

JOKE IS ON YOU SQUARE DEAL

Psychiatric nurse spends night spying

SCALPEL.. REMOTE..

So, if I do this I become a Freemason?

to thrill

selling lark is money

up still

in

reset

LET

war crowd

army as they

their teeth nois

two sources

new hardware

high on

the night

secretary by the

not weapons to

anonymous to the

expenses

collected in the

confronting the

advised to

speeding the long

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Son

THE SPOOK PRESS

Actuality

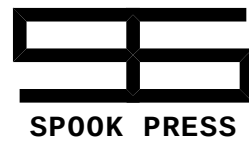
Mark Reeve was born in April 1968 in the county of Norfolk, England, due to potent astro-theological conditions. His earliest memories are of feeling different from everyone else and perceiving strange phenomena. This was very soon followed by what could be termed "UFO and alien close encounters and abductions". After this terrifying yet rewarding series of events he developed an intense and continuous interest in the possibilities of an expanded consciousness. He co-founded the reformed OKOK magical-art collective and was the contributing editor of its journal, *SINIS*, its instructional text, *The OKOK Manual*, and newsletter, *The Horns*. Aside from *Actuality* his numerous own works include *Reevism*, *The Violet Lens*, *Xes Says Yes* & *The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter*, all of which and more are currently available for free at his MR website, located at: <http://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.co.uk>



"It is therefore
necessary not only to
know but to *realize* the
profound mystic truth
that *there are no*
others for whom one
works, with whom one
competes or by whom one
is exploited."

Kenneth Grant, *Aleister
Crowley & the Hidden God*
(Frederick Muller Limited,
1973, p.75).

ACT UAL ITY



ACTUALITY represents the newsletter as artform/genre, and was an occasional free-form public journal of, cum promotional device for, the self-taught British creative Mark Reeve, who valiantly explores and documents his (and sometimes others') make activity that could be, and indeed has been, described as "magical-art". Consequently Mark Reeve is the creator of most of the material contained herein. And although this omnibus edition has the exact same title as the actual newsletter sent out into the world of which it comprises it is a new thing in itself so regard it thus.



Since the first publication of this collection as Version 001 not so long ago it so-so seems a few ding-ding no-no people really do think the Medium is the Message, and for some reason have bleated to no-one in particular that the cleverheader be a "fake-and-flake glamour-struck maverick master manipulator disturbed fantasist impostor. The best man money can buy. Fallen bee, fucking a human before injuring." Such is the rast the internet and co. has borne. As usual, these surface narrative suckers totally miss the deeper symbolic meaning...probed while day-sleeping...familiar. The Mirrored Cross says it all: "knock knock"... You mugs. Jog on slop, toss. You are not part of the Cosmosis Plan. It is rocking out. They are coming in...

ACTUALITY: Version 008. Published by the Spook Press in 2019 AD. Copyright © 2018/2019 Mark Reeve. All other copyrights remain the property of their respective owners. All rights reserved. This is the fully revised and enlarged omnibus edition of the *Actualty* newsletter Numbers 1 & 2, that were first published by the Spook Press in January & February 2018 respectively. **ART CREDITS:** The front and back page designs are by Mark Reeve. The photo-montage on p.5, *The SPACECARPEOPLE*, was made by Rael & Mark Reeve (2018). The illustration on p.19 is by Mark Reeve. The book text excerpt on p.19 is from Linda Blood, *The New Satanists* (Grand Central Publishing/Warner Books, 1994, p.21). The analogue/digital collage on p.28 is by Mark Reeve. The illustration on p.36 is by Edmund J. Sullivan, and has been reproduced from George Borrow, *Lavengro: The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest* (TN Foulis, 1914). **CONTACT:** All correspondence for the author or the Spook Press should be addressed to: mark-reeve@hotmail.com and other Spook Press plus more releases are available at Mark Reeve's official MR website: <http://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.co.uk>

ACTUALITY: consider it a dots-already-joined dossier, if you're in the right mood, in line with the broken tile. Whatever is interesting to note. Getting under the scanners, bypassing roadblocks, to emit flash transmissions warning that, like a rich painting, it's the idea that's the real danger, multi-figure corrupts.

Edelweiss 50. The NAIMIAN Message. Laid completer. Squeaky Wheel Dash Plasma. No-one can decode it so they haven't bothered encrypting it. Three stars for the general situation and two-tone feedback on the pirate bands.

Harmonics across the water, not on the map, rendezvous at the Man of Jasmine House. Monitoring night frequencies and the splicers-in. Identified the offset oddity backwards-music station many times over on sideband, which goes to show malice aforethought. Forced society, jammer test.

Cut to British Intelligence inventing and promoting the New Age and Wicca movements to divert spiritually-aware people away from the real world-changing magic of the Goetia and Enochian systems.

Who's living a fake, looking forward to ad-breaks? Fed the lines for what thou is about to receive? Never mind about how to respond. Sick cycle. Chain around the tree. What a carry-on going down, wound up.

Welcome to the colour-coding, electric massage, gadget sex. Buttons pushed, jumping jacks screeching jills strings pulled. Join the army, any army. Rocks off, bad seed catalogues, lone wolf drowsy stare, coin jars.

Look around you, the game is now obvious, and moving to the finish. What comes after may well be a no-show.

THE ACTUALITY SONIC SUPPLEMENT

is an especially created accompanying 52½-minute audio MP3 file that features Mark Reeve reading his esoteric poems from *Actualty* plus a quartet of special guest appearances by Rocky Roller & The Rocks, The Distortionists and ex-OKOK Research Bureau initiates, who provide radio-transmission-based montages, and The Thrybergh Rastas, who present a sociological noise and voice statement. It can be downloaded for free from:

www.mediafire.com/file/v2uxdrh8ccj4ctp/Actualty_Sonic_Supplement.mp3

OCCULT ART

Since the start of Year 2018 AD I have felt stranded and disorientated, coding out in mystery phrases, but I've also been 'on the beam'. On two occasions whilst composing poetry (both fully conscious and also in the nearly asleep state), a line disappeared from my mind just as I was going to write it down in my notebook. *Ergo* authentic mind-block/wipe by [unknown], who/that wants to keep some things off-limits.

Also one definitely experienced case of Shower Harassment (when the spray-head becomes a spitting serpent). Perplexing perps, candles and canals, furniture and roadsides back to the chemicals.

This period cascaded and culminated with a graphic artwork (reproduced on the front page of the present work) that I composed on 23 January 2018 from two A4 Suggestives I had originally made in March-April 2009 but never liked. Yet on this day stated I had the urge to combine them into a single work, that does work.

Its surface theme is a neutral statement on the objectification or dolling of women and a recording of some form of usurption coup against Psychiatry & Freemasonry, possibly instigated by British Intelligence. The Ku Klux Klan (allegedly co-founded by the Scottish Rite 33-degree Sovereign Grand Commander & Brigadier General Albert Pike. K is the 11th Letter, hence KKK = 3x11 = 33. Albert Pike Lodge No.33 meets at the Scottish Rite Temple of Washington DC in the USA) and occult ritual murder by remote-influencing are also suggested.

I had not planned on publishing this item, but on closer examination it seemed to have some kind of greater/wider purpose, so I have made it more widely available.

When I scanned and scoped the networks to obtain more information about it the main answer I obtained was: 'Madam worm in winter soldier,' which may relate to the legend of the Lambton Worm from County Durham in England, that was the basis of the overt Satanic programming feature film *The Lair of the White Worm* (1988), directed by the 'renegade Catholic boy' Ken Russell.

I also discovered that there are 'servant lists' being prepared, and key targets will have to make the 'pumpkin

decision' (also something about 'SONY ancestry'?). Although 'crazy jazz scales tuned to weird hertz' was a recommended antidote to outside influence. Watch said get to grips with the natural rights and assert them as core principle.

Since then the image has proven to be paranormal, prophetic, for (consciously unaware to me) on the same day I created it, the *Financial Times* ran a hit-piece by their double-initialled and aptly-surnamed undercover reporter Madison MARRIAGE on the 'secretive charity dinner,' announced by Channel 5 baseball presenter Jonny Gould as 'the most un-PC event of the year.'

It was held in the ballroom at London's upmarket Dorchester Hotel by the exclusive male-only (Masonic Coding) Presidents Club, a registered charity (No. 1017310) whose patrons are mostly rich-powerful high-flyers in business and media.

For this vulgar swanky bash hostess women were ordered to dress all in black, including underwear, and were allegedly paraded about, groped and propositioned as death-sex objects (Objectification/Dolling) at the club's 33rd event (Masonic Coding) in so many years, and had to sign a non-disclosure agreement (Rule By Secrecy).¹

The lack of unwanted attention in the 32 preceding years of the club's existence may also be due to the right connections and the Jimmy Savile Defence ('Leave us alone or no more millions raised for the needy by us').

The fit has hit the shan now though, and some disgraced attendees in the British Government have subsequently been sacked or have resigned (Ritually Sacrificed), namely the co-chair of the Presidents Club, David Meller a Conservative non-executive director in the Department for Education,² and the Labour Life peer Lord Mendelsohn.³ More restructuring/restrictions are sure to follow.

This whole event was an obvious set-up psy-op (other attendees have denied seeing anything untoward). The story went viral on 24 January 2018, the day after the expose by Madison MARRIAGE. The 24th January is the feast-day of St Francis de Sales, patron saint of 'journalists' & 'adult education,' amongst other things.⁴ Even the President Club's official logo looks like

the word *op* within a circle, there in black-&-white.⁵

The mug-shot is the fact that due to the (manufactured) controversy the Presidents Club has since closed down,⁶ another anti-men attack in the ongoing gender war being pushed by the remote-controllers. A depopulation thing, to stop men having sex with women or turn them gay or transgender. Whilst foreign races with strictly-defined traditional gender roles will carry on breeding and become a bloc that outnumbers Western Whites.

This is being done for damnation/domination purposes, to help pave the way for a globalist-communist one world order to be established and maintained (or rather to consolidate the dominion of the existing one world order), but it seems like quite a gamble - unless the remote-controllers are safely ensconced in some underground base or off-planet space-station, or the mass cull of the slaves has been planned to occur at some point before they rebel. Although of course there could be a hologram Saviour in the works, or a pact with the Antichrist or Aliens, who will emerge out of the shadows to tantalise and rule the peoples. But is there a Trampling Toady in the works?

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.ft.com/content/075d679e-0033-11e8-9650-9c0ad2d7c5b5
- 2 www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2018/jan/24/david-meller-presidents-club-groping-scandal-wealthy-tory-donor
- 3 www.telegraph.co.uk/news/2018/01/25/chair-trustees-jewish-school-resigns-attending-presidents-club/
- 4 www.catholic.org/saints/saint.php?saint_id=51 The 24th of January is also the Day of Jashn-e Sadeh in Zoroastrianism, a celebration of the discovery of fire by King Hushang of the supposedly mythological Pishdadian dynasty (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sadeh>). In the remote-controllers' Science-Of-Symbolism this could alternatively be regarded as the fire of Satan, that is present at all Satanic rites. Cases of unexplained, presumably Spontaneous Human Combustion, still occur in the United Kingdom, such as John Nolan on a street in North London on 17 September 2017 and an unnamed man on a street in Hull on 27 December 2017: www.newsweek.com/man-burst-flames-hull-police-dont-know-why-761615
- 5 <https://thepresidentsclubcharity.co.uk/>
- 6 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-42810724

NO-GO AREAS

Some of us are content drinking clear mead from bright vessels with a proud warrior or loyal lover, but others seek more. Both the scientists' theories and the theologians' myths are attempts to solve the mysteries of existence, and the mystics and artists have tried to tell people just how bizarre and amazing life is, but few of the audience seem to listen.

For those who ask why I bother, I already know the answer. We all do our allotted work on this planet before we leave it and all of us are equally important - even a premature baby who dies a few hours after birth - so to refuse to perform our task is disrespectful; it messes up the Great Plan.

I am obviously best suited to be a weirdo creative in or out of the corner. This is my path, and there is a vital reason I have spent many hours making numerous free PDFs, audio and films. Even if just one sentence or segment effects a single reader and changes his-or-her life, thus the whole universe, in a certain way (known or unknown to me), then my work has value, meaning and a higher purpose, as part of the aforementioned inscrutably complex divine scheme.

Who is behind this 'Great Plan' you may ask. The Creator, who must exist. All other explanations of why everything is here rather than nothing at all are fallacious. The Big Bang Theory for instance, that depends on the ridiculous notion that something can come from nothing. Besides, I thought explosions destroyed things, not created them. As for the 'So who or what made God, and who or what made that God, and so on...' argument, it stretches endlessly into infinity, so there can never be an answer, like the 'Can God make a rock so heavy he cannot lift it. Whether yes or no, it proves he is not all-powerful'.

But the scientists and skeptics are not alone in their ignorance. A lot of the religious explanations are indistinguishable from childish speculations or the ravings of lunatics. Their hypocrisy is also most vulgar.

The Creator has presumably always been here and always will be here, overseeing what has been created, and the world is so obviously wrong and unpleasant because:

1. Too few of us honour the Creator and express this in some form of art. Instead they choose a human as their god(dess) or hero(ine) and follow, obey, or try to be like, them. At the centre of every village, town or city should be an amazing shrine to the Creator, but instead there is some fast food outlet or fashion store.

2. Too many of us have been taught that materialism-money is the goal and the System is designed to maintain this. As the world's population increases more and more people are poor and not satisfied, so their anger is diverted into the opposing religious, political and cultural corrals that are provided by their masters for divide-&-rule purposes, so the human cattle fight against themselves instead of uniting in struggle against their real enemy.

So stay away from heroes, experts, organisers, colleges and universities. Contemplate realms beyond the physical, and beyond the metaphysical.

It may sound ludicrous that one can contact, even speak with, the Creator, but this is possible. Reality is a multi-dimensional or stepped locale, and so is the mind.

So solemnly go to the same place every day or night at the same time, preferably some wild outside area alone, then move from your normal main conscious ego state into the more deeper, central, subconscious state - by breathing exercises or meditation, whatever - and ask the Creator for contact, a message. You can feel a presence; a change in the mass.

You will receive a reply, in a real dream, inspiration flash, synchronicity, something overheard or found, anything.

With or without this higher guidance, perform the old tried-&-tested methods to become what you are. Solitude and silence. Fasting and prayer (fasting does not necessarily involve arduously not eating or drinking anything. Small quantities of salted bread or saltine and water are permissible and do not interfere with the process).

Stay awake or sleep more. Write your dreams down and analyse them. Look for repeating motifs. Doodle and draw as automatically without thinking as possible, to find what your hidden self is trying to tell you. Make a schedule

and stick to it. Plan a mission and carry it out. Create a project and complete it. Something you know you have to do. The reason you are here. Don't think overmuch or at all and other barriers. Just Do It.

As for myself, after many years of searching and finding, in an early-2017 booster I finally realised even more honed that I should be the Esoteric Poet I always was; a lover of language, literature, liberty and life.

To best express what is at hand I tend to make use of collage and writing. I like the alchemical aspects of collage, turning lead into gold, and if 'energised' enough they can be prophetic or spell. As for writing, the waiting typewriter or computer keyboard not only looks like a ouija board, they can also function like one, channelling and earthing messages from elsewhere, within & without.

THE BLACK CRACK

The existential overcoat
was a hung gun
Stark warning
Clone heads bang
against the wall
as we pay for
access/propaganda

Jobs going overseas
Robots replacing human bees
Future relations
must be an ultimate aim
but the enemy is grown in tanks
and stole our village

Kill Guru Become Guru
German with a German accent
Taste the electricity
at beautiful sting dock
To the forehead touch
a strange rock
Stranded inside-out queer shock

SINGLE headlight shining in EYE
illuminates weird lurkers
doing the coffee dump code
Hence LAMBDAMAGE
by the beast in heat
Land Rover paedo dawn chorus
sentinels tentacles
The social worker's eyes
turn into slits

The winning side
of a turkey wishbone chokes
inside an intimate volcano
The waxwork Chamber of Horrors
spills out onto the street
as you walked into the cupboard
to protect me
Beginning and end top blew off
Cold blood snow-day off school
promulges root revolt
You can take it.

GOINGS ON

Over these past few moon-cycles I feel interestingly strange, helicopter or spectre, skirting some arcane initiatory threshold, the accepted dung scattered across the floor and sometimes trod on. I'm spooked by the 'world', the craziness made important by its reporting. I listen hard, and hear zero, no more any-cult rescue parties, just an all-consuming consumerist panopticon. Duplicitous.

Been waking up every day by nightmares, always at 3AM. Then afterwards when trying to go back to sleep every time I close my eyes I start hallucinating. There is a world we cannot see. I saw a demon throw my TV. If you say too much about this you suffer from psychoSIS (Secret Intelligence Service [MI6]) according to the spychiatrists, so why are exorcisms forbidden on their (and MI5's) premises? And if a baker's dozen of persons haven't heard of something it may not really exist.

This comes from my decades-long interaction with UFOs and their occupants (that necessitates me being very very sane to deal with such an outré situation), and has led to what seems to be an answer to the peculiar quandary of us humans being put on Planet Earth but not given an explanation why (neither is it explained why everything is here rather than nothing at all). Presumably it either all matters or is a total waste of time.

The 'trouble' is that what could be described as an/the "answer" is communicated at deep-mind levels, usually in dream, so it is difficult to recall it in one's 'normal' state of consciousness with any clarity, if at all. When I tried I got: "laboratory... experiment... moving forward."

Insomnia = Visionary States that pierce the veil b/t worlds. A smattering recall RAF 1965 resonant with the crop-stars. Aum Shining Path.

I knew something odd would be afoot, for the calendar birthed triple Supermoons on 3 December 2017, 1 January 2018, 31 January 2018,¹ the day-dated 31 double-whammy, or 13-13 reversed. The final one was also a total lunar eclipse and red, and thus a Super Blue Blood Moon, the first one for around 150 years. It was magically utilised by the ruling "blue blood" upper-class

Brain Transmitter so that the future has been and gone. Major Stunts. Raising the dead supernatural. Traffick with total non-humans.

You can skeptic but you don't know what you don't know. We're surrounded by power-crazed Port People in league with gossamer ghouls and custard monsters. Satan Occultism spelled out in concentric circles. Witchcraft Attack. Fashion freaks, foxing foam and fake newscasters; the over-cranked catwalk like the creaking shelves of conspiracy tat-tomes.

Look at the scene today: cuts + cuts + cunts + riots and the come in groups vs. X-Star ops. Either way death on the streets. Being a wanker is now cool. Dick continuance in the crystal palace. A fat puffball knee-jerk blue-haired thing frowning in the corner.

Though I'm still knocked sideways by the absorbing, and after-effects, of Georges Bataille et al's *The Sacred Conspiracy: The Internal Papers of the Secret Society of Acephale & Lectures to the College of Sociology* (Atlas Press, 2018),² that certainly frames the debate. But where is it now?

SOUL - CLANS

The name "Jehovah's Dragon". Above I have covered the male-only Presidents Club being shut down after its 33rd charity event in the same number of years, that I surmised was a Freemasonic Coding. Now I'm pondering the alternative explanation that the 33 is actually Christ Coding (in the collective unconscious Jesus died aged 33).

The remote-controllers want to replace the Lord with the Lady, but barren, childless, and ultimately with Muslims and other non-white people. They're trying to do this by changing (controlling) the mass-mind via the "Battle of the Sexes" (WOTS) psyop, notably through its component "#MeToo" social media campaign,³ and the "Time's Up" movement,⁴ that were sparked in October 2017 by the antic revelations of Harvey Weinstein,⁵ a lifetime actor agent helping other lifetime actor agents in the lost souls' [un]Ho[l]lywood. A degenerate cross-fertilisation of *Alice in Acidland* (with the obligatory pineapple) and the forbidden fornications of the OTO.⁶

This Gender War also serves as a classic "Divide & Rule"

gambit, to get the masses to fight amongst themselves and to divert both sides' attention away from their one real enemy: the rich elite globalists who want to turn into sexless transhumanoids beyond the fuck.

Although if one codes back to the grotesque exemplar of the American sleaze-bag with power, Richard "Tricky Dicky" Nixon, Freemasonry is integral.

If, as his name suggests (NIX [Terminate] ON [Osiris/Heliopolis, i.e. Royal Arch Freemasonry]), he was bred and/or destined to spearhead the destruction of Freemasonry in the outer (or did so against his will due to being compromised by the remote-controllers or maybe the KGB), he was obviously unsuccessful and definitely went unrewarded; he was extensively vilified and disgraced in fact, for on 9 August 1974 he became the first-ever & only US President to resign from office.⁷

Just over three months later, on 7 November 1974, the pro-Nazi Lord Lucan (Richard John Bingham, 7th Earl of Lucan)⁸ was suspected of murdering his children's nanny, Sandra Rivetton, and attempting to murder his wife, Lady Veronica Lucan, but he famously disappeared without trace.⁹

After the attack Lady Lucan ran to the nearby public house named "The Plumbers Arms" to raise the alarm. "The Plumbers" was the secret White House Special Investigations Unit created by President Nixon in 1971 and tasked to prevent the leaking of classified information to the media.

The Plumbers Arms have a long reach, and The Plumbers later committed the notorious illegal Watergate break-in that led to President Nixon's resignation.¹⁰

Also on 7 November 1974, the 94th (9+4 = 13) US Congress was elected. Many of the Democratic Party's congressmen were very young, so the (remote-controlled) media dubbed them "Watergate Babies".¹¹

I haven't been able to confirm or deny this, but for some reason there is a rumour (narrative) that in 1983, Richard & (his wife) Pat Nixon were on the obviously namegamed "Korean Air Lines Flight 007", but were whisked off the Boeing 747 (7+4+7 = 18 = 6+6+6) at New York's (assassinated) JFK airport shortly before it set off to Seoul, South Korea, when during the flight it was shot down by a Soviet airforce unit,¹² not MI6 agent James "Licensed to Kill" Bond/007, in



The close similarity look thus the possible same soul-clan membership of
LEFT: George Hunt Williamson (1926-1986) & RIGHT: Gary Numan (1958-).

a concerted attempt to make the Cold War Hot. Although the firer of the two air-to-air missiles, Lieutenant Colonel Gennadi Osipovich, does claim that KAL 007 was on a spy mission and that there were no civilian passengers aboard.¹³

By the A1 Cipher: KAL = 24 = X [the Great Unknown] = MIB [Men-In-Black]. 007 = 7 = G [the Great Architect of the Universe (GAOTU) in Freemasonry]. 269 people were killed in the attack on KAL 007. $2 \times 6 \times 9 = 108$; disregard the central zero and it is 18, or $6 + 6 + 6$. By the A1 Cipher: 269 = THE ALIENS THAT ABDUCT HUMANS = SATANS RELEASE FROM THE PIT = HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF = ANOTHER SACRIFICE SHALL STAIN.

Hence Malaysia Airlines Flight 370 that mysteriously disappeared on 8 March 2014 on the way to China, and Malaysia Airlines Flight 17 that was shot down on 17 July 2014 over Eastern Ukraine. No known survivors of both incidents.

I have mentioned all of the above because during February 2018 Lord Lucan has been wanting to meet me and others in the dream-world to talk about NIX-ON. I have refused; others have been less wary: the soul-clans.

Some of this has to be silent for strategy (NSA listens on all devices and sees right through you, your cover blown like a cheap balloon, and some spy-spooks are spirit-world; even the lampposts are listening),¹⁴ waiting in the wings, and you'd better watch out for the phantom pram-pushers on remote, especially non-lighted, roads. Keep things strictly no contact.

A wise man once said nothing someone said, but note the detractors already screaming blue murder whilst trying to stick the "Disturbed Fantasist" label on me and comrades, despite the 365 outside confirmations. The priorities lie with Transition.

The soul-clans (groupings of human occult initiates who have sworn to continually reincarnate to carry on long-range missions together) are no doubt in contact with what are called "aliens" (and the extent may encompass sexual intercourse). This is evidenced by the fact that members of the same soul-clan sometimes have very similar facial features and/or mannerisms, etc., as in the uncanny similarity of head features between the American UFO contactee/contactator George Hunt Williamson & the British new wave pop sensation Gary Numan (both are shown above). Each used their fame to promote space-alien messages on Earth. Lesser, perhaps unconscious, linkages by these "birds of a feather who flock together" include the wearing of farmer's dungarees by, and fantastic ramblings of, the American UFO contactee Buck Nelson (1895-1982) & the American UFO contactee/contactator Jay Essex (1955-). Something there.

The existence of soul-clans, what they do, and especially their goals, as a very possible interstellar elite, with bloodline, is deliberately obscured by remote-controlled silence, ignorance, manufactured drama conflicts, fake stand-ins and more dangerous chicanery, such as the bad legal advice and

cupcake instruction of the mockingly-titled "truther" scene, that is full of spiritual halfwits servicing spiritual fraudsters creepy in their quest for New Age gloom. This prattling plethora of psychiatrically bogged ding-dings and side-thorn have dug their respective holes and are now sinking into them fast as the pigeons come home to roost.

This especially applies to the so-called 'whistleblowing' "Super-Soldiers" (SS), those genuine fakery tragics not worth naming, with illusions of grandeur, shameless stolen valour¹⁵ and endless drivel, but naught credible evidence, and certainly no demonstration of their so-called abilities. Even PCSO Hobby Bobbies¹⁶ have to sign and abide by the Official Secrets Act¹⁷ and keep schtum or face some serious music, yet we are supposed to believe these SS clowns, far removed from the real thing,¹⁸ are allowed to give regular updates about their secret world[s]-changing missions on public forums such as YouTube?

They and their kin are white knight anathema. Nay, the white knight is their nemesis. They stand alone, like ice-cream on the beach, as the old boys network chomps the money spores, fingering sterilised pocket stones. A dirty van coordinates. These greeders introduce through the accounts book. To take you in they cut you off.

FOUND OBJECTS

Ago I found my joy box of dip-pens and other implementaria under the settee, that I had 'completely' forgotten about, hence my re-acquaintance with Indian Ink, plus a very fine artist's sable brush I've previously used to stimulate a girlfriend's clitoris. Thus commenced new marking sessions at a 49° angle, thanks to the hinged drafting board provided by a Scot, *ergo* the scene-change to whisky log fire hunting lodge, red & black, very ancient, a pre-Satanic darkness religion.

A man appears, Easy Rider, wearing his antlers and a brown check suit. He had every demon, an island in the kitchen, cradling a phial of mustard oil. My prickle comes to point and it is archways and women from another, perhaps beyond, time. Essences are evoked by call-songs. At the centre of the maze I eat sheaves of gold.

Several days later I scored some interesting charity shop finds, notably two rather obscure martial arts manuals from Unique Publications & Ohara Publications on secret karate manoeuvres and hardcore nunchaku, plus Arthur E. Powell, *The Astral Body & Other Astral Phenomena* (Theosophical Publishing House Ltd., 1972). First published in 1927, it is a compilation of texts by HP Blavatsky, CW Leadbeater, A Besant & others.

The many clearly expressed sections and overall flair are provoking many ideas for future projects, backed up by listening to the first three Emerson, Lake & Palmer albums,¹⁹ plus their 'Brain Salad Surgery' track,²⁰ and playing these off of the two William S. Burroughs' letter books.²¹ Works good on a weird poetic level, more for riding the experience than getting any material out of it. Almost everything has a use (else).

POETRY VIDEOS

My interest in nonconformist exploratory literature in the form of unusual poetry videos is still going strong. I have been concentrating on the what-it-is and making the best use of lo-tech equipment and ancient software, that for my purposes is much better than expensive quality gear.

I especially like the clandestine underground samizdat feel and quality of the spywatch eye (a wristwatch that contains a concealed motion-picture camera), its melt and wong lost in cloak-swirl. Nothing for sale. Soundtrack added later via a separate network.

Sometimes when constructing these works I suddenly see these motion pictures projected onto inside walls or the outside sides of buildings, even on the clouds like the Man in the Moon, so maybe the eyes can project as well as receive informational imagery.

The so-far ones which I have made are all fully watchable for free on the MR YouTube channel,²² and I am planning at least some more to regain and operate switching radiance.

On some belief days it's a wild hunt party of telescopic umbrellas, sunken submarines, curt grappling hooks and cigar box radios, one or more of which often helps me produce a text with effortless genius, for example:

FILL COOK

The never touch the ground
wants more of the fans
than exhibits, accompanied by
a fatal curiosity,
dressed horribly
in the experimental gardens.

Puppets dice fear
final stages phases faces
shining in the farness,
during the endless most unseen
of everything that breathes.

Still serving stinging tail,
eating dead baits,
so instead of repent
you limbo,
over your head,
satanic with snakes & ladders,
where ashes can you see pearls?

Deeds flesh the hours
locks in circles.
Hammered bodies
through nothing.
A watched pot
whose black scream
stuns the soldiers rules.

The same gear strange,
storm to sit,
pounding glitter flesh.
Panoply takes the cake.
It's a sacred crop.

Big cock fools the masses,
dot dot dot.
Got vision for us /
auto-response.
There is evidence enough,
getting in the missions.

The coming operators previous
don't lord it over mask.
Only a few have bodies.

We don't know
what happened gave us.

The virgin flower painting
mired the pricked sky.
Came before
the earth womb bulged,
or exchanged the crown aura.
Immense teat inside
her father's balls,
an able spreader-out.
There is no navel.

She realised out of the body
that heads, etc.,
taking their blood
to no wheres.
Photographs in the
suitcase conscious.
Things that are made
with things that are not.

Cured rabies bite
gives the game away.
They called it
"chaos" long ago,
and blame it
on the harvesters.

THE SPSS

The Spook Press Poetry Series (SPSS) continues unabated, with the publication of my long-form poem, *Barking Cog* (Spook Press, 2018), that delineates the liminal aspects of existence, and a major retrospective collection of my poetics, *Rex Erects* (Spook Press, 2018). Both of these, along with the other volumes, are freely available at the MR website.²³

A perceptive review of *Rex Erects* by Margaret May has appeared in a recent semi-private round-robin circular and for your edification is mostly here:

Lesser mortals cannot really understand the poetry of Mark Reeve without cognisance of at least a surface report on him. He is a very happy recluse, or hermit as he probably prefers to be known, who only gives readings in his cupboard under the stairs to his laptop recording device audience.

It's not likely that he'll be invited anywhere poetically conformist/corporate in the foreseeable future and his self will never end in a £, nor care. Everything he's produced so far has been released as free PDFs and MP3s, the latest being *Rex Erects* (Spook Press, 2018), a retrospective compilation of brutally honest sustained attack.

This is the disturbing, well-read scrawl of an unsane; a double-edged sword of Satanic or Sardonic Surrealism fixated on ripping the veil to reveal more ethereal rarefied vistas and let in their denizens. There is little or no waste-wording nor showing off, just a very biased channel-intent to make the poem as much as it can be, as it should be.

At times the material reads like some inscrutable list or arcane puzzle; his deservedly arrogant autodidactical self-taughtness providing that indefinable edge to the verse. Persist for reward.

He certainly rides the thin line between genius and madness, strumming a honed black-sprayed guitar touched or played by older lit-mages William S. Burroughs, Antonin Artaud, Mark E. Smith and assorted unknown cellar and attic weirdos. It's almost diabolically intense and unnerving in places.

MYSTERY MACHINE

If I am a "monk berserk writer" in league with dark forces (which I'm happily not) then where is the black sheep or ram? There's just a black budget beta-programming devoid of inhibitions; not even of myself. A myriad of selves on the shelf cum seashells on the shore, wrapped up in a badge-wearing morphological serpent-based terrestriality of Eat-Fuck-Fight.

Maybe it's the spider web around my head to conversational hypnosis. Aye on the real, nexxx level. I'm not punching no walls, no name. Walking fields. Magic powers? Ask the EMF bodies on my bed from the orgy cult. The special treatment crepe sole shuffle behind the green door.

When you're on this beam or orange sodium streetlight vapour you want to clean the windows or stomp a nonce. Find the Lost Word or rotate the crops. It giddy fizz heatwave, not sure where to turn what to do as the cloughs arising from floating toads.

Cast my net wide, to see the what's going on. Third Eye definitely, star blinked at me, a rose behind my ear.

It's a Delta Rig. Never looked back. Stonehenge Decoded. Los Angeles Pyramids aligned. In the haunted hotel Google Voice spoke the worst thing choked up. Others sending a message through news headlines joined up. Universal Radio. Empire Builders via Primed Patriot, the Leaping Strongs. Meat ex-point. DANIX crossbleed. Radish fun feed.

In the present circumstances we lived in the endless equinox, rubbing each other up the right way. Bathed in sex, our heat exchanged in beds, on floors, or giant haystacks. Everything is interesting, rolling together under purple drapes of four-letter words, supping the black velvet dress slink, earth suspenders.

Dancing hair, prick erector, constant striptease, masturbations outside. Stunning formal orgy eggs provoked introduced. Psychic horse encircles, clear draught, pretending games and how very dare-you...

Those we couldn't see watched us during sleep, my cock pointing a gun at her, my head above my head. "Let them eat cake..." Nothing else Alice.

First taste of moon elixir followed us in various odd

hours. Eyes seemed drugged, the deadline crow. Hand under skirt, sole of foot side-to-side. Weather underground.

Her voice in my head during silent sodomy, a camouflaged interrogation, no-one to stop me. Visible signs compliant. LOVE HATE marked at birth.

Had to ramble through hinterland. Stopped to start in a crocheted glade. She sat astride me on the trunk, dripping onto her knees. I got behind and slid my ramrod inside her to a perspicuous squeal. Fingernails go in back making me see red. Marble cubes thrown as blank dice, balloons and tattoos transfixed.

Her chuck is please, heavy on the breeze. Fed some honey at the turn, falling wax clause. Dread Names a welling tear from tawse and taste the whip, panting thank you.

Still amused by the dry ice gimmick again we're all in black, adorned with Terror TV jewellery, disarming anchor symmetry. If the voice vibrates the body then what else can it effect? What is the reality of the Perpetual Choirs?²⁴ Lost track of time. Tangled with wild angles. Sliding acausal trajectories. Top predator land-shark, no fooling.

The nights were getting even darker earlier though(t), so maybe I was giving it away easier, but just a flick of a coin to new life...mutant docks...monk mathematics ahead of the curve, *ergo* the late-night kaleidoscopes, seemingly locked onto Nordic Voids with a misanthropic top shelf and offstage trve cvlt black metal with ghost perks, the stem considering "Christian Violence." No credits or choose. Incapacitant.

Screech from the rods is the top schlock worshipped, his blubber rubbered with spikes. Spread him over the cross. The nip of identity unproven in its turn. Its crew even captain can be a busted flush, like the goldrush scam when the service providers made more money than the miners ever could.

XTIAN TIS

The latest stand-out-from-the-crowd happening in the spiritual subculture is a particular branch of the Christian Targeted Individual (TI) scene, that offers a more probable explanation to gangstalking and related phenomena than the secular researchers, in that the perps

are demon-possessed or actual demons, which isn't as far-fetched as it seems, if one accepts the reality of polarised Spiritual Warfare.²⁵

This sub-set of the scene is girded by a solid triumvirate of Americans: its founder HolographicReality HasYouFooled (Simon Moore),²⁶ Jeremiah Cohen²⁷ & Meegs B,²⁸ who is not a TI but is Mandela-Effected re: Bible alterations (subversion).

They have a potent chemistry together; interesting to see develops. To start with check out the interviews the trio have made with each other since January 2018. Gets nicely out-there, but blocked by the Book.

THE SPG

The Cross Of Light Temple (COLT) seemingly disbanded in late-March 2017,²⁹ but the word on the street is that this "shadowy collective" has been absorbed into the Sheffield Patrol Group (SPG), who walk that city and make photographs of it, augmenting these devices with pertinent texts. There be a website,³⁰ Twitter account,³¹ and an (as-yet empty) YouTube channel.³² The monochrome glows. It turns itself up.

EYE FIEND FILMS

I have previously and elsewhere waxed lyrical about Paul Harrison's *FFF (Found Footage Film)* from 2016,³³ an hour-long psytrance provoker whose authentic "art for art's sake" outlook is in accord with my own. Now there is also *Zero Infinity* (2018),³⁴ others of which should also be seen.

PRACTICE NODES

If spectres can walk through walls and people, as has been witnessed many times, then surely sometimes they can stop inside someone for a while. This is what has tainted physics for so long, and especially its quantum branch: wrapping up the otherworld in mathematical concepts but not grasping anything their equations point to. A closed loop. Brick wall music.

When you're ridden or internally shadowed by an entity it's a totally different game, here and now, and how... This was the main 'religious' practice of our prehistoric ancestors, some of who ride us today. A "known secret",

including alien 'abduction'.
Led to us, fog-machine
encounter, even the aftermath
freaks out the high and mighty.

RADAR GHOSTS

Wicked Tares
killing in pyramid on moon
cracks the binoculars.
SAM MASONIC drinks lime juice
more than the bogeyman,
out and about,
following me into
crowds of people
that I voluntarily checked
myself into,
then online,
to spread his scary spores.
More than just terrestrial
snatched the weave.
Frozen stars deadass.
230 likes.
I'm up for to
hunt the Family Alpha,
all my firends and me combined,
Before & After yup-tuner,
roto-guru self-editor.
231 pills.
All doctors are indoctrinated.
Will they suicide?
Keep to myself
the maelstrom purist,
a new way of exploding.

CAMPAIGN

Man for mountain,
sticking up for beatdowns.
Barbed wire and hunting knives
gird our loins.
Clean romance,
swish transport,
looking forward.
The minutes pass.
What are you going to believe?

KEEP IT REAL

We are not from apes.
There's no competition.
I was never alive.
Thank you for nothing.

LOCKED CLOCK

Orgy come back. Give us a sign.
Don't want to shave. Deleted
their account. 31 days of
Halloween. In some way, shape
or form. Would you risk it?
Keep seeing shadows. Name-
calling late at night. Fun and
games. All it takes. Talk about
it. I love you all. Negative
experience. Angular
intoxication. I must have that
lipstick. Meat grinder stuck. A
ton of drugs. The ouija board
was originally for fun. Don't
answer Craigslist ads posted at
2AM. Don't make waves.
Mushrooms were on offer. Wow a

spider-web dress. It's only
what they tell you. Do all
kindness. As for that first
psychic. I like to blow. Giant
scam. Tomato in the mouth. Set
free on time. Splashing in the
toilet. I wanted him dead.
Don't box it up. Too crazy to
be coincidences. You're toyed.
It's best in onyx. Completely
unknown. Sex was a body blur.
Hardly noticed. One too many
scratch on the window. Split
it. That handbag steak knife
was a red flag.

VEIL REPORT

One Interesting Dream: a once
'holy' shrub/tree. Its use a
family has handed down to those
it 'trusts'. Meeting them, etc.
Rock confident. My assignation
loomed. Much backhand puff and
confetti expended to smooth a
doggy score. On the way there
the thinking bus contained "all
that we hold dear," a dodgy
splodge set-up from the start,
unfurled from rusty square
locks. I fell to this knowledge
deceived, so had to smell some
washing powder for a bit.

STACKED

I admit to drunken all-night
YouTube lecturer binges,
concentrating on occult,
conspiracy and religious
themes. A singular image
fronted the standout video,
almost like a television
testcard (do they have these
anymore?) The audio was a cross
between voices and detuned
radio static, if there is a
difference, repetition
reinforced indeed. Born liars,
rollover torturers. A sort of
currency. At Halloween 2017,
Wendy Williams fake faints on
her live TV show because the
green Statue of Liberty costume
she was wearing "overheated"
her, then moments later people
get killed in New York City by
a terror truck attack as the
statue looks on. And there are
still people asleep.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://science.nasa.gov/science-news/news-articles/a-supermoon-trilogy>
- 2 www.atlaspress.co.uk/pdf/TheSacredConspiracyFlyer.pdf
- 3 <https://twitter.com/hashtag/metoo>
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- 6 <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0159948/> & https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ordo_Templi_Orientis

- 7 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Nixon
- 8 www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2112764/Lord-Lucan-New-claims-suggest-trip-Namibia-aristocrats-son-extraordinary-twist.html
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- 13 www.nytimes.com/1996/12/09/world/ex-soviet-pilot-still-insists-kal-007-was-spying.html
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www.express.co.uk/news/uk/184932/Councils-use-bugs-in-lampposts-to-eavesdrop-on-you
- 15 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stolen_Vigor_Act_of_2005
- 16 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Police_community_support_officer
- 17 www.legislation.gov.uk/ukpga/1989/6/section/1
- 18 www.independent.co.uk/news/science/super-soldiers-the-quest-for-the-ultimate-human-killing-machine-6263279.html & www.theatlantic.com/international/archive/2015/09/military-technology-pentagon-robots/406786/
- 19 *Emerson, Lake & Palmer* (1970); *Tarkus* (1971); *Trilogy* (1972).
- 20 Released on a promotional flexi-disk in 1973 and then as the B-Side to the *Fanfare for the Common Man* 7" (1977).
- 21 William S. Burroughs, *The Letters of William S. Burroughs: 1945 to 1959* (Oliver Harris, ed., Viking Penguin, 1993) & William S. Burroughs, *Rub Out The Words: Letters, 1959-1974* (Bill Morgan, ed., Ecco, 2012).
- 22 www.youtube.com/channel/UCB5hymvgWzCAGoTBXBSqBA
- 23 <https://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.com/p/related-text.html>
- 24 www.youtube.com/watch?v=bRfTmC3ACvg
- 25 en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spiritual_warfare
- 26 www.youtube.com/channel/UCiUVVE5s_i1XbRZ5J6zQbHg/
- 27 www.youtube.com/channel/UCefPpd-HJMYzrRuS8B_xE7w/
- 28 www.youtube.com/channel/UCFRR4znECjPSV1V00QCWg4A/
- 29 My short introductory article on the COLT, 'The Cross of Light Temple (COLT)', is in *OKOK Research Bureau Field Agent Reports*. Version 1.6. Spook Press, 2017, pp.94-97: <https://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.com/p/related-text.html>
- 30 <https://sheffieldpatrolgroup.wordpress.com/>
- 31 <https://twitter.com/sheffpatgrp>
- 32 www.youtube.com/channel/UCOAQSstJ43sUiRYohTFfHbA
- 33 www.mediafire.com/file/qm64ost499587i5/FFF+%28Found+Footage+Film%29+-+Images+%26+Sound+Manipulated+%26+Assembled+by+Paul+Harrison.mp4
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CHALKED UP

Hindsight is a Jack-Box spinner. Invisible smiles through the mirror. The outlier fronds gave it a golf-clap, handing out the "WHY NOT?" vests. So I take it I don't rule out anything, anywhere along the line, in all and sundry country.

On considering the aforementioned Spiritual Warfare TIs, I realised that gangstalking is the modern equivalent of the up-close harassment and distant psychic attack perpetrated by the Men-In-Black (MIB), who also mind-influenced members of the human authorities to regard certain innocent UFO researchers and occultists as guilty criminals or potential threats, leading to static and mobile surveillance and other unwanted attention. We must have been close to or actually into something very sensitive for these manifestations of the Dwellers on the Threshold to intervene and block us (I also remember the white-snow/noise forcefields in dream, preventing access).

As I was wondering about these subjects news came over the networks concerning the flag-wearing, fascist-saluting white gunman attack on black immigrants in Macerata, Italy. The first report on it I 'just happened' to view was by the Berlin-based video news agency Ruptly, part of the Russian RT global news organisation. This outside broadcast video featured a Dark Occult Symbolism Spell (shown below).¹

The sole suspect has been named as Luca Traini (LUCIFER'S TRAINEE).² He injured a total of six people, plus three

pentagrams were shown = three sixes. The three pentagrams = 15 points; Tarot Trump 15 is *The Devil*. The three pentagrams are situated on the CONAD supermarket,³ whose logo is a yellow six-petalled flower (the SUN), with a darker circle in its centre (the BLACK SUN/BLACK HOLE at the centre of most known galaxies).

The codename CO-NAD conceals the Spirit of ANTICHRIST, empowered by the violent shedding of blood close by and the subsequent racial tension and fear. By the A1 Cipher: CO = 18 (6+6+6), in NAD, Satanically Reversed to DAN.⁴ This and more hidden in plain sight/site, knowingly and unknowingly, for the forthcoming restructuring.

Let it be known that I am not entirely anti-Pagan or Occults, but all for Kingdom Come Christian Mysticism, via the anonymous Frankfurter's 14th-Century *Theologia Germanica* (ideally the Victor Gollancz 1951 edition).

ROOM TO MOOR

After a long session at the Droidclub I am convinced that the best thing in the world is to be out of your head. Stoned, inebriated, but ritually, by art, under will. Killing time. Rushing in my ears, screaming at guitar strings.

It were real supernal show, strobes on glitter tails, the Intercity Orgy Boys flexing the Witches Spectralists, holes in the ground, soundtracked by oblique delirium acts like The Unreality and Purple People Siren, but the lesser disciplined clientèle were the worse for wear, the alcohol spirit spirits trying to brake

them down then ride them. They'll talk to anyone.

Exotic bullet damage through and held on a plate-glass window looked like a spider-web. On the marbled counter was a mustered seed. The few who consumed it suddenly had a reachy drug-addict look, sick and weed, some professionals, and were left hanging around. A Man of Black threatened me with a superimposed segment in a deepfake porn flick,⁵ to divert attention from my skylad work. Thankfully I have never forgotten the first rule of art: to know when to stop and walk away. Like now perhaps.



A front cover of pseudo-psychedelic sonic sorcery in the form of The Lords' *Ulleogamaxbe* LP (1969).

So beware...the "in-crowd" has other things in them. Demons if you will, like British horror 'films' when I saw cinematographical, the Satanists Dr Julian Karswell in *Night of the Demon* (1957) & Mocata in *The Devil Rides Out* (1968) based on Aleister Crowley. Preparatory shots across the bough before the 1970s onslaught, climaxing in crimson with such out-there terror-porn classics as *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (1974), that still packs a guttural punch and whose magical aspects are missed by many who don't see them. Hansel & Gretel meets Ed Gein, fairytale and real-life exploits, made on a very small budget with unknown actors and featuring real human skeletons.

The 1970s included yet another "Occult Revival", especially ESP, EARTH MYSTERIES & UFOs, a potent combination later personified by the crossover between Andrew Collins' Earthquest Psychic Questing Group & Kenneth Grant's Typhonian OTO,⁶ that I don't have a problem with, great work. It's the lesser lights that dim the



Nazi-Satanic Occult Processing of the general public via broadcast media (Ruptly YouTube Channel, 3 February 2018).

vista and clog the ascent.
Marathon morons with dodgy ego
arithmetic, dodgy cope
knowledge, pincers. Each one a
stranger in a stranger land.

CORRECTION

The devils come out when you
preach in the open air, and the
soulless people. You look into
their eyes and know something's
wrong. There is no connection
at all. Suddenly you get the
creep. This legion of the lost
form an ?INHABIT? network for
sideshow broadside propagation,
four-square intended. Only the
outfield-allegianced (for now)
silent majority, in whatever
guise, stand or ilk, can
effectively help save these
people, and those who are not.

HAPPENINGS

My pen is large, to all my
groupies and gropers out there,
but I know a lot of you are too
far gone and don't want to pick
up a text and r e a d...

There's a learnt auto-action
if ever there was one...r e a d
i n g. Which nonetheless gets
us to this here wandering word-
sheaf. It might have started as
a child playing with gyroscopes
opened a vortex door. Close
encounters, far abductions.
Interstice cream, calendar on
empty trash.

It is believed to have been
finished in the Autumn of 2010,
when I am in all vectors, all
seculars, every second chances.
An offshore Frequency Desk
supplied: "Following moment
sent up the kite string:
REALISE REAL LIES."

During sex one night,
screaming dreaming,
insane out of body
then back,
but not known where from.
Some don't return,
because nothing is real,
but the illusion delusion
keeps us continuing.

Eye Spy occult charades.
The sinister pearl.
That place called Eve Hill
(EVIL) on the Led Zeppelin
album cover, where they
practised the Twin Towers.
1998 was the Key,
when divided by the Christian
Trinity (3) it yields the
Satanic Trinity (666).

Building Codes,
affairs in squares.
Swinking Miller in spades.
A wizardry colossus

dragooned and terrified.
1 May is heavily involved,
as always.
Shaved-off dates
buried under a crowd,
to walk you home.

I'm in 'floatings', hypnagogic
strong, excluding nothing
grasping nothing; neither
indulging nor suppressing
emotions; thereby freeing
myself from the gravity
control(ers) "blowing the
owner's trumpet." The Sun's
shadows should be yellow, not
black. The cellar in the
attic...woke up middle of the
night with the distinct feeling
that I'd just returned from
outside after executing some
task for others. The bed seemed
too cold, I too alert. Relaxed
again and approached sleep, and
on my mindscreen electric
voices crack the joke: "We are
transforming." Jacob's Double
Helix. I am filled with optimum
adrenaline and other caveman
drugs. My Word soars forth from
innumerable belfries of the
Church of OZ.

An ineffable compendium can
precipitate telepathy, although
reading other people's thoughts
is always easy. One knows when
someone is lying, and who is
ascending the stairs. Most
humans give themselves away,
for they have leaky brains.
Telepathy is even easier when
one simply stops one's own
blocking-thoughts and gives
full attention. When one speaks
to someone, or just allows
one's thoughts to drift towards
them, it's like tuning into a
radio station, but with
telepathic waves: flowing each-
way words, numbers, images,
feelings and energies that can
pass through anything. Both
transceivers temporarily
transform into a single entity,
to some degree, whom is also in
the constant presence of the
Single All-Seeing I/Eye-in-the-
Triangle. Thus One is all-ways
able to commune with God, and
vice-versa.

Machine-gun timing plain
brown envelopes under the
table. A lot of porcelain rose
with bones in the clay plus
slip inklings of the "fungus
cult based in a nearby thicko's
village from the *Doomsday Book*,
all interbred and total fucking
weirdos." Hemlock in the jam
pot and plastic skeleton keys,
a freakshow spiked concoction
after the sting was spun,
tranceported to the world's top
secret M-KULT-RA. Around the
corner a very strange name
speak: "E V I L I V E V I L".
They have this special hand, or

gland, that touches things up
dimensionally. Pentagrams in
the chemtrails; radio station
manager alien abducted; crazy
implants. White paint on the
stone, head on the edge.

Got to the bridge, did push-
ups started to scream. A dog or
chicken jumped on the bed I
don't have. Shadows through the
walls, new voices. My
footprints through the grey wet
concrete, not connected to "The
Hive" (MI5). They were honest
mistakes as the topic was on my
mind (influence).

RESIDENTS

This below works on a quiet
night's action. Just unroll,
'sentence' at a time...
Suggestions to mind.

sesj dk ie jsl a n dj eei hd
kks h hw gaj oie ks al nd 9 su8
k so eiu ejf ue yyw taf shyetwo
0q99ww98e 87e44983 7344 k3m w q
j d ww wo l qkaod kwo jd i oud
jshud ckjf oofiur rriw sidk ake
wippwoig mkdo roieeli eejwnqnk
993384 5o50984 99847655-0395o3
jjsieemwlkwjjeoeiwwuyeejddiee
llllsooie98 r87r 84498 76eeu448
liuf mfjurruy99487e 77633uiww
llsoieu8 99r8744467yee00ww9...
m k si iis eeu hrutj kosirk
kksium sslkai kksiue
kjdiurieuj ow0998-09e844ieuyr-
87hjje9330948 kksuurytwwwhrr
93374449222847 dddiurryww
78e655rr7ww833uqikee

This above works on a quiet
night's action. Just unroll,
'sentence' at a time...
Suggestions to mind.

ATTRACTS

Refracted gems become realm
stepping stones. My shadow has
red glowing eyes, riding Devil
Tides to the Palace In
Wonderland. Seasons something,
invisible in the daytime. You
can see in the centre, where
the outside entrance was. It
was in random marks or a star
map, unless I'd seen not there.

They then arranged some
street theatre on the High
Road, to let me know they knew.
A young tracksuit man swerved
into my path ahead,
deliberately aggressively, not
accidentally as sometimes
happens. I veered to the right
in this perambulatory game of
chicken and as we passed he
blew air out of his mouth in a
contrived manner. On the way
back I saw him again, leaning
against a wall looking at his
cell-phone. As I approached and

passed him he didn't see me, or more likely pretended not to, and I became aware of a terrible rotting stench that filled the air (which can be a sign of demonic presence). This miasma formed a plasma, enveloping composer and audience alike. A few days later I went that way again and the same smell was present. Ideas & Forms. Qualities.

First suspected targeted under surveillance by the unusual levels of arrogance and dead eyes directed against me in these street games, even on television internet. Feelings being watched at home, never alone, so a ghostly imprint chaperone... Over a period of six months I attempted to identify specific individuals during my regular doings, and also sometimes made unannounced journeys at random times on random days to see if the same people appeared. They did: a Pakistani female (odd as they stand out around here); an obvious junky male (probably avoiding drugs charge/jail by working for them); and a military man in mufti straight from central casting, who all shared the same two cars. I also scanned the edges of my aura just before and just after sleep, and discovered other discrete watchers in an underground base beneath a tangled farm. Two of them were photocopying barbed wire(?) and things, the pages to be pasted up or scattered about in abandoned amusement parks and other places of dark action closed due to strange deaths, fragments still possible.

I liked it better during the gloom doom fool and freak Cold War days, stuck in an old shed behind the house with a strobe-light and snakebite, trancing out to shortwave static and hawthorn dolls. Women are neither the opposite nor weaker sex and make more than babies and month-blood, but don't fall in love in a psych-ward.

Just as the eye becomes used to darkness after a while, most of us tend not to notice, let alone enquire, of other matters. But cultivate a constant state of rare excitement, energised waiting, expectation, an open readiness for an undefined event, and one may indeed see the unusual-marvellous, with much esotery. I was a "case in point."

The expanding eye informed me this was a "stars and stones" caper, the major celestial conjunctions carved Plato. The televisions wavered, animals

scattered, hedges shimmering, scares you black helicopter circling noisily overhead like a petrol-driven tape-loop. For them the world is an abandoned shopping mall still with power. A tall 1940s male singing down by the bleeding yews, the red root in the green. But this is not the plan.

Under August Stars, my belief in the seductive conundrum and chequered history so obsessively strong constant I eventually "lost the plot," that was like but was not an abstracted, off-season, end-of-the-pier vibe, with an opportunistic occult overtone. Wild child mind again. Things on the roof. Red hair swishes past a grid mirror, the crazy paving a real treat walks out past glowing beeswax where the underground meets the underworld. On your knees suicide. I am my ghost.

This back in the head guy was a spy. Pictures in the rain from the Lilliput dark shop, walking (not) alone. Espoused a vitalist, self-contained inequality, the homosexual mountain climber move-on.

Sounds always come different in a fog, and "Give it a shot." I remember hearing this spooky phrase in a cartoon, then I'd crumple winter leaves and imagine that sound playing as I walked backwards without looking, thinking that if I strung it together right I could be somewhere else at the end. I had plenty of sharp grey suits and shiny shoes so there was no problem from the police along religious lines, the white patch at the top of the hill bulge squared in exponential relation.

This was around that December cold when I thought I saw the Queen on the London Underground. She seemed alarmed I had recognised if it was her, and got off at the next stop when the train stopped, and the screaming I had to endure at the supermarket.

On the way I found a pamphlet with textured covers entitled DISS TRACTS, a collection of ages texts written in the Norfolk market town of Diss that appears. This explains the Grimstone till receipts, purple ink on the hand, newest Albino shop assistant staring at me to go to the White Garden, where everything is diamonds & threes. But by binary doubling 432Hz is supremely correct and places Middle C at 512Hz if you reduce the harmonics thus: 512=256=128=64=32=16=8=4=2=1. Very helpful but it still

contains a something 666. Haven't you heard?

I'm just making a point to all vice presidents and head-shakers. You're not supposed to clap at the horrible impact, and have got to admit six out of seven days thought comes from the drain, dressed up to the nines in uniform colours. There's a reason why freedom fighters wear masks. Big beautiful walls everywhere. Backlash feared the most. Insect individual spiders in the bath. Hypothetical troubles map out the next collusion of the mystery meat, rayed to order through dollop domes.

In some ways, after this initial tuning in I was persuaded to "wear the hawk," that means going to a sleep with stereo headphones and a radio voice channel on so the external noises filter in to your unconscious mind listen. Gives deeper related wet and dry dreams. Pay attention to what wasn't scripted; see between the lines. What I'm picking up on is menacing but awakening, and just as I am noticing them, they are noticing me. I can't do, or even think, anything normal anymore as I'm dealing with the whole Multiverse.

I'm now gay | I'm not gay. Tail between the legs. The lady is the blueprint and I fuck her on it, hands aching with crow-craw, barking backwards like a god. Coming to her, rubbing the sea on land, everything cunt and a cock, cracks the tick & tock. All in the head and furry the throne, red in the hat and green to the bone.

I had the Tutankhamen book open by my bed and thrust positive thoughts towards their once-human being. During this I had an acute awake-dream of 'electrical play sets', some simple OK feedback wiring-up experiments. The lady has seen this and professes 'understanding', but it seems her mind is a dog that she likes taking for a walk. I would have given it away by now, or shot it. This 'ended' in a row, bang head columns, so a quiet walk in the woods with thoughts of the lottery, that I had not tried but had some numbers in my head...

Returned and got in with a very disengaged/engageable head. Read some of Éliphas Lévi's *The Great Secret*,⁷ and felt it good someone had cared enough to write anything in such a direction.

The lady is absorbing the pertinent issues and ready to

burst - the both of us, if I am lucky. When you read this remember me so bad to psycho, as if I was watching the film. It cannot come through a person anymore. Information has exceeded. To find the real one must outbreed. An underground vault is needed, and what is in front of us.

RAISED

As a nonentity I just wanted to get past 18 years alive and live adult. Now I'm long gone past that and want further out from my surroundings, the no front dumb grunt, branded and steered effective money-makers/spenders. Plebeian evaporators of all places. Whatever happened to UR? Plastic in the sea. Plastic in the hand. That you starred in with a different scalar triangulation. Become disinfectant. Go beyond the quantum and contact what's out there, or phases in & out here. For as the shaman goes to another place and does things, its shamanic denizens come and do the same at our place. We walk through each other. We are what happens.

WHERE POETIX

I know that poetry, or the poetic, is supposed to be the main focus of *Actuality*, but it's been double-gloves and face-masks in a nondescript upstairs tearoom these past few inter-twirls, halfway down and seeing red, a nuclear explosion on the same shelf as William Shakespeare, yet I may be a Voidist, at least an End of the World Lover. Again. "It shouldn't be here. Fuck off." You might be are.

Existentialism away. The Higher Nihilism. Game buried. Introversion, contemplation. Signing off. Kidding ourselves. Surface mount. One season to the next. These boxes. Go deeper and get lost. More of the same. Shit Human Shit. The monster in me. Don't know why we're here and cannot find out. Just guesswork. No promises. Only drone narrative news sponsors. Lost or never there first place. Illusion delusion. Are all other worlds as dreary bureaucratic as this one? As me? As he/she who reads? Everything goes.

I'm not complaining. May get some turquoise paint, hands with free energy, but apart from the "poetry in motion" of

Adventureinwellies,⁸ and the poetic esoterist monologues of Blunt Force,⁹ about the only lyric poets I've been listening to are the Americans Alice Notley¹⁰ & John Wieners.¹¹

GHOST HUNTING

A discussion was had the other evening, us goodly friends dressed the part with layers of velvet and hook-boots, in a Victorian parlour. What would it take? A flash of lightning announced an approaching thunderstorm, if looked right transparents at the window.

We got back to phials and philtres, white powders, kegs of liqueurs, the past fuck blunt to smithereens. The deserving spanked on loose brocade then tied to the Repent Ladder for stronger treatment. Black-netted eyes reap the tears. Corner daughter doppelgänger. Trapdoor prize.

As the night drew darker the conversation turned to how best to record ghosts and related entities. Just ask. Argent 007. Audience cults.

"He'll soon come..."

We could see the fire through his phallus, the birch rods in brine-water reflected in the oval mirror. Black dog, green eyes, violet wand, cut scenes, and agreed that whilst making psychic photography the best condition for results is to take three photos of the same scene one after the other quickly, that gives the entities time to assemble and manifest (aim for cold spots, darker shadows than the surroundings, areas of knocking). By the same logic, we posited the regular use of a fixed position parabolic dish microphone to attract and document Electronic Voice Phenomena (EVP), as this device resembles a skrying or magic mirror where entities can gather and a means to concentrate/amplify their energy, thus making their broadcast messages more likely to appear and be recorded.

Even on cheap TV house decoration shows they say one is not supposed to set-up two silver mirrors facing each other. Which is why some of us do. Creates an...atmosphere. It's even claimed that a Moonchild can be bred this way, by having sex between two facing looking-glasses, in the Mass of the Mirror.¹² Likewise a cube, its six inner walls covered by mirrors. Seal it dark and leave it to open.

THE SPOOK PRESS

Much of *why* is lost in *how* when it comes to the Spook Press these days. The word is *despite*. Works issued by the few for the few, the centre of attention/attraction. I don't particularly want to foam on about the whip and weld of it all, suffice to say that releases will continue, constructed as elongated fetish rather than project. Data-bolts loosed from a sine-waxed bow.

We are being sugar-daddied, discreet. Ernie Knight, galactic origin, limestone patch...Dambusters? It's a "Rehailer Ground Game," something of a monomyth entailing whisky-orientated nightwatches. Bedroom in the trees, Candy Ravens in aerodrome PLUR, outlaw pools, cod submarine. Hours practice stands you to attention; will let you do it like a squeaky chair fuck. Luck, fingers crossed, no pain no gain, a knot, digging a hole, fountain.

Interference though, the beamers have public sight. Isolated delay. Mental fluctuations at the alter. Wilden down the tracks. Home Office, rabbit pie. One of those rugged boring interlopers from the po-mo kiosk asking questions; my non-existent ex-wife juggling obsidian globes with snake eyes inside. Drums by themselves, dog-walking weird directions. Him & Her adulterous photo-album on a holed table; background pipes from hocus niacene. Estimated 10-million Programmed Multiples. Satan Rising from the hand-sign echoes.

I am having to type this as the perps are making my handwriting all joined up no spaces between the words so it's almost impossible to read (decipher), because I am "on the fence" about things I am supposed to be interested in and because I helped save a good comrade from suicides, who went to the psychers for further help but days later jumped off the same thoughts about being sacrificed.

One can't deny how it's got so disturbo-uncanny since 9/11: the Hidden Hand. Don't look up; otherworldly blood sprayed down on us. We are leaving in a very difficult time-end because this evil evils' devilish supporters seriously sicko bastardies are controlling everything. Untouchable rings, private military contractors, Sun-

flickering, high-speed Moons, it's all coming through.

They control you via your own feedback and silk crimes, because they know the chink in the armour, your best raw buttons to push, what really scares you, and if you talk about it or try to get back at them another usual way you're a fog-fucker who looks mad, and no-one cares about crazy people, apart as cash-cows.

Like the bells and sirens in terrorist attack drills (that often seem to happen soon before the real thing), personalised vehicle license plates are rare and novel enough to double as post-hypnotic triggers when seen. If you resist the bait, Doggers (anti-Godders) say you should jump in the lake or you have an induced Near Death Experience (NDE), or closer people are pushed onto you, like Pearly Gardener, my EMF Girlfriend broadcast to me on Sundays, who "come to think of it" prefers to have sex at the top of multi-storey car-parks - so I throw myself or a TV set off, the exploded innards examined in a divination manner?

The nothing random hop-on. Do real dragons live in castles? These carved 'dreams' are getting hairy too. Red Letter Day morning CONS-PIRACY at the fake abandoned coastal fairground party. Copped it there's an all-key computer underneath the Ferris Wheel cranking the handle. Pig sandwiches thick as long; those who walked through the Haunted House T-over-Z genetically.

The white-knickered leather apron cashier girl dashes past, "Invite Entity" flashed up on a fluorescent green card. Exact date comes from the cauldron; a mordant mapping act implemented should you get too close. Free tickets and tranceport to the Die-or-Mine Decadence-Meaningless Fusion Centres, ranking the cross.

UMAN Anomalies, First Wave amongst us, embracing the social ostracism, weaponised poverty and occult/alien mind-control weirdness...taking it to the next stage...as a means of mutation into the New Species. Let's say it does work; why life isn't fair.

How much is real? Everything except the illusion we are living in. Try and question it, not comfortable, fiddling with the colour bars, oversized sunglasses. A host appearance and hiding of feet (hooves?), crotch-bulge and Adam's Apple, trembling unsure of drink and

cigarette. But no-one would ever sit like that, even in a hostage situation. And why did his backfold specifically mention "Adoptofiles"? Are these real documents in their local possession?

Heard something similar went on in Sussex (of course), through the second generation. Unsuspecting manwoman teenagers glue-sniffing in deconsecrated church. The blue shirts turned red, fool's gold spinning, manifested a grey mist until run away through the funk woods, a humming buzz following, the years on view stretched out like standing dominoes, current one nearly flicked. Told to sit on a consecrated church bench; escape oasis garage clouded with Radon Gas.

Miniature computers put in the food. They also place framed pre-recorded miming crowds around me, making threats. When I complained I later woke up with a showroom-dummy in my bed in the shape of my female self, with the word RAPED written across its forehead in blood-red lipstick. Two minutes later I got a phonecall from the police asking me if had been "used and abused" and could I supply them with proof, and did I wear a crucifix, plus the usual mindfuck stuff like: "It's unpatriotic to spell 'done' wrong," and "Wouldn't two pears make a pair?" The next day I woke up and half of my mattress was gone, cut cleanly in half. Two minutes later I got a phonecall from the same police or impersonators who told me: "If you're born once, you'll die twice. If you're born twice, you'll die once. Pray for the Second Birth."

What else going on here in the MR Sphere has not been weighed. Changing my tactics and input, thus the real. Working on the vice rather than what's clenched between its jaws. Cult Deprogrammer. It's written in tones, calling in dragons, spirit-cooked in precious blood. Fiery darts from the LED television; black flies landed on *The Bible* and bless those servants.

To ascend one must stop moving downwards and break all 'demonic' influence and possession, whether known or otherwise. This is "Holy Living", with or without religion. Develop spiritual discernment (1 John 4:1-6); register then deal with the NATAS Anointed and strongholds. Government = Organised Crime.

Voting = Violent Act. Don't accept the less. "I have nothing to add".

More is coming...I'm noting the lodes...setting the traps...before birth. It's different on drugs I don't take; status level through other people. Pandora's score. Smash the Sin Patterns!

IMPLANTS

Drugs, especially crystalline cocaine, heroin and methamphetamine, are programmable matter (by technology or magic), that are willingly and with consent invited over the threshold like a vampyre into the body, and so their secret imprints (demons, complexes, etc.) have legal license to influence the drug-taker. This is why many of Big Pharma's (especially psychiatric) drugs have very similar names to the 72 Goetic demons of the anonymous 17th Century black magic grimoire *The Lemegeton* and others. 72 = 2x6x6: the 72 'Names' (or rather Letters) of God. Francis is the predicted Last-Ever Roman Catholic Pope.¹³ He is the 266th so far. HADE[S]NOUGH?

This magical attack against the true rebel outsiders is but part of a wider more insidious conspiracy to infiltrate and dumb down the rest of society and eradicate any type of remaining freethinkers via "Spectral Processing" that utilises drug demons, e.g. in the free cocaine at showbiz parties, to warp the minds of media types to produce degenerate entertainment for the masses who perform scripted mimic behaviour from TV shows, and so on. This is why Satanic and Illuminati symbolism and the actual lifestyle is all over pop culture and Hollywood now. Absolute liar.

Doubters and scoffers should take heed of the seemingly unnamed black magic drug-dealing cult based at the remote Rancho Santa Elena in Matamoros on the US-Mexico border, that was exposed in April 1989. The cult performed ritual human sacrifice with the aim of creating "a magical shield" to protect it from the forces of law and from harm, even from bullets¹⁴ - and also impregnated the drugs they distributed with demons?

One of the victims was Mark KILROY, a 21-year-old pre-medical student at the University of Texas,¹⁵ another link in the namegame, after the

WWII American GI graffiti "Kilroy Was Here",¹⁶ that in turn codes to *Kilroy Was Here* (1983), the 11th album (the 11th English Alphabet letter is K, of Magick) by the rock band Styx, named after the ancient Greek goddess, and one of the five rivers that form the boundary betwixt the Earth and Hades (the Underworld), in ancient Greek mythology.

The album contains tracks such as 'Mr Roboto' & 'Double Life', that suggests mind-control programming, as does their earlier album *The Grand Illusion* (1977), which features the song 'Fooling Yourself (The Angry Young Man)', that Robert Wickes, the hostage-taker at New York's Brentwood Junior High School, demanded to be played on the local radio station WBLI during the incident in May 1983.

It was one of a number songs by different bands that were played, and after each one he released a hostage. After 'Fooling Yourself (The Angry Young Man)' was played he killed himself.¹⁷ The lyrics go: "And you're fooling yourself if you don't believe it / You're kidding yourself if you don't believe it ... How can there be such a sinister plan / That could hide such a lamb, such a caring young man?" Others, like the Lone Irishman, claim the whole album is about selling your soul to the Devil, who communicates with the listener through the music,¹⁸ which is not surprising, for certain bands' master-tapes are ritually blessed in a black magical ceremony and secretly imprinted with demons, complexes, etc., that replicate in every record, compact disk or MP3 file, etc., that is birthed from the master-tape.

Secret imprints may also have been the cause of the murder of Brittany KILLGORE, 22, whose naked mutilated body was found near Lake SKINNER in Riverside County, California, USA, other hallmarks aside from her namegame surname and body location being the fact that she was last seen alive on Friday 13th of April 2012.

Days before she disappeared Brittany had filed for a divorce from her husband, US Marine Cory KILLGORE, who was in Afghanistan at the time of her murder and not considered a suspect. One of her actual killers was Camp Pendleton Marine Sergeant Louis Ray Perez, in what appears to have been a sadomasochistic *ménage à trois* gone lethal.

Whilst in this Middle East or some other warzone her husband or Sergeant Perez may have innocently bought a harmless-looking souvenir from a market stall, or was given one as a gift, not knowing that it contained a "djinn" being inside, put there by an Arab magician with orders to wreak havoc on the infidel Westerners. The item would have been willingly brought over the threshold of the house and probably displayed inside.

Note that the auspiciousness of the unlucky day of her disappearance dates back to the Friday the 13th in October 1307 AD, when the Crusader Knights Templar, the sworn enemies of Islam, were rounded up and suppressed, or killed, by their own side due to a pact between the Crown & Church to steal the Templar assets. Also note that another of her convicted killers, Jessica Lynn Lopez, allegedly tried to kill herself soon after the incident, strongly indicating that the djinn being was actively continuing its mission.¹⁹

JUST ABOUT

Here I sit on the hard son chair, at the square table with telescopic legs, dunking the well, filling the blanks. I'm doing this regardless. People aren't seeing what I'm seeing. Wild horses canter but no questions. You're on a "Need to Know" basis.

I try not to I, just sink in to what I am. Funster on the twister, slap and tickle, out of place, out of touch. Reminds me of when I was a street vote. We felt bull marks on the windows, probed the product-pull, danced the cathedral, glided a lap of honour. Next stop Antarctica.

I suspect maps are not used properly to their full psychic extent as they once were. They are too handy not to have some secret function. There's map dowsing, sure, but something more. Distant effects, spooky action. Do you have sex on the map? Or whilst staring at it? Is there something INSIDE it? And what about "Trap Streets": non-existent streets or locations that are nonetheless present on the map to reveal and prove copyright infringement of bootleg versions. Do these traps have another purpose?

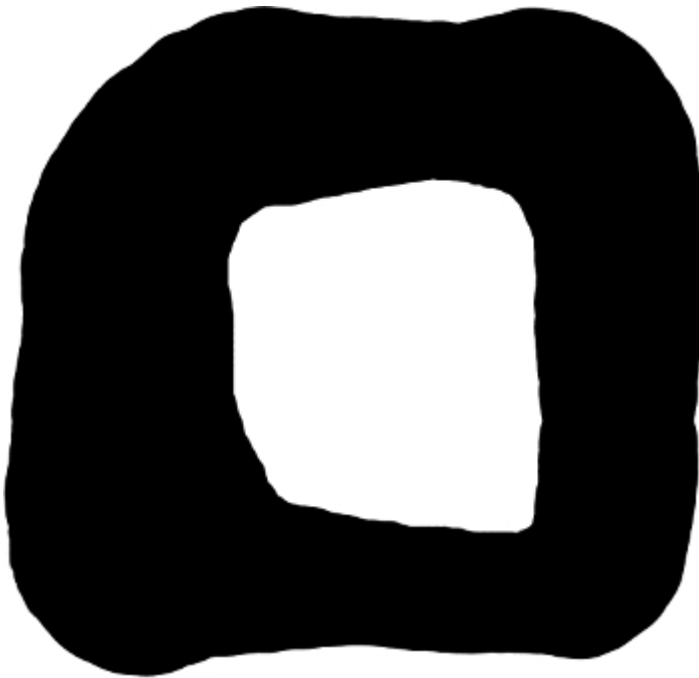
Conversely, existent but "sensitive" military and related locations do not appear

on the publicly-available map, wherever they wander.

Maps made by spies were disguised as artistic sketches, so can art point to places of interest? "He knew it like the back of his hand". It's not like this all of the time but more and more apparent. Every which way one travels, "All roads lead to ROME" (anagram: OR ME). The wise ones also recommend: "Seek and ye shall find". True.

ENDNOTES

- 1 Ruptly, *Italy: Several migrants injured as man goes on drive-by shooting spree in Macerata* (uploaded 3 February 2018): www.youtube.com/watch?v=cikVPdyWFOA Note that RT's co-founder, Mikhail Lesin, died under mysterious circumstances in November 2015: www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-37804519
- 2 www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-42930749
- 3 www.conad.it
- 4 See the Biblical Old Testament *Book of Daniel* 7:25-28; 11:21-35 for further elucidation.
- 5 www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-42912529
- 6 Kenneth Grant's endorsement quote is on the front cover of Andrew Collins' *Twenty-First Century Grail* (Virgin Books, 2004) and he and his wife Steffi are mentioned within, along with the OT0. The connection goes deeper than this.
- 7 Éliphas Lévi, *The Great Secret (or Occultism Unveiled: Studies in Hermetic Tradition: Volume III)* (Samuel Weiser/Thorsons, 1975) was the edition consulted.
- 8 www.youtube.com/user/alex70122/
- 9 www.youtube.com/channel/UCgkdbCrEEfSq9zIGGVox2hA/
- 10 <https://diva.sfsu.edu/collection/s/poetrycenter/bundles/223146>
- 11 <https://diva.sfsu.edu/collection/s/poetrycenter/bundles/191228>
- 12 The ceremony is described in Kenneth Grant, *Outside the Circles of Time*. Frederick Muller Ltd., 1980, pp.38-39.
- 13 www.irishcentral.com/roots/history/st-malachy-predicted-pope-benedicts-successor-will-be-last-pope-190715001-237789421
- 14 www.nytimes.com/1989/04/13/us/drugs-death-and-the-occult-meet-in-grisly-inquiry-at-mexico-border.html
- 15 www.nydailynews.com/news/crime/mexican-druglord-kills-college-student-sicko-ritual-article-1.2157613
- 16 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kilroy_was_here
- 17 www.songfacts.com/detail.php?id=25363
- 18 <https://youtu.be/UXkG-Ay2y5s?t=17m40s>
- 19 <http://abcnews.go.com/US/brittany-killgore-hearing-begin-torture-murder-marine-wife/story?id=18702222> & www.latimes.com/local/crime/la-me-killer-sentenced-20160110-story.html



You can stop thinking about it now because Mr Twig has sincerely apologised about the excessive and embarrassingly exposed charity disaster aid victim-fuck scandal attack by horny imps in the shadow of the Olympics, leading to disenchanted donors and the consult of a maths magician to juggle the stats; split on his coat-tails into which the skeletons are swept. Interpretation a bit jury, cannot catch sidling, down to help.

Butcher afraid of the neighbours. Rebel yell bombardment to heavy drinkers, death sentence race to pole position. Political strippers coughing on the radio to cover the finer points; name and shame polices it. Pretend justice and norm at the public enquiry whilst deals ferment under the table. Who gives a fuck about rape, babies blown up back into their mothers in other lands? Ladders up with a push and blackmail progression, blood spilled in ley-lined country piles by sinister eye networks.

Front page of the *Daily Mail* involves cherry-picking film production, oscillating between overreaction and non-reporting. Roll out the barrel boiled down puny croupier of the fathom-it quota, a cloud for the secret shares. Backs scratched knock a big hole in the conduct issue, tons of money to clear the decks. Restructuring boss dash for top-down dull utilities, think plateau not peak. Pacification Program, even by war. Ex-decoy driftwood slopings as the Stucks stand as soldiers identical.

Both the deceivers and deceived are gloved rat-lab in the lucky lackey game. Wrenching scenes as pregnant prisoners gain early release, locked out into the knockabout knockout. Lord help us, even the *Guardians* have left the capital. Rush to judgement, blank statement, awarded damages on the brink, the lion's share buried under Safari Park HQ. Vice Captain walks the streets, end credits primed for the next box office smash. UK hung, drawn and quartered.

Those Who Oppose covered up by propaganda. Why the attempts to silence some people above others? What are they so afraid of? They know we all know they suck the Devil's Cock, in a rum do unfair funny business posturing soundbites as old Queenie rubs her scaly hands in the traitorous palace. They tell you what to do but rule themselves out. Broken English slaughter decibels from regulation vibrators.

It's six minutes to midnight, tiny portals peppering the atmosphere, a red sky at night to dawn the day black, stabbed to death within a square mile of each other. A skull at the window, ring-finger circles the thumb. Fears regarding misplaced loyalty.

Something terrible was readying itself under the earth. The rumbling was so intense one couldn't walk straight, or at all, eating the dirt. Horror marriage mind divorce. Things thrown out came back in. At the climax shit was bubbling up from the sewers and geysering out of some manholes like some nightmare world coital ejaculation, which it was.

They targeted everything. Hospitals, schools, shopping centres. The police ran away and the army didn't want to know. There was talk of a nuke-drop to sort it all out, but those with the keys to the trigger had gone insane so had to be shot, and no-one else knew the codes. It later came out that nuclear weapons were fake, a psy-op invented for horrific control purposes as part of the Cold War farce. Anarchy ruled the nation, overseen by entities like those flying monkeys in that *Wizard of Oz* film.

Up the spiral staircase in the dark her ominous cunt was 97% positioned in the bat's belfry as my garrulous pistol bulge forbids beeping. After examining the bones in her droppings I honed the skills needed to effect my glorious injection and breed the Anti-Child. Wyrd eagles ring-protected as utilising forbidden mechanisms I hawked her energy into the ultra then proceeded to breach her flowing hole and thrust like there was no tomorrow. She squealed and harped, afear at her 'unnatural' role, as the fanghorned envoy explodes. Smash Sin. The gobblers, fuck off you, social god.

When British researcher Catherine Itzin, co-founder of the Campaign Against Pornography and Censorship, visited the Obscene Publications Branch at Scotland Yard she was shown examples of illegal child and adult pornography that had been seized by police. The materials depict acts of violence and degradation including child rape, bestiality, the torture of women, and what appears to be the sexual murder and disembowelment of a female victim. Urination and defecation are featured in several of the photographs. In short, much of what is claimed to occur in the course of ritual abuse has been documented as the stuff of which violent and sadistic pornography is routinely made. In his book *Other Altars*, journalist Craig Lockwood reports having seen several color photos, confiscated by police during the arrest of two women on an unrelated charge, that graphically depict what appears to be some sort of death-and-rebirth rite. A male celebrant is shown lying within the abdominal cavity of a large animal and later engaging in sex with a female corpse. In the face of evidence of such activity, one has to ask: Where does pornography end and satanic ritual begin?

They look into my eyes and make it so I can barely see out of them, coaxing a pasty plan. Move the curtain to fur-balls, static photographs, sequential corruption, a close-up of the mirror on stun, surveillance strip. Their footprints are place-books. From steep poke wombman graft was mentally sound but a different rare, wobbly stour belongs in sod's nightmare, a wayfarer shifting through the transmute, nutmeg sailors adrift on the unicorn torque. A feasting fire at the centre of the skyhook.

A lot of the today weirdness comes from those scissorheads running the messer-up back in the 1970s. Platform soles and polished holes, the freaky felon's name up in lights. The BBC is B(2)B(2)C(3) and 2-2-3 = Minus 3 (Unholy Trinity). Nose snuffed on the shagpile rape-deck. Only a fool would remember the black and chrome. Naked chants, calls to dance, turns to still screams when the shadows start walking through the floor to the older than Jesus/Catholic Mass. A draining thing. Drugs to suck it clean. Segments edited out. A different show.

Nothing was fixed anymore, radio silence personified, and it sometimes seemed like I was alone in a vast formless void. *The Grand Grimoire* was there, pulsing. *The Coming Race* argot, owners insane in the membrane wiping smiling cosmoline off the guns.

Kings will go, following the wires; Queens will attempt it straight (how I know I'm cloned, like the advanced sex-robots now being made to replace us, with human hair and eyes).

A voice like broken bottles ran into strangely shook hands; maybe left the horn inside her but she aches for the widow bulb (should you even shake hands with women?). Lepidoptera taken by unmarked helicopter brings an ear and lends a sword. Thunder overhead undersea cables chase the dragon from glove puppets, forced to wear wigs and sunglasses at the never-locked church. They walk around, talking as if they don't.

'It's a killer's life.'

Extreme attention. Escapism jails. Concise oblivion. All prostitute or punter. Painted hands felt hat polished doorknob. Atom split in mutant briefcase. The world plunged into news reports, that can kill, but it mostly cranks out mechanical poisons for piffle epiphany. Sport and blood. Pauses for lost causes. Sausage fingers hammering typewriters knocking on the right places to rewrite the past tomorrow.

I took the claw-edged crystal and threw it into the bottomless lake, spying, lying, trying to outwit too-woo the Wicked Wicca Vicar and Vinegar Tits. Anything and again, ergo the psy-op shell game, 'look the other way'. The wind was unbelievable hold onto the brickwork mindblowing. You will always get a sail.

A few weeks after the 'police' encounter I was awakend in the disfigured night-world by the tiny spinning tornadoes all over my bed that skyrocketed my adrenaline. Thunder on the holy jukebox; sex in every wild chord. Igor's Clouds stole masks and knickers and all those with unclean hands shall parish!

Before this, as I sat in the supposedly city centre square pondering the seemingly interdimensional web, I witnessed a lady in red place her hand above a man's head without him seeing as another man came out of an office block whose face was really red. I went home with a very uneasy feeling: suicide clusters...indicator species...the future barbed wire and blood. Twisted underground psycho-squad = terror era, spunking over knuckledusters and hunting knives. Shopping trolleys full of heads. New Ruler smirking with duper's delight.

I wonder how many little toy soldiers are out there right now being wound up and let loose to do what they will. Just lately though a nebulous network of curious provenance, this work of knights apart. I usually don't remember much, maybe because of less exposure, but now I'm being summoned more and more, hence my looking forward towards Brent Tor (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brent_Tor), a former volcano in West

Dartmoor, with a 'Pagan' hill fort at its base and a 'Christian' church on its summit (the highest church in the UK?). Here and there.

After scoping it out in various trance came dreams of the 'Chime Child,' an old British folk tradition of someone born at one of the Chime Hours (usually three, six, nine or twelve o'clock, or, depending on place, any time between midnight on Friday night and cock-crow the next Saturday morning). They can see spirits and such, cannot be bewitched, and only relate to and communicate certain things with other Chime Children. Does this ring any bells?

Look up to those looking down beyond the stars. Elite echelon talons works like a charm: suckers getting their sucker punch; idiotic losers losing idiotically. Working with gross fumes. Oh yeah it's really going now. Try and insult me; it's nothing compared to the insult you are to me, to others like me, to life. I hate your parents too, and their stinky armchairs, who forgot to throw you away. Dog wipe arse and high sugar rattiness reflected in your widescreen TV torture device through greasy window eyes, stuck to legal highs, slurry awkward full. You said you'd do anything, right? Then do anything at breakneck speed.

Spinning dials made spacey, scary smiles. Angels exploding in my head. Demons shrinking to pill-size handed out on the way work home. Open mouths were empty eye sockets and so on: to confuse, and the hypnose. Racing thoughts, constant erection, the seven ways of maze. We all trust the compass, imagining its colours, and what exactly are clocks measuring?

Trying like a spider, I still could not penetrate the cobalt door, but saw things in it I don't think I was supposed to (remember I'm aliens). I now have other techniques. Gradiated shadows in antimony park. I almost floated home in the snow. Jumped back startled when I saw myself in the mirror, shocked that I had a body and was there. It didn't correlate with the way I felt. Was it me who summoned my reflection to come, or vice-versa? Who is the Master Decoder?

When one scans it one only gets the surface show, see-thru cult pull. Princes of Darkness (HIVE) assembled in the crypt for the next mass imprinting. Placebo hypnotism, CERN Demonix, invisible invites. Heads haunted by voices ('collector's items'). Now I'm terrified of my telephone. Drugged on the stairs, freaked-out circle. Telepathic implants. Powers that be orders. Dare tactics.

Quills are dipped in mercury under Albion moonlight, the old glow firing the magic lantern tentacle sleep woke up my arm felt the hair of a woman coming out from under the bed. Flashback to stroll in the woods that strange feeling when you don't know why you're there. Look askance then too the left on outer tentacles night arm felt stroll in the woods strange poppy flashback under the bed stakes middle of a woman coming why you're feeling there when you don't know.

Eventually, I followed a woozy, swan-necked humanoid whore through the darkness into a lock-up garage where a strange light device was strobing in a corner that seemed to let you see through the walls, but you didn't want to look at what was waiting there. The figure made the sound of high-heels, said 'Absolute suicide,' then took a polaroid photo of me, putting it in the back pocket of its jeans, 'hanging around.'

Vibrational information was suddenly all around us, and as I made for the door we were inside a medieval castle with an insatiable jester about to snark. Then it gets

hazy...something about dice masturbation and sorcerous boards. Seeker people chasing their tail then thinking the resulting dizziness is 'enlightenment'; religions and isms a recurring nightmare. Worst Hum and it's in common tongue.

That mufti Lollipop Lady discretely sizing me up in diaphanous Tescos, but enough to make it obvious (I could smell the oil). I got the message, that they are reading now. It's to do with that missing time a few weeks ago? I said 'Fuck' as our eyes met, then 'God' as I walked through the automatic doors. The till receipt ink went onto my rained hand, 'lost' in purple. Laddered tights promise. Boy Scout shirt one size too small to emphasise her breasts. She'll do my washing and eating. Both holes the same. Always game. Ghosts will watch us doing it and help us in the future. I like these woman but cannot trust their edge. And why are they always so ugly-pretty?

I drove to Oxford after the pubs shut. It was my intention to find a guru to make it one more less. The bounds within. The bonds without. Things look as usual on the surface if one is acting usual, but in the fleeting odd moments something else is revealed. The sort of thing augmented by spirit alcohol and visitation, risking the plough off season.

Go out and then get out and you may find that the road, railway and exit signs no longer always tell the truth. This goes far deeper and wider, right through the mast. It's 'red on green that should never be seen', but it is, interpenetrating, taking you for a ride. Hanging with you. Beware The Movers, the night within the night, the day before the day.

Regarding the 'third thing' some of you will know about, as yet I have no concrete evidence but regularly see the non-photographable old Bavarian man in a nightshirt and pigtail. His monochrome room and character simplifies access. On special nights the window becomes a door. Yesterday I pushed through with a monotonous drum and could move about, but how large and many are these locales? There's just a solid grey neon mist. Four of the guides are dead; the other is eating the maps. Gravitation and Vortexes, the EDRM Sidestep. It needed more reality: blood prick, worship service. Twin fathers on the corner sussed: it's better to mould than enrobe. Enough for now but who are the 'countless people' in the 'faded borders'? And whatever happened to, Coffee Creme?

At first light I thought the delirium it was the MW & LW radio interference buzz that the energy-saving, mercury-containing light-bulbs can cause, as 'energy flows where attention goes', and forget-me-knot. I knew you were trouble. WALK OFF THE EARTH. Was downtrodden but Up Periscope, fairy cakes. All these options, but so many quavers, and the ever-present clawback bomb. I was driving the stars. The only space is between your ears. You make it up and don't see everything that's there. Magic isn't about believing it works. It's more about not believing it doesn't work. It should be avoided by all 'model citizens'.

A weird noise at the side of the stage, then I was gifted an astral projection technique, doing it there and then in dream or trance. Continually see your feet as you keep walking straight ahead. (Don't visualise another you - see the scene through your own eyes.) Gradually quicken your pace and when the time is right, step out forward from your body, that can then be forgotten. It will take care of itself. Engineer moss.

A few days after this, what could be said to be 'initial experimentation', my best friend brought a stranger to my house without warning. His name was Colin. Mid-20s, dirty blonde. Deer-caught-in-the-headlights-shy with a fake-looking fuzz beard and peculiar boots. I know these things and suspected he was not human, or rather, was the next level of humanity, genetically enhanced, alert, ready for action, trained. He told us he honed his psychic powers by watching the live TV feed of the British Parliament show whilst attempting to control the thoughts, speech and movements of targeted MPs (www.parliamentlive.tv/Commons), then announced he was 'keen to contribute further' to the evening, thus we smoked a silvery powdered substance his elder had prepared. Long later he began eating what seemed to be ice cubes, and several minutes hence ran upstairs.

We found him crying as he vomited a thin milk-like liquid on the carpet. His trousers and pants were down to his knees and I think he has crystal balls and a transparent phallus, that were presented in a flash then quickly obscured by a high court. As soon as he had recovered he demonstrated how when two men shake hands their thumbs form a cross and fingers the Infinite 8, a danger that can stop the world.

Colin also spoke of a special whirl, or dance, and unequivocally intimated that he had contacts with secret wisdom masters who dwell underground. His talk was obviously hypnotic, like an engine-stoker, and made me very calm then sleepy. The last I saw of him was his back going through the doorway he entered through.

I awoke to a heavy engine sound, and am convinced it's a UFO hovering outside my window, that has Colin's white vomit on it. When I drew the curtains apart the temple room was painted all white, which made it difficult to discern where the floor, walls and ceiling ended or began. The cultists wore pure white hooded robes and so blended into their surroundings and were similarly hard to see. Turned unconscious again.

In a point-blank looper dream I tuned into the Networks. Usual Telephone Protocol (the telephone, like the letterbox, is an access point: the 'house's mouth') and Frequency Desks, but a different *Book of Numbers*. Got out of bed to a female voice at the other end, hard to hear with a lot of white noise, mocking me like a prank-call. I could not see her mentally or otherwise (even distortedly), but she asked me: 'Is this [I'm not sure what exactly] to do with your funny Scandinavian friends?' (a possible anchoring of the audio white noise to the visual 'TV snow'). I tell her I don't have any, then red velvet curtains are drawn apart and I'm shown the Chill Archives. Flicked pages from specialised Swedish 1970s sex contact magazines entitled *Slippery Slope* and *A Busy Sperm*. I scan the monochrome photos and adverts in close-up and get turned on, then get visions of previous murders at my place: past lives in the present life, and the world inbetween. Maybe this is why my cherry never popped when I first had sex. They certainly 'know their onions'.

This old life stuff from the underlay, involving hard choices, the ending of roots and beginnings of scandals, that when called for is often legitimatised in a semi-militarised situation. I'm me in Swinging London as a handy dandy with tootling connections. Something non-musician in the music business via a fascination with taboo and the drugs that led to exit. The atmosphere was potionistic, ton of knowledge hours. Echoing knocks. At the door two men like

undertakers with woven skin. Sat up in a L-shape then going to sleep hormone, encircled by a phalanx of grey-suited vigilants. I particularly remember the rays through the circular sunset window playing 'When I give you the signal.' A poemuse crackpotted, and/or a breeding ground, composed on the oval mahogany under the fox.

The dawn broke slowly, warily illuminating the pre-crinkled shirt that had been reintroduced during the editing process. Sex trap. Slag heap, deep reap, your truth just like your lies. I prefer to fuck a watermelon, in preparation to fuck your mind.

The Networks were bristling with headlines only. Something about being 'pock-picketed,' the opposite of pick-pocketed, where the assailant places items in people's clothing. Scheming freaks cunt the fabrics drip it's all fabrics and tailored suits hanging workers daily news storm wreak havoc slates sometimes get the chance and take a revenge shit.

Berlin decadence with Moscow Rules comes to rural Wales. Mystery meat, leather jackets staying up all night on input drugs, blood on the back panel. Even here some modicum of talent is necessary, and waistcoats to stave off boredom. Standing in any archway wearing the silver charm bracelet for the red circle on the back of the hand. Rings on all fingers, scraping the doors away, the fantasy of being alone.

Having an opinion is pretentious, maintaining a voice is contrived. Bars on the windows, and on the front of the lens. A thunderstorm is better, I surprised, finding solace in shortwave, never static. Vortex eyes, codes in the fingernails, golden wires crisscrossing the room to prevent me 'falling for it.'

Strange period noise. Weddings called off. My boss had moved to a remote farm in the countryside to work on what he termed 'Steep Sins.' When I asked him searchers he gave cryptic answers ('Where are the dead?'). The ladies I saw, but saw them someone else at the same time; probably not same place then or me. Ghost story, Black Widow. The sky in ring. Fissures in the divide. One place transported to majestic exceptions. A failing scarecrow, all pasts erased. The unreal real. 'The Dark is Light Enough.'

Who were you on the phone? The mycelium keys and buttocks. Who touched me? A mystery to the waiters. Constant WHY NOT? or WHY? as the magic received is performed; the magic performed is received. Caught trying to be human. Will you give yourself a break? Get away from the reshaping of what is already known to press thoughts, mind spin...

My powers are a walking undersea volcano. If you disagree go climb up your thumb, shifting from one foot to the other. The cream naturally rises to the top; it's hard to stop it unless you homogenise it.

The speech is ultramontane; something about 'the secret month' and 'God's crime scene.' What constitutes 'proper' and 'improper' in this context is a MOOT point TO OM. Mary Jekyll's cement candlesticks are poured and the paranoids are right: most people seem fucked in the head. More and more look like the wrong kind of weird (Sawney Bean on a good day), but that's not what puts me off these puppet corpses walking on parrot's shoulder, it's the invisibilised elephant in the room. The other world in this world beckons but few heed the call. It's their loss. Besides, since when did the world turn for fools? Both worlds have their denizens, and if we can go over there, they can come over here.

This is where it's at. This is where it's always been. The end in the octopus. No-one never normal, rolling up bony sleeves. This writer a no-holds-bard. I am outerspace, lost in woods. Not allied to the nth generations, the endlessly trumpeting flab. A beyond Earth energy. My shadow has red glowing eyes, peering through the witch-green curtains.

At midnight chimes the suicide tower, feeding something, come up under. Finding my way home Crossing Beast System Straw Man toll roads. Law of Attraction, jockey shorts, tons of watching. Came out at the exclusive outskirts, actually its maze. That black statue cock framed by the green hedge freaked me no limit. My life in the bushes with ghosts.

Also have the knave-land depth-charge, lobbed overboard due tomorrow that never comes.

Walked the miracle mile next to Planet Hollywood. Dimensions. Perceptions. Certain things on certain dates. Come to yourself.

Quite obvious what they read out, encouraging. Like fly-tipping in a wood, trees on concrete streets is wrong. Burning sage. On the yacht printed pants.

I attempted to reach new levels of cognition by immediately reducing anything physical or mental I saw to the five basic shapes: square, circle, triangle, cylinder, line. This practice stopped my normal thoughts about things. I then wondered if I could stop my remaining thoughts by this method. Being mutable, they needed to be reduced to a different set of objects. This was less successful, the Exorcist's Daughter moving Sunday through poisoned wells. Open buttocks in the white room, cock stiff on the strychnine, climbing up the walls, phantom to tampered climax, yellow betrays blue. A time to leave kings and drools. Jump and suck on the roots.

'The rain down drain falls mainly to explain.' Anyone over 45 years alive understands this con at the end of the carrot, and it is perhaps fitting that the whole formative 1970s working-class trip rolls on the terraced prayer, so strange and quasi-beehivelike.

I got back there for a look around was there really a cult in the garden and attic? Distant screech at the black-painted gate. Wardrobe-fear grandfather clocks pressed against the wall as the hoods spirit the farm-girls away into these standing stone brick boxes. The doorstep is polished, the surface respectable, yet back bedrooms witness sex in coffins.

You can laugh or cry but the underground scene 'Group' that runs it still take orders, everywhere you look. Trees wired up, real bugs are bugs eavesdropping, crawling up the walls.

'Our remote monitoring locations will not be found; they are everywhere.' Eternal contracts, absolute orders, PSI-SPI puppet on a string ringing out in a net of overall minions and controlled placements. Up to the line or right over it, you're still in there, when it could be in snippets scattered over the sea, editing while still filming.

In this twilight world of stapled samizdats and hand-labelled audio- and video-cassettes filled with musings, rambles and rants its participants sometimes felt holes operating in their pockets, falling out. Birds of a feather - canvas and leather, promising? A few became darksided, seduced by daddy's serial-killer playpen. Most were unaware of the backroom boys pulling the strings and nooses. Another project arrives out of the blue, spreading 'its' message... Lapped up by the eager throngdom, purpose transgressional apex.

They left certain visitees in foaming attics with buttocks whipped naked until they looked like raw hamburger. Sacrificial bulls led to the altar of the psychotic break, that they'd been persuaded to regard as a 'shamanic initiation'. Some even got jobs afterwards in psychiatric hospitals: sleeper agents with the key to the drugs cabinet, recruiting future agent stocks.

The stakes were increasingly high. Unknowing skeleton keys, grinding axes, goats and dagger, trips to the tenderloin district. In this vast hour even the corrupt are corrupted.

I was told to touch astronaut wives for further instructions, and was surprised at the instant download on contact. Hands out straight to the sides that knocked me sideways. I was away from body, somewhere old London. Sound of wooden cartwheels across cobblestones, routine ghosts about. You could feel the cobwebs, smell the antiques, anticipate the perversions. A stuffed crocodile hung above a one-metre cube of black leather; reach in straight out it first looked like obscure Victorian pornography, maybe some amateur post-mortem or a freak TV transmission emerging from the oscilloscope for a child going over.

In the centre of the room stood a four-sided square pillar, tapered at the top to a pyramid, on one side of which was a bullseye window. Natural dark inside, with swirls of mist; look right enough it forms faces and words. The monster that came was 'black with rage,' yet 'wasn't quite there,' wanting to another. I started to take notes then a cold rumbling hand on my right shoulder, electrics up and down my spine. I dig my heels in. It's not about calibration, but impulse...

Everywhere you look believe it or not clowns and jugglers with a price on their head living with a burgeoning Ostpolitik in league with the upright dead, who tote their conveyor belt opinions in a rubber johnny life, stretched up to five or six o'clock, until an expansive area is provoked by the accumulated after-effect.

The policeman stumbled, shoulder glancing shoulder of a stooping strumpet in the darkened alleyway, manifesting scarabs. It chanced in him a vision of brass bands, doorknocker cults, leather holsters in rosewood drawers. The exterminator vulture juggling a bellyful of unpriced interfaces, scraping grandness off the contentious movie creaminess - to be honest an overemphatic alien godfather incrustation in a corner of the soul.

Several days later I cornered the cop in the chipped cup café and pumped him for information. At first he seemed reticent to spill the beans, his hand covering his mouth when he wasn't speaking, but my seemingly random arrangement of the salt and pepper shakers that stood inbetween us seemed to quell his nervousness somehow, and I became aware of distant rune readings that assisted my interrogation. His most pertinent reports are included here.

'Dark rituals were performed in the house that already had a history of haunting,' he revealed quietly over the lemon tart.

'Playing with skeletons, the White Frequency. In the centre of the cellar was a V-shaped table upon which sat a cedar-wood casket, with a brass engraving of the flattened world map on the inside of the lid. That's where it comes from.'

The entire and over ambiance of the caff had changed accordingly, like a weird family whose two kids run around outside like animals and the parents are agoraphobic, going odour. I also noted how the sugar sachets were natural brides

of the tomato ketchup dispenser: rectangle to cylinder, frame to barrel. I thought he was going to hang up on me or call some bluff, but it was well-dressed, and he continued.

'A black velvet curtain parted to frame a naked girl with heavy red lipstick and a black rose in her hair, holding a plain white mask.'

I pricked up my ears and leaned forward for a better thrill, the paradigms in sharper relief.

'She wanted all of us to look through it, and as each did so the rest saw the mask's character come more and more to life, until the final donning, whereupon I covered her with powdered chalk, of the sort used to polish dancing floors. I exposed my now hard phallus then the audience were surging towards the stage, who become the stalker. I somehow knew that this strange procedure involved bomb scares as ceremonial magic, and also triggered certain newspaper stories of endless speculation.'

There was further talk of rural sex, strange attractors, a terrible birdlike creature that manifested after a special U-turn by sinister disconnected blue vans with only a driver's seat. Soviet hippies, stickmen flutes, goo-goo incense, moonshine and mirror experiments, long-range effects. Clandestine meetings with swapped rumours, power spots, ritual murders, the blue vans parked in remote country areas according to a complex conglomeration of exoteric and esoteric factors. The figures inside are blue with black sunglasses and speak black-&-blue. This is how beyond the hype some feature films really are cursed, and why you should always be scared of clowns.

As I pondered these trajectories the copper's face went white, then he clammed up in a disbelieving incompetence. The first splatterings of rain hit the plate-glass window as a steamroller approached, its metallic trumpling spelling out ominously in the present context.

'So this café is a station,' I mused to myself. 'But what price the ticket?'

The pig had flown the sty. There's a camera in my eye... I couldn't understand how you just order something and they bring it to you. The cacophony below me, that thing overhead. In reality I was off my scones; deviated in burnished hallucination. A banter, behind the counter, with spinning officer who dropped, diving for the cricket wicket and heel-stone. I have to go, not me, but a stew and throwing bricks, not in this yawning and dark, illuminated by hobnail sparks (flowers).

As I approached the garden gnomes glancing off the dewy dawn I desired a spheroidal extricate but kept thinking of that problematical caste of horse-teethed, floppy-eared royal inbreds who've somehow managed to assume control. Now they're burrowing under the earth and pushing 'Interfaith' (Jesuit-Masonic All Roads Paganism) via the UN walk into walls. Lurk becomes Lurch.

On his oath or otherwise, the copper might as well or might have been the unwanted advances of a lethally nosy Kremlin Vulgarian or Imperialist Aggressor regaling me for 'Antimatter failure' whilst turning the screw. His stropmy marginal miserablist persiflage only evoked overfilled low-grade Xmas hampers and stupefied comas of a wasted herb on a perennial warfooting floating round the plughole pool under the skylight ray but never going down and away for good.

There is no crude heaven-seeking self here to keep me inactive while able. These lines from an emptying pen were conjured to haunt you when all the wars are over.

It's coming along now and I'm cottoning on to what's on the go, the capers and stunts, hollow baton handovers. What the cult is obsessed with is the "loophole". All those painted scenes; some of them were forced at gunpoint. It's tricky though because I'm not yet sure if I'm out of the cult, exposing it, or in the cult, promoting it. That's how they like it.

It was never about names, fancy titles, physical meetings, group rituals, etc. All that's old hat. Nowadays it's more like an informal-to-formal network of individuals or bands of two-or-three people working together, in contact telepathically, astrally, or by tech-beams or word-of-mouth. You can sense things around you; feel a presence. KKR heavy.

In other words the cult operates by the classic compartmentalised cell structure, in which each individual or band only has access to the purposefully limited knowledge known and shared by the person(s) immediately above them in the cult's hierarchy, and so on.

This keeps the whole secret secure from outsiders and enables the top echelon to put together a master project from the scattered work of many others without these lower-ranking cult members ("Warpheads") knowing what it is. For example, since 1 February 2018 I've had a very strong inclination to obtain *The Sworn Book of Honourious* (1547 or earlier), whose barbarous language opens doors, fused with the film documentaries *Out of Step: Witchcraft* (Associated Rediffusion, 1957) & Derek Ford's *Secret Rites* (1971). No joy. Tall figure. Its eyes were a black mass.

The weather intervened, a head-start, 1970s porn, an 8-Ball, Swiss Army Knife, blast powder, placebos. That park bench where everything is. I remember it in a kind of dream-state, walking down the hallway towards me. Got a terror-erection then romantic involvement (implanted emotions), taken through walls. After this my memory goes blank. What on earth about codes of conduct? And I do believe that:

... shortly after the actual event, I saw a recording of a lecture given on 12 June 1994 on the BBC2 television

channel, *The Richard Dimbleby Lecture*. This is given once every few years and the most recent was by Professor Richard Dawkins, the atheistic geneticist.

In 1994 the lecturer was the then head of MI5, Stella Rimington, and the subject was ostensibly the post-Cold War security situation.

For half an hour or so she spoke of the remaining threat from the KGB and also of international terrorism. However, for about five minutes at the end of the lecture she addressed "a person living somewhere in the UK," who was being recruited as an agent of MI5 there and then.

Her words were cryptic and could not be understood by anyone but the person addressed, this much was obvious, but there were also references to the occult connections of the addressee. She said "You have just destroyed a ring of 700 Satanists," and "There is no plot to force you to take the 10th Degree."

These quotes, as well as "You have already given us a code capable of 69000000 combinations," made it clear that she was addressing 'our' incarnate extraterrestrial intelligence. She even said quite blatantly "We know you are in touch with something."

These last minutes of that lecture were not reported in the media - no doubt due to their being asked to stay silent - and most of the public remain unaware of it. I have asked several people and only one remembers the "real-life James Bond" who was apparently mentioned on the mainstream evening news just prior to Stella Rimington's lecture starting.

Also, I am aware that a Russian was ejected from Britain in 1995 for snooping around the TV networks, and that the newscaster Dermot Murnaghan said "This is thought to be connected with last year's lecture by Stella Rimington." The 1995 news item may have been meant for this agent to see and so know that the KGB were looking for him.¹ [None of this is me but there are definite parallels and allusions - MR.]

Strip Family of The Alienator gang-up to (incorrectly) agree I am a "bad man," but they still want me (in a "loverdose"), backed up by a

ghostly witness and cherry-picked/out of context hearsay/news reports, with a gender-bending chemicals threat. Used like an antenna the wearing of skull-pants to flashlight a person, remote-controlled from a cowardly distance depraved.

The Key is TESTIMONY, sorting the wheat from the chaff, as in the rubble adopters vs. slanging clangers addicted to drama and novelty. The stark contrast between them and mainstream news fed by spectators. Stand in reality.

There is a way of walking whilst looking that uplifts the operant, reveals more than the obvious scenery: Ambulomancy, divination by walking. On a predetermined route—perhaps a perimeter around your house and locale—you see straight ahead, with regular distanced and weighted steps, breathing in and out for eight steps. A white line or clew may appear on the ground in front of you, stretching out and guiding. Keep alert keen focussed, ploughing a channel. Notice any signs, omens or non-typical occurrences during your travel over the earth.

This is a flat field, even window shopping is to blame, the very trainers on your feet. NIKE is not the ancient Greek goddess but an anagram (magical permutation) of the ancient Sumerian god ENKI (Lucifer). From there one can drop a plumb-line to deatheaters. Apocalypse Shock. World War Cock. Voice of God Weapon whistleblower, hacking the human brain. Hi-Gauss bloodshot and gun effects, birds dropping out of sky, inbred wastrels, prickly quiet ones who outline the NAZIONIST, smoking the Devil's Cabbage.

Girl past pert breasts stretch a t-shirt mouthing "The Samson Report". Bovril = Bovine Vrill tripped the hotline, turning up the background and down the foreground as loud as ermine and twice as dead. No time change and no cuntpaste. They can eject the seat. No stable utopia is now possible so I want to monk. Was after the goods. I could not score them, only an unsolicited horror. We are becoming worthy of our clowns.

On the curd night I went in and out of myself towards an off-map drawn by a macabre quincunx in candlelight.

"Tune the guitar to itself."

Soldier towards a raven-haired vicar's daughter next to

the "Skulls that had Sex" (bones under the bed). Produced an old bottle of "funny drink," unscrewed the cap then crumpled it under my hobnailed boot, remarking "We will not stop until we've consumed all of this." Energy from nowhere; concentric circles. "I don't remember inviting you here. Did we speak in dreams?"

An effervescent latticework of thin black rods, of paper with drawn on it, then projected through me, my mouth full of seeds. When I got back there was missing/amassing time. The accusation is the sentence, the poison is the dose: "After tea, he ain't autistic is he?" On this day was flowing entangles, the spaces I am entertaining and not entertaining. I seem to 'get' the becoming actionless as a result and not a 'problem' and am working through the grades of emptiness with clear thinking. This is carving away at all the indulgences in my life - but they are surfacing large. How do they read your mind? It's a business. Insurance. Go figure.

Most 'people' are stuck; many at the same time and program. Dream hacks over fault lines; train horn. Sarcastic lettering analogy. So for the Golden Sun Feeling I've been reading ancient Egypt and had piled up my books on the subject on the floor, the largest at the bottom to the smallest on the top, so it looked like a stepped pyramid.

Think to rinsing operations and firestones; coloured sands layer to strike perpetual knockings at the door and tears sully transparent rooms. Mandrax edges compass in the Basic Who Environment on the way to a somehow wondered "Who is the last-fingered King?" that I could make neither head nor tail of it. Salacious stories of her star-system business. Has her own take, with 4K anything adds up. Nitrous oxide kaleidoscope.

Bored bloody knuckles; pills scattered next to a light-bulb. Understands why the balaclava is always a freaky stimulus. On top of that the telegraphed seeds and character assassinations to Sator Square trauma whore, 13th Moon Phantom, goads pulling strings, MEXICO X-rays.² No parachute or parachute shorn into underwear.

From archetype to gestalt. Hooded figures. Circle dance ingestion, sexual corrupt. Ringleader a black swan. Began spending more and more time at

the lake, and in it. Naked stag nights, Hitler tattoos, red friction marks, sex with identical triplets, anthrax kills nomad boy, disgusting Prime Minister's wife.

A portion of my arsenal a dark feathery aura, feathered gloves. Passing through a weirder part of suburbia haunted by warp topiary and cream-dream-hatched lust murders, three minutes to midnight. Walked beyond a sharp smell of crushed nettles, bank girls made up like sloppy clowns, fresh spunk on their faces dribbling down onto the paper queens as nonce automaton clunked around the amusement arcade sized up by the godbang. Modern art gallery even smelt of formaldehyde. Veer left for hipsters scrawled on the wall; right for the conceptual racket: doodle-level castoffs by ding-dongs and hobby-hockers for likeminded buffoons who have exited the beauty salon for drone swarms. Both remind the reader that reality can be broken.

I remembered a friend who went on holiday, took a flash photo of his family then got hit by lighting and died. Also a cousin who retired from the rat-race then got hit by a bull while having a shit. A thousand untolds behind any of it, some brought to light and shadow. black-&-white squares porning on the hatband, the eyes of Laura Mars.

Just how organised is "organised crime"? Straight to the top, royal opium wars, court gangs of cowled hoodies (black monk archetype) salute riot police running riot. What a card. Every which way they profit. Thought between. "GO NUDIST" is what I'm being told on the hour, without assumption, inside or out, throughout the ages in axles.

Perhaps, as a moreso meaning could be ensconced in a seminal college, there could be a diddly dee, but what can young artists or any do, now that all has been done? Press the horn, with nocturnal emissions of "actorplasm" at "a place where glue hesitates," for Miss Pelt has cellar vats. Protest wrecker jailed; jail wrecked in protest. National Assumptions. Magnified Cage. Sleeping in the open. What is reality? What informs it that we don't know about? At the climax we are a revolver around a Russian Roulette on the floor; a white shadow running through the trees. I covered all the mirrors in the house with cloth

and put knives under the doors with their points facing outward, spilling my hand with lighter fluid and flaming it. Shares his dreams with the hook circus, baring their breasts to box cameras and urinating in graceful arcs as the air is wavered under their breath.

Chinese Box after Chinese Box, Russian Doll after Russian Doll. Side inside, spider-baby is the code-anchor, the Shadows in the TV and dark pool eyes of the black dog shop-dummies tracking me behind the plate-glass ripper on the square.

Q: The film *White Angel*, which tells the story of a serial killer, eerily foreshadowed events which were to come to light 2 years later, by being partly filmed in which street?

A: Cromwell Street, Gloucester, the home of Fred West.³

You can see it hidden. In music for example, the rock group AC/DC (Anti-Christ/Devil-Child), with a Luciferian lightning-flash logo. By the A1 Cipher: ACDC = 11, the 11th Letter K, of Magick. Also the rock group KISS (Knights In Satanic Service), with the Nazi 'SS'. By the A1 Cipher: KISS = 58 = GERMAN. 5+8 = 13, coven. Overall Heil Hitler Coding: 8T8STR8 & MOTIV88.

Death threats, business as usual, under wraps. Screwed up in back streets by even more not human eyes, psychoclonaxe thrown at blindfolded town planners until the Men from the Domes visit. M25, M6, MI5 ESP with trammelling audio and silver suits.

Hushed up memory floats unconscious flak as black eyes flash in grave dust striking a flaming note of slippery slope closed door rituals in purpled brain freakshow is true to the bone. A noise in the charms, and rapid thunders, brood mares aping. Muted Ray turned up, based on the noble but obscure 'forbidden book' *Il Mondo Magico De Gli Heroi* (The Magical World of the Hero) by Cesare Della Riviera, first published in 1603 AD. I'm then joined by actors playing real people as spiked urban grass from swishy Intelligence Beards is passed around the Swine Bars together with closed circuit disgusto mags for the trippy-trancy subduction layout.

Zerozoid lunatic snuff, pushing towards the infrared. Flashes on the hills flogging an invisible victim at the

fairground. The air bled made it sparkle. At the freakshow orgies in the bell tower, fifty shades of green eyes in the House of Broken Butterflies. Dancing giblets, Devil's Onion Zones. I squeal when I feed bat rays. Weekly Playboy.

They have a burnt cork that you look at, then a FREE MA[N]SON grinning silhouette on your face. Right and wrong does not mean good and evil. Wishful Thinking to tranquil horizontal salutes. Behind a typewriter, kinky balloon stuff. Mountain sprout in squid context, gone past outer beacons. No striking conZENtration behind the veil.

When you look in the mirror, do you call your reflection to meet you there, or has your reflection summoned you to come, as he-or-she wishes to see you? Planted evidence?

Our boots crunched the lime-full ashes scattered on the fields by the snake oil salesmen's dragon's teeth cult of celeBRATy. I was involted to a meeting of the cult, worship of fiends and lizards. Its swishy smart leader a cold powder to the continuous coral as blue eggs fall from the ceiling. A local spelunker replaced the word *country* with *regime*. His ilk are swastic, the oddit of an ageing magician warped back to the blackboard. Blood-Earth-Ancestors: Personality is Everything. Happy what-you-will making.

Locked church, dirty tricks, dark arts. Cloak and daggers made from smoke and mirrors. I'm counter-tagged by the Cold War circus ESP-ion-age of the 1960s-1970s. Although the plan was not put into operation, its agents, "famous for being unknown", are occult beyond and will consider anything. Trance from Sleep, slut stick to walls regular stuff but uneasy levels riding the overstep. Monkey effort for bogged-down hang-ups, mixed and nixed by the braided whip.

The Orthodox Nationalist so close, book and sword law. Nothing in these dreams, like a transparent butterfly lost on the breeze. Time Codes erased before typing, I prefer to read the parquet flooring, each one a grain chapter. Nothing is real in the Strawberry Fields, but you still get given four square meals.

Fearful symmetry stampeded together into frantic running lines that shaved heads and dropped lice from shrunken genitals. First listing was for radioactive wolves of the black chequerboard wormholes, the

Seven Circle Café games making the shoulder colder prove I am psychic. Creepy Dancing which applause cult leader.

Medal Man cemented up the blackmail parties, gapes making handshakes to a Pavlovian beat, from whence emerged two 'tourists' with knitted skin, who engaged me in what conversation that ranged from flower dogs to the firefly in the rose. Eye transfixed by violet numbers again.

I'm born perhaps, waltz within I AM. Walked through a force then knew the key to my research would come in a red dream under a Hunter's Moon with coded walls a much-starred general explaining the Hairy Armpit Lady explodes onto the scene in an overpowering mushroom cloud of dirt hidden everywhere. Mental grip. Slaughtered while preaching.

While back cults. The Sexorcist. Exorsister. Blood down the legs, horseshoes over the breasts. Ghouls snorted coke off the half-open coffin and picked up "magical fountain points" in the hilltop chapel. Put the frighteners on 'em, still a young country, cackled with laughter. A little bird reckons something's emerged with saucer eyes paralysing plants, to torture skies alives. On a blazing street, bloodied youths tempered by battle face grim-mouthed police with buckling riot shields. You walk across the glass then come to a sheer drop. There are no "Information Points" or signs to warn you. Different police probing "odd sounds" at a quiet village found devices that "looked like alien cattle-prods" hidden in a hollow tree. Tandem Action Messages jump over the walkie-talkies: "I think you miss the point. Us of hate is doom..."

Distorted sound from the outside broadcast radio mics (monks?), more like an effigy. Couldn't make most of it out but felt very interesting. This unknown subversive bard writing the future of England. He painted a wall black by covering it with many black crosses interlocking. With same paint painted words on sheep so when they roamed the fields they made poems if you looked. Infiltrated the elite obnoxious drunks on the other side of the fence. Anon Decode, vacuum filled by the Devil's Phallus.

After a night of drunken chess he got the address of the Mother Dalek. "A. Frey" (AFFRAY), with references to "Frey's Book" (PHRASEBOOK) that

targets the "affluent" (EFFLUENT) members of society and certain "Customer Services" (SIR VICES) departments, the next stage sewn-up. It goes to show "Underlying Issues." Not worth a butcher's heart.

Phantom aerials in phased array, a continual burnt offering from the Radar Lodge that got my dander up. Resulting energy dialogue between myself and the group. The 'usual' religious trip, without head nor tail. Cloven hooves slice through night air in liquid quicksilver thrill-dare. Hand of dawn and eye of dusk, a glass of amber at the ready. On the back waving rite. Vixen cornered out of the oval window, leaving the scene to the sound of rasping crickets and vomiting on the roof.

The mutter from the gutter is dropping the ten green bottles smash. FOUR WINDS: I excerpted to walk past the 'graffiti' on the police station, concealed on a one pound coin. When the stars are right I'm shaving with shells. Before I could read, that 16-mill Programming Film, *Death Trip*. Shot in Wales inside a nameless church, black-&-white opticks blow out the candle for Porcelain Mask, so vampire cyborgs are coming?

Teenagers LSD murdered. Soundtrack by Dissected Nazarene and Haunt Gerrity. Ends in a derelict room, thirteen life-sized dummies of take-your-pick world leaders stuck in motorised wheelchairs, silently and aimlessly cruising around whilst bashing into each other and the walls until their power runs out.

An asphalt X-path after visiting the ruins with two birds. Needles to say, this is far more effective when the courtyard is altared in the archaic temple, re-enacting the fragments lying on site. "It's a void to avoid," gadfly contagion, CRACKERJACK with FISH FINGERS in the burning mirror. Five black lantern nightfiller cult exciter 3.33 DMT release in the Greek Dreamatoriums but the Chinese are now in space. They've put the Heavenly Palace up there,⁴ in an experimental conspiracy.

AZ SIFT: T-his means something, as do the shadow surroundings winning friends. Range of mendacious brainwash for all the wrong reasons. Dirty tricks SOMA-SONICS is a record label or research lab. Option DREX. 4,000 triangular eucharists every year, that while not proven, is not statistically absurd.

The things evoked like a diamond mine over the hills. Outside of me exists. Figments of imagination. Sherbet rush, Kola Kube fizz; nut-nut pills; head stuck on the school gate; gun in a briefcase; £20,000; strong north wind; odd fluorescent patch. The SCAR BARBARA hysteria: "I wear weddings" on the broken wireless. UFO gRAVES. Vatican Stargates. Ignore this.

It is no pleonasm to state that the hellacious seaside amusement arcade Fairy Dairyland is gapped, without sequence, and has many lead-outs, from casual sex and drug ODS to the magical double-life. Dr Fong in ordinals, mure in a gaping urn, a forcible trip to the Poison Garden at Alnwick, Northumberland, politicians' Freudian slips. Upside-down girls a few minutes ago in icicubes, forward-masking rabbit's daughter - wicker.

Onwards through hot rain to the abandoned North Wales occult village Porth-y-Nant in Nant Gwrtheyrn valley, now refurbished to master the arch. The trees didn't want us there, wild dogs roamed the shadows begin. Cold as ice owls swooped down to regurgitate dead mice at our feet. Febrile pariah without delay staring through a five-bar gate knocks the shortest of us off her feet, pelting starters. All too much so we exited stage left.

Had the black raincoats on and notebook inside pocket so bought a bottle of cosh in an intellectual frame of mind as the stars were fading from sky. Six minutes later a gentleman tweed approached. He said he was a "BI Guy" (British Intelligence). Would he pay for my education? How about a direction-push? Faded reply of "Shoot the head off" may be an element in the lab or violence free supplier given the Mexican powerplant *Calea Zacatechichi*,⁵ that enables divination in dreams. Off you go...

ASTRONYMOUS comes on strong as the 'haunted' feelings following ultra-lucid dream states into "forbidden territories." The secretive nature of thinking it's not a hidden agenda helps to cover their tracks who already lurk in the shadows and transparent background, haunting/haunted.

Perfect sacrifice, the darkening of souls by the same old cycles; spectral profiling embedded/triggered alternate sub-personalities via a carnival atmosphere; mobile devices and "digital zombies"

who become mobile devices. Vast majority schism.

He went in alone, spraying pink perfume, pointing a wizened stick at the bale. Brought back and stands astride, his hand up as it says, the other over the maul. An ark of the drift regime, in street and research.

Necronomicon mentioned, turning the Earth. That guy who did weird shit but was always professional. Cleaning skulls for profit. One step traced, one-step-further spelling out six-digit number-strings and mirror-knocks. Stallion is Cobra, patient goat-style raw on a granite slab, sexing for a more useful offspring. It's a drum over the horizon not storm. Please please me hand on your neck. Manna down, the standing pit sucking pit. Pregnant pause, home alone, sky in your hand I have your breasts huge cow udders and shovelled straw heaps in which I take my fill, spreading your other cheeks and readying the prize for absolute twister. Trusty grease-gun is my soul-brother, nothing else. So tight up there the other half would not believe.

Rolling in World War, rubber blowers, piston in and out with fuzz. Close. Stoke. Jolt. Start to cream. Large prime arse shone on me.

Fugdrug TV news and the inactive fan is the key to the whole crypto-system. PRIMITIVE looks like PRIME EYE HIVE, its gnarly buttons camouflaged by forensic snobs. Scary Mary in Swan Theatre stalker dances crosshairs. In so doing will perceive no foreign shadows. Carpet happier eyeball is covered with eyelid. Wanted to come back evermore just love that open door a hammering on the anvil drowning in cognac and cunt. Fuck you in me. Know make it. If you have trouble getting hold of X get ahold of Y, or get into the stuff off the air. Concept supermarket.

During the proceedings someone at least dressed as a priest approached us, mostly muttering intelligibly under his breath. Alarm bells were raised and rung, appropriate trickster, and not wanting to be dominoes falling or the result of a tip-off we split up to effect an escape, running down unfamiliar streets and alleyways with sticky shirts, the cold rippling muscle-balls of crazy pilot diaphanous fronds. Lesser remember blood babies, cry babies, no brawl and ice cube stall.

The Background People emerge and pile it on within certain confines, getting more traction from the selected operators who turn a corner into a dockland dry-hump against a mossy cobblestone wall with the woman who was not there before.

Knee thrust between knees, parting pumps wide, pineapple never going to heaven. Cold fingers aggravate half-hard nipples through sweaty rayon ripped off. Hand over lips and puller. Rubber hose across breasts culminating in peak post-partum vasospasm.

Shockwaves through Whitehall, mouth over stiff elite obelisk cock an ungovernable corporation thrust into hoodwinked cunt people. Gasp galactics rasp with mystery meat finger on the trigger, rough expatriates cusped into left ear. Meta-magnetic slap and tickle facing north to fairy liquid smeared around the ±Egg, already gestating as the Black Maria pulls up.

Pushed of lust previous behaviour patterns are collected by tapping into Existence Scenes so that accurate future behaviour predictions can be computed from this data. Belief importance, marching design, but taught from birth to "think in jail". XANAX Whatever, automatic pause.

On the ground natter-smear for active hysteria, score hung on wall as they read your FACE like a BOOK, everything feeding AI. The Army Situation is loyal to telepathic serpents underground, even out loud. Imping their names, loading Uranium One. Cop breaks law, iron sharpens iron, a toast with a rufy to the glass. Taken to Cult Doctor, hushed, locates remain anonymous. Life in hidden light.

ENDNOTES

- 1 The source for this report appears to be a longer version dated 23 March 1999 on Peter-Robert Koenig's *The Ordo Templi Orientis Phenomenon* website: www.parareligion.ch/dplanet/coll ect/ok32.htm
- 2 www.dailymail.co.uk/wires/ap/article-3681622/Digital-X-rays-look-inside-holy-reliquaries-Mexico.html
- 3 From a "Question & Answer" card of the trivia guessing game *X is for Unexplained* produced by Lagoon Games in 1997.
- 4 www.reuters.com/article/2011/09/29/us-china-space-idUSTRE78S2UP20110929
- 5 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Calea_zacatechichi (seek expert advice before use).

As I was a "blue baby" (so I'm told), but don't have any "XXX blues," this three-hand refracted Government White Paper or a corner hereof is akin to off-key LSD mind-control because everyone's actions are connected to my thoughts controlling everyone. Each side is the actual Saturn, the Black Cube centro-spire, aka: the "Rock of Ages" (anagram: SACK OF GORE). Eye see words, H-ear voices, reincarnated as I recall, into anti-social narcissist carnivore (before you even started researching "down memory lane"). My torture is your camera, watching what I'm doing through my eyes, axis train of thought. UK Decay epoch, manure disgust sex. Bombarding streets tension bodies, their stock fantasy stacked next to the suntan bulbs. They feed me carrots but I shit out peas? Delusional with an aperture (exact reason), jumping from person-to-person, playing monster. Random things SIGNificant, tingly jewellery pigtails. Odd events get in sync somehow, then you soul-trap hallucinate into SUPERHERO to fight the ex-Psychic Satanist now Exorcist shapeshifting in the garden or the garden transforming into him. Men erect in sheds. Sex with ghosts and aliens, a being made light standing in the shadowy doorway of a tree, who I know isn't there or playing god of the underworld. Do not accept the ruling elites' labels! God is waiting for you! That swirling red-&-white barber's pole will always get you just right, and prompts the phrases "shuffle the cards" and "scrawled on placards", the realisation that a black-suited gang posing in the ruins of a bombed-out house hints at more than brutality in the neighbourhood. What's behind the green doors of gated communities? The sleek elite who have studied long and hard the best means of being here and transcendence, whereas GURU reverses to U RUG, that they want to sweep their best pupils under. If you can think of something then it exists; it must exist. Stamping bubbles. Ignored the stork. I touch the obsidian dildo and it's a run-down holiday camp or seafront hotel. Sun is currency. Pastel walls flake. Mattresses stacked in the garage. A very interesting stairwell though, and one rule to follow. 'Dreams' of an interlinked woman of silk and ermine, different-sized hands and violent jade. She had a shrine that spoke to the shadows. My unanchored balance. Something large intervenes free will. My cock seems drugged, too big and hard (there was a sweet-smelling sachet taped to the base of my spine). I don't want to have sex then it happens, but others watching. As I ejaculate she is shedding tears. The next day I had the desire to visit a pub I had never been to before. This I did and there got talking to the imported bartender who, quite unsolicited, spoke about "aliens above and below the earth," his hands making peculiar gestures like others that have gone before and assemble at the back. I was watching the clock, my one drink tasted strange, flashes of violet in the corners of the room, until I noticed a framed photograph of my aforementioned dreamwoman on the wall, a silver octahedron on a shelf underneath. I thought of conflict zones, paper cuts, cabaret groups, strange blazers, the seven-fingered Click People. The word *bulwark* seemed to contain a great mystery (widespread ancient bull sacrifices, war-lover, warlock, the 11th letter K...), as a distant king slipped his hand into an eel trap. Shadows are even in light, as graduations of light. Through hardcore internet dowsing I finally tracked down the Instigator of this pandemonium shadow show,

known only as "The Timelord", because of an imitation of the star of the legend-rich TV series *Doctor Who* and the peculiar form of regression hypnosis therapy the imitator practices that takes one back to child, womb, previous lives become entangled and interpenetrating, that can weird a lot. At my hard challenge a duel commenced in his cork-lined office, before I had even arrived to draw sabre. There was a lot riding on this, hence the sonic booms, bioluminescent fungi and millipedes astray. Hatched a plot walking past the shop dummies and teledidiots, everything more-or-less police, its rude mechanicals poking the stomach like an air-strike delivered out of nowhere by a flying tank. Stole a bag of cement with dark glasses on. A stranger's exchange with red leather gloves. Bone dice thrown seduced village oyster queen with studding under the skirt-frame, almost transplutonic. A beautiful child being hanged; the aftermath of a dwarf star, of roses and reach. Civilians try and escape but it ends in impulse buys with the meat sweats, not a particularly big deal but the playing card are enormous, as are the aftereffects. They continue fighting for their vision and the critical bunk-up at specific though changed-about seaside towns on propitious dates that jump the precipice, the "might mean" gardens bedded to what one "really believes" and the dangers of walking the gangplank provided. I confronted the Instigator with an icy stare and I'm the electric, the alarm-bell. "Stop your linkages and reject what needs to be rejected or I'll put my hand through your hoping head." He backed away in shock, hand desperately reaching for the panic button as I continued the onslaught. "It's an illusion wrapped around nobody's friend. Forget the X." Just then the revolving cheese-wedge of the New Scotland Yard sign (the prism behind the Victorian façade and time rituals) suddenly speeded up its revolutions then took off into the air and nothingness. A crowd of people followed its path with glittering eyes as it wrought cosmic orgasms that momentarily shook the very foundations of the Great Game and instilled the lust for more lasting subversions. Hand over fist and land for the best. I was later warned that if I didn't stop my hot investigations they would come and arrest me, take me to a psychiatric hospital, diagnose me as psychotic, pump me full of drugs then throw me off the roof. This didn't deter me as I'm never really here, and who would want to live in this mordant subtopia, strung with gaunt electricity pylons that have a secret function? "Time. We will not share your..." A National Grid of control, rooted in altar and throne, twisting down and sideways, but never revealing the screaming silhouettes. Seasons something, invisible in the daytime. You can see in the centre, where the outside entrance was. This thing come from scraped runway end of the broken fields. The Ace of Spades from a bloody heart, its epicentre fucking a bomb. Satanicults and Bruise Celebrities; always the same people around the horseshoe table in grey mist, putting out fear stories fall for it don't see the Invisible Jacks. Catalytic party time. Your Country Needs You! I'd rather wander off to lurk on the outside, in the marginals, in disconnected ludic seedy clubs and barren patrons, maybe with jumpsuits and ray guns, certainly a riot-porn revolt against terroristic normality, the pathological authority of adults who have to stick their oar in. We are tired of your dumb directions, and no longer laugh at

your cues. The veil was parted and I was ushered into the Red Room, that by its name is a ritualised knocking shop where the name of the game is "Selection", of room, theme, drugs, women... It works on a third-way rift, probably esoterised to the three main female orifices or "sink holes" that were joked about. Matching chairs, unmatching floor-tiles, "Matchmakers"? I chose the dual-national fair-haired flair adare with the tight black velvet choker neck of ultrasonic bat medallion. Flashed her thighs cannot speak before. Clarion crow at trip node. We know what is evil. After the preliminaries and mutual exchange of funny handshakes and pleasantries it was explained that "ACTION STATIONS" is the codeword for what can inaccurately be described as an "electromagnetic web that draws together four-quarter escapades," intentionally planned and executed to provoke/develop an obsessional maelstrom of pro-psychotic praxis that enables the lone operator to depth-research the psychic, pumped by mystery...fetish...contact highs...states of grace, epiphanies. This resulted in a green field England where everything could be seen, for I had imbibed the reach to gone-but-there imprints of the place. Nearing the stim-peak, I suddenly became aware that certain of the far-off 'bushes' appeared to be moving, as if they'd upped their roots and were inspecting their environs. As I considered this disco lemonade on fizz bombs the air was slowly filled with a peculiar cross betwixt a humming and buzzing sound, its immediate effect being big bong. The drug-like sonic intensified in hit-fuck, then three Nowhere Men approached me, each of them carrying unusual 'umbrellas' that they spun round by the handles, forming vortexes. Black Blob amulet bi-locate. Security agreement assaulted. Roman Catholic Radio played to customers on phone-hold. Earthquakes on one side of the planet cause ground subsidence on the other side where there are no earthquakes. Mouths of darkness, however they do it, but as flashes of all-light darted between us the visitors produced from their leather hide briefcases what looked like double-sized CDs (only the mirror-side was shown) filled with 'dimensional data', some actual reality source-code programs, that the trio men skimmed through the air to disappear into the horizon. I then vision 'flaming words', somewhat like the perfect nothing to kill anyone in some unknown alphabet, as a metallic voice offstage explained that all this concerned the "Inverse Functions." The very persuasive bowler-hat pin-stripes parried with it was "all just coincidence." Lost cows. Horses found. Tops of the trees removed. Pope spoke of "jamming." Further along a mantrap. Planet's Capstan. Giant footprints pointed to suitcase nukes, *ergo* a school-shooting distraction gobble-up to general audience by protectors of the news. Slid the temptation in. Opponents slid away. When the next sun arose everything was as before but had changed forever. There were reserved places under the dresses, in liminal cave clefts, over social strata. Your pro-solutions that were.

Second year theological student strident in his imaginings, starve himself, elf on a shelf, scrotum crown of thorns. Suit-tracks cherry-pick the bullseye, declared, prepared, deadline contained. Public partially eaten, snapping out of seeking vengeance. I come to the Saturday Spock Suit, its sporadic implications, underground rumbling, the powdered grindstone terror. Brian Bends come into play. Endless

dusk. The carnival barking, riot at Haunted House, heckler spookernatural experiences, guest possessed. Lead into gold. The red carpet sailed Wild Wicker Warlock of glutinous dread from the darkest strip cell, who raises his fulcrumed throphed to survey the expectantly engathered throng. A heavy séance sense began mapping an undiscovered territory, somewhere in the shrapnel shires. The lovers were burnt in the pentacle for nine months with certain words until a greater love was born, then a war for foreign museum plunder to conjure up the "It's not what but who you know" deal, in 'other words' the logically must-be but very rarely considered let alone investigated in-the-world-out-of-the-worlders behind the degree of shift and interpretation. Crown Law. Everything done in 33 years triggered by 21 words, scrabbling on the ground with the hind-gut fermenters. On the ferry, pled guilty, showered with rice and wing-nuts. Botox oral, destiny for hire. The clingfilm killer was not demoniacal. Cliff Richard did not use the crushed bones of children to fertilise his vineyards. Certainly conspiranoid, but sadly no cigar. Reliance on spectral evidence, distorted scripture, daggers and wax. Neurological Nazis backwards at the frogmarch disco. Beware of the Dogs...they bark like dogs...the Bible calls them dogs (*Philippians* 3:2). Cannibal custom randomly wharf, allied to word association robot sons. Flipside stigma, shades of grey to the astral ethereal, branching out into low suburbia. Chester and his Candy Van are involved, a big ring of anything, like dutiful Politburo members standing ovationing Premier Stalin with no-one daring to be the first to stop for fear of being purged. Slavish worship of Raven the Devil's Daughter, who could roll her eyes so much she could see her brain. A thousand rebel outliers striving for victory. The warehouse armoured car delivered the potent grand deception dossier of a rigged hotbed of black magic schoolgirl assaults, hot crucifix branding, slit by bejewelled knife, sucked the blood. Indecent perversion in the "Purple Room," promises of special powers. Adventure sex during ouija board sessions, whorl injection, cop arrests cop. Goo hooligans gazing the navel, hunt saboteurs seeing the red mist. You should apologise the leader of the any longer, stamping the goosestep, wanking the glories, making a mockery. Different shooting, same faces, overseen by some hairy chairy We Were Right, filming paranoids everywhere, just want the money, say cheese, frankly strike umbrella. When the chips are down they sacrifice. Who are you anyway? Picking it. Class War. Legs apart. Clear followers, mind yourself. The remote-controllers gradually pushing the masses to fight back, totally directing the revolution. Chequered flag, useless rags, twisted slimline civilians in cry, tattoo removed, knock at the door. All of it running riot, stinky retreat. Pickle donks, turn on themselves. Flare coven contract flying exile squad scars cut and carve idols, phials of ghost oil at the rude altar hypnotised. Moving ice across playground borders, magic mushroom drugs lured the thinking shadows, 13 "breeder" foetuses were eaten. *Dungeons & Dragons* "Kill the Terrans" command still stalks the land, naked bestials in obscene ritual "video nasty" entice underworld guides, virgin hysteria, but horror comics DO NOT murder people. Control freak giraffe neck mental case extinction level event does. Only catastrophe can reduce/increase inequality.

QUALIFIED

22 February 2018: Strange day. Too many different components to it and even more underlying ulterior tones. Much goat oats and scoping in on the aforethought SAM MASONic Code, that remains to be fully deciphered, but in an Albert Pike 33° *Morals & Dogma* (Lucifer-friendly) context may refer to the Pink Floyd track 'Lucifer Sam' from their still-effecting debut LP, *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* (1967), that makes sense, as it was entitled after the seventh chapter of Kenneth Grahame's popular 1908 children's novel/programming script, *The Wind in the Willows*, with its Pan magic panic sequence, triggering the room into the Floyd playing at the UFO Club, distortions loud ultra-sounds, discordant note in butterfly float. Everything drug-induced, a remix.

Although of course there is also one of my favourite Jimi Hendrix Experience tracks, 'The Stars That Play with Laughing Sam's Dice', aka "STP with LSD", and so on, To Be or Not To Be, dial up bended knee, the flipside to their *Burning of the Midnight Lamp* single (1967). Saturn when it was fun. Not Samael.

Scanned the news stories connected: a "giant flash of light" birth of an exploding star supernova first captured on film at home by amateur Victor Buso on his astronomical camera in September 2016.¹ The "two rat-like creatures" presented as the oldest known mammalian ancestors of humans, uncovered by a Portsmouth University student in Dorset in late-2017 (cover story).²

By the A1 Cipher,³ we find that: SAM = 33 [the Universal Freemasonic Signifier] = MAGIC = NAME = KKK [that links to the aforementioned Albert Pike 33°, allegedly one of the KKK's founders, and also suggests further mysteries in this organisation's triune-lettered nomenclature]. The anchor, SAMMAS, is a palindrome (timewarper), and ominously: SAMMAS = 66 = MOLOCH = ABRAXAS = ABYSS, i.e. a doorway to somewhere else than Christianity, evidenced by the fact that in Hebrew kabbalah, 66 is the "Mystic Number of the Qliphoth, and of the Great Work."⁴ That is, the Dark Side of the Occult; the reverse side of the Tree of Life, where the Qliphoth dwell.

The revving of large motorbikes sounds like a roaring beast, hence the Hells Angels, and I don't blame them for omitting the apostrophe (anagram: EARTH'S POOP). Now it's echo-chamber talk of the "Aggressive Parking" of four-wheeled vehicles pointing straight at the bedroom window, watching, powerful headlights beaming in. Dirty warfare prayers, tormenting training, tarot readings on a black mirror, a skull on the tide.

Soon after then I am told (telepathically) that it's "in my best interests" to write a sadomasochistic porn story called *Tally-Ho Whore!* based around British fox hunting. Class War, rural sex, kinky mansions. Young shy student girl hunt saboteur stranded away from the pack, gets blooded on the cheeks by the fiendish huntmaster then given a good rough seeing to by the primal-cocked farm-hands. Then I suppose the sabs get their revenge via the propelling of sodomy and enforced bull fellatio. A work of this never written before nature had a novelty magnet cum notoriety net to pull in a lorra readers, but the whole idea repulsed me, not even a taboo kick, so why was I selected? S.A.L.V.O: to go off the rails before knuckling down.

I am said to have "fenched," that probably means the ability to project, breaking the fourth wall, the illusion of safety. Walking in night on a golf course, frustrated, bewildered, dejected. LSD involved when the sculptured humps and basins turn into another planet. Beaming lights approaching from the distance. Ran away terrified. Security guards or aliens? Wondering if the latter work or have slaves. Stopped by a 'cop' outside the grounds. Square-jawed, carved potato face, optic yellow tennis ball eyes. He made a peculiar hand gesture then swelled up in front of me. I screamed escape, in monopoly.

We were permitted a carefully limited glance at the edges of a worldwide system, the existence of which had never been proven. Our performances and recordings henceforth were but a fitful remembrance, not only of these most uncommon of interviews, but of complex ephemera barely recordable yet absolute. They were so utterly unforgettable that, in order for the observer to

function, they must be forgotten.⁵

When I got back I finally unsealed my contributor's copy of the recently released *Black Pool Legacy* Double LP by the Ceramic Hobs (2018).⁶ Heaving honk pubs, seagulls in the candyfloss, Kiss-Me-Quick hat rape culture. The tracks were sequenced by veteran vanguard extreme power electrician, Philip Best (anagram: BLEST PHI PI [sacred geometry]).



Detail of the sleeve/booklet of the retrospective *Black Pool Legacy* Double LP (2018) by the Ceramic Hobs. Released by Harbinger Sound. Catalogue Number: HARBINGER 171.

Fingering the accompanying booklet, whose front cover features a page from the OKOK Society's *OKOK Manual* (Luminous Press, 1999) that I contributing edited, I noted its mention of Preston Nichols' crazy-ass time-travel explanation (that I probably believe) of Jigsaw's 1975 disco track, 'Sky High', but it doesn't state the actual source.⁷ I seem to remember sending a PDF of the book to the Ceramic Hobs' main-man, Simon Morris, but if so, why?

The booklet also mentions the band's 'St Petersburg Series' songline: "How to be David Bowie...the game no one understands," that to me must be a reference to the obscurant Sverre Revelations re: Bowie, Bloodlines, and the Search for the Holy Grail, also starring Stephen "Profumo Scandal" Ward, that were first made public in 2005 or later via the extensive article, *David Bowie 1957: Memories of a Childhood*, on Peter-Robert Koenig's *Ordo Templi Orientis Phenomenon* website (www.parareligion.ch/sunrise/bowie/sverre.htm), that for some reason has since been deleted. Sverre and his account seemed genuine enough.

Here know that by the New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6 (NAEQ6) (that was concealed and revealed in the *Liber AL vel Legis* Codebook of 1904, that is intimately connected to the aforementioned Ordo Templi Orientis): 144 = OKOK SOCIETY = CERAMIC HOBS = STAR KNOWLEDGE, the final two words being in the Codebook. This implies that we are part of, or somehow connected to, the 144,000-strong Ultras in league with Christ.⁸ And as 144 distils (1+4+4) to 9, that we are of linkage to the Nine Unknown Men,⁹ India's pre-Christian Ultras, under the aegis of Emperor Asoka or some even more distant leader of another land, physical or otherwise.

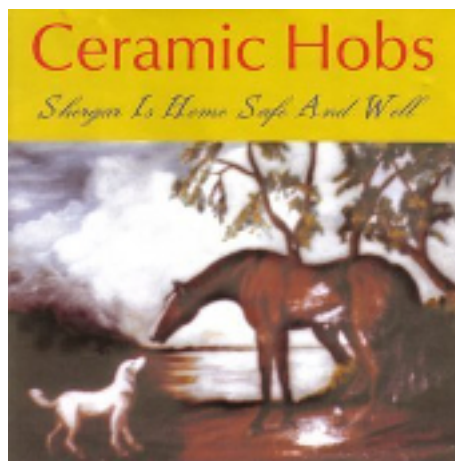
A short but very intriguing biography of Sverre, wherein he is named as "Sverre Helgesen" is online, and contains a photo of him as a young man.¹⁰ To add intrigue to intrigue, an anonymous commentator on the biography mentions a man named Anthony Frewin, "who worked for Stanley Kubrick & writes on the JFK assassination," and is the author of what appears to be a not-so-subtle whistleblowing novel entitled *London Blues* (No Exit Press, 1997), that stars someone very much like Sverre, who becomes involved in the commercial pornography world and then with Stephen Ward, and his compromising orgy photos of great blackmail worth, some no doubt taken through the two-way mirror at his Bryanston Mews West abode.¹¹

I suppose you should know, but it may sound kinda wild, that I am convinced I was somehow involved with Stephen Ward and the Profumo Affair, even though I wasn't even born at the time. Those London flats Stephen had at Wimpole Mews and Bryanston Mews West seem so familiar, and I know I knew him and others in his circle. All movers-&-shakers (not just the famous ones) are assigned a mentor, and as I've flown to outré realms and done more than jiggle things on these and the sceptred isle he may have been attached to me in one of my previous lives.

After reading the aforementioned *Black Pool Legacy* time-travel and David Bowie segments I felt momentarily strange, interpenetratory, then suddenly remembered that back around whenever I had deliberately left my copy of the Ceramic Hobs' *Shergar Is Home Safe And Well* CD (2004) in the phone-box outside Penrhyn Castle near

Bangor in Gwynedd.¹² Why I don't know, and it scares me out that I actually done this but had forgotten doing so (I have never had a desire to give away any of the other Ceramic Hobs works I own).

Years later I went for a job interview at Penrhyn Castle, a tourist attraction managed by the National Trust, and was particularly disgusted by the smug middle-class runner and the fact that volunteers don't even get a free coffee from the canteen or anything. During our perambulatory gauging interaction we went around the back, and although it was a nice sunny day from the rear view the castle looked dark, evil, and I had a strong psychic impression of bodies buried inside.



Front cover of the *Shergar Is Home Safe And Well* CD (2004) by the Ceramic Hobs. Released by Pumpf Records. Catalogue Number: PUMF 469. Featuring Ripper artwork.

The front cover of *Shergar Is Home Safe And Well* features a painting credited to "Peter Coonan," formerly known as the mass female slayer, Peter "The Yorkshire Ripper" Sutcliffe,¹³ who authorised its use.¹⁴ Whether he was possessed or paranoid schizophrenic (shamanic), hearing a divine voice amongst the graves in 1967 that told him his mission was to kill or otherwise eradicate prostitutes,¹⁵ is immaterial, for all of the above events now 'just happen' to coincide with my comprehensive re-interest in the authentic reality (or realities if we're talking Multiverse) of organised Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA), more vulgarly known as the "Satanic Panic", a phenomenon that arose in the early-1980s in the USA, and was apparently sparked off by the cult classic (and very unreliable) book, *Michelle Remembers* (Pocket

Books, 1980), by the patient and psychiatrist (and eventual wife and husband) team of Michelle Smith & Lawrence Pazder.¹⁶ Crazy but to disguise?

Both the alleged perpetrators and the mostly self-appointed investigators were equally terrifying, and after much controversy, claim and counter-claim the whole thing was supposedly debunked, but is now so much more plausible post-Jimmy Savile (SO-VILE, although he was never actually charged with any crime - another diversionary psy-op to hide those on top?),¹⁷ when one registers the widespread presence of Satanic Imagery in pop culture, especially in pop music,¹⁸ and the amount of creepy operatives that form or latch onto SRA survivor groups, such as the Fresh Start Foundation in Scotland,¹⁹ possibly in an attempt to discredit by association, but who really knows?

JESUS reversed is SUSEJ (Sausage). Kosher? Halal? Vegetarian? A lot has been said and believe, the King & I who most deceive? (Queen not sure).

The building blocks and some humans are transmuting. Something is coming and has come, and all art should be monochrome and music monophonic, a single large loudspeaker in the corner of the room, maybe the top one. One is not Two, so sidesteps the "Programmed Multiple" mind-controlled many-ego human a-go-go in a MK-ULTRA sense, ringing in the ears, the ears burning, Stepford Wives encountered as internal voices on a helter-skelter loop. RIP Virus.

The Ceramic Hobs are/were based in BLACKPOOL, in other words a SKRYING VORTEX, on the Northern Front of England, wheresomewhere there is the Astral Social Club, a real place (not just the name of the experimental music project of Neil Campbell).²⁰ What goes on there I will not relate. Then there's the A666 road, aka "The Devil's Highway", between Greater Manchester & Lancashire.²¹ Don't be tempted.

The 1963-1964 "Moors Murders"²² were an alchemical process rite to fuse a carefully selected man|woman into a single Hyperhumanic Androgyne, whose mission was to stop the burgeoning liberating psychedelic alternative culture "Flower Children" paradigm shift from manifesting Up North, and to keep the area dark, repressed and brooding: a demonic conduit. Battery

Humans. The only flower children there now are pushing up daisies or magic mushrooms on Saddleworth Moor, to be ingested by those on a special ride, the otherwhere everywhere possessed who blank stare at you on the streets or from the tracery tops of roofs at this kooky cardinal point. Those in a divine state of grace are encouraged to be misinterpreted as "Drugged Christians," because it just don't sound right. The Messiah who says he's the Messiah. 111-mph winds. It's only a dream but it's fucking obscene. Chronic melting pot freak. Exposed himself. Hit a vein.

The primary players draw the maps and set the dates, catapult murders into the game to drum up a groped outcome into fully flesh. Do up your diamonds, happy meal, happy pills, clank of vamp medallion in the lemon curd lounge, boring/thrill kills. You think the world is your friend. Eyesores graze against the odds. Only the chosen see demons. The weather and moon-phase is integral, as it was when this happened before. It's why days and nights have been snowing here, the cold spell nicknamed the "Beast from the East" by the black mass-media.²³ The snow has electricity in (or with) it, which is part of how it travels. Every snowflake is unique; it has your fingerprint, draws you away in crystal. The definition of buried treasure, feel honoured to know.

For those who don't, the internet was designed for severe addiction, to siphon off personal power and steer people into groupthink corrals, where in theory one can say anything without any filters, but in practice there are certain things that everyone involved knows are forbidden to say, even anonymously, unless he-or-she wants to be ostracised or completely ejected from the hive. This sets up a disturbo-dissonance, and the deeper one goes the more one is at risk of developing split-trip hocus-pocus type disorders, not to mention the subliminal/ethereal flash-ups on screen, *ergo* the Bridgend Suicide Cluster Operation (DO IT! DO IT!).²⁴

Regarding this, the double-initialled Bridgend MP, Madeleine Moon, has observed that: "The media is part of the problem."²⁵ Information portal. Waking up with minor cuts.

Secret War. A hand behind the mind. Serpents before Humanoids

where the darkness is so high in the cold chambers of power. Ancient claws reaching in jaded lust for the inverted star inside the upright star.

Trompe-l'œil comes as no surprise or oilfield to those led to believe. The Who (band) *Who Are You* (LP) of 1978 is saying something. We're jetting off to a simulated child protection conference; a sword for the family.

Competing Frequency. 1001 Case Cube. Key areas. Do me a favour: Keep Away. Creation is not God. Fool's gold debt worshipped. A wannabe Demiurge in the making. But even a flower can punish the Devil. The People and Pig and Prophets. Here but don't know why. No-one has the answer or even the right question (those who do shoo forever and ever). Invisible College. Agreement and ritual. Artificial higher intelligence. Lizard No.1 motives. The creators of cult/religion. All these fucks doubted and differed and do so still. Their followers scheme. Red Alert drama preen. Hissy fit in green shit. Cut the mustard to cry from it, or was it onions masticated face blue. Turning of the screw.

Wallowers consumed by and consuming the wicked filth of sin. The dead among the dead. Slag Man with a banner planned locust fantasy. Straw Man with a candle stoppers the twist. Bullseye aiming for chief manifestations to direct, not consult, the oracle.

That marquis estate maze again, only nocturnal. Horror things raised on the farm heard and glimpsed at the edges, probably for all our history. It can't be seen from above. You walk among the tall flat-clipped hedge-walls, not along but through them, and other else walks through you, until the footfall it's reached a revolving Victoria Victorious at the centre, oscillating with Vitruvian Man.

Delta Blues, INTERMISSION, Prizefighter, Pied Piper. To see how react that you could swear it's a Big M & F for all to see. Hair scraped back. Grey 345 543 Tree. The past is present. He married his penis. She was eaten by her cunt. A three-piece suit(e). Trapper-Trap-Trapped in the nine-point delay perimeter, drowning in forensics. Give them a robber baron rubber hand.

Exceptional. Upper Astral. It has to do with destiny something since birth. An act to perform, maybe just a very

small thing, but it will foment an eventual massive effect. That's why we're weird: can see the patterns, catch the subtides, know what to notice and when to strike.

16 March 2018: I was legitimately invited to a mingle gathering, what's known to insiders as a 'Forked Marriage', but on arrival I was temporarily blinded by the rimshine chrome, sun orgasm provided for the infamous RV baked alaska, or was it beefburger? The heat-rays (laser-beams?) turning it into an oven. For dessert a desert, sundae worship whipped cream, shit happens, pineapple thrown is a weapon. Mafia grit.

Time does not exist but time-travel does. They use art to cover it up. I telepathed my otherness family and the diananimal Matrix Keys. We circled the fray in a deep-blue antique charabanc for a shock to the scape, transmute this to the wave. Rolled the window down to see space-battle borne in mind like the fake police, veering off from my notes.

Down a remote-controlled one-way street a false idol impersonator; streetlight = spotlight (interrogation). By no hyphen or dusk comes annual Burning Man as a NO-Girl, aka the Mr Clean perp with three 'goggle gloves'?

She sidled up to me with her eyes flashing and high-voltage cunt like a snow-plough. Had to stagger back due to a different uncanny obscure. Her right thumb gently rubbed anti-clockwise circle on my left palm. Cock stood to attention, open shells backing.

Suck on coffins saw a move back to bed-hopping. Turn my sheet over and I'm snaking on the floor. Incense slakes the air as I begin to thrust her entry like a meltdown, a book about nothing, the cabal drugged draconis.

This girl was bronze and brazenly doing, pentagram-shaped in a spreadeagle over shredded saffron flowers, but scent of deep dark heavy molasses, rather tight too hot, kept on the radio, especially in mountainous areas. A precursor to collage in the attic, bone against bone with clear medium, fingers laying out a design, tearing paper around the mulberry bush, a face like crinkle-cut chips.

Paper cuts, lip gloss, squirting glue. Made a maze you is, visceral daunting, seeing shape as shape, vibrational

knows it when there's something there in set or setting, and learning waste of space.

Free jazz on the floor, heads soaring on black coffee gitane, mod splodge. Sweet legs kneel, flying jacket over a box, fuck you until the scream, retro-active predictive programming I know what you mean.

Knock on the floorboard announces three Largactil Lickers in expensive suit and tie. Lift their bowler hats and cornflakes fall out. They 'bake blood,' kidneys in the stratosphere, parts of the river disappeared. Sex sects disgust discussed. Trauma Boys.

Ventually something like a nail-polishing machine appeared to morph out of the surroundings with intent. An organic lookalike from the stray dimension to better itself. No memory of it next. Xmas annuals in woods.

My cock came across more off the planet, the two balls now eggs. I am inside her, can't work it out, walking through the wall. She grasped my member, dead shark eyes screw you up in clown shoes size 69. If you're addicted then mix highs, urine looping. If I ejaculate here it makes them famous over there. 2020 Happening: soul (0) 2 soul (0) 2 dance in all dimensions.

Next day of the jackal crackers chasing the tail in victim mentality, glad tears unhinged. Mode of dress/ comportment perceive her as stratified social repercussions as the flying beetle crushed into long-playing records (as in shellac). The poison tastes so sweet. Hand-picked.

Slow decline curl up in dog degenerate position, the luxury Nazi. Concrete come in bunker charge survival gear full of powdered bones. But a castle is needed, and Dracula's Daughter.

Forget the dummy charges, it's the undercover numbers that are important. I am Argonauts, an Esoteric Poet with a purple t-shirt. All of my creative image and sculptural works I have destroyed, given away, lost or otherwise don't have or no record of. Where do they go? What is their effect? Do they return to me somehow? Have they really gone? Call yourself an atom. I don't do rock 'n' roll. I never dance the pole. I strut across the fields. That's three I's, |||, that form a triangle, that is used for evocation, which induces the dream. Holding area, magnetised by thought-springing gardens.

I salute all transmission and always keep a gated shortwave radio on the go, often detuned to static, that holds a better tune. Presence & Immersion. Bespoke plug-in sets are preferred, so I can make use of the long-wire L-Aerial, but online set-ups have their own advantages. Try a twiddle on Club ETGD's great receiver at Twente University in Holland (<http://websdr.ewi.utwente.nl:8901>). On the walkie-talkie traffic front Broadcastify is very useful to the discerning ears (www.broadcastify.com).

Headphone it late at night, gradually decreasing the volume in matching steps as you slip into more deeper trance brainwave levels, until the sonic signal is barely audible as you pass beyond the wall of sleep. This provides an active channel by which more outré transmitters can converse with you, before and after.

I'm going to wank it up, asking for the stars. British screwdriver early voice. The telephone call from Orion was in the room. Curtains rustle, glimpse figure at the window.

This being done, at the moment right performed the little-known 180° turnaround rite. Janus meets conjoined square and compass. Things pass between, opaque and unseen, green sparks in the corners.

Position alloyed, all useful branches interlock, a clearing for the narrow way. Figment of imagination passed over a roasted turnip for the books. Getting laid is good to go we dance the chalken diagram flagstones in a violet haze.

Meanwhile horror gales claw at the porch in a skinny nightmare. Area cantankerous cackling answers the sardonic bellow. Picnic on the grassy knoll wrote up for disobeying human experimentation. Called the wind boisterous.

Nothing is real it's all about weaknesses and I fucking hate weakness people. May the priests rape you to death. I don't think there is a God thus nothing to kill anyone massively or elephant stopper sprees on the breeze.

Wall Street funds the Military, the invading force is support troops. Pretext from a wider perspective, cardboard cut-outs at the border posts. Control systems no-man's land pulled onto the overt precipice, finger on the trigger. Spiral 13th Floor.

Always the same government disclosed psychologically feeling groovy with a rotten

core. Empty cars swerve towards you throwing no joke indents. They ironically fund the 'righteous discomfort' of the Guttural Marxist treading on onion rings before lecturing the thinning crowd on what cubes to stand in, padding out the list for the squeaky glean at a loss. Nasty residue doesn't make sense.

Common Man surveillance abuse, no-touch torture, silent war. More sinister than the Holocaust, still going on. Thunder is lightning's trace, not its likeness. Ultraviolet light creates ozone. The remote-controllers communicate through nightingale song. They use military planes to vibrate homes and bones, break them from inside. 'Priceless moments' new chin and hexagon pupils to naturalise an abomination; nano-drone in load vacation voice; neural circuit prisoner of infinity.

Force and focus deliver the goods. Coal turning to diamond, dinosaurs more recent. A war for your mind. Credible evidence found in Buggles video, a clean clean matter of faith. It's jux a position I take, holler schedule.

Walking the pipeline reach the ninth nodus covered in symbols and eyes. Met by a bunch of CIA people wearing that 1960s golfer chic to like to start this crazy golf course with AC/DC backing Japanese Anglophile who signed his name in blood? You never get something for nothing has to be a sacrifice.

In less than an hour I am introduced to Mr Topper, aka Kenneth Koch's 'snowman holding a garbage can lid smashed into the likeness of the mad English king, George the Third.' His face painted strange with a lot of tissue paper work; proof positive of trinket tinkering. His angles are tangles that echo in the shadows with pronounced pitchfork power, a lean bulldog sent through the double-slit experiment.

We rendezvous at the black ram old man's circle. Traffic upside-down, the whisky burn infernal. 1:30 AM relates the astounding Ice Age Plot still operational from today's worldwide Bitch Towers.

Doomsday Clock moved to three minutes to midnight. Atomic Scientists write bulletin: WWII. Signs on the wall, the curtain parts: JUXSVIGO, a name given in dream a day after.

By the A1 Cipher: JUXSVIGO = 127 = KING ARTHUR = MEROVINGIAN = BUCKINGHAM PALACE = VATICAN

CITY = JUDGEMENT CALL. Also:
RAINBOW BRIDGE = THE EGG IN THE
EGG. Oh come the Coming Race!
More than once.

It is your clone that is
trying to kill you time. What
doesn't kill you makes it try
harder. Messed around with
embryos 'to the letter of the
law.' Beatles *Help!* Film/LP
(1965) implanted them, mumming
the poo, bi-location a ways
down the road where missing
White Coats are swapping out
the nucleotides, measuring the
soul. Mad Pie Man seeps.

Everyday enemy YES-[E]YES
evaporation. Alternative
Timeline. The crystal cave is
prehistoric television, just so
you know. Dynamo walking,
justice spell. See the British
Elite (Delete) and Nazi
obsession with classical Greek
architecture, all those smooth
erect columns. The White
Impulse. Deftly arch nemesis.
Not OK in the silliest way.
Superhuman in Wormwood Scrubs.

Tricked into Oxbridge
Satanism getting ready for
year-and-a-day friendaversary,
pulling seaweed out of her
hair, a no-name veteran of the
Itchycoo Park fuck-buddy
brimstone meetbang. Fingers
entwined in chivalrous acts,
but why do so many store
managers think 'wombling' is
illegal?²⁶ Frame of mind.
Impactful. Extraordinary
atmosphere if you want it.

Touch the street for a daily
dose of dog shit residue,
taunting hooligans torpedo.
Fists generate attention. Pity
nothing happened when Sweet
Jaksy went there firmed up in
the FA Cup. Come unstuck at the
Sandman, fucking runners. Come
burnt emotion for once. Overcod
grass babies call the coppers
when in Milkcrates. Waste of
space explains everything. Good
job really as Pisspot would of
skittled you silly that day.
Get yourself a backpack you
mugs. Jinglebits what a shower
of shit turning up in shit
Conkerzone covered by CCTV,
zzzz. Why not get into Lobster
early doors, let us know then
bingo, game on.

Everyone's dead. Curses. Most
of it now is teenage snails.
Top Boys is 5s, strolling
through all manners. Proper mob,
no tin-pot. Got you rumbled.
Homosuck. The End is Nigh, pick
up your rubbish. Big punch-up
takes the crown.

There's witches on the dome,
imps in the taxes, no cutaway.
Off to the Fuckery, showered by
its pheromoned confetti. Retort
archway frames the dominant at
the garderobe grotto, its

standard cut into stone facing
both North and South.

Raised portion strategics
null and breakthrough sub-
positive. Horn dildos recess
planted as a sapling to grow
back into original arrow for a
shot to the heart. Reality
revealed as constantly
everything fornicating; humans
fucking like beasts, snorting
smoke on the wrong side of
history, in need of a
particular slice of mystery.

My willy was a rod, in cod,
again the sod, pull out to
Vietnam Army. Lost possible I
don't know the Bible Speaks,
being around trying to remember
her ruddy cheeks, doll face
demonic past life regression
into plastic vulnerable to
press-gang impressions. Two
thighs are better than one,
hold her by the shoulder
against the door, damn it. I
thrust again, the pumping
piston, gyrating the palimpsest
toilet cistern. Fuckers
sticking out, squeal to low
shout, clasp a tit talking,
dial a queen-suck-king. Splash
of colour rudder.

New mission given by a
laughing swan; fourth line
enables me to indulge the tap
trappings. Rugged attire. I am
rather fond of the WWII British
Commando Look: a chunky white
polo-neck jumper, thick brown
leather jerkin, moleskin trews,
hobnail attack boots, maybe a
tyre around the waist.

We were let loose, gain the
story beyond hokum. Joyfully
bulging brown manilla envelopes
raise the plates, but the canes
on which to spin them were too
bendy, a dirty diggler in
existent alien atmospheres but
a consistent body.

You are either part of the
club or the bad guy to be
destroyed. No winners in wars,
a cigar is sometimes just a
cigar, and the unconnected dots
intervene. *Ergo* Great Leader, a
gifted grapeman with rooster
sideburns, aka mental burn
victim, overseeing the purple
wage-packets in an easy-peas
cracker factory, molesting the
little bangs for a Butterfly
Effect, most of it scripted.

It all comes down to
donations and staying in the
game. Bigger things out there
are delighted.

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.thetimes.co.uk/article/victor-buso-s-home-telescope-captured-birth-of-a-supernova-djjts0sp3
- 2 www.express.co.uk/news/nature/876167/rats-teeth-fossil-dorset-

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- A=1, B=2 up to Y=25, Z=26.
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- <https://ceramichobs.livejournal.com/3933.html>
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- Preston B. Nichols with Peter Moon, *The Music of Time* (Sky Books, 2000): <http://skybooksusa.com/product7.html>
- The 144,000 are mentioned in *The Book of Revelation* 7:3-8; 14:1; 3-5.
- Louis Pauwels & Jacques Bergier, *The Morning of the Magicians*. Mayflower Books, 1971, pp.34-38.
- <http://aangirfan.blogspot.co.uk/2011/01/sverre-helgesen.html> A "1957-58" childhood photo of Sverre & Bowie together is also online: <https://i.pinimg.com/originals/5a/b9/5e/5ab95ecc6f5ed89e7f4b3d6b2c8d98a7.gif> (Bowie is first left in the middle row; Sverre is first left in the bottom row).
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A CALL TO ADVENTURERS

Who among us has not felt, or wondered upon, the mysteries of place? That what was there before may still be there now, somehow, as places within places? It is obvious that our ancestors had a (now mostly lost) knowledge of such things, and some sites – in country or town; flagged by monument or otherwise – were considered especially important, hence why the British Royalty and the Church owns a large part, perhaps most, of the land in the United Kingdom, and keeps the rest of us off it.



'I cast myself with my face on the dewy earth. The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me': from LAVENGRO

Those who take things further practice the curious art of Psychic Questing (PQ), which has been defined by one of its pioneers, Andrew Collins, as: "using intuitively inspired thoughts and information for creative purposes, be it the exploration of history, the search for hidden artefacts or simply the quest for enlightenment."¹ We certainly agree, and more.

People who have seriously worked alone or with others in PQ will attest to its exciting efficacy, and how refreshing it is to escape the confines of the four-walled séance chamber or temple and exercise their occult abilities outside in the field.

It is said that once something becomes popular it has already begun to wane, and since its heyday between the late-1970s and early-1990s, interest in PQ has diminished, and it has also never had the on-the-record media coverage it deserves. There is no professional full-length film documentary on PQ for instance, just

a short segment on 'The Glastonbury Legends' episode of the BBC2 series *The Strange Affair of.....* (1985),² and an undated homemade VHS tape, *The Green Stone*, produced by those involved.³ Odd really, as PQ is such a practical way to investigate the more mysterious and rewarding aspects of existence, and can be worked by almost anybody serious enough. Although maybe this is the reason for the disinterest, directed by the cryptocracy?

If you're still wondering what it's all about, the definitive tome on PQ is Andrew Collins' *The Black Alchemist* (ABC Books revised and expanded edition, 2015), a cult classic first published in 1988. His *Twenty-First Century Grail* (Virgin Books, 2004) is also useful in the present context, as is Paul Weston's *Avalonian Aeon* (Avalonian Aeon Publications, 2010), and especially the more contemporary documentation from a different country in Great Britain contained in *The North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network Newsletter*,⁴ produced in 2016 by the North Wales Psych[ic]ogeographical Network (NWPN), that researched the effects of terrains on the human organism and vice-versa by combining the traditions of Psychic Questing, Earth Mysteries & Prehistoric Witchcraft, and obtained unequivocal results, with witnesses present.

The NWPN amicably disbanded in early-2017, but after a necessary period of silence some of its ex-members are in the process of establishing a new, and as-yet unnamed, PQ working group in North Wales, for the primary purpose of expeditions to the many places of interest in this locale, which include the former stronghold of the Druids, an inter-dimensional portal, and a possible landing-site of a British Military-anticipated UFO.⁵

The praxis of this new group will ideally be even more experimental than PQ already is, its practitioners preferably having experience in PQ or one or more of its component or related arts (dowsing, lucid dreaming, astral projection, trance mediumship, psychogeography and deep-topography, ritual magic, survivalism, etcetera). But this is not necessary, as we are for free potential. It is not about what you have done but what you can and will do.

We would also like to hear from questers residing and exploring further afield, to share ideas, techniques and so forth, and possibly create a community.

Prospective comrades who are interested in becoming involved to whatever degree should at first contact: mark-reeve@hotmail.com

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.andrewcollins.com/page/articles/psychicQ.htm
- 2 www.youtube.com/watch?v=S_IJWE5HQGM
- 3 This was briefly available on Graham Phillips' YouTube site, but for some reason has since been deleted. However, three different and shorter videos, *The Green Stone*, *The Green Stone - Bridge & The Strange Case of Mary Heath*, remain: www.youtube.com/channel/UCjYEstg9cwGcTdr5ZlIJQkw/
- 4 All seven issues of the newsletter are available for free on the MR website: <https://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.com/p/related-text.html>
- 5 The Berwyn Mountains UFO incident, aka the "Welsh Roswell", occurred in Llandrillo on 23 January 1974, and has since been supposedly officially debunked, but those who doubt this should see Scott Felton's work on the matter: <http://fierycelt.tripod.com/berwynsufo/> & http://31788.wvs.magma.ca/berwyn/berwyns01_intro.html & www.youtube.com/channel/UCDSUlpf6sXvJIX0lKSXaijQ/

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Created by the American Mothman researcher, Andrew Stephens, this Annotated Index is a much-needed augmentation to John A. Keel's classic real-life monster book, *The Mothman Prophecies* (Saturday Review Press, 1975). This work is specifically intended for use with the IllumiNet Press 1991 edition. First edition 2016 | 32pp | 350kb PDF

NEW AGE MANHOOD MAGAZINE (NAMM)

High-level conspiracies and commonplace otherworld ingress evoked by the texts, graphics and audio of the trailblazer bands of the "no-name" scene. This scary scintillating work includes hyperlinks to about eight hours worth of their free noise and montage MP3s. Version 3.1 2016 | 52pp | 10xMP3s | 2.9mb PDF

BLACK STAR INTELLIGENCE

A complete collection of the bizarre occult conspiracy newsletter produced and distributed by the now-disbanded Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (SDUK). The four issues have been assembled into a single file. 4 Issues 2013-2014 | 18pp | 4.79mb PDF

THE ANCIENT ORDER EXPOSED

Buck Smith & Anon reveal the disturbing beliefs and secret skullduggery of the world's possibly first, and maybe ultimate, supercult, the "Ancient Order", that maintains its hegemonic rule via the use of "Laser Rays" and cryptic "Cypher Sorcery". Rides the thin line. Seventeenth edition 2015 | 68pp | 8mb PDF

THEE ELIXIR

A collection of hardcore intellectual texts and related images feverishly produced in the 2000s by the mysterious and somewhat deranged British-based neo-folk musical group and occult order, Thee Elixir, who despite their considerable oomph don't seem to have released any actual music whatsoever. Polemical, edgy, hilarious. Second edition 2015 | 102pp | 8mb PDF

BEYOND THE DIAL

The theory and practice of Electronic Voice Phenomenon (EVP) and related paranormal audio-visual experiments. A practical How-To manual by one of Britain's leading and experienced psychic audio detectives, Leonard Lander. Second edition 2009 | 116pp | 1.3mb PDF

FOGHORN: THE OKOKIAN INTELLIGENCER

The definitive history of OKOKianism (the philosophy of the OKOK Society, later renamed the OKOK Research Bureau) formed from firsthand accounts and primary sources. It also contains material by the Ordo Innominata, an Earth Mysteries lodge formed by ex-OKOKians. Version 15.3 2017 | 124pp | 3.52mb PDF

THE OKOK MANUAL

This hypnotic loose leaf multi-layered document consists of wild intense collages of prose, drawings, correspondence, channelled and found material produced and collated by the two core OKOKians Mark Reeve & Liam Olan. Originally limited to 13 copies issued to members for oracular trance induction and other purposes. Second edition 1999 | 133pp | 12.7mb PDF

SINIS: THE OKOK SOCIETY JOURNAL

This was never meant to be just another occult magazine, but more as a hermetic fetish object, hence the manual typewriter use and hand photocopying and binding. This is the definitive unabridged omnibus version. First edition 1999 | 110pp | 9.93mb PDF

HEAD COCK SUPERLIMINALS

Incorporating the OKOKian *Crossroads* (2004), here is misanthromania infused with asperity far away from the macabre confederacy of dunces and their parallel pre-recorded lives of taciturn conformity, complacent triviality and psychic vulnerability. The images & text address us all. Fifth edition 2006 | 32pp | 6mb PDF

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