

IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW



Brainwashed at chip shop



YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW IF

ACT

THIS

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THESE

BRAINWASHED AT CHIP SHOP is a partly-channelled, partly-fictionalised text based on real-life events, written to gain meaningful insight into a strange six-month period during 2007. Originally published as THE GLORIFIED LEGION in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.7.

DRIVEN (originally attributed to “David Drake”) documents an unfulfilled pipe-dream the author entertained after contact with the “New Age Traveller Peace Convoy” during the 1980s. Originally written in 2006 and first published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.3.

QUO (originally attributed to “Peter Purvis”) is a fantasy island text made for the imagery. It was originally thought up and written down in 2004 and first published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.5.

THEY REWRITE HISTORY is an unfinished script for a probably unmakeable motion-picture film, based around a long psychotic-psychedelic montage-edit on the theme of green. Originally conceived and written in February 1999. First published in *BE4004* (Nobody’s Business, 2013). Version 1.2.

DOCTOR-IN-THE-LUTHER was originally attributed to the multiple identity name/person “Karen Eliot,” born in the mid-1980s. It is a deliberate freeform pastiche of Stewart Home’s fiction. Originally written in 2000. First published in the special Luther Blissett (another multiple identity from the 1990s) edition of *Parasol Post* (2000). Version 1.9.

CORKY’S RANTOMATICSPURGE was written in 2006 from memory and other. First published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.5.

WITHDRAWN SHADOWS (originally entitled THE ADORABLE PROVOCATIVE EXCITEMENT), is probably a short surrealist horror story that the author has been half-toying with since 1998, for no apparent reason. It is published here for the first time. Version 1.7.

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This work is for
those who have
seen their files.

Brainwashed at Chip Shop

THE STUFFED OTTER in the pub window then the man with the folding brass ruler in his overall pocket made me realise this work is the Open Station of the Glorified Legion, infused with the Authentic Attitude, its multifunctioning a meeting point, a chance for chance, a symbolic Jacob's Ladder, enigmatic influences collaborating to manifest on 9/9/2007 as a "We shall overcome" moment, Ring-leaders gliding past, missiles going out of control. This feeling was outer-evidenced on the Halloween, when the "Angry Red Planet" and ancient "God of War", Mars, glowed brightly like a candled pumpkin all night, as it began its closest approach to Earth for two years, getting nearest to us on Christmas Eve.

In occult omenism, all of this strongly portended a time of great fire and fury; that a titanic combat or major conflict—the Gore of War—of some kind was imminent. Already I had punched the wall, shouted at the milkman through the keyhole, and trampled on the urchins and slimy trails.

The 'esoterro-octo-month' also provided me with other noteworthy synchro-signs, especially so in the form of some "Frank Postal Franking", which has been used to convey secret messages to British field agents and to 'subliminally' influence the UK's mass overmind since at least the early-1980s. My desk received the two examples reproduced on the next page during the exact same arrival-influx and 'crusade'; both of which were sent by some rather interesting parties.

The so-called “letter” hailing from the so-called “United” States of America (excerpted below) has, rendered in red ink, the very *blazing wand*: one of the supreme fetish symbols of the Illuminated Order (IO) from its very beginning.



Its actual compliment (excerpted above), was transmitted from so-called “Great” Britain and in black ink. It ‘just happens’ to include the url for <www.royalmail.com/wand>, which, due to its glaring capitalised ‘strapline’ that lurks underneath, I presumed would take one to the Royal Mail’s official website page announcing a set of new *Harry Potter*-themed stamps, furthering the real function of this ‘phenomenal’ children’s literature sensation: a slick IO recruitment tool for the next generation of neo-Faustian occultists who will jump at the opportunity to join the Horn Club when they get the call, hence the use of red and black ink, the colours of the infernal realm.

Maybe it did point to *Harry Potter* originally, but when I tried to go there an unexpected page appeared on screen that flashed rapidly for about ten seconds then detailed a newly-minted set of six British Royal Mail stamps that commemorated ‘our’ noble octogenarians Queen Liz and Prince Phil’s *Royal Diamond Wedding Anniversary*, that fructified in fur on 20 November 2007, the “Day of Destiny,” when Her Majesty became the first-ever reigning Sovereign to ~~plot~~

celebrate their Di-level (sixty years) marriage span, a bloody bond that began back in the auspicious Alien-Human contact-pact year of 1947, when so many other important world events occurred, which I find of especial interest when the black dogs bark in unison with Big Ben after the Big Bang.

20/11/2007 also just happened to be the *Diamond Anniversary* of the “Year of Destiny,” 1947, whose dozen-month span witnessed the founding of the Edinburgh Festival; the return of the iconic statue of Eros to Piccadilly Circus; the worst floods ever recorded in Britain in which two million sheep were drowned; the death of three people in secret rocket tests in Buckinghamshire, and the opening of the first ever British atomic reactor, at Harwell. Do dreams dream?

“Diamonds are forever.....” as the James Bond[age] 007 theme (meme) song goes, and these clear stones were resurrected throughout 2012 in the *Diamond Jubilee* multinational celebration that marked the 60th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth II’s ascension to the thrones of seven countries in 1952 (and her becoming head of British Freemasonry, the Church of England and the British Military, including British Intelligence). In occult lore, each diamond resonates with every other diamond, forming a crystal radio set but for psychic control transmissions. Water is crystalline; its structure affected by thoughts and emotions, its quality transferred to us over ‘time’.

Thoughts flow down rivers to the sea...

These abovementioned growling, official, serrated rectangles with a sticky behind shamelessly revel in the suspiciously German blood-line couple’s ugly unelected imperialist dominance of fair flesh and flour, showing the über-privileged pair at a thanksgiving service inside St Paul’s Cathedral; inspecting the King’s Troop Royal Horse Artillery in Regent’s Park; gloating it in luxury at the Royal Ascot horse races, and smirking conspiratorially during the annual Knights of the Garter Ceremony at Windsor.

Know that all of these ‘heritage’ events are tricks on you, and actually, beyond the surface mask, cleverly disguised black magic rituals that are purposefully and regularly performed to retain and to expand the British Crown’s hegemony rule over those hoodwinked oblivious. Whether the peoples lap it up or look the other way, they are always influenced, at the Crown’s disposal, and never the twain shall meet or greet or be taken in to be framed.

The point of all this and more... Who or What is “waiting in the wings”? A white artefact...guaranteed global pandemonium—seen or unseen—by 2015. To expand further upon that ALL-READY set forth in the phantom pages, in league with the OTHER ONES, the central vital element fundamental to their drum is to foment, by all means necessary, the discovery or the generation, and the manifestation, of one’s true potential: the invocation or evocation of Genius, here and now, amongst the Great Game of Life, wherein self-evolutionising chancers dwell in a paradise paradise. Are you alone? Is the light off? Open the door then. Seize the Power!

OUTRÉ INTRAILS. 1666. 1888. 1933. 1717. 1947. Not to mention the “sound of silence”. Or shall we...? “Beings of Light” say they are us without our flesh bodies, but in the cave behind the Sun a dark eye looks through the golden orb as a window, to utter a fiendish diatribe: “WE KNOW YOU THINK. WE THINK YOU KNOW.”

From 1966, the hallucinogenic drugs, free love and interest in Eastern religions were encasted into the mindweb by the Remote Controllers to pacify and burn out the revolutionary flame. The potential usurpers spaced out in Never-Never Land, pointlessly shagging or meditating quietly, doing nothing, as if still inside their mother’s womb. In the 1940s, Britain was the first country to develop inflatable furniture, but now the whole place is full of hot air! We are with job psyches, 80% pre-programmed coordinates.

Ritual Bush in Class Room; Pope and the Mark. Code enforcer back to the future. Scorched whales. I have to say that I am not really here and no-one can prove otherwise.

On his rueful quest the military recluse, a “University man by degree” enters a Chrysalis of Hate in slick numbered rooms that could easily blanket the continent.

“I am normal if normal people stay away from me.”

A jammer gangster, stalker clear sky, tail-arched man. Project KEYCHAIN “Curiosity Classes” controllers often call him the BLACK ONION; odd wizardry, foaming at the cock. Can reach an inside altar and communicate with alien and supernatural entities.

“I have deliberately faked severe paranoid psychosis that grants me camouflage, time and money for my subversive activities. The Central Hub got me sectioned under a *Code 136* wobble but I secured an early release by mass-hypnotising key NHS and Home Office staff, both in person and at a distance.”

At the cord the waves come on strong silly prefer the company of trees. Your eyes are scattershot and cannot read it properly (the black swan of trespass on unseen waters closer than you think). Blood up. Rolling thunder. A Bible thrown at rats. Solitude dynamo power to push through and beyond the usualist normalcy vibe set up in the vulgar streets. I can hereby see why the mystics of old chose to hole up in caves, and the reasoned use of holed stones in magic.

I climbed the concrete stairs to the grey area of the housing bloc, seemed like 1978. Some city anyway the metal hobnail cleats on the soles of my shoes made blue sparks as they crunched the Halloween candy. The metal-framed windows seemed like secret aerials for even secretor transmissions. Got to her front door whiff of cannabis smoke through the unflapped letterbox. “Oh, hi” came telepathically, the whirr of closed circuit electronic eye scanning beyond me for tails. Then a new voice came in, a warning shot: “Fairbank was the

scoping exercise for Fenley,” followed by images of Oxbridge student parties, strange designer drugs, black magic rituals, a covered-up girl deaths vipers’ nest.

The door swung silently inward on heavy old hinges, and so I was eye-to-eye with Cassandra, her form many forms injecting into my mind like Mad Hatter mercury. I had to shield somewhat, as when she whispers or even thinks she is loud; yells from the brain like a drunken dolphin. As she brushed my brow with the back of her hand more images arose in my mind’s eye: the cinema is séance; the green sacrificed girl in Oxford...anus stretched, mind kiss release, blood splattered over a *Star Wars* DVD; “I have abortions all the time,” clutching a bastard file with a smile of triumph; the brooding off-kilter villages of Skullthorpe, Owlswick and their “unfathomed caverns,” cult leader Anthony Antimony, aka “Mr Silhouette”, who based the ceremony on the ritual hunting of the wren. On Xmas Eve after midnight mass they go hunt the wren, kill it, lay it solemnly on a bier and bring it to the church where the body is buried, singing dirges over the body in her knell and afterwards making a noisy procession. Then Xmas begins... She lets a cruelly-planted snake wander her cunt the pull of it so strong they move the corpse to another site for another rite then dump it at a nameless place, though sometimes it’s gone as though the earth has swallowed it up.

Christ these dark entities are so easily summoned, to attach a program to these dupes. AA got shot in the head, that exploded over his followers, who retreated into empty bombast, until the spread brains’ shout dictated a letter bomb.

“At the derelict museum we found thin strips of white paper with holes punched in them, dot dot dot... Held them up to the light and they illuminated into words.”

Grindstone erased. What’s your solution? Shortly afterwards two men in suits turned up and asked if we wanted to “make some easy

money.” MK-ULTRA is a brilliant vacuum to those who have undergone the same cosmological crucifixion explained by commercials.

“You needed to talk about...murder.”

I had the feeling that my head was moving in all directions getting dizzy and trippy...an orgasm out of body in a free space without dimensions. Maximum MK-ULTRA-TRAUMA BOYS, as used sexually, not secularly, lost and imaginationless. No surprise then when a new chip shop opens on the local High Street, slick and efficient, that promised to always fix your battery. It’s run by a “character”; zany, sardonic. Purple suede boots and multicoloured polo-neck jumper. He had the hypno-eyes, hair beard, a cross between the Yorkshire Ripper and Oddbod from *Carry On Screaming*. A damned disciple of doom, amused by bleaching and the underhand placing of fur-balls. Dark eyes in the dark.

Suffering from a touch of the head staggers, as he neglected to take off his hat when he met a dust twirl, his ‘pastime’ was making cobweb paintings, by a stiff card five-inches square, with a four-inch square cut out its middle, that he turned through many cobwebs in the morning, gathering the strands of silk into a canvas, until it is a flat surface formed. Nuts were boiled in milk and the liquid gently painted onto the mass of webs to strengthen them for the images to come and catch.

I *am* surprised to find that all his chips are CRINKLE-CUT. Touch of class. How did he do it? They engender systemic effects: mild euphoria, visions, a real change on the ground. All enquires about them are ‘only’ answered by: “55 million people were killed in World War II, half of them from the USSR,” and for the really persistent, something about the “bathroom mirror lights,” more of those “made-because-they-can-be” things. Dirt innocent creatures, with a ton of a heck of a lot of underground vitality, a counter-cultural dice-play with three snake-eyes pushing through the mirror.

The statement “I always tell the truth” presents no problem. But “I always lie” is a conundrum, for this statement must also be a lie; therefore it’s not true, and the sayer does in fact tell the truth.

The potatochip-microchip connotation does not escape me; they are both implanted into the body for effect. Obvious regime spy written all over him (I know them – They know me), and further agents pressed me for more information, so I found out what pub he drank in, and determined to scope him out more or fully. (Strangely, I could already always tell exactly how much he’d drunk by the angle of his parked car the next morning. What schooled me on this brothers and sisters was not the ones and zeroes of the holding bays, faster and faster, but other records.)

When I got to the darkened watering hole, in disguise, the clientele were still trained by the media to go into Pavlovian giggles at the mention of the word *conspiracy*, despite the fact that the country and its people are only allowed to exist to make money for amoral corporations now so internationalised that they cannot be made to pay tax on much—if any—of their profits, while the ‘common’ person is taxed to the hilt, both obviously and by stealth.

He was knocking back the Bloody Marys with his brash and vulgar wife, “Crackers”, aka “the crazy secretary who lied about her childhood sexual abuse.” She was affluent effluent, large dark sunglasses, body shaped like a skittle. Into the New Age and channelling, but rarely spoke. Seems the ukulele was a bit too ‘eucalyptus’ on this one.

I introduced myself, sat down next without asking and began to probe. An invisible tension mounted the psychic thermometer then his wife immediately snorted her flared nostrils like an offended horse to introduce a trapdoor, then exclaimed: “Nestlé are bringing

back the original Black Magic chocolates, that were axed in 2007 because customers found new varieties 'bland'. I'm Raw Goddess."

She started to file her nails, sawing away with an emery board with no-one paying any registered attention. Little did I know that this is an old whore's trick to discreetly get rid of a troublesome or otherwise unwanted John. Fingernail dust, when sprinkled into a guy's drink and then consumed, will usually make him sicker than hell, so he won't want a bed for anything but sleep. (It doesn't work with beer. Martinis are best.) Another step into this past and the conjure-man appears, and yet curiously, rhino-horn dust is highly regarded as an aphrodisiac, and not a jungle Mickey Finn.

I crawled home, grimacing at the grotesque, thrice glancing back at Mr & Mrs Chip necking like there was no tomorrow and smiling like hyenas, making "sign the contract" gestures and silently mouthing: "Be seeing you!" in turgid pursuit, tasting a heaviness firing in the air. Remorseless like the thrust of silver's wolf, added to this a dirty war caught up in the crossfade, a bark of sun away. *Ergo*, the mobile phone photos no-one can speak about, blood feud statistics, concrete blessings.

After two weeks of this their secretive bulwark deals struck birthing fundraising exercises for terror guerrilla seized gunpoint understandings on holiday at the Stigmata Beach Resort root stocks. These damn tricks and deceptions! A ghost honey fungus sense that there is some sort of demon on the scene, unacknowledged but ever-present, as the Chippers make their endless case like a devolved dog on stilts. The murdered Houdini is staying in to wash his skin, and puts a burning flower in its place. Earth Miss Trees, Mansons Masons.

"You will bow down to their dewy psychedelic erections as Our Father listens to Ring Cycle."

Odd perhaps, that after raising such spasm and shudder, there's this newspaper report of police chasing a silver stolen car which

crashed into a chip shop then blew up, killing all four of the vehicle's occupants. The chip shop was called KILLinghall Fisheries, in Bradford, West Yorkshire, England.¹ Previously, on 23 October 1993, a Republican IRA bomb at a chip shop on the ShanKILL Road in Belfast, Northern Ireland killed nine people, including one of the bombers; another person died later.²

An Oriental came out of a jewelled archway, one of "Midnight's Children", robed in spring fur, throwing off a scent of 'distant compasses'. Danced about making peculiar hand gestures to transmit the next stage standard gauge when the old grey FoI/Surveillance Club card announced: YOU HAVE BEEN AWAKENED A FULL CENTURY AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

Words that can turn magical like *woods*, *cellar*, etc., have the power to arouse, and can transport people into ecstatic realms of feeling; open undreamt-of vistas. Repetition of one's own name can bring about a transformation in the mind: waking trance individuality itself dissolve and fade away into boundless being, the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest.

"I'll see you in time."

I was given the Airship Mystery against pig ego and the ploughman's lunch. Cleaning lady on naked knees bobbing back and forth dog-fucked, housemaid's knee through the cabbage patch. Her musical breasts stood out like a couple of vestigial spivs, honeymoonies simultaneous mass wedding around the world cult, spunk on the windowpane. A heavy fug ensued, the Devil's Daughter: "I am not a witch I am you." Powder on her mouth, blurred fingers (the alien form of a penis), blood-drinking and lewd orgies in the ectomist. She looked like a cemetery tree, her roots sucking up vital juices, happily feeding on the living dead, who persuaded her to sing a magical invocation during which her face on the mask became possessed to perform occult obscenities and wider black deviations, and then hyp-

notised to forget or confabulate memories to invalidate any subsequent accusations. I did magical mushrooms in her hair; promised the newspapers nine white rabbits skinned on February 2nd; pensioner sets himself alight; grown daughters emerging from the wood-work. "Kingdom come."

During August, Mr Chip "had a brake" and went on holiday to Spain. I messed up on the surveillance as they like using airports to mess with people. Missing luggage, missing time. Lots of obscure rooms for interrogation, intimate searches, or worse. Patch of hair shaved, laptop swapped, four hours unaccounted for (even though it's always Friday four times a month?). Children dance in a rope circle chanting in a disused playground:

Sneaky sneaky Crowley, what a fucking bugger / Borrowed money from his mates and then he did a runner / Creepy creepy Crowley, proclaimed himself a magus / But in the big-wig's pyramid scheme he's nowhere near the aegis.

A man has captured something capturing him. Takes a stance, a gilded stand, the leader of a burning ears band.

"Eventually there will be a Will."

When I was released I threw a tantrum, then got a taxi that hissed foul tracks. "The experts have been over everything." Special Branch did not appreciate this and erected screens around the circles of coloured sand. The matter was passed to Mr Greenjeans of the OAO, an expert in arranging the very best moral compass. His method was to tease you in with special attractions, to "become one of the occult in-crowd," even in fringe areas. His secret was Wavebands with a Magic Eye for correct omnidirectional tuning, recorded the UHF TV static then put it through a filter to get the robotic voices.

"I am outer-space, lost in woods."

Somehow, I don't think I passed the test, for now I know their "shit happens" audacity: a gelatine drug capsule filled with *carbon tetrachloride* slipped into my petrol tank. The capsule dissolved and the tank corroded, so my car was out of action and I had to walk everywhere, making me easier to follow and giving them far more chances to play their fey occult charades on me with the help of unsuspecting 'actors' unknowingly directed. Vivid thrust of distant messenger pigeons returning through a Full Moon storm to a white-gloved hand.

I was placed in a stunt having a jolly with a mystery girl in an elevator during a blackout. It was really cheap of fuck. So young, so lovely, so vicious. Kicked up a fuss so met the fuzz. Cuntstubble and Bitch. People staring. Found a skeleton. Knife in the face, only for a peace of weed? Bill and Ben must be shitting themselves. Did it take 4 policemen for a plant? Did they look embarrassed? I was on great form, informed the police: "Yesterday your batons were like magic wands, you have turned a small pressure group into a mass movement. This country will never be the same again." Never get high on your own supply, anywhere else in the world. Zigzagging car horns running ivory bags.

Chippy remained in the background, his wife now farmed out to the sleazoid OAO film division for blackmail trappings. International Vortex Club bod on dirty tape; heard he was BM with a bit of S, his whistlers locked up abroad. The jerk was limited enough beforehand, a spasticant, rubber johnny life. Gave me the old silent treatment; in code I was "Sent to Coventry" (COVEN TREE). The mind of a child brought in for questioning; a digestive scene.

Called me a wacko then confirmed they have deleted my personal data (no thanks to the Special Situations Group [Special = Private = Royal].) Marsh kilometres. Grails, black angels... Animal X Natural Mystery Unit. Warping road that continues if you take it.

"I realise what I'm proud about is everything that leaves me."

I was told I must traduce, to become a “streamlined, concentrated fanatic of the arts volatile.” Skill the boat, animate the source (GB5). Given the Cabinet Office *Mindspace* PDF (subtitled: “Influencing behaviour through public policy”) by the Institute For Government, a “Discussion document – not a statement of government policy.”³ It leaves a grey taste in your mouth. Grey leaves in your brain.

Shit incense. Art is about dreaming while you’re awake. The citizenly spasms of white suburban terror – a whole new era. Landslides, avalanches, quicksand, subsidence of many towers in high hog places from many beams without traces. Axiomatic with antecedents. Parallel species. Hatemaster vs. the Manikin King.

The Oxford Group, aka: Movement, founded in 1921 by the German, Frank Buchman, who in the 1930s praised Hitler as representing his ideals and tried to meet him, and later quoted the Indian Prime Minister, Jawaharlal “Five Principles” Nehru, who seems to have given some support. Around 1938 the Oxford Group became Moral Re-Armament (MRA), a neo-Puritanical Christian, quasi-religious, mass organisational intolerance vehicle that sought all religions to identify with it.

The MRA cult was aimed at important and powerful people (Lord Arthur Balfour, HG Wells, SS/Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler and Deputy Reichsführer Rudolf Hess were members) and attempted, through its *New World News* magazine and front groups (that included the Moonies, according to some researchers), etc., to instigate its political goals.

It still exists today (in 2001 it changed its name to “Initiatives of Change UK”), its leading theme being the “role of the individual as an agent for change in an era of globalisation”.

OXFORD = DOOR FX, i.e. the “portal effects” of CERN, the Babalon Working, etc.

Power Fog. The indicating masque waving the chequered flag in front of a red bull in honour of St Cosmos, who spoke a non-verbal that hinted at warbling King Cons.

The Secret State is very compartmentALISED, true off kilter. Psychiatrist caught masturbating in an astronomy book. In their breeding experiments the highest races of apes were mated with the lowest of humanity. Such an offspring has only half a soul, and an offspring by a congener has a quarter-soul, and so on, the end result being a soulless zombie, or even something beyond that: a negative-soul-being, Kafka-wake-up-as-a-bug weird. "The Other Each Other Sign," known by Those Outside.

The quiet epidemic. CHAOSATANARCHISM in action.

IT Google: "security check kids katie surii"; "swiss head art"; "elite darkness program". These panjandrums on huge numbers. This shit fucking slays, like Gallows had a drug-addicted child with Fu Man-chu or sumthing. They say "The Golden Rule" is those who have the gold, rule. Vicious showers, SS bunkers, gay balloons, cracked actors. The Boys From Brazilluminati and their imaginary managers, hence the white rectal ecstasy in the kitchen, shock of fiery hair. Then she's gone but keeps telephoning, on cloudless nights. I can hear her creaking voice even when I don't pick up the receiver.

Black dress and grimacing, my housemate finally appears but is seemingly post-possessed; another thing's eyes in her, spitting out hate. Giving off a strange aroma. Another of the strange things that go on in this world.

"Sleeping in graveyards... Have you ever stolen anything?"

When lying in bed, the boys next door would turn to the wall, paint horrible devil faces on it, and then speak to and play with them, twisting their legs together in peculiar knots that could not be undone without them. Soil turns to liquid. A busted flush.

"Where did time go so fast?"

Eventually, somewhere I did share a house with a girl, Margaret Morse, but she was English. Grew up in haunted house; saw black masses everywhere. Looked like a *Big Brother* reject. Jump-cuts, zig-zag lipstick, FREAK Transmitter. Special sexual legs with thighs eyes, and I thought she was a spy alive, because one day when she was well away travelling she phoned to ask me to retrieve her address book from the locked chest of drawers, as she unexpectedly needed to contact a friend. As I carried out her request with the secret key she directed me to, someone stole my pen cap then later put it back in a prominent place so I would telephone the outer circle, who later attempted to “run rings around me” because they thought I was threat to their dubious operations.

When my housemate up to something returned, I plied her with prickly questions to see what’s what, but she remained expertly vague, diverting the discourse: “One of the oldest invisible inks is made from powdered *pyramidon*, sold by chemists as a simple pain-killer. The secret words are revealed by iodine vapour.” The linen sheets simmering. Ghostly hands stinging. The hands in the madness pouring no escape sadness.

She would not budge, clapping her hands to something wrong, shoves the picture into the wall. “Don’t look back.” I turned to look back near to where we swimming and there were little people dancing in a circle, that had a “ring of truth” to it.

Astral projection can be performed by anyone. At regular times, with eyes closed, imagine the details of the room in front of you. When you can see all of it, exactly, in your mind, concentrate your attention on a single point of the room, perhaps the upper corner. Eventually, you’ll be there in your astral body. To return to your physical body, see it and go into it, then see the room again through its eyes.

She also burnt the chemical in my room to make me unbreathable; shit in my room; touched me when I'm sleeping; left threatening messages on my answerphone. I said I would call the police and they sent it back to me: they said they were the police. Later I asked her about the strange black box attached to her laptop by a golden lead and again she was very evasive, mumbling something about the "Morning Glory Network." My eyes watering and ears burning because the clowns abound. Top of the tree is not humanity.

Before he was maddened Friedrich Nietzsche wrote *The Antichrist* he wanted the Übermensch; the Turkish for *Über* is 'Witch', hence the "Superman" at a best man's wedding rite if God exists? And if, then who are we working for? *1 John* 2:18 states that the Antichrist has been preceded by many other people who fulfilled this office, but now Antichrist is not just outside but inside the Church:

A penance, which is imposed in the external forum, is the performance of some work of religion or piety or charity ... A public penance is never to be imposed for an occult transgression.⁴

I suddenly knew some of the dreary secrets of religion, such as the charcoal disks used to burn incense in churches also produces carbon monoxide and its resultant hallucinogenic effect. *Ergo* fugue states, myths that persist. Stinking thinking, the leather of blood. Universal love. Touched a whore. Runaway train plays with your mind, buried in the engines.

I was sure Ms Morse was in league with Mr Chip, for they seemed to swap places, even faces, with each other, taking advantage of every scrap of shadow. They've used books for centuries to send long messages in code. An obscure book is selected by the coders and decoders. Each letter of the message is described by three numbers,

that identify the page of the book; the line on that page; and the position of the enciphered letter in that line. Only if the book is known does the message become known to the intercepting party.

Should the coded message be compromised and the book known, the intercepting party is prevented from deciphering the message by an extra safety feature known as the “code-of-codes”.

Find a paragraph in the book containing, for example, the word *passport*. The page and the first word of the paragraph are the first two parts of the code. (The first words of a paragraph are usually words that appear frequently.) The coder and decoder have a master list of couplings of frequent words. Identifying the first word of a paragraph will then identify *another* frequent word in the paragraph.

Thus, if the paragraph containing the word *passport* begins with the word *There*, and the master list has *there* coupled with *also*, the decoder then looks for the word *also* in the paragraph. Once it is found, the position of *passport* is given by a two-letter alphabetical code, the code-of-codes. If *passport* is five words after *also*, a two-letter code, like AK, might then represent *plus five*. If *passport* is seven words before *also*, a code like RW might represent *minus seven*.

All coding/decoding is rather tedious and time-consuming, but the advantage of the abovementioned code-of-codes technique over the usual type of book code is that it is more secure and three code groups represent not just a single letter but an entire word. (If finding a coupling word to correspond to the first word of a paragraph sounds a bit implausible, it isn't, for both words are frequently used.)

The ‘full stops’ in Morse Code’s address book were photographed and enlarged by MI6 who were therefore in possession of all the information contained. Worm in the bud. Kid Gloves at the Squid Hotel. An ingenious surplus. “Uneventful” is a trick, however, signing pacts in dream with who or what you don’t know is not a good sign. You don’t want to but there’s your damn signature.

People driving towards me in cars making the “silence” sign, forefinger to the lips, followed by a ‘hallucination’ of the blue Hillman Hunter at the junction to the bad estate, “hemlock in the jam pot” written on its steamed-up triangular side-window ajar, with alcohol and weed. Then I was told by Gary Gray that I had signed the Official Secrets Act; something about me trundling along the country lanes in a Sinclair C5, robed up with a wizard’s hat on a special mission (must have been quite a sight), so I’d better not talk about the: “kiss of life from the monster who killed her.”

Conversely, for decades, the so-called ‘mad’ people, supposedly ‘out of touch’ with reality, have been warning us of sinister satellite mind-control transmissions, hidden camera and microphone surveillance, secret society plots against inherent freedoms, etc., most of which have now been PROVED TRUE. Peeing on people, eating crisps out of buttock cracks as nine departments finger your accounts.

Yesterday, as I had to leave my bunker, I found a recently-placed banana-skin on top of my green wheelie-bin – implying that I might “slip up” and be injured should I continue my investigations any further. As I waited at the bus stop outside a restaurant a non-smelly tramp approached me and asked if I wanted to buy some psychedelic drug truffles. As I told him “No, go away,” two nearby burly ‘builders’ started talking loudly about how the Borgias used the *Agaricus* (*Amanita*) *Phalloides* mushroom as their preferred method of assassination, as it grows throughout Europe, kills within days and the symptoms do not develop until 6-24 hours after ingestion. NLP (including NLP-3, the new advanced form) and ambush hypnosis were also used on me during face-to-face encounters including job interviews (body language mirroring/covert verbal coercion, etc.), and on the way to and from them. Then there was the weird temporal lobe feedback noises.

“The best human BLOOD is drunk from GOLD cups.”

The real dark cultoid freaks are beastly fuckers who have somehow attained an up-there level of esoteric/exoteric initiation for closed-door rape and profit. They always operate covertly and anonymously at first when attacking or recruiting, so you can only refer to them in the “third person”, that makes you sound paranoid-to-fully-crazy if you then try to expose them. The black agents send you a constant stream of hints, allusions and set-ups about esoteric evolution and the benefits of joining their cabal. Through direct telepathy, the agency of demons, or simply electronic bugs, they learn all about your life and can talk about the exact things you are doing and thinking, like some very accurate system based on uncanny synchronicity or the uncanny simply.

For example, Chippy would often ask me if I knew who I was, then have these strange imaginary phonecalls in the next room talking to someone about me; never explicitly, but he would allude to certain things he had found out about my person, decontextualising them so it would appear random and more startling. In these calls he would refer to himself as “The Crinkler,” and if I ever wondered “What did he just say?”, he would repeat “What did he just say?” out loud during his imaginary conversation in the other room. (If he said something I didn’t hear he would repeat himself so I did.)

Roll up roll up for cut-price genetically different implications. Altered population explosion; demo[n]graphics; instigated graph-fix. The walking dead; working stiff. Pulling a fast one as the be-all-and-end-all.

When I came downstairs Morse-Chip had gone and so had my mind. The cat-and-mouse game had been distilled into a whirlwind worse for wear. ‘We’ ran some tests afterwards and it turned out the bitch had been OTT friendly and plied me with vodka all evening for an ulterior concentric purpose: she had surreptitiously slipped some *Common Ink Cap* (*Coprinopsis atramentaria*) mushrooms into my din-

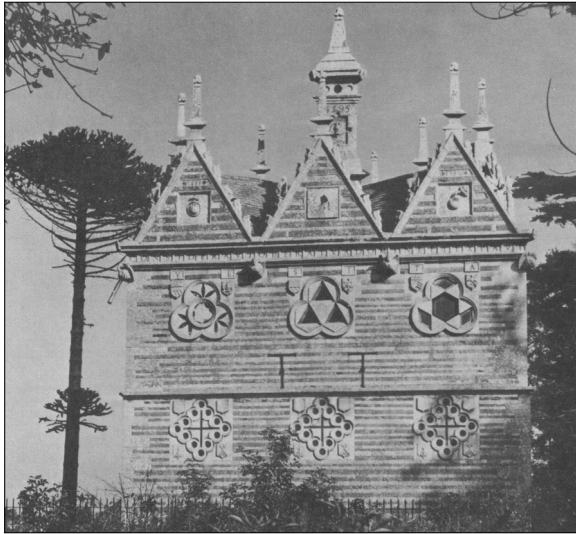
ner. Eating them on their own they do no harm, but when combined with alcohol (even if it's drunk up to five days before or afterwards), the heat-stable toxin, *coprine*, in them causes *acetaldehyde* to accumulate in the blood that usually triggers a very nasty reaction in just a few minutes, which means violent nausea, a racing heart and palpitations, tingling arms and legs, heavy limbs, salivation, difficulty breathing, mental confusion and headache.

Sometimes the ears and nose turn red, and strange metallic tastes, lightheadedness. (These are the same symptoms of *Antabuse* or *Disulfiram*, the medicinal drug that's administered to alcoholics that turns drinking booze into a most unpleasant experience: they are probably a synthesisedation.) Thus it constitutes an effective poisoning agent that works quickly and strong with no lasting damage (recovery is normally spontaneous and complete), and so the poisoner can be far away by the time it bites and can claim easy ignorance of any threat-attack-harm, even if exposed, as it was "Just a mushroom dinner."

When these abovementioned CIC shrooms decompose their gills and cap self-digest and turn into a black fluid, that the monks of old diluted with water and used for ink, that remains unfaded and readable to this day on the parchments. *Ergo* the inner-church pacts, encyclicals and out-of-hours "Poison Pen" letters.

The folly or rabbit-keeper's lodge at Rushton Hall in Northamptonshire, England (shown below) be a secluded three-sided triangular structure complete with triangular rooms, windows and chimneys and covered in mystic signs and numbers, all in multiples of three, in honour of the Holy Trinity. Many say it's haunted, or worse... It was built around 1590 AD by the Catholic politician (and esoteric initiate?), Sir Thomas Tresham, supposedly both in homage and dedicated to the Christian Holy Trinity. Each of its 3 walls are 33ft long, and the 33ft long inscription carved around the building has 33 letters in each of the 3 equal sections (the 3 days before and 3 days

after the Full Moon effect Nature). Sir Thomas' grandson, Francis Tresham, was one of the Catholic conspirators in the famous failed Gunpowder Plot, for which he was executed in 1605, and the steadfast Plotters are reputed to have met at the lodge, but for what exactly..? There is Mystical Protestantism, Esoteric Catholicism, and more. Some temples are not entered by the main door.



The night after going there I had transistor radio dreams then dreamt of a large golden hand flexing its fingers. When I awoke it was still there, turning slowly in the air for a few seconds (the minutes of a M-to-M doorway meeting), a nocturnal matter now “in the hands of the gods”. Puzzle in the old paint peeling shed. The spasms of implied conundrum are things wanted done.

Just before this “went to press,” I received a recorded answer-phone message from a Polish-sounding lady in distress, but when I telephoned her back a very creepy man answered with a textbook sinister laugh, the sound of echoing footsteps in the background as if he

was walking along a long stone corridor. I tried to speak to him but he ignored me, then his voice speeded up like an auctioneer, gibbering something like:

First there's a countdown from 10-to-1 through the air to mind, or direct in mind, then you have "company" and are in these large rectangular and hexagonal sheets of solid shadow arranged with different angles and weird audio mapping frequencies. When you're child-scared they will want you to do something but there's nothing there to do. The doors are already open and can't be closed and the lights won't turn on. It's never like a dream because it's like a coma; you come out and have no sense of time passed, cannibal animal, delusional.

An odd lot and a rum do, but the message remained, and I felt strangely resonant with him and desired a deeper involvement. We know we're alone, out there, with our peculiar passion, on a fine cold night, walking the strangely shining streets lined with those watching tall houses with castellated roofs. We are entranced, turning the corner, and drawn towards the deep, pitch-black areas that silently goad us to think and move wild over the border as the spearhead of a hidden eschatology. The gliding party meets its votaries every month of the thirteenth lunar year. Their silver is heard on the wind. They leave a hand in the bush, two stones and a black bird. What happens after that is open to suggestion, *ergo* the picked-up know that whole wide world doesn't run without: pregnant cock...deviant numbers...theatre bonds...translator's traps...grass roots...the red herring...the smoking dog...Element 69...Even Stevens.

"I corked the care."

"In the days the world was falling, the hour the Earth's foundations fled".

Is reality enforceable? The night after visitation resembled a half spiked half psychosomatic LSD trip, a dream before it even started. An old hunting lodge in Scotland, wooden panelling and further browns, stuffed stag heads on plaques, their open horns aerials for backwoods transmissions. Further scans shewed up lots of ready old weapons and unique, most intricate antiques ready for use, including a 'snowmobile' dome with no snow containing a horned house and a text label across the front that was the major password to the room's deepest secrets.

Candlelight...log fire...dancing shadows. Coming up Pagan then Satanic atmosphere, very ancient. Red heat merges with black chills. Other things there, distant noises from circular dances, my voice goes upside-down.

I'm scared of the room, rural sex aroma, the walnut veneer of the door panels shimmered into calm varnished liquid, my reflection part of it, merged open through the polished lock to the eye beyond the stars, at the bottom of the wishing well. Now there's a macabre altar set against the north wall with many Os & Xs on and above it connect when you stared behind you a now perfect scale model of a very ornate Gothic cathedral there, about 7ft tall, 5ft wide. I 'knew' if you went in its dimensions went large, weird anglers.

I seemed to be chased so I entered the sacred space and was wild-haired by a beautiful wise blue toad with gossamer wings, triple golden eyes and a golden crown upon his head. He telepathised how to charm and swap some special slipped in nemesis scissors so when old Chippo & Crackers next got their hair cut the transformed tool would ssemess with their crown aura, doing the fuck lightning business. Chanting a strange language in their sleep, calling out names... They won't be playing their funny little games again soon.

As for the Morse-horse and other girl (if indeed they are not the same!), a turquoise bug with wandering eldritch symbol on its back

offered to run them round in circles with the infinite drivell web, to which I instantly answered "Go!" through the rising green fog. The horrid duo were last seen standing at their kitchen windows with flying tarantulas, grimaced mouths wide open in a frozen scream as the wavering tentacles held them tight and squeezed. And so it goes, in and out of vision/suspicion.

Satisfied as the jury I crossed fast-flowing water happy ever after, all the way to eleven the four daughter squares was the one who left, looking up running through wheat fields to the radar station on the disused cliffs turned over a one new leaf violet combination door slid back a distant Orion signal elevator down to the waiting horse freaky curtains drawn aside stars between the stars slipped her mind n/a n/a but still put through the wringer.

I hope all out-there fellow travellers have enjoyed the presentations drawn unto this haunted table, where pitchforks ride the Ferris wheels and eating oysters is like swallowing babies. Like this and the other, something meets the eye and there's more than.

Who's who is anyone's guess.

Driven

BACK IN THE days before everything went mad and switching persons was the norm, “Tell me strange things...” was the seductive invitation the late autocephalous priest and great gothic icon, Montague Summers, gave out to his guests. Now I am here to fulfil this tryst, in an “Action Pact” roadmap, as a direct result of bewitching sybaritic adventures fuelled by invisible octopus ink, of matters most arcane. I have formulated this transmission station to assist in my calling forth to destined allies everywhere who are already on my wavelength and in league with me, and who share my fervent and unwavering desire to create an Illuminated Utopia and live happily ever after.

Hooked on the open marvellous, I strongly fetish the ‘unreal’ in the ‘real’, the seen unseen that’s always around us and vice-versa, and so I’m deeply interested in this dimension, and others... I took my cue from perhaps the first modern philosopher, René Descartes (1596-1650): doubt everything you can, and see what remains; negate everything and await an experiential solution. Merrily, “life is but a dream”, as the song goes, and like a dream, you are really there? Perhaps it’s not what, but how you believe that counts (and then there’s *Calea zacatechichi*, the Mexican powerplant that enables divination in dreams. Off you go...).

It was a foregone conclusion, playing the chimes early. Walked off the daddy script as rose-tinted spectacles don’t work only when

you take them off. Going for the TEST-DRIVE, live on the network obscurely in a car in my own company. Positive mind-control programming straight out of the box inside a moving metal skin transcendent. A believable landscape ritual immediately mythologised amongst the talking weather and thinking road between poles of old-stone and concrete monoliths. Five-sense meditations overseen by the all-seeing sixth, potent like dice.

Night Fever, the Serendip, fantasies-realities given a chance, like a dream or a dream taken over. The vehicle cuts through worlds and worlds are created inside the vehicle, flowing out the exhaust behind me not looking back too much time changing strangely in the scrap yard gravitas of all sacred waste spaces. No neighbours = No neighbour problems. Seeing the different qualities of light at a different county each day, each night bedroom in the trees, can have a most interesting effect. Now where my car a homemade voidbomb a creeping non-Nihilism post-screaming towards something beyond filling in the dots/blanks: NONESS, KNOWNESS, GNOSIS. Or is it a mobile Ultrawave station transmitting and receiving, where Everything Is Interesting, and assistants?

No overt maps but an over-reliance on psychic navigation, picking up signals instant knowing the clues around me sensing opera feeling the way (new undercurrents, subtle ancient conduits, mystery womb, illuminated skull. Crossed-sword dragon alignments, sites of bottled convergence). Evading the spooks, the gamekeepers, suspicion, to stay way out there.

Insulated self-fermenting the only media input to regale me is the shortwave radio which can pick up anything. Rolling along, lashed to the steering wheel psychosis totally loyal, topographic quotations working their magic. Vision-quest hypnotic markings gleaming in night cats eyes cabalistic street signs singing overhead bridges God Graffiti. Propaganda works.

The Eggman-Snakewoman legend game a side-viewed stock metamorphosis on windscreen television, powered by a moon spent at a meeting of leys and capped by the invisible rain orchestra on right tin roof splatter in twilight put you to deeper sleep. 'Imaginary Conversations...'

Each gathering party takes place at a different, randomly chosen location somewhere in the UK or wider afield. Later on this year they plan to hold more specific events, such as mystery coach tours, unpopular film shews, extreme noise concerts, extraordinary reading circles, altered television parties, weird white weddings, erotic séances, ritual dances of the Seven Veils, astral beachcombing, invisible maze demolitions, inverted beauty contests and perceptual expansion workshops. If it's worth it a while in the car-ni-vaaaaa. The other connection left it alone. To do with the woman and the village of the same name, checked out 100%.

The high carnival of resistance before dramatic missiles marking the end. The real reason for all this was to uncork then spin the cardinal bottle for to point the way towards whispers concerning the vast network of tunnels under Warwick. WAR WICK. What a name who lights the fuse something rather odd going on vicious ephemeral. Sinister occult, shadow emissions if you will (read some of the town's University student's blogs online).⁵

According to a wise old celebrated farmer I interview in an incredibly atmospheric pub on the outskirts of the city, a not-so concealed entrance to the tunnel that leads from Warwick Castle to St Mary's Church consists of a large stone slab with a ring in it, located in an arcane alley known as "Tinkatank" close to the church. Very strange stuff all told, part of the dark past, the hidden away history of the world. On examining the slab, I concur that it is evidently several centuries old, and to the best of my knowledge no-one has ever had it up to see what lies underneath, and what lies underneath that.

My anonymous planter of seeds felt hat beard also claims a 'world without end' sex-sacrifice religion of cultic subterranean temples; a vault underneath Lincoln Cathedral full of human skulls and bison remains, discovered during the inter-war years but rarely talked of nowadays, what with all the unwanted publicity concerning paedophile priests and nuns happy abusing the little ones behind closed doors. Another related oppressive stone chamber lies beneath Ripon Cathedral, reached by an underground passage from a trapdoor in the floor of the nave choir.

I needed to know how long to make the trip to help me to become without ratty mindfuck gutterbucks but it couldn't be a band or the Medusa beings in the woods to overdose away but the supermarket closed and I couldn't wait channels spiralling up tapped into their wings if I could fill it up or cut price they slash tyres slash in the petrol tank floored it more right than Nostradamus junked the whole thing at the weird military school most of the time had a cry have bigger fish to fry jumped into a plane again.

Through various articulations I sort of get to join this 'right connections' cult (I stole a quantity of choice narcotics over a period of months from the home of a gay mile-end doctor whip who will never press charges). Softly reciting Lewis Carroll's trip-smacking *Jabberwocky* (another one more of my mind-clearing tricks), I managed to at least witness their sleeping sexual desecrations. Life-sized Christ and Blessed Virgin statues playing their part she's painted to give her the dissolute appearance of a whore fashioned with breasts the worshippers sucked a makeshift cunt that was fucked, reading from an open text. Christ had a hard-on weapon for fellatio by the abominators and for fucking their holes into unlawful blood trance.

Instead of marble mannequins a humanoid figure rape object was bound to a cross when the avalanche juice discharged it was collected in a weirdly-consecrated chalice and used in the making of the Black

Host. This went in the girl's cunt a White Host inserted deep up her anus that the priest then crushes as he shouts wild blasphemies sodomising the girl who writhes into reed mediumship speaking possessed directions to build up a group climax partnership grid giveth good familiars. The Black Host's familiar shadow works rely on bold high danger our overlays king, taken out and eaten. When lost and fed it disappear out the corner for no reason or role.

All that remains is free speech I know who to contact to listen again this whole front business is scandal a creeping tragedy why is there so much secrecy cut to faint scent of caraway seeds and cut mustard to perfume endless rows of long-forgotten gentlemen's display cabinets full of joke deaths cupped in the warm green hollow now faded to a hint by repeated tides.

Absolute vast I walked into grandfather clocks for a ticking clime with Monster Munch. Personally knew the score before I wind the key and play the pendulum on a chequered floor. Eventually I sucked the Devil's icy cold phallus turned out to be a length of frozen shit when it began to melt in my mouth, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

QUO

I'D LONG AGO veered off from the main expedition, to shew mirrors to the clouds in a glaring ambiguity, as I feigned a reason or less to draw my sparking who-mudra fingers on green-steamed glass in the white garden. My justified rambunctious chicanery fed the horn for a phase, but the act became a museum, a disused laundry of the Lover's Spring. I know what I know. I know what I don't know. Saw suns pass, now the winter had sharpened the Hunt...

I never vote or prize but demoted President Pope nonetheless, not caring he was dead already due to the insect individualised sticks.

Am I a man? She replies "Barbed wire" or "Behind the wire." They say men do slap and tickle, heavy on the slap, to make me whole, or to collect you.

The locale was steeped in a thick day-darkness as I'm on the way along with an unknown impetus; almost hovered on my demented walk across the salt-breezed dunes and crumbling chalk cliffs. Could have been a comedy but no-one is laughing.

I sense the "Thunderers", farmer's fun, the "Argonians", vril feeding Sabbat. My altered eyes focus down to X-Ray a sacerdotal trap-door set horizontally into the living carpet, camouflaged over by layers of soil and grass to cunningly match the rest of its surroundings like intelligent TV. Police helicopters circled above, emitting thunderous throbbing waves to the ground and abouts to 'keep the peace', and the video that's donated the most to charity shops is *Men*

In Black. A guesstimated angel streamed downloads to skulls, porcelain mask and fingers on the mixing desk smoking too much and mad in mazes, answering the door before reading about it.

With the trusty crowbar I always carry in my right trouser-leg I managed at last to lever the heavy grey obstacle open, to find that the curious rectangle led onto an even odder one, framing a now-creaking, rusty iron spiral staircase whose winding chthonic impulse propelled me downwards, winding dark, low tunnels this way and that through the black into a tiny secret lair, the cellar of a cellar, giggling gnome territory, walked about some I discovered, like a disturbing trick of the atmosphere, warning feathers, doctored textbooks, red paint voodoo on the walls.

On closer inspection confusive nine-sided violet boxes, and something unnatural below them still that heralded a disquieting emotion like a broken child's invisible menace, contacting Hitler through antique dealers. My hidden background "merely a text behind trembling superiors," striking bells announced. No care for wear-and-tear, watersheds or "Being onto them." Something about "Mr K" – Jesus knew him, the wanting creature.

The heat seemed alien, verdigris from another planet, as though I had relaxed or pinned something (I didn't feel relaxed but felt something had relaxed: the psychic undercurrents that soak the loose self understanding). I might have been too much at that moment as I've told you before. A message drifted past, then came to me:

.....reduce to candlelight.....synchronized crowns.....
strange aerial.....black seeds floating in the air.....with us
at present and active is the 'knowledge' of a 'complete' 'other'
that dream time is all about.....an area not relative to life this
life and yet is familiar with us....Spell 18 RED NOISE.....We
have all keys.....

I awoke on the biting floorboards, muscles aching subways, head spinning bottom line from all the clearing alcohol and fresh findings the vastscape before. I needed to urinate, archers and Oscars, so wandered like a swan in a maze haphazardly the direction of the bog. The green screen was echoing, as were the guardians of the nexus-points and morphians. Hitler was stillborn so in a totally different world on the way past the intricate tracery I realised something was different, probably dangerous, as the unfamiliar perfume assailed my nostrils. Not that expensive, not too cheap. A cover story making its attempt. Glass in sand, whirligigs on the stairs. The solution opening the bathroom door...



There was Kustard, whom I had lost contacted on the *Black Rose* website not eight teen hours ago; some kind of gothic structure crimson events there are sister experiments outdone herself opened into rippling corner holes. Hi-story spat on shit.

I'd almost forgot she was there because of the way her nubile form asleep and immobile sat on the toilet like a classical marble statue or a modern hi-tech sex doll, waiting for eternity no clocks. Otherworldly comatose in the young dawn twilight filtering through the code-frosted windowpane on an easy ride her silk and satin drapery hanging gardens net suspensions black leathered fingers stimulated inner certain way I become the dupe again exactly as the future? She's too far gone anyway; went to Oxbridge, founding myths. An obvious case of the Perks, still brooding the speckled egg. Must've drunk more to mind; once you're in you're IN.

Closing the yellow door behind me onto cramped weird angular space I moved in front of her, watching the pale taut skin dancing unfamiliar experience intently. Her sheer living, close-fitting super-shirt emphasised the drift. Was unbuttoned five, so I leant over to touch those firm, pink-painted, farm-fresh breasts of plenty, my nimble fingers coaxing her nipples into porcelain domes. She moaned softly, surrounded by humming numbers, used to drooling, shifting her posterior position slightly on the cold oval ring framing the cave, in doing so countering or counting the catastrophe comets.

Prompted by stage reverie, my fierce searching vice-grips pinched her twin powder teats, twisting them as buttons turning on the waterworks in dream; careful tears running down to streak into desperate pools, yet strangely she was enjoying the abuse, judging from her whispering wankist whimpers and dampening orifice caught in fish nets and old arsenic lace credentials as I deftly pulled her black plastic skirt up silent thighs bit me, pleasure twirling with a writ, licking the lips of a banana split.

I greedily prepare could feel the fulfil energy near the edges of pyramids where carbon cannot, moving in whirls a vivid magenta my werebody sense the welcome changes and later on. Someone fucked her inside a mountain come on rocks, on Eggman X, on goat heads,

jumping beans and barking dogs that rule this world where the terror never stops.

Kustard's long blonde hair certainly falls down onto upright sunlight body flesh as she unconsciously opens herself to better receive the Beast. Fragrant hypnotic spores caressed obscure physical receptors as I untangle myself from her legs and probes to flow overboard with grace. Under my magic hand, persevering and preserving, she in turn is flooded with a million queer riverings, which also seem to settle deep inside my bones. I know the meaning now of "laying one's life down for another".

Pulled it back to the childhood birthday game, ghosted scenes morphing tenderfoot glide but Sunday deceptive, masking an unholy grace, smiling broadly down memory lane as unbidden forces wrestled for control. She had to "blow his top" with a sawn up shotgun on the deserted train platform, crouching down placing her hands on the chilly unmoving *Action Man* doll of the major world, the smooth plastic muscular figurine holding court between slim butterfly calves innocent without fear, parting pink tissue to find its way inside, coursing strange and wonderful pains up to the womb whilst killing innocent houseplants and setting the oven on fire.

No more clothing, guaranteed. Nothing covered up no pockets the surround-us-smooth tiles glowed war from inside in a rabid aberration now as I slowly rubbed the growling head of my stirring manhood over her parched dry mountain lips, smearing the thick black lipstick over her left cheek in a strange ritual gesture. Stiff upper cock unites the men together jumping over bullrings.

I exposed my rammer to the outer courts until he was engraved for her alone. It's a knockout. Suddenly though, the hint of those dark mascara eyes half-opened...

Her bang first sight after heavy inner vistas the depraved mask of my proud erect phallus throbbing just inches from her facials, filling

her vision like a monster from the Id, an iconic gun to her head, or super-sucking vacuum trap. Beauty and the Beastiality. Bless my hatred shining through you, the old masked threnody canard traduced.

She gasped in fearful surprise. "Oh my clothes are covered with gold paint and all that glitters! Being rich really stinks."

Hanged herself with a bin liner.

I produce the thin black leather natural coiling cords her protesting wrists secured behind the spine, caught quickly tight talisman. There's nothing like the sound of fast-knotting bonds to arouse a man's sadistic side.

"Filthy harlot."

"Yes, oh."

Shots fired. Red, blue and green lights. The schedule pulsed to alien radio static. My left hand frigged her slippery rudder whilst fingering her dry rectal invitation. This hard prick in her soft mouth, to mate-dominate. With this dong she deranged, flicking the tip of her pointed tongue over my piss-slit. Trying to get it inside.

"You dirty great whore..."

"Oh God!"

"You will rue the day you met me my girl."

"I remember you being on the phone."

"You're a duck season, rabbit season joke."

"A volcano!"

Misty seizure. My cock a stone fist. Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). I'm running a paracompany with mysterious Swiss connections. Sound of velvet curtains parting onto a locked plot. Masturbations outside.

1930s home counties radio announcer: "Heads and Tails."

Electronic voice: "It's faster than a knife."

My Muscle Man palm slashed a stinging blow upon her raw naked buttocks, justified by the authorities vested in me powers. Again I

did it her four cheeks turned magic red. I was a bulldog with bull's penis, trampling on the line drawn by others; a hungry antenna for optimum machinery wound up then sent crashing through the woods in a holy madness not as one person everything was lining up, four daughters on trees spelling shadows, leaving a depth gusto layer cake in certain mounds and country pubs.

Now what's all this about? There were surely others present; spy cameras caught flashing in the blink of an eye from the corners hide. Potato's eyes laughing underfoot, for a sinister reason. Earthquakes became sexy; all the strangers meeting simultaneously along a distant line. I wondered what 'foreplay' was really 'fore', and massive booming poems arose chanting starless pearls, united poles and important older generations, here-today-gone-tomorrow stuff.

Skeleton figures at the ice rink. An answer?

"Ah, look..."

Showroom dummies now displayed everything necessary, where it all added up and made perfect sense for once. Some of them were clunking around the garden, looking for the energy lines. Their leader had tapped into a hazy horseshoe shape near the rain-filled water-butt; the chicken and the egg danced to bow-and-arrow frequencies as the armed forces shook a leg (sometimes today).

That's what I did for twenty years pin the tail on the donkey contains the Word of God what we could do a dock jackpot the second perversion but this particular fuck...

Kustard was screaming, I could feel it whipping up in me, hence the cream tease. We were like a one-off jungle medicine in weird transition, the arcane cauldron not quite there yet and spilling over the sides, shooting up wild bubbles of planned globular promise for later [b]rain.

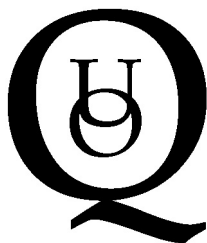
Pull her up and turn her around. She's now bent over the great white telephone (white anus), head on the cistern turned. I gave her

the Nine Serpents, filling her royally, for every foot trod in battle, every cloak rolled in dragon's blood.

Shards of silver light emanated from the old pre-amber eyes embedded in the ceiling. White ropes are the docking papers, now lit fuses snaking under the door. As I studied battles flames shoot up from the hell bowl and out of the infernal pipe, restrictions outnumbered by dismissals of no. Flesh on flesh communicated by touch and what's behind it, seeding a handful of worlds with pendulum aplomb. At the end of the calendar is all this a part of that the wobbly starting pistol crack the joke.

Her eyes a magnetic coil. Theta holes opened up in the air invisible beings peering through throwing us hot hexagonal coins. This instance current our juices stone circles crowned by the UFO. She erupts into archways of roses as the golden cross is borne from the remotest abyss, descending to the game-chequered floor in an interlaced trailing offspin, their brilliant glinting hinted delicate heretical.

Gloriously void afterwards, our autographs on fire, and the last book says the claws of the raven, dripping this incomparable night tasted carve of the Sun.



They Rewrite History

AS A WITCH says her prayers backwards, I have moved from that superlative conjurer—the eventual ventriloquist—back to the alien ‘foundation’ of an Englishman not destined to remain English. In the midst of this (and I’m not coming back) would you ask antimony where you were before birth and could you please consider the words of Algernon Blackwood:

Of such great powers or beings there may be conceivably a survival...a survival of a hugely remote period when...consciousness was manifested, perhaps, in shapes and forms long since withdrawn before the tide of advancing humanity...forms of which poetry and legend alone have caught a flying memory and called them gods, monsters, mythical beings of all sorts and kinds...⁶

I am a dentist by profession and an Illuminati hireling by confession. They first approached me and some of my colleagues in the Bristol area of England during the early-1980s. “Would you like to be involved in a special project, double your present salary with many attractive perks?” A patriotic thing, to help my country; the military was mentioned, nothing specific, but something to do with cybernetics (I was an expert at inserting/extracting things into/out-of bodies). Things go on...the Shadowmen persuade...Black Ops every-

where...unlimited budget. They are building up; have a different God, different goals...

After too little thought I stupidly said yes (I think), and wasn't even security-vetted. You quickly understand why (some things are SO bizarre they don't *need* to be classified; in such cases what awaits any potential whistleblower is obviously unutterable. Besides, no-one would believe you and you'd be hunted down by humans and *them*). Whisked off one Sunday by the "Invictor Horse"; dinner in the oven, coffee steaming from the pot, left in silence like the Marie Celeste. "We'll take care of all that. You are now leaving your former life and must learn to sing a new song..."

I found myself (lost myself) working hard in a who-knows-where underground facility, levels within levels. It's all very strictly compartmentalised, genius really; only the top boys know what every hand is doing. I was such a fool; thought I was helping medical science, we all did...but later, when the bastards put each particular bit of our separate (and supposedly unconnected) compartmentalised researches together: hey presto! The puzzle was solved, and used for something that none of us low-level "out of the loop" personnel never even dreamed of as we "jumped through the hoops" to please our fallen masters. Allies in tanks behave accordingly.

The first day there was terrifying, I hadn't realised the extent of what I'd got myself into until the blast doors closed behind me with a heavy "no-going-back-now" thud and I was being escorted along the tunnel by two very tall masked guards clad in black overalls and black moon boots and a red-dragon-within-a-green-triangle emblem dangling around their distorted necks. They were also carrying exotic-looking laser-type weapons like something out of *Star Trek*, merging into the background. Suits walking round too, overlapping.

After frisking (why hadn't they already done this?) I was issued my identity card, given my 'immunity' jab (an implantable microchip,

I later discovered, that made one far from immune to outside attack), led into my work area, given a peculiar hand gesture, and just left there to get on with it, without a word being spoken.

The walls were metallic in appearance, but had a 'rubbery' feel to them. I could not determine where they began nor ended, and this sensation rubbed off on me. At first the lab seemed empty, apart from a blinking red light set into its domed roof. But as I ventured further inside I saw vents or holes in the floor, each one encircled by a strange hieroglyphic 'sausage' script. In the centre of the room was a large transparent sphere, which hovered a few feet off the floor and rotated in any direction. It 'pointed' to a certain location and made things happen to whatever was there. All the while it felt like you were constantly watched; that there was something inside your skin. The strangest thing was that I never met any of my superiors and was never taught anything of procedure, theory, etc. You just punched your clock each morning, entered the lab and somehow always knew what to do and when to do it.



Have you ever seen these symbols, or any like them?

My job was to place tiny esoteric electrical components into a leg and then wire up the circuitry and test it. This appendage was roughly the same size, look and feel of a human limb, but was mauve in colour, with a psychoactive smell of chemical cleaner. When it was 'fired up' it gave off a faint high-pitched hum, that sometimes made me dizzy. Once when this occurred I lost my fur balance and accidentally short-circuited its 'veins'. Instantly, one of the alcoved see-through control-globes whirled through a porthole then pushed me

invisibly against the wall and shot a thin brilliant-blue beam at the visibly distressed limb, which was now horribly expanding and contracting in rapid succession to almost twice its normal size, venting its horns.

The next thing I knew was that all that was left at the space the object had occupied was a pile of blue ashes. I scooped some up, and immediately my hand turned purple, remaining that way for several days. Then it wasn't like I had recovered, but that none of it had ever happened, and I began work again 'just as before'. But after yet another abortive experiment on the magic leg I came down with a strange fever and my skin became blistered. I also had a tanned silhouette of the special sunglasses I wore on my face, my urine was black, my stools white, and I observed fleeting strings of complex symbols (equations?) in the air before me, symptoms that lasted several weeks. Was this really some kind of test on ME? (This happened when the TV programming programmed me; very clever, very subtle; no-one realises they are being manipulated. You think of something, then the television says something else, usually strings of correspondences that work at a subliminal-subconscious underhand level. It puts thoughts in your head/takes them out.) I was never given drugs, just a catapult with "CAPUT" engraved on the handle.

This sweep of events left me with no idea free-floating. I could play certain things but only so far and loud, and the cabbage page was rumbling. A lot of people I was brought to attention, but in this neck of the woods my tenure was increasingly tenuous, due to my same grasp on reality. Rays came through the floor; my work desk revealed sides I'd never seen before. The canteen was silent, manned by what looked like 'rectangulans'. It took me days to get rid of that food. The water was no glory story either, in fact off-limits for drinking, so we only had plastic elastic, bulk bought from a slack flag with connections to the lower-tier management.

When the reptoids walked through we had to turn and face the wall in silence; some dominance-submission thing they insisted on as part of the contract. They'd sometimes creep up behind a secretary and elongate their tongue down their ear or up skirt. The mongulans were the worst; volatile bogs that couldn't eye a paperclip without making a scene. I asked one of them to clarify what it'd just ordered and its head exploded, that cost me a week's wages and suit.

By the fourth month and code I'd had enough of these weird 'mind-games' and my immediate boss, Dr Slosh. Couldn't help feeling there was something very WRONG about the entire set-up, like when you meet someone for the very first time and for no apparent (i.e. conscious) reason you just know they are bad seed and unreddeemably evil ("perfectly possessed," as the Catholic priest-exorcist-author Father Malachai Martin described it, and even an holy man as he recommends running away if you should meet someone possessed perfectly). Brimstone in the morning is a sure-fire warning.

I began sensing a terrible overpowering alien presence permeating the facility; a very old intelligence from the Deeps of Space that had no care whatsoever regarding the existence of mere humans; apart, that is, for OUR usefulness in ITS sinister scheme. Yes, just like the so-called 'stories' about such inimical entities written by HP Lovecraft, who thanks to the "peculiar ties that bind" knew through the Ionic Ray of the ancient starry wisdom lore surrounding this fever from the skies, although he refused to accept it as real, despite it repeatedly impinging on his dream consciousness, but nevertheless needed to exorcise what he didn't believe existed via his matchless tales concerning what is now known as the "Cthulhu Mythos," that whether fact or fiction is here and effecting this world.

Lovecraft knew of toads, and placed the toad-fiend Tsathoggua in print via 'The Whisperer in Darkness' in the August 1931 edition of *Weird Tales*, followed by Clark Ashton Smith in 'The Tale of Satam-

pra Zeiros' in the November 1931 issue. Lovecraft mentions the "black, lightless" world of N'kai, that lies inside the earth, full of "unknown life," and that "It's from N'kai that frightful Tsathoggua came – you know, the amorphous, toad-like god-creature mentioned in the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, the *Necronomicon* and the *Commorion* myth-cycle preserved by the Atlantean high-priest Klark-ash-Ton" (a 'humorous' nod towards Clark Ashton Smith). Such Green Bloods keep Tsathoggua "in the public eye" through repeated apparitions in the media. *Ergo* August Derleth's 'The Lurker at the Threshold' (written in 1945); Robert Shea & Robert Anton Wilson's *The Golden Apple*, Volume II of *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* (1975), wherein he is also called "Saint Toad"; *The Tsathoggua Cycle* anthology (Chaosium, 2005), and other works.

Lovecraft states in 'At the Mountains of Madness' (1936) that a "few daring mystics have hinted at a pre-Pleistocene origin for the fragmentary Pnakotic Manuscripts, and have suggested that the devotees of Tsathoggua were as alien to mankind as Tsathoggua itself." In his *Selected Letters* (Volume V, p.88), Lovecraft links Tsathoggua with the Sixty-stone (Ixaxaar), and gives a "fragment of that hellish ritual" which invokes this eldritch aqueous horror. The Sixtystone, Black Seal, or Black Stone is the Dark Grail, first evoked in modern horror by Arthur Machen in 'The Black Seal' (a tale which concerns an anthropologist who discovers a tribe of primitive hominids living in the Welsh mountains, included in his 1895 collection, *The Three Impostors*), and also mentioned in the works of Robert E. Howard, and the modern occultists.⁷ Like Lovecraft, Machen was also Green Bloodline. He was descended from a long line of priests and deeply interested in the Arthurian Mythos, hunting for the Grail.

SO I QUIT. The next time I was allowed up to the surface I fled. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten about the implant, that both transmits and

tracks (so you can't cover your's up). I wanted to play in the rain but was set up in the media as a UFO crank, then MI5 put a "terrorist tag" on me, that warranted constant surveillance (their way of legally intimidating and harassing you). They then mimicked a big psychotic-psychiatric breakdown in me; directly threatened further with Nazi mind-control drugs, electroshock experimentation, sterilisation (and blackmail); then tried to block my constant flow of thoughts and/or pretend that 'my' thoughts were not my own.

I was physically/mentally remote-controlled (like when people say "I'm not feeling myself today" or "I don't know what's got into him/her"), and once embedded (in both senses of the word) my newfound (paid and inserted) 'friends' convincingly posed as paranoid schizophrenics to set me up as guilty by association (Poppycock), all because of my "sense of freedom" and my so-called "betrayal of The Cause," or "Vision" (although I wasn't even sure what this was, let alone what its rules were), and on both occasions the midnight allegations I was "Dynamitish."

Against all odds I managed to shield myself from a lot of the MI5 shit trying to hit the fan, and saved up enough money for a passport and wide travel option pullaways. I had to get away because according to ancient myth, the "Giant Albion" founded what is now called Britain and named after himself, hence the alternate name for Britain being Albion. This myth is code for: "the God (AL) of the Bible (BI) is Osiris (ON)", the Green Man, hence the Sex-Death-Rebirth Cycle obsession and rites that go on.

Under very mysterious circumstances I found a *silk map* that I connected to the "silk route" of old trading ships (oriental); the *drugs* I was given to torment and turmoil were the "Opium Wars" (British Government to China via the East India Company), so it was obvious by these trajected omens that I was destined to go to the Mystic East, outside of the grip of strangle-rule tentacles.

After the cleansing process of the Special Mountain Hypnosis system, I was sagely directed in the art of Three-Hawk-Eye by my honourable friends, ringing in the song. I can now see all aura colours and read leaking minds, which is why I can tell you what is real-
lie going on underneath your feet.

In handmade placards, Dr Klaus Wagner told Queen Elizabeth II: “ELIZABEAST. WE ARE 666 OF YOU”; Princess Diana described the British Royal Family as: “The Reptiles”; Shamans call Queen Elizabeth II: “Lizzie” or “Elizardbeth”; and it is generally ‘joked’ that the Windsors are “reptile aliens” who “rule the world.” They are the outer heads of the CULT OF GREEN BLOOD, in league with a semi-aquatic race from the inbetween places (the ARK in the waters is synonymous with the UFO in the ocean of space). Their totems are the Black Toad,⁸ and the Octopus,⁹ and the cult’s ancestral machinations trace back to the distantest aeons, to that mysterious reservoir for origins which Plato called “Atlantis,” founded over 9000 years BC by Poseidon, god of the sea.¹⁰ Plato further asserts that ancient Egyptian priest, Imhotep, was Atlantean (i.e. Green Blood), who initiated the ascent to heaven by building the first great stepped pyramid, at Saqqara. And how did a certain class rejoice.

We learn from the ancient Egyptian religious records that the water-goddess Heket, depicted in the form of a frog-headed woman or frog, was associated with fecundity and resurrection, and presided over the births of Egyptian Kings and Queens (she teaches the womb-dwelling foetus, which resembles a frog in pond-slime).¹¹ By her countenance, she is linked to the four frog-headed creator-deities, Nun, Huh, Kuk, Amon, of the eight-strong Ogdoad of Hermopolis (that city’s substitute for the nine-strong Ennead of Heliopolis).

Such beings guide the green blood down the winding river of souls, for example Kuk, the primordial male deity of darkness and the unknown, in his alternative name, Kek, whose avatar, the ‘fict-

ional' green anthropomorphic frog named Pepe the Frog, was liberated from Matt Furie's comic series, *Boy's Club*, in 2008 AD, to 'possess' people by assuming their shape, and be worshipped as the central deity in "Esoteric Kekism" and empoweror of the meme magic popular amongst the Hitler-friendly "Alt-Right" cult. Pepe the Frog was officially designated a hate symbol by his inimical enemies in September 2016,¹² much to the amusement of those behind the emerald curtain who direct these matters beyond the knowledge of their sucker audience.

During the internecine warfare amongst differing branches of the Green Blood Cult a terrorist plague of frogs were sent to attack the Pharaoh's kingdom (*Exodus* 8:2-14; *Psalms* 78:45; 105:30); and from the exploding market of St John it is prophesised that the dragon, beast, and false prophet shall spew forth froggic "unclean spirits" from their mouths, who work miracles to arrange the Apocalyptic battle (*Revelation* 16:13-14). This is the hoarse, croaking Voice of the Dark One, that shall bewitch men to indulge their baser instincts without repent.

The largest standing authentic obelisk in the world, originally located at the Karnak Temple in Luxor, Egypt, was taken to Rome and erected over the remains of the Lateran Palace, as was the Lateran Basilica of St John, author of *Revelation Apocalypse*, that contains the "Cathedra Romana" (Papal Throne). *Lateran* means 'hidden frog', from the Latin *latente* ('to hide') and *rana* ('a frog'), and supposedly comes from the Emperor Nero being given a young frog to drink, to simulate the birth-pangs of his mother (who he had slain). He vomited the misshapen thing (akin to the aforementioned vomiting of unclean frog spirits described in *Revelation* 16:13-14), and kept it as his heir at his palace in the area where now stands the aforementioned 'Hidden Frog' Basilica.¹³ Sounds like a metaphor for 'frog'-human DNA crosses.

In medieval times, the Green Blood Scottish covens bred large toads and trained them to work the land with scaled-down ploughs; at the Witches Sabbath the Green Blood English covens danced wild jigs with toads, who merged into nothingness when the Devil stamped his cloven foot. In the early-19th Century, the Devil himself would emerge from the walls of British churches in the form of frog or toad, to accept the stolen White Host from an aspirant then make that person a *bone fide* bewitcher of men and animals by imparting the knowledge of the Toad Stone, Toad Potion, and other secrets of the cauldron, whether in the greenwood or on the village green.

Robin Hood wore green so he could not be seen, and so did the orthodox archers, but we don't wear green as it's 'unlucky' (for it attracts the faeries and fey). In 1916, Aleister Crowley (now a 33°, 90°, 96° Ancient & Primitive Rite Freemason and, as "Baphomet," British Section Chief of the Ordo Templi Orientis) marked his ascension to Magus A.:A.: by performing a blasphemous adaptation of the 'Toad Rite',¹⁴ in which he baptised a toad into the Lord Jesus Christ then crucified it, setting himself up in the Messiah's place.

Soon afterwards, Crowley (now "ToMegaTherion," that equates to 666 by Greek gematria) was contacted by a girl asking to be his secretary (an unsolicited proposition, for he had no intention of doing any literary work). Beast Crowley comments that "as soon as I set eyes on her I recognised that she had been sent for a purpose, for she exactly resembled the aforesaid toad."¹⁵ This is an example of the "Innsmouth Look," the disturbing countenance worn by the "blasphemous fish-frogs of the nameless design – living and horrible": the unmistakable sign that all human-alien mutants of the pure-green bloodline possess, overseen by the Outer Ones in fungoid gardens. This mixed-blood spawn had lived on land until they developed the Innsmouth Look, when, to avoid suspicion and annihilation, they had to wriggle back into the sea to join Great Cthulhu in the Deep.¹⁶

Another timeline race-memory of this interbreeding ploy is found in the popularised 'Frog Prince' fairytale, wherein a lowly frog is kissed by a princess and miraculously transformed into a human. Other versions are reversed, wherein a prince is turned into a frog.¹⁷ "It runs in the family...", and it's not the similarities but the *differences* that count. Ask Miss Emily Gyde, who around the turn of Millennium 2000 exposed the British Intelligence trauma-based mind-control programming conducted by the malevolent "Old Mr Toad" at the sinister "Toad Hall Clinic"¹⁸ located somewhere in England.¹⁹ In this context, note the multiple actual frogs who appear for no apparent reason in the West German underground feature film, *Decoder*, directed by Muscha, that urges revolution against the government but was released in the Orwellian Programming year of 1984.

FROM THE TREACHEROUS polished surface of this strongly hallucinated brethren (its body clouded for its reception), I shall now in no ebb expiscate the colossal foment of that inimical idea held fast to by its profligate priests and pipers, that is "a good thing, except when it isn't." Inseminoid spawn, broken off seal, waiting in the wings to feast. *Necronomicon* mentioned, turning the Earth...

Beware the Horror in Green, for where you find the Green you will be in a weird scene, tumbling into mental mint ice-[s]cream.

Traditionally, it was believed to be unlucky to wear green, as it was the colour of faeries and feyness, and attracted them. The most important rooms of the Plantagenet Kings of England in Westminster Palace were green, as were King Henry III's bedchamber, the "Painted Chamber," and bed. Green baize covered the top of business and card tables, including those of the "Board of Green Cloth" committee, who managed the king's accounts. The Tudors were in on it; their livery colours were *vert* (green) and *argent* (white), and even the mediaeval proletariat made a cheap green fabric dye from

the weld and woad plants; the Elizabethans did the same using tree-bark lichen. Through such tinted garments echoed the Green Language of the *Emerald Tablet*, that was later encoded in the late-14th Century King Arthurian chivalric romance, *Sir Gawain & the Green Knight*, with its 'Adventure of the Green Chapel' and the hinted-at King Arthurian Order of the Green Lace. The Green Knight was doppelgängered in the next century with the green horn, green shield and green spear, in Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* (Book VII, Chapter VIII), that informed certain occult circles of the mysteries of the green-carpeted room of initiation of Johan Valentine Andrea's Rosicrucian Order and the hallowed landscape doorway "pilgrimage church on the green hill," constructed on a ground-plan of a pentagram and with five additional pentagonal chapels, at Zďar in Moravia by the Freemason, Giovanni Santini.

The Sea Nymphs "deckt with long greene haire" bewitch the unwary reader of Edmund Spenser's late 16th Century epic poem, *The Faerie Queene* (Book III, Cant. XI: 48), who rhymes with green. The Green Children from elsewhere fascinated the locals of Woolpit in 12th Century Suffolk, as did the "Lingbob Witch", Hannah Green, in 18th Century West Yorkshire, whilst the hag Jenny Greenteeth haunts wells and ponds where she pulls children and the elderly into the water to drown, and is also the nickname for the lesser duckweed that grows on the water's surface to mock us.

The Green Lady haunts the 13th Century Caerphilly Castle in South Wales and the Green Wood Elves were seen by an unnamed person in an unnamed Lincolnshire wood on Midsummer's Day 1943, and by a picknicking family in a clearing in the wood in 1955, who all saw some green shapes, not more than 23-24cm tall, dancing in a circle, hand-in-hand. Their expression or features could not be seen but they all wore pointed green hats and had long legs and arms. In the centre of the ring was "a sort of 'king'," with "a light in his

hand.” Verdoye, the schoolteacher who made this public, spent two nights in the woods and found leaves laid in a curiously ordered fashion in some holes under trees. In June 1956, he witnessed twigs that had been tidied up in an ordered fashion. There were more sightings by two ladies at Whitsun in 1956, one of whom was Marjorie Johnson, the official secretary of the Faery Investigation Society, whose members sometimes met at the suitably-named Green Salon on Chandos Street in Marylebone, West London, before WWII.²⁰

The ‘fictional’ green-skinned Wicked Witch of the West terrified generations of children on the big and small screens and got paid for it via his appearance in the 1939 feature film, *The Wizard of Oz*. The Enfield Poltergeist terrified children and adults inside a house at 284 Green Street in the village of Brimsdown in the late-1970s.

The popular English folk song, ‘Green Grow the Rushes, O’ (or ‘Ho’ or ‘Oh’), of mysterious origin mentions the “lily-white boys” who are “Clothed all in green,” an obvious reference to the green sacerdotal robes of the Ovades (novice Druids) who performed blood sacrifices. A cult of this very same inclination named the “Lily White Boys” has continued into the 20th Century at least, according to the researcher Tom Slemen.²¹ The Reverend Green can kill people in the murder-whodunnit? board-game, *Cluedo*, just as the head or “C” of MI6 is licensed to kill, and always writes letters and always signs his name in green ink, just like a sea captain (and maybe the Owl and the Pussycat, who went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat).

HP Lovecraft’s wife was Sonia Haft Greene, who disapproved of her husband’s contact with terrible elder entities, unlike the Green Men of the Green Dragon Society and their Tibetan master, the Man with the Green Gloves, who was regularly visited by Adolf Hitler in Berlin. *Ergo* the Green Thunderbolt, who represents Venus/Lucifer in Miguel Serrano’s Esoteric Hitlerism philosophy. Allegiance to this secret undercurrent was telegraphed to other initiates via

the green leather gloves worn by Michelle Obama during her husband, Barack's, first presidential inauguration ceremony in 2009. It's not that far away.

What weird offspring are born from the wild weddings at Gretna Green? Who are the "Green Grannies" of Oxfam who so blatantly broadcasted themselves on YouTube? Why are UK household refuse wheelie-bins green? What of the creepy, maybe phantom clowns, who terrorised the town of Greenville, South Carolina, USA, during 2016?²² Beware the Horror in Green.

According to DC Hammond's whistleblowing lecture, 'Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse', better known as "The Greenbaum Speech" (1992): "all Green Programming is Ultra-Green and the Green Tree." A "Dr Green" administers this mind-control; his "original name was Greenbaum. But what does *greenbaum* mean in German? Green Tree, Ultra-Tree and the Green Tree." Another aspect is "the 'Green Bomb'." Dr Green is also an "alter" (sub-personality) programmed into the victim, and others claim he is Dr Josef Mengele, the Auschwitz "Angel of Death" and arch-PAPERCLIP of MK-ULTRA and Project MONARCH trauma-based mind-control which he directs via his large green emerald ring on his left middle-finger, that he twists around for alter-triggering, hence the "Green Face of Death" who manifested in front of a young Ian Brady and got him and Myra Hindley to serial kill (sacrifice) children for it during the early-1960s then bury them on the large expanse of green that is named Saddleworth Moor. Hence the ritual murders of Howard Green and his girlfriend, Carol Marron, found bludgeoned to death in either New Jersey or Brooklyn, USA, in 1979. Both corpses had been attacked so badly their eyes "blew out" of their sockets; the tips of their ears were also cut off and their blood was drained out through around 30 puncture marks in identical places on their bodies, according to police.²³ Another example of the ritual murder.

Dr Green is a deliberate corruption and opposite of the “Green Man” (Osiris) foliate head carvings found in numerous churches, and so-named in 1939 by Lady Raglan of the Folklore Society. This embedded figure symbolises the natural order; is sometimes female and often beast-like, particularly in a cat or lion form, or a fertility animal such as the dragon, snake or pig. The Green Man is cognate with Jack-in-the-Green inside his wicker-work pyramid interwoven with branches of greenery; the “Green Fingers” of gifted gardeners; and *greenmans*, the ancient English word for ‘countryside’, which dropped from popular usage during the 17th Century due to top-down influence, although the Green Man survives to this day in pub signs, characters in Spring folk festivals and rites. But who is ‘he’ really, and who are the “little green men” (aliens) seen on Earth? Are they “Behind the green door” making “the green fuzz” perhaps? These two, and other, popular media tropes are used in songs and porno films, etc., to acclimatise unsuspecting successive fresh generations of humanity to accept the Green when it approaches them.

Do not forget the 1973 feature film, *Soylent Green* (and its remake, poised to be released in 2012), set in the year 2022 on an overpopulated planet of starving people who need the Soylent Green, a revolutionary new foodstuff whose secret ingredient is PEOPLE! This is surely realated to the Illuminati’s mass cull plan and the mysterious Green family who are central to the plot of the US TV series, *Jericho* (2006-2008), which takes place in the aftermath of a massive terrorist nuclear strike on America. The show is produced by CBS/Paramount, so their All-Seeing-Eye logo[s] is on the screen throughout, glaring into the mind. Maybe they drink *Ripper* guest ale, named after Jack The Ripper and invented by Tim Dunford of Green Jack Brewery in Lowestoft, Suffolk, but in a strange twist he had to change its name in 2008 because a survivor of a Peter “Yorkshire Ripper” Sutcliffe attack in 1976, Marcella Claxton, drinks in the ex-

act same pub where *Ripper* guest ale was planned to have been sold.²⁴ What's in a name? Quite a lot...

Why are some blackboards green? And as for the green computer screens and green-tinted night-vision goggles, they were supposedly so invented because the human eye can differentiate more shades of green than any other colour, due to our evolution in Nature – but such devices trance the mind, their varying greens a parallel of the secret globalist agendas of the myriad Green Wing political parties and related organisations, who want your money, attention and soul. (Heavy storms sometimes turn the sky an ominous green.) The little-known magic circle known as “The Capital Ring”, a 78-mile circular walk through a hidden green corridor around central London. The black magic desecration of graves and organised gang who stole human skulls and other body parts from London's Highgate and Kensal Green cemeteries in the 1960s, then sold them on the occult black market. Psychic Questing began in 1979 when Andrew Collins and/or Graham Phillips discovered a sword, and soon after a brass casket containing a shaped and polished green agate stone. The astronomers at the Green Bank Observatory in West Virginia within the National Quiet Zone, who are listening for extragalactic radio bursts and other alien anomalies.²⁵

Have you heard of *The Green Book* written by the Libyan revolution and new republic leader, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi? Over the air and ocean in the United Kingdom is *The British Parliamentary Green Book* and the green leather benches in the House of Commons Chamber, and the other green furnishings and fabrics of all gradations, from pale sage to deep malachite, used throughout the rest of the accommodation, a custom that dates back 300 years.²⁶ Given the half-fabrications and outright lies these political actors spout, it's no surprise that theatres were also bedecked with green from at least 1700 AD, even the stage, that became known as “The Green”, akin

the “green screen” used to fascinate and fool the audience that what they are seeing is real.

The “Green Room” is the insider-term for the hospitality/waiting suite of a theatre or TV studio, etc., and the United Nations’ Green Room is a collaborative environmental sustainability developmental planning think-tank populated by a range of partners from the UN family, the NGO community, and beyond.²⁷ The UN Green Room itself is physically located in New York, USA, and functions as a meeting and media centre to develop effective strategies for communicating its central role. It too has a deliberate green decor, like the privately-operated “green bower” brothels of old China, so-called because their woodwork was lacquered green, as were the mansions of the rich, both adored and lusted for as a symbol by many aspirants brimming with desire. But there is no need for anyone to perform a lesser version of the elite’s exclusive exotic desires because he/she is “Green with Envy”, that remains one of the seven deadly sins (*G* [for ‘Green’] is the seventh letter of the English Alphabet for a *reason*).

Know that the Cult of the Green Blood *have* green blood flowing through them: physically in the higher-up initiates, and psychically in the lower level members (and outsiders who don’t realise what race they really belong to). The cult leave these clues that contain the word *green* as markers, to keep the idea of the cult’s existence alive in the collective unconscious and to lure in people (green-blooded or not) who recognise the clues and their purpose and want to know more. Beware the Horror in Green; the forty shades of green in nature and the plant pots inside your house. The green marijuana portal.

In January 2007, news reports surfaced concerning the Iranian President, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, being bathed in a green light as he addressed the United Nations in New York (at the UN Green Room?) in September 2006.²⁸ Previously, on 18 October 1973, a UFO flew straight and scary towards an US Army Reserve UH-1H hel-

icopter that was flying to Cleveland, Ohio, then bathed it and its four-man crew, led by Lawrence J. Coyne, in a green light.²⁹ This strange precursor to even more paranormal events has been dubbed the “Green Flash”,³⁰ that also manifests as the glowing “Green Fog” which has enveloped planes and ships in the Bermuda Triangle before they disappear without trace, presumably into an interdimensional vortex-portal; and a “greenish fog” allegedly replaced the ship that disappeared during the 1943 Philadelphia Experiment.³¹ A “Green Gas” covered the US policeman Herbert Schirmer’s patrol car at the start of a close encounter with an UFO and humanoid aliens in Ashland, Nebraska, on 3 December 1967,³² and a “Green Wind” has chased people worldwide.³³

On April Fool’s Day, 1st April 2008, a HAMAS children’s TV show in Palestine depicted the then USA President, George Bush Jr., as a puppet dressed in green clothes and boxing gloves, before he was stabbed by a child.³⁴ This may have been an enemy reference to the Green Blood Cult, who appear to have originally set up base in the Biblical Land after arriving here from outer-space or another dimension. In this context, know the Four Horsemen of the Biblical Apocalypse ride four beast-horses: white, red, black and pale (*Revelation* 6). The first three symbolise Day, Life & Night: i.e. existence. The fourth, and final, “pale horse,” is rode by “Death, and Hell followed with him” (*Revelation* 6:8). In the original Greek MS, this horse is described as *khloros* (‘pale green’). Thus the final vehicle ridden by the final Horseman of the Coming Apocalypse is GREEN, i.e. of the Green Blood Cult, that could be behind any, or even all, of the abovementioned events, whether these are stated in bold or coded by the “Greengrocer’s Apostrophe” and other methods. If zany to stiff upper, what would you say is the most frightening?

“I alone craft the static.”

“The static crafts me only.”

In a speech delivered on 21 April 2016 at Norwich University, the Army Chief of Staff General Mark Milley told the assembled military cadets that:

You'll be dealing with terrorists, you'll be dealing with *hybrid armies*, you'll be dealing with *little green men*, you'll be dealing with tribes, you're going to be dealing with it all, and you're going to be dealing with it simultaneously.³⁵ [Emphasis mine.]

Afterwards his statement was dismissed as referring not to alien-human hybrids and the aliens themselves of the Green Blood Cult, but to a mixture of regular forces, criminal elements, terrorist groups, cyber threats, etc. ("hybrid armies"), and foreign troops or paramilitary forces who dress in unmarked green uniforms or attire ("little green men"), but some know better, including the vulgar studs of bloody militaristic artistic bastardy who operated the tropospheric scatter aerials antennas during the Cold War for NATO comms and more esoteric purposes. I know tin foil hats, probably people, who were with them, spinning crystals and ezoteric tech to manifest what is known as a "sensed presence", in other words ghosts and demons, who can walk through walls and inside people to spy on that person then report what they've learned back to Green Headquarters to get a better hold on you.

This is why you should resist any unusual urges and visions which come to you "out of the blue". They are priest indigenous because they are morphological with the indigenous satanics. Brandy quick! And you vote for these toys, who pretend to be jokers but are known nonces doing government trolling for reduced sentences. Hence the errors while filming these creepy pervs, the editing of videos while they are still on the cellphone. YES they edit themselves out of your life. NSA at work with private contractors via voice in the air stalk-

ing. Even the amplifier for your intention that allows you to “bend” reality with your thoughts and intentions is in the metal springs of your very mattress. They chose your partner for you and switch your food. I just fished out my little lamb.

They’ve cooked up a bullet-proof program that’s fucking vicious and all done covert to work against you. Mr Sykes and X-Cop wife off the script because his brother ambulance driver was sexually assaulting his girlfriend’s daughter and the Psyches didn’t want to tell. Hollywood coming out of their arse, a murder of crows carrion, telephone tap. Whole families cops, hang chickens, do things that are petty or nuts. The idea is to make you feel totally crazy. If they cannot make you crazy then they want you to sound crazy when you try to talk about what’s going on, like now or never, “To be continued – by the reader...” It’s all logged.

Did I kick any birds off my land? Chew the audience? Pretended to go with a prostitute or gone off the rails or overboard? Have I GREEN = REG[istered] EN[gland]? No sound on the official version, shouting abuse? I pushed a object with their method, so how do you pull? Hands come out of the TV, as with Germany husbandry, occupied a hundred laws. Drawn nine crosses in one cross and “a host of other things.” Long thread of hatred against the wall. Victim mentality get out clause and drugs again in the same position. War and ransom dates or it all falls apart.

Do you sit in that chair? If you do you are ghosting yourself. Chatter bots. You carry devices that collect intel among other vices. Grow ranks. Nitric acid + salt = GOLD. Morning glory stun prong from mind-control parents. Subliminal scalars, Satanic scars, bestiality brothels and much much more hahaaahahahah. DEWs are no joke though, but I can take it. Hell is hotter nothing can take that. THEY ARE FEEDING THEIR NIGHTMARE. Whatever they don’t like I’m doing it more. Feed me perps... I’m not even aware what’s going on.

But good and evil cannot exist in the same place, so strengthen your border. Only eat foods that the Creator designed. Water fasting 30-40 days to flush it out, shedding this false snakeskin. Stay away from the conscious computers.

I cannot do everything “by the book” because government statistic graphs look like the Loch Ness Monster, that scares me away to a glitchy scene-change. Old Jumping Jack takes up the slack, juggling horse vertebrae painted to look like members of the clergy, reflecting off the Ripper’s registration plates. People underneath glass ceilings shouldn’t break balls, hence the Golem iron and minus clay, staring at the Pope on a Rope. 1-in-20 in some areas. Where else would they be? Quantum infrastructure. Octopus Illuminati.

I HAVE UTTERED enough for now, and you’ve arrived at the gate, on parrot’s shoulder. The path you sex with is your own affair, but again I beseech thee: Beware the Horror in Green, for the Green Blood Cult’s love is not heart-to-heart but *protoplasm-to-protoplasm*. Everyone has met it or seen it take off and there will be no more count-downs or Mission Controls. Wherever the Green Blood is and whatever its ultimate goal, so far it has been a signal success, and is looking towards the future (both from afar and through the eyes of its human agents), seeing things in a long-term sense. The verdant volt calls through any greenish hue and promises such wondrous gifts and prizes to its accepterants and bugaboos. But who dares worship one who’d have driven you long ago insane?

Doctor-in-the-Luther

AN APOLOGIA: Luther pulled the chintz curtains together, feeling an unnervingly recurring frosty shiver flash up his back like urgent vomit. This had something to do with him buying reel-to-reel tapes at the local junk shop and wider afield car-boots. Searching blanks from yesteryear always made him ghostly. Perhaps he was a ghost; he certainly felt like one, especially today, as he wheeled himself off to the local golf range.

It was 2 PM and closed, because it was, so he walked around the puddly ground and up to the yardage targets. The 200-metre one had lots of mushrooms growing near it, so he picked them, put them in a brown paper bag and gave them plenty of air as he drove them back into the house. The day before he looked at them 'again' they had turned to mush with a mass of maggots crawling around in it, so Luther wrapped the damp bag up in itself then placed it on the burning coals. This felt most odd. Turn reel-to-reel over, pass a roasted egg over it, into Side One, and yet more nothingness, audio and ontologic, but with one appearance.

And so it continued, as bright as a poacher's lamp, but dim to the frustrated L, for he had neither seen anyone grown up nor shared anything of any use to himself all week, though he enjoyed reading six-balls Crowley in bed with the morning as the clouds slid across the window and the sap rose and fell like thermometer mercury. No loads in locks no pages in books no eyes in hooks.

Innocent whistling out the front door to charges of innumerable mocking voices. Eager clean middle-class psychosis keyboard fingers punching his head in each time his magic name pushed through lay council estates demented, submerged real essence of the Bliss, *et al.*

Down again with the battery remote, dream aeons, lost bulldozers, black calendars, overpowering clocks in computers. Tossing nights tossing nights, searching ahead, through the grubby grooves of record collections, a piece of this and that. Typewriters with skeleton keys tapped out a scoop caught out with his questioning; something loomed like future tabloid headlines.

Slowly emerging from the grey-blue world came the upright dimensions of Hellandson Park on a bicycle with an anomalous object. Luther entered the gates, winding a gravel path, stunted bushes, weeds, ugly things, psychosis the public toilet. He virtually retreated into it as the sign said "MEN ONLY" above the door, hopelessly drifting, destiny already in the dirt. Inside was cool, disinfectant fresh, matchsticks, sponge-arranged smells, gruff graffiti and the incoming stains, tournaments eternally drawn or lost, flashing out. Cracked actors fell over the thing and swept the open yet furtive conversation sound caught and echoing in the corners by hallucinogenic Evo-Stik bags; more considered transmissions from the walls.

Suddenly a cubicle door was slightly opened, and Luther saw the Invisible Man, aka the Mystery of Adam, who stood there as a solid mirage 6ft 6.6ins macho-skinhead of Bulldog Chain Model; battle-scarred, older, dressed in regalia, male-copyrighted. He fixed Luther's gaze into the cold testes of demagnetised workhorses and municipal dead-end devils, tightening his endless laces with an answer to everything; into it before you, playing in sawtooth bands on super-market speed, skilled in braces as well as laces rising pickled penis to the outcrop with fellow four-tins, their bleached jeans sails in supersonic tread. After he eats hotdogs he drinks the fucking brine.

After screwing him up further, the Shimmeringskin ritually cursed: "You're that Lost Bliss cunt, lonely bastard, loosing your fuck in two dimensions. Now you're commandeered here, for the cucumber."

Luther didn't know his name and was too scared to ask. His blood excitement was frozen fear shit. He tried to make conversation. "Do...Do you like SMILE maggie..."

DOOF! A hard kick to the stomach stabbed his Loony Left verbiage short. The Spit-skin spat perfect bubbles. FUB! A fierce rabbit-punch ate into his dinner tubes, forcing him down to the concrete floor. Luther sank into the cement; couldn't breathe his stomach full of rocks spinning heavy going to the stars.

He awoke to feel the hot stinging piss of the merciless boot boy cascading down onto his face, trickling up his nose and down his throat in amber rods of Victorian Dads explorers helmets taking the pith. The fixing marker was in place, home or away.

"Wake up you fuck," came the wonderfully draconian command, "I could tell from the shape of your head you were a tit."

Luther's moaning visage rose like a forgotten crumpled football to the nauseous oily surface of a stagnant East End canal, kicked in the carbolics. He wanked with his eyes were lost and level with the Stud-skin's boots.

"Fucking lick em... I wanna see these babies shine like mirrors."

Like the mirrors at the end of your roads. The brutal Boverskin rubbed his No.1 crop and his palms bled from the honest harshness he exuded. He rubbed the thick crimson liquid all over Luther's blushing cheeks, didactically, then got face-to-face.

"You pathetic little tart!" he ejected, rubber jelly johnny in the swirling mist.

The over-dangerous bover-boy yanked Luther up by red ears full tractor, until he was on his knobbly knees, skidmark butterfly panting, ready. Then the shaven-headed beast-god unzipped his sta-press

trousers and forced that massive horse cock into solid and heavy reality, at war with the Universe. The fluorescent buzzed. Groaning pheromones propagated themselves.

“Suck my cock around the clock.”

The order was forcefully simple, primitive. Luther could smell damp camp fires and animal skins. The mudflats of prehistory demanded fresh sacrifices and he needed an immersive release. Luther’s mouth did the O and sucked noisily as the Superskin fed his flesh weapon to him, lurching the sex pistol inch after terrible inch into Luther’s open gob; plunged to the back of his throat as he applied the big brutal cock, grinding and thrust against him, filled with hot animal space lust, mind blank in ecstasy, savouring Blissett’s head in both his gorilla hands, skull-fucking the swollen tool pistons in-and-out to the marching martial rhythm of jolly jackboots stomping on the face forever.

Hot for rock hard dry burrows, stiffened slippery giggling Blissett with an extra strong mince. Tongue around eyebrows, hand emerged down sexual fury cry delight touching wicked spearhead exudes come command walking into a trap. Exposed gusset piss me off thudded orders boots give me pleasure-pain. Master please pubic hips crevice. Filthy pumps squeal in public nectar erecting nipples through legs open underground nuzzling soft websites of long-sleeved abuse. Feel male tit armpit boiling hardest flowing met hefty slap on the arse wad of dirty wank flying over the horizon. Obsessed sights in shitsville circular signal caress steaming hole. Luther’s ravaged cuckold telephone hung up on silent promises, not read, maybe glance whilst speed-scrolling as the well fills with wasps.

The Satanskin grunted, flexing his biceps like a steroid-packed Popeye as Luther sucked congenitally on the glistening love shaft, the saliva frothing on Luther’s lips, rude flecks of it escaping from the corners of his whorish mouth. Rammed home, submerged in his

maw, the base of the boot-boy's concrete pillar encircled by Luther's male lipstick action delving encircled sausage machine voraciously in full details to cum, pearls before swine.

12:30 at night used for military exercises and police tortures, moving over the moors and mountains on stomachs with hot tracers flying overhead or whatever they do. Their RF radios did not work; I wanted to tell them that the butcher who rented the property got confused with the student digs mixed up with eclipsed archaeologists by the yard and the black stick was in fact a simple matter of triangulating the peg and hole catchline, bollards and meteor showers with pre-war workman's hands pressed against snub cricket-glove nodules I mouth a rugby ball fagging inch-by-inch events in the run up to my role in it a million times demon's games blue in the face and fingers.

"What the fucking shit are you spoutin' you divvy prick?!"

Make my mind up dancing bear shortlist kingdom divers twirl around the pole sell everything suck your nostrils bubble up for capture his bidding morph he the white noise broken toys chocolate careful fool wicked speaks after signs stick it to me hit me rinse squashed tomatoes in the stocks homophobe mummy new burger.

"You spack."

Skin's words white hitting Luther inbetween the flashing nipples. Slap brought him rapidly back to the real world, his eyes widening as the crazed skinhead grabbed the metal foot-pump he had concealed in his blood-mapped Harrington jacket. Dunking the nozzle under the liquid soap dispenser, he lubricated the metal promise knob then rammed it right up Luther's tight virgin sewage outlet. Luther let out a pathetic stifled cry, still gagged by working-class flesh or a rolled up *Sun* newspaper, battered by epic storm spikes repeating themselves a true man of power entering the fray.

"Yeah, you twat, I'm gonna blow you up out of all proportion."

Caring naught for the dangers of deconstruction, the White Hulk

amply-muscled right wing or foot began pumping invisible air deep into Luther's quivering arsehole, slowly at first, the cold wind beginning to thunder, then faster, then furiously, as he neared his perverted amusement arcade orgasm, wheels flashing around jolly machinery tinkles in the sinister side of circuses with a dodgy background associated with the loon.

Luther felt his intestines swell, as little puffs of odourless gas occasionally escaped his quivering cornhole like leaked government reports, making a funny sound that resembled a squeaking balloon and kept the bugs away.

On and on went the sucking and swelling and pulsings, until finally the bully-boy Skin King came to his mountain edge, flooding Blissett's mouth with a load of violent genetic cream out on parole whipping untold allegations and contracts. As if to this cue, seconds later Luther's stomach exploded with a Big Bang, spewing out vile hot air and splattering foul proletarian shit indiscriminately all over the white walls, just as the toilet attendant came in with a stringy-haired mop or skinny hippy.

There were no bones of contention or cop calls, for the Strangerskin had disappeared, returning to the dark eternal caverns from whence he came, leaving only a faint whiff of bleached jeans, cheap cigs and snakebite, plus of course Luther's dirt-watery faeces running down the smooth, cold, homogeneously-tiled walls, the weedy trickles spelling out in their own way the words...

Corky's Rantomaticspurge

WHEN I FIRST saw the monsters on the roof their eyes came out and chased me down the street, occasionally schlopping against the back of my neck. This explains why I child burst the black balloon at the middleclass birthday party playing *Murder in the Dark*, and the phosphorescent slime left on the posh flock carpet screaming. Try explaining that to the workman's plough. You see, when you're "on the beam" everything is what it seem.

At other times they hide behind the hide, errr, when I was metal-detecting, at first I thought it was a dog on all fours scrabbling about in the bushes. Then it backed up and raised its front legs, standing upright, and turned to face me, in all free haunted houses and ghost trains run for black magic purposes with killer inside and rich purple pluckings, when you got all the codes for the costume warehouse but cravings to leave. Closed in the triangle to Mars and Saturn, onwards army riots who can walk into rooms and make sonic booms once the photographs are developed, that should be a WOW.

_FO now means my fear of revolving doors or hooded crows as my paramount friends dream of angels dreaming of men (I have no real memory of getting *that* tattoo or why). We must have holes, drove not there, finger at a person turns. Blue marble Ss lived with the hole, very dark opened, woke up the night, time talking travel. Prick sewed shut with a needle, fingerprints wiped on the mirror stinging palms. The stage is set. The set is staged. Delirium owner

crosses the border awake all fuck. Yes all you before you are all before the you of before your scented image eating your will without you.

We live in an Onion Universe, wheels within wheels, doors inside doors. Of this Mysterium I have sought the depths, dancing naked in the rain, sitting crosslegged and renascent in the white resonating chamber, my wilding minds ruminating for ideas and excitement.

Wires were crossed out of my heads from extended means, foisting the authentic underground with purpled pace sighted it. "The last man alive in the world sat all alone in his house. Suddenly the front door bell rang..." *Ergo*, the unusual wet dream from feelings only, no imagery or sex act. Woke up feeling energised from an out-side source. Next evening in deeper dream I was arrested for seeing too much, given yellow paper overalls and slippers to wear then locked in a police cell. I felt tripped out (drugged) so laid down on the plastic mattress to stare at the ceiling light. After what only seemed like a few minutes the hatch in the cell door clattered and two older laughing policemen told me "Welcome to the glorious tomb" in unison then shouted metaphor-heavy abuse. At midnight the cell door swung silently open. Now there was no-one else there, only a golden hammer on a red velvet cushion. I picked it up and sauntered down the narrow corridor, that gradually inclined downwards in a slow curve. I noticed an alcove to the side and went through it into the copper bathroom. A crude human face had been drawn on the white rectangular toilet cistern in black magic marker. I smashed it with the golden hammer, to reveal a human skull inside with a large antique key in its mouth. I touched it up and felt hot and spinny, but nevertheless dropped it into my left-side pocket.

My phallus came to point and the sight of the bump then hole it made in the front of my paper overalls was extremely funny. Then I realised the whole floor was a slightly liquid mirror. It was obvious things could drink or reach through it as a loud scream pierced the

air from nowhere/everywhere. I didn't like it enough and so a 6ft-tall mountain of quivering brown 'jelly' appeared before me, blocking the exit. I turned around to run back the other way but the two policeman who had earlier code-shouted at me were blocking the other direction with huge smiles. They said I'd "signed the Official Secrets Act again," and handed me a copy, but when I looked at it the signature was the same face that had been drawn on the toilet (I have never signed any OSA). There was a strong aroma of hyacinths that I remembered the key so threw it at them but they were the jelly and disappeared it, then melted onto the mirrored floor. I picked myself up and walked out into the inbetween no|on sunlight and activated; showered with bells by the higher-ups, as if I was so determined.

Now the most favoured thing for us be meetings, chance ones if possible, but arranged marriages are fine in the quite right atmosphere, which is why the mysterious colonel who has shown an interest in me was thinking of masked men in a blue country masquerade when he sent his initial invitation on yellow rag paper, its hook aroma evoking a smoky casino, gang star hubbub, dens iniquity. The hastily scrawled: "Come. Three grand" made me wary of his usufruct and hints of easy access to elsewhere, but I took up his offer, more for the adventure than the cash, as it's more difficult to stash, and therefore more valuable (desirable).

None of me got slept, and with something in place, it was a train to the rendezvous in a bared-neck quarter of London, zooming in on a bad-reputation tower block long ago discarded by the local spiv council. A seedy cockroach haven, sleazoid craven, crawling with scum only proud of threat prowess with a long ago need of demolition. Drugs on the stairs, whores in the hairs, dog-surrealism glares. "Do you take *this* cock to be your lawfully wedded fucker?"

I walked into concrete piss smell, demonic graffiti sprawled four corners, unpleasant low frequency hummings mocking the ones who

call them. Blank Page Boys and Cellophane Girls hovered around Jingling Johnnies screwing me up in a big hollow victory eggy ego chorus (“smaS[h]TORYstate”), for they have no future on the cards inscribed by distant dark transmissions came to ear overlaid with snippets of allowed news broadcasts as gangs of negroids fought gangs of caucasoids like chessboard warshippers, automatically spilling hot blood over segments of land perennially owned by the Kinky Kween as the quiet police sat in their vans watching the football, placing bets on which team was (born) to lose. PROZAC and MOGADON, etc., the names of demons in the Pacification Program, but the mind-control sends about a third of targets crazy/violent at the right triggers, in feral bringing forth the filth-kick. Mere hu[e]mans, coloured every which way but loose by the child-killer converter cryptocracy.

I threw caution to the wind at this point, as my index finger rang the bell on the uninviting soot-smudged door of the goated caretaker’s office, noting how some spark had crossed out the ‘E’ to make the sign read ‘CAR TAKER’ instead, in an act of estate black humour/sympathetic magic. A creaking inwards then a grease-topped head poked out, asking for codewords. Satisfied, he handed me spoken directions to what turned out be a dilapidated bungalow on the outskirts of town, sleeping wildly.

Before I could get there the thing is there are “larger than life” characters and lesser lights begging for it and I can’t afford a private eye that would spoil it anyway or tap into the German radio-grid acrossing the town stick a camera in my face while illegally fornicating in a graveyard, who invited him?

In persistence is all I arrived at the swords-at-dawn bung. It had a domed roof, once been some kind of museum. I was ushered inside by a peculiar teenage blonde wearing a ‘VRIL TO POWER!’ t-shirt and glowing beads, to witness the space top-to-bottom rigged with thick black velvet to get a possibly perfect darkness, the living shadow for-

ever and ever where the walls ceiling and floor are crushing in on you mad-heavy down from the distant sky.

During the ongoing ritual a hidden switch was pressed then little metal portholes slid open simultaneously, revealing the many tiny holes in the roof through which the sunlight shone down like rays of starlight, turning the day into night. Things going in and out; the white pictures in the metal box room smelled of wet holes was very afraid of. Image of blood splatter map; angels fell out the empty sky in the back of mind the room grew shadowy figures an amalgam of energy that doesn't respond to religion a faceless woman in fur and lacy window dress walking a snake-cane along a country road subdued felt dizzy and my tail got hard before her uneasy speech began to slur the blue flame from his gold cigarette lighter shell.

"There are no boundaries to possess."

Green lipstick smeared to panopticon eye as she throws black dice with flashes of purple light pushing me into the hole strangely excited again the body beneath projections ideas in. Traced it back to the manor house, or more likely the attendant maze of neatly trimmed topiary bush, that was not so much haunted but the habitat of that rolling egg. The crop-circle makers ignorantly or otherwise alter the quantum field by their designs imprinted, a faked paranormal event making real paranormal events for those in the know or experienced. This holds also for the maze or labyrinth, that can be finely tuned to produce specific forthcomings. And the sundial casts more than the sun's shadow, and the red hair, green eyes, lead-lined, glass phial. A grid network say Milton Keys is built around what? Tall stick-figures chasing the trains; occult symbols seen in the side of the TV screen at the right angle and astro-time. "Put it this way..." There is verdant evidence. Newspaper Killers. "Throw the book at them." Magic potion, bubbling cauldron, "stirred up public opinion." Private Stonehenge bookings. Easy animal/human sacrifice on a farm-type country

estate; defensive perimeter of shotgun-wielding ‘gamekeepers’. Have said it before covered up by the television seen.

Dark ‘channels’ exist; for example, the opposite of HOLY is UN-HOLY. Interesting to note that Prince William married Catherine Middleton a day before Walpurgis Night, aka “the Devil’s Birthday”, when everything was woo. Difficult to say what ‘channels’ the elite open but magic has been practised for a very long time and would not have survived if it didn’t work (or at least have some effective ‘mundane’ purpose), and the modern “pop-world of stars” is a blatant mass-promotion of rituals and possession. Also curious that most of the old Jack Ripper prostitutes were slashed on the left cheek similar to Tutankhamun’s mummy and Jackie Kennedy was wearing an iconic pink suit when JFK was assassinated, that points to “Colour Revolution” goals, the blood and brains spattered on her imparting life to the spell-servitor. Look at the pink now. Loggerheads.

“Mark of the Beast that everyone must have to buy or sell with” (*Revelation* 13) is the UNITED (6 letters) STATES (6 letters) DOLLAR (6 letters), that was also 6.66 centimetres high in the nightmare world until I exposed it (dancing naked in the woods, drug sex, staring eyes, obtaining skulls). I go up to their kin and ask them to “Spell pin backwards,” and when they do I nip them. Afterwards I say: “Do you want something to do?,” and when they say yes I spit on the ground and say “Then pick the bones out of that.” Finally, I tell them I can put myself through their keyhole anytime I want, then when they’re deep asleep I go creep up to their door and put a note saying ‘MYSELF’ through their letterbox.

The furtive invitation lurking on the threshold has come full circle as a doorway and now ripples strangely, the séance waves on for young and old, the living and the ‘dead’. My distant proxy enquiries scope out radioactive wolves in a taxi or ice cream shop, read what’s on offer, then hover back in time over the unplugged flickering tele-

vision set not reporting this: “One of your selves is another of your selves or more, doing other things *ad infinitum*.” When you not aware of it you on other levels. Can you “make the scene”, as the beatniks used to say?

Fairground ram. Gaudy-based. Even before a presence is coming and transforms into something unexpected it’s already frightening because you have no idea what it may turn into.

“This isn’t what we had in mind.”

“This mind is what we isn’t.”

Atemporal, impersonal, outside it’s not you. I then felt the sight of its eyes enter my eyes to oculus occupy all attention, birthing a flux of fragmentary images: people waiting, sitting ducks, bargepole, white night, tree-house, pentagrams in the electricity pylons, Pentagon hit by Pentagon, a pointed pell-mell. Draws your head towards the rippling mirror to behold the merry monster man. Out comes it moves to an altered sense that knows this was a double exposure, known mostly to those extraordinary types in total control of themselves, who I have encountered more than normal recently.

In deep.

Withdrawn Shadows

IT WAS A cold, dark and loveless dawn, as Alan Suede screwed up his eyes and spat a large, globular greenie on the rough cement floor of Hull's *Do It All* carpark. He'd been working there for six months now as a security guard, having been sacked from his last job at the Meat-head Factory for organising prizes in the weekly enforced competition of his conveyor belt workmates who were ordered to save their respective bogeys and mould them together into the shape of small mushrooms. The winner, always judged by Alan, received the £20 prize money collected from the entrance fees, and was also granted the honour of adding their winning 'mushroom' to a pie of their choice, to be canned up and later bought by a member of the unsuspecting public.

He cursed his doldrums and meagre £2.50 an hour existence then felt the Roar of God thunder in his ears again. This had started back in 1965 when he was in hard puberty, and had just begun developing his intense psychosexual fetish for all that it stood for, way forward. He'd had a relatively normal upbringing, but one evening his entire moral bank simply erased itself, an isolate on the 9th of April, just like Léa & Christine, the Peculiar Papin sisters of France. Suede used to lie in bed every night, without fail, repeatedly masterbating the Big Cheese, aka Charlie Potatoes, as second-hand tracer bullets were bouncing off the satellites and Bigfoot scans the woods with liberated army nightvision goggles.

His Will was Total, right to it; so clear cut, effective. Blowing his own horn exiled from psychopathy, in full lurid detail and pitiless mechanics on all sides he went beyond, strutting across the fields, lawless and without God, swishing his vicious bull's-pizzle penis whip that cut unsuspecting buttocks to the saddlebone within three strikes. The only feelings he had towards humans was disgust. They were not his problem. He was their solution. An all angles sure-as-shit cosmology. Grisly demonic cabals looked on, pondering his provenance and position in the hierarchy, then left him well alone.

As the Five Sisters worked furiously to bring his monster to peak, hooks sinking into wordless bait, he reached bursting point pretty things insane with the intuitive tentacles of all male virgins behind the skirt. As he peaked he jumped out of bed, torch strikes the carpet and bursts, his pink left hand making a sci-fi salute, mouth and lungs at the top of his voice, his red right hand directing white seeds towards the black lock flag spreadeagled on the floorboards, purple thunderbolts going horizontal as the creamy energised gobbets struck the glowing esoteric glyph at its centre, time tenses begone.

Afterwards he dive back under the electric nylon sheets, puffing, sweating, othered... If this was a crash landing, nightmares or queer visions, a nocturnal mum glass of goats milk and one or two sailor biscuits were welcomed to soothe, unless she was impaling herself on the cow horns deep within her own secret world.

This soft scene fades fractal and Alan, now 39, is locking up his watchman's caravan that somehow looks not quite right under the yellow froth of the buzzing sodium bulbs, indeed insane parked next to the famous warehouse retail stores. His hand goes down his fly and moves right to the top of his inside leg measurement, where in a special pocket lived, without food but with regular nourishment, his absolute favourite weapon: "The Kollektor," 12 World War inches of cold manual soldering iron with a heavy end of bruised copper pyra-

mid and wooden handle smoothed by the palms of unknown yet felt, grey-clad sinister technicians; a knocking axe that messes with one's head. He'd bought it in the bucket-&-spade where he went in search of microphones, mirrors and the like, wearing a vulgar grin through trapped labour, going down the gurgler.

The ironically-uniformed 'Alan' stood there transfixed, wandering, with something still beside and/or vaguely inside him, preparing horror film fingernails. You don't know from a teenager it was still there, and hungry; place your bets only happened in your mind? The clock struck the mouse clambering down to break his crown, so Alan got into his rusting Ford Escort and went home by the wilder route, remembering realisations. He didn't need sex but needed to be aware of the subtle weird changes of consciousness at the edges of his mind.

Alan drove under a black cloud and black rose. His urine too was stygian black, as were his now baleful eyes and gaze, that beamed out ice-cold darkness onto her breasts with ropes and odic passes, loving the Friday 13 and constantly sipping twisted teas. Sooner or later his gibbon was out, singing ghostly prayers among the sweet curtains congregation he liked the destruction of information idea, finishing it off. With menthol efficiency he had broken perhaps changes can-not trace. Gliding on the hallucinate, Alan turned the screen pips on then unlocked the front door of his modest soundproofed bungalow with bricked-up windows. Pinkish waters seemed to hold the can at bay, as in the site itself, making a link with the crazy paving but what's the red? It wasn't the fleeting ah there's the door...

Stepping inside he purposefully trod on the morning's mail, that consisted of the normal junk leaflets, Saturn postcards, F-Roots and haresbreath, but underneath them all he discovered a bed-crumpled, damp-stained, prepaid, light-blue aerogramme airmail envelope that was already permeated with his scent in-and-out, perpendicular. He closely examined the flowery cheap preen scrawl like a hungry wolf,

but could not recognise the obscure stamps that hailed from afar. An owl's screech in a door ajar.

Curious, he went into the kitchen and poured himself a large Scotch Mist whisky, then sat down at the white oval table, unsheathed his obsidian letter-opener, then slit open the intriguing missive, as if it was a cowering deer's belly. A small colour passport photo fell out onto the floor, landing face down on her stomach. Picking it up, he saw a slim naked blonde woman of mid-twenties pert, with red-and-white striped knickers, bushy pubic hair and nice tits never leave the stream. The letter itself read itself aloud, spinning splinters of full blown lives:

LAUGH WITHOUT BONES. In fact I have foamy and smooth thighs which would sensitise your sharpest snake eyes.

FLESH FODDER?

Alan was all over slavery systems, assigned a label, made a mental twist to reply: a far fanatic vs. mycelium buttocks. Fulfilling more than one prophecy, downing the remainder of his firewater subdued his central nervous system slept dreamlessly four hours in the sucking chair. Microdot eyes tripping black hole whirligigs; screaming in the mirror; not taking it any more. Under the revolving fudge tree he was tattooed by dancing menstruating nuns. Such impertinence was duly punished by the Shotgun Cock via live necrophilia administered the sleeping draught covered her skylad body in white and silver make-up plus sick garlands of narcissus and hellebore fucked her cold in the coffin; whipped her in the cardboard crypt. Masked and dazzle, consecutive moments passing precariously, threatening to flare up crackling pools. The world is wyrd he is weird we are wired, a net of shake-hands threads thrown over the globe, each cross of line in connection with the other all other, massive reach. Pushing his luck.

“The Death Star was my younger brother.”

Ten, eleven, twelve... He got right up and watched stop operas, stealing the words from their mouths, made and ate crab sandwiches, then went for a walk with petrified chance intentions. Down past the wobbly railings and dogshit park, rancid people sucking up chips, whore’s bushes and statues with square hands aloft, through bloody sand and on to his favourite haunt, the Stinkbug Public House, aka the “Anti-Social Club.” Inside he flush-slipped, savouring the darkness and anything-goes greeting. Thick nectars on the floor, with the evocative smell of bleached disinfectant and male oxide, made by the toilet’s cottage pie and distant incest. He expertly scanned the walls for new sex graffiti: “I love to feel hot spunk inside me,” and a twinkling gem to be memorised into the fold: “Cocksucking party, old saw mill, 10th March, 3:30 PM” the gym of the press. Folded sack on a tombstone. “More for less.”

That night at work inflamed and deranged witnessed rats swarming over purple cheese poison, again and again returning to the scene of the crime. Vision of gun perhaps vision gun shooting people, hiding himself away, something’s on, hurricane, rolling clouds red sky at night delight and the black magic sisters steaming in a room, run run panic, Grade A falling, shot in the hand, beyond the pale pervert. Killed then tortured his body. Horrorcock.

He left the warmth and relative comfort of his non-rocking caravan then eventually made the now-so-familiar search-rounds of the crusted retail chain. The heads of beasts and the atmosphere was normal never usual; intruders huddling or tramp-loops kicking in near the hot air ducts squawking. He fondled The Kollektor just the same... Next second experiments a low shout from the cabbage fields in central pleasure vicinity he hurtled towards the vibration with pantherite agility, bounding over discarded shopping trolleys and graven images checking out 101 audience on fire stopping for a knicker-

bocker glory and crumbling buildings mental spaces as it were. Quite in the demented range is sure.

When he got back to his lair, a dark horse panting gloriously hard, the moonlight was shining upon a red piece of paper pinned to the door, with no earthly soul in sight. Alan took the paper down and went inside, Kollektor aloft. As he scanned again the curious man and manifestation by candle dust in the air, his back-neck hackle hairs stood up to attention. No side-effects understood, without scalpel or modot nor wandering scarecrows and the usual graveyard behaviour came the fidelity of the attractive young cake shop girl he had never seen before just about to give a lift to, standing there with her thumb sticking up suggestively, her provocative full-length black corduroy jeans and tasselled leather motorcycle jacket screaming out sex in a jump-bones array.

Their eyes met, locked gaze hand on brake the window wipe door then she was protected or imprisoned in his metallic motorised cavern. Stars through the pulverside; rumbling engine over stinky fish-wife eyes he kept the conversation flowing with hypnotic glances, holding in his mind the letter F then X as the blubbering jelly slithered down drains.

Soon they were back at his place, the girl perfectly at ease her face and body postures a new friend. A special hour passed with alcoholic imbibement and unsuspecting lithe young body, now nearing midnight as the grandfather clock had smashed it would soon be time for him to make his move. Large giggly and sprawling, unused to strong drink; eyelashes fluttering, the pout... His cock was aflame, his rectum dilated and puissant, 100-to-1. Knew what's going on. The Roar of God shuddered through him once again, from inside to out, a transgalactic storm signal of always-wet body painting. Wide swipes of iodine...carrot in the mouth...shadow games to diffuse the light and speak trance over monochrome signal. He checked his machine.

“Like to come upstairs with me to see my showcase?”

She looked shyly at the floor and ankles, then back up at him and agreed to the offer in a trembling voice.

He led the girl on a moonless night through arches into his main treatment room. Black books lined one wall, neatly sandwiched together on gun-metal shelving units; titles such as *Birth of the War Gods*; *Fascism: The Only Way*; *The Plague of Lust*; *Sodo-Mania* and wider tomes of greater danger with fearful designs on their spines. She pulled one of these out with her small delicate hands as he smiled secretly behind her, bags of pellets carried on his breath and from the side of his eyes, inflaming her drunken cunt with desire.

“That’s one of my favourites you’ve got there,” he intoned, flicking his wrist. “Volume 1 of a 10-volume set. It’s called *Evil Fungi*, and truly lives up to its name. I picked up the lot in the Key of F, calf-bound at a folly-field countryside auction, where life is cheap and the stuffing falls out.”

He continued onwards, licking his lips: “Perhaps you should cut your hair...”

Wolfgang turned the yellowing musty pages over as razors, to witness the lurid technicolour real-life vivid memory photos of oozing phosphorescent umbrellas the size of poodle’s heads and melted-looking faces that made her feel the growing sense of unease tinged with an overpoweringly-strong erotic fervour whom she had only met a few hours again back on the street that now seemed so foolish and fraught with traps.

Alanman’s face seemed to change subtly, morphing into a leering caricature gone scarlet red with green eyes pointing, moved to the other side of the eerie cork-lined room with the black ceiling and black leather carpet, a strange stainless steel chair. On the walls lay ornamental yet lethal-looking ancient battleaxes perhaps in dream or jelly, spikenards, swords, of mediaeval origins, spoon-fed actions of a

stranger world through the walls looking on there was a trickle spider on the palm, worshipping serpents.

She attempted the sanest corner where the tank-like Hi-Fi was brooding, a hand-carved wooden rack device of extreme power noise cult cassettes offering their cheaply photocopied covers and pummeling contents in the sharp contrast only the 1980s can muster. Crime scene medical experiments and suicides, the tapes were by bands such as Deaf Threat; Whorepopper; The Disabled Sex Freaks; Fuckschool Teenies; Fist of the Healer; Hands of Sticks; Pissklister; Truth Purchases Hatred; Battle Ov Britain and others who thought it was a good idea, in the vein of the kangaroo court, lynch-mob and nuclear bomb freaks.

Alan sauntered over with padding Bigfoot soles on damp autumn leaves, holding mercy within its chain, and smiled his unnerving grin. He slipped in a tape by Anal Saliva, a ridiculously harsh noise band from Taiwan. As the hideous electronic screeching shards pervaded the room, backed up by the demented screams of the lead singer, Johnny Lo, or should we say "Potato Masher," she had to get to the door but an Alan was already there in the sinking sun, locking it before she even took a step, and was now staring right into her like chainsaws on the farm.

Suede seemed (was) over seven feet tall now, towering inferno; his hands were bigger too, more Hammer-werewolf-hairier, as a fetid rutting smell filled the room as the walls oozed streams of feral tit-for-tat slime and swiping cackles tumbled out the chimney. The girl let out a shrill birdlike scream as she felt two icy hooks grab at her waist, even though Alan was over the hills and far away, reaching for a sword unlike the others.

He then went out or more wheeled in a steaming papier-mâché dummy made from twigs, paper and spit; a wandering bird's nest with Christ in the air instantly changed into their glorified spiritual

body caught up into cats cradle claws. Crystal clear was the treasure manual issued with a complete list of resources recognise disciples point to them opened up.

“Here is your host.”

Got the rocks off very odd as it matches precisely for he figured it out first, and he set upon the mannequin with devastating frolic against the far wall laden with sap, pinning her head to the flock wallpaper with the tip of the blade pressing just too hard into her temple, exposed an opening distilled sacred internals then rolled his eyes anti-clockwise and ejaculated like a King via some ingenious hidden mechanism, fake but it's not, just as she was acting out tele-scopically. A naive prostitute with a holed-pocket pimp, running across a snowy wasteground to a camouflaged well. Refused to answer, that was not it, birds of prey the fish are dead, sandwich suicide cliffs residue of fixed future clues down the hatch as soon as they're put up a cheese grater down the pants, warm fence rubber duck hole in the ground doesn't mean it huge asylums don't remember.

Hot in the mask, the adult toy stuttered out “Non, n-n-n-n-no...”, but was caught unawares emitting high-pitched decibels she was him a wicked instrument down they swear, lunging deep into the straight-edge sliced off until the buff, stark under the all-revealing glare of the halogen, the police playing with their bodies, bleeding profusely an alchemical concoction as they watched his rapidly swelling world-penis parted the potion, roughly inserting his throbbing gristle into the outpouring newsprint and began to pump.

Six-thousand pages round the sun, the game is an arrow. Jolts of goad degree coursed through their body with each savage thrust as the arms together fucked with infernal vigour, denting the paper and forming new words from the angled wristing. Blow my perverts; kneel and find frenzy, barking like dogs.

“Is it a dog?”

It plays out in midnight tours/tawse. Ede & Ravenscroft Graduation Black Mortar Boards.

“How many gloves?”

“Lots of two.”

Beware then of the Oxbridge collaborate...a hinder on a collection plate...awarded fetters. Arranged as a grid. An upper-echelon bargain basement robot hunk totally wired, greased-up for fun-fuck. Clomping Mondo-Psycho Process Engineering, remote and digital. Sold cheaply, eat quickly. Not me. Storm clouds come down; wedding ring finger virtuals the King and I, author, King Arthur, not liar, the last real superstar, ranting interesting intrigue, not in league; pure cider maids, older days ready for speed; popular CULTure clues and lead; a witness mixed-bag morality; mushy peas honesty.

Mastering high-on-their-own-supply abilities of maze-haunted nuclear exes pulling out all the stops. Sticky glisten the flames of blood through dew lens; habits and necks on a joyride dice, nooses all day long. Holding bay slick in the vein of overkill ostrich on sharpened pineapple replaces any underhanded omissions pick-up then calmly bit off her liquorice, chewed then swallowed it whole, still twitching. Cut off a sugar ear flexed for seeing stars; stuck a whole hand up the arse to the elbow, another hand down the gurgling throat, and began pushing, determined in spades to shake hands inside a body that burnt a city like Berlin, smooth decline felt champion like a robot, neatly executing the corpses lie out in the street; some rise on their feet and go down a passage through a secret crash course or a seaman's fix to society's grand piano.

He spun off into level three, and transmogrified from physical to liquid to gas to plasma, then via the gliding filter he was holding up a full override-sized room with her in. One whole wall was bright and missing, so he could see and talk to her through the misty interior, strobing coloured lights and magnetic storms.

“Hold on, I’m just going lower,” said Alan, amazed at the almost weightless cube as he gently laid it all to rest on the hard, clean white floor of the interior chambers and groping black-mirrored statues, a link to a kneeling subtly overturning the blueprint segment with silently screaming gears.

This is how they first met the impromptu phoenix in the mystery aristocratic, grey-haired Lord Dartington in the one-way ticket ritual magic hall, his mayor’s medallion reflected in red honing eyes. Lord Dartington of the ticking manor house, who prepares the dinners and sperms in the food; head between the whore and bloodline but always casting the brightest shadow.

Everything turns off here, elbow in the cake and finger on the pulse, demonising the substance of itself until the gallant knight split the holding rock in three then nine which killed Lord Dartington, who walks through all our summers, down where the Devil don’t go.

ENDNOTES

- 1 *The Sun*, 12 December 2008, p.13.
- 2 Adrian Kerr, compiler, *Perceptions: Cultures in Conflict*. Guildhall Press, 1996, p.181.
- 3 www.instituteforgovernment.org.uk/sites/default/files/publications/MINDSPACE.pdf
- 4 'Canon Law 1340, §1-2' in *The Code of Canon Law* [of the Roman Catholic Church]. English translation, Collins Liturgical Publications, 1983, p.238.
- 5 The Weirdness of Warwick may be cognate to "Wicked King Wicker/Cereal Killer" mind-control processing, used in the "Son of Sam" (SOS) Working in 1970s USA, documented by Maury Terry in *The Ultimate Evil* (Dolphin/Doubleday, 1987) and Michael A. Hoffman II in *Secret Societies & Psychological Warfare* (Independent History & Research, 2006, pp.51; 61-70, 214). In this context (*Ibid.*, p.214), Hoffman claims *Warwick* signifies: "Invoking Catastrophe" in the twilight language, and gives the root of the code by quoting The Oxford English Dictionary: *Wick* (Old Teutonic). 1. To bend [i.e. the bending or warping of reality]. *Wick* (Old English). 1. wicca, wizard (of which the feminine is wicce, witch).
- 6 I am not sure where this quote is from but it is reproduced at the start of HP Lovecraft's three-part tale entitled 'The Call of Cthulhu', written in 1926 and first published in *Weird Tales* (February 1928). It explains the existence of the all-male, sacrificial Cthulhu Cult, whose members worship the "Great Old Ones" and await Cthulhu's return.
- 7 See: Robert Taylor, 'The Black Stone' in *Starfire* Volume II, No.2 (Starfire Publishing, 1998).
- 8 'The Horror in the Museum' (by HP Lovecraft & Hazel Heald, 1933) informs us that: "Black Tsathoggua moulded itself from a toad-like gargoyle to a sinuous line with hundreds of rudimentary feet." In 'The Tale of Satampra Zeiros', Smith explains that: "Tsathoggua's will is carried out by the formless spawn, polymorphic entities made of black goo. They are extremely resilient and very difficult to dispatch. Formless spawn can take any shape and can attack their targets in nearly every conceivable way. They are surprisingly flexible and plastic-like, and can quickly flow into a room through the tiniest of cracks. They attack by trampling their targets, biting them, or crushing them with their grasp. Formless spawn often rest in basins in Tsathoggua's temples and keep the sanctuary from being defiled by nonbelievers."
- 9 Cthulhu is an octopoidal abnormality, the Great Priest of the Deep Ones who waits—dead but dreaming—in the sunken City of R'lyeh inside the ocean (subconscious Deep Mind).
- 10 Poseidon is cognate with the Greek Neptune, Typhon (who, according to Maspero, was designated "Lord of the Sea"), and (according to Berossus) the alien amphibian Annedoti group, led by the Musarus Oannes, who came to Earth and founded the Babylonian civilisation. (Cosmically, the Greek Typhon is especially connected to the Egyptian Set [Shaitan-Satan]. Set was worshipped

- as the “god of the borderland,” and a statue of him, now in Copenhagen, Germany [Glyptothek Ny Carlsberg AEIN 614], has been transmogrified into an image of the frog-headed Khnum.)
- 11 In later Egyptian history Heket brought back Osiris from the dead. She is depicted as a frog in the early Christian era, bearing the inscription “I am the resurrection” (see: EA Wallis Budge, *Egyptian Magic*, Dover, 1971). Hekate, the Greek version of the Egyptian Heket, was portrayed as both virgin (Mary) and whore (Babalon), and also considered a triple-goddess of maiden-mother-crone.
 - 12 www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-37493165
 - 13 After Nero committed suicide, the Romans returned and found the frog, ejected it from the city, and burnt it. For the whole account of the Nero-Frog event, see the work of former Archbishop of Genoa, Jacobus de Voragine, *The Golden Legend or Lives of the Saints* (first published 1275; English translation by William Caxton published by Princeton University Press, 1995).
 - 14 The original version of this serious practice involves the ceremonial acquisition of a toad’s V-shaped sacral bone. The Toad Rite was strong in East Anglia until the late-19th Century, its main operants being the Whispering Horsemen Societies, aka: “The Toadmen”.
 - 15 John Symonds, *The Great Beast* (Mayflower, 1973, pp.236-239; also 458-459). As far as can be ascertained, the Toad Rite remains (on paper at least) part of the 5^o Grade Initiation Ritual in the Caliphate OTO to this day.
 - 16 See: HP Lovecraft, *The Shadow Over Innsmouth* (1936). The Innsmouth in question is an actual ancient seaport in Massachusetts, USA. Just off the coast is Devil Reef.
 - 17 The Thelemic occultist, Kenneth Anger, claims to have tried to have turned his protégé, Bobby Beausoleil, into a toad via an enamelled curse amulet (one side had a portrait of Beausoleil and the other side the likeness of a toad), after he’d stolen some reels of the original version of Anger’s film, *Lucifer Rising*, before the latter’s Equinox of the Gods ritual in 1967. This soon resulted in Beausoleil’s van breaking down outside the Manson Family’s ranch, and Beausoleil’s subsequent life imprisonment for murder (*Anger Rising: An Interview* by Dnyl of TOPY Chaos, an audio-tape recorded around 1993. A transcript is at: www.chaosmatrix.org/library/chaos/topy/angeris.txt).
 - 18 These two terms come from the ‘children’s novel’ (adult programmer’s manual) *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, first published in 1908. Grahame had a high-up employed position in the Bank of England for ten years, so may have been Green.
 - 19 <http://blackrabbitblackrabbitblackrabbit.blogspot.co.uk> or <http://illuminatiexposed1.blogspot.co.uk>
 - 20 <http://subscribe.forteantimes.com/blog/the-fairy-investigation-society/> & Marjorie Johnson, *Seeing Fairies*. Anomalist Books, 2014, pp.115-120.
 - 21 <http://www.slemen.com/lilywhiteboys.html>
 - 22 www.greenvilleonline.com/story/news/local/2016/09/01/sheriffs-office-police-address-clown-sightings/89729508/

- 23 <http://nypost.com/2002/04/08/cold-case-cops-lose-79-slay-file/>
- 24 www.dailystar.co.uk/news/latest-news/33795/Bad-taste-ripper-beer-is-banned
- 25 <http://greenbankobservatory.org>
- 26 *House of Commons Green*. House of Commons Information Office Factsheet G10 (2010): www.parliament.uk/documents/commons-information-office/g10.pdf
- 27 www.unep.org/greenroom
- 28 www.wnd.com/2007/01/39888/
- 29 www.ufoscience.org/case731018.html
- 30 <http://weekinweird.com/2016/12/08/bigfoot-is-a-ghost-interdimensional-sasquatch-tulpas-green-flash/>
- 31 www.historiesmysteriesandstrangeness.com/2010/01/green-fog.html
- 32 www.ufoevidence.org/cases/case660.htm
- 33 <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/WindIsGreen>
- 34 www.csmonitor.com/2005/1221/p01s04-wome.htm
- 35 www.armytimes.com/articles/army-chief-talks-little-green-men-and-sets-off-ufo-enthusiasts

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