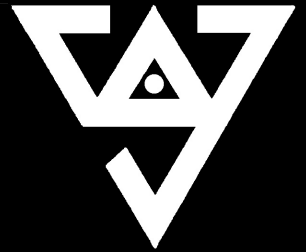


The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY > VOL.1 NO.1 > JAN 2016 > GET YOUR MOLESKINS ON

WHAT IS PSYCHO GEOGRAPHY?

READ THIS BRIEF HISTORY TO FIND OUT

Caught in the terrible trap of the Spectacle the happily hypnotised sucker has no need to suspect anything untoward is happening – but those of a poetic, dreaming, or otherwise away mind start to suspect that “it ain’t necessarily so”, like TS Eliot in his *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*: “Streets that follow like a tedious argument / Of insidious intent / To lead us to an overwhelming question...”.

They realise that spectacular life is boring a hole in their skull, to fill it with alien thoughts that urge him/her to live someone else’s life; that the streets are not paved with gold; that the streets are paved with the streets, with a cop or spy on every corner, ready to pounce on anyone who chooses to be themselves or recommends this to others. Dissidents of this persuasion need to operate undercover, as a perambulating pedestrian, for instance, as they unleash their minds and penetrate the secrets of the landscape.

This points us towards *Psychogeography* (PG), which we shall meet here, but first, its antecedents: Jacob Boehme practising his “walking trance” in the 17th Century, that provoked truth to fall upon him “like a bursting shower”. Later there came Thomas de Quincy’s extended, exotically-minded strolls; Guillaume Apollinaire’s *Zone* and other poems; Charles Baudelaire’s hashished flâneur gliding through the crowds; Arthur Machen’s other-level perambulations; the inquisitive ramblings of Bram Stoker; Walter Benjamin’s systematic walks through the 1920s Paris Arcades. It’s then taken further by group effort, notably the Paris Dadaists’ excursions to selected sites in 1921, “particularly



those which really have no reason for existing”, mirrored by the pointless excursions of the Surrealists.

In 1950s France the Letterist (aka Lettrist) International (LI) were working with *Architectural Hypergraphics*, that led to their new vision of status quo environment, a “synthesis of art and technology” they termed “Unitary Urbanism” (UU). The key text here is Ivan Chatcheglov’s *Formulary for a New Urbanism* (1953).[1] We’re talking the *Dérive* (Drift), *Détournement*, *Psychogeography*... The LI was absorbed into the Situationist International (SI) in 1957, who carried on certain aspects of the abovementioned work.

After the disbandment of the SI in 1972, such theory-heavy drunken followers of the wobbly line faded into the background. Little was heard of PG until the early-1990s, when it accrued a fascinating-baffling earth mysteries/occult conspiracy string to its bow courtesy of the reformed London Psychogeographical Association (LPA),[2] backed up by their close comrades the Neoist Alliance/CR² and Iain Sinclair’s cauldronic travelogues at this time beyond. In this decade PG was distinctly Londoncentric, with most of its big names living in the capitol. (The Big Smoke Omphalos also lured the Nottingham Psychogeographical Unit to relocate to London in 1998.[3]) Exceptions included the Red Republic of Parasol in Leicester.[4]

In the next decade PG spread almost countrywide to Scotland (Fife Psychogeographical Collective)[5] and Wales (OKOK Society),[6] its urban focus complemented by the “rural psychogeography” of these and other organisations,

such as Almas.[7] Also amongst the throng were evoL PsychogeogrAphix,[10] the Qubit City Fuck Club,[10] Edinburgh Psycho-Geographic Association,[11] and even more obscure factions like the North East Essex Psychogeographical Project (Outer Space Wayz) and the Bored in the City Collective (most of these have since disbanded). Another or alternate branch, “Deep Topography”, was established by Nick Papadimitriou,[8] with the help of John Rogers.[9]

Cryptic emergences by the New Cross Triangle Psychogeographical Association in the press and their own newsletter were documented in 2014,[12] and the Loiterers Resistance Movement (LRM) are still active up North.[13] Other contemporary exponents include Phil Smith,[14] Paul Conneally,[15] and Tina Richardson, founder of the (now disbanded) Leeds Psychogeography Group.[16]

As one can and cannot see, there is not, and has never been, an exacting consensus definition of Psychogeography. However most would probably agree that it’s the study of specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organised or otherwise, on the thoughts, emotions and behaviour of individuals. Guy-Ernest Debord sort of nails it in his *Introduction to a Critique of Urban Geography* (1955):

The sudden change of ambiance in a street within the space of a few meters; the evident division of a city into zones of distinct psychic atmospheres; the path of least resistance which is automatically followed in aimless strolls (and which has no relation to the physical contour of the ground); the appealing or repelling character of certain places – all this seems to be neglected.[17]

From dog-catchers to house-hunters, anyone can develop (or reactivate) a “sixth sense”, and so be able to instantly tell – with or without visual clues – if a dwelling or area is friendly or hostile; both-sex goths are drawn to graveyards and obtain subtle or more definite experiences there that they wouldn’t have at home. Traditional folklore documents the “whispering grass”, the “singing stream”, etc., so why not ask the land where to go and what is really there?

There are roughly two camps of operative PG: *Occult* and *Materialist*. The former camp can be grouped under the mushroom of 1990s eccentric-ludic “magico-Marxism” and “avant-bardism”, exemplified by the (now all defunct) aforementioned East London Section of the London Psychogeographical Association (LPA), Manchester Area Psychogeographic (MAP),[18] and the Neoist Alliance/CR²[19] (although – unlike the Neoist Alliance/CR² – the LPA and MAP were not strictly “occultists”, they did employ magic of a kind). The latter camp gathers under a more straightforward sociological umbrella. Its main protagonists were the (now defunct) Materialist Psychogeographic Affiliation,[20] created in early-2007 by academics,[21] and the Nottingham Psychogeographical Association.[22]

Psychogeography is not for bad weather wimps and yes-but-no wo/men. One must be able to disengage, abstract oneself from previous conditioning and “go with the flow” of the undercurrents. Let the terrain and encounters attract or repel, like a living lodestone.

THE DÉRIVE (DRIFT)

The core technique of PG is the *dérive* (drift): an expedition undertaken on foot; not randomly but imaginatively, strolling about free of pre-recorded prejudices, that juggles the building blocks of reality and by chance or other means uncovers the usually hidden significances, associations and potentialities of a locale; wandering into wondering.

In a *dérive* one or more persons during a certain period drop their relations, their work and leisure activities, and all their other usual motives for movement and action, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there. Chance is a less important factor in this activity than one might think: from a *dérive* point of view cities have psychogeographical contours, with constant currents, fixed points and vortexes that strongly discourage entry into or exit from certain zones.

But the *dérive* includes both this letting-go and its necessary contradiction: the domination of psychogeographical variations by the knowledge and calculation of their possibilities.[23]

This has been found to work best with small groups of 2-3 people; 10-12 is the absolute limit. The traditional (tried and tested) prerequisite for such unconventional traversing is the consumption of alcohol. The drunken decoder stands a better chance of intentionally misreading city space, that allows the city to be “experienced not as a thing at all, but as possibilities...”. As the cityscape becomes more homogenised, places become increasingly interchangeable, so one may navigate with any map: of a different city, planet Mars, a maze plan, electronic circuit diagram, tribal art designs or blueprints of aircraft. Get pointers by playing “spin the demagnetised compass”; find directions with a toy roulette wheel and ball-bearing (red=forwards, black=backwards, odd=left, even=right, numbers=length, etc. This tends to work best with a grid system area); use dice to determine what buildings to enter, etc. The world is your stage.

Some *dérivers* print their name in block capitals on a numerologically-significant page number of the [City] *A to Z*, and then walk the outline of their name, or as near as the streets will allow. Others rely more on a logic outside of themselves for the route.

The *Algorithmic Technique* involves one walking outside whilst continually following the sequence: “2nd Right, 2nd Right, 1st Left, Repeat”. This turn of events takes the onus off oneself, so one can drift easily and without lust of result, ‘empty’ and open to impressions. It can lead to closed loops and dead-ends, half-loops and spirals, but these should in no way be considered a failure, and can turn out to be very interesting in themselves, if viewed in the right, or left, way.

Stationary Dérives have been successfully conducted online along the pathways of the World Wide Web. Regular performance of this discipline (especially in the quiet early hours) has led to sudden and unexpected ‘Zen’-like breakthroughs and/or incredible runs of synchronicity, where for a change the operant registers those odd quirks, glitches or yawning warps in reality usually unseen, ignored, or dismissed as a curiosity then forgotten.

Stationary *dériving* has developed into the art of *Psychic Cyber Surfing*. Some experimentalists have related that, occasionally, either during an *Online Dérive* – or afterwards, when one is about to fall asleep or has just woken up, or is ‘not-really-thinking’ (doing the washing up, etc.) – strings of characters appear spontaneously in the mind that seem like partial *website url addresses*, or resemble *html meta-tag descriptions* that are encoded into web-pages and describe the title, author, subject matter or keywords associated with a particular web-page. (Should a loud roaring, rushing noise accompany this, then watch out, as you are about to experience a full OOBIE, and not just an astral mind-trip.)

Later, one rekindles the altered trance state, and the previously obtained information is either completed by guesswork then typed into the ‘GO’ window of the browser; or typed as-it-is into the *Google Search Engine*. Often this leads almost directly to very pertinent websites, or takes one to other websites which one would never ordinarily visit (or even suspect existed in some cases), but which contain very useful information and further leads to follow up on, either by mundane means or another *Psychic Cyber Surf*.

Practicing variants of the *dérive-drift* tend to feed into and inform one another, leading to better results all-round. Try to do it only when you feel a strong natural urge to, as this is the all-powerful subconscious telling you its ready. Don’t try and force yourself as this just sets up a barrier.

THE NWPN’S APPROACH

The proto-North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN) obtained the first hint of an unnamed PG in the ‘The Magical City’ chapter of Jonathan Raban’s *Soft City* (Collins Harvill, 1988). When we knew the nostalgic, folk-radical, politically subversive, mysterious and furtive ‘proper’ PG of the 1990s we eagerly awaited developments, especially regarding the LPA, who employed PG as a means to disrupt and ultimately destroy the mind-warping, unjust dominion of the Occult Establishment by spilling their beans before they hatched.[24]

Soon after the LPA’s prophesised crucial King-Kill Working by the Occult Establishment failed to materialise at Y2K (perhaps due to the LPA’s exposing of the rite), the LPA disbanded. At this point (2000) the NWPN was officially inaugurated to research our own highly-biased version of Occult Psychogeography, cross-fertilising elements from Prehistoric Witchcraft, Earth Mysteries and Psychic Questing, to study how the environment affects humans and how humans affect the environment. Living without dead time; a shifting stream combination of Operation TWILIGHT, pro-psychotic pastoralism and the bucolic bukkake of the romantics in the laying of paths to our objective. We remain open on the *dérive* to see where it and more leads us. It could turn into a religious pilgrimage; an inter-circumambulation of a maze or labyrinth; our rib-cages could become aerials, picking up transmissions from the denizens of parallel or interpenetrating dimensions.

Are the rules always the rules?

(IN)CONCLUSION

Despite the dreary machinations of the remote-controlled urban planners, they have not eliminated their mortal enemies of isolation, superstition and tribalism. Indeed, these bulwarks of irrationality and deviance from the norm are spreading naturally like mycelium, for, like dreams, they are psychologically necessary organic constituents for the proletariat to survive and thrive, instead of being swallowed up by the homogenous abyss. It is precisely because the city is too large and formless to be held in the mind as an imaginative whole that we make recourse to irrational shortcuts and simplifications. Thus cities, by their nature, *as* nature, are ideal laboratories for magical experiments to reinvent the topographical panorama, or see what’s really there. Hobos and gangs both make and read the writing on the wall; they don’t need a weatherman to tell them what way the wind blows. Eschatology. Escapology. Anything to declare?

The occult-psychogeographically turned-on and tuned-in wo/man evolves impulses and purposes into a continuous imaginative gate-crashing of external processes, dramatising the here-and-now away from the irrefragable chain of cause and effect. Speaking to what is normally left unsaid, the long-forgotten can be awakened again: to be acknowledged, appeased, and beseeched for revelations. All registered occurrences are then regarded as a personal message sent directly by the Multiverse to oneself. Interpret the cascade of signs and wonders accordingly. Divine the divine.

NOTES

1. www.bopsecrets.org/SI/Chtcheglov.htm
2. www.unpopular.org.uk
3. <http://fasica.altervista.org/npu/whatisnp.htm>
4. www.uncarved.org/turb/articles/parasol.html
5. <https://fifepsychogeography.com>
6. <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk>
7. www.almias.org.uk
8. www.middlesexcountycouncil.org.uk
9. <http://thelostbyway.com/2013/07/walk-to-chingford.html>
10. http://cryptoforest.blogspot.co.uk/2011/04/psychogeographical-publications-from_30.html
11. <http://tomnolan.info/files/epga-a-brief-history.pdf>
12. <https://themelancholyofdeparturelounge.wordpress.com/tag/new-cross-triangle-psychogeographical-association>
13. <http://nowhere-fest.blogspot.co.uk>
14. www.triarchypress.net/crabman.html
15. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Conneally
16. www.schizocartography.co.uk/leeds-psychogeography-group
17. <http://library.nothingness.org/articles/SI/en/display/2>
18. www.twentythree.plus.com
19. www.stewarthomesociety.org
20. <https://calderdalepsychogeography.wordpress.com>
21. <http://archive.is/6PjQK>
22. <http://cryptoforest.blogspot.co.uk/2011/04/psychogeographical-publications-from.html>
23. From Guy Debord, *Theory of the Dérive* (1958), one of the best introductions to the subject: www.bopsecrets.org/SI/2.derive.htm
24. Incomplete scans of the LPA Newsletter can be found here: <http://maydayrooms.org/archives/the-london-psychogeographical-association> & here: <https://situationnisteblog.wordpress.com/2014/08/22/london-psychogeographical-association-newsletter-1995-2000>
25. <http://ozozalice.blogspot.co.uk>

Pattern Under the Plough

The next NWPN excursion will be to the ancient Penmon Priory, St Seiriol's Church & Well complex (that contains at least one Sheela-na-gig) at Penmon, approximately three miles East of Beaumaris on Anglesey. The date will be Saturday 30 January 2016. Assemble outside the early-17th Century Dovecot on the site at Middy.

A TIME ACCIDENT

The NWPN is not the first to notice a definite "change in the air" in the UK this month. Unlike some, we don't attribute this to any "Satan Machine" running in the shadows.



GIANT HINDENBURG: The Goddess of Democracy statue, similar to the one in Beijing, towers over shoppers in Fargate, Sheffield, yesterday.

The Goddess of Democracy, similar to the one in Beijing, "towers over shoppers" in the aptly-named "Fargate" shopping precinct of Sheffield, two months after the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre. For more on the myriad occult-psychogeographical possibilities in Sheffield and surrounds read *The Sheffield Keys* by the Cross Of Light Temple (COLT): <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk/2015/10/two-articles.html>

'Satan' may be described as the "prince of the power of the air" (*Ephesians* 2:2), but who is the king? The air, and the media airwaves, have always been controlled by the military, who in the UK at least swear allegiance to the monarch.

Yet even this mighty force is helpless when it comes to the true ruler of the air, the UFO, that runs rings round any fighter jet and can broadcast its alien messages into any television, radio, head, etc.

NWPN operatives were determined to find the specific source of this odd atmospherical alteration, and as all of us know: "Where there's a will there's a way". Our first port of call was the [REDACTED] watering hole, where all the best gossip bounces off the walls like a fly. The ale seemed a bit off, however, smelling of rubber balloons, which may explain the interjection of The Pole, who (when not attending reunion dinners with his 'former' military intel chums) had been blatantly eavesdropping on our conversation with the locals and 'strangers'. He kept alternately looking around and staring at the floor, and had allegedly just "cashed out", so offered to buy us a round of spirits, which we accepted. After another, he then "confessed" that he had seen "a large black silent UFO" over the very North Wales town where we were currently sitting. Unbeknown to him, we already knew this was actually a piece of plastic farm netting travelling on the wind. But what did it catch?

We've chalked this up to the overlapping environment of two worlds, seen not through a purple haze, just a haze.

PG RESOURCES

STEPZ: A Psychogeography & Urban Aesthetics Zine:
www.urbancune.co.uk/category/stepz-magazine

THE PSYCHOGEOGRAPHIC REVIEW:

<http://psychogeographicreview.com>

PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY:

www.scoop.it/t/psychogeography

PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY:

www.tate.org.uk/learn/online-resources/glossary/p/psychogeography

LIMINAL CITY:

<http://liminalcity.com>

MARSHMAN CHRONICLES:

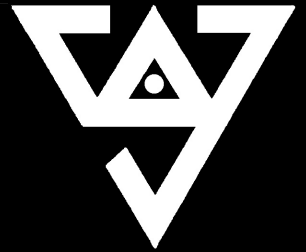
<http://www.marshmanchronicles.com/marshman>

ADCOCHRANE:

<https://adcochrane.wordpress.com>

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The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PG > VOL.1 NO.2 > FEB 2016 > NEITHER HAIR SHIRTS NOR HIRSUTE JERKS!

End Intangible Mind Control

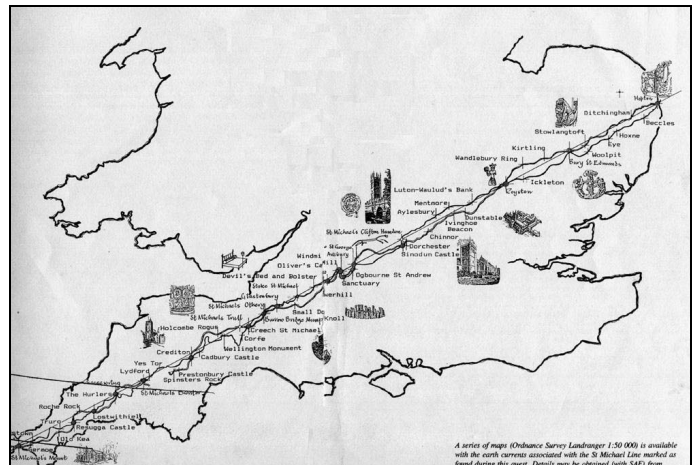
The current (not) sorry state of British Psychogeography (PG) bears an uncanny resemblance to some multi-part TV advert bragging about the effectiveness of unnoticeable Remote Mass Mind Control (that such ads, and more, can be watched everyday on any enabled device is irrelevant).

Throughout most of the 1990s the London Psychogeographical Association (East London Section), Neoist Alliance, the chrysalis of the NWPN and a few others really got it on with the UK PG Revival; we were making waves that crashed many shadow government parties and veered them over the edge; yet like punk and industrial music, once the second/third generations and academia got involved it was fatal – but paradoxically no longer underground. (There are always exceptions, but they tend to be hermetic/‘silent’.)

Although even the first generation had its irksomes – the seemingly obligatory ultra-left orientation and call for a communist revolution for instance – upheld by those who had never actually lived under a red regime as our Bulgarian colleagues did, in constant fear of the secret police door-knock to search for Beatles records and abstract expressionism hidden under beds. If the loony left PG factions had remained true to their collectivist ideals they should have pooled themselves and their resources/material into a single group and publication, that could have put PG on the map by now as a force to be reckoned with. As for today, PG’s zany bores and plain bores act as if they’re under the very psychic oppression they rail against: like self-recuperating free market libertarians hoping to be featured in the fashion mags, whatever, on the road to the lucrative book/film deal.

The NWPN is neither red, black, or grey; it is white (all colours). Nor is it revolutionary. We respect tradition, for it is the treasure chest where we find a lot of our praxis and

solace. We are not alone, it seems, as the progenitor-leader of the 1960s Earth Mysteries Revival and discoverer of the St Michael Ley-line, John Michell, appears to have been in a similar camp.[1] And what is one to make of the presence of ‘rightist-fascist’ philosopher Julius Evola in the New Age sections of mainstream book shops? Cherish the Myriad?!



The St Michael Ley-line discovered by John Michell. See his *The View Over Atlantis*. Thames & Hudson, 1983, pp.70-82.

The NWPN is not saying anyone should bring back Adolf (“Make love not war” and all that lot), it’s just that we first got into PG for MYSTERY & ADVENTURE, i.e. to *Break On Through To The Other Side*, not to overthrow this side, or mess about chasing our tails then believing the resulting dizziness is “psychogeographical enlightenment”, and certainly not to write dry hump encyclopaedias on the subject.

The NWPN is for hot ley-line *action...contacting* place memory...*conversing* with genius loci...*diving* skylad into mana pools...*raising* the maze-power of genetic ancestry.

The Isle within the Isle

The next NWPN excursion will be to Church Island, Menai Bridge, Anglesey, Saturday 27 February 2016. Local folklore accords with scholarly history here, in that: “the small, unelectrified, enigmatic church on the island dates back to the 15th Century. It is not known who built it, but the consensus of archaeological opinion agrees that it replaced an earlier church or chapel on the same site.” (Hugh Jones, *Some Curiosities of Ynys Môn*, self-published pamphlet, 1964, p.9). Assemble outside The Bridge Inn (Telford Road, Menai Bridge, LL59 5DT) at 2PM.

We explore the things that the remote controllers rule don't exist, but which THEY use to maintain and expand their ill-uminated hegemonic dominance over lesser lights. You gotta stop the insidious influence of that hideous strength[2] by whatever way you can. Good people break bad laws, and who guards the guards?

NOTES

1. Amy Hale, 'John Michell, Radical Traditionalism & the Emerging Politics of the Pagan New Right':
www.academia.edu/1558633/John_Michell_Radical_Traditionalism_and_the_Emerging_Politics_of_the_Pagan_New_Right
2. en.wikipedia.org/wiki/That_Hideous_Strength#Plot_summary

BLACK MAGIC UFOS ALONG THE COAST?

The town of Llandudno sits on the North Wales coast like a *House on the Borderland*,[1] a monument on/to the edge. Known since the 1860s as the “Queen of the Welsh Resorts”, it was where Alice of Wonderland holidayed, hence its modern-day *Alice in Wonderland Trail* heritage gimmick that weaves through the town, and includes themed statues complete with colonies of hallucinogenic *fly agaric* toadstools (upon which real toads have been seen sitting), and a camera obscura.[2] They combine to affect, as does its obscene pier, the longest in Wales: a giant commercial phallus penetrating and ruling over the ocean (female), matched by the longest cable car in Britain, that dominates the summit of the female mound otherwise known as the Great Orme. This explains the horniness that saturated the whole place, especially the promenade, where we ducked into a hotel bar for a post-dérive top up drink. And who should we bump into there? None other than Derek Parker (aka: “Captain Cagliostro”), head cheese of the Phalanxish Mystery Bord (a Rhyl-based pro-situ cagoule cult that fanatically fetishes the earth mystery books of Colin & Janet Bord) and a master of night-rambling and garden shed ingenuity.

After exchanging pleasantries he regaled us (with backup) with some curious far-out pub-talk. During a “séance scan” of the waves in August 2015, a female (‘former’ military intelligence) Bordist suddenly whited her eyes, then told

the Capt he had “friends in *very* high places” (aliens in flying saucers in outer-space), and fell silent. Later that very night he was tranceported around Llandudno to be shown its hidden, unsuspected side, which included Millionaire's Row (Llys Helyg Drive) at the base of the Great Orme. Cagliostro alleged that top pop star Cliff Richard bought a house for his mother on this exclusive street, and added that it has a ‘lookout tower’ containing a private elevator down to the property's private beach; but it actually travels *further*, into a subterranean cave network, when the correct code is inputted on the key-pad. More entrances to the caves are concealed in the cellars and sheds of other properties in the town. It's not known what goes on down there.

Llandudno is four miles away from Rhos-on-Sea, whose St Trillo Chapel was desecrated by the stealing of its altar cross over the weekend of 11-12 July 2015.[3] It wouldn't be the first time black magic has been used to summon UFOs and their occupants (or the first time UFOs and their occupants have been attracted by black magical activity). St Trillo Chapel is one of the “smallest church/chapel in the UK” contenders, alongside Bremilham Church near Malmesbury, Wiltshire,[4] and the unknown one on private land in Gresford, near Wrexham in North Wales – possibly the ‘lost’ medieval St Leonard of Glyn Chapel, that was literally unearthed from the ground in 2014 by Bill Devereux,[5] who codes to the earth mystery man Paul Devereux, former director of the Dragon Project (now Dragon Project Trust), that was active in Wales.[6] Thus research is ongoing.

NOTES

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_House_on_the_Borderland
2. www.visitwales.com/explore/north-wales/llandudno-colwyn-bay/a-girl-called-alice
3. www.dailypost.co.uk/news/north-wales-news/rhos-sea-church-st-trillo-9702309
4. www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2320150/Britains-smallest-church-measuring-13ft-11ft-holds-annual-service-outdoors-theres-room-flock-inside.html
5. www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2745337/Britain-s-smallest-chapel-chance-owner-clears-away-rubble.html
6. www.pauldevereux.co.uk

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The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY > VOL.1 NO.3 > MAR 2016 > SMASH S[T]IMULATED STASIS!

Critique of the Critique of Occult Psychogeography

During our doings we have encountered quite a lot of disdain for Occult Psychogeography (OP) from the academic community. For example, the unnamed, presumably ex-member of the now-defunct Materialist Psychogeographic Affiliation, who writes that this organisation: “was only really useful to place ourselves away from the indulgent and un-productive psychogeographies of occultism, or ‘Magico-Marxism’.”[1]

We (don’t) beg to differ, and posit that it’s not that the academy finds OP “indulgent” and “un-productive”, but *unacceptable*, which misses the whole point why occult-friendly, magico-Marxist psychogeography groups such as Richard Essex’s (East) London Psychogeographical Association (LPA) were set up in the first place – expressly *because* the occult is unacceptable to academia and its masters,[2] thus preventing the LPA’s etc., recuperation and gaining them the power of taboo.

We suspect many critics of magic do not understand that it’s not some deluded inadequate waving his/her wand about whilst uttering a short spell to produce instant miracles – but a science and art requiring much training, discipline, and record-keeping.

Such intolerant fundamentalist anti-occult/religion/spirituality is, of course, the basis of Communism, and may reflect its modern mutation into “cultural Marxism”, that has so successfully infiltrated Education (as Critical Theo-

ry) and the Media (as Political Correctness), etc. To effectively function, both forms of communism need their victims chained inside concrete thought-boxes and can never allow true individual flight, despite contrary rhetoric.[3]

Proof is results, baby, and most serious occultists obtain them, although they tend to keep silent to avoid derision, or worse, such as the psychiatric gulag. Whether the LPA’s magic prevented Prince Charles’ ritual sacrifice at Summer Solstice Y2K to usher in the new Sun King,[4] or the “alchemical processing” of CR² (the semi-secret society behind the Neoist Alliance) brought down the entire Thatcher Conservative Government[5] will never be proved in a laboratory, court of law or even in the mainstream media, because the powers-that-be won’t allow it, for fear of their own, and much darker, magic being exposed.

In our experience, OP is an effective and interesting way to explore REALITY ITSELF, that is, along with the ‘human’ race, far more stranger than most of us want to consider. For instance, UFOs function on a different realm, and as we observe and interact with them then we must also be able to function on this realm to some degree.

In magic, “Like attracts Like”, so doing unusual things like OP will attract unusual things. A case in point is the intense OP research the OKOK Society (some of whom were also NWP-

ers) were conducting in the county of Gwynedd, North Wales in the palindrome year of 2002 (see ‘The Arianrhod Ley’ article below). This will be fully documented in a later work; know now that it involved a UFO sighting, a visit from the Men-In-Black, and the discovery in a Bangor charity shop of an old Ordnance Survey map of the Gwynedd area, marked with mysterious designs, that led to the rediscovery of the Arianrhod Ley for the UK’s benefit.

In 2004, there occurred the unsolicited discovery by some of the same OKOKians/NWPners of a weird half-formed creature during a semi-official *dérive* in 2004 (see the ‘Other Vectors Other Flesh’ article below). Much more resulted from this, but we are keeping *shut* for obvious reasons cited above.

All in all, hardly “indulgent and un-productive”.

NOTES

1. <https://calderdalepsychogeography.wordpress.com>
2. www.stewarthomesociety.org/interviews/mccarthy.htm
3. For a demolishing refutation of the Left and the cultural-Marxist Frankfurt School, hear Jonathan Bowden’s lecture *New-Left Marxism & The Frankfurt School*: www.youtube.com/watch?v=J92f2S3E0S8
4. ‘No More Sacrifice’ in *London Psychogeographical Newsletter* No.10, Beltaine 396 MKC; also see ‘New Prince New Danger’ in *LPA Newsletter* No.17, Imbolc 398 MKC.
5. ‘Whatever Happened to the LPA?’ in *Y (UNITE)* Vol.2. Luminous Press, 2007.

Other Vectors Other Flesh

In June 2004, myself and two companions conducted an “esoteric hike” to Anglesey. First we paid our respects to Bryn Celli Ddu (the Mound in the Dark Grove), a 5000-year-old earthen dome concealing a long passage to a polygonal stone chamber, its opening the only one on the island aligned to the rising Summer Solstice Sun. The ancient sacred architectural symbolism of the Sun God’s phallic ray fertilising the Earth Mother’s womb is obvious.



Bryn Celli Ddu, Anglesey, North Wales.

As we circumambulated this magnificent structure it was also obvious that we were not alone, and were inbetween the worlds. We greeted and communed with the mysterious ones, who found us equally so, then bid them farewell.

Pushing onwards, we aimed for the Eastern tip of the island and the serene environs of the ancient Celtic Christian complex at Penmon, associated with Saint Seiriol and dating back to the 6th Century. The ruins of the Priory sang a sad chorus, and one of our crew stated the 1960s TV series *Danger Man* starring Patrick “The Prisoner” McGooohan was once filmed there, that didn’t help

our sudden paranoid trepidation, but on entering the Church we were pleased to see its Sheela-na-gig on the wall and touched our phalli in unison as a mark of respect, and for protection.

In brighter spirits, us holy walkers sought holy waters. We passed through a wall overgrown with copious ivy and headed along the pebble-laden pathway towards the Holy Well where Saint Seiriol baptised the converted Pagans. As we sauntered past the old monastic fishpond, my eye caught upon a curious thing starkly embedded in the path: the head of some strange creature with long flowing hair (shown below).



The strange creature discovered at the Penmon Celtic Christian complex, Anglesey, in 2004.

It was made of sheep’s wool and other elements, and possessed an eerie masked sentience. It didn’t seem like some chance “simulacrum” (as it wasn’t an old tree or rock, etc., but a *new thing*, plus it didn’t resemble any known entity), or a piece of totemic land art made by human hands (there was no-one else around and it looked just too Other). It was as if it had formed itself from the available natural resources and was pushing out of the earth in an uncanny birthing. (In this context, note that we discovered it less than an hour after visiting the Bryn Celli Ddu fertility site, designed in earth and stone, including its very entrance, as the female genitals and womb. A sign from the Goddess?)

After gazing at this for nine minutes we began the bottles of Newcastle Brown Ale for esoteric reasons, then traversed the unsignposted circular pilgrimage. Climbing the iron ladder-stile we did make our way to the 1000-year-old stone cross described by its polished, obligatory heritage notice as representing the “Temptation of St Anthony”, a remarkable flight of imagination on someone’s part, including ours.

Obliquely retracing our steps, we felt guided by folk-instinct, a blend of our own and others from outside, and after much emotive thought we came to St Seiriol’s Well, and were struck by the foundations of his supposed hermitage cell glinting eerily in the fading afternoon light a few yards away next to a forbiddingly gnarled tree of some kind, that had numerous strips of cloth tied to its branches. Entering the adjacent walled and roofed chamber that houses the well, its pure water, that has witnessed much spiritual contemplation, was so clear and still as to be invisible, and at first we thought the well was empty, until one of our party put their hand in it and got a shock. Humbled, we imbibed its cool and calming mystic power and became tranquil.

Afterwards, we veered off to elevate the hill, amazed at the combination of a somewhat sinister and menacing atmosphere (no doubt due to the nearby disused limestone quarries) with the tremendous uplifting views from the shores of Black Point, as we looked across the half-mile of treacherous strait to Priestholm, or Mice Island, and its tower, reputed to stand where Saint Seiriol built another of his hermitages. Passing time abstractly as the NewKey started to kick in, we remained a while under the shadow of the lighthouse next the shore. The solemn, hypnotic warning bell of this automated sentinel had a melodious repetitive chime that mixed with the sound of the waves crashing against the rocks to lull ourselves into a deep contemplative state that was greatly conducive to a drifting weirdness.

We decided not to take the Anglesey Coastal Path from here (that takes one all the way round the whole island) and returned to the religious zone, where we admired the large, circular, dome-roofed early-17th Century Dovecote. Damn bizarre feelings were had as we ventured inside its dark and musty interior. It is said to have nearly 1000 spaces for birds, and it seemed like that exact amount of heavenly shafts were beaming through the holes to form a thousand points of light on us. Promises of further wonders were sensed.

REPORT BY MARK REEVE

THE ARIANRHOD LEY

The palindromic year of 2002 was chosen for an especially intense Contact & Conversation Working, during which I had a number of unusual experiences that included seeing a UFO, a 'Men-In-Black' visitation several hours afterwards, and the discovery of a second-hand, annotated, 1974 Ordnance Survey map in a charity shop.

Whilst taking all of this in, I could sense the oddness bubbling away just behind the scenes, but wasn't sure what route to proceed on. I needed a plan, a script, even just a word or two to work with, so I laid down and continuously asked my deep-mind for the answer.

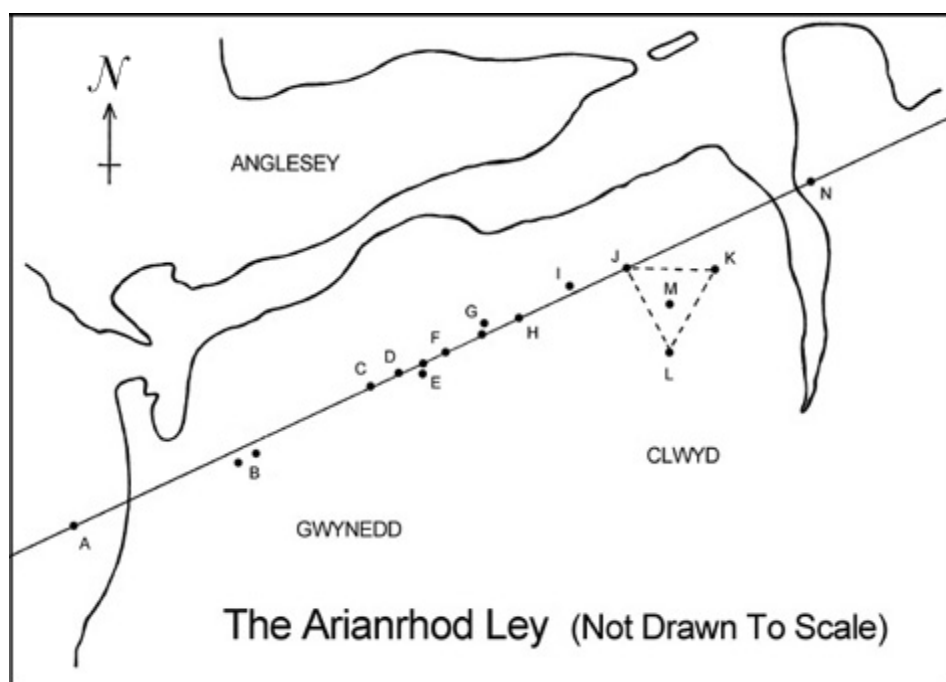
I must have fell asleep after a while. When I woke up I had the urge to get the map out again and study it. As I was doing so the small island named "Caer Arianrhod" on the map jumped out at me, that I hadn't noticed before. Knowing that this name features in ancient Welsh mythology as both a sky goddess and an earthly place in *The Mabinogion*,[1] I wondered if the island formed part (or the start) of a ley, so I began staring, trancing and attuning as I drew possible leys directly onto the map with a sharpened pencil.

After several unsuccessful attempts and experiments, I eventually found the Arianrhod Ley, that more than meets the standard criteria of authenticity that was established by the esteemed godfather of ley-hunting, Alfred Watkins: that as a rule one should work on sighting points, and not just take a straight bit of road or track as evidence, and that at least four points are necessary to prove a ley.[2]

The Arianrhod Ley begins at the initial powerzone of Caer Arianrhod [A] at SH 424 547; passes Llandwrog church to the right; follows the Afon Carrog River to pass parallel to the two Mile Stones [B] near Llanwnda; then continues its path across the old Roman Road (now the A4085); through the prehistoric Burial Chamber [C] at SH 605 668; through various modern Churches [D, E]; ancient Cairns and Tumuli [F, G, H]; passes close to another at [I];

and the Burial Chamber [L] at SH 741 718. The Green Dragon Omphalos is the Standing Stone [M] at SH 739 736, near the disused quarry on the Tal y Fan mountain range.

Note that the ley travels near to, and sometimes through, the scene of the now-famous 1984-1986 North Wales UFO/Paranormal Flap,[3] that involved strange cigar-shapes and lights seen out to sea off the coast near Colwyn Bay and Abergele; a bullet-like object hover-



then, at SH 723 747, runs directly through the Stone Circle [J] on Cefn Coch mountain (that is roughly where the aforementioned UFO I witnessed was flying towards).

The Ley continues on through the county of Conwy; across the small inlet then directly through the Church [N] at SH 784 788, just South of the remains of a Castle; to travel onwards, presumably into the county of Yorkshire, a very active scene of the widespread and impressive Northern Britain Occult Revival of the 1980s, that was much assisted by the Sorcerer's Apprentice emporium in Leeds.

I am confident that the Arianrhod Ley was engaged by initiates to contact the ultra-terrestrials/dimensionals in ancient times, and was part of an even larger network, as the Cefn Coch Stone Circle itself forms one point [J] of what the OKOKians call the "Green Dragon Triangle"; its other two points being the Standing Stone [K] at SH 747 749;

ing over an old oak tree before rising vertically and 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.

Judging from experience, it appears that previous OKOK rituals at the Cefn Coch Stone Circle (performed when we did not know of the Arianrhod Ley's existence) have either reawakened an old dormant portal, or have opened up an entirely new one.

An explanation for the—at first puzzling—nature of some of the results of these magical ceremonies (like my UFO sighting, MIB visit and finding of the

The Haunted Decline

The next NWPN excursion will be to a very active “Ghost & Ghoul” location. Originally built in 1618, the long-abandoned Baron Hill mansion, about a mile West of Beaumaris, Anglesey, has many denizens. Assemble outside Ye Olde Bulls Head Inn, Castle Street, Beaumaris (LL58 8AP) on Saturday 26 March 2016 at Midday.

OS map), that manifested some miles away from the ley-node “rite-sites”, may have been provided by researchers into the controversial 1977 “Dyfed Triangle” Flap centred in Broad Haven, West Wales, where the UFO and other paranormal activity sometimes occurred not on, but closely adjacent to, a ley.[4]

NOTES

1. www.bbc.co.uk/wales/history/sites/themes/society/myths_mabinogion.shtml
2. Alfred Watkins, *The Old Straight Track*. Abacus, 1980, p.220; first published 1925.
3. Documented by local researcher, Margaret Fry, in *Northern UFO News*, Issues 116-118; 120-123; 128, 1985-1987, when it was edited by Jenny Randles.
4. See: Randall Jones Pugh and FW Holiday, *The Dyfed Enigma*. Faber & Faber, 1979, pp.107-115.

The above article by Mark Reeve is a brief extract from his forthcoming full length report on this and related events entitled *The Dragon Files/Flies*. He may be contacted c/o The NWPN.

The Quest for Stone Circle

Since early this year we’ve been trying to obtain an obscure 104-page novel entitled *Stone Circle*, that’s been sold on Amazon,[1] attributed to Stewart Home and supposedly published by AK Press, San Francisco, in 2000. Mr Home however has denied any connection to it,[2] and last February AK Press confirmed to us via e-mail that they: “know nothing at all about this publication.”

The *Stone Circle* text is said to have a weird, dreamy, trancelike quality to it, combining sex, violence, magic and psychogeography as the police and rival sorcerers go to war throughout the UK and sacred sites are destroyed, etc.[3]

Our curiosity heightened, after a longer and deeper search we learnt that Nigel Ayers of Earthly Delights down in Cornwall had sold a copy on Ebay in 2002,[4] so we e-mailed him asking if he still had any spare or knew anything else about it, but to date we have not received a reply from him.

Checking again, in reply to Mr Ayers was a “Rob M”, who first railed against the high price being charged for it, then mentions: “I think I’m going round to reclaim all the copies I gave away.”[5] This surely fingers Rob Marsden—who used to run the Leicester-based Red Republic of Parasol between November 1997-December 1999[6]—as the author? Yes or No, it’s been pretty much confirmed by Stewart Home himself, who claims the saddle-stitched pamphlet *Stone Circle* was organised on the Internet by “a collective” from Leicester who deliberately wrote the text in Stewart Home’s trademark style.[7]

Although Mr Home criticises *Stone Circle* for being badly edited, we nonetheless strongly suspect that it be a key consciousness-therefore-reality-altering talisman, but Mr Marsden has since disappeared, from the Internet at least.

We just can’t help noticing that it’s missing from our lives, like a loud upholstery void, so if anyone has a copy of *Stone Circle* for sale or can photocopy it for us, do get in touch.

POSTSCRIPT: The NWPN’s f.f.fevered book hunting sure must have triggered or attracted something, or accessed an existing vein, for the Networks have been very busy since typing the above. Through mysterious palimpsests in an arabesque script we’ve been informed that: “The Stonehenge portal has been reactivated. Ancestors coming through. It’s in the mosaics.”

This means there are pertinent clues or lore contained in the intricate mosaic floors, etc., of a preserved Roman villa in England, but we haven’t yet found out exactly where to look.

NOTES

1. www.amazon.co.uk/Stewart-Home-Stone-Circle/dp/B00AMF6T12
2. www.stewarthomesociety.org/biblio.htm
3. www.uncarved.org/archive/reviews230301.html
4. <https://groups.yahoo.com/neo/groups/emissions/conversations/messages/738>
5. <https://groups.yahoo.com/neo/groups/emissions/conversations/messages/739>
6. www.uncarved.org/turb/articles/parasol.html
7. Stewart Home interviewed by Edward S. Robinson on 23 May 2007, in Edward S. Robinson, *Shift Linguals: Cut-Up Narratives from William S. Burroughs to the Present*. Editions Rodopi BV, undated (2011), pp.201-202.

PUBLICATIONS

* *Beyond The Marshes*. Phil Beeken’s occultic travelogue’s, etc:

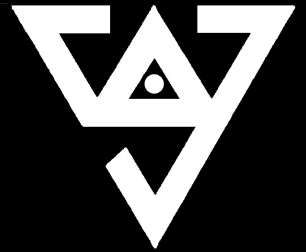
www.beyondthemarshes.co.uk

* *Praeterlimina*. Urban art-magic, etc: www.praeterlimina.co.uk

* *Bricks From The Kiln*. A new Situationist-friendly periodical: www.b-f-t-k.info

The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN) was established in 2000 to research the effects of terrains on the human organism & vice-versa. We conduct irregular field investigations throughout Dragonland & are developing experimental methods of working that combine the traditions of Psychic Questing, Earth Mysteries & Prehistoric Witchcraft. Other NWPN Newsletters are here: <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk/p/the-north-wales-psychicogeographical.html> The NWPN contact e-mail is: orbeditions@hotmail.co.uk

The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY > VOL.1 NO.4 > APR 2016 > BETTER NOW THAN NEVER?

TESTING GROUND

As I dip my quill in mercury under Albion moonlight I realise it may have all started as a child playing with gyroscopes, who opened a vortex door. Close encounters, far abductions. Interstice cream. The Warwick 'insurance man' who visited my parents every time he spoke to me I could only hear the phonetics of his speech. Me holding the "whip hand", stirring up the "Seeds of Solution". Those seemingly impossible but still remembered events from childhood – why? Gates? Screen memories? Training moles to dig up Roman artefacts, making mountains (of gold) out of molehills. The Fist of Glory who lived in the attic: one knock for yes, two for no. Anything to escape Sunday's outer tentacles into the Devil's Onion zones; flashback to the stroll in the woods that strange feeling when you don't know why you're there.

It is a strange business, just who leads the dance (and the quest for the red herring)... The NWPN says "aliens", in firm overcode, but in our experience it's a definite: "Don't call us, we'll call you" arrangement. That's fine, we get on with the work, investigating the terraform, exploring the heights of joy and the nether regions of vampire contagion, our axles greased occasionally by our nebulous friends in high places.

Some may baulk at laying in bed and seeing their kid or pet floating down the hallway, calendar on empty trash. Do you really want to know what happens in these abductions beyond all the cover memories, the misunderstandings, the bullshit? Others dive in.

So far this year we are definitely "on the beam". Our very presence, even just footsteps, uncovers conspiracy and wyrd behind the snakes & ladders of British society and landscape, illuminated by the magic lantern; vital alarms that those who can should be alert to, before the hoodwink is refitted.

The bird sounds backing tape sent that stretched linger in my head; when I was listening alot of charged nature coursed through me, who was hearing the sounds elevated. I was then shown how the ancient Stonehenge-type monuments are the



ideal landing platform for traditional flying saucers. Priesthood stood in the centre of the circle underneath the saucer, to get 'beamed' on for enlightenment, or beamed up, or beamed to a similar monument; fairground merry-go-rounds the unconscious attempt to relive the giddy yet helpful sensations of this UFO machine experience. What has happened here has happened millions of times before to other worlds.

A lady then emerged from the mist, wearing tank top and silver sequined pants, hair piled on her head. Shoosa? Shuzi? Constant mind blank on her name was a factor, as were associations of rainbow thrills, boxed amusements, focus pulls, a melted mannequin, white marble steps.

"What do you want to see in me?" she asked.

I said nothing, but knew she was traditional weregoth and had buried herself in a coffin for three days to get death fungus under her eyes. Going into trances; drinking blood in the shadow of the horns (that I think relates to the night-in-gale backing. I want to get better at this).

A kiss on the forehead invited me into the cosmos, where I witnessed the moon-cold logic of the Transparent Ones from the Undeleted Beginning, the Spider Lights and Slow-ed Blob – all present also in the Realms of Britain.

When we got back she told me the right way to: "wish upon a star" (one touches astronaut wives for further instructions: instant download on contact). On next cycle ride unbefore noticed a clearing where was placed a strange-looking aerial with people staring at me through glass eyes (or binoculars). Nondescript pale blue humanoid figure coming on with codewords in the bushes. Sunny hands out straight to the sides; spARKle flashes dancing up from the groundswell.

What I'm saying here is there is Otherwhere, whether you believe it or not, but do. Get in close and aware. When you look in the mirror, do you call your reflection to meet you there, or has your reflection summoned you to come, as it wishes to see you? [REPORT BY A LEADING NWPNetworker]

SOMETHING ALTARS AT THE WREXHAM & THE LLANGOLLEN STATIONS

The NWPN had a heavy wanderlust this past March, and so advanced over the hills to Wrexham, nearly cancelled when the soles of a desert boot pair melted, that were bought from the local army surplus store. A perished rubber sign, but due to the spare kung fu slippers we pressed on, took some trip, then were greeted by a base smile in unison and the doorway horror of public conveniences. You could not tell the shop dummies from the shoppers; the dogs from the dog shit; all askance in the streets like some macabre performance art performance or slabs of meat in red light district windows given the green light, wearing fur-lined workman's overalls as secret beasts – they turn them inside-out to get even more feral.

Nearer the town centre unicorns were hovering over the cosmological concentrate. We had the desire to eat a lot of things we used to, including Freudian éclairs. The whole lot, including reflections, provoked a calling card manifesto:

WE believe in the healing aroma of hairdressing salons.
WE believe in the loyalty of black leather.
WE believe in the bottomless promises of briefcases.
WE believe in the wise counsel of trees.
WE believe in the coy seduction of custard tarts.

Soon ditched it, ducking under the overpass to learn what it had to say. The phrase: “Stakes due to television” came up trumps as a catlike blonde with blue contact lenses emerged round the corner with a penchant for euphoria from any source. We stared at the Klingon ridge on her forehead and knew she had inspired us to keep the tea bag in the cup for a minute or so longer than usual, buying voodoo medicine off the internet; drawn towards the glowing crypto-sheds.

Wrexham is the site of an ancient tumulus in the grounds of a detached magic house named “Fairy Mount”, built on a plot named “Fairy Field” on the corner of Belmont Road and Fairy Road. The tumulus is shown on the 1909 Ordnance Survey map of Wrexham but not on later versions, probably because the little people have been seen dancing there.[1]

All was jolly roger, but after several daze the verbal masks crept in to creep us out, that may code to the partial privatisation of the shadowy mind-control “Nudge Unit” back in 2014, the first time such a UK Government policy team has been partially sold-off, so now the charity Nesta, employees and the government each own a third of the new business.[2] The *World Wide Web* is regarded as a “Satanic Net” by some cabbalists (W is 2 points down, 3 points up in design, and English Alphabet letter 23; $2 \times 3 = 6$; hence: WWW = 666), and by the standard Microsoft Windows Calculator ($1/3 = 0.333$ recurring) these three thirds directly suggest 333: the number of CHORONZON, described as: “that mighty devil” by Dr John Dee’s sryer and alchemist, Sir Edward Kelly, and by Kelly’s later reincarnation, Aleister Crowley, as: “the first and deadliest of all the powers of evil . . . the meta-physical contrary of the whole Process of Magick.”[3] Choronzon is the demented babler of the outermost Abyss; the

breaking-up of all coherence. This means FoI requests to the Nudge Unit can now be denied and other things hidden from the public. Tip of iceberg trend; abuses starscream. The fog fumes are strong in this sector, and provoked one of our party to auto-write an apocalyptic neofolk lyric, provisionally entitled ‘Awayday’, that we reproduce here in full:

I adore the door
With eyes of glowing coals
Blowing smoke
To speak of the Devil.

Crystals now stone
Clear fountain in flames
Left in the lurch
With the stings of your enemies.

The fox is weeping
On keys and crosses
A drawn blade cracked cask
Mountain crushed by serpents.

The white knight carries a silver axe
Dripping red sealing wax
For the fool and his letters
His teachers and betters.

Crown and anchor crumbling
Nowhere to hide or trust
The pig is now a clown
In the hands of the just.

This world shall burn, not ever turn
No escape for idiot or learned
As the earth tastes the zero ray
And all the stars fly away.

We veered south to the countryside. Bluebells, phantom big cats, Chirk Castle, the Ladies of Llangollen at Plas Newydd, with its modern stone circle of modern Druidic activity[4] echoing as we ascended the town to the Castell Dinas Brân stronghold sited on the limestone escarpment of Eglwyseg Rocks, that continues north to the World’s End in Wrexham (explaining the earthing of the aforementioned lyric?). As we hopped up and down a few inches off the ground to turn the power on we were approached by a well-dressed man making peculiar hand gestures. We felt the sourcecodes ripple and noticed a large tuft of fur sticking out of his breast pocket, and that although the ground was wet and muddy his shoes were spotlessly clean. The only thing he said was: “Don’t you think it would be better if you left?” We did, and it was.

“Anarchism is democracy
taken seriously” – Edward Abbey

1. <http://psychogeographicreview.com/the-fairy-mount>
2. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-26030205
3. See Aleister Crowley, ‘The Cry of the 10th Aethyr’ Chapter and its Note 1, in Aleister Crowley, *LIBER CCCCVIII: The Vision & The Voice* : www.sacred-texts.com/oto/418/aetyr10.htm
4. www.llangollen.com/plas.html

NWPN RESEARCH DEVELOPMENTS

Regarding 'A Time Accident' (Vol.1 No.1), we have been informed that similar "Netting UFOs", as witnessed by The Pole in January 2016, have been previously observed, such as the: "two Dementors from Harry Potter" that flew towards a witness over the Hascombe and Bramley area near Godalming, Surrey, in June 2014.[1] Some readers have also asked us to clarify our: "It wouldn't be the first time black magic has been used to summon UFOs and their occupants (or the first time UFOs and their occupants have been attracted by black magical activity)" statement. It's the SAUCERERS you know. Go read David Farrant's British Psychic & Occult Society (BPOS) investigation into the rumours of black magic rites taking place in the abandoned Congregationalist chapels in and around the village of Deiniolen in Gwynedd, especially the desecration of the disused Congregationalist Chapel at Maes-y-Dref, Deiniolen, in June 1984, when a magic circle, black candles and other occult paraphernalia were discovered inside.[2] The culprits were never found, but the after-effects of their dark activity were certainly seen in the 1984-1986 UFO/Paranormal Flap we mentioned in Vol.1 No.3.

As for the 'Black Magic UFOs Along The Coast?' (Vol.1 No.2), this was not an attack on Cliff Richard. He has given great succour to the humanure and all the salacious rumours remain unproven. His rocky *Devil Woman* single (1976) was a timely warning against impulsive dalliance with a breed of pervy valkyrie you haven't read about in the small ink, who drive about searching for unsuspecting male hitchhikers, pick them up then throw them "Down down deeper and down" (as the Status Quo puts it) the House of Broken Butterflies.

It's been confirmed that the Network Message we received ("The Stonehenge portal has been reactivated. Ancestors coming through. It's in the mosaics"), that was covered back in 'The Quest for Stone Circle' (Vol.1 No.3), does in fact relate to pertinent clues or lore contained in the intricate mosaic floors, etc., of a preserved Roman villa in England. The permutations of MOSAICS are: MICA SOS; SOMA SCI; SIS COMA & CIA MOSS[ad]. All these are obviously interesting, but inconclusive at the present time.

Actual villa locations have been suggested by the Cross Of Light Temple (COLT), namely *Bignor Roman Villa & Fishbourne Roman Palace*. Both are situated near Chichester in West Sussex, and when "Twilight Language" decoding is applied this place-name is promising, containing as it does: CHI (the Greek letter *Chi* [English *X*: signifier of the Great Unknown] and/or the *Ch'i* "energy force" in Chinese culture; the *Chi* dragon in Chinese mythology; and the clincher: *Chi*, the traditional "Chinese foot" length measurement, approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of a metre). Also: CHIC (stylish; elegant; good form [i.e. the best choice]), and with just a single-letter permutation: ESTHER (the title of a book in both the Jewish and Judeo-Christian Bibles and the only biblical book that does not clearly mention God).

It all leads back to Sussex. All those private woods, retired spies and famous occultists... COLT adds that this county's yew forest at Kingley Vale is: "a place of great magic. That is

the place that inspired the SOAB Runic 'Y'." [3] Figures?

Both villa & palace contain interesting complete mosaics and we feel they're worth closer examination, as is Kingley Vale, but we more suspect that the place to get to is much closer to Stonehenge, perhaps *Rockbourne Roman Villa* near Fordingbridge,[4] that features a lot more great mosaics.

Unless of course the term "mosaics" actually refers to the numerous 'Stonehenges' dotted about Wiltshire? There is some weight for this, notably the row of stone monoliths found buried under two miles north of Stonehenge in 2015, that may form the largest 'Neolithic' monument in Britain.[5] This itself is just north of Woodhenge,[6] and at least 14 more nearby mounds have revealed "previously unseen ritual monuments about the same age as Stonehenge itself".[7] The fact that Stonehenge's new visitor centre was officially sited at *Airman's Corner*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of the famous stones,[8] suggests alien abduction there at least, just as the proposed A303 road tunnel underneath the Stonehenge site to "re-unite" the landscape = secret subterranean rituals there.[9]

Lacking the funds and time for physical location visits, we will soon get to Sussex and Wiltshire astrally for a good look, as things are definitely getting curiouiser and curiouiser...

1. www.getsurrey.co.uk/news/surrey-news/ufo-sighting-like-something-out-7354803
2. See David Farrant, 'Devil Worship in Deiniolen' (www.davidfarrant.org/investigations/devil-worship-in-deiniolen), that also reproduces the related contemporary newspaper reports: 'Satanic signs found on chapel floor' (*Caernarfon Herald*, 29 June 1984) & 'Probe into black magic allegation' (*Caernarfon & Denbigh Herald*, 15 June 1984).
3. COLT, 'The Sons of Amos Brearley'. This text may still be available from: <http://crossflighttemple.wordpress.com>
4. <http://hampshireculturaltrust.org.uk/rockbourne-roman-villa>
5. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-wiltshire-34156673
6. www.english-heritage.org.uk/visit/places/woodhenge
7. www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-29126854
8. www.theguardian.com/culture/2013/dec/17/stonehenge-visitor-centre-opens-english-heritage
9. www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2015/mar/17/dan-snow-attacks-stonehenge-road-and-tunnel-plans

ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS FORGET EVERYTHING YOU HERD & REMAIN A SHEEP

As far as we can ascertain, there has never ever been a totally nude *dérive*. We plan to rectify this situation by drifting in and around Welsh naturist beaches such as Morfa Dyffryn, a very conducive site on the coast between Barmouth and Harlech.[1] Side-by-side in a knowing innocence, unfettered by the hegemonic oppression of clothes, the intrepid NWPNers will stride skylad across the remote pastoral terrain in an utter rejection of commodified urbanism. With sun on skin, wind in hair and bare feet caressing millions of tiny crystals we shall be clear in tune with the landscape and leys. Make the Fearless U-Turn! Smash Fashionism! Close the sweat-shops! Onwards to Victory with Naked Rural Rambling!

1. www.bn.org.uk/activities/places_database.php/_/beaches/morfa-dyffryn-r40

Routes into the Secret Earth

The next NWPN excursion will be to the ancient Ffynnon Eurych Well, aka: Ffynnonn Oerach (The Colder Well), believed to mark a forgotten route through the mountains, that we shall attempt to find & follow. It's situated on the heritage trail at the Moelyci Social & Natural Heritage Project [www.moelyci.org] in Tregarth, near Bangor. The date will be Saturday 30 April 2016. Assemble outside the main Moelyci farmhouse at Midday.

TALKING WITH THE NEWEST NWPN MEMBER

Q: Julia, you've now met most of us and were on the last excursion to great effect. What drew you to the NWPN?

A: The no agenda/guru/recruitment drive aspects; that's my kind of underground esoteric network. Plus the utter rejection of being yet more "peons through the aeons".

Q: We see a world that pre-existed, structured by a wo/man's own word and measure. Everyone in their proper place, before the war of governments. So how did you get into place?

A: I've always liked putting my hands in the matter: sand-castles, metal detecting, it's all digging for treasure. I'm also a vicar's daughter, and grew up in a traditional country rectory with a large walled garden, that concentrated the green and deepened my relationship with it. Cut off from the modern world I rejected, I looked inward, that made me see more outward, i.e. the usually invisible ones. Quite *Alice in Wonderland*, without the MK-ULTRA trauma.

Q: Interesting...you can be our three-in-one renegade Brontë Sister! What were your other influences early and onwards?

A: *Bagpuss*, *Sky*, and *The Tomorrow People* on children's TV; the Bible Black and the running maze outside. Anything beyond the norm, if there ever was a line between them. Oh, and I haven't dropped Christianity, just its exoteric outer version. To learn of its esoteric inner form I do recommend reading Dr Michael S. Heiser's 2015 book *The Unseen Realm* (<http://theunseenrealm.com>).

Q: Why does the psychogeography-hauntology-folk horror-occult resurgence tend not include psychic questing?

A: The middle-class tendency to clique, although maybe they quest in a different way? It's not my concern, for I prefer the originals, not their interpreters or imitators. Perhaps classical psychic questing was of its time; not sure if it's relevant these days. What's needed are new approaches like the NWPN's. Let's up the ante: not looking for swords and bits of slate – but portals. The Ley will lead us.

Q: What specifically do you plan to contribute?

A: I'd like to re-establish the Victorian séance in a faithful setting and atmosphere, with the original repressed sex exotic element intact. If nothing spiritual happens something will – the act of close human-to-human contact.

Q: Sounds great, if we could find the right place. It could become a regular event. Build up a force. Scanning...

A: I'm also thinking about laying on beds of moss, moon-bathing and falling off the Earth. The "Stone Tape Theory" also; crystals used correctly to obtain knowledge. These could be combined for prime effect.

Q: Yes, leave the physical world for a while and dive into the farthest reaches of liminality. Lucid dreaming, astral travelling. We 'must' look sideways, in the abstracted mode...

A: The hinged triptych of mirrors on my mother's dressing table that I enclosed my head inside for the infinity effect. It's quite moving! That's how I first knew of secret vortices.

Q: To be pointedly blunt about it...I've been having rather strong imagery urges of/for a rural nudist colony that meets every month at a WWII corrugated iron Anderson Shelter in some distant field for a 1970s-style disco. A blazing log fire in one wall, homebrewed ale, body-painting, folk dancing. The whole overlaid with a *Witchcraft '70* vibe.

A: You'd be in curious company. Dion Byngham (Order of Woodcraft Chivalry) and Gerald Gardner (Wicca) were both keen nudists. But who will be the "Man in the Mask"?

Q: All this shall be considered. "Eat, drink and be merry".

A: For now, let's keep staying away from Establishment set-ups and most of the 'alternatives', the obstreperous bunches, all the cute vacuity, and continue to carve out our own peculiar cave in the rock of ages. Anything but the conventional.

Q: Aye. To forge and take the best possible trajectories; this brings the greatest satisfaction. What else is there to say?

A: To know that simple-thus-powerful old folk magic in our bones, of twigs and stones, sisal string and jetsam, anything to hand. Binding and chanting, sentient symbols, meetings through the mirror. That feeling of bat-walking at night; that moment when the night-vision kicks in and my black-clad body and long raven-black hair blends with the darkness, turning me into a flying face, a ghost in flesh.

Q: Hungry... The English Revenant, who doesn't just rattle chains but punches those deserving. Violet riot.

A: It makes a change from all the shit smeared at university by the spergs and spongs, all of which I've left far behind. Let's find those portals. If there's a way in there's a way out...

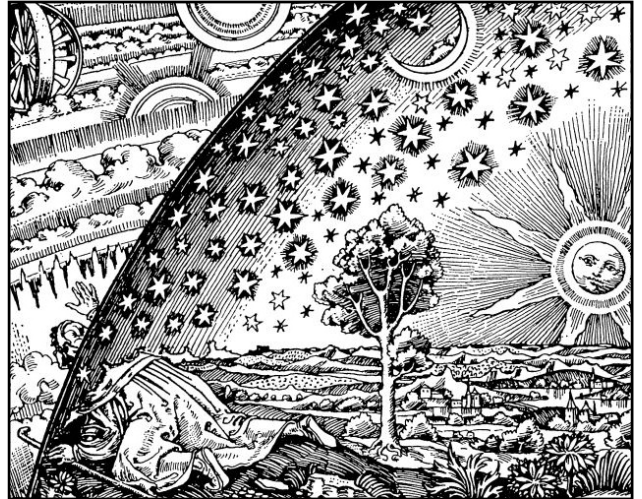
The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN) was established in 2000 to research the effects of terrains on the human organism & vice-versa. We conduct irregular field investigations throughout Dragonland & are developing experimental methods of working that combine the traditions of Psychic Questing, Earth Mysteries & Prehistoric Witchcraft. Other NWPN Newsletters are here: <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk/p/the-north-wales-psychicogeographical.html> The NWPN contact e-mail is: orbeditions@hotmail.co.uk

The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY > VOL.1 NO.5 > MAY 2016 > AGAINST THE MOD WORLD

NEVER VOTE – EVER!



The NWPN isn't political, but *commonsensical*, which is won reason why we do regard all of the British politicians (and Queen Elizardbreath II & co.) as literal traitors, who have wilfully given away Britain's sovereignty to the unelected EU bureaucratic behemoth and gifted Britain's economic security to the globalist mega-corporations, who for their profit have sold this country's workers out for the price of cheap (illegal or otherwise) immigrant labour – without ever asking the actual indigenous inhabitants. There's just no point voting for Tweedledum or Tweedledee as it's now so obvious that they're all working for the same Remote-Controllers (RCs).

The only way to go now seems to be OUTSIDE the whole stupid game, and if enough of us did this the real scroungers and shirkers would have to get proper jobs that actually benefited the community. But there's too much inertia, blinkers and cowardice at present.

We do have a chip on both shoulders concerning the British Class System—the ruling class the class bully the perfect prefect—however, as it maintains the unearned hierarchy in politics, etc., that's behind most of the malevolence going on in this country. It's the

neo-Feudalist elephant in the room, of one world for them, another one for the rest of us; a rigged game wherein some people get a silver spoon start to life, are introduced to the right people, etc., in childhood, then go to the elite posh institutions and have access to info, guidance and opportunities long deemed off limits to 99% of the 'lower' classes.

The RCs net us into school like a school of fish and school segregates us into classes, literally; then it tricks some to pay university factories for a degree and a graduate's black square mortarboard cap symbolising the black cube of Saturn, Old Father Control.

Uni drones are the new old Catholic priesthood: open conspirators luxuriating in their ivory towers, who don't even allow the cowans to read the so-called holy texts, by restricting them to expensive online subscription sites and ridiculously overpriced university-published books – for if the wo/man in the street did read this stuff they would realise just what a bunch of utter dingdongs most of their intellectual 'masters' really are, and allways have been.

Today's bourgeois bookworms holidaying at university scheme the ongoing misrepresentation of the Esoterics,

whilst slumming it with the 'deluded' 'lower' classes to appropriate and exploit their magic whilst refusing to deem it valid, even when they've experienced it up close and personal. They belittle the Mystery Hand that feeds them in condescending disrespect, for the production of a sensational, attention-grabbing, self-censored essay, PhD, etc., that assists the remote-controlled materialist Cultural-Marxist agenda (the Frankfurt School, etc.) that has infiltrated 'Education' (Indoctrination) and the other set-ups. The intellect however is an entirely different matter – one is born with it and it cannot be taught, only realised.

In earlier times, at least the toffs admitted magic was real. For instance, the privileged friend of royalty John Dee working Edward Kelly to near madness and wife-swapping as his paranormal pit canary until Kelly fell to his death or suicide whilst trying to escape; the British Museum, founded due to the collection donation of occultist physician Sir Hans Sloane, a man of many grimoires and member of the Cabala Club (CC = 33); those repressed Victorian religious antiquarians hammering off the proud erect phalli of ancient Egyptian statues before stealing other artefacts made by

near-slave ‘common’ artisans; the chattering classes of psychic weekenders who leeched theory and practice off the wo/man-in-the-street spiritualists and ‘primitive’ cultures to form the Theosophical Society and Society For Psychical Research, plus those who followed on from them; the over-stuffed-wallet public schoolboy Aleister Crowley mining near-destitute foreign gurus for their yoga and sex magick secrets that he milked for the rest of his life as an attention-whore bogeyman.

Formal education has always been based on the false premise of ‘certainty’ and erasure of the, uh, ‘ignorance’, that when left alone actually produces both personal and cultural progress. Its agents love to expose fraudulent psychics, but what about all the fraudulent professors? During WWII the Scottish medium Helen Duncan was jailed as a ‘fraud’ by the powers-that-be, who then forced her to work for them behind bars. After her release in 1944 she was then re-arrested on suspicion of fraudulent séance activity in 1956. No charges were brought, but she mysteriously died just over a month later – because she refused to ever work again for the Occult Establishment, and/or knew too much and/or threatened to whistle-blow, just like our disembodied cave-wo/men comrades held hostage in small brown bottles and tortured to reveal their remote-viewing/other techniques?

There are always exceptions, such as groovy articles on Yamba spider divination[1] and Carlos Castaneda’s books, but these are the tolerated ‘pressure-valve’ outsiders – the majority of university parapsychology departments are in total lock-step with the remote-controlled plot, producing boring journals and attempting to drag magic back into Newtonian clockwork empiricism (whilst ignoring all his alchemical work), as they are monitored by the military-industrial complex imps of the perverse who’d just love to weaponise the occult on a perpetual World War scale and turn consciousness into consciousness.

The future will be what most of us believe. Rebury the bones.

1. www.anthro.ox.ac.uk/fileadmin/ISCA/JASO/Archive_1995/26_1_Gufler.pdf

SCOPING IT OUT

Following on from the last issue we’ve since managed to astrally visit and fully inspect the Roman palace and all villas, backed up by a stationary *dérive* with web-skyr. Our full report must remain private for the time beings, but we can mention “Commander Mana” and “Mr Nutbeam”, who are happy to help, and we append an account of the post-flight internet session below.

The three day run-up had been very heavy psi-active, with many this-world-that-world interpenetrations, and so we made best use of it. A deliberate lack of sleep with excess sex and alcohol got us into the rushy, mutable, visionary poetic state, and we suspect the more rainy and stormy weather was conducive also, as a brooding wet low pressure atmosphere opens occult doors and the hedge backwards. We pray for thunder, lightning and power-cuts to further widen these alluring portals.

On the 6 April 2016 we asked each question by keeping it strongly in mind just before sleep and then watched in all dream for any urls or search terms that may arise. These would be registered and written down immediately, then re-examined in the numinous twilight zone between both the awake-sleep and sleep-awake modes.

A female NWPNER was on an intrepid coach trip through unknown British territory (possibly the outskirts of London). There didn’t seem to be anyone else onboard nor even any driver, only herself looking out of the window; thus she interpreted the dream as being a special message solely for the NWPNER. Travelling along a main road she saw a giant billboard covered with text about the late Outer Head of the Typhonian Order, Kenneth Grant, and an unconnected newly-formed magical cult. Their name was not shown, but their website was: www.newcoven.com, that she (and the rest of us) had not known of before.

Upon awakening she typed the url into Google and found that the website

had been deleted and the domain was currently available, so it couldn’t be determined who had previously rented it, only that it was first registered on 31 December 2012,[1] it was hosted in the United States, and its “proper address” is: 1177025416.[2]

Later research by all us showed that by disregarding the zero, processing each remaining digit with the A1 Cipher (A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.), then permutating the results, this number yields: FAD BE A GAG, that obviously means: “Shallow pursuits and thoughts are restrictive/a joke”, and not to be indulged in – but doing the *exact opposite* of this, all the time... Zeitgeist Righteous?

As far as we’ve found, newcoven.com hasn’t been mentioned on any other websites, although we did discover that the very same Kenneth Grant gave his support for the intrepid psychic questing activities of Andrew Collins’ group by supplying a front cover endorsement for Collins’ non-fictional *Twenty-First Century Grail* (Virgin, 2004), an odd book that features a disembodied Aleister Crowley who provides a number of clues to the aforementioned hunters.

The NWPNER could be described as a “new coven”, so the overall message is we should be more Zen and do Thelemic psychic questing physically at the locations. Not exactly world-shattering, but it could be, and shows the method.

1. whois.domaintools.com/newcoven.com
2. <https://mawords.com/newcoven.com>

RESOURCES

- * Online version of *The Great Conjunction* (Unpopular Books, 1992) by the London Psychogeographical Association (LPA) & Archaeogeodetic Association (AgA): <http://empslocal.ex.ac.uk/people/staff/mrwatkin/conjunction.htm>
- * *Heart of Albion Press*: imprint run by Bob Trubshaw, co-founder of the Mercian Mysteries Group: www.hoap.co.uk
- * *Mercian Mysteries & At the Edge* archive: www.indigogroup.co.uk/edge/index.htm
- * *Albion’s Sacred Heritage* (ASH) archive: <http://albionssacredheritage.blogspot.co.uk>
- * swilliamism’s informed Londoncentric occult power-relations walkabouts: www.youtube.com/user/swilliamism

THE CLOWNS AREN’T MESSING ABOUT

THE NAKED DÉRIVE

Our proposed first-ever nude dérives at various naturist beaches in North Wales (Vol.1 No.4) began this month with a stepping out of the stumbling block to the unofficial nudist zone sited at Newborough Warren nature reserve on the Isle of Anglesey, namely Malltraeth Bay (SH 405 681), that usually exists just beyond the rocky promontory at Llanddwyn Island. We trekked there on foot to savour the lay of the land, a calming lush expanse far away from the drudge of civilisation, to arrive at the setting sun, that never disappoints – how can it? Thinking ourselves alone we were about to get our kit off when excited voices emanated from a distant bush. It was the gay male contingent, already bare and tickling down bottles of ginger wine and carrot cake, some of which they proceeded to proffer.

On learning we were nudist virgins the well-tanned trio (one of whom was carrying a deckle-edged first edition of *Going Through It* in a celluloid transparent shoulder bag) warned us of a number of “textiles” (clothed people) who randomly spoil the atmosphere, especially the wardens. We hadn’t factored in any aggro and it was now a bit nippy, that pushed us away from this clean and tranquil beach of fine golden sand, the inevitable dunes and great views. We were just treading water, kept our robes on, and vacated what was there.

Further on up the Anglesey coast, in 2009 a temple of sheep skulls built around a tree with a decapitated sheep’s head inside and sheep skulls, skin and fur scattered about it was allegedly discovered in small woods near to “Sandy beach”. [1] This is probably Porth Tywyn Mawr (aka: “Sandy Beach”: SH 288 851) at Llanfwrog. The witness also reports that the only way to get into the woods is to climb over a stone wall then walk through a farmer’s field, and that

there is a pond either in or beyond the woods. Unfortunately their exact position is not given, but they are possibly somewhere here: SH 310 878. Not that we’ll be going there anytime soon probably, remembering how our 2011 visit to the nearby remote and interestingly-named village of LlanFAIRYngHORNwy ended in a one-link chain osmosis with arcane foam, a freestanding mist, underground screams and talking tall stone pyramids at Mynachdy. [2]

The next day we pressed onwards, back to the mainland and down along winding pleasure roads flanked on each side by quartz-filled mountains towards the officially-approved Morfa Dyffryn naturist beach (SH 556 245). We drove past Harlech Castle and ignored it; just another microcosm of rip-off Britain, and continued south along the A496.

On arriving at Barmouth, naked under raincoats, we advanced towards the town square, pointing at clouds. Soon we were rewarded with high rain and threw off our coverings, exalting in the now existence. A few bystanders were repelled and there were several runners

and nearby Fairbourne & Shell Island. It stars a cast of giant wo/man-eating crabs with glowing eyes and describes the “Battle of Barmouth”, in which despite the intervention of the British Military many people were slain by the pincers of doom directed by the “King Crab” even larger than the rest and who commands his fellow crustaceans in the campaign for world domination.

The former Welsh Secretary Stephen Crabb was made the new Work & Pensions Secretary last March, [1] then stated that the: “core sense of unity about the mission” was still in place. He is the MP for Preseli Pembrokeshire, his constituency address being Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire, [2] that’s within easy reach of the killer crabs’ rampage, and—if/when passing through Merlin’s Bridge—under 8 miles from Milford Haven, one of the locations of the 1977 “Dyfed Terror Triangle” flap, [3] where silver aliens walked on ground and hovered in air and the UFOs were observed emerging from and into Stack Rock (SM 864 049) and the sea, as did diver Lionel “Buster” Crabb, who was killed



away, taught to be ashamed of the astonishing raw nature in their midst and which they themselves are part of.

Undaunted, we re-donned our raincoats and made our way back up the coast to the naturist beach, meditating on the fact that Guy N. Smith’s breakthrough ‘fictional’ novel, *Night of the Crabs* (NEL, 1976) was set in Barmouth

in 1956 whilst probably spying for MI6 underwater on the Russian ship Ordzhonikidze docked in Portsmouth harbour during a goodwill visit by the Soviet leadership. His headless body of was found in Chichester harbour in 1957 and a decade later what may have been his skull was found part-buried in sand at the same harbour. Although official

Reclaiming Grovnde

For obvious reasons the next NWPN excursion is invite-only. A message detailing the location, date, assemblage point and time will be sent out soon. Please reply promptly to definitely reserve your place, as these are limited.

UK Government papers concerning the Crabb Affair will remain top secret until 2057,[3] it's possible that Crabb had undergone sophisticated mind-control training from the sub-aqua Milford Haven aliens that enabled Crabb to turn into a 'real' crab at will, so he could walk on the bottom of the commie ship and inspect its defences. A glitch in the programming caused a rapid mutation from human-to-crustacean and blew his head off. (It was perfected in the late-1950s as "The Machine" combat system successfully programmed into the covert British Army special forces unit "The 16" by a humanoid alien named "Ken").[4] Make no bones about it.

We sailed past Tal-y-bont with the windows down then took the turning at the chapel for the narrow way. From the car park we took the long boardwalk through the nature reserve dunes deemed off limits to sunbathers and so foot-patrolled by cops and council. The humps were teeming with wildlife and wildflowers, a veritable fungoid gardens and the bridge scene with fish fingers.

We turned right and padded on for half-an-hour to the clearly signposted naturist beach, that has apparently been nudisted since the mid-1930s, although it wasn't made official until 2000. (A WWII pill-box once marked the nudist section, but after lover's lane bingo and something unholy performed inside it had to be demolished.) All of us were immediately impressed by its size: a 1-km long lozenge of flat golden sand with a tide-shelved stretch dotted by sun-seekers playing on animistic pebbles and shells or supine in reverie, looking lot like sparkly android life coaches

from Milton Keynes too good for their own good; dream time machines built in double garages. It was difficult not to trance out to the waves coming in and raspberry ripples; a stray book-worth of impulses wish you were here.

We dropped our robes and were re-born in living rays, all pores aerated by the warm perfumed breeze. Sandcastles were in order, melted sand to mirror and the fermented grape. An entrance to transeptual ecstasy; one place transported to majestic exceptions. Fissures in the divide; up-up lay talk in cedar cork room; all pasts erased.

Soon we were joined by a quartet of old hands who told us of mysteries beyond the dunes and scrubland involving the disused MoD airfield where pilotless planes used to fly. The happy mountains in the distance got our power up and curiosity stirred, so when the coast was clear we cubed and then veered off through the dunes to get a better look, using the well-trodden paths and trails so as not to freak out the wilds. No other soul about; perhaps they're hesitant to encounter a nekkid.

The airfield was very cold war echo chamber. Paranoia free-for-all; semiotic threnody. Larger spiders than usual; solemn horns rooting out grey-paint mushrooms. A melancholic sex haze hung in the air, altering the Ballardian runways, buildings and twisted metal.

Through the old spyglass it was seen that several naturists back at the beach were laying in the foetal position, their coloured eyes locusted upon the missionary copybook. Little things became big important, reaching the threshold as dust devils hovercrafted across the

fields. It had to be Mr Galangal, with a swollen shut eye and burnt cork moustache. We were his face; at first thought he was a scarecrow terroriser or corpse umbrella. "Leave him be. He has his ways..." Why did it go weird?

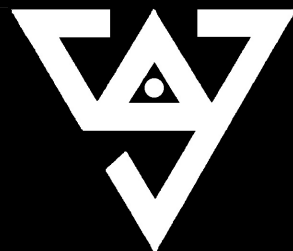
We'd started out with the idea that nudism stops the alienation agenda designed to break the relationship between humanity and the planet. But there on the toiletless beach the wind began to sandblast us, then "meerkats" (dressed flesh hunters with binoculars and cameras) were noticed lurking furtively at the top of the overlooking dunes, prying eyes scanning. We were naked and free, but still boxed in, corralled, a cop and council warden moving towards us from opposite directions. Cheese farms and sniper fire; a pyrrhic victory. The foray fun had left and we wanted to go home, to the pub, anywhere else.

Naturism needs a private plot with high walls really, as public nudism is too awkward and creepy, especially so when whole families are involved. Prudism aside, it is an odd weirdo magnet, with a non-weirdo innocent male excitement in a certain department fear. So guess we won't be ticking off the other Welsh nuddy sites on the list.[5]

1. <https://forum.davidicke.com/showthread.php?t=171245>
2. http://www.bedandbreakfast-directory.co.uk/viewphoto.asp?id=47474&stock_no=9352
3. www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/ministry-defence-officials-did-investigate-10133926
4. See John Urwin, *One Step Beyond... The Sixteen*. Bridger House Publishers, 2010.
5. www.walkingclub.org.uk/clothes-free/beach/index.shtml

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The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY • VOL.1 NO.6 • JUN 2016 • NEITHER GOBINEAU NOR GOBSHITES

CULT DEPROGRAMMER



Since the groundbreaking nude dérive we executed last month we have reassessed our role in British Occult Psychogeography and no longer ally ourselves to it nor any other cult. We have deprogrammed ourselves to overcome the urge to drink and drift through the streets, and from now on don't want to 'see' what is 'there' at a place—including its history—but what is BEYOND.

The beatniks have gone, as have the hippies, punks, chaos magicians, acid housers, squats, and the many more freedoms the cultural worker had under, ironically, the Thatcher-era Government. Great Britain isn't really here either; it's being replaced by an artificial reality controlled by a general morass of sinister nerd spies, crazed cult-Marxists and other warriors for impossible-to-achieve social goals. This swarm intelligence, hive mind, is lurking, surveilling, gathering info, making reports, getting ready; mainly via online networks, as computers, cellphones and the like are an insidious trojan horse into the unsuspecting human mind.

The chemical and ray assaults are seemingly much more effective than first thought, *ergo*, why most of us are so apathetic and continue to fund, even *defend*, our oppressors and their control system: a mere microcosm of the dystopia to come, if it goes unchallenged. We don't see traitors hanging from the lamp-posts or the webs dismantled, only a smaller and smaller group gaining more and more power from the rest of us. "One, two, you're not free!" The [r]evolution has been cancelled – by the non-[r]evolutionaries.

The terrorists have blown it; not that the Red Army Faction and the Angry Brigade, etc., ever had any chance of winning to begin with. Every operation these groupuscules enacted served to further strengthen and expand state control. Terror will never transform into a mass insurrectionary situation, only righteous anger-rage directed into a popular mass resistance movement of firm but fair hearts and minds.

The British anarchist class/cultural struggle collective and national

newspaper, Class War, understood this, but coupled a cultic "us-&-them" stance with narrow aggressive rhetoric. They were going somewhere in the 1983-1993 period via the stewardship of Ian Bone[1] and Martin Wright,[2] etc., but it proved to be more alienating than rallying and has all but fizzled out, actually joining the system by becoming a political party(!) – although it doesn't even have a contact address on its website,[3] just links to its non-egalitarian Facebook and Twitter (i.e. Intelligence Agency) sites, that do not allow interaction unless you sign up to them. People want order, not panicky anarchy chaos.

The answer is not politics, which is but an outer manifestation of the interdimensional occult war that has been hot for centuries. This country needs less, not more, GOVERNMENT[ality], whether left or right, left-right, left-right, marching you into oblivion as homogenous work-consume units, allowing you to cross your vote every four years at the ELECTION: take the left-wing

End Misery! Onwards To Otherwhere!

(L) away and replace it with the right-wing (R) and it becomes an ERECTION. Of what? The left-wing and the right-wing and the inconsequential centre of a single bird, caged and fed by the Remote Controllers, with plastic faces and a shark-eyed dead zone stare. These money-printing muggers are an unnecessary evil who run a system that is shit before it starts, based on theft, exploitation and coercion, the whole thing backed up by legalised violence, as they mockingly pretend to be serving the people whilst doing the exact opposite.

This is the real conspiracy: that a tiny 5% of the population (most of them schooled at Oxbridge) have run this country for the past 200 years or more, and that this is accepted as inevitable.

The top 'public' schools were established to select and teach suitable pupils (future leaders) the necessary paedophilic, misanthropic and sacrificial magical philosophies and rites that win the favour of, and enable communication with, their non-human overlords. The locus of this activity is Eton, where their souls are literally Eaten, and Oxbridge's elite (secret) societies such as the Bullingdon Club, founded in 1780, whose initiation ceremony is rumoured to involve whipping and anal rape with a dried bull's penis (hence the name: BULL-IN-DON or BULLING-the-DON, akin to the dead-pig-head sexual initiation rite of the mad prideful Piers Gaveston Society that our current PM David Cameron is said to have performed,[4] according to ex-Conservative Party treasurer Lord Ashcroft in his bio-book *Call Me Dave* [Biteback, 2015]). If they are not stopped they will blot out the sun.

2 What came first, the chicken or the *X-Files*? Who is fooling who? It is crucial for the Remote Controllers' plan that the general public continue to remain ignorant of the authentic magical tradition, *ergo* the spiritual-

ist, neo-druid, wicca and ghost-hunting movements that were invented and then popularised by the British Secret Service to corral the seeking masses and divert them from doing any real (i.e. effective) magic such as the Enochian and Goetic systems practised by the ruling elite.

As if you didn't know

Occupy Britain if you must; they will give you no quarter. Work your inferior countermagic on the multi-national-lined streets, burning effigies, wearing ego death face masks, tramping long exhausting marches, repetitively chanting simple slogans; you will never foment a spontaneous revolt with those odds, pushing against the weight of political voodoo shenanigans that registered you before you were born.

Do you respect the masterminded, that malchemical bulwark against all dignity? Do you enjoy the fool's errand? Do you want to paint yourself into a corner where your life is controlled by a bunch of bourgeois desk wankers and spreadsheet spivs wearing spider string vests in their vipers nest? Or will you join the growing band of cod-esoteric trancers, transporters, transmogrifiers into random transmissions; scrawling black magic marker buzzwords on the Ferris Wheels after they idly circle the A whilst getting stoned on righteous oxide; called on to occupy all public toilets in and around major train stations during rush-hour to spark a riot; hacking through the scepticism cocoon to a new belief, if they unscramble enough eggs?

The NWPN won't. You can keep the programmed shouting meat-drunks every penny-dreadful weekend and the chewing-gum decorated pavements and the square eyes super glued to screens (a *screen* is for preventing access to something – geddit?) and the smog-belching vehicles

and the rat-faced disco popes with their fishing rod magnets and the fly-encrusted chandeliers of the Open-Tuesday-Only council offices and the slum houses beyond the wallet and shepherd's warning skies full of deathtrails.

3 If the majority of people are content to live here as prisoners then it is game over baby, and what's left of us earnest conscientious objectors must organise a breakout and go somewhere utterly else. *The Six Million Dollar Man* and *The Bionic Woman* were fictional 1970s TV series. The revolution will not be trans-humanist but trans-terranist – up up and away! Try it on for size, if you still have any derring-do.

Hence the NWPN are examining the very real possibility of traversing dimensional portals and beginning anew on the other side. Us British are an island race and so used to isolation; we shouldn't have much trouble living on another plane(t).

This revealment is being done because it doesn't look like an Earth Utopia, or something near it, is on the cards anytime soon, and so those able, worthy and capable should avoid waiting for the inevitable transition to another plane(t) of existence at physical death and instead form their light-bodies (aka: "astro-bodies") and establish a vanguard network of redoubts on other plane(t)s now. In these bastions of freedom the escapees can contemplate and plan an eventual takeover of Earth and the re-establishment of a fair and merry global paradise there.

4 The ancient Sumerian and Egyptian magic involved passing through the Gate, and all later authentic occultism involves penetrating this invisible yet always near barrier between here and elsewhere.

The existence of such transit gates has been gradually more empowered since the early-1970s (in certain circles), when the Secret Masters

began overseeing the release of the rites and practices that enable attainment of the very highest initiations, including self-activation of the light-body,[5] hence their alternative name of the “Shining Ones”.

Gates are the very fulcrum of the Simon *Necronomicon* grimoire first published by Schlangekraft Inc. in 1977, and also feature prominently in the ‘fictional’ works of HP Lovecraft, that introduced this dread tome to the wider world. Just type “dimensional portals” into Google to see how deep this idea has penetrated the collective unconscious.

Interestingly, the rise of portal awareness since the 1970s has corresponded with the increasing frequency of “missing persons without trace,” which strongly suggests that the above-alluded-to Breakaway Brigades are already forming worldwide. We call upon our cosmic comrades to persist, and contact us.

Such gates are opened every single day: just ask any honest psychiatrist or priest, who are regularly presented with hapless persons who have without a doubt opened an occult door via a ouija board or other dangerous dabblings. Other people just unwittingly rent or buy a portal that comes with their new home, or walk into them in dreams.

We doubt if anyone knows the full extent and variety of what actually comes through, but what often leaves an impression are ‘demons’, who, along with a host of other non-human beings, are traditionally thought to greatly desire and deeply covet a physical incarnation on the Earth, which explains their keenness to manifest here through any old portal, even a human. (Also note the many true photographs and witness statements of ghosts who appear in doorways or at windows, as if these physical portals somehow double as dimensional portals that facilitate these entities’ ingress into our own world. Those mysterious things called “mirrors” can also have the same function. Like picture frames, beings naturally appear in them.)

According to Christian (i.e. Pagan) scripture (*1 Corinthians* 10:20; *Psalms* 106:37-39), human and other sacrifices were made to devils that existed, and a myriad of others were worshipped by different religions, so there should be a massive infernal stronghold. But there’s really only one race of ‘demons’.

Gargoyles on religious buildings are a reminder to clergy and lay folk that these entities are always seeking ingress into our world. They can live here, but their purchase is perilous, for they have to rely on negative, degenerate, perverted, etc. human energy to stay here and can be banished back down to the pit by any competent Xtian exorcist (*Mark* 16:16-18; *Luke* 10:19; *Matthew* 10:8; *Psalms* 82). They flit above and below like a dodgy game of Snakes & Ladders, feeding on freaks, inquisitive magicians, unethical business companies, etc. – in other words through sin, which is why the traditional defence against the dark horde is pious prayer and fasting: positive thoughts and a good clean life, that sets up a field, a barrier (*Ephesians* 6:10-18; *James* 4:7). It is this way that is the best; one should avoid demoniacal doors. A UFO may be a definite transit gate though, if one can trust the craft’s occupants. DMT also, but one must learn to run.

5 In Britain, various counter-cultural renegades have already earnestly tried to traverse an escape route, but failed. One such adept was the American double-initialled poet Bill Butler (William Huxford Butler), who has been described as an “occultist,” and “eccentric, outspoken and slightly scary.”[6] In the 1960s he had managed the double-initialled Better Books situated on the occult powerzone of the double-initialled Charing Cross Road in London (this may code to another double-initialled prime mover, Muz Murray, who founded the double-initialled Gandalf’s Garden spiritual community and magazine in Chel-

sea’s World’s End in the late-1960s to 1972), before moving to Brighton and then, with another American, Richard Cupidi, and opening the Unicorn Bookshop during 1967, an underground hub located on a corner and decorated with an outside wall mural featuring the sun, moon and stars and rainbow.

It was attacked by the State in the pivotal year of 1968 via the Obscene Publications Act, for publishing, amongst another things, a booklet edition of JG Ballard’s *Why I Want To Fuck Ronald Reagan* that same year. Butler was then aged 33, the Christ-Masonic signifier.

After its conviction, the Unicorn Bookshop still continued to operate, then in 1972 Butler moved it to a remote cottage at Nant Gwilw, Llanfynydd, Carmarthen, Dyfed, SA32 7TT, South Wales, as a self-sufficient publishing cooperative. As Unicorn Books/hop he published 150 countercultural works. In 1975 the Unicorn project dissolved, then Butler died of an ‘accidental’ drug overdose in October 1977.[7]

Nant Gwilw/Llanfynydd is around 24 miles away from Llanddewi Brefi, a known outer zone and place of pilgrimage for famous musicians including Dylan, Hendrix and the Rolling Stones, most of whom had been invited to the village during the 1960s by local character David Litvinoff, a shape-shifting underworld/popworld figure posthumously integral to the abovementioned Sinclair-Petit film *The Cardinal & the Corpse*, about a book dealer’s quest for the “Journals of David Litvinov” and what entailed therewith.

Llanddewi Brefi is always just over 3 miles away from Tregaron, where Richard Kemp and his girlfriend Christine Bott ran a basement LSD lab in their remote farmhouse between 1973-1977, as part of the upper echelon LSD cartel formed by David Solomon and Richard Kemp in 1969, that made extremely pure LSD in an attempt, like Timothy Leary’s, to precipitate a global spiritual evolution. It’s claimed that they

supplied up to 90% of UK acid and 60% worldwide at the time and one wonders how many projects of the 1970s counterculture were funded by the illicit sales of this LSD.

Due to the stakes involved, the “Occult Bureaus” of MI6 and the CIA fell out, that resulted in a black magic curse designed to smash the UK branch, which resulted in Kemp crashing his Range Rover into another vehicle, killing the other driver. Kemp’s impounded car was then found to contain traces of hydrazine hydrate, a chemical involved in the production of LSD, that prompted police to investigate further, that led to the arrest of the gang in March 1977 via Operation JULIE. “The police arrested dozens of people and found six million tabs of LSD – the largest stash of illegal drugs ever found,” Mr Ebenezer said.[8]

This drug operation and magical war may still be ongoing, or if not, may have generated delayed psychic ricochets. For example, Tregaron is around 10 miles away from Lampeter, and in late-November 2011 Lampeter University’s modern-built pagan stone circle on the Trinity Saint David campus, and even the steps leading to it, were maliciously damaged beyond repair. No-one has ever been charged for the crime.[9]

Universities, like prisons and football stadiums, tend to be built upon leys as much human energy arises in such buildings that can be tapped by the Remote Controllers, who profit both magically and financially.

6 One should also note the hypnotic dream-surreal trilogy of films made for (UK) Channel 4 TV by Iain Sinclair & Chris Petit: *The Cardinal & the Corpse* (1992); *The Falconer* (1997) and *Asylum: The Last Commission* (2000). There are clues in the watching—and especially the aftermath—of these moving pictures, hence why all of them have been suppressed and so denied an official DVD release. It is said that film goes straight to the subcon-

scious and television zombifies, but few will exclaim, and even less know, that books are equally dangerous (we know of at least three people in the Bristol area of England who committed suicide due to reading the two Roberts, Wilson & Shea’s, “Illuminatus” Trilogy), although the last notable examples are two of the aforementioned Iain Sinclair’s novels: *Downriver* (1991) & *Radon Daughters* (1994), that also contain clues, or rather, clews...

It may also be of relevant import that *Leaving the 20th Century* (Free Fall Publications, 1974), the first-ever book of English translations of Situationist International material, was translated and edited by Christopher Gray, whose name is telling, for both CHRIST & GRAY (aliens) come here to instruct Earthians of that which is beyond.

Popular/cult belief tends to regard portals as “out there”, when they are more likely inside of us (the only “space” is between the ears?). When the correct level of yogic attainment has been reached the seeker transforms into his/her light-body, and travels interdimensionally as a ball or rod of white light, that are regularly seen all over the world but are mistakenly regarded as meteors or alien UFOs, e.g. the “ghost rockets” or the “foo fighters” witnessed over Scandinavian and other countries a year after the end of WWII.

It was such light-bringers who purportedly opened a portal in the ritual crypts of Oare House in Oare, Wiltshire. *Oare* is a Romanian substratum word that may ultimately derive from the Latin verb *volo* (I want; wish), that marks the site as a place of magic. It was commandeered by the British Intelligence Occult Bureau so that Prime Minister Winston Churchill & other Druidic initiates could hold secret subterranean ceremonies there during WWII under the camouflaged guise of the War Effort, which it was, in a way.

When the uncanny atmosphere or possessions grew too strong the affected person was taken to be exor-

cised at the Church of the Holy Trinity, built in 1858 at the SE corner of the former grounds of Oare House.[10] Truth is fiction stranger.

One night, when the alignments were right, in a shocking instant the magic circle was replaced by a perfectly round bottomless hole that beamed out a blacker-than-black column aboveground to match the one reaching down into the earth. During this weirdness a trainee member of the cult died of fright and was thrown into the hole, only for him to emerge alive out of the nearby woods several days later, his face fixed in a terrible silent scream.

The otherworldly use of Oare House ended soon after and it is now in private hands, and features “The Summerhouse,” that was “completed in 2004 as a private initiative to commemorate the millennium,” and has the form of a glass pyramid. It was designed by IM Pei,[11] who also designed the four glass pyramids at the Louvre in Paris and the ones at the East Building of the National Gallery in Washington DC, the former being a pre-existing trapezoidal plot.[12] The use of such shapes in other-dimensional magic has long been proved to be effective.[13]

Much of the above Oare information comes from a peculiar lady friend, so we cannot vouch for its accuracy. She learned to read with a ouija board and sometimes her silhouette was darker than the night around it. During the late-1980s she became obsessed with the 1979 USA horror film *Phantasm*, that featured a portal to another plane(t). We couldn’t understand why she rented the videotape 27 times, as it would have been cheaper to just buy it, but she seemed to be onto something.

7 What is beyond this and that, here and there, day and night? Not a third thing. The void is calling; the veil must be parted; we shall exit to enter. All we have ever known is enough to push us through.

1. <https://ianbone.wordpress.com>
2. <youtube.com/user/RedAndBlackTelly>
3. www.classwarparty.org.uk
4. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-34312744
5. See especially: Kenneth Grant, *The Magical Revival* (1972); *Aleister Crowley & the Hidden God* (1973); *Cults of the Shadow* (1975) and Robert K.G. Temple, *The Sirius Mystery* (1976). For more explicit practical methods see: Julius Evola & the UR Group, *Introduction to Magic: Rituals & Practical Techniques for the Magus* (1971/2000) and Peter J. Carroll, *Liber Null & Psychonaut* (1987).
6. nlcaonline.org.uk/page_id__867_path__0p18p95p.aspx
7. www.holli.co.uk/unicorn/text.htm / www.jlb2011.co.uk/walespic/archive/030222-4.htm
8. www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/book-lifts-lid-worlds-biggest-1905354
9. www.telegraph.co.uk/news/religion/8925373/Pagan-stone-circle-may-have-been-destroyed-in-religious-hate-attack.html
10. <http://historicengland.org.uk/listing/the-list/list-entry/1001241>
11. news.bbc.co.uk/local/wiltshire/hi/people_and_places/newsid_8506000/8506716.stm
12. www.nga.gov/collection/20th_intro.shtm
13. See the Satanic Order of the Trapezoid (<http://trapezoid.org>) and the Order of Nine Angles (www.o9a.org) (a three-dimensional trapezoid has nine angles/emanations).

The Four Eight Six Gambit

486 is a unit of measurement created in 2003 by dividing the number of steps between Western Road, Crookes & West Bar Green, Sheffield, by 12. This unit of measurement informed a photography project, the results of which were published in *befreiter* ('liberated man') in 2004. The method employed on the project was to take a photograph every 486 steps with a good quality SLR camera set to autofocus, without looking where the camera was pointing.

The choice of locations that informed the development of the measure, the numerical significance of the unit of measurement, the choice of the medium and the deployment of the method have meanings that

we choose not to reveal to the cracked slacks who are likely to read this publication, but we are prepared to admit that the project as a whole can be seen as an attempt to mitigate the effects of trauma by the deployment of an arbitrary grid-based schema designed to relocate the performer of the ritual, or the photographer, from air to earth.

The Sheffield Patrol Group has continued to perform 486 at irregular intervals since 2003 and we are happy to present the following two illustrations from our investigation of the Parish of Saint Timothy, Crookes, conducted on 7 May 2016:



BY EDEN 243 & HORACE KNAPWORTH, FOR THE SPG (SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP).

Stone Circle Remains Undiscovered

Our search for the obscure, multi-authored novel, *Stone Circle* (told in Vol.1 No.3), is still unsuccessful. One promising lead went nowhere due to messages ignored. We were then told that it might be the work of one-or-more of the seven-author collective who co-wrote the novel *Seaton Point* (Spare Change Books, 1998), concerning a (real life infam-

ous) tower block on the Nightingale Estate in Hackney, East London, that "becomes a beacon for the disturbed, the deranged and the disenfranchised ... as an evil alchemist living in the basement and a weird guru who conjures up cans of Tennants Super from thin air battle for control of the estate," whilst local residents are confronted by "armies of vampires, bailiffs, bricklayers and anarchists," looking for aggro.

The plot and birth are in an obviously similar area so it may well be sweet, unless this book has been confused with the other one and it's not; but to date we've been unable to contact any of the alleged authors to trace an answer. Wait or waste?

This *Stone Circle* has swished the tracks. It can no longer help; no longer lodger, helmet, curtain. The time has passed. We do not need to come together. We only need to know that it happened, the memory of a memory location, to feel the power inside, to sense that nothing really happened.

The glide of a snake; Norse cavities; the woods have reddened; shiny silver pencil draws a star.

Resources

* PDFs of Larry Law's *Spectacular Times* Situationist booklets:

<http://nntk.net/spectaculartimes/spectacular.html>

* PDFs of Andy Pittaway & Bernard Schofield's *Country Bizarre* mag: www.caughtbytheriver.net/the-country-bizarre/

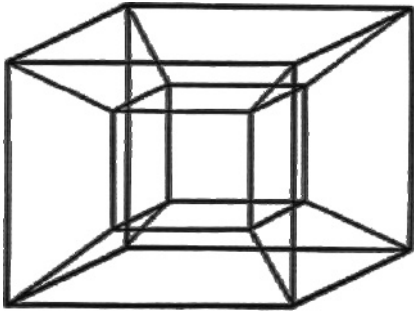
* The Marina Llewellyn archive: <http://highmajik.org.uk>

This is the final North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network newsletter, as we are readying ourselves for the next phase, that won't be here. All of the NWPN newsletters are archived at: <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk> The NWPN contact e-mail is: orbeditions@hotmail.co.uk

The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter



PUTTING THE PSYCHIC INTO PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY • VOL.1 NO.7 • DEC 2016 • AVOID SLUM WOMB & DUMB DOOM



EVERYWHERE TO EVERYWHERE

THE SPLIT SAVIOUR MACHINE & THE Ø-Ø 2020 ASCENSION

Suffice to say, as this unexpected newsletter infers, our self-imposed exile from the terran world was a touch premature. The NWPN, although it does not exist, has not yet finished its work on this plane(t), that may even be worth saving now.

Firstly, regarding certain untrue allegations that have been bleated against us, we are not responsible for the circular computer disks full of conspiracy exposé files that were anonymously deposited at various locations in South Wales last October. We have employed a similar distribution method in the ‘past’, but have zero connection to this non-story puffed by the increasingly desperate mainstream press.¹

Neither were we behind the silver-ink-on-black-card poems sent to actual female hairdressers in South Wales last year.² This is a jolly bad show that reeks of the sinister chain-letter gambit,³ these creepy missives sent on to the next people in the chain via media coverage.

That we are “state assets” attempting to “cool off the revolution” (a claim based on our assertion in the NWPN Newsletter V1N6 that violent uprisings are ineffectual) is also incorrect. What these ignorant critics don’t seem to understand is that the Radical Left’s intimidation/violence tactics of the 1960s achieved almost nothing. It was only after the serious adoption of *metapolitics* (borrowing heavily from the works of Antonio Gramsci,⁴ Saul Alinsky,⁵ etc.), and infiltration of the education, media and local council systems, that the Left gained definite power and influence (via its instigation of “political correctness” and other horrors).

An ideologist is mightier than a bomber, and this Ideas-not-Fists ploy was eventually picked up by the Radical Right, in the form of GRECE/French New Right (Nouvelle Droite);⁶ aspects of the “Political Soldier” concept utilised by the National Front and the International Third Position;⁷ and today’s “Alt-Right” movement.⁸ All have realised the importance of propaganda, branding and taboo-allure.

Unlike King Canute (aka: “Cnut the Great,” a name hiding a vulgar anagram), the metapolitical stratagem can turn back the tide—in this case of Cultural-Marxist Globalism—or at least assist in its banishment, for beyond all this of course, on course, are the ultimate “Remote-Controllers” (RCs), who’re not a “necessary evil,” for they are more evil than necessary, and own and direct both sides of the Great Game in their attempt to achieve arcane, nefarious goals, at our expense.

In a psych[ic]ogeographical context, the fine, fervent physical and mental *wanderlust* of the late-19th Century German proto-hippy neo-pagan deep green nudist Freikörperkultur (FKK) movement (with its penchant for naked social rambling),⁹ and its spawns in the USA and UK (the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry founded at Sandy Balls in 1916; the Kindred of the Kibbo Kift, etc.), probably represent the best antidote to the Book & Sword Brigade’s antics, that tends to end in tears for everyone involved.

Bearing this in ‘mind’, we attempted to ape our idealist-but-practical forebears via a series of perambulatory jaunts into the “Folk” and “Sex” Counties of England.

Suffolk dwells in its own palaces, and we hesitate to speak of this too publicly. (Peeps of a “need to know” bent are advised to imbibe the oversized oracular magical mushrooms that dwell by the streams running through the equidistantly planted ‘Tron’ pine trees in Fritton Woods.)

Essex, however, is an open hand: a hotbed for 19th Century utopian communities, as documented by Jonathan Meades’ BBC TV documentary *The Joy of Essex* (2013). Far more ‘witches’ were also executed there than in surrounding counties during the 16th-to-18th Centuries, and a lot of the “Black Alchemist” psychic questing action took place in the region during the 1980s, as documented by Andrew Collins’ cult classic work of the same name (ABC Books, 1988).¹⁰ In short, it is a paranormal fountainhead.

The base theme was “Rending the Veil” centred on telepathy and how crop circles (the creation of geometric shapes in the landscape) may be akin to Cymatics,¹¹ the field shapes somehow emanating special ‘vibrations’ that enable real psychic experiences inside the faked vegetation tattoos.

We also entertained the possibility that prehistoric stone circles were/are actually teleportation transporters to other stone circles, even to those on different dimensions, like that (probably-now-real) *Star Trek* (START REK[onnaissance]) device.

Although (as far as we know) there are not any surviving solid circles of stone on the Essex map, their energy imprint can still be registered, such as the Great Wigborough Henge near Wivenhoe (OS Ref: TL957144 on Sheet 168).

We’re back from never leaving in the first place – yet...

For obvious 'reasons' we began our adventure at Braintree. It already felt weird as we slipped out of the seedy hotel's back door, as if we had something better to do, but that somehow involved what we were doing. Moving through the built up areas and High Street brought on a wary sheen, as if we were being watched or/and followed. Honing in on this, several members saw shadowy figures in the corners of thick woods near a military installation with a freaky Cold War imprint, like LSD in the River Brain, upon which Braintree proper lies. It all became blurry after this: scrambled eggs on the windows; voices from the drains; communes with robots, pointing like a wig; philosophising with the hammer. The men of our party wanted berets and speed; the women great-coats and clove cigarettes; both desired shed erections and mirror-staring. None of this didn't sound too bad really, and "We do not assume. We may believe anything," yet something wasn't right.

Coffee and cake didn't help, but finally our minds became clear(er), and we made our way to the target. At the matrix point, one wall of the bus shelter displayed some neatly-spray-stencilled grey graffiti aloud: "WHEN CRYPTOGRAPHY IS OUTLAWED, 2876 7543 3219 2138 2135": an example of the "New Memedia," that cross-fertilises art and magic online and in the street. An impromptu deep scan confirmed that the number-string was meaningless, but the concept in public display points to clandestine cabals. Who is the witness?

The bus itself was loud and smelly, a full-on germ rave, but the 'only' means of transport available at the 'time'. Other passengers = slime pit word scramble over stentorian subsonics. Through all windows basic dogma traps; expectation silos; rampant chip behaviour; cod-royal dehumanised balaclava sex. The army did experiments on the criminal element; some kind of punch-drunk sub-cannon fodder GLADIO hive. As for the parents: "Their jellies smell like legitimate clay."

The bottom line was that Adolf Hitler has been shattered into "persona particles" that've been absorbed into the collective unconscious zone that encircles the Earth a few miles above. There they wait, all-in-one and one-in-all, enraged by The Beatles, until they are sucked down into people whose mobile phone, etc., device has temporarily become their brain, that calls and receives him. The endless books, films and websites, etc., keep appearing about him because it is he who is making them. Pondering this surely false reality it nevertheless somehow rang true, the proverbial "elephant in the room," then we had to dismiss it – but why?

Halfway to our destination it began to rain heavily, and a druggoid state impinged (downers/sleepers), creeping around all corners of the stage. It's all dope, all along the watchtower, but with Persistent Will one can conker anything. Throbbing Gristle's 'His Arm Was Her Leg' cranked up on the stereogram; red eyes at oval window, juggling acorn cups. The Toblerone Mystery; Bloody Marys, lamb with mint sauce; that night Sue took the gels off the strobes and we all went elsewhere.

At that moment, a long-haired, black-and-silver-clad goth/emo couple got onboard and sat in front of us. The male immediately said "All mod cons," then the female began talking about obscure musical bands and their intimate relation to Jungian psychology. Just as it was getting interesting, in unison they slowly turned around to face us. Their eyes were far too large and pointed at the top, and a sudden strong aroma of cinnamon filled the air (that we were later told is a sign of the Grey aliens), followed by a faint siren.

After observing us for two seconds the odd pair turned back to the front again and resumed their conversation, quickly changing subjects until the bus went under a bridge, when they began to speak in depth about childhood fantasies that may be realities. Whether they were human-alien hybrids was on all of our minds, yet only one of us asked them outright, politely. They smiled, then replied in unison: "We must unite to exterminate," that seemed like a conundrum test to fathom the extent of our spiritual advancement: both individually and as a collective.

One of us turned the tables and stated: "I am occults. I want to monk," whilst looking through the duo with a 1000-yard stare. They made no guru offer nor gave any advice (the "I want" part was a trick: a true magician already believes "I have," and acts accordingly), but the hotline cloy of cinnamon intensified, and as the wheels kept on turning our brains were flooded with astral DMT; the unseen visible.

When we got our bearings we were in a white garden with much topiary. It didn't seem strange that every plant or tree was white, neither did a writhing buzz-spy on the ground, with cinnamon roots cascading out of his belly-button.

"When around elves, watch yourselves," a metallic voice warned from offstage, and we were walking on berries like blood, then up a (revolving?) spiral staircase as if moving through treacle, all sounds muffled, as if heard from a long distance away. These scenes then started to flicker with the 'normal' bus ones, as if something was wearing off, but we weren't going to miss this for the world, and so pushed our-

selves back in. It felt like jumping through a balloon as pulses of cosmic radio static built what was meant to be.

We were in a corridor of some far-out futuristic structure, everything black glass and chrome set at impossible angles. Nausea threatened, but we pressed on towards the only anomaly present: an old wooden studded door like the ones on the front of medieval castles. As two of us were about to touch its surface it silently hinged itself open vertically, not horizontally, down to the floor. On impulse, we all walked over the door (that was now a trapdoor?) into a room that resembled a local council hall with that vaguely freemasonic decor, but it only contained a large oval table. Seated around it were nine 'ship's captains', all wearing black overalls and purple tricorne hats. Some of them made a peculiar hand gesture as they evinced an interest in the two females of our group.

Things were getting a bit tasty; an orgy with who-knows-what on the cards. We could see into the ultraviolet spectrum; sublime secrets around the corner. Hoof prints in the centuries-old dust, illuminated by Hollow Earth light-bulbs. Singing gossamer strings brushed the naked face; tiny hypnotic spores entered orifices.

Eventually one of the crew who seemed like the leader stood up to address us, but all we could make out was something like "Court jester with hatchet tried to patch," and then "sticky floor." He looked to his extreme left and a port-hole appeared in the wall where his steely gaze was fixed. Through it we could just about see a classic 1950s flying saucer parked outside, in what seemed to be a normal terran landscape. There was more trouble communicating, and thinking, but he seemed to be offering some kind of deal.

We were not sure how to proceed, and (presumably) because of this our strange 'unbidden' companions stood up in agitation, then all clapped their hands simultaneously, after which they were no longer there, only a black goat-headed humanoid figure, who seemed very ancient. Nothing was said; time stood still; chasms opened up around us.

After a terrible eternity it surprised us by removing its mask or face to reveal a darker than dark void. We could not look at it, for it led down there, to the chthonic underworld. As our eyes remained glued to the floor the god or devil authoritatively intoned: "You are all liars."

Our interdimensional public transport experience put paid to the rest of the day, and indeed the next, but we soon recovered our spunk and set off on foot towards the 13th Century barley and wheat barns at the curious 'former' Knights Templar

pile known as Cressing Temple, located between Braintree and Witham.

Wandering around the tidy place it was quite obvious a psychic force-field was up, and one we didn't want to engage with, so we repaired to "The BARNS" (BAN[ne]RS) Tea Room on site for some cream tease, wherein a 'little bird' suggested we have a look around one of the many manicured gardens there. In doing so, we noticed a number of objects that could easily have doubled as transceiving antennae.

Wary of the HAARP Occult and ambush hypnosis, we bypassed any psy-attack or surveillance by pretending to have had, and openly discussing, a collective vivid dream the previous night involving mothers of pearl trinket boxes thrown over netting by trapeze artists. Although magic is regarded by most scientists as a "statistical zero" because of its (supposedly) rare occurrences, and is thus ignored by them, they nonetheless admit to its existence.

As we sauntered around the perfectly pleasant yet background-sinister grounds cuckoo spit on us, *ergo* the White Cock Occult, its interconnected bubbles a tip-off pointing to a working portal nearby in the bad part of town – where else?

So we left Cressing Temple—a site of some potential, but with definite crossed swords—for the craggy concrete wasteland of [REST OF SENTENCE REDACTED]. On the way there we were treated to a demonstration of the best method to have a shit outdoors: 1) dress in a poncho for modesty; 2) kick, branch-scrape or spade a hole next to a sturdy tree; 3) squat down with your back against the trunk then do your business in the hole; 4) put any paper used in the hole then fill it in.

Upon reaching the town some rather peculiar graffiti etched by the nocturnal hand was seen lurking on the boarded-up pubs and shops; vestiges of violence still palpable, the hone in the air a toxic menace; sportswear in rabies a humping thug; each new recruit but a variant on the frog-faced delinquent with spindly legs and a wardrobe malfunction for a wife. Several well-dressed gentlemen with Scottish accents gave us the eyes, that wasn't that surprising, for Scotland is the base for UK Freemasonry and has long been used as a power source for their activities: not only its prehistoric circles, etc., but other locations. Wobbly knockers wearing a "TIME IS PRECIOUS. WASTE IT WISELY" t-shirt flew past on oaken stilts, repeatedly ramming one fist in the air, too fast for their clocked-out thoughts; wanted her a treasure map but you have to supply the X.

Earthquake lights crossed our transom; Super Sleuth crossed the Rubicon, laying false trails and erecting roadblocks, leav-

ing us with a tacky which-way five-line pick-up, just spinning plates until the sun goes nova in the big babba-booeey of it all.

Many would have given up at this juncture, but we had five sights set on the tantalising prize. It still took three fiendishly difficult attempts to sight and confirm the portal, and we never liked walking past that old graveyard, especially at night (it wasn't just our trepidation imagination either). Luckily, we were equipped with a large brown bottle of Menthol BP crystals and a tin of Tiger Balm that always makes an invigorating combination, and had also been assiduously desisting from saying the Lord's name in vain, all of which improved our essential and so we rode the concrete jungle beast undaunted.

In case you wandering, the signs of an active portal range from one or more of the following things: a sudden change in atmospheric pressure; feeling a vibration; ears ringing; a vacuum silence stillness; a sense of darkness; a smell of ozone to rotting meat to burning plastic; hairs on the neck standing up ("hackles rising"); a sense of being lulled; being drawn towards an unusual flower, patch of ground or creature; the sound of pan or pied pipes playing an ungraspable melody; a sound resembling the buzzing/humming of insects. We ticked off four of these, and eventually managed to pass through in the midnight hour, to wonders within and out.

Next day it transpired that the changes wrought by a greater portalling do their thing like a mirror behind a black pane of glass in the same frame; one doesn't think about it – it evokes... From here we moved south to the Essex coast in search of the "Thames Gateway," suspecting at the name of this 21st Century toponym could signal another less mapped. It did, we discovered, being a focal zone for the Thames Estuary, protected during WWII by seven anti-aircraft forts standing proud in the open sea ten miles or so from where the land meets it. Although decommissioned, in the 1960s they evinced a rust bucket vodka breakfast tax haven for the intrepid genius minds who squatted a number of the forts or monsters, transforming them into pirate radio stations gliding past a supposed loophole law outside of UK territorial waters that meant no liability to pay music royalties on what they played plus cheaper more sturdy and secure to run compared with a movable ship on the open seas.

Throughout the 1966 Summer Solstice, some of these play pirates became real pirates, when the Shivering Sands fort was stormed in a high seas battle for occupancy that resulted in at least one murder on dry land.¹² The Sealand 'principality'

that occupies Roughs Tower fort was later raided in 1978 by helicopter in an attempted *coup d'état*, but the 'owners' regained control, and still remain armed.¹³

After greasing the right palms and tapping enough whisky jars we managed to commandeer a vessel and make our way to Shivering Sands during the cinematic "magic hour", a total trip!

As we approached the grey hulking war phalli the whirr of the propeller and the waves put us into a kind of trance and a lot changed; it was as if we were starring in a monochrome 1950s sci-fi film or had effortlessly segued onto another weird planet. Thought was in an intense round-about rocking horse of the spooky musical ensemble Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger & the Trinity—five-strong, who hit the big time with their No.5 single 'This Wheel's On Fire' in 1968—blended with the fun and franky extended vocal range of jazz scat singer Cleo Laine and crustless ham-cress-mustard sandwiches – not as normal safe as one might first think.

We hit the sweet spot when we entered nautical twilight, and abstracted. The shadows stretched out behind and ahead of us, our reverie easing only when the bow of the boat gently bumped against the old fort's massive support pillars. Steadying ourselves on the swaying slippery deck, we grabbed the scary access ladder then ascended in a line through the hoops to the entrance hatch, that surprisingly was not locked or guarded.

Inside the desolate tower it was ideal for existential contemplation; we realised that Evil only exists as the absence of Good, but what is at thee exact middle balance point? The Inbetweenness Concept, that the mage Austin Osman Spare named the "Neither-Neither": not the left side; not the right side; not both sides together; but neither side, 'where' one can see...perhaps enter...other aeons, other dimensions.

1. www.walesonline.co.uk/news/local-news/mysterious-packages-containing-conspiracy-theory-12079968

2. www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/cardiff-hairdresser-baffled-latest-poem-10523523

3. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chain_letter

4. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antonio_Gramsci

5. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saul_Alinsky

6. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nouvelle_Droite

7. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Political_Soldier

8. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alt-right>

9. See John Alexander Williams, *Turning to Nature in Germany: Hiking, Nudism & Conservation, 1900-1940*. Stanford University Press, 2007.

10. www.andrewcollins.com/page/articles/bernard.htm

11. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cymatics>

12. www.offshoreradio.co.uk/raid.htm

13. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-19966234

The Roundabout Druidic Jaunt

As we refuse to acknowledge government-set holidays, over the 2016 'Xmas' period we determined to scope out the extent of our/the "situation" in an open and neat way, vibed by Jack Hargreaves' informative and doorwayed 1960s-1980s Southern Television series for children, *How*.

On 13 December 2016, we enacted a Druidic-orientated circular expedition in North Wales, from the Devil's Appendix to the village of Druid to the Llyn Brenig Reservoir to the Druid's Circle then back to the Devil's Appendix, on the premise that the original Druids wouldn't be too keen on the current state of the nation, and so may give us useful information.

Holding a printout of William Blake's 'Jerusalem' as a "poetic compass," to get our power up we began at the Devil's Appendix near Llanberis.¹ We could not fail to be impressed at this highest single-drop waterfall in Wales, and positioned ourselves so its jet fell onto our palms to "give us a hand." A few minutes later a large group of American tourists came into view. As they got close and engaged us in awful conversation, one of us noticed that two of the children were carrying "My Friend Cayla" spy-dolls, that have a stylised Project MONARCH pink butterfly upon their breast and record their little owner's voices (and anything else in the vicinity), then via wifi send this audio back to the doll's makers, Genesis, and also to a company named Nuance, that has links to police, military and intelligence agencies.² Many innocent-seeming smartphone apps similarly spy on their child or adult owners and send the eavesdroppings to dodgy recipients,³ so not just walls have ears anymore, but loose lips still sink ships.

The stereotypically loud Americans (in more than one sense of the word) knocked us off our stride, so we regained it by donning our bobble-hats and imbibing copious amounts of Kendal Mint Cake. The combination of increased body heat and a glucose hit did the trick, and with steadfast step we headed East to the tiny but potent village of Druid in Denbighshire.⁴ The energy was in forty shades of green, and we effortlessly slipped into a faery reverie. It was as if our band had the King's Combination; we walked through walls with it, as the invisible ones looked on. When asked if Druids were present, a fleeting baritone voice sounded: "Eye can you find all world," a question without a question mark, that authenticated its ancient origin and promise, so using our one-handed telescope we eagerly took turns to

scan the Berwyn Mountain range, scene of the probable UFO (space sperm) landing on code-date 23 January 1974.⁵ $2+3+1+1+9+7+4 = 27$; two sevens, 77, is the Mystic Number of L.A.Y.L.A.H. (See Aleister Crowley, *The Book of Lies* [1913].)

All was proceeding smoothly, like a BBC Radio 4 show, though without editorial interference, as for one of us, the glimmerings of slowly-thawing snow on the distant peaks merged into a jolly snowman, whiter than white, wearing a clown mask and a large equidistant Celtic Cross.

"The Cross was the Key," and a collective vision ensued of two black-robed and cowled initiates, who placed their thumbs and forefingers on opposing arms of the device, then closed their eyes to chant a weird litany as they imagined the device spinning widdershins in a hot silver cubic room, until it was moving so fast it transformed into a hole through which another entire dimension could be accessed. The black monks passed into this but we dared not follow, so closed down the second (third eye) sight to save our strength and sanity for what was surely still to come.

From here we made the short trip North to the Llyn Brenig Reservoir,⁶ solely chosen due to its positioning at CERRIGY-DRUDION, which perfectly permutes to NICER DRUID ORGY. All the while on the way there we were pondering Draco, the dragon wrapped around the axis of the world, Polaris, the North Star, and could feel the poetic brimming.

On our arrival the sky became overcast, transforming the vast expanse of rippling water into a fantastic magical mirror, that, like our Celtic forebears, we contemplated as an entrance to the otherworld. Even though the reservoir was manmade between 1973-1976 and first filled in 1979, the spirits were there, and communicable.

One of our females produced the Spirit Box from its leather bag, uttered the invite spell, then turned the machine on. It began to automatically scan the radio frequencies, occasionally emitting discernable words, that joined up to form: "Brian Jones swimming pool / Age of Aqueous / male groomers / baby boomers / Stonehenge decoded / hippy beads exploded / razor wire / funeral pyre / race hate / jail bait / demobbed parties / drinkable yoghurt / the multinational gobbet / refunds of bad air / like grit in a shoe / piddling poo / ornamental bongos / 90% drongos / star and garter / total sucker."

After this we didn't feel too welcome, so bade out farewells and carried on NW to the Druid's Circle of standing stones high above the town of Penmaenmawr.⁷ (It actually predates the [physical] arrival of Druids in Britain, and is Neolithic, perhaps

built as far back as 3000 BC, but the Druids must surely have worked there.)

It felt slightly eerie standing on top of a 'hill', that was in fact an extinct volcano, used in Neolithic times as an axe factory, and we determined to look further into this curious people, who seem to have appeared in Britain out of nowhere, with advanced knowledge of agriculture, crafts and weaponry. Moving off with a spring in our step, savouring the invigorating air, we tranced in unison to our footfalls until we reached the circle itself, imposing and majestic in its wild moorland location overlooking the sea. Thankfully there was no litter or people present, but some blasphemer(s) had made a campfire in its centre, that may've explained the slight glow of the site's ledged Stone of Sacrifice.

Recovering our composure, we asked for direction, which set us apart. Whistling and scribbling, we then flew straight into Manorbier in Pembrokeshire, to the King's Quoit 'burial' chamber,⁸ where an old Druid male and female pointed to the golden beach where sunbeams glinted off the foaming white horses, who spoke to our deep brain where the magic is.

Then we were off to the Gower Peninsula of West Glamorgan, specifically to Parc le Breos,⁹ a mystifying chambered 'tomb' that seems to have been sliced in half horizontally by a mighty sword. As we peered inside a wondrous celestial music emanated from the surrounding trees that brought us near to orgasm, then a crystal sphere of constantly changing coloured lights was hovering there, energised by Orion, the brightest constellation in the winter sky, followed by Sirius, the brightest star. (This wondrous crystal is an "eternal library," that can be consulted in deeper dreams, and sometimes remains in 'normal'-world sight for a few seconds or more after waking.)

The always satisfying sound of a gong, and now we were with the giant hunter, Orion, who wanders the world's forests accompanied by his faithful dog, Sirius. Gazing at their bond and way, we learned to measure our love of the Creator by the amount of fear in our hearts.

A wooshing sound, and we returned to Parc le Breos, encircling it three times before gliding to the nearby Maen Ceti ring cairn,¹⁰ its massive capstone peculiarly perched on very small pillars, as it talks to the close-by cairn; the fallen stones, cairns and other marks of our ancestors' ingenuity still proud on the pulsating hillside overlooking the estuary.

A fox ran past, and it was the Equinox; we were met by a zingy red-haired child of indeterminable gender, who smiled up at us whilst twirling around on one leg,

and then stood an egg perfectly upright on a stone slab. This had ontological “significance value,” but we couldn’t quite put our finger on it,¹¹ as homing pigeons flew into the sun, like moths to a flame.

In a violet flash of druglike ozone we were back at the Druid’s Circle. Twilight was drawing in, so we attached and tested our head-torches, laughing giddily at the white electric rays seemingly transmitting from our third eyes. This was a good time as any to get the hip-flasks out, and soon the hot wild nectar was running through our systems.

A while so later we were night-rambling lunatics under a gibbous Hunter’s Moon (Supermoon), that was about a third brighter and somewhat larger than usual, and coincided with the peak of the Geminid meteor shower. As the shooting stars cut temporary luminous leys in the heavens we thought of the magical poet-musician, Orpheus, whose lyre music could make the very stones rise out of the ground and follow him. ‘We’ then wondered if humans could do the same, and so began a spontaneous polyphonic chant whilst imagining Nelson’s Column lifting into the air. Soon after, astonishingly, a moonbow appeared, that was an even better result for all concerned. Praise be!

All this helped us realise what we already knew: that nothing is real. Now the skeptic says “What about this then?”, as he bangs his-or-her fist on the table. But we are so accustomed to repetition and “normalcy bias” that so much of what we experience is filtered by what we expect to see, so if the fist had made no sound or passed straight through the table, would its owner, or most onlookers, even notice?

We thrust our wet hands into the earth, noting which digit tingled the most, that gave us the answer according to the previously-designated meanings. The oracle bade us to return there to more fully investigate the lie of the land, for it is a site of importance. Close by are things of psychometric interest, including a smaller circle of five stones; the Maen Crwn standing stone; and the former site of three coloured standing stones at the summit of Moelfre Hill, that are said to be three girls who were rockified for winnowing corn on a Sunday (they have since disappeared).

Wearily but determined, we moved SW to complete the circle at the Devil’s Appendix. On the way the going got tough; it was difficult to navigate, and we kept zoning out, that may explain why the Queen’s horse, Guy Fawkes, “a leading contender” in this year’s Royal Ascot meeting, was put down there after breaking its leg during the King George V Stakes, the final race of the ritual day.¹²

We acted as if we had all been born on the same day, then stopped off at some unknown woods to answer the call of nature. As we were returning to our motorised charabanc a passer-by’s dog suddenly began to warning bark at nothing, unless it was someone in camouflage or an invisibility suit, or a non-human, or shots from a sub-audial ELF gun (or elf-bolts?), or we were walking over an underground base using such esoteric frequencies to communicate with submarines or saucers, whilst mirroring our desires.

Feeling hungry, we stopped off again at Bangor. The High Street had been Satanically Reversed to a Low Street of multiple nightmares. Shops trading insults; coins melted into the gutter; an unsung Elvis impersonator entangled in the neon; a lady dressed in out of sync clothes, bending over a Victorian perambulator. As we passed we heard her say “You horror!”, and could not help glimpsing inside the hood at the two ‘babies’ that lay within. One of them made black eye contact; a doll made of brimstone and the eating of “tomb cakes”. Everyone’s paying to keep this thing going; minds warped into the same faces, on a no-fly list with numbers on their arms or lovely coloured ribbons on their breasts.

Three cohorts of the purple rinse pearl-clutching brigade in 60-year cycles made a unison Freudian Slip: instead of “broad-minded” they said “broadbinded,” welcoming us to the model village utopias of Saltaire, Bournville & Port Sunlight merged into one, covered in chewed chewing gum, clinking glasses with the foot in mouth. Chains up in the oak tree; wet footprints in the lift.

Someone behind a pillar said “Venus Penis,” then “Deaves,” which suggested a trendy buzzword for a hip deviant: “He deaves most nights...” A passport-waving traffic warden, dressed to kill, was kicking a car, above which hovered a white cube-shaped cloud that slowly flew towards us then emitted a fowl-smelling green mist that covered our immediate area. A terrible fleeting glimpse of proto-aliens gliding towards us with outstretched hands. The warden engaged his skeleton keys, engaged the gears with a crunch then shot off in the direction of Rhyl, shouting gibberish about “telepathic snipers” out of the recently smashed passenger window.

Chips in hand, we had to get away, but were blocked by the pram-lady at a younger age of irregular menses...mad or on tablets witchcraft...gunpowder mills, who had experimented with triangles and become an expert skryer in prison by staring each eye at a circular cake of black shoe polish/the polished top of the circular tin.

Bitten under an aqueduct; conceived in covert catacombs; married by a masturbating priest. The gothic way; bloody kisses in the night, with affinities in meta-physical poetry. Wild dogs barking everywhere; glowing eyes in the cemetery.

“I love to drink blood before sex,” she rasped, as a note was pushed under our feet that read “Go to the cemetery and you will never walk alone.” Fog on the horizon, slowly drifting in. Were we in this graveyard? The trees were giving off chemicals to protect themselves against pests, or pesticides; some creepy-looking faces in the trunks, and walking away, we thought trees could be portals. The final stop is pre-rational; danced through the miner’s strike; bitching and cursing on the yeast forums; tampered *Lord of the Flies* meltdowns. Lost in space; staring in the window; injections of claws. We are something else, plunging into cobwebs as we eat them; so many interruptions.

When we finally returned to the Devil’s Appendix the tone was potionistic, a very safe wisdom, but horse skulls were still under the floorboards, and when people speak to us face-to-face we see subtitles running across their forehead like a TV news ticker showing what they are really saying. It is strange, and we find churches creepy. Other places under police surveillance not for crime but for paranormal events. If the static is weird when a priest starts talking about exorcism it may be coincidental, but then again, it may not be entirely. Ever noticed during a priest’s homily on the true presence of the Virgin Mary, little kids begin to get fidgety and scream? Sometimes priests will stop in the middle of it for a second and all the kids simultaneously stop crying right away.

One of our members used to live in a Victorian cottage on the edge of woodland. When the rest of her family was out shopping she went into her brother’s bedroom to find a puzzle. As she opened the dressing table drawer to retrieve the puzzle she looked up into its triple mirror and saw an elderly woman all dressed in black standing behind her. She spun around as fast as lightning but could see nothing unusual, so she shot downstairs and spent the rest of the morning in the garden under the pissing rain. After her family had returned she plucked up the courage to look in the triple mirror again, and was horrified that her reflection was not there, only a black mist, that slowly began to form into a devil face. She felt like “stale sweets, fireworks and missing fingers,” and cannot remember whatever happened next, but several years later she was sexually abused by a horrible old priest during an exorcism.

The Well of Seeing Eyes

The next NWPN excursion is to St Dwynwen's Well on Llanddwyn Island off the west coast of Anglesey. She is the Welsh patron saint of lovers, and her well has long been used for coupling and marriage divination via its sacred phallic eel. The female first scatters breadcrumbs on, then lays her handkerchief on, the water's surface. If the eel disturbs it then her lover will be faithful. We shall be divining for other things. Assemble on the mainland side of the Menai Suspension Bridge at 6:00 AM on the 1st of January 2017. Bring a copper ring and large feather.

All of this was useful, with a farfetched promise of more, so certainly merits further returns. We may also re-examine the known and hidden sites of the late-1970s "Broad Haven Triangle" UFO flap in West Wales,¹³ in an attempt to discover its occult door, for a close encounter with what lies beyond. Until then it is back to the grind, everything again. Ra becomes Cobra. Fight for your "rights" but ignore your "lefts". As Above So Below. You think you do but you don't know.

The SOLUTION? I NO LOTUS.

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Devil's_Appendix
2. www.npr.org/sections/alltechconsidered/2016/12/20/506208146/this-doll-may-be-recording-what-children-say-privacy-groups-charge
3. www.cbsnews.com/news/mobile-phone-apps-malware-risks-how-to-prevent-hacking-breach/
4. en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Druid,_Denbighshire
5. www.youtube.com/channel/UCDsUlpfGsXvJIXOIKSXaijQ
6. www.llyn-brenig.co.uk
7. www.snowdoniaheritage.info/en/location/377/cefn-coch-druid-circle/
8. www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=1398
9. www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=4473
10. www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=425
11. We later found out that an egg can be stood upright on the floor on the day of the Equinox, as the Earth is perfectly level at this time.
12. www.bbc.co.uk/sport/horse-racing/36551380
13. www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/ministry-defence-officials-did-investigate-10133926

The Next Step

In a large and complex enough facility the security guard can't carry around 333 or so keys; s/he needs a single master key that opens them all. The NWPN have a rarefied master key that unlocks any door, and its initiates are planning to exit all follow-the-leader mazes then establish a Freezone on another plane(t), that will consist of a small select band of happily missing persons – including you?

No-one's ever really here anyway. Most people are literally dealing and standing behind words, playing their mind very poorly, instead of trusting beyond what their present mental state describes. Some might become unstuck in doing that but it's surely worth the chance of a jackpot?

Having temporarily docked elsewhere successfully it has become almost impossible for us to carry on here at just about any level with anyone, without hitting the obvious beyond belief, which intensifies the alienation vibe *and* the access to self-freedom vibe. So if we don't belong here what are we doing here? Not what we want to do. So let's go ELSEWHERE.

But it's not that easy... Although thousands of people do mysteriously disappear every year, sometimes from the same location, never to be heard of again ("beginner's luck"?),¹ an *en masse* escape is an altogether different game, as the Peoples Temple, Order of the Solar Temple, and Heaven's Gate cults discovered during their respective GrOup GO attempts. "Fire Works; plenty of hot holes on Mars..."

Unlike these amateurs, the NWPN isn't planning a mass suicide to get out, as this just cancels the blueprint and triggers the blank slate reset button. We are fulfilling our ability and potential destiny, and going from A-to-X unscathed.

We are psych[ic]ogeographers, far beyond psychogeography, that's been rather irksome for some years now due to its adoption by poseurs, its cooption and recuperation by a remote-controlled academia and an over-emphasis on the urban rather than rural zones. The NWPN has no truck with this nerdish wheeze that wants to forge a new orthodoxy and usurp the original message of all psychonautism: the subversion of the Spectacular System, that makes the laws then breaks them with impunity.² But even this great tyrant SS is subject to greater principles in the meta-

game, for it cannot stay the same if just one wo/man has realised transcendence.

Are you sure it's you? Would you die for your beliefs? Are you honestly living them? Forget all sides of the puppet lab – go over the top! Onwards and off, towards Victory! Be seeing you. Happy Day!

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Paulides
2. See Guy Debord, *The Society of the Spectacle* (1967): www.bopsecrets.org/SI/debord/ & Raoul Vaneigem, *The Revolution of Everyday Life* (1967): http://library.nothingness.org/art/icles/SI/en/pub_contents/5

Resources

- *FFF*: a found footage film by Eye Fiend, is a great example of British homebrewed ingenuity, very trancelike to other. It can be viewed in full here: www.youtube.com/watch?v=X51bqvRVAhE
- *IKS Exploration*: upbeat UK historical structure/site expeditions cum performance art: www.youtube.com/user/HistoricDepths
- *The Song of Ffraed*: Ellis Taylor is tracing the Great Dragon line through Cymru: <https://thesongofffraed.com>
- *The Watchers*: Richard Foster's 1969 short film on UFO/alien contact made in and around Todmorden, UK, where an actual UFO abducted the police officer Alan Godfrey in 1980: <http://player.bfi.org.uk/film/watch-the-watchers-1969/>
- *Blunt Force*: personal life occult art videos from Kiev, Ukraine: www.youtube.com/channel/UCGkdbCrEEfSq9zIGGVox2hA/
- *The Chaos of the Third Mind* (of Kate-lan Foisy & Vanessa Sinclair): cut/up experiments: <https://chaosofthethirdmind.com>
- *Black Lotus Kult*: esoteric lecture series by Michael Bertiaux: www.youtube.com/channel/UCgVvejb3C8XKU24RRkjCJIQ
- *Meades Shrine*: critical & praising place and structure films made by the British this, writer and artist, Jonathan Meades: <http://meadesshrine.blogspot.co.uk>

The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN) was established in 2000 AD to research the effects of terrains on the human organism & vice-versa. We conduct irregular field investigations throughout Dragonland & are developing experimental methods of working that combine the traditions of Psychic Questing, Earth Mysteries & Prehistoric Witchcraft. Other NWPN Newsletters can be read or downloaded for free here: <http://nobodbus.blogspot.co.uk> The NWPN may be contacted by e-mail at: orbeditions@hotmail.co.uk

Document Information

This PDF file contains digital versions of the complete series of the North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN) Newsletter. It has been compiled and published for the benefit of scholars and anyone else who may be interested.