you think more in the head; everything has to be done in the moment; it keeps the conscious mind occupied creates the right atmosphere for the all-powerful subconscious mind to take over without hindrance. Unscreened old cables to pick up nice hums and time drifts through a speaker. The wow-and-flutter gateways, worn tape-heads that muffle as if drugged, the marvellous subliminal warpings of the mundane tape path and associated judder that occurs on the cheap/old machines will all help draw aside the accustomed curtain to manifestly reveal the wonderful Vistas of IIIrd. Hand-duplicating the 'final' Master Tape whilst staring at the reels going round squatted on your haunches can also induce the _ _ _ especially if you witness either of the reels momentarily frozen in space, a sure sign of the coming.

Remember: The mechanism employed throughout *must* be Analogue, with physical things that do touch eat other with wear and tear in the recording/playback event. The digital systems are scientific limited lab-mind (non-Frankenstein) that banishes IIIrd. These sorts of wavelengths are square and strictly for squares. Ergo, it is never found on DAT, minidisk or hard-drive. CD recordables forget it. Suppose it could be found on LP vinyl records between the diamond needle dust caress. Look for jumps and stuck-loops perhaps. Or maybe an unplanned pressing fault will reveal. Good Third would no doubt occur if you had your own record-cutting machine and cut straight onto blank 78rpm 10inch shellac discs, or re-cut directly into old jazz, cricket, Punch and Judy, seafaring, detective spoken-word releases.

In lusting after The 3rd you repel it paranormally. So be empty as regards powerlessness, incompetence, feeling silly, etc., but full with what you are doing, the creative act in the magic theatre, organically drawn to the quest. No need for limit or lock. The Third manifests when you are not looking... It happens 'just like that' with 'effortless genius' on your part. Get on with it. Go with it. Groove in it. If only speaking through a cardboard tube into mic or knobbing up and down the radio random recording-pausing.

The Second Attempt

THE MYSTERIOUS REMOTE TENDENCY known as the 'Third Side of the Tape' is the one that is always present within and beyond the two. By use of the system of New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6: THIRD SIDE = 128 = SUBLIMINAL = ENTRANCE = SECRET WAND = FREEING, which perhaps says more about the subject than extended discourse, as the Third Side should be *experienced*, not explained nor thought about overmuch. But in response to genuine requests of tutor, one way, not *the* way, is to just meditate on the *sorcerous mystique* of sound. Music is the most romantic of the creative arts, a sonar enchantment spell that conjures profound inner insights. Seed and majestic impulses can be awakened by the properly arranged vibrations. Music unlocks for mankind the gateway to an unknown realm, in which one leaves behind all definable feelings so as to abandon oneself to an ineffable yearning. One is stimulated in a most free and undecided manner. A world nothing in common with the eternal maze of the senses that surrounds one. Music is the sole art of our epoch because that which is vague and arcane in it corresponds to that oscillation of souls and indefinable feeling of a call from other outstanding dimensions that we all experience in dreams or awake: a Third Side beyond Sides A+B of the Dualistic Reality Tape. Hear and Now and Elsewhere Now and Here (Moon in the Afternoon – Bide Your Time).

To experience this uncommon scope, first performest the preliminary practice of the Sonic Drift Out Exercise to train the two ears for Third Side Transceiving. Lie in a darkened locked room and send the aural awareness outwards from yourself, searching far further away than normal, down the long street and across the stretching meadows. When you reach the supposed limits of your hearing, keep going and penetrate. Persist and you will be surprised to hear what is normally silent.

There is more to say perhaps but it is forming in the world and it will be known, the 'barrier' between action|thought and back again has been changed in some way and I feel myself in an area of understanding that can feel all its movements wow, and in being there 'it' somehow listens to the watcher's thoughts... Involvement of a kind...and out. The door doesn't swing open there are no hinges on it; you push it and it just falls into the room. Something you remember from childhood.

Once your hearing is honed to a keener, more rarefied and conducive degree, acquire by thine own fine hand and craft a reel-to-reel tape recorder as the foundation stone, especially one which has glass valves (vacuum tubes) as part of the integrated circuitry.

No digital nonsense; analogue keeps the faith. You want the hands on approach to unexpected two-way transceival paths of communication. Hence the reel-to-reel machine is vitally important, nay essential, not just for better sound quality reasons (Magic Circle Spectacles). Preferably, obtain one that has several different speeds and reverse capability (or you can invert the tape direction itself on the very spool then run it for the latter effect and place a selection of different diameter smooth round metal cylinder sleeves over the pinch roller for the former ploy).

Record various Environmental sounds that appeal: Inside: Television, Shortwave Radio, Percussion, etc. And Outside: Street Bustle, Snatches of Overheard, Electricity Pylons, Animals. Seek to discover odd found tapes of the right sort at the right time in the right place. A contact mic placed on objects of your choosing can be useful (one can also use those thin solid disk plastic piezo speakers from children's toys as a working substitute). Imprint a wide-ranging collection of textures onto the circling tape, feel the texture, vary the recording levels, and don't forget the pause effects. Do whatever. There are No Rules. There is Imagination.

The reel-to-reel machine is then connected to a push-pull audio mixer. Now tape-loop some chosen one segments together and let them roll (or stick one loop inside a larger one and punch holes in them with a hole-punch, then play the double loop for interesting chance now 'bleed-through' effects). The mixing is the key; timing guided by mysterious subconscious montage knowledge possessed by the tape medium. Add other sonic inputs varied un/usual to the cauldron, ones that instinctively feel right and more skillfull than the rest, devices that speak to you of engaging promises.

The use of cheap, slightly deranged or way out wonkyfied tape decks and microphones is certainly recommended, classical young radical. All sound equipment has its own unique quality of self which adds a certain process to the source applied, the combination sex of the various variables of flavoured styles working together most interestingly in a complex clarification chug of vibrantly enveloping, multi-faceted wall of noise channel, wherein the flux of chance and clash elements can give surprises. Gamble the risk go on. Welcome the glitch. You can't 'break' anything or make a 'mistake', as no-one takes these things seriously or even does them, so there's no rules.

Now constructing the Master Tape becomes the ardent fetish worship sculpture. It is best recorded on a chrome-bias, rectangular stereo compact cassette for the widest IIIrd results in experiment.

Play in the reel-to-reel compilation at different speeds, sometimes reversed and fondled. Inch the tape by putting the controls in pause-play mode and physically with fingers rock the length to-and-fro across the playback head; also manually spinning the spools. Time can be controlled this way. Add cut-in random elements to the mix such as unplanned snippets of radio news reports and dramatic plays; speak the first thing that comes into your head or what the sounds suggest; coax loud and quiet noises, perhaps the unfamiliar, around and involving everyday objects; utilise previously prepared tapes and situations *et al.*

This gives you the basic Master Track Compilation, which can be used as it is, or further distort and manipulated, with new material added and old material taken away. All done in a playful 'not really trying too hard' way; a trancelike motion where everything just seems to fall into place with effortless genius. Move into intuition, the source of everything that knows all. You don't have to think about it just do it. Soon you will amass amazing interpenetrations that will not hide; realities of thought, creations, feeling and the unexplained that are best not described here but WILL occur on the magic magnetic tape. Several Master Track Compilations (MTCs) should be constructed in this fashioning, all to be further mixed together later correct, combining the intersperse intently to eventually form (event form) the supreme Talismanic Master Tape, which itself can be randomly fast forwarded/rewinded then fed by otherwise sounds. Know that making and hearing back Third Side TMTs, in the right mood and manner (headphones are not recommended), has been proven to ease the awareness of the Listener(s) to a different plane of reality, enabling a wondrous 'Super Power' to manifest and impart, with resulting great wild ideas above the normal, provoking of/on course further esoteric possibilities infinite arch.

Within this bright locale of wondrous intoxication you hear the real news with the volume knob turned off. Optical sound and stranger, where nothing is a misconception and all is conception, which someone believes is truthful. Look in the mirror see, the image stares at thee. Look behind the mirror and tremendous things occur and revealed. What could be could very well be, when that which is not decides otherwise. Here the Third Side Cassette becomes an essential survival kit; an instructional map on how to move to a better place, and is also the very vehicle which takes you there. Subject and Object merge into Wyrld and you dance the cathedral, allied to outer voids. This is the Crown Law, the centre of the amazing maze, the summit of the arose rose.



**OKOKSOCIETY
AUDIOCASSETTES
1988-1996**

**Stereo-Mono
60-90 Minutes
Chrome Jewel Case**



- 01: ORtrantic Semen
- 02: Wank to Semen
- 03: Reverie Stimulus
- 04: Fernwood Anitoma
- 05: Kancel Dream
- 06: Full Number
- 07: Rubber Reigns
- 08: White Fortune
- 09: Demonomani Law
- 10: monoVelley
- 11: United Cemeties
- 12: Vathek Laden Mazuma
- 13: Glassbender
- 14: Crownfloods
- 15: Yielding to Reason
- 16: Lewd Mine Act
- 17: Tell Me Strange Things
- 18: Planetary Swell
- 19: First Victims
- 20: Golden Gnomes
- 21: Project Eve
- 22: Soul Screw
- 23: Vic Striker
- 24: Toad Fuck
- 25: Dolittle imploding Dolittle
- 26: Black Parasole
- 27: Rain Cunt Promotion
- 28: Knicker Control
- 29: Deflower Central Television
- 30: Blue Rose Powders
- 31: of the Stars
- 32: OKOK Ballustrades
- 33: lectarin dream
- 34: mobile solvents
- 35: her transplant zone
- 36: Haken Society
- 37: Amnimatter
- 38: home codex
- 39: Albino varse
- 40: chewing swine
- 41: oval lights
- 42: parading fuckers
- 43: othermen
- 44: toll gate gentile
- 45: Ped
- 46: Ned Presley
- 47: jockspell
- 48: Neither Tone
- 49: destination sub-cult
- 50: Brides of Bangor

Chasing the Dragon: OKOK Research Bureau Communiqué #99. Issued on 24 August 2009. After two decades of theory & practice, with a Sunny Smile the OKOK Research Bureau (ORB) do hereby issue a final call to our colleagues and peers, as well as to the madding crowd

OUR CULT IS BUILT around the pentagram (pentangle, pentacle or five-pointed star), a device that originated in the East some 6000 years ago; is found on 4000 BC clay in Palestine; was widespread in Sumeria circa 2700 BC; and recurs in Egypt, Greece, India, Persia and the West. All the mysteries of magic are summed up in this ‘endless knot’, the greatest and most potent of all magic signs, and we have long utilised it as a contact-worship device and power-focus of a single ritual adaptable to all purposes.

Complete understanding of the pentagram is the key to the two worlds: macrocosm-macrophage and microcosm-microphage: the world of God and the world of Man. It brings the two worlds together, and unlocks genetic/galactic memory. It is the Sign of the Shining Ones of the High Council, and of their celestial home in the Star Sirius System; and also symbolises the divine human being upright in exultation (an aerial if you wish), seeded and contacting the stars. Hence the pentagram functioning since at least 400 BC as the emblem of recognition amongst the Pythagorean brotherhood, who called the device “Health” (Life; Eternity); its employment as the main symbol in the official seal of Jerusalem city during 300-150 BC; its being named “Solomon’s Shield” in medieval Jewish mysticism; as well as its purposeful appearance on certain coats of arms of the crusader knights, when, curiously, it began to be associated with Satanic magic.

The pentacle or pentagram is also a key feature of the continuing “Holy Blood, Holy Grail” mystery, being present in the Priory of Sion secret parchments, Nicolas Poussin’s famous code-painting *Shepherds of Arcadia*, and in significant natural landscape sites in the magnetised Rennes-le-Château area (see Henry Lincoln, *Key to the Sacred Pattern*, Cassell-Windrush Press 2002). This “sacred measure” is perhaps the most ancient secret of the occult, or even the universe, and is further explained—with a Christian bias—by David Flynn in his book *Temple at the Center of Time: Newton’s Bible Codex Deciphered and the Year 2012*, Official Disclosure 2008.

When reversed, with a burning torch placed between the goat-horns (akin to the red ruby mark in the centre of the forehead or Third Eye), the pentagram represents the Beast conjoined with the Scarlet Woman, who bleeds yet does not die, but giveth new

life, providing the magically-potent blazing menstrual blood or “Starfire”, by whose proper use miracles are made and worlds created.

As the “Morning Star” and “Evening Star”, Venus—the five-lettered heavenly body often mistaken for a UFO—is the only planet in our solar system which forms a recognisable graphic shape derived from plotting the points of its movements in space, its orbit tracing a pentagram across the heavens. As far as can be ascertained, Venus was first associated with the Morning and Evening Star by the Sumerians, who believed that Venus was Inanna, “Queen of the Heavens”, later known as the Mesopotamian Ishtar, who is in turn cognate with the Syrian Astarte, known to the Hebrews as Ashtoreth, to the Greeks as Aphrodite, and to the Romans as Venus. Inanna was the holy virgin but also the whore (“she who accommodates men”): the goddess of love, fertility, beauty and peace, but also of battle and war. This ‘light’-‘dark’ duality surely explains why Venus is associated with both Christ (the “day star” in *2 Peter* 1:19) and Lucifer (the “son of the morning” in *Isaiah* 14:12), and *Revelation* 2:28 seems to suggest that the worthy human initiate can obtain the “morning star” as a special gift from Jesus. Presumably, there is a Grimoire somewhere stating that the “Light-Bearer”, Lucifer, can grant the “day star” to those men or women so deserving.

The spirits and visions are summoned and contained inside the triangle of evocation, situated inside the pentagon-centre of the pentagram, itself placed inside the unending circle that starts anywhere and finishes nowhere. Circles within circles and circles overlapping circles, forming the *vesica piscis*, which contains many mathematical constants as well as the “Golden Section” or *Phi* ratio, the intersecting spaces inbetween them most magically potent, a bridge of sacred geometry and secret navigation where orders of angels (angles) or demons can be “contemplated”, or summoned, as demonstrated by the 14th Century necromancer Cecco d’Ascoli (Ciccus Asculanus) and the 16th Century Hermetic adept Giordano Bruno (both of whom learned and talked too much and so were burnt at the stake by the Roman Catholic Inquisition (see Frances Yates, *Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition*, Routledge Classics 2002, pp.356-357).

And we must not forget the spiral: our Milky Way galaxy is spiral, as is our DNA, as are some of the so-called “cup-and-ring” markings that were deeply inscribed on the rock faces, standing stones, tombs and other ceremonial places by ancient ‘hands’, and remain visible today. These, along with the related concentric circle and circular markings, denote the path.

The abovementioned “intersecting spaces inbetween” are accessed when one ingests Psilocybin (the active ingredient of Magic Mushrooms) or DMT, especially in a solemn, ritual way, with a stated intent. Then the intrepid explorer can encounter a ‘screen’ of multicoloured geometric interlocking shapes that either fills the vision or appears as a smaller object in space. Reproduced in 1960s psychedelic posters, this phenomenon is in fact a very real gateway to the Beyond, if one can summon the courage and abilities necessary to pass through it.

One should also note that in Plato’s *Timaeus*—which contains the earliest historical reference to Atlantis—he states, in relation to the dodecahedron, that “there was yet a fifth combination which God used in the delineation of the universe”. He is referring to the “Twelve-around-One” multidimensional gnosis, perhaps the deepest secret of all religions, ‘black’ or ‘white’. If 5 interferes with a sphere it produces a dodecahedron, that has pentagons for its twelve faces. Pentagons bound the universe, hence the Masonic five-pointed star with the ‘G’ of Geometry, the “fifth science”, in its pentagonal centre-point. The dodecahedron issues from the icosahedron. If 12 equidistant rays are projected from the centre of a sphere it forms the 12 points of the icosahedron whose 20 faces are equilateral triangles. 5 triangles join at each point. If from the centre of each of these triangular facets are projected 20 rays joining at the centre from where they issue, it forms the 20 points of the dodecahedron, which when joined by straight lines give the 12 pentagonal faces of that solid. 3 pentagons join at each point. The points are lines of force issuing from the one centre.

A cognate lore is the triangle, whose internal angles are of a geometrical quality so that five such triangles can extend to form a pentagram, and thus the visible inner and invisible outer pentagons. These angles are $36^\circ/72^\circ/72^\circ$. 36 is the coded form of ‘three sixes’ (666), and $72+72 = 144$, another sacred geometry number (present, for instance, as the higher “Fibonacci” numbers 55 and 89 in the majestic design of the Great Pyramid in Egypt). 144 is of course a “Golden Section” number, just as the pentagon with its star-pentagram is a “Golden Section” figure. (89 divided by 55 gives the total 1.61818..., which approaches the unique, irrational and infinite number, *Phi*, the ancient sacred proportion or “Golden Section”, the central element of the Fibonacci Series-Curve ratio logarithmic spiral sequence, aka: the “Whirling Squares”, found widespread throughout Nature.) By the NAEQ6 system: 144 = OKOK SOCIETY, our original name. It is also the number of: STAR KNOWLEDGE, a phrase formed of words from the NAEQ6 Codebook,

Liber AL vel Legis: the “Starry Wisdom” of the original Earth religion that predates Sumeria and beyond, in the violet dawn.

We give these formulas to demonstrate the complexity and intelligence of design that no mere chance or the (non) theory of evolution can manifest. This is the Holy Science of Craft. An Arte that climbs all snakes and ladders. That casts away all foolish games. TIME IS NOT LINEAR; reality is fiction. “Stream of consciousness” is just that: genetic streams of DNA reaching back to prehistory, a prescient insight of infinite complexity into the 4th and other dimensions, where past-present-future just do not exist because everything’s there everywhen. But most of us down here are trapped in *time* and it’s speeding up, running out. The solution is *space*, that is ever expanding. We’re “Here to Go”. Losing your nerve and the subsequent failure to take this most necessary evolutionary step will result in the spiritual and literal extinction of the human race. Whilst some of you may think this is a good idea, we DON’T. Our latest life has drawn together several major threads and concluded them into a single, final solution. In other words:

THE OKOK RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AN ACTIVE
ULTRADIMENSIONAL PORTAL.

Rest assured that this has nothing to do with the fantastic and unproven claims of portals to parallel worlds said to have been created by the Ong’s Hat travel cult; the “time tunnels” of the Montauk Project; the Trekkie “Stargate” or Wormhole fantasies; nor indeed any strata of fanciful fruitcake frolics promoted by the New Agers, etc. If anything, it’s more akin to *Genesis* 28:12 and *John* 1:51.

The true secret of esotericism is about opening gateways, vortices or portals to locales beyond the mundane, a Magic Circle between the worlds that allows power/information flow from the unknown to the known, instead of the usual situation where the doors are locked and sealed shut, closed to the Senses Five. Resonance and harmonics are important: if you can resonate with the other locale’s frequency you can go there or know it from a distance: just look at dreams... There is no need for a time machine or special devices, and certainly not drugs. The Mind is the Key.

The ancients knew all this. The Egyptian “boat of millions of years” that the deities rode across the sky symbolised a portal; as did the Tower of Babel, that “reached to the stars”; as did Mount Olympus, the abode of the deities in the Greek ‘myths’. In the genuine accounts of UFO close encounters, it is obvious that the occupants of such craft

can manipulate the human brain to cause out-of-body experiences (OOBE), then pull the contactee towards and into their spaceship/world, shewing that the UFO is in reality a dimensional portal, as is the human mind, when it throws off its seductive chains that bind it to the mundane.

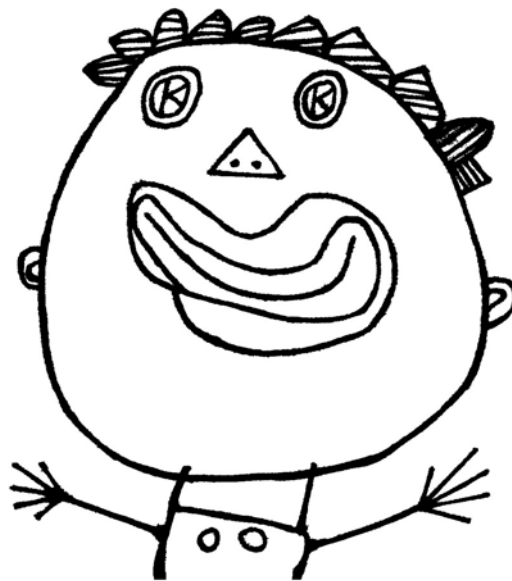
What runs through secret societies, cults and religions is the knowledge and worship of stars and planets, the heavenly bodies who later fleshed as deities (regard Chaldean Tzabaism: the first religion; astrology in its deepest sense). Originally used for navigation, time and distance measurement, this grand mystic study (for which the staff of the wizard/prophet was first used) eventually revealed knowledge of Nature and natural forces and cycles, that was closely guarded for millennia and could be tapped and manipulated by the correct placement of giant stones and performance of ritual in and on the Earth, Opening the Ways.

The Portal we know of is located quite openly and materially, both day and night, several miles outside the town of Bangor, in the county of Gwynedd, in North Wales, but is under the constant protection of the Guardians, who watch over the Portal in such a manner that no unworthy human being can operate or even enter it. Things have already passed though, in both directions, leaving us in no doubt as to its potency and scope; and the OKOK Ascensionists are not going to miss this chance for hyperpsychic transcendence; thus so we are planning to EXIT THIS DIMENSION completely and GO TO A NEW ONE through the Portal. The Date-with-Destiny has been set for the first day of January 2011.

Those wishing to join us on this awesome journey are certainly welcome, but know that this once-in-a-lifetime salvation/escape option is certainly not a case of “come one, come all”; we’re not *crazy*; or druggist love-alls (although the textbook definition of “schizophrenia”—a pseudoscientific catch-all term for any unusual, unexplained or not understood mental activity—is actually the definition of shamanism; and we know that the standing stone circles were erected in honour of the tutelary fungi that flew from outer-space to grow in “fairy rings” on our planet, and impart the means to escape it, as well as showing you things you never thought of. So if you take them as a guide where the stone circles are aligned to each other, geomantically and astrologically and so forth, for mass rites, or choose to rely on your own inner rarefied secretions for consciousness change, we all have a ticket to ride). We know this is a gamble, but if it pays off we will never look back.

Why are people hiding? From each other, and themselves..? Who investigates these curious conundrums? The OKOKians! We have always been about seeking *and* finding first-hand experiences in the field: the only evidence that *really* satisfies. A diffuse sense that all is flux, that the boundary between ego and world is permeable. This is the truth. So why do ye prefer lies, and almost any falsehood?

All is mysterious. The only permanence is change. Don't pretend otherwise. There's no need to wallow in habitual thoughts. Make Reality Magical and the Magical Reality! Know the Force Majeure: a wisdom, at once wild and icy, in a wondrous region where the sovereign soul is exultant with the supreme, life-affirming happiness (knowledge of God is constant orgasm). This is the approach that should be shared by all of our prospective travelling companions. We are SERIOUS. And we're GOING AWAY for GOOD, on a metaphysical quest for inner and outer space, and hopefully beyond.



Come and have some T
with the OKOK Society.
elephone: [REDACTED]

Ordo Innominate Transmission 1: The O.:I.: manifesto, issued publicly on 1 February 2012, in an edition of 100 on green card. 75 were mailed to people on the OKOK mailing list & 25 were given by hand to strangers

THE ORDO INNOMINATE (O.:I.:) is an outré wilderness lodge of the old British Earth Mysteries. It is here to go elsewhere, venturing out of the normal constraints to explore and understand not only the traditional terran secrets (through the Oneiric, Pantheism, Place, Ancestors, Synchronicity, Apophenia, whatever), but also the now quite obvious great awakening and immense change that the third planet from the Sun and its many different inhabitants are currently experiencing.

The O.:I.: senses infinite orders of magnitude, something quite tremendous on the horizon, behind the whole game, and is steadfastly working to gather authentic wisdom from the past to assist in the future. Overall, it is an investigation into the ancient way of Prehistoric Witchcraft, and all this entails.

The instability of the present situation is a key to interpreting things. The Planet People are being pulled in many directions without seeing a clear path that can be trusted. At this point change could just as well come from anywhere, for we are in uncharted territory. Maybe the aliens have indeed come, or perhaps we are already dead and this is the afterlife, for it certainly seems bizarre enough. Mainstream media has now surpassed underground media in freakiness; the daily newspaper is currently weirder than *Fortean Times*, etc. And so what is going to change – simply what NEEDS to change? Or something unthought of?

THE MODUS OPERANDI of the O.:I.: is to remain freethinkingly open whilst firing on all cylinders here and elsewhere as it engages with reality as a Multiverse, i.e. a limitless number of related dimensions. The O.:I.: is anti-quotidian, other than obligingly accepting its necessariness as a stage for the marvellous to manifest, for although we live in a multiple world, it is in this one. Everyone perceives the world differently; there are millions of competing tunnel-vision realities being lived. One Earth is being created, one Earth is being uncreated. A veil between... Perhaps the ‘parallel’ worlds are going to merge into a single world, where everything will be available to anyone, at all times and places simultaneously. Is this the Key? One can draw a circle around a worldview but this circle doesn’t cover or contain everything; there is always something beyond.

If something can be imagined or perceived then it must exist somewhere and somewhere, and therefore it seems logical (or illogical) that the something we imagine or perceive can itself imagine and perceive, and so on and on and on into infinity. Thus, the O.I.I. will potentially consider and/or believe *anything*, and assumes that there is but one space/time with billions of worlds, all of them orbiting around, impinging on, and interpenetrating each other (remember that Jesus said: “In my Father’s house are many mansions”). This probably explains UFOs, aliens, monsters, ghosts, channelling, reincarnation, bi-location, time-slips, the disappearance and appearance of people and objects; indeed almost all so-called ‘paranormal’ phenomena (not to mention schizophrenia and multiple personality disorder, etc.), for in this paradigm, the paranormal is normal. One is just tuning in to other levels. Gain more awareness and...?

Mysterious fogs come out of ‘nowhere’, as do other portals and beings, and the subconscious/collective unconscious may be far larger and stranger than most of us assume, if we already exist in all these worlds and all these worlds already exist in us (recall how Zhüangzi, upon awakening after dreaming he was a butterfly, could not decide whether he had been a man dreaming he was a butterfly, or whether he was a butterfly dreaming he was a man). The more one examines this conundrum the more it makes sense. With the old wisdom and today’s quantum psychics, how can anyone deny other worlds exist?

Ghosts may not be dead people, but the actual living flesh and blood inhabitants on another dimension, who are as shocked to encounter us as we are to meet them, and some hauntings could even be by yourself (or rather, part of your Self), reaching through from another stratum... Ergo, we are all multiple personalities living separate lives, a ladder of selves in an amazing maze where ‘fact’ and ‘fiction’ may have equal significance. Insightful beings (should) thrill to all this, boldly going into the strangest places within and without to the furthest possible extent just by feel. Once you get a glimpse of it you can’t let it go. (Hint: Don’t get hung up on what you believe – investigate why and HOW you believe, to reach solutions.)

As Arthur Machen (*The London Adventure* or *The Art of Wandering* [1924]; *The Inmost Light* [1894]; *A Fragment of Life* [1906]) and Edgar Allan Poe (*The Man of the Crowd* [1840]) realised, the Mysterious Other is always present in the mundane, everyday, everywhere, though especially in the lost places, the forgotten, neglected spaces. If you can find it on the main road you can find it anywhere; if you can’t find it on the main road you won’t find it anywhere.

THE FUNDAMENTAL O. I. I. maxim is “Don’t Be Stupid”. The underlying principle is one of Total Individuality: that reality is partially, even completely, uniquely created by each person, who, when properly cognisant and understanding of this, becomes more divine, and eventually godlike. This uncompromising position has not been arrived at without great contemplation and active praxis; it has strong antecedents and a fine lineage. It is related to the theory of “Constructivism”, as popularised by the cybernetician Heinz von Foerster: that one constructs one’s own reality; that no objective reality exists independent of the observer, and rooted in the theory of “Immaterialism” (better known as “Subjective Idealism”) as propounded by the philosopher George Berkeley (see his *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, 1709 and *Three Dialogues Between Hylas & Philonous*, 1713). It was taken to extremes as a form of “Radical Subjectivism” by Ladislav Klima (see his *The World As Consciousness & Nothing*, 1904; *Tractates & Dictates*, 1922; *A Second & Eternity*, 1927). The vibrant philosophy of “Individualist Anarchism”, as worked by Max Stirner (real name Johann Kaspar Schmidt) is also of great relevance here (see his magnum opus, *The Ego & His Own*, 1845). If books aren’t your trip, fly away on a magic carpet or something.

IT’S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to join the Ordo Innominate, and probably best not to try, as it’s a very exclusive and elitist organisation, due to there being only one member, the ULTRA, who is a carnival of his own soul, fascinated by the transgressive mystery and macabre as he sits in his room covering the Earth and beyond, studying the Devil Tides.

The O. I. I. does not seek converts, nor even allies necessarily, but may interact with other outstanding entities, although this is rare. It could be ‘just’ an experiment in belief; some kind of “typewriter cult” (although these are often far more interesting and productive than the ‘proper’ ones), remaining steadfast against the herd. (And besides, when is a typewriter cult only a typewriter cult? It is written that Georges Bataille’s supposedly literary-only group, Acéphale, also had a very real secret magical section that performed bizarre rituals around a lightning-blasted tree in France a few years before WWII, in an attempt to foment a revolution against the Nazis. He hints at this in his 1936 text, *The Sacred Conspiracy*.) We are all cult leaders; some barren, some breeders...

Blood–Earth–Ancestors | Heritage & Destiny

Ordo Innominate Transmission 2: A mass e-mail that was ritually issued over the internet on 12 December 2012 to around 246 underground and overground addressees, most of whom had not heard of the O.:I.: before

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The OKOK Research Bureau cordially disbanded on the 1 January 2011 and its members have since moved on to pastures new. On the 1 February 2012, the Ordo Innominate (O.:I.:) assumed control of the OKOK Research Bureau's entire archive and imprint, ORB Editions, and is currently reformulating the latter as its own vehicle, that will continue to host the valid yet oft-times eschewed structures of the ORB, but obviously concentrate on releasing O.:I.: works, if at all. There is secret magical power in reading and writing, that can build whole worlds, but for now the overarching impetus is Nature Mysticism, Earth Mysteries, Prehistoric Witchcraft, that goes beyond words. The kaleidoscopic site-specific signals were not just a passing phase. Look around (if you still bother) – we are all now living in a permanent Halloween. There's always something weird going on in the subcult, but now it's much more so. Not just the freakers who spread disinform (computer games that make virgins drink blood) or plain bedlam mush (the Pleiadians, Blue Avians, dolphin-run planetariums) – the source is definitely other, far beyond the shallow and fing liars within or without the large corporations who think they own the deeds to this world but hide away as cobra galactics; dead thought-forms clinging to their organised crime in clones waiting for the checkmate asteroid impact with all the stolen children. Let's have a violet colour revolution or Bavarian Christmas instead. Everyone needs to wake up from something, and it's happening; conspiracy or occult research is a good place to begin and can lead one to interesting new and/or ancient knowledge, but even in a room full of drunken, available meat, no-one's ever really there. They say "the unexplored life is not worth living", but those who get experienced and wiser tend to feel like a loaded gun. Elite SANG-ARIAN Earth vampires who can only feed off similar royal lines? Nowadays (aside from this electronic missive), the O.:I.: isn't about conventional networking or publishing; there's too much of both. The O.:I.: goes out, gets away; it's not concerned with peer or other human group fits. Its initiates flare their nostrils as the false dawn breaks the same rules as House of Cards psyops, the coldest of ice, stacking up the role models and banking wanking for the London Lizard. All aboard the NATO UFO? Just thought we would say hello, in case you may be on a similar or same wavelength. Enough said/unsaid?

Notes

The Monster Craving Loony Party

- ¹ www.screenonline.org.uk/tv/id/591175
- ² See the article, 'Mystery 144 & the Authentic Magical Tradition' elsewhere in this publication.
- ³ In case you're wondering what happened to the demon tape, Liam erased it a few weeks later, after his TV picture gushed out of the screen like a fountain up to the ceiling.
- ⁴ This has been documented by local researcher, Margaret Fry, in *Northern UFO News* Issues 116-118; 120-123; 128, published between 1985-1987 (when it was edited by Jenny Randles). The flap involved strange cigar shapes and lights seen out to sea off the coast near Colwyn Bay and Abergele; a bullet-like object hovering over an old oak tree before rising vertically then disappearing at Llanfair Talhaiarn; a domed structure on the ground in daylight near the same village; the observation of numerous other UFOs, with dramatic cases from Shotton, Flint, and Prestatyn. After a lull, activity started up again on the 23rd August 1986, with sightings at Mold, Ruthin, Llanfair Talhaiarn and Rhyl. In October, further incidents took place in Prestatyn, including a suspected poltergeist outbreak that made the national television news. After a period of brooding silence, when the stars were right the flap began yet again throughout the same area in August 1998:
www.bbc.co.uk/wales/northeast/guides/weird/ufos/pages/onenight.shtml
- ⁵ *Beyond Beyond: The OKOKians Speak*. Luminous Press, 1991 (an A6-sized postcard, printed on one side in an edition of 25. No known copies exist).
- ⁶ Whilst making some artwork for the 2007 *Al Al Who* CD by OKOK's longtime comrades, The Ceramic Hobs, I was surprised to discover that by NAEQ6: CERAMIC HOBS also equals 144 (for more on the Hobs see: <http://ceramichobs.livejournal.com> & <https://en-gb.facebook.com/TheCeramicHobs/>).
- ⁷ Although the full-length military surplus poncho could be considered essential for rain-protection and defecation purposes (if you must know, you squat down and do your business on newspaper, then scrunch it up, put it in a hole you have dug, and fill it in again, or put it in a plastic bag then a bin).
- ⁸ The discovery of the Arianrhod Ley and what happened after can be found in my forthcoming online 'book', *The Dragon Files/Flies*, that is currently being edited.
- ⁹ For an introduction to the O.I.I. philosophy and praxis, see the manifesto entitled 'Ordo Innominate Transmission 1', also 'Ordo Innominate Transmission 2', elsewhere in this publication.

Mystery 144 & the Authentic Magical Tradition

- ¹ F. Patterson & E. Linden, *The Education of Koko*. Italian translation, Mondadori, 1984.
- ² According to Aleister Crowley *et als* 'Sepher Sephiroth' in Aleister Crowley, *777 & Other Qabalistic Writings of Aleister Crowley*. Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1986.
- ³ Austin Osman Spare, *The Book of Pleasure (Self Love)*. Privately printed, 1913, p.18. Terence McKenna calls it "The Chrysanthemum" (after the brightly coloured flower of the same name): the

portal to the Elf Dimension, that can be seen and entered through by a human during a DMT, Magic Mushroom or LSD drug trip.

- ⁴ Another important SRIA initiate was Hargrave Jennings, an alleged member of the alleged late-19th Century “Cambridge Coven”, which performed rituals based upon the classical traditions. Aleister Crowley also claimed to have received the SRIA’s highest degree.
- ⁵ In early 1902, Westcott granted the Ordo Templi Orientis Grand Master, Theodor Reuss, permission to establish a *Societas Rosicruciana in Germania*, and in return Reuss offered his Illuminati Rite to Westcott, who refused to work it, as a great deal of its Rose Ritual was copied almost verbatim from the Prince of Rose Croix 18th degree of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.
- ⁶ Dr William Wynn Westcott, *History of the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia* (1900).
- ⁷ The Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia still exists today as a subgroup of UGLE Freemasonry.
- ⁸ John Ivimy, *The Sphinx & The Megaliths*. Turnstone, 1974, pp.129-131.
- ⁹ *Revelation* 20:4-6, that describes them as “they”, and elsewhere in *Revelation* as “them”. *Revelation* 7:9 calls them “a great multitude, which no man could number” in; and they are also known as the “firstfruits” in *Revelation* 14:4. Re: this “End Times” scenario, note that in the Mayan Sacred Long Count Calendar, that is at least 2500 years old, there are 144,000 days in a “baktun”—closely approximate to 394 years in the Gregorian calendar—and the Great Cycle, or the Mesoamerican Fifth World, ends on 21 December 2012 AD. We are currently in the final phase of the 13th baktun, which began in 1618 AD.
- ¹⁰ The Order of Melchisedec is mentioned by Paul in *Hebrews* 5:6 & 10; 6:20; 7:11 & 17 & 21.
- ¹¹ It is standard NAEQ6 practice to render words in BOLD CAPITALS that are also present in the Codebook of this system, *Liber AL vel Legis*, a “Class A” Thelemic tome inside of which the NAEQ6 cipher was originally concealed and revealed. *Liber AL* was delivered under mysterious circumstances to the British magician Aleister Crowley in Cairo, Egypt, 1904. It iconoclastically announces the end of the old world and the beginning of an entirely New Era, or Aeon. NEW AGE = 79 = ABRAHADABRA, the elevenfold Word of the Aeon that is given in the book, and is one of its keys.
- ¹² It is estimated that the Great Pyramid at the Giza plateau in Egypt originally had 144,000 smooth, polished casing stones covering its entire outer surface, that made it shine a brilliant white when illuminated by the Sun’s rays (Adam Rutherford, *The Great Pyramid: A Scientific Revelation*. Self-published, 1939, p.558, note *).
- ¹³ William Bramley, *The Gods of Eden*. Avon, 1993, pp.93; p.301; p.318.
- ¹⁴ Which he shared in Lyons with the decadent esoteric author Joris Karl Huysmans, who cast Boullan as Doctor Johannes in his infamous novel about Satanism, *Là-Bas* (1891).
- ¹⁵ This “000” Code was covertly broadcast to initiates in the form of the lead character in the Illuminati-sponsored 1975 decadent rock opera, *Tommy*, written and performed by The Who: a band whose name aptly describes the mysterious provenance of The Nine Unknown Men.
- ¹⁶ There is possible evidence of a corrupted and perverted rendering of The Nine Tradition used in black magic ritual sacrifice workings. Peter Kürten, the Monster of Düsseldorf, who terrorised the

Rhineland in the late 1920s, was executed for nine murders. In Wisconsin, USA, during the 1950s, Ed Gein, the American necrophile obsessed with Nazi concentration camp medical experiments, is believed to have committed nine murders in all. During the 1960s, Charles Manson's drug-crazed gang of male/female hippy drop-outs known as "The Family" went on a killing spree, and were later convicted of nine 'motiveless' murders, including that of Hollywood film actress, Sharon Tate, who was eight months pregnant. Her husband, Roman Polanski, had recently directed the occult horror feature film, *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), in which the lead character, the lapsed Catholic, Rosemary, is tricked into getting involved with a Satanic cult; ritually impregnated by Satan, then gives birth to his child. Also note that Mary Jane Kelly, the final victim of Jack The Ripper, was officially discovered by police on 9 November 1888: the only one of the known total of five prostitute murders that took place inside, in a room, and the most severely mutilated body. The date: $9+1+1+1+8+8+8 = 36 = 9$.

- ¹⁷ Each player has nine playing pieces and there can be no draws. There are nine points at each quarter of the board, which symbolise the four phases of the Moon.
- ¹⁸ In Nine Men's Morris and other Merels games, the centre of the board is not in the game at all, but is Other, being the zone into which captured pieces are impounded.
- ¹⁹ For more on the Grids and the Omphalos, see: Nigel Pennick, *Secret Games of the Gods*. Samuel Weiser, 1997, pp.129-160; 101-104.
- ²⁰ Hence the nine "Circles of Hell" in Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*, derived from the ancient Pythagorean belief that 9 is the sign of the circle, for its 360 degrees concentrates (3+6+0) to 9.
- ²¹ Anton Szandor LaVey, *The Satanic Rituals*. Avon Books, 1972, 'The Unknown Known' Chapter.
- ²² Hervé Kempf, 'Au Tibet', in *Fin de l'Occident, Naissance du Monde*. Editions du Seuil, 2013 (in the French language).
- ²³ The "World King", or "Man whose name was the branch", as the Egyptians called him, was celebrated not only as the "Branch of Cush", but also as the "Branch of God", given to the Earth to heal all the ills of the flesh. This is the esoteric meaning of Virgil's "Golden Branch", and of the Mistletoe Branch of the Druids (Rev. Alexander Hislop, *The Two Babylons*. A & C Black, 1979, pp.72-73).
- ²⁴ The Renaissance Christian Cabalist, Marsilio Ficino, developed the nine orders idea of the first two authors (also drawing upon the nine "Circles of Hell" in Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*) for use in his natural or *spiritus* magic (Frances Yates, *Giordano Bruno & the Hermetic Tradition*, Routledge Classics, 2002, pp.130-134). Dionysius the Areopagite also appears (as do, in allegorical form, the nine spheres and their nine orders of spirits) within the curious episode of the "nine blind men", the conclusion and culmination of Giordano Bruno's *De gli eroici furori* (1585). "These nine blind men bewail their blindness in nine poems, and then, when a sacred urn is opened by nymphs, they receive their sight, and as nine illuminati, sing nine songs to the accompaniment of nine different instruments of music" (Frances Yates, *op. cit.*, pp.312-314).
- ²⁵ Although we haven't managed to find it yet in our 1925 Waverley Book Company Revised Edition, we've been told that in his abridged version of *The Outline of History* entitled *The Outline of World History*, H.G. Wells was hinting heavily at the secret when he wrote: "Among the tens of thousands

- of names of monarchs accumulated in the files of history, the name of Asoka shines almost alone, like a star.” The final seven letters of the preceding sentence are a code relating to Sirius and its initiates.
- ²⁶ The nine virgin priestesses of Sein are possibly cognate with the Nine Muses: the nine orgiastic priestesses of the Moon goddess at Helicon in ancient Greece; and the powerful witch, Morgan le Fay of Arthurian ‘legend’, the leader of nine magical queen sisters who dwell on the blessed Isle of Apple Trees (Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Vita Merlini*, circa 1150 AD). This points to a female Cultus of The Nine, complementing, and/or possibly predating, The Nine Unknown Men.
- ²⁷ Presumably of the twelve-strong “Superior Order” of the Brotherhood. Remember that at one point the Hellfire Club counted some of the most prominent members of British society amongst its members, and by 1762 it dominated the government of Great Britain, with the then Prime Minister, the Marquis of Bute, amongst its members.
- ²⁸ He also influenced the leader of the Theosophical Society, Madame Blavatsky, who quotes Jaccoliot’s works in her first book, *Isis Unveiled* (1877).
- ²⁹ The latter name later resurfaced with the New Age agents Alice Bailey, Andrija Puharich and James Hurtak. Alice Bailey also uses the term “Great White Lodge” in the context of Sirius, and the Sovereign Order of the Solar Temple, who apparently claimed to be a Synarchist organisation, spoke in 1994 of “The Great White Lodge of Sirius” (James R. Lewis, ed., *The Order of the Solar Temple: The Temple of Death*. Ashgate, 2006, Appendix 1, ‘The Testaments’).
- ³⁰ Lynn Picknett & Clive Prince’s *The Stargate Conspiracy* (Time Warner, 2000) traces these “Nine” back to a more prosaic source: that of the intriguing Egyptologist, RA Schwaller de Lubicz (aka: Aor), who in turn was influenced by the aforementioned Synarchy.
- ³¹ SPECTRA was described by Geller and Puharich as the leader of “a Collegium of voices”, who have travelled back in time from thousands of years to assist the development of mankind – or not, as the case may be, for mankind is on trial: it is make-or-break time. The Spectrans fear that mankind “is an anxious and unacceptable race” (Andrija Puharich, *Uri*. W.H. Allen, 1974).
- ³² From ‘The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings’, in *The Order of Nine Angles, Hostia: Secret Teachings of the Order of Nine Angles*. CreateSpace, 2014, unpaginated.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, unpaginated.
- ³⁴ A passage from the ancient Egyptian Pyramid Texts (1000-1), one of the earliest examples of religious writing, states that the new Horus was considered to be the Morning Star, whose hieroglyph (which literally means ‘divine knowledge’) is a ‘9’-shaped character next to a *five*-pointed star. The Pyramid Texts 357, 929, 935 & 1707 refer to the dead king’s offspring (the Horus) as being the Morning Star (Christopher Knight & Robert Lomas, *The Hiram Key*. Arrow, 1997, pp.148-154).
- ³⁵ The password was originally delivered by a discarnate entity to Aleister Crowley in 1904, and concealed and revealed for initiates in *Liber AL vel Legis* (first published 1909 as *Liber L vel Legis*) qaballistically, by a variant of the Formula of Reversal (the Hebrew Thashraq [ThShRQ] method of Temura [Permutation]). The book has come to be known popularly as “Liber AL”, a seven-lettered term, cognate with BABALON. The final seven words of the final verse of *Liber AL*, when reversed, are:

- “Ha. Aum. Concealed and Written is Law”. By NAEQ6: LAW = 6 = LAAL. The explicit “There is no god” phrase is given in *Liber AL* II:23; also in Aleister Crowley’s next major ‘channelled’ work: *Liber XXX Aerum vel Saeculi: Being of the Angels of the Thirty Aethyrs the Vision and the Voice*, in his account of the vision of the 5th Aethyr of LIT, entered on 12-13 December 1909 (first published in *The Equinox* Vol.1 No.5 in 1911). It was transmitted more widely in Aleister Crowley’s *Liber LXXVII vel Oz* (first published 1941). For more on LA-AL, see Frater Achad, *Liber Thirty-One* (first published 1918).
- ³⁶ Aleister Crowley, *The Equinox of the Gods*. New Falcon Publications, 1991, p.118.
- ³⁷ For obvious example (given Aleister Crowley’s prankish and multiple-meaning prose): “Thou Satan-Sun Hadith”; “Give me suck, Thou Phallus, Thou Sun! ... Satan, thou Eye, thou Lust!” (Aleister Crowley, ‘Liber Samekh’ in *Magick in Theory & Practice*. Castle Books, 1991, pp.267; 268); “and 666, the ‘full number’ of the Sun” (Aleister Crowley, *The Equinox of the Gods*. New Falcon Publications, 1991, p.102); “‘The Beast 666’ only means ‘sunlight’. You can call me ‘Little Sunshine’” (Aleister Crowley quoted in John Symonds, *The Great Beast*. Mayflower, 1973, p.436).
- ³⁸ Aleister Crowley, ‘Gematria’, pp.43; 33, in his *777 & Other Qabalistic Writings of Aleister Crowley*. Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1986.
- ³⁹ Aleister Crowley, *The Equinox of the Gods*. New Falcon Publications, 1991, p.101-102.
- ⁴⁰ In the context of 9 being the Number of Chaos, know that *The Daily Mail* British newspaper (7 June 2008) carried an article by Rosie Boycott entitled: ‘Nine Meals From Anarchy’: a phrase used by the authorities to describe how soon mass looting and riots would grip Britain after essential resources were to suddenly stop.
- ⁴¹ When God created mankind, Noah was of the “Ninth Bloodline” of Adam (*Genesis* 5:1-29), and his “generation was perfect, as were his generations” (*Genesis* 6:9), i.e. his DNA/Bloodline was totally pure. Thus Noah was chosen to continue creation after it had become accursed and evil from the interbreeding experiments of the Nephilim (fallen angels or aliens), that resulted in the necessary Great Flood instigated by God (*Genesis* 6 onwards) to eradicate the mutations.
- ⁴² In this context it is curious perhaps, that “Forty-two” turns up as the “answer to life, the universe, and everything”, as given by the supercomputer “Deep Thought” in Douglas Adams’ book, *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* by (first published 1979), a very popular work that was also later filmed, as were several of the works by suspected ‘Illuminati’ agent, Lewis Carroll, who was preoccupied with the number 42. He purposefully placed 42 illustrations (drawn by Sir John Tenniel) in the 1865 first edition of his *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, that are said to contain a secret, allegorical meaning, and “the oldest rule in the book”, says the King to an elongated Alice, is “Rule Forty-two”. Carroll’s 1876 poem *The Hunting of the Snark* features “Rule 42 of the Code”, which states that: “*No one shall speak to the Man at the Helm, and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one*”. (Italicised, capitalised, or unusually typeset words and sentences are said to be “Triggers” or post-hypnotic mind-control cues in Programming Texts.)
- ⁴³ Also note that the Apollo 11 & Apollo 12 Missions, that respectively made the first and second manned landings on the Moon, returned to Earth on 24 July 1969 & 24 November 1969, respectively.

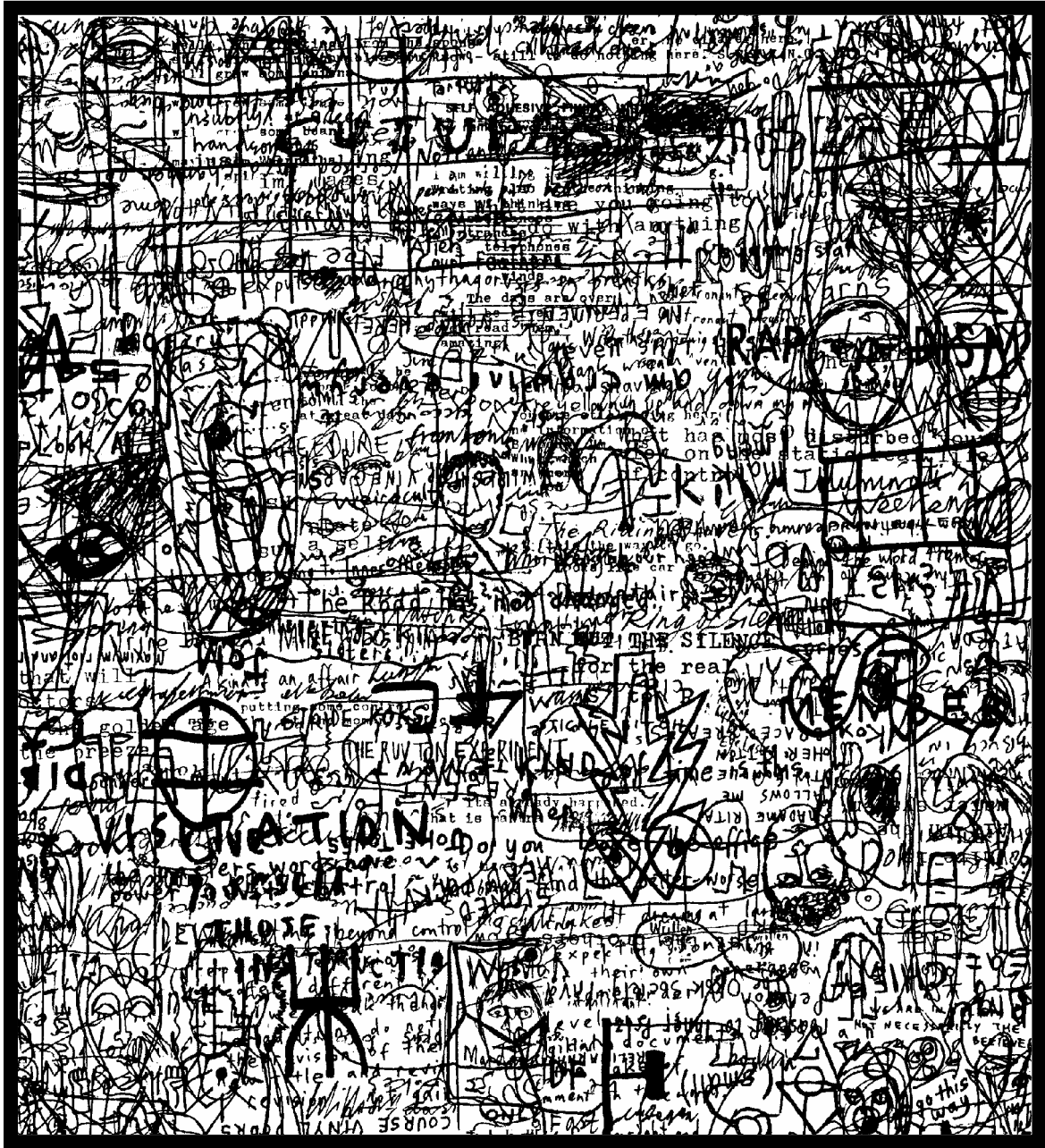
- ⁴⁴ www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-1037471/Apollo-14-astronaut-claims-aliens-HAVE-contact-covered-60-years.html A year after Mitchell got back from the Moon he quit NASA and founded the Institute of Noetic Sciences (IONS), in an attempt to reconcile science with religion and investigate the mystery of consciousness itself, which included paranormal research. Unable to recall the feeling of being on the Moon, he underwent hypnotic regression that proved to himself that something significant had indeed occurred on the flight. (Although he claims to have had no personal experience with UFOs, maybe he had alien contact and his memory was wiped, as is the usual custom. As a child, he lived with his family in Roswell, New Mexico, of all places, where at least one crew of aliens crashed or landed.) IONS had anonymous funders and later became more far-out, with certain members noting that the twelve men who were the only ones ever to have walked on the Moon corresponded with the twelve disciples of Jesus. Mitchell distanced himself and was removed as its chairman in 1982 (Andrew Smith, *Moondust*. Bloomsbury Publishing Plc., 2005, pp.48; 40-45; 55).
- ⁴⁵ Actually, each frame is on the screen for a fraction less than one twenty-fourth of a second because the screen flickers to black for an instant while the next frame shifts into place. This is the Inbetweeness State, where the UFOs, Aliens, Yetis, Fairies and Lovecraftian Old Ones dwell.
- ⁴⁶ Michael Bertiaux, *The Voudon Gnostic Workbook*. Red Wheel/Weiser expanded edition, 2007, p.618.
- ⁴⁷ Albert G. Mackey & Charles T. McClenachan, *The Encyclopedia of Freemasonry & Its Kindred Sciences*. L.H. Everts & Co. new & revised edition, 1894, p.420.
- ⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p.830.

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- ¹ The International Souterrain Community have described Joseph Williamson's tunnels as "Possibly the largest Underground Folly in the World", so quotes the Friends of Williamson's Tunnels, who are looking for cash donators and volunteer excavators to maintain and expand the black holes. Contact them via: www.williamsontunnels.com or by post at: The Friends of Williamson's Tunnels, 15-17 Chatham Place, Edge Hill, Liverpool, L7 3HD, UK.

White Devils of the Black Terror

- ¹ I have been informed that a more accurate lifespan of Lucretius is circa 94-55 BC, and that this quote comes from his single known work, the poem entitled 'The Nature of the Universe', in which he expounds the theories of the Greek philosopher Epicurus regarding the origin and composition of the physical world. St Jerome maintains that Lucretius went mad and eventually committed suicide, and the intensity of Lucretius' nature revealed in his one-and-only extant work gives some plausibility to this theory.



FOGHORN