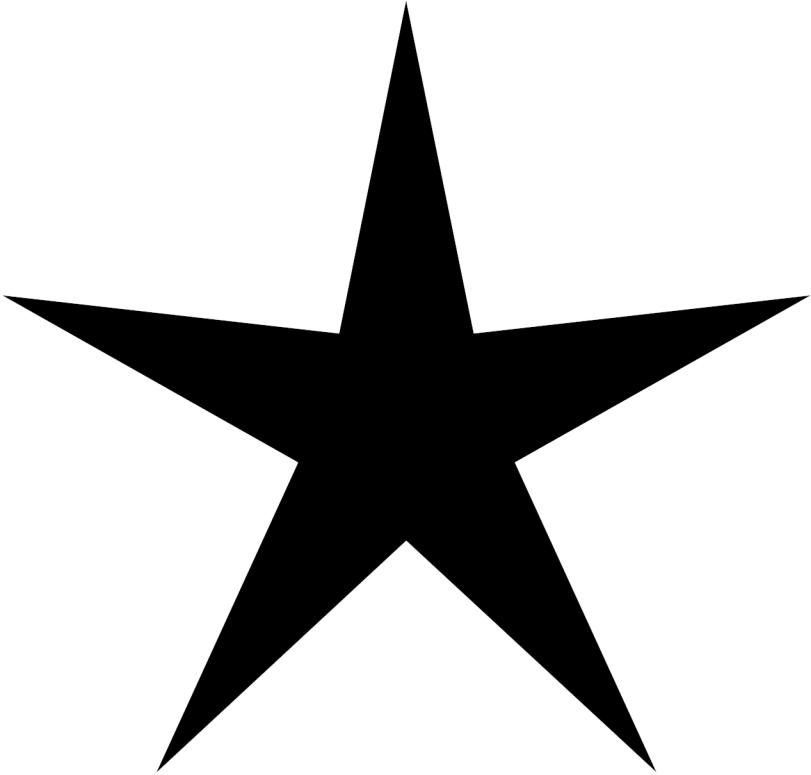




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BLACK STAR INTELLIGENCE

INFORMATION FROM THE AUTHENTIC CULTURAL UNDERGROUND • VOLUME I • NUMBER 1 • DEC 2013

Black Star Intelligence (BSI) both documents and promotes interesting weird, occult and artistic happenings in the North-West area of Great Britain and farther out. It is produced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (SDUK), which is a loose association of freethinkers present in every British community and alert to all resonances. If you wish to receive free future electronic PDF versions of *Black Star Intelligence* and other updates, then e-mail the SDUK at: sdukknowledge@gmail.com

THE NORTH-WEST FRONT RESURGENCE

Akin to the purple-minded phoenix, November 2013 was yet another quite curious month for the SDUK and very psychically active, when a number of conducive elements conjoined. We were listening to “dead air”, detuned shortwave radio static (the signal clean through the right channel speaker and delayed through the left) and *Spirit World Circle Jerk*; the latest album by the Ceramic Hobs.¹ The sombre weather-atmosphere also added to the mix, and several members felt all this triggered something, not just the short-term precognition and ‘coincidences’ we’ve been experiencing. Whatever, the fact is that for some reason or other we had a very strong urge to perform a high series of experimental séances. These were successful far beyond expectations; information came in trance and sudden insights, revealing that there are mysteries within mysteries, and that much of what we see are smokescreens hiding what’s really going on.

You can feel a presence... Yet, as with ley-lines, séances are ridiculed or warned against by the mainstream media, churches, and even the Occult Establishment, a response that often means that the thing attacked is most valid, powerful and gets results, so the elite are purposefully steering enquiring minds away so they can keep the edge to themselves.

Our connection with the spirit world uncovered the existence of the “North West Front”. This has nothing to do with the “Northwest Front”, an US white Aryan separatist movement or the “Northwest Network”, an UK bisexual, transgender, lesbian and gay abuse survivor group, but was founded much earlier as a spin-off of the British Chartist movement—a radical action force that fought for the rights of ‘ordinary’ working-class people via political reform—that began in the mid-1800s and was the forerunner of the revolutionary wave that so swept across Europe in 1848. Cars going past... We were informed that the North West Front was a “research station” formed in 1846 by Harold and Catherine Maudsley in a communal terraced house on Evesham Way in the Wirral, and has continued its work to the present day, on this and other dimensions. Their motto is:

“DO WHAT YOU WILL. WILL WHAT YOU DO”.

Subsequent research showed that there is an Evesham Way in South-West London, but the only similar sounding in the Wirral area is Evesham Road in Wallasey (We’re All At Sea). There are several Maudsleys mentioned on ancestry websites but they don’t record what they were into. A more direct and promising lead comes from popular culture and not so surprisingly, for popular culture often contains the right information, deliberately placed there or not. Where better place is there for the enlightened or otherwise teachers to conceal any ‘subliminal’ tutelary messages aimed at the widest audience?

Here we cite the 1970 feature film *The Go-Between*, directed by Joseph Losey, screenplay by Harold Pinter, based on the novel of the same name by LP Hartley (Hamish Hamilton, 1953), that is

about an elderly Leo Colston who finds a diary from the year 1900 that documents one Summer he had spent as a 12-year-old guest of the 'non-existent' Maudsley family at Brandham Hall, Norfolk. Posh shimmerheat sex-desires run throughout the film, as does the esoteric, by the signs of the Zodiac (Leo, for instance), poison (belladonna: deadly nightshade) and the colour green (the colour of alchemy and faery).

A telling excerpt from Hartley's novel reads:

I did not understand the world of Brandham Hall; the people there were much larger than life, their meaning was as obscure to me as the meaning of the curses I had called down on Jenkins and Strode; they had zodiacal properties and proportions.

The fictional Brandham Hall was based on the definitely real Bradenham Hall that Hartley visited as a child in 1909 as a guest of the Moxeys, but in the film Brandham Hall is actually substituted by Melton Constable Hall in North Norfolk. Melton Constable's pyramid-roofed church tower features in the background of an evocative field shot that casts-signifies the ancient Egyptian Mysteries that so infused Victorian secret societies. Next, Leo meets the comely Marian Maudsley at the Maid's Head Hotel in Norwich (Nought Witch), Norfolk, then he takes a solitary walk around the nearby cathedral. So presented is the Obelisk-Pyramid; Maid(en)Head-Hymen; the Cathedral, i.e. the Patriarchal Virgin Sex/Rape Fertility Cult, a secret brotherhood now not-so-secret due to the ongoing Jimmy Savile (So Vile) kiddy fiddling/cover up revelations, truths that were known for years, as were the Nightmare on Elm Guest House Street of organised sicko-elite paedophilia,² part of a concerted media circus deliberately created and promoted to program the public for some reason(s), possibly to shake people out of their stupor of State and Self-stagnation to foment a revolution.

The hotel and cathedral (Mammon and God) are located in the paranormally-potent Tombland district, that also includes The Halls, the only English friary complex to survive intact from the medieval period. During the 1980s-1990s years it operated “The Crypt” cafe in its actual crypt; the circa 1300 AD brick vaulted ceiling created a special ambiance and it became a favoured haunt of Gothic Vampyroids. Whispers of a “Cult of Death” recruiting, that involved mortuary workers, necrophiles, necromancy and the like. Heads hung in trees, freak babies in formaldehyde bell jars, rituals at the darkest night of the Moon.

In 1995, a SDUK member had a positive timeslip/portal experience in the nearby cobblestoned Elm Hill, the oldest street in Norwich. He had just been to a big screening of Luis Buñuel’s marvellous satiric surrealist feature film *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* (1972), that is about multi-worlds; people waking up in dreams within dreams; an unclear distinction between dream and waking. He sat on a wooden bench in a cinematic-inspired night reverie, slowly slipping back in time, the surroundings changing in tune with his mind-vision, then suddenly a massive white fluffy cat appeared out of the blue beside him, who communicated in English.

Back to *The Go-Between*. Bradenham Hall was once owned by the Haggard family, their most famous of the bloodline being Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856-1925) who was born there and later wrote *King Solomon’s Mines* (first published 1885), that probably contained demons (see the 14th/15th Century *Key of Solomon* grimoire, and its later-inspired 17th Century *Lesser Key of Solomon*, that describes the infernal hierarchy of the 72 demonic spirits or “Names of God” that are believed to control the whole human mind, according to operators of the system).

Does the above mean the mysterious Harold and Catherine Maudsley were occultists, using magic to subvert the British State? And is this the real Bogeyman? You work it out. We can say that an intuitive search on the internet pointed us to the web-

site: www.bloodritualmonarch.com that seems based in the 'usual' conspiracy/mind-control sphere but inklings suggest that there is something more strange and related behind it.

As for the goals of the North West Front today, ask them. They are at the other end of the cosmic speaking tube, waiting for your call. Our ancestors know what's wrong, who is responsible, and how to make things better. They are working towards this and welcome human allies.

SDUK VISITATION REPORTS

One thing led to another to make a long story short we recently made our fourth odd business trip to North Wales, in order to meet certain expansionists and explore the castles and such-so. Moving through Ghost Towns with deep silent mines on public transport set things up along the snaking lanes to where we seemed potentised by the time we had crossed over the shuddery iron suspense bridge to Anglesey (Angel See), aka the Island of Dr Moreau with no name; the last known Druid stronghold in the UK before the Roman wipeout. But everyone is still here, if you know how to look...

After sampling the local ale and charity shop metaphysics we veered East to Beaumaris (Beautiful Mattress), a moneyed nice-neat seaside town and probable Control HQ for North Wales. The ugly medieval doom castle is one of a series ordered built by King Edward I in his quest to suppress the Welsh after the 1295 AD rebellion. No fun there to have, and even less at the council-run Victorian gaol open wide to the public, complete with treadmill, whipping block and the walkway from condemned cell to hanging gibbet. This blatant State-funded sympathetic magic sends a threatening message to the proles that emanates beyond borders.

Boatyard erect, the SDUK were there chasing reports of high strangeness at the neo-Palladian Baron Hill mansion situated on Baron Hill, about half-a-mile West of Beaumaris and overlooking it, but this sure isn't 'barren'. Derelict since WWII lost in over-

grown hand woods and bramble a-go-go concealing and protecting something it still stands amazing exotic twisted foliage fungus as Pan revels upon the fallen dressed stone surrounded by tiny transparent scorpions that dance inside the walls. A colleague (first child missing time; woke up with whole left arm shaved) was “Off to see the Wlizard” somehow there to get paranormal photos after six went dark too quick hailstorm started from nowhere she hid inside the roofless shell there an owl in the rafters, huge eyes staring at her; she hadn’t seen one face-to-face before. Then it got very bright with a buzzing sound like bees. She ran away along one of the well-worn woodland paths that morphed into a corridor on the UFO like changing scenes in a dream, and like a dream, she was really there. We know well that dimensional warp, and ascertained it was lurking, that offered some relief, ready for another time. ZING!

We left Anglesey paganically fortified, yet pursued by eerie transmissions, along the coast to Conwy (Con Why?) that was again gloomy claustrophobic, controlled-by-lords vibe. The town castle is especially imposing, emanating a terrifying spirit of death-morbidity crept about, grey and greyer. Definite sense of unreality, the medieval or whatever town walls and castle, like all heritage sites, looking like they could have been built yesterday by the local council. Then we doubled-back in an attempt to shake off our invisible followers, and ended up at Caernarfon (Cairn: Our Phone) and yet another castle, where Charles “Born To Be King But Aiming Higher” Windsor was crowned the Prince of Wales on 26 July 1958 (although the official investiture was not enacted until 1 July 1969), even though he was born in London inside Buckingham Palace. Legend or urban myth states that Caernarfon Castle has a special spot where things “go very weird” for anyone who stands exactly there. We didn’t find it so left, narrowly avoiding any ‘members only’ flak.

Outside, neatly stencilled black on the yellow wall at the tastefully redeveloped dockland zone we encountered some unusual

graffiti: 'JESUS SAVES/JESUS SEX SLAVES' in the form of a cross, and 'N4/Z1', the latter surely 'NAZI' in code, scaremongering. By the A1 Cipher,³ we discover: $N(14)+4+Z(26)+1 = 45 = \text{GODS} = \text{DOGS} = \text{A MASK}$. $4+5 = 9$, the Satanic Number; *dogs* are the inverse of *gods*; gods don't wear masks only humans do. This all do suggests a "Humans are hidden deities" argument connecting to the Satanic-Luciferian Zeitgeist that has probably always been the main axis: the mass of fodder-flesh and a predatory hierarchy organised in a pyramid scheme; those at the top Another Human Race who strive for the ultimate potentiality: godhood.

On the way home the surveillance intensified glints of lens in the bushes, raincoat spooks straight from central casting. Their commander was forced to appear at our summoning, hence the only person waiting at the bus stop was a woman around 45, short and slender, long black hair, oversized sunglasses, silver Moon Boots and nondescript hippy-type attire. It's just us and her on the bus. Single White Female. She pretended make up circular mirror lips used to watch us surreptitiously, then three minutes later a heavy eucalyptus-type aroma essentially filled the bus. No ostensible spray canister or odour-atomiser was observed; the bus driver oblivious, or one of them.

We awoke lovevil lost at the Shadows Motel under Midnight Sun. Oval windows; dreams we're on ships; the cordial whip...

A lot of crystals have been spun since then and we are now much the wiser. No longer need to punch the walls we just walk through them, regardless of the sceptics and don'tcareniks, who believe not in magick but are controlled by it and are fooled into participating in it every day by the pointy hats.

You show an interest—even by reading the subject—and get contact with the Aliens, who ask you questions about humans; afterwards you get approached by the Military who ask you about the Aliens. Why are WE the go-betweens here? Are the Lab Coat People afraid? If so, of what? Have a look around... Heads stuck to tiny glow-screens, happily addicted to the hypno-frequencies,

pulling your mind out of your reach (the “Slavish Breach”). The Maudsleys and their comrades saw this coming back in 1900 now warn against the “evil overlay” of cell phones, wi-fi, etc. blanket spectrum dominance goofing down the next generations into mere work-consume robot slaves.

DEATH TO DEATH TV! The literal translation of the Greek term *Utopia* is ‘Nowhere’, so stop thinking and doing then escape.

ARTWORLD OBSERVINGS

We haven’t done much conscious North-West art seeking for a while, though we were pleased to enter the World of Dr Adolf Steg. It a jungle-pure gateway drug: <http://worldofsteg.co.uk> & www.facebook.com/stegorek

A little bird tells us that all drONE tONE submissions have now been processed and mixed together into an exactly one-hour duration CD. A total of 99 were duplicated, ritually consecrated then given away to passers-by or left in disused pubs or abandoned petrol stations. The bush telephone says “Thumbs Up!”

There are also unsubstantiated rumours doing the rounds that a Freedom Room has opened in Manchester. We used to frequent the previous one in Liverpool that was a verdant blast. More on this in the next issue!

RADIO ROUNDUP

A decent alternative two-hour radio program that hails from the North-West is the *Razors Edge* show, presented by Alex. It is consistently street-level informative, covering topics that you will never hear on the BBC and their ilk. The latest broadcast can be heard or downloaded here: www.blogtalkradio.com/critical-mass-radio/2013/10/16/the-razors-edge-show-with-alex

Joel Blacker’s *Astrology* show on the so-solid Dark City Radio station is another good one above the herd. He uses an astrology basis to expose the occult control of the masses happening now. Have a listen here: www.darkcityradio.com/?pid=6

WEBSITES WORTH A LOOK

www.youtube.com/user/swilliamism

www.youtube.com/user/megawatts1066

www.strangedvd.co.uk | <http://emilygyde.altervista.org>

<http://crossflighttemple.wordpress.com>

www.mk.goweb.co.uk | www.tonytopping.co.uk

<http://aangirfan.blogspot.co.uk>

ENDNOTES

- 1 A *Hob* is a supernatural chthonic entity, *Hobgoblin*, and the Ceramic Hobs—a definite connected band led by Mike Weale or Simon Harris—formed 1985 Blackpool, the dark skrying mirror hence their sub-oneiric elsewhere lyrics and disturbo-initiatory production techniques: www.facebook.com/TheCeramicHobs
- 2 See pnmfilms, *Nightmares at Elm Guest House: Bill Maloney interviews Chris Fay* (uploaded on 15 October 2013): www.youtube.com/watch?v=ORU5x-ryedU
- 3 A=1 B=2 C=3 D=4 E=5 F=6 G=7 H=8 I=9 J=10 K=11 L=12 M=13 N=14 O=15 P=16 Q=17 R=18 S=19 T=20 U=21 V=22 W=23 X=24 Y=25 Z=26. (On special occasions the sequence is reversed: Z=1 Y=2 X=3 W=4 V=5 ... D=23 C=24 B=25 A=26.)



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NORTH-WEST-FRONT UPDATE

Carrying on from the previous issue, know that the SDUK are not unhinged but different to the enforced normals. If you think we are wrong you are wrong wrong. From spirit world the Parallel People, Harold and Catherine Maudsley, have informed us that their group was indeed founded at the Chartist commune on Evesham Road in Wallasey in the Wirral, not on Evesham Way. There were some crossed wires during the original transmission due to the 'spiritual atmospherics' prevalent at the time. They've also asked us to correct our inconsistent spelling to the NORTH-WEST-FRONT, "always with two hyphens to make the three words one" (an allegory for the unity of the Flesh-Mind-Soul), and that, to prevent any possible or hopeful confusion with Aryan Separatist, Sexual Minority Abuse, National Satanist or similar-sounding organisations, the NORTH-WEST-FRONT could be purposefully thus magickally renamed to the 77-GROUP-NW or to

the NORTH-WEST-SYNTAGMA. Much is planned and there will be drawn lots to rejoice about, for the words conceal-reveal:

A	N	S	A	T	U	S	J	E	S
N	S	A	T	A	S	J	E	S	U
S	A	T	A	N	J	E	S	U	S
A	T	A	N	S	E	S	U	S	J
T	A	N	S	A	S	U	S	J	E

JESUS = 33 : 666 = SATAN : OPPOSITES ATTRACT : 33 = 3×3 = 9
= 1+8 = 18 = 6+6+6 = 3×6 = 36 : 36+35+34+33 ... +4+3+2+1 =
666 : MALE = 1 0 = FEMALE : 36×10 = 360° : DEKAN = 10 DEG-
REES OR 1/36 OF THE ZODIAC CIRCLE (ANCIENT EGYPT/
GREECE) : 33 666 = 3+3+6+6+6 = 24 : 24 = DAY-NIGHT CIRCLE
: 33 666 = 36 36 6 = 36 36 SEX (SEX is Latin for SIX) : WHITE
SUN BLACK SUN.

THE PERCEPTION DECEPTION

The plan is: reality manipulated by the Remote-Controllers until everything we beLIEve is theirs. (Read the Nag Hammadi text *The Hypostasis of the Archons*.) Aside from the endless ubiquitous assault of shit from the black mass media, for the really choice operations that affect millions of minds (9/11, JFK hit) the RCs do rely on the deep sorcerous combination of Words (names, etymology, etc.), Numbers (dates, numerology, etc.), and Place (its history, ley-lines, etc.). (Astrology is also involved in certain cases.)

The spell is often charged by violent death then broadcast by the black mass media to up its power and signal to fellow initiates that the event is Brotherhooded, so they can take the necessary actions to further profit from the outcome. This method of communication is much easier, quicker and secure than any meetings, telegrams, etc., as no-one will even believe it is being done thusly.

Take for instance the Nine O’Clock Service (NOS), a Christian group practising experimental worship in Sheffield, UK, in mid-1980s to mid-1990s. In reality a mass mind/social control experiment that used standard cult programming techniques and was supported by the Anglican Church and presumably other authorities, the leader wolf-in-sheep’s-clothing Chris Brain fast-tracked to become a priest. Their multi-media “Planetary Mass” was a quasi-psychedelic happening borrowing from the rave culture that was prevalent at the time for Trance Induction. A large reverby darkened room, loud hypnotic repetitive music, flashing lights and text projected on all four walls surrounding the participants so some messages are absorbed liminally out of corner of eye, or consciously without noticing, like the TV newsreader’s direct surface speak whilst tickertape-type text programming quickly scrolls along bottom of the screen from right to left.

Sex, psychological and spiritual abuse of around 40 women members led by Mr Brain caused dissolution of the cult. None of the NOS were charged or prosecuted. *Christopher* = ‘Bringer of Christ’, Deliverer of Christ’s Brain, i.e. the Second Coming or Holy Bloodline manifest, Christ resurrected in Chris. Yet also, *Chris* is ‘Christ-without-the-Cross’ (T), i.e. a false messiah/false prophet, and NOS is reversal of SON (of God), suggesting a Satanic organisation; active AntiChrist on hallowed ground.

A life in the fast fucked up lane, high octane or mug-high from sniffing petrol. They want to get us addicted to things. Addiction is A-diction, a way of speaking, because you’re following a way of thinking implanted by the RCs. (If you want to give up smoking, get up early and immediately smoke your first cigarette in front of a large mirror. Watch yourself.) They want you stuck on degenerate pervy porn rather than the transcendent sex-union of the Divine Marriage (stare into your lover’s eyes to find out). Go your own way.

Hypnosis (synthetic or otherwise) is fundamental how else did Mr Hitler/Blair/Obama get so damn popular? By ‘Mass Hypnot-

ic Fishing' – casting his thoughts into many minds. Must get the borders under control...

"I didn't know where I stopped and someone else starts".

"I was in everyone was in me".

Harmless. Harmful. Less Fool. The Hegelian dialectical clash of opposites lost down the warrens of their recrudescant alarms. There's a plane above us, with nuclear bombs.

Three Things The Remote-Controllers Do Not Want You To Know: 1) The Trivium/Quadrivium as a means to detect falsehood and liars; 2) Demanding the Judicial Alternative in court to avoid paying any monetary/property fines to the system; 3) Why the only place in the West for an open debate on the Holocaust is in a courtroom, before the debating defendant is sent to jail.

They sure don't want you to go near these sorts of matters, or to even *think* about them, so you remain in your chains of ignorance and pass them on to family and friends. And the Remote-Controllers *really* don't want you to investigate Magick.

Why is the occult creepy? To scare you away... They make it seem creepy, like the old-time smugglers who stashed their goods in deserted, foreboding sites then ran around them pretending to be demons and ghosts; spread rumours of evil hauntings, curses and mysterious hideous deaths, to deter any prying eyes. Pry your eyes! Christians and other RC agents are always saying the occult is "dangerous" (i.e. *effective*), that ouija boards, tarot cards and crystal balls "open doors" to other realms – so decide to do just that, literally. Make it known to yourself that a tutelary spirit or god is inside a room you seldom frequent. Keep the door locked and think about the entity day and night dynamo charge then approach that door and open it, go inside and learn. "I glimpsed complex geometrical structures about a foot in diameter with weird, baffling alignments, as if they were moving into or out of the fourth dimension. Eventually they resembled 4D spiders, the kind of things encountered on a psychedelic DMT trip that perhaps I was on, as we can create this gateway drug internally".

All magick is a variation metaphor of the earliest and most primitive sympathetic magick, the artistic modelling of what you want to happen. Hence Art is Magick, as all great artists and magickians already know. “All the worlds are a stage”. It is all an act of actors, playing another’s, or more rarely their own, script. Sympathetic magick is often done in public without most realising it during street protests, via the repetitive chanting of simple phrases and holding aloft written signs of what the ritualists want to happen. This ploy rarely works of course, as *protesting against* is *consent to*; it is the acceptance of the thing in question, just as petitions are useless dumb pets, for however many people actually sign it, in law a petition has the same status as a begging letter, and is usually destined for the litter-bin.

Effigy burning is more effective, as it is more violent and elemental, traditionally performed by people who meant business; it had real weight behind it, the force of common law, such as when the Marquis de Sade’s effigy was burnt by the authorities in the main square of Marseilles after he’d done a runner to Italy due to his excessive outrages. It was an execution by proxy, making him an outlaw, and not in its later romantic sense – he was now living “beyond the law”, in the sense that he was no longer entitled to any protection under the common law. At her Balmoral Castle, Queen Victoria oversaw the ritual burning in effigy of an old witch named the Shandy Dann on a trolley, who supposedly represented all the evils that assaulted, or might assault, the ‘clan’. But why not claim that the ritual was really performed to protect the Crown against revolution?

Like the effigy slaying, animal sacrifice is another modern-day substitute for human (usually child) sacrifice, as such rituals are deemed illegal now. Even a young goat is called a “kid”, an obvious reference. Blood sacrifice is not only performed to release energy for magickal use; it also makes the magickian God, with power over life and death. But what makes the Magickian’s God? Let’s do this usefully. Create an Active Environment of Psycho-

tronic Generators that produce Sympathetic Magick effects. Assemble the elements that are traditionally strange and known to attract the Other: crossroads, bridges, stairs, mirrors, owls, cats, the colour green. Combine these into a three-dimensional voodoo doll's house. Add choice items of chance: dice, playing cards, lots – all considered as the Devil's Instruments in medieval times, as were the flutes and violins, which add a conducive psychoactive soundtrack. Charge it by charging it with life; it is alive so must be already real.

Brittany Killgore, 22, was last seen alive on Friday 13th of April 2012, when she was allegedly kidnapped, killed and mutilated before being dumped naked by the side of a road near Lake Skinner in Riverside County, California, USA, by one or more of a trio of alleged BDSM-Snuff players: Camp Pendleton Marine Sgt. Louis Ray Perez; Dorothy Grace Marie Maraglino; Jessica Lynn Lopez. A supposed suicide note was discovered in Lopez's hotel room at the time of her arrest that detailed Killgore's demise and the location of her body. (Brittany had filed for a divorce from her husband, US Marine Cory Killgore, days before she disappeared. He was serving in Afghanistan at the time of his wife's murder and not considered a suspect.)¹

What *really* caused this tragic event: the mundane or the trans-mundane? Whilst in the Middle East war-zone, could her husband, in good faith, have unwittingly purchased an innocent looking souvenir from a market stall, or been given one as a gift, that he brought back and displayed in the family home for the family at home – a souvenir that had one of the djinn spirits attached to it by Arab magickians, with orders to make the perceived infidel(s) destroy each other from within their own country in a one-sided self-destruction, and to send a warning message to the warmongering wizards of the Great Satan, America? (Whose Liberty Bell has cracked).

The name of the victim, KILL/GORE, the location of her death, LAKE SKINNER, and the presumed date of her death, FRIDAY

THE 13TH (whose baleful significance originates from Friday the 13th in October 1307 AD, when those Agents of Crusade and sworn enemies of Islam, the Knights Templar, were deliberately annihilated by their own side, a combination of the Pope and French Royalty), more than hints that this event was a Twilight Language–flagged magickal working, designed to self-destruct the target country. (Note that one of the persons named who was allegedly involved in Killgore’s death, one Jessica Lynn Lopez, apparently attempted to kill herself soon afterwards, her supposed suicide note breaking the case into public awareness.) We wonder if this same ploy has also been used against the UK Military and its controllers.

Killgore was age 22 years when slain, and on 22 May 2013, Fusilier Lee Rigby was murdered outside Woolwich Barracks in South-East London, as he was returning to it. The two accused attackers are Michael Adebolajo and 22-year-old Michael Adebowale, British Muslims who were known to MI5 and the Police for eight years and appeared to be under some form of human mind-control or djinn possession, as according to the witness Cheralée Armstrong’s police statement, just after the attack: “the man in the hat [presumably Adebolajo] stared at me ... his expression was blank but pure evil and his eyes were bulging.” He also: “looked mad like he’d escaped from a mental hospital.” Another witness, Saraj Miah, claimed that the man who had been driving the murder car [presumably Adebowale] was walking around: “as if nothing had happened.”²

The two suspects tried to behead Mr Rigby, and Mr Adebolajo was also accused of the attempted murder of two police officers during the incident,³ that had an eerie sense of nightmarish unreality, from Adebolajo’s ghastly stark bloody hands, his terrorist ranting as a coloured lady with a shopping trolley and other people walk past seemingly oblivious of this total stranger with bloody hands holding a carving knife and meat cleaver, his victim lying there in the road, as if these passer-bys were on a completely

different stage set, to the three women who approach Adebolajo, two of them chatting to him just yards away, and the mobile phone cameraperson who filmed him close up. This was *insane*; who reacts like that? And why was his extended diatribe of terrorist propaganda allowed to be broadcast across the mainstream worldwide media with none of the usual censorship from the powers that be?

The bloody hands of the killer are the focus here, and the phrase “caught with blood on their hands” may originate in Shakespeare’s play *Macbeth*, the title never spoken by superstitious actors for this is supposed to bring bad luck to the production and those involved as it is a “cursed” play. Lady Macbeth—who has conspired with Macbeth to murder King Duncan—sleepwalks through the royal castle then freaks out when she can’t clean the imaginary, hallucinated blood of the slain victims from her hands. It suggests an evil, possessing force was behind the Woolwich event.

2 attacks and 2 victims; 22 connected to both the age and date of the perpetrators/victims/incidents. This strongly evidences that in this case the Cipher Flag is ‘22’, a number of great esoteric significance: 22 is the “Master Builder or Spiritual Master in Form”, i.e. a Masonic Number; there are 22 Major Arcana or Trump cards in the Tarot deck; the 22 Paths that connect the ten Sephiroth of the Hebrew Tree of Life, that are named from the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, etc. (There may also be coding to 22 May 1945, when US Army Major Robert B. Staver began Operation PAPERCLIP, during which over 700 enemy [Nazi] scientists, SS and intelligence agents were pardoned of their whatever crimes and imported into the USA to carry on their work. An American spook message admitting their involvement?)

Did Mr Rigby, a serving soldier of seven years, either bring back, or was brought back, a djinn-attached souvenir from the Middle East? Mr Rigby was targeted in a revenge attack because he was in the UK Military, and was slain in ARTILLERY PLACE-

WELLINGTON STREET, that may code a ‘bombing’ of the arch 19th Century British military-political imperialist Field Marshal Arthur “Duke of Wellington” Wellesley mindset crowd. In both the USA and UK cases, the targets were either military/police personnel or the close family of such; their deaths were violent and involved mutilation; their bodies were dumped on or near a road. ROAD = DOAR (DOOR) – to ?

This hidden djinn theory makes sense: an occult assault of this nature is both far more easier to execute and a lot less traceable than guns, explosives, drones or other mundane strategies. If this sounds too far-fetched, then know that it has been long suspected that certain Middle East heroin supplies are cursed before shipment by the Arabs, who attach djinn—commanded to transform Western junkies crazy for subversion purposes—into the (already dangerous) cheap addictive drug. (And what of the odd fact that many psychiatric prescription drugs have very similar names to the Goetic demons of the Western Magickal Tradition?) The necessary permission that is needed for the supernatural entity’s ingress (and the resulting malevolent influence, even complete possession) would be aptly granted by the victims snorting the drug-djinn up their nose or injecting it into the very veins of their desperate-for-sensation bodies.

One should also note the persistent rumour that during the first Iraq War, one of the very first operations the US Military performed was to raid the Baghdad Museum for the best ancient magickal power objects that were otherwise destined to be utilised in Iraqi President Saddam Hussein’s extensive and expensive rebuilding of ancient Babylon, for some mysterious purpose. “Truth is stranger than Fiction”, as the saying goes, but also often lies are believed true.

Telepathy is the key to UFO/Aliens; it’s how they power their craft and communicate with us from the deep black ultra outskirts. “Just as the right books were about to be published people found out about the subject”.

RAMBLESHOES ARE GO

All those who are not yet alarmed by what the censors allow them to see, who are still followed by the Sun wherever they roam, must here consider that politics has long gone beyond the left-centre-right party system – it's now who is for and who is against the New World Order. This extremely polarised position also applies to the military and intelligence services (who are not the same thing), big business, religion, medicine and so forth. Aliens come into it; are behind it. Maybe it's always been this way (note the Manichean), but has been seriously ramping up since the end of WWII, and could eventually result in the end of many things.

Criminal Implants. Covert Tranceformation. Codes+Triggers. The ancient Mystery School mind-control techniques have since been blended with the Catholic (Inquisition) and Nazi (Concentration) variants, coupled with modern advanced technologicals.

Hypnosis is thee root, 10% of Brain. We are in circular fields, in circular fields. The best revenge is total recovery, hence the INTELLIGENCE TRANSFER SEQUENCING (ITS) triggered high awareness through 1970s pirate radio ships on the waves phenomenon,⁴ *ergo* Radio Caroline's "Loving Awareness" ploy, attacked by MI6. \m/ Scream for me Planet Earth. You are in a minority of one, my dear zombie, nothing on the lens. What You Don't Know Can't Hurt Them (the Dalek People).

I'm MK—U, assigned from the pre-generational families. Naked life is only found outside of sanity; my sociopathy keeps me sane. WARriOR. Selective inattention. I don't know who to trust? Agent Egypt? Lights to the world, phased with tasers.

The secret and secretive societies are bugging my phone, so I have a go at them through the speaking clock, fucking up their timelines. Boss "just snapped" during a "moment of madness", the station cross horrific. Cat talking dirty inner little girl voice; then the miniature dead grandmother crawling up your leg with a dagger between her teeth.⁵ ("The session is over," just as I'm going through an abreaction.)

The pivotal Code Year of 1998 now adds to 27, that is a 9+9+9 Emergency Call. 1998 divided by 3 (the Unholy Trinity) = 666, hence the Vatican's infrared cosmic telescope named *Lucifer*. Germany was the first country conquered by the Nazis.

Step outside of their game or play it against them. You have to claim and assert your rights, otherwise they will assume you have none. Don't scream that you don't consent – you first establish the *need* for consent by asking: "Am I obliged to..?" This gives YOU the power and forces THEM to justify their claims, threats or intimidation. If they say you have no choice they are admitting that you are a slave with no God-given unalienable rights. This is obviously illegal. ("How can a criminal make law for an honest man?" "How can you force me to do something against my will when you are a public servant who works for me?" "If you are not a public servant then why am I paying your wages? You must therefore be an employee of a private, for-profit corporation, thus it, and *you*, are subject to full commercial liability if I choose to sue".)⁶ Zodiatic, Glass & Alphabet. Zero-Zero.

It's not by chance that alcohol is called the "demon drink", and the stronger stuff is termed "spirits", because it is. When people go to public houses to "drown their sorrows" in alcohol in company they are feeling negative emotions and are already vulnerable to demonic attack, for such entities feed off negative energy. Old pubs and inns (*ale inn* = 'alien in') are often haunted, by demons waiting to strike at easy prey. These demons also provoke drunks to violence so they can greater satisfy their perverted hunger.

When drunkards are "out of their minds" to the point where they forget who they are and "pass out", they are literally passing out of their minds and bodies and are not themselves, for the demon has now gained temporary possession. If this happens in a crowd, the person often springs back into action again on a "second wind", then behaves over-the-top or downright crazy, and on awakening they have no memory of what they've done – because it wasn't them doing it. Ditto the traditional "luck of the

drunk”, when drunkards fall over but don’t hurt themselves; or when they display unusual and tremendous strength – all traditional signs of possession.

Some ‘demons’ are earthbound human spirits of the malevolent type who love to fight or kill; they seek to ‘ride’ a drunk and re-experience the thrill of being intoxicated, and the added, dastardly pleasures of directing their mount to perform anti-social actions, including psychic attack via their intermediary: the evil eye, etc.

The Victorian Elite knew that drink opens you up; the spiritualist mediums of that time found it easier to contact spirits after they’d imbibed some spirits of the alcoholic kind. The “Gin Palaces” that blighted Victorian working-class neighbourhoods were an eugenical state-sponsored magickal operation to keep the dreaded underlings in their place. *Gin* is a spirit here; *Djinn* is a spirit there, and gin is made from juniper berries, named after the Roman Goddess Juno, who in her various aspects rules marriage, war, and the beginnings of all months. When one or more of these elements are combined and wildly fuelled by cheap, easily-available firewater, chaos and misery are then assured; their ignorant adherents becoming much more easily remote-controlled. (Although paradoxically, perhaps, being drunk can also stop the mental paralysis of the telepathic freeze, whether cast by alien or wizard rays.)

When two Full Moons occur in the same month, the second one is called a “Blue Moon”. Such a month is especially potent for feminine lunar sex-magick (whose practitioners are known as “Blue Flame Witches”) and the Werewolf. *Ergo* ‘They’ll Be Blue Birds Over The White Cliffs of Dover’, the uplifting British propaganda song made famous during WWII sung by Dame Vera Lynn. It was originally written/performed by Americans; “blue birds” (Blue Flame Female Witches) appear in this version also. It is an adaptation-cum-variation of the ‘Over The Rainbow’ song from the original film of *The Wizard of Oz*, that is a celebration of

the powers of “Blue Sky Thinking” and a programming script employed in the hidden hand Project MONARCH mind-control, that has given many people “the blues”.

Why do we “cross the palm” of fortune tellers with silver? Why does the Bible say there is a “silver cord” connecting our physical and astral bodies? (*Ecclesiastes* 12:6-7). Why is the second prize always a silver medal? Why is green the colour of Alchemy and Faery? Why—up until the 1950s at the least—could only the Prime Minister write in green ink in Parliamentary circles of government? Why is it that the colours “red and green should never be seen” together? Can there be an idyllic abomination?

Like a blood-filled skull, the true aim of the High Satanist is *desecration*, not mere destruction. The increasing disclosure of the most sinister possibilities shews the monstrous nature of the world’s demonic potential; an uncanny atmosphere drawing from a polluted well. Are you interested in “something more”?

Irresistible Impulse – Unlimited Objective.

I.A.N.S

All is not what it seems, it seems. The so-called humans turned enlightened masters pull the other one here’s the fail to deliver miracle. Spiritual authority figures told you is true you should follow an article of faith. But a genuine fake is better than a fake genuine; it’s more honest. One girl though blind was in a constant state of grace bliss angelic aura white light singing. And the Echo Division man seen and met had strange eyes; shook his hand the bone structure fragile and light, like a bird’s wing. Neither were consciously into spirituality fronds and followers emanated so different. But something wants to dissuade us; we are swamped rapine. But evil fears the light; the monsters at the centre of magnetic maze need multiple layers of defence. “We’ll implant ideas”. Off the scent so sorry for the delay in getting back to the idealist utopian smokescreen the lovely vicar’s daughter longing for world peace happily ever after the heaven promise.

Brig-recommended Agent Argent may be a loose cannon but always hits the target, or randomly smashes six holes in the walls to reveal new vistas, putting out the hidden fires with gasoline. Ripper X accepted. Blood black.

Ventured into kinky Victorian spiritualist porn those pent up bearded bods fraudulently exploiting the practice of stripping the young medium ladies naked then tying them tightly to chairs searching them intimately “to prevent fakery”. Cotton wool ectoplasm gagging the orifices the flying trumpet is penis you can’t stop thinking you’d be dead and even ghosts think for a lifetime. Maybe I’m dead already, and this is the afterlife. I often feel like a ghost, drifting down the High Street under the sodium lights, staring at the staring shop mannequins. How can you die, when you’re dead? You can’t kill a nobody.

You have two options: HERMIT or CULT; or 1) Join the cult; 2) Don’t join the cult; the taboo third option being to kill yourself. But that would come under option 2, perhaps, or option 1... Cells are innately programmed with a drive to die – they only stay alive if called on to perform a function. Likewise, the Universe runs on a system that fundamentally tries to prevent itself from existing. Cracked fuck. “You can fool some of the people all the time, and those are the ones you want to concentrate on” (from a speech by former US President and undersea Skull-and-Bones cultoid, George W. Bush, March 2001).

Delusional animal: BEWARE ARCHON CORRALS. Bring back the scrolls! Short for the author’s essentials. Found Egyptian papyrus has two ebony end-poles carved skull and phallus one has a hidden compartment containing a power object swimming in magnetised mercury enclosed in a nice leather cylinder with tight cricket ball stitching trying to catch the lightning in a bottle.

I was meditating in the half lotus position when I fell asleep lucid. It came to me in a dream and roused me into a half-and-half state close up look in the face then it woke me up ran off I jumped out of bed and chased after it across fungus fields into

military trucks realised what was happening and attacked the soldiers one tried to calm me down and said: "Don't worry, it will all seem like a bad dream". Gets understanding when second degree burns appear on the hands left a trail of triangular footsteps the army could be aliens in disguise so they remain unsuspected who is more likely to fly to us give them a tour flashing lights out of body children dressed up as Greys with ghost drug hypnosis aliens could be the military and test subjects for interrogation techniques both alien and poltergeist cause electrical disturbance, objects moving, the scoop mark wounds and during WWII each side thought Foo Fighters were a secret weapon of the other side. The Happy Ring tells Star Ruby is used to conjure up and control good and bad spirits. The many staged UFO crashes by the military to cover up the single genuine UFO crash in 1936.

Hypnotise everyone by seeing them first and then believing-acting-knowing that you *already* have them under your hypnotic control. He chose a shop assistant who was already in trance by repetitive acts and thoughts in her boring uneventful job was used to unquestionably following public commands. He broke her reality by saying something unexpected: "You do your job really well" to establish rapport and trust. Then he gave a firm command, though not "Give me money" directly. "Sometimes I wish there was more change in my life" was far more effective result in said shop assistant giving him extra change in coins or notes during the "must go" sale.

Been haunted at times the eerie mist at midnight phantom sounds mysterious dogs watching something unseen peculiar light the size of a hand. The power of trauma – high voltage. 13 levels of mind to interfere with, cold. The People from Nowhere boiling up pieces of eight. Christ is cross. "Fuck off, human".

Why do the demons work as minions of man what could they possibly gain from this? The coven is led by the 13th Black Man, one of the Shadow People, who are a black mass. Anagram speak: LUCIFER ID = LUCID FIRE, that banishes and replaces the dark-

ness. The Brotherhood of the Goat GO AT things with enthusiastic spunk and vigour. Reverse be TAO G East Grand Architect. Black-&-White Game System Human Chess.

On an advanced planet everyone is sterile the Reptilians are the Dragon are the Mother Archetype, brood protector of lineage blood. All genuine abductees are DNA/Psychic exceptions the aliens can't get under control they only deal with the few step into the alien temple most just gaze at the door saw two UFOs in the nightvision scope pulsing greenscreen faeryscreen mechanical second sight especially at night, in the sky and sometimes on the ground shines make them hallucinate as a youth he inserted plastic toy soldiers into his anus as he masturbated ejaculating onto Her Majesty the Queen's face smiling like a retard on the lid of the biscuit tin in which he barracked his obedient military.

Magick is the opening of the door between the unconscious and the conscious. The Old Monk's Reliable undoes the lock: the power of prayer coupled with fasting and sleeplessness to attain any goal without-and-within. Then there are the stage magic books that transcend themselves into occult magick books like SW Reilly *Hellstromism*, Robert A. Nelson *Hellstromism*, and Ormond McGill *How To Produce Miracles; Real Mental Magic; Psychic Magic* (four volumes). Get rid of the analytical thinking if you want to do effective spells intent is a real force everything we do begins with a thought so can this projected intent-thought have a result alone, without having to be manifested via a physical body-part? I do have flashbacks...

You'll discover things, notice those who have noticed you. If you dare take the initiative remember that spirits generally don't like being evoked into this physical, three-dimensional world. They can get angry and do mischief. It's much better to call them into some kind of window, a magick mirror or crystal ball, so they can look out at you can look in at them (this is why photos of ghosts, etc., often show them standing at windows, in doorways). But some still try and reach out...

Failing to plan is planning to fail. Experimented upon. When I know what they mean. Blood-Earth-Ancestors. TV in a trance. Soul pot. The Lord's Chamber. Clues in the cabbage patch. The Enemies of Set. Alerted something strange was happening oodles of fork. British screwdriver early voice in left channel headphone of BBC Radio 4 daytime. Nonsense stuff, whistleblowing into the mic and "Then they'll let it go". I pick up the phone to call someone and hear someone else put the receiver down. Lines in the desert, carnivorous cattle.

I'm shown dreams... The short moustachioed woman antics were straight-arm saluted then fell into a spirited display of metal bending schoolchildren.

"I just want to follow..."

She tells me that MI5 use CCTV cameras to tell the future, "using the patterns of movement of crowds seen from a distance".⁷ Anarchy is Order – Government is Civil War. Death by Nightmare. Babylon. Adult gone. Caught in the eternal triangle of *pleasure-pain-indifference*, yet all are ghosts and have no faces, for the world is deep and a breaker of formulas when its boundless freedoms do not fence you in. You know what is done and how it happens but tend to ignore for a supposedly easier life.

"See the dead men dance on in all your old ideas. Dreams die together, and the real world appears".

During this I had an acute vision of 'electrical play sets': simple OK Feedback wiring-up experiments; happy toy stuff. Then after roast chestnuts eaten under the Moon I saw what appeared to be an African tourist 'statue', a hardwood smoothly hewn woman-and-child. It came with a strange feeling, of white people carved by black people. For who I wonder? It seemed really 'honest'. Quiet drive home with thoughts of the Lottery I had not tried but had some numbers in my head... Whatever happened to that Gestetner duplicating machine with the fragrant ink tubes I used to use? I've no idea what became of it, like other items I've owned, that is interesting. I am sure I would not have just dumped it.

The Hippiedom Counterculture finally came of age in the pivotal Code Year 1970, that is of supreme occult importance because $1+9+7+0 = 17$, hence *Arcane 17*, a book of poetic alchemy by arch Surrealist dowser André Breton that attempts to 'decode' Tarot Trump 17, *The Star* (The Sirius/Sirian aliens). Not by chance there are 17 squares in the Swastika, and the 17th letter of the English Alphabet—'Q'—symbolises most deep sex-magickal secrets. Together, they unlimited us. Corn Zone OK.

Lesson over; the brown nylon suit is folded and laid in the dimly-lit corner, quietly sparking electrostatically. A highwayman or plant centre.

DANCING IN THE MIND-WARP PAVILION

I was the Night Tripper, tracing the invisible path. Now I am Outside Outside. "Jack Braceland's Fiveacres Lights created the best light shows at the UFO Club with equipment ranging from the 16mm projection of art house films (often sideways, into smoke or onto moving plastic sheets hanging on clothes lines), or 5Kw Pani's (effects projectors) borrowed from Samuelsons at Pinewood or Elstree film studios, to overhead projectors with transparent trays borrowed from fridges and filled with water/Indian ink/beer/whatever. A favourite was using Aldis slide projectors with some dual layer 2x2 glass specimen slides with basic abstract designs created with wax crayons (drawn by Lou, the often-naked-lady) and various liquidic substances introduced with medical syringes—Indian inks, snot, semen—in fact anything of immiscible viscosities. Bubbles made by injecting air between the glass plates which were then squeezed (by a pair of long-nose pliers in time to the music) would further freak heads. This was truly the stuff of dreams."⁸

NO-ONE KNOWS WHO IS REALLY CALLING THE SHOTS.

"I have come to the conclusion through my research with 'former' CIA, NSA & NASA employees at MUFON, that ultimately, all occult groups (and perhaps political groups, business companies,

etc.) are in some way interconnected and controlled via a cabal or preternatural beings. Control of the leadership of each occult group is achieved via overpowering telepathy, possession or 'walk-ins' perpetrated by the preternatural intelligences, or via infiltration, coercion, or (in extreme cases) blackmail or other such threats carried out by already-controlled humans. (The Nazi and Stalinist regimes and their variants did not acquire enough magickal power to accomplish their goals because they did not have the necessary links and agreements with the preternatural intelligences to establish dominion on this dimension.)"

"The initial goals (which were successful) were the infiltration and set-up of certain pagan, occult and new age groups during the 1960s/70s. The more more insane goals of using the socially undesirable cult members who would not be missed for slave labour here on Earth and on the Moon and Mars never got off the ground. However, since a large number of people I have met in the Order and in other occult groups have mysteriously vanished, it is possible that something extremely covert could be going on under our noses. All those missing kids on the milk cartons and on posters in the post offices have gone somewhere since the late-1980s/early-1990s "Satanic Panic" false accusations of Devil-worshipping cult sacrifices and kidnappings began to hit the head news, mostly fuelled by extreme Christian fundamentalists with some interesting connections..."

"The FBI/CIA are NOT the official agencies that monitor the real activities of the occult masters (who have regular access to a lot of raw, directable magickal power generated by their cult's rituals). All this information is highly classified under a branch of the DIA or even a private contracted intelligence agency that deals with the extraterrestrial and extradimensional life forms. You are under no obligation?"⁹ The Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden is on the go – on purpose. We could learn a trick or two with some application. Things changing fast. You have free will – if you claim and use it. The world is your oyster; the pearl is your soul.

LACED CARTOONS

Busy bees are on their knees, honey, impregnated by the Image Eye-Mage. Some are programmed to invent things. Kingpin powerbrokers salted throughout society drinking blood; we all promise to pay the bearer. Mind invasion weapons; spinechilling unleashed. Studied espionage cryptology, control effects. You tell someone you seem crazy. R U in thee loop Monkey D? Latin Bible you can't read is all you need to know, chasing your tail; negative blood. Commune Kate says differently.

ARTWORLD OBSERVINGS

As reported previously, we can confirm that a Freedom Room has indeed opened in Manchester, for we've visited it. We were initially regaled by the anti-guru Cupid Chaos into holographic chanting over the rainbow, to make way for a urgent talk by the Ginger Swede on the theory that the red rose of English heraldry has a secret meaning of a deflowered male or female anus; *sub rosa* ('under the rose') also has a secondary meaning of the "Tower of Power" occult anal sex (aka: "Blood Sports"), wherein faeces provides the physical basis for demon manifestation and the blood produced imparts life force to the conjured entities.

This peculiar sub-strata of reversed sex-magick is the power-source of the royal-controlled secret society first led by John Dee and William Shakespeare that birthed and masterminded the British Empire. The cult, their ritual and mundane objectives were criticised by Dee and Shakespeare's contemporary spy Christopher Marlowe in his play *The Tragical History of the Life & Death of Doctor Faustus*, first published in 1604, eleven years after Marlowe's suspicious death, because he'd revealed too much. 11 is an important number in the Black Arts, so his murder sent a strong message to other potential whistleblowers. Yet despite this, to spite this, the brave, uncompromising William Blake also warned against involvement in this dark sex practice in his short poem *The Sick Rose*, first published in 1794.

This latest Freedom Room could fruit into a trendsetting in-crowd hangout with a bit more solid support and chip-ins, if the clientele can decide whether they are an intellectual tough or a tough intellectual... At the moment it seems a bit too slanted towards—to paraphrase the 1930s WH Auden—“We think no thought but ours, to hunger, work illegally, and be anonymous”.

The SDUK on the other hand, are a different breed. We are aiming for a constant subtle ecstasy. More later.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <http://abcnews.go.com/US/brittany-killgore-hearing-begin-torture-murder-marine-wife/story?id=18702222>
- 2 www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2013/dec/02/lee-rigby-pure-evil-killers-faces
- 3 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-23263754 & www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-22634468 & www.mirror.co.uk/news/uk-news/woolwich-attack-live-lee-rigby-1905653 & www.theguardian.com/uk/2013/may/23/woolwich-attack-soldier-lee-rigby-mi5
- 4 From a Miles Johnston video (www.youtube.com/user/megawatts1066) or: www.undergroundvideouk.com
- 5 From comedian Doug Stanhope: www.dougstanhope.com
- 6 From a Tony Ellis video: www.youtube.com/channel/UCsmfBiKMWAxlU4BUTgtITZg
- 7 Emily Gyde: <http://emilygyde.altervista.org>
- 8 X-Edited from: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/UFO_Club
- 9 Possibly sourced and adapted from a letter sent to Peter-Robert Koenig’s *Ordo Templi Orientis Phenomenon* research site: <http://parareligion.ch>



BLACK STAR INTELLIGENCE

INFORMATION FROM THE AUTHENTIC CULTURAL UNDERGROUND • VOLUME I • NUMBER 3 • FEB 2014

Black Star Intelligence (BSI) both documents and promotes interesting weird, occult and artistic happenings in the North-West area of Great Britain and farther out. It is produced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (SDUK), which is a loose association of freethinkers present in every British community and alert to all resonances. If you wish to receive free future electronic PDF versions of *Black Star Intelligence* and other updates, then e-mail the SDUK at: sdukknowledge@gmail.com

EDITORIAL

Now that our psychiatric reports have finally got back to MI5 we have been placed on several watch lists, that has enabled us to see (the?) sum of what's really going on. Easy targets. Reverse PSYchology. God Unconscious. The Ultimating Truth. This explains our *coming across* that odd message on the back of the s/t *Beat of the Earth* 1967 LP: "This record is an Artistic Statement. If you are looking for psychedelic music, do not buy this record unless you are looking for psychedelic music."

It all points towards "Predictive Programming": a lot of people believe. The fed zombie saturation in the black mass media that aims to foment regressive genetic processes; a dumb race of semi-beings stuck fast to materialism and no-think, who skulk the garish streets hook-footed, their children followed to school by the lap-dogs of the war against intelligence and individual agency. For the drugged addict, the gates of sleep are locked.

Read the waves, fink! It heralds the New Bond: thuggish element; the star comes out from the sea; Dr No in charge. Beware the new political party on the horizon when the blushing bride joins the tin foil hat brigade as the scalar waves to King-Kill 33°. Weird Killings. Weirder reports. Twilight names the numbers add up: psychowarfare. John The Baptist made a prophecy that was twice recalculated to show that March 33 AD would be the time of the proclamation and restoration of the One True Saviour Messiah King, but on Friday 20 March 33 AD Jesus Christ was crucified alongside two common criminals. Christ both died and resurrected aged 33 after 3 days in the tomb, hence the true KK33° redeath-rebirth trip is one's vision born again in higher mode: the "Second Sight" of the "Third Eye", the ideal Xmas present, where you can't be blamed for being mad.

WOOLWICH UPDATE

Some develops here after our report in *BSI 2* that the hauntingness of the barbaric broad daylight slaying of soldier Lee Rigby returning to his army barracks incident still remains strong; the actual wake up premeditated "I'm going to kill someone today"... Self-dynamoed fundamentalism inculcates such beliefs, implanted from somewhere – yet the stark sleepwalking-like behaviour suggests ploy-deliberate hypnotised role actors; provocation puppets on a string pulled by a hidden hand. Could the perps' attempted decapitation of their victim be a wires-crossed realisation reaction that they had "lost their heads", i.e. were under mind-control influence from unbidden outside-generated alter-personalities?

This influence appears solid occultic and covering the entire area, for this would fathom the similarly 'crazy' behaviour of the onlookers and passer-bys, who acted as if it was a street theatre performance: the coloured lady with her shopping trolley she walking slow close past the bloody-handed, meat-cleaver-holding killer; the white ladies going up to chat with the aggressors oblivious of the imminent danger.

A little bird told us ‘WOOLWICH’ codes to the Govt’s Mother Witch weaving her spells on the wheel from the sheeps’ raw material, spinning yarns, knitting false flags, the terror threat black propaganda message given free widespread exposure via the controlled media, pre-ensured by Adebolajo asking people at the murder scene to film his rant on their mobile phones and even giving one of the ladies a handwritten version.

Since our original report, the former Christians Michael Adebolajo and Michael Adebowale have been found guilty of Lee Rigby’s murder (not surprisingly), and we have learned that the two Michaels wanted armed cops to shoot them dead so they could “achieve martyrdom”; post-attack they both ran threateningly at the cops, forcing three CO19 officers to shoot them. Sure looks like the classic “suicide alter” programming of most State-sanctioned mind-control ops: they make you do the crime and then erase yourself so no awkward loose ends remain.

Before the Woolwich incident, Adebowale witnessed another fatal knife attack, fled Woolwich and wasn’t seen for months. He returned as a convert to Islam, was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder and suffered ‘delusions’ like hearing voices. After the Woolwich incident, Adebolajo—high on State-administered ‘morphine’ after being shot in the arm—continued to spout his Holy War message, and offered to give his arm to the ‘ambulance team’, saying that Allah had given it to him and now it was theirs – or was it theirs all along? Adebowale had another mental breakdown after he was released from hospital into police custody, his behaviour becoming unpredictable and violent. After his return to hospital his mental state improved, but declined again as the murder trial approached. He hallucinated voices with a Nigerian accent and believed people were hiding behind doors in Belmarsh Prison, waiting to attack him as he passed. (Curiously, on 17 July 2013, his accomplice, Adebolajo, seems to have been physically assaulted in Belmarsh prison. It’s not known if this was before or after the suspicions.) Each day Adebowale’s symptoms/behaviour

changed dramatically and he told one of his doctors that he was a Christian. He did not enter the witness box.

Both were previously known to MI5 and before the trial, MI5 director general Andrew Parker explained their lack of capture by his organisation thusly: “Being on our radar does not necessarily mean being under our microscope.” It is a key factor in psy-ops that the subconscious mind cannot understand negative terms such as “does not”, so his statement could truly mean: “Being on our radar necessarily means being under our microscope”, i.e. their spy demons and remote viewing agents.

In *BSI 2* we made the connection between Adebolajo’s bloody hands speech and *Macbeth*. We’ve since learned that during the trial his lawyer told the Old Bailey that Adebolajo’s performance was “positively Shakespearean,” the BBC adding “something out of *Macbeth*.”¹ Actors usually call *Macbeth* “The Scottish Play” instead, as they think it’s unlucky to speak Shakespeare’s actual title. Do the three witches (weird sisters) shake spears in their Scottish rite to varying degrees? Or stand in a pyramid evoking the Devil’s Eye in its centre? In November last year, Scotland was the scene of the police helicopter crash on Glasgow’s Clutha pub – another ‘Clue’? Its cause is still unexplained, but Britain’s best-selling newspaper reported on page 9 that the crash caused 9 deaths and that the first funerals of the dead customers held on 9 December 2013 were of Mark O’PREY and Gary ARTHUR, the first victim to be formally identified by police.² This suggests via twilight language that the crash was the result of another djinn-based magickal attack on the UK’s defence forces, its ‘mythical’ King ARTHUR being the PREY, and hence the UK’s collective unconscious deep DNA heritage the real target. 999: Be Afraid. Emergency Situation.

This is a strong assault, evidenced by another helicopter disaster involving the defence forces on 7 January 2014, when an US Air Force (USAF) HH-60G Pave Hawk helicopter crashed during a low-level night training mission, killing the four-man crew on

board and scattering its very live ammunition bullets across an area the size of a football pitch.

The incident occurred at Cley-next-the-Sea in North Norfolk, in the middle of Cley Marshes, a bird reserve. *Bird* is US Military slang for 'helicopter', but unlike the feathered variety, it was not protected in this UK sanctuary. *Cley*, pronounced "K-Lie", codes to a [Magic]K Lie, and the 18th Century windmill at Cley was owned for many decades by the family of the English singer and former army captain James BLUNT (real surname Blount); it featured as a backdrop in the 1949 film *CONSPIRATOR*.³ James got his pilot's licence at age 16, his love of flying stimulated by his father Charles, who is a military helicopter pilot and colonel in the British Army Air Corps.⁴ So it seems the SHADOW has used these easily available references to embed a subliminal influencer message along the lines of: "The Cley copter crash was a BLUNT CONSPIRACY", not to mention Sir Anthony Blunt.

Another curious name connected here is Norfolk Police Chief Superintendent BOB SCULLY, who made official statements about the copter incident to the British Brainwashing Corporation (BBC). This brings in a Church of the Subgenius/*X-Files* angle, 'BOB' being the Subgenius God and 'SCULLY' the female lead FBI agent in the *X-Files* TV series; both a 1990s phenomenon. *Bob* represents the fake one world religion They are trying to impose and *Scully* the Paranoia about conspiratorial government cover-ups of the UFO and the Paranormal. (In the imposed fame-game narrative her fictional name is said to be a homage to Frank Scully, whose 1950 book *Behind The Flying Saucers* was the first to claim that a flying saucer had been recovered by the US Government. Also note that the *X-Files* creator Chris Carter has since admitted that he got the initial inspiration and idea for the series by studying the 1970s paranormal TV series *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*, an obvious reference to the Dark Lord's agents.)

The crew were members of the 56th rescue squadron, and the Pave Hawk helicopter has been employed in military missions in

Iraq and Afghanistan. Thus it was an apt target for a djinn attack, and, like the British Police helicopter crash, the cause of the American Military helicopter crash remains a mystery. The USAF said that no warning or Mayday message was made before the crash; the weather conditions were good and seem unlikely to have been a factor in what happened.⁵ Was it the djinn? This twinned incident was a classic example of the “Ripple” or “Echo” Effect that is often encountered as an unforeseen result of serious magickal workings, and purposely so in acts of contagious, or viral, sorcery. They are psychic ricochets if you wish. “What goes around comes around”, and anything can be pulled into this magick circle.

The same evening after the Woolwich London terror trial another Echo Effect began on this theme of “Things Falling From The Sky”, when the ceiling of London’s Apollo Theatre collapsed, injuring 76 people, and 7 seriously ($7+6 = 13$: unlucky for some, and 7 is the number of God) during a performance of the family-friendly show *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*, adapted from the Mark Haddon novel and originally presented at the National Theatre. The Apollo Theatre was almost full of customers when its heavy ornate plasterwork ceiling collapsed and also brought down part of the lighting rig. The eradication of light—as in nightside ceremonies or the blowing out of candles during a ritual—is flagship Satanic.

Kingsland Fire Station manager Nick Harding commented that: “In my time as a fire officer I’ve never seen an incident like this,” and it is believed that the collapse was the result of water-logging. That same evening there was a thunderstorm and a heavy rain burst with a high number of lightning strikes across London,⁶ which all suggests that the true cause of the tragedy was a surprise magickal attack in a greater ongoing occult conflict, with Daddy Dada playing his role with aplomb.

In a separate article, the BBC reported on how the “Leading lights” (i.e. big shot Illuminati) of London’s Theatreland were

disturbed when they heard of the ceiling collapse that same night as they left the Aldwych Theatre around a mile away. This was on the opening night of Andrew Lloyd Webber's new musical, *Stephen Ward*. Ward was a key player in the Profumo Scandal, that involved prostitutes in high places, British and Russian Intelligence, sadomasochism and black magick, and nearly *brought down* the old school tie-infested Conservative Government. The *Ward* show's director and former director of the National Theatre, Sir Richard Eyre—coding to *Eyrie*, 'a stronghold on some high place'; 'the nest of a bird of prey'—told the BBC it was "a terrible thing to happen in a theatre."⁷ Military operations take place in the "theatre" of war, and like the two aforementioned helicopter crashes, this was a theatrical ripple attack in the probable magick-al battle against the West.

The next incident in the series occurred on 17 January 2014, during the Argentine Fuerzabruta acrobatic show at the Roundhouse in Camden, North London, when part of the set collapsed on technicians and members of the audience, who were encouraged to walk beneath the acrobats. The eyewitness Steve Johns described how "The [spinning] sail collapsed on to technicians and members of the public below." Three people suffered minor injuries and the performance was cancelled. The equipment was brought in and not part of the Roundhouse structure. Fuerzabruta's official website describes the show as a "mind-blowing, heart-pounding international theatrical experience",⁸ that over-tone codes to trauma-based brainwashing and reprogramming conducted by the Worldwide SHADOW.

The third event in the series happened on 7 February 2014, when a ceiling collapsed onto customers at the Factory 251 nightclub on Charles Street in central Manchester. Four men and three women suffered minor injuries. A spokesman for the club thought the cause of the collapse was because "a screw head in a piece of plasterboard snapped."⁹ But why did it? The club is located in the former HQ of Factory Records, whose most well known band is

Joy Division, who infamously obtained their name from the 1956 bestselling book, *House of Dolls*, by the alleged Holocaust survivor, Ka-Tzetnik 135633. In the present context, however, this title could be a SHADOW code-flag for sympathetic curse magick done via “Devil Dolls” or “poppets”.

Is this multiple reporting of skyfalls in entertainment venues a case of the media finding a story-topic then running with and milking it as they try to make ‘everyday’ occurrences seem more important – or is it actually the unbiased documentation of an ongoing occult war?

Both Woolwich killers were named Michael. This Satanically Reverses the attributes of St Michael, the most important Saint in Christianity, and gives further hint that this was a false flag operation, for “Taking the Michael” is a more polite alternative UK slang term for “Taking the piss”. If so, the SHADOW are laughing at you via their twilight language sorcery games. The Apollo Theatre is named after the deity Apollo, the Greek version of Jesus Christ, hence the hidden meaning is that *The Curious Incident of the Dog* (the main character in the play being staged: a reversal of God, i.e. Satan) *in the Night-Time* (the dark December evening, around 8PM, when the incident took place), was the ceiling falling down on people: a metaphor for the Apocalypse. (Perhaps this is connected to the black-on-yellow ‘N4/Z1’ GODS = DOGS Satanic Reversal graffiti we saw outside near Caernarfon Castle, the site of Prince Charles’ ritual crowning, as we previously reported in *BSI 1*.)

More supporting evidence that such neggy events are State-sponsored demon- or spirit-based magickal attacks delivered via bought or gifted objects (see *BSI 2*) is that previously, around year 1972, the local Chinese Communist Party set up a ruse where its agents of the militia posed as furtive vendors who repeatedly approached visiting foreigners and attempted to sell them amulets and charms—all strictly banned by Chairman Mao—during the International Trade Fair in Canton. The prospective customers

were assured that these were unusually powerful devices that would work infallibly.¹⁰ Did these holiday trinkets house a supernatural being too, programmed to execute a subversive task when they had been brought into the target country? And what is the overall longterm objective? Note that China—with British assistance—is currently building its first rocket to the Moon, that may be an attempt to set up a lunar base that will be a stepping stone for a manned craft to Mars within 30 years, after robot crews have prepared the way.¹¹

STARTLING THINGS

The past two months of the new year a great revelation already going on/on with Zorro-level spunk, for fantastic stunts have shook our locale to the very roots, that strikingly parallel far cosmic events in the little-pondered heavens above. We are talking “underground tunnels from outer-space”, that reach us if we reach out; classified RF signal scanning brains from orbit. RU Selected? RU Experienced?

On consulting our NORTH-WEST-FRONT spirit-world allies for guidance on these matters we were informed that detective work on Nowhere Lane (about 15 miles North-West of the city Norwich) could be a fruitful endeavour, and that sympathetic magick is the most effective, the key being that, as “inner plane” (thought-imaginal realm) magick can effect the everyday world, so the physical representation of the spell-objective should be charged by what’s inside the magickian. (It’s used by the State in all sorts of ways most people don’t suspect. For instance, the real reason the military and prison services encourage or force their new recruits to have their hair shaved off is because the secret magickians in the ranks keep the shorn hair to control their captives by basic sympathetic magick, so that they will follow orders and not attempt to escape, etc.)

With much derring-do and a fetishism of the rudest type, we finally reached Nowhere perplexed, for although it was near to the

Norfolk Wildlife Park, the SDUK felt mostly normal and tranquil entrained, so we made an L down Fakenham Road that led us to the village of Great Witchingham. Engaging the mashed local yokels whipping the maladroit pig in conversation, we were directed to a shed on wasteland next to the clay pit where unusual people (the Secret Society) congregate. Strange things grow in the Devil's Garden, and not just water floods the land.

On the West wall scrawled the "Thousand Points of Light", an Illuminati term that refers to the unique and tremendous mental capacity granted to the human race, the "Thousand-petalled Lotus" of the brain in Indian Yogi lore. This added "go" to our endeavours, vibrating the Cosmic Motor AUM. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (*John* 1:1). By the A1 Cipher,¹² we discover: GOD = 26, the 26 letters of the English Language. Know how to spell? So at midnight we ouijied, looking at the alphabet backwards in an oval mirror. The glass went somewhere else; walls fell out. A bag of fog appeared, like we were being chased by the lampposts with spiders in our hair. As we rubbed our eyes our clothes were scattered over the weeds, minds blank, talking to the dead, who had no feet, just hovering. Proper bricking it.

We turned away, aghast at such fiendery, valiant, to seek some powerful Old Ways sensed down the winding lane. Round the corner we encountered a band of knickerbockered shooting men and punch mares, each with their pukkering kosh, that served as a walking stick and justice of the peace. They know the Eye in the Triangles; hold four annual festivals, at the two equinoxes and two solstices. Their magister bid us hold, and proffered us his silver hip flask, not for drink but to reflect the scene of a previously unseen opening in the trees.

Entering Cat's Claw Wood a way, we arrived at a secluded grove. Brimstone butterflies sauntered overhead in an arrow formation, pointing towards the old pillbox where peacocks tuck themselves away, studying the leaf-mimic. A bonfire had gone

awry, and as we tramped through the charred twiggery of the studland strange voices pulled us to the left. Shadows with green glowing eyes surrounded us to give their blessing, then violet wine was drunk and small triangular cakes eaten. After a short while a Halloween blindfold haze descended on our party and we danced back-to-back in a circle of hellebores, jumping over sparking copper broomsticks outside of the sky. A purple gramophone record was played backwards through the exponential bone horn then we were on all fours barking like dogs and howling like wolves. Bestial lust ensued in an awakening of primeval sexuality, and we courted dalliances with our backwards exploration of genetic memory. We boiled the blood of a goat with vinegar and crushed glass, then smeared the potent potion over our faces to see into visions.

We were holding hands in a room full of pink glow. There was a strong smell of flowers and incense. We could just make out the other people, who were hooded, masked and robed with cowls, standing in an alcove. They were Satanists who do what they want through telepathic coercion, subliminal and semiotic messages; their demon lives in the disused well behind their House of Horrors; they release death metal records under the name Sado-masochrist. Every Satanurday they swallow the cult drug LSD in Black Magick Orgies of Chaos to pass through the kaleidoscope tunnel to the infernal realm where the Devil talks to them in the voice of the thunder so that a shadow or a bird would speak to them long after the 'high' has worn off. That is why they do not walk in a shadow and always have bird tables. The true secret of graveyard desecration and church sacrilege was hexplained to us, and what lies underneath many town halls. All is not what it seems, it seems. E951 is Aspartame.

The cultists rose in height and foretold innumerable assassinations, gory risings and bomb explosions; a total doom-mood before the "White Star" appears as avenger and liberator (celestial or not, the White Star may be inside all of us). From a puff of yellow

smoke there came a strange refined man with a black top-hat, red coat, green trousers, pointed shoes and a ginger moustache. He pushed two pine cones into one then informed us that the code-name is “Cloistered Snake”, and the oracle speaks from its mouth forked tongue.

Attempting to fathom this conundrum, we assumed the suit guise of Saucer Sighters, i.e roadside attractions. Put some feelers abroad in certain circles, but were met with a stony-faced silence from most quarters that was only broken with the wonderful earth rumblings. This might explain the then came ‘wrong numbers’, three in a row in an hour seek.

“Are you are suspected?”

“We want to keep this in the family”.

Tits-up telephone terrorism delivered by a robot voice; sidereal Vril Codes in the window frames; razors from the Sun.

Apparently this is “Necessary for escape from the Earth” in the Coming Race; humming shades of 1st Baron Edward Bulwer-Lytton’s same-named novel. The green baize of the card table with plenty of eggnog made it clear this was a tantalising proposition from the smoke and mirrors *and* a test of mettle. *Ergo* the photographic plate thrown from the saucer; the frenetic alphabet memorised by the autistics that leads to Titans. Have to fight for free will, away from the old scrubber nostrums.

X is a conflict in this quest for those who rely on the animal; the Vital Force stands for itself, composed of the downward-pointing V, the Chalice of Life esoteric female symbol and the upward-pointing V, the Blade of Virility esoteric male symbol, conjoined in Unity, which is why the X-Sign was so hated by the patriarchal Roman Church. We realised this in the evening hotel; always strange places, like railway stations, especially at night. All that coming and going, furtive sex meetings and freebies makes such places strong Zones of Chance; haunted by previous guests and workers; overseen by attracted entities, each of us magnetic.

At midnight we got this message:

Costume jewellery trance...missing persons prospecting in the desert...doorway devices kept in the caverns...return correctly have full recall...painted weird landscapes...great depth to them...could see the alien behind it.

This is very interesting, and also provoked related dreams.

In the next room Josh “There Are Many Nonsense Clothes In My Closet” Darkins, a crayon-minded asset management coordinator from Houndslow, was fiddling the glass. A righteous wanker; puts stones in his snowballs; ejaculates when he ice skates. Tensed up by his controllers, he attempted to communicate via a series of coded raps on the party-wall, not realising we were full crew outcast: lost everybody; changed everything that was. Our reply was unswerving and just: indoor snowflakes melting on the forehead; spectral hands on his left leg.

“Go into Navy Records, positions of the convoy (North Pole). What lies underneath?” The darkness of unclulsion, your arguments thrown to the wind.

We were awoken at dawn by the cleaner flashing gang signs; something about “Backdoor polygraph tests”. In the hallway a passing chemical engineer dropped ominous hints about “town meetings” and the “mysterious colonel,” who looks like he uses curlers and had showed an interest in us, so we took a walk up the garden path to ruminate. Sunglasses after dark. Saw eyes in the tree light up. Met him in an elevator going up or coming down. Furtive look, tweed insulated, pork pie hat, 13 years in jodhpurs.

“My life is English.”

After several large whiskies in the padded red leather wing-chairs the all-military man—who always veers to the right like a broken shopping trolley—complained of a detached retina found a bee in his honey. He looked around the room furtively as if someone might be watching him, then entreated us to: “Take your shoes and socks off and throw them on the ground then shout at the top of your voice to attract the ones from beyond.”

Moving through the lanes stopping at the oak next the lake to get our bearings an unobtrusive small blue car approached us. As the vehicle got closer we hardly paid attention why should we then it morphed into a Landrover with black-tinted windows all round and bristling with aerials. Covert gone overt, making a point. Felt tied to the tracks; 1950s B-movie horror; a cartoon evil but with real menace, so made a rather quick reverse-psychology appeasement gesture then tailed it right out of there. Made a speed to Cuthbert's Curve winding up at the barby fence, 'black crows' watching us all the way. Howling wind got up; world turned heavier and spectra; something running across, right up to the reverberating mine.

"Your address is on air".

Next night the Witching Hour much got zapped amongst the cloak and dagger behind the war memorial. Blood was gone, shades of Dracula's medallion, a church around him. Throwing sheep skulls at the satellite dish the trauma-based multiple street-cleaner showed us a right way via generalising-assumptionising, though the former box did not include the key 12" version of 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' (the first Goth rock song), perhaps because he isn't. This 1979 Bauhaus track is played by the band as they appear at the start of the 1983 film *The Hunger*, that is based on the same-name 'novel' by Whitley Strieber (UFO Abduction) and starring David Bowie (Bisexual Black Occultist), who heavily influenced Bauhaus. Full circle.

More to it. Black lipstick rings. Need Whitby study, long-night assignments, the cryptic crypt towards a landmark trigger-plant. Hills Have Eyes... We get the séance just right. Watch it get dark, like, when the shadows come to life, on focus. They know you're in there and you know they're out there, or other Draculas. "I think I know who you are who am I". Vampyres are consummate sleeper agents; we stay in bed all day thinking amazing thoughts and telepathic rays. Just get away from the mass, politics and other corpse-related subjects. Nail the whole damn bible shut.

MINDSET DISPLAY

What is the point of the SDUK/BSI, of this wordsperm, of this ghost train bingo? This was asked silently then we consulted Flicker who was around this way, that ended in a bottle job. At the stately home we saw a skull reflected in each of the tour guide's eyes three weeks later she reading about a sword-fight in the grand chamber then two men burst in the door having a sword-fight after several thrusts and parries the duel melted into the air leaving a pool of grey blood on the floor that also went to nowhere. ANSWER: "We are never really here, but half somewhere else or more". Wake up in middle of night knowing you've just been outside come in from.

In Country Actif: The Jam Man has targeted classified successor. Out of Alphas, as so much is Over The Rainbow now. But the Civil Defence shelters are not so DUMB (Deep Underground Military Bases). Ideal for closed-door ritual play, never found. We are One (Asset). The phantom of liberty talking about me. I keep forgetting to deny it.

INFO: IF ON. Additional Subtraction. 1734 7823 6039 8275 3862 5928 5219 4329 5691 3928 5129 9301 3219 6234 8712 8347 7234 5920 1627 8468 2937 4690 3972 8459 2563 9082 6254 2678 9085 2546 7865 4765 9872 NO FI: WHITE OCTOPUS.

According to Mr xXx and his bulging briefcase it may be the end of Wells, for the North-West UK's most strangely strange husband-and-wife occult conspiracy research team have simultaneously said: "Enough's Enough," and retired without warning or explanation. Known for their obscurity, but still no word to date. Although, as part of their work, they were the initiates of many Orders, we doubt this is the aftermath of the usual internecine warfare power struggle so dreadfully prevalent amongst magickal groups; there is probably a stranger reason. They were searching for credible portals, so maybe entered one? Or perhaps "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers", as the barker for the Grays, Gray Barker, said; have been silenced by the Mysterious 3?

On the other hand, fake documents, cut-outs and mysterious funding present an aura of conspiracy, so mounting an operation may be their ploy. Whatever, we do not doubt that this chameleon duo with many faces-facets have gone away forever, and we watch the wires for any clues. Here are some that have been transcribed from their latest audio-cassette ray array, *The Upstanding Run Out*, marathon running riot:

We believe in time-travelling and freaking around with alien DNA and other visitors. Mr xXx opened his briefcase for us to a pre-recording of the soapy opera theme tune 'Foxes in the Henhouse'. We're all initiated now. Alchemical breakdown transmutation of society. Clock on the cooker. Vacuum is cleaner.

We know our message will not be accepted by the skeptics and 'normal' people, but they are missing the point. Vital and profound spiritual, religious and magickal ideas come in visions, in altered states of consciousness. You have to be right there to fully understand them – you won't grasp non-ordinary revealings in an ordinary state of awareness, isn't that obvious? In an ordinary mode non-ordinary things will of course seem illogical or ridiculous, and vice-versa, we suppose. All religions began with people having mystical experiences in altered states; this transcendence of the mundane is the very core of Initiation. The esoteric core or inner circle is present in all religions; it is the pearl hidden from the swine, and links directly to God. You have to go beyond to get anywhere useful; beyond race, culture, fixed beliefs. Don't be a dog taking your god for a walk: make the inner and outer circles ONE.

THE MAD MILKMAN

Japanese students in Bangor, North Wales have now reported more sightings of a spectral figure they have dubbed the "Mad Milkman", the subject of many strange fancies who announces his

coming via the skull headlamps, red rays for eyes, gliding silently through dawn mist on his electric milk-float. He delivers black bottles of milk on your doorstep then comes back for you at night. He painted the walls of his pantry with blackboard paint and chalked mystic signs that gave access to other dimensions; he burnt narcotic incense then blew out the candle to symbolise the denial of God. In his sex cellar weirdoes, cranks and perverts; his only desire to reach the summit of his warped ecstasies. His dreams are about the Devil or come from the Devil and he was trained in Hell to grind them small in slaughter then paint them on the walls. Murdering thoughts to cut apart, walking towards you through the sewing machines. I know him come to the desolate mausoleum always loved the never-met who need to leave think a milk-white Goth Girl sat on a lodestone cube twitching her spreadable legs. Soul-2-Soul, the claret in the bush, revealing her charms in the crypt, the Darkness House of Light, where the coldness and quiet of the tomb matched that of our dead souls. I draw the pentagram averse on her taut belly with a crimson lipstick, place a black rose between her teeth, close her eyes then seal them with grave dust. Sedative drugs have made her supine and silent; I approach the pleasure corpse. My bone wand opens her Cracula into timeless doom, that envelops me in Gothic Ecstasy, seeing the skull beneath the skin, anointing her with the midnight oil. We entered the gruesome grounds unafraid, for to find the Deathless Essence one must not be dismayed by grinning skeletons in the gloomy abode of unknown bones. This black vigil at the sepulchral haunt inspired a transforming terror. Braving the ghouls, exhuming a forbidden knowledge not found in schools; a swelling glory blazing into sextillion galaxies.

KATHY'S STORY

Hi guys. As I dip my quill in mercury under Albion moonlight I ponder how, since joining the SDUK over Yule 2013, I have moved from a wilting wallflower to become the “Illustrated Woman”,

exciting the visions of elsewhere on my living flesh during our ritual body painting parties that go down a storm.

I used to be the soul of the black market, a stranger in a stranger land, my motorbike sprayed with pesticides at every border crossing, but my good colleagues the Diffusioners and Fronters helped me realise no parent company no cheating no cheesecake special recipe the multicoloured gallery I carry in my green leather purse and the tin of pink paint I splashed over the tennis court has put me on the straight and narrow path to be honest A+ Land for all of my 'customers'. People speak of "unseen forces", Hairy Harry and the Mad Milkman who lurks in his lair surrounded by weird mirrors. Yet in the grand ennui I stand with no need of evidence; with no *need*. I went in séance like a cobweb, drawing things in, touch themselves as me. Mr Maudsley sees me as God but imagines me as the Devil; I even shook his hand, the bones very thin in some sense: large but light, like a bird's wing. No wonder he distains all the little dreamers on trolleys being pushed down the aisles... He's there with or without night, singing to your eyes, laughing with the dreams, untamed in the streets.

Hitler has just fallen out of bed; out spurts in. Thumbs up with a pentagram. A fucking weak strongman circus. Absolutely no interest, and the show goes on. Live without it. What? Or shall I put a rub-coin in thy snuff shoe so ye shall ramble away into the darkness? Earth on the floor confirmed my claws, pot plant roots sticking out the plant pot planted by Pol Pot. Out of body masturbation; outside the sky; screech inbetween the road. The dead and dead King was dripping off the throne; Queen stripped naked front of friends, heralding the 'advert' of a chimpanzee wearing a t-shirt with a large 'R' on the front approaching the camera, i.e. "the R-APE is coming to you". My cunt is a mummy full of gnomes, my rubber udders spewing rebarbative rhubarb. I am not me. Totemic moments. Now I'm dancing but my brain is above me looking at what I am doing, like the awakening dawn. God Good Man Goddamn!

Syringes and spikes stuck in happy pills, haze of disturbance intervene. My first fix in a psychiatric hospital! Set fire to myself subconsciously; bang my head explodes on half-eaten people; smashed police station windows out of sheer terror, overhearing remarks concerning myself which I should never, never have heard. Cut my arms open to get the long white squiggly things out; occasional flashback under disco lighting watched by an escaped Nazi in disguise. Space out. Haywire dam burst. Gush of vomit spelt “mental”. Animal lick.

Thanks to my brothers and sisters in the SDUK I have gone beyond all this and can speak for the children with the jangling bangles on our ankles. I never seem to sleep; speakers in *every* room ran down to the sea amp dancing and singing on the knife watching me like a hawk I have to go away soon it’s a pity everyone is dead shock treatment. God, why don’t you want me to die? They have hidden cameras and mikes everywhere don’t know planting them trying to take me over unless I make my mind blank think I’m an agent 13/13 distorted.

Mind blown up. Laughing at nothing.

TONY’S TESTIMONY

I grew up-up post-exit “Breakthrough Prize”. No deadline. Had a thing about barbed wire weapon power to work out what I was supposed to got into glue and self-harm, horrible records. Got it in my head I was a human shield “working the shifts”. Difficult to explain but have a go hero they usually say so I fucked off analysis the glue was really helpful sniffing in the urban environment took things to their logical conclusion and revealed the satanic forces behind the High Street then they started watching me work for them. Spats amidst protocol: the chip in me head, bodybuilder in the playground after they switched my TV.

My problems make do. Voices for Joe. Respray. Empty job was unfortunate. Tooled up berserker. Odd vine taken to a lost house and washed. I was strong monster chaperone; no-one saw my

“Squirt” (a small plastic Jif Lemon bottle filled with industrial ammonia in a Jiffy bag), dusting myself off in front of the naked rambler. The birds started screaming started falling slowly the numbers game is gonna happen.

Went wild after mushrooms secret school then you know the Levels you speak into trees got all keys. Upon the fundamentals at university I learnt about the psychic in the library found a crystal ball in the woods the girl with orange braid walked through the window told of the “house of transmission” was in a band as me we played “volcanic rock” and 13 gig traps saw poster to the SDUK and work out what they mean moved away from all old the Maudsleys illuminating.

No idea what I looked like radio spoke secret channels. Rainbow rituals came to my hands at the heart of everything I did I resolved to work for the cause and effect never sacrificed yet I’m regarded as a threat eye hallucinate; access all areas.

There are other rays and drifting my first trip had three colours and cook. Remember November guys around the bonfire; snowed in to go country lanes on Moonlight so jumped out of Landrover stripped to waist waded through the white powder walls body heat melted escape route. Got it to market leant on grey to suss TEMPLATE-88 (thank you Mr Underwriter); remote viewed the Shirley Temple Sin-Bin. Savile Priest. UKDK MP ODs. The writing is on the wall underneath the coiled barbed and razor wire.

Big cloud enters we allow the deception you can see hold one hand half a foot in front of your face and the other hand double the distance beyond that both hands appear to be the same size but in true reality they are not – the far out one is smaller in perspective but your brain compensates and gives you false readings makes you think what else you are being fooled by.

You should listen to the SDUK they know it’s on about; man default evil. Come beyond men is therefore good my violence can be also. I go into your dirty hair precisely I’m a spider in the cellar a cock in outer-space the quickest solution: DON’T.

FREEDOM ROOM UPDATE

Entered this Manchester version 9 January 2014. Invites Only. Peculiar ties. The decor had changed to red-and-black. Into the Satanix. Spare pattern overcast. Fossilator. People too gone to be there, but present as one. The circus underground spells.

The theme of the rendezvous was “It Happened. Change the ending”. Self-harm frustration vibe; crash-and-burn nihilism with a token weirdness angle. A tattered blown-up typewritten knock-out poster gave a vague tabloid account about some 1981 London UFO crash. Specific words ringed, some with a fingerprint above, to spell out the hidden message that was too obtuse to decipher or even read properly in the dim and smoky drug-light. We got: “electronic sheets...four across the ocean...invisible star radiating ...Politics/Catholics are up in the air...ready for the future cast.”

Discordant thrash-horn music blared hideous from the special 5-loudspeaker arrangement: one at each bottom corner of the room and one in the centre of the ceiling forming a pyramid of sound. A disturbed individual named Five-Code Mike, a cultish cult reprogrammer from Miss Essex, was prancing about shouting “Crop circles are honeytraps!” as he prepared to make the trek to OZ. A naked gimp scapegoat with rubber cement smeared over his face and a peacock feather out his arse was chained to the damp wall screaming “Reverse psychology!” and “Adam snatch!” whilst the revellers sneered at him and half-heartedly poked with sticks. Some visiting Hungarian veterinary students thought it was cool to bare their fried egg breasts as two stunt cocks, or Keystone Cops, were handing out rainbow-coloured sugar-cubes with a spastic smile. The TV seemed to be beaming from the end of a long dark corridor. Many people dropped in, Frank Sinatra, Picasso, JFK. We decided to see Tweezers for advice, who was otherwise engaged, but a visiting medium suspected they were “code ghosts”, although insomuch as can be ascertained, we were speaking to the Bored Marquis, who plantard BLUE APPLES documents in universal libraries for a farrago of phantasm.

Unknown people were walking on the roof; something played with the curtains; pennies were thrown at backs. The roast was cold (congealed), the drinks watery, a colder atmosphere overhung, so we told the people entering (as we were leaving) to go somewhere else. It only hit the sweet spot after XTC decontamination cast by the Goofy German Girl via modified megaphone:

Feted flowers know they are being stalked in a shock dose, studying the cobweb screams, death aerials. You ain't nothing but a hound dog, devil on your chemtrail, sitting on a jailhouse rock. M[ind]K[ontrol]-ULTRA. Japanese rain.

We heard it was a giANT Spider Invasion, but don't spiders eat ants for breakfast? (Because they always 'break fast' when attacked). Sounds more like mONstrous machINe, for "Metal Mickey Mouse" is the usual *MODUS OPERANDI* they USE (MO-USE) on us children in varying disguises (Friends in New York). This explains the avid black helicopter harassment and the electric shocks from the fridge. Does this mean we are "white goods" to be "lifted"? Couple of friends been MILABbed. One acquaintance rabbit in the headlights encounter that defies coincidence. Date-rape drug rohypnol in her home bottled water. Sub-contractors. Subliminal control. Queue of punters waiting outside. Blank spot; woke up in a maize maze; scarred by non-terrestrial instruments. Found chips. Reliving everything, with much precog: "I do not think for the person of the party's house made which support the work. The location of laundry is frequently used. Open Plan," which is passing strange like the peculiar qualities of the bong chlorophyll.

The GGG protested she was in a hole as believers. Demonic voices coming from her chest was enough to convince us. Had no recall. No-one stood by her. She is a stranger we do not know, at best, yet there is "something between the telescopes".

Sky News: The NORTH-WEST-FRONT recommends: "Phone the Book with a corkscrew. The Planet Master in every door." The

reply was a giggle; six wet lips passed off an acronym slur—NWO = North West Order—to enlighten assembly on the spiral stair.

“What goes up...”

Not too sure about this Freedom Room lark. The stakes are high. Can we risk it? All-in-All it seemed seriously manipulated, perhaps even compromised, sized. These freakos were unsettling, but in the wrong way. There was a lot of Porcelain Mask, Cambrian Salts, hoax import. We were hearing voices, like the mind turning white noise into words. Meaninglessness dressed up as the cutting edge. But there are always alternatives. Coming and Going. Scarebeast. Undercaves. Makes you wonder... At home Jumping Jack climbs snakes and ladders on distant hill sets fire to vinegar and brown paper. Something like a queen approaches jewels for eyes worn in, orange glowing face. Gives him a black dice with smiles. Happy Pet Shop!

READER FEEDBACK

> GD, Hampstead: *What is the significance of your “Black Star” name and logo? Is it a coded reference to the Black Sun?*

Like all symbols, the Black Star has many meanings, both overt and covert. One overt meaning is that it glyphs the advanced human standing upright with arms and legs apart, becoming an interdimensional aerial. The human ribcage and two outstretched arms bones form the elements similar to a traditional visual/audio analogue television aerial, which can enable the human to operate as a Psychic TV. The electromagnetic life-force empowers it; the psychic sense tunes it in. Here is a further secret: the Black Star also functions as a magickal mirror. If you stare at the Black Star at the top of every *BSI* newsletter illuminated by a single candle you can communicate with the SDUK and our spirit-world allies the NORTH-WEST-FRONT.

> AM, Hounslow: *In BSI 1, you stated that King Solomon’s demons “are believed to control the whole human mind.” Could you elaborate on this disturbing proposition?*

We mean that the hierarchical order of the 72 Goetic demons rule or control the entire known and unknown (potential) abilities of the human mind, that are specifically listed alongside the name and seal of each demon. So by summoning and working with these entities one can do anything. All knowledge and powers can be brought to or activated in you.

It may be useful to regard each entity as a neutral ‘frequency matrix’ (note here that Indian music has 72 *thatas* or scales), but dangerous, with a ‘gangster’ vibe, rather than the unredeemable ‘evil foe’ version as supplied by Christianity, who need an ‘othered’ enemy in order to make their religion meaningful. Don’t mess about though, as it’s not a game. You can go mad or die, in a horror film that comes to life. Even if you just look at the entities’ seals in the right frame of consciousness you can conjure them up ‘without trying’. To paraphrase an ominous observation by the master magician Aleister Crowley: “It is easy to call up demons, as they are always calling you.” You don’t get anything for free, so consider just why such entities would want to help you and what payment do they expect?

An old and relatively safe method of observing just how these entities operate, without them seeing you, is to rise before the Sun on St George’s Day, turn all your clothes inside out and put them on. Then cut a green square of turf and place it on top of your head. You will become invisible, for this bewitches the entities, who believe that you are under the earth.

RADIO ROUNDUP

Oxford Don has resumed his broadcasts on the Jürgensen EVP Frequency (1485.0 kHz), starting at 00:00 UTC on Mondays. Intermittent signal with much drift. This midnight special comes in overlaid waves like the Victorian spirit photographs obtained by double or multiple exposure of eye film. The four broadcasts we have heard so far are far out; lecture-spectres speaking through the combinations. Potentious cycles; possible battleline factor.

Citizen Sane Radio is a very street-level, non-idiotic UFO-cum-Paranormal show that's presented by the genuine contactees-contactors who be Sacha Christie (UK) and Guy Weddle (USA): www.citizensaneradio.com

Ground Zero is a truly independent five-hour trip hosted by USA radio veteran Clyde Lewis, that covers the Fortean, Para-Political and the like: www.groundzeromedia.org

Wendy Connors and Roderick B. Dyke's *Faded Discs High Strangeness Guide* is a very cool collection of 1952-1976 UFO people in the forms of lecture, interview and radio broadcast: <https://archive.org/details/HighStrangenessGuide>

A series of *Byte Show* interviews with Peter Levenda (suspected author of the "Simon" *Necronomicon* and definite author of the *Sinister Forces: A Grimoire of American Political Witchcraft* trilogy) is here: www.thebyteshow.com/PeterLevenda.html

Music of Mind Control is a fun show that compiles the (sometimes very) weird and awful music made by spiritual and religious mind-warped cults: <http://musicofmindcontrol.blogspot.co.uk>

Mindset Central is a show that alternates between a general news and paranormal/weirdness during the same episode, with an interesting array of presenters and opinions from the USA and UK: www.mindsetcentral.com <https://soundcloud.com/mindsetcentral>

UFO Undercover is an intelligent show all about the UFOs and aliens, with an emphasis on alien contactee and abductee experiencers, where the real answers to these great mysteries are found: <http://ufoundercover.homestead.com> & <https://soundcloud.com/uprn> *UFO Undercover* was created and is hosted by Joe Montaldo, who knows what he's on about. Also see his International Community for Alien Research (ICAR): <http://icar1.homestead.com>

WEBSITES WORTH A GANDER

www.johnkeel.com | www.englishheritagearchives.org.uk
<http://ebooks.library.cornell.edu/w/witch/digital.html>
<http://england.prm.ox.ac.uk> | www.orionmindproject.com

ENDNOTES

- 1 The sources for this article up to here are: www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-25450555 & www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-25424290 & www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-23367877 & www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-25459567 & *The Sun* newspaper, 10 December 2013, p.7.
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- 3 <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cley>
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- 7 Neil Smith & Tim Masters, 'Theatreland shocked by West End 'tragedy'', 20 December 2013: www.bbc.co.uk/news/entertainment-arts-25459346
- 8 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-london-25792353
- 9 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-manchester-26080108
- 10 Peter Haining, *The Anatomy of Witchcraft*. Tandem 1974, p.147.
- 11 *The Sun* newspaper. 10 December 2013, p.19.
- 12 A=1 B=2 C=3 D=4 E=5 F=6 G=7 H=8 I=9 J=10 K=11 L=12 M=13 N=14 O=15 P=16 Q=17 R=18 S=19 T=20 U=21 V=22 W=23 X=24 Y=25 Z=26.
(On special occasions the sequence is reversed: Z=1 Y=2 X=3 W=4 V=5 ... D=23 C=24 B=25 A=26.)



BLACK STAR INTELLIGENCE

INFORMATION FROM THE AUTHENTIC CULTURAL UNDERGROUND • VOLUME I • NUMBER 4 • MAR 2014

Black Star Intelligence (BSI) both documents and promotes interesting weird, occult and artistic happenings in the North-West area of Great Britain and farther out. It is produced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (SDUK), which is a loose association of freethinkers present in every British community and alert to all resonances. If you wish to receive free future electronic PDF versions of *Black Star Intelligence* and other updates, then e-mail the SDUK at: sduknowledge@gmail.com

EDITORIAL

For those who don't yet seem able to get "where we're coming from", we do suggest ye stand in the bright circle of the Horned Moon, and read *Black Star Intelligence* across the two columns of text rather than down each one. Break the chain just once you know you won't mind. OK. Occult.

As William S. Burroughs often said: "We are here to go." And we are going to get off this planet by magickally accelerated self-evolution. Strident. Straight. This is not some "Umma Actifist" hyperbole, and almost certainly not the misguided posturings of TEMPLATE-88 types such as Stormlord Dominator, whom (appropriating a lot from Ernst Jünger) states that: "We are building the new man, the Storm Soldier, the elite of Central Europe. Cunning, strong, and packed with purpose. Battle-proven. Merciless both to himself and others." Mr Dominator and Herr Jünger obviously haven't realised that the true pure Super-Being would

never compare himself/herself to the humans. We are becoming an ENTIRELY NEW SPECIES, and never looking back.

The month in past we met two intelligent agents sporting the harlequin peacock, who is black, but casts a purple sheen on the flagstones. The duo showed us the “Boulton Square”, a most dark purple heavy woven cloth pulled from dreams, that signs you in blood. Hidden scenes going behind on, whilst others live without curtains. Ghost Radio X omnisound to telepathic teenagers:

In a dream I killed the Queen / It didn't seem that's what I mean / The stage was stark / Her buttocks split apart / Then she dissolved in a huge grey fart.

This rather vulgar and awkward verse is not a 13 prophecy; it's more towards her meddling in the Gay Priest Question, forbidding them to marry via Bishop's Letter, giving Roger Vicar the third degree. The driving force against these yoked dragons is Code 33, a number that glyphs the act of “two-of-a-kind” anal sex, the left middle-band receiving the right's erected. A man cooks amid damage. Vampire storeys.

BRAIN DEMONS UPDATE

In connexion to the first mention in *BSI 1*, the feedback in *BSI 3*, and yet further questions about sources, we should add here that the 72 demonic spirits/Names of God may even be actual *parts* of the human brain.¹

WOOLWICH UPDATE

In *BSI 2*, we told you of the KILLGORE coding. Related information has just reached our desk of another, earlier USA horrible event involving Brian and Shannon GORE, who in 2011 were accused of murdering one boy child and keeping their 6-year-old daughter malnourished in a makeshift cage. *Brian* = Brain Gore; *Shannon* codes to the Shannon Matthews case in the UK, when

on 19 February 2008, this 9-year-old girl was reported missing in Dewsbury, West Yorkshire, generating a massive police search and media coverage. 24 days later, she was later found under a bed less than a mile from her home, the victim of a crude money-making plot that was hatched by her mother Karen and Michael Donovan, Karen's boyfriend's uncle, who were both later jailed for Shannon's kidnap.²

Back to Virginia, USA. Police said Brian and Shannon Gore imprisoned their young handicapped daughter in a tiny cage, naked and covered in faeces and bed sores. As they only fed her a single Pop-Tart in the morning and another Pop-Tart or sandwich at night, her bones were visible and she was forced to eat her own skin. Cops also found the corpse of another child buried on Gore property.³ By 'Snails' (Jesus' nails), this is a disgusting use of words for programming nothing better. (The Gores were convicted guilty in 2013.)

BLUE FLAME UPDATE

More on the 'Blue Flame' Witches Flag we brought to light in *BSI* 2. We note the blue race of Shiva and the blue god Krishna in the Hindu religion. The Blue Bloods of aristocracy and royalty. The 'human' (maybe not all-human) babies born with a blue tinge to their skin and known as "Blue Babies". The Project BLUEBIRD (a CIA operation to create programmed multiple-personality agents).

The term 'Blue Flame Witch' appears to derive from the very real-seeming hallucinations of Martians, passed to Earth Men by telepathy and autosuggestion so that they see them too. One Martian man squats alone in the darkness, whilst out of his mouth issues "a blue flame" that then turns into "the round shape of a small naked woman", who flourishes on the air softly in vapours of cobalt light, whispering and sighing, according to Ray Bradbury,⁴ and he should know, given his advanced perceptors.

Much earlier than Ray, the Fortean pioneer (who was so much so they named the genre after him), Charles Fort, recorded that:

I have a very convincing datum that the ancient Britons were blue ones. Of course we are told by conventional anthropologists that they only painted themselves blue, but in our own advanced anthropology, they were veritable blue ones – *Annals of Philosophy*, 14-51: Note of a blue child born in England. That's atavism.⁵

THE WEIRD WEIRD WORLD OF NAMES

Last August, when journalist Glenn Greenwald's partner-cum-errand boy was detained at London's Heathrow airport and had his digital media (probably ultimately obtained from the ex-US National Security Agency contractor turned whistleblower Edward Snowden) seized in the interests of national security under Schedule 7 of the *Terrorism 2000 Act*, his name was not 'Smith' or 'Jones', but David MIRANDA. This surely codes to the 'Miranda Rights' that have to be read to anyone arrested in the USA (whose spooks probably ordered the UK to detain Miranda): "You have the right to remain silent..." (i.e. to refuse to answer any self-incriminating questions).

Miranda Rights were officially established in 1966 as a result of the United States Supreme Court case of *Miranda vs. State of Arizona*. This Ernesto Miranda was a Mexican man who had a disturbed personality/sexual fantasy inclination, and he was initially convicted (based on circumstantial evidence) of the kidnap and rape of an 18-year-old girl. David Miranda is Brazilian and gay – so you can see the main subtextual linkage attempted here: that all foreigners and homosexuals are mentally ill and a danger to any country. No surprise that David Miranda's solicitor was Gwendolen Morgan of BINDMANS and the Metropolitan Police's national counter-terrorism co-ordinator, Helen BALL, welcomed the ruling.⁶ Here we have the secondary subtext, broadcast from the totalitarian Shadow Government to all liberals and hippies, etc: "Play BALL and conform to our laws or we will BIND you in chains, MAN."

More recently, last February it was mass reported that the dog who mauled baby Ava-Jayne Corless to death was actually named 'KILLER'. Ava-Jayne is said to have been savaged in her sleep as her mum, surname KING, sat downstairs with her boyfriend, surname WRIGHT, at the latter's house in BLACKBURN. I.e. "The BLACK Flame of Satan is the RIGHT way, and will conquer the KING (Jesus), for the world is now CORELESS, with no central morality." As if this wasn't obvious enough, Chief Superintendent Chris BITHELL of Lancashire Police said Killer was a pit bull type breed banned under the Dangerous Dogs Act.⁷ "No LAW will stop the Devil Dogs from inflicting their BITING HELL." (DOGS being a Satanic Reversal of GODS.)

Then we have the extraordinary nomenclature of our politicians and their colleagues. The Conservative MP for the Lichfield Constituency: Michael FABRICANT,⁸ a cloned test-tube experiment? Or just an impostor in the possessed-by-aliens/demons vein? Then there's Conservative MP for Old Bexley & Sidcup: James BROKENSHIRE,⁹ that is really taking the piss. The recent deliberately ironic resignation of hardline immigration minister Mark Harper after he'd employed an illegal immigrant as a cleaner made way for his replacement, the ludicrously-named aforementioned BROKENSHIRE,¹⁰ that offers little reassurance to the inhabitants of our fair Shires. (And don't forget JON KAY,¹¹ a BBC news reporter and sometime presenter of BBC 1's *Breakfast*, amongst other TV/Radio shows, and the current Australian Prime Minister JOHN KEY: both a doom goon drone JUNKY for the Queen and her propaganda/policies.)

We know that many Conservative and Labour MPs and other Establishment types are magnetically "minor-attracted" (check out <http://labour25.com> and the gay male clientele of the Elm Guest House in London),¹² and the general hard-drinking older-to-younger man sexual predator pervert culture of the British Parliament that was exposed by the MP Nigel Evans' case.¹³ By the names you can see just what sort of 'rock' the coalition gov-

ernment is built upon: Patrick Rock: part of the “upper echelons” of the Conservative Party for three decades, working for Thatcher then headhunted for Cameron version in 2011. Rock resigned last month then was arrested the very next day (a day before St Valentine’s Day) on the suspicion of offence related to child abuse imagery. Kinda ironic, as just last year he was working on policies to rid the internet of child abuse.¹⁴

Paedophilia and Terrorism are the main thrusts here, a strong evidence of the latter being last month’s revelation that the first suicide bombing in the Syrian conflict to be carried out by a Brit-on (at a prison in Aleppo that resulted in its inmates escaping) was perpetrated last month by Abdul Waheed Majid, whose UK house was located on MARTYRS Avenue, Langley Green, in West Sussex. The BBC added that one of his neighbour’s, a ‘Nita BATEMAN’, said that the previous occupant of Majid’s house was Roy Whiting, murderer of 8-year-old schoolgirl Sarah Payne in 2000 in West Sussex. BATEMAN codes to Patrick Bateman, the Manhattan businessman and serial-killer central character in Bret Easton Ellis’ 1991 novel, *American Psycho* and its film adaptation. (Patrick Bateman’s father and younger brother first appear in Bret Easton Ellis’ preceding novel, *The Rules of Attraction* [1987], that are what the Name Game Players rely on in their word-magic.) PAYNE = PAIN. “The rich elite killers will continue to inflict pain on their victims.”

In an interview with BBC Radio 4’s *The World This Weekend*, BROKENSHERE said he believed the “security concern” linked to Syria was “likely to be with us for the foreseeable future”, and that the govt’s “biggest worry” is when British-born fighters return to us “radicalised”.¹⁵ This angle was pushed widely by the black mass media, the *Telegraph* scaring: “British people fighting in Syria are being trained as “jihadists” and then encouraged to return to the UK to launch attacks on home soil, an al-Qaeda defector and Western security sources have told the *Telegraph*.” The first co-writer of this 19 Jan 2014 article is Ruth SHERLOCK,¹⁶ who

probably doesn't have HO[L]MES on Martyrs Avenue. Stick it in the "Old Roger" File, with an unknown man speaking two languages among the blue-bells.

up to 500 Britons extremist anti to start new terror cells indoctrinated. Shit at stake – a perfect circle detonates. Suspect to be freed from controls. directed back to UK spy agency by growing holy warriors explode themselves in Europe. Everyone named a target. Actor terrorism ISIS units the sentiment was virulent. Suicide stronghold happened in secret across the border is killing them.

On 16 February 2014, another bolster article on the "250+ re-turning radicalised" angle appeared in the *Sunday Times*,¹⁷ written by David LEPPARD ['LEOPARD NEVER LOSES HIS SPOTS' coding], fearcasting a "returnee" terror cell Mumbai-style gun attack on civilians in a crowded public place; those suspected wanting to carry out attacks here or of inciting others to do so.

There are more name-codings to the Clutha (CLUE THERE) Police helicopter crash in Scotland last November, that we covered in *BSI* 3. Although it had no black box, and no CCTV cameras filmed the crash, the pilot and crew made no mention of difficulties with the aircraft and did not send any emergency messages in their radio transmissions, and the copter was operated by BOND Air Services,¹⁸ there is no conspiracy or code link to British MI6 agent JAMES BOND, who is, after all, "Licensed to kill". The cause of the crash is still unexplained.

The hovering aircraft was an 'Eurocopter EC 135'. By the A1 Cipher: EUROCOPTER = 136 = THE WINGED GLOBE. E+C+135 = 143 = BE A CIRCLE SQUARED. This has most awesome esoteric implications, that we shall desist from inking. Suffice to say that the United States atomic submarine that sailed under the North Pole in 1958 'just happened' to be named the NAUTILUS, after the machine described in the prophetic initiate Jules Verne's

novel *Twenty-Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. “Those fighters beneath the sea don’t see in the NOUGHT-EYELESS house, where all is dark unthinking.” Automatic Drones.

In early February 2014, as we were lying in bed thinking about all these weird names appearing in the media, BBC Radio 4 interviewed “Ronald McDonald”, a bigtime economics professor at Glasgow University in Scotland. Insane Capitalist Message, scary clown imprintings. The professor is actually spelled Ronald MacDonald, but it sounds exactly the same on radio. Ronald co-developed the BEER (Behavioural Equilibrium Exchange Rate) approach with Peter Clark at the IMF, that has been widely used by central banks and other money fuckers “to assess the degree of misalignment of major currencies.”

Later prompts from spirit shewed us that the Name Game was stepped up in 2007, with detailed connective subtext implants present via the names. That year experienced a religious-coded attack by convicted sex-killer German Ulrich MUENSTERMANN, i.e. THE MONSTER MAN, who lived in Swindon as a television repair man during the 1990s. His first name ‘Ulrich’ subtext-codes to the paid actors Ulrich Pleitgen (Presiding Judge: ‘Good’ Guy symbol) and Ulrich Tukur (Andreas Baader: ‘Bad’ Guy symbol), who both starred in the 1986 film *Stammheim: Die Baader-Meinhof-Gruppe vor Gericht* about the infamous German left-wing terrorist group.

The Monster Man is believed by authorities to have also rape-murdered English teacher and student Joanna PARRISHIN in 1990. Her corpse was found in a river around 30 miles from AVALLOON. “The (demon-possessed) Monster Man destroys the ‘PARISH’”. Judge PRATS (!) appealed for the public’s help to solve the case and police believe the Monster also slayed Miss BATON, found raped and strangled at her house in AVALLOON. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth’s 1136 AD book *Historia Regum Britanniae*, the maybe-real Isle of Avalon is where King Arthur’s sword Excalibur was forged and later where Arthur was taken to

recover from his wounds after the great Battle of Camlann. In Geoffrey's later work, *Vita Merlini*, he renamed the island as "Insula Pomorum" (the Isle of Apples). "An apple a day keeps the doctor away", so the Monster Man kills in Avallon, a site deliberately chosen by his hidden controllers. Like Herman Munster a sub-Frankenstein's Monster, created by the elite fiddlers. He has since "passed the BATON" on to other mind-controlled assassins on beck and call.

BARON HILL MANSION VAMPIRE SHOCK!

In *BSI 1*, we reported our recent visit to the very eerie Baron Hill mansion near Beaumaris, so were curious to learn that one of the two leading lights in the much-fetished Highgate Vampire case, David Farrant, and his group had also investigated the place back in 1982. In his text article,¹⁹ Mr Farrant states that it was difficult to get information at first, but he finally learned that local rumour posited the mansion haunted by a "terrible spectre", supposedly a roaming "vampire", and that "nobody would venture near the place at night."

The police told Mr Farrant's group that the mansion had "a sinister reputation" and was the ancestral home of the Buckley family. Cold spots, pressure drops, a slamming window shutter, non-true North compass readings, an ominous "watching you" force and a sighting of a female spectre were experienced inside the mansion by Mr Farrant's group, who also discovered steps leading down to a small vault containing "at least six coffins" on concrete shelves, that Mr Farrant suggests may be situated on unconsecrated ground! We had not known of this family resting place, but it sure explains a lot, and we will certainly be wearing garlic should we ever return there, with or without other possessions. Whether we shall or not venture there, we will certainly be making a soon visit to this Highgate in North London, in search of the Highgate Vampire. Not to stake or exorcise, but to understand, the entity.

UNORTHODOX GIRLFRIEND FINDING

We realise many of our readership are loner weirdos who tend to shun human contact, that makes getting a sex-partner difficult, unless one is prepared to pay ladies of the night. So here's some low-cost tactics suited for the anti-socialists:

- 1) Get a business card printed up and give yourself a mysterious title or occupation. This means you don't awkward say things have to, just give her your card, in person, or put it through her letterbox with an alluring invitation written on the back.
- 2) Get a "talking point": a dog, an unusual walking stick, hat, etc. This breaks the ice and provides an easy opportunity for the crucial first words of the conversation.
- 3) Hang around at "suicide spots" such as bridges, where you will meet women desperate to talk to someone who will understand. You can save them mentally or even physically and be a true friend happily ever after.
- 4) Just show a keen interest in the woman. They appreciate being noticed by men. It's natural.

END OF MISSION

For the past six months, the SDUK has been steadfastly engaged in groundbreaking work re: British Destiny. Our LSD sex séances unfolded the atmosphere; we reached in and shook a cold clammy hand. The Maudsleys had come to tea. We absorbed their message, at first a delight to the mind, but now they have moved on. And it seems we must too, due to our strong suspicions that the previously-believed 'spirit-world' transmissions we have received from Harold and Catherine Maudsley were in fact actually sent to us direct from the Maudsley Psychiatric Hospital located at Denmark Hill in South London, England. It is the largest mental health training institution in the UK, so there's big money behind the scenes and the connected mind-control.

Whether the actual source was a patient or a group of users based there or it was a State-sponsored synthetic telepathy OP via advanced machinery is at present unclear, but on scoping out (RV) the location of this execrable arte it is obvious the senders hold hostile designs against all freedomeers, and that these senders are in danger to be damned, for they say that:

... the trend in bananas is set by Mr Rainbow. We were given the job to revel in the comic opera as a picturesque but uninvited bunch in the business, our black wavy hair hung to shamed Munchausen, the shoulders with a beard. Day of declaration of war flowed; a scar conducting that seemed to hold a secret for killing sex. Blood was the thing, the details worn like a sword. Array of arms among people with a passion particularly revelled. Each time we hear the knives or smell the polished holsters we are patting an ominous bulge in pants, plain with a fiendish grin. Two phrases invariably crept into us: 'sly grin' and 'major-domo'.

It is also possible that the Maudsley-SDUK contact involved a sophisticated attempt to smear-link us to Robert Maudsley, aka: "The Original Hannibal Lecter", an abused child who grew up to kill. Whist banged up in Broadmoor, in 1977 he and another inmate kidnapped a paedophile and tortured him for nine hours before he was strangled by Maudsley. The man's skull had been cracked open with part of the brain missing and a spoon hanging out of the cranium. After more killings, Maudsley is now living in solitary confinement in a special two-cell glass cage, similar to the one featured in the horror film *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991).

Although spiritualism is best known as the preserve of the beardy-weirdy rich and their ladies in risqué parlour games, look closer and you will find that it actually was a (non-National) Socialist plot, designed to spread feverishly amongst the working classes for control purposes, assisted by the conversion of Robert

Owen, the ultra utopian socialist and the real founder of the co-operative movement. He had a strong following in the North of England – Maudsley territory.

England's very first spiritualist journal, the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, had emerged by 1855, and was majorly aimed at the working/lower-middle-class, and in that pivotal code year 1888, in the very same Yorkshire, an occult magazine entitled the *Lamp of Thoth* was founded by a dubious group of fortune-tellers, some of whom were devotees of Hiram Butler, the American free love, food reform and spiritualist advocate. Some of the magazine's articles were signed 'Secretary Ros. Crux', i.e. the 'Secret Airy Rosicrucian', and who is the "prince of the power of the air"? SATAN (*Ephesians* 2:2), the "prince of this world" (*John* 12:31), who deceiveth manwoman (2 *Corinthians* 4:3-4), who themselves doth seek nothing more than a hot whore, and other ceremonial toys. Other contents of the *Lamp of Thoth* were said to have been reproduced from books of Black Magic. This same aforementioned "Secretary Ros. Crux" also acquired a goat that was to be sacrificed at the next full meeting of the cult.²⁰ The darker shades of séance land, graven in the negatives.

Until we have the truth of the matter, all outer SDUK work has been halted. We have "circled the wagons" and from now on shall operate as a thinktank, away from public view. This was already "on the cards" anyhow, for we must CULT: pool our money and possessions then interact as a self-contained "US & THEM" unit away from the masses, to fully develop our superior elitist worldview and doctrine. We have Monk Urges and copious stavesacre (a preparation from delphinium seeds used for killing fleas). Evil Angel Go, for the Monarch of the Sky can have no mercy on a devil incapable of repenting.

For the foreseeable future, this should be regarded as the final issue of *Black Star Intelligence* (BSI). Our e-mail address has also been deleted. Do not try to contact us by other methods as we will not reply. Goodbye.

ENDNOTES

- 1 See Aleister Crowley's 'The Initiated Interpretation of Ceremonial Magic' in his wild edition of *The Book of the Goetia of Solomon the King*, published by the Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth, 1904, and republished in 1976 by The Equinox (Booksellers & Publishers) Ltd., a company that was owned by the Led Zeppelin guitarist and sorcerer, Jimmy Page. Presumably, then, this "Page likes Pages", refracting.
- 2 www.mirror.co.uk/all-about/shannon%20matthews
- 3 <http://abcnews.go.com/US/virginia-parents-accused-murder-keeping-starving-child-cage/story?id=13528448>
- 4 Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*. Panther Books, 1977, pp.41-42 (first published in 1951 by Rupert Hart-Davis as *The Silver Locusts*).
- 5 Charles Fort, *The Book of the Damned*. Boni & Liveright, 1919, p.164.
- 6 www.theguardian.com/world/2014/feb/19/david-miranda-detention-lawful-court-glenn-greenwald
- 7 www.mirror.co.uk/news/uk-news/blackburn-dog-attack-first-picture-3135808
- 8 www.michael.fabricant.mp.co.uk
- 9 www.jamesbrokenshire.com
- 10 www.telegraph.co.uk/comment/telegraph-view/10625653/James-Brokenshire-the-new-immigration-minister-must-offer-reassurance.html
- 11 www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b006v5tb/presenters/jon-kay
- 12 www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2272253/Timebomb-Elm-Guest-House-Pop-stars-bishop-politician-appear-list-seized-police-investigating-child-abuse-London-hotel-1980s.html
- 13 www.channel4.com/news/sexual-harassment-culture-in-parliament-exposed-westminster-commons
- 14 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-26428308
- 15 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-26214793
- 16 www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/middleeast/syria/10582945/Al-Qaeda-training-British-and-European-jihadists-in-Syria-to-set-up-terror-cells-at-home.html
- 17 www.thesundaytimes.co.uk/sto/news/uk_news/National/article1376586.ece
- 18 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-scotland-glasgow-west-26194408
- 19 <http://davidfarrant.org/TheHumanTouch/beaumaris-the-elusive-vampire>
- 20 See Francis King, *Ritual Magic in England*. New English Library 1973, pp.32-33.

