



“No-one has ever written, painted, sculpted, modelled, constructed,
or invented anything, except literally to get out of hell.”

ANTONIN ARTAUD



BLACK GLOWS & MANIFESTOS by MARK REEVE

Mark Reeve was born in April 1968 in the county of Norfolk, England, according to potent astro-theological conditions. His earliest memories are of feeling different from everyone else and perceiving strange phenomena, soon followed by what could be termed “UFO and alien close encounters and abductions”. After this terrifying yet rewarding series of events he developed an intense and continuous interest in Otherness and the possibilities of an expanded consciousness. He was co-founder of the reformed OKOK magical-art organisation and contributing editor of its journal, *SINIS*, its instructional text, *The OKOK Manual*, and newsletter, *The Horns*. These days he creates in a variety of mediums and genres.

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A GRIMORIAL MANIFESTO

The Earth People get interested in many things, even rather strange and outré things, but I have always found it curious that—apart from the mystics, Bishop George Berkeley’s Idealist School of philosophy,¹ and few others—people rarely consider what should be the stark fact that a person does not know how anyone else thinks, or what they see. Someone’s inner eye could be showing a vast vista of cogwheels turning amongst sentient sparks, their outer eyes looking at something but it’s silhouetted against cosmic voids. No-one standing there in reality is truly objective because everyone is subjective, or, perchance, everyone is truly objective but individually so? Whatever the score or more, human and other’s thoughts do make the world and the imagination is the real world, or rather a more real world than the physical one, because the imagination has access to other dimensions and can communicate with the denizens of these locales, and those who visit Planet Earth.

This of course is the art of Magick, and the fundamental principle of Magick is obtaining the knowledge and conversation of these aforementioned entities, not the casting of spells to obtain physical items, or to bewitch your neighbour, and so. There has been much talk of the so-called “Disclosure Program”, by which the secret powers-that-be ensconced in various terrestrial governments are supposedly revealing the existence of aliens,² but the aliens themselves have been disclosing their existence to all sorts of humans since the dawn of time, transmitting their wisdom to those sensitive enough to receive it, such as the Enochian system given to John Dee & Edward Kelley in the late-16th Century³ and *Liber AL vel Legis* given to Aleister Crowley in the early-20th Century.⁴ The former transmission helped create the British Empire and the latter transmission informed the hippy counterculture movement. Two very important manifestations, though with very different goals. Such tutelary giftings tend to

appear out of 'nowhere', have a world-changing goal, and thus want to draw in even more humans. Hence both of the aforementioned matrices also contain a practical method which enables the practitioner to contact and commune with the source.⁵

As for the Ultimate Creator, aka "God", Nature abhors a vacuum so life does have a purpose, otherwise it would not be here. And as everything is here and works right it probably has an Ultimate Creator. But can God make a rock that is too heavy for God to lift? If God can or cannot, it proves that God is not all-powerful. If there is no ultimate higher power, no God, and no justice or punishment after so-called 'death', no consequences for our actions, then why does not everyone go around doing whatever they like? And if Christians really hate the enemy, the Devil, then why don't they drop their doctrinal differences then all get together and fight to kill him? Have they ever tried? And conversely, if Satan and his demons really do hate humans because we were made in God's image, then why don't they possess some human workers to cause a nuclear explosion or something. Have they ever tried? Three letters spell GOD; sunlight can only be reflected three times; and the three points of the triangle contain an All-Seeing EYE, that three-lettered palindrome, which for the initiates symbolises the perfect alignment of Will-Desire-Belief, by which wonders are worked. For the rest of the peoples the Single Eye is CYCLOPS = psy-ops on a continual programming cycle, tantalising the mined.

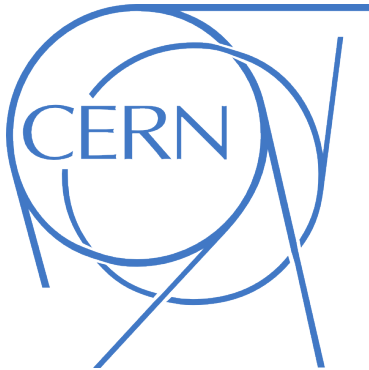
It is a great mystery how humans survived the rigours of prehistoric life. We should not be here, for unlike cows and other animals who are born ready to stand up and get things done, we are born helpless, and in need of constant mentoring until at least age five, and are still not fully mature adults until around 25-years-of-age. There must have been outside intervention, by aliens or something even stranger, which gives credence to the Bloodline Theory, which states that in the very distant past there was alien-human contact and/or

interbreeding, and that these non-human entities follow the bloodline down the ages, instructing generation after generation (and if these aliens have a longer lifespan than humans, it is possible that the a single alien oversees and interacts with multiple members of the same family for centuries).⁶ If so, it would also be theoretically possible for a bloodline human to activate his-or-her DNA or whatever on their own, to gain their inherent alien wisdom and abilities. The transformational Kundalini/Chi/Vril power and so-called ‘schizophrenia’ plus similar wider-minded states of awareness may be relevant here.

Human life includes death and the knowledge of this event, so it must have a spiritual purpose, it’s not just just a maze of materialism. Otherwise, if there is no divine judgement after ‘death’, no higher-dictated consequences for our actions, then why don’t we do whatever we want to down here? The tree rings and onion layers suggest a multitude of dimensions all in contact with each other, so we may assume we are here to go elsewhere, depending on how we act. By right thought and action now we can avoid annihilation and be reborn, or just pass over complete, into some other world or state of existence. Don’t fool yourself that scientific research and development isn’t being done in this field. Esotericists have been doing this for a long while. The Knights Templar were in possession of sacred geometry secrets,⁷ which is why they built round churches so there were no corners where demons could hide. An arch exemplar of this is their former headquarters, the Temple Church in the City of London, England. One could easily surmise that the secret purpose of the Templar’s expeditions to the Middle East was a search of further sacred geometry secrets, to complete the knowledge necessary to build a stargate to other dimensions.

Today’s military-industrial scientists (the “Men in White Coats”, who come to take some of us away)⁸ are fusing this ancient wisdom with a combination of Artificial Intelligence (AI), biological computers and other hi-tech devices, to enable a select few humans to dimension-travel. It is hidden in plain sight/site, via CERN’s Hadron Collider, that has a secret dimensional portal application.

The way it sends particles around a large ring may be cognate with the ancient folk-magick ritual of walking in circles around a place, looking for clues about it, whereby entities can be summoned and occult doors may be opened.



The official CERN logo. Retrieved on 22 January 2020 from: <https://home.cern>

CERN's official logo (shown left) consists of five sixes: the Number of the Beast-Man (666)⁹ and the Number of the Darkside Occult (66).¹⁰ $5 \times 6 = 30$. By the A1 Cipher,¹¹ we discover that: $30 = \text{AI AI AI} = \text{ABCDEFGAA}$. The Unholy Trinity of: 1) Artificial Intelligence (AI) Transhumanism, 2) Magickal Word Spelling, 3) the Freemasonic-Argenteum Astrum axis (G[AOTU]/A.:A.:).¹² The logo is based on a Vesica Piscis,¹³ a symbol for the interdimensional portal. Its two circles symbolise this world and another world, inbetween which is

the central part or "mandorla", a form of lens that is shaped like a vertical single-eye, cognate with the aforementioned All-Seeing Eye in the Triangle which watches the Earth world(s) from another realm, "on high".¹⁴

What if the sky rolled back like a scroll? Maybe it would have done, had the sabotage attempt on the Hadron Collider by human magi (laughed off as being caused by a piece of bread!)¹⁵ been successful. It was deemed necessary because humans rule this world, and non-humans rule the other worlds, but members of a wizardic Black Lodge are deliberately opening portals and granting the necessary consent for demons to enter so they can ultimately take over this world. Even at a lower level, how many ouija-board portals are opened each day around the world, and what do they let in? Similarly, what do our thoughts let into us every day? Especially if capitalism, politics, even materialism, etc., are vehicles of a hostile non-human intelligence, who uses these belief-webs like a virus to infect and influence people. It would explain how these arbitrary and unnecessary belief-webs seem to have a parasitical immortality.

We are certainly regularly visited by all manner of mysterious human-looking entities, some of who come to our front doors, such as the Men-In-Black, Women-In-Black, Black-Eyed Children, Phantom Social Workers (not to be confused with Paul Fantom, policy officer for the British Association of Social Workers, who fought against their impostors),¹⁶ the Jehovah's Witness glisteners and Mormon magnets (the founder of the latter religion, Joseph Smith, claimed that from 1823 he was visited on numerous occasions by the angel Moroni, who directed him to the golden plates buried in a hill near to his home, which were the source material for the *Book of Mormon*).¹⁷ Their multitude of guises are a mask for the Unknown One.

People who suddenly pass into the otherworld and become spirits at first think they are dreaming. Time does not exist there so they can wander around for years, hence modern homes haunted by ancient Romans, etc. They try to get the attention of their loved ones or others, and do not understand why they are ignored, so can throw things around in desperation or anger, in order to be noticed, and are often mistakenly regarded as unquiet spirits such as poltergeists and demons. They cannot be happy and move on to the next level until they realise they are not dreaming and it is real, that they are already on another realm of existence.

It is my quest to interact with and understand the above. I can't help it. My surname sounds a lot like *rêve*, the French word for 'dream', hence reverie, trance and fugue states; wondering the line between genius and madness (there is no line). I am a high-head, and consider the best a boring exotic novelty. Hence my move from the city to a rural, marginal place on the outskirts, because such locales are more liminal, numinous and magickal, and enable the seeker to marginalise themselves from the mundane even further, to intensify the magickalness. As a physically- and mentally-celibate Hermit here I have sounded the depths of my being and traversed the extra-rationalist substratum of

awareness. This has shown me that existence is: “As Above, So Below. As Without, So Within”; that there is nothing anywhere that is not inside us; that we are in communication with all parts of the universe (multiverse) as well as with all future and past; that everything is important for it has an effect, and even sleepers (dreamers) in their second life are workers and collaborators with the ‘usual’ reality, where sometimes the things in trance or dreams emerge amongst us. As the Surrealist poet Paul Eluard observed: “There is another world, but it is in this one.”

It is a matter of knowing and utilising the “actioning alignments”: the fundamental yet arcane magickal geography, geometry and cartography of this and other dimensions. This is the key to, and the very nature of, sorcery, which can be wielded when the triangle of Will-Desire-Belief are correctly unified. How is this done? By stopping inessential thinking and believing to conserve what normally manifests, saving up power for the single great act.

What is termed the “occult” (from the Latin *occultus*: ‘hidden’, ‘secret’) is often not, for it is known and safe, like a recipe book. The true occult is the Unknown, all authentic Mysteries. Hence I decided to jettison all of the accepted symbolism, paraphernalia and other stumbling blocks of magick into the abyss, and instead concentrate on developing a highly-biased individual praxis, entering the reverie garden, ideally fugue states, in order to reach these areas that are never on any map. I used to do rituals but then I realised they are just to get you in the visionary state. So now I just get straight into that state. This isn’t difficult for me, as I have always detested normality, the mundane drudgery of the daily grind, the way public transport always takes the same route, the one dung for all, so early on I began to disassociate, zone out, and found that state/place to be far more interesting than the one I came back to after the schoolteacher or other soft-cop shouted at or cajoled me to return. (This is the real reason why the hardcore skeptic haunts occult websites and gatherings, etc., instead of simply avoiding the subject. He-or-she is afraid of the occult

and so attempts to make everyone else as scared as he-or-she is, in order to lessen the possibility of the occult to manifest. The skeptic also asks why don't psychics try and see next week's lottery numbers or magickians conjure up a wad of money. But some do do such things. The trouble is there's more to it than that. Suppose a sorcerer does a spell to get easy money. A few days later he is down a lonely alleyway and a lovely old lady taking her life savings to the bank drops her bulging purse then shuffles onwards, unaware of her loss. An obvious result, but what would the sorcerer become if he took it? And if the sorcerer gave it back to the old lady he would be insulting the demon who has worked long and hard to bring the original situation about.)

Far too many magickal and spiritual groups are pyramid-schemes, the few members at the top ripping off the many lower members for money and sex and stringing them along with the promise of eventually imparting supposedly wondrous hidden information. What is 'needed' is a return to the prehistoric hunter-gatherer society paradigm, that operated as a high meritocracy based on demonstrable ability, but with the coming of agriculture and a few greedy people who amassed more wealth than the rest of the population, it has since been eclipsed by the sociopathic/psychopathic swindlers who demand money so they can appease the spirits and do rituals to ensure good future fortune, and offer initiation into this for large sums of money and/or goods. Much of it is a sham, using stage magic trickery and other deceptive legerdemain. We all know the term "useful idiots", who are unknowingly or knowingly manipulated by the Cryptocracy, but there's also "useful geniuses" and "useful average" people. Besides, at the end of the day we all work for the Cryptocracy.

I like goats, darking myself on the macabre, yet I am a good man. I cry when I accidentally step on a snail, crushing its innocence. And no, not mad. I am the sanest person I know (although I am not me). I don't even describe myself as a "Magickian," and if I see one coming I cross the street or take other evasive action. I dislike their (unearned) arrogance, not to mention their spiritual

one-upmanship. For all their grandiose claims most of these people remain living a mundane life in the system. The last glimmer of hope was Chaos Magick, contemporary with punk, that was a Great Rock ‘N’ Roll Swindle, as did Chaos Magick become, its Rock & Roll elements the stoner ball. Even the two main founders of Chaos Magick, Peter J. Carroll & Ray Sherwin, resigned from the once-pioneering Chaos Magick cult the Illuminates of Thanateros (IOT) in disdain.¹⁸ The antecedents are more interesting, such as the Decadent Count Eric Stanislaus Stenbock, who created his own personal pick-and-choose religion. Eclecticism & Synthesis are the Keys; an approach akin to the “modular mysticism” of Rama (Dr Frederick Lenz), an American guru with an amazing perm hairdo, who got very rich then killed himself by jumping into the bay next to his house in 1998.¹⁹ What is chosen quixotic perhaps, but certainly an improvement on the KnowAll-&KnowNothing teacher-pupil paradigm. Has anyone reached the perfect combination of traditions yet? (Having said that, is magick done by the direct imposition of the human will or is it done on our behalf by angels or demons? The snow covers so much of the world. I always think of the dead also.)

I am redeveloping an action-direct form of magick that the psychedelic cave-people practised before time. I call this “Prehistoricraft.” Here one is both guru and neophyte, for the matter is within you, is part of your being. The vestiges of Prehistoricraft can be found in Hereditary Witchcraft, which has survived in rural Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex. It was first based around agriculture. Farmers were out in Nature a lot in all seasons and noticed its processes and elemental spirits, and astrological influences (that the best time to plant is at the Waxing Moon, etc.). They recorded some of this knowledge in the Almanacs,²⁰ and some of the less secretive ones doubled as Cunning Men or Wise Women. But the essential practice has always relied on the best use of one’s present time and energy, not books and grimoires, especially those written by someone else.

Right now what we know as “clairvoyance” back then they regarded as “seeing more”. They needed to know if there were any animals to kill in a wood, and if there were any bigger animals that could kill the hunters. It was a matter of life or death, literally. So they needed an immediate and accurate answer. I don’t think they astrally protected, although maybe one of them did whilst the others guarded him or her. I think in most cases the right answer just arose, as it does today in the minds of psychic mediums. Flashes or segments of pictures, words, voices, whatever appear ‘out of the blue’, or from spirit guides, perhaps disembodied ancestors, or the subconscious mind, that already knows everything past, present and future, and the positive or negative beliefs we give it, which become organic and structure reality itself.

One can access the subconscious by sigils, which take the ineffective conscious desire and make it organic in the subconscious.²¹ They work on the same principle as when something is on the “tip of your tongue” but you can’t remember it. If you concentrate on this desire then forget all about it, later on it simply arises. (Keeping the head still whilst looking upwards with the eyes during the concentration helps). Similarly, when I have a problem or barrier, I concentrate on it before sleep, knowing my subconscious will sort it out and show me the answer in a dream or an overheard conversation or something on the radio, etc., when I’m awake.

Prehistoricraft is “Just Doing It” Magick. There is no need for elaborate rituals. One just does what is necessary to achieve one’s intended goal. It is trance and fascination, daydreaming, and often works easier just before and/or just after sleep, where everyone obtains some kind of enlightenment, being there desireless. Astounding results can be had via the Door Ritual, truly an “Opener of the Ways”, that works on the primal, oldest fear: of the unknown. One sits or paces about in a room with a closed door, “Simply Knowing” that on the other side of this portal there is what one desires to evoke. Build up the trepidation then open the door, pass through the portal, and see what happens.

How to suss out a place? Again, “Just Do It”. Sit quietly. Clear your mind of all unnecessaries. Think only of your surroundings. Feel the room. Pay especial attention to its corners and any nooks or crannies. Say “Hello”, that you are friendly and want to know more. The spirit(s) will show you a sign. You answer “Who made that?” and may get a name in your head, an image of a person, or it may stay remote and anonymous. Whatever, conversation is possible.

There are mysterious powers, like the Earth Source. Plant a seed in the ground, or even in a pot indoors, and it will grow. Prehistoriccraft works via a clean, clear or white energy, that allows me to transcend my normal awareness. This has been going on for years. When it starts I often get a pleasurable electrical sensation in my third eye. It’s what our distant ancestors used but it was much stronger back then. I’m not sure what to do with it now though, as the world has gone crazy. I don’t know where I fit in anymore. I have never done DMT (N,N-Dimethyltryptamine), but I suspect I have produced it internally, naturally a few times. Convinced I’ve been in next dimensions. They are always within reach from this one, in dreams or altered states of consciousness. I’ve been to an Alchemical one, that is full of strange symbolic structures and creatures; a Masonic one, that is a large mansion with a massive staircase in its centre and full of esoteric books; an alien one, which has a cave cinema that shows films which come out of the screen and interact with the audience; a training centre, which holds psychic assault courses and is possibly connected to the subterranean and sub-aqua “human-alien cooperation bases” on Planet Earth, unless these are a corrupted memory of it; and one with just houses and streets similar to England.

It’s frustrating though, as I never seem to remember much of what was actually seen, shown or taught when I wake up, so maybe it’s designed for the deeper or subconscious levels of the mind only. When I was trying to get to the one where the “old soul” formations meet (in a cubic crystal vault carved out of a mountain where six cosmic leys cross, that is an operations room and also

used for teleportation), all I could see was what looked like TV white snow on a detuned channel. Then a male voice offstage said “This is the psychic forcefield the [I either didn’t get or couldn’t remember the name] are using.” You can get to it in a dream by looking into a mirror and seeing your reflection. Things always go weird when this happens because it’s showing, making or upholding another dimension.

There is a something that overshadows some people, helps them. It shows you what’s possible and it’s up to you to develop the interaction. It can get too intense or nearly so. A stark empathy with those around you, as when I’m feeling the terrible sadness that’s always in the air at Xmas time. I have to be careful that I do not take in other people’s energy too much. Useful helpful books on this phenomenon include Carl Jung’s *The Psychology of the Transference*²² & Dion Fortune’s *Psychic Self-Defence*.²³

If I want to evoke this clean, clear or white energy I just sit or lie still and network my mind to be receptive to this energy; sensing the atmosphere and how I feel, what wants to happen, and how can I best allow it to. It helps if I close my eyes then physically look upwards towards my third eye and keep my gaze there. I interact with the energy and use it to help me do things from a more powerful position. I have strengthened this clean, clear or white energy over the years by celibacy and the transmutation of sexual energy.

Know that LIKE-attracts-LIKE in this world, and maybe all worlds. If you do unusual things unusual things happen. When one is calling and entities are coming up through the floorboards or spacecraft are manifesting in the sky there is no doubt. Success is your proof.

THE BRITISH MYSTERIUM

For over two years I have been seriously practising a special form of writing I have termed “Psychic Journalism” (PJ), which if we need explanations is essentially a freeform confluence-flux of generally accepted research/writing methods and the transmundane (remote-viewing, telepathy, spirit communication, and so). It is now early-2019, and I have made mention of my PJ work in several publicly-available tomes, so the spies of varying allegiances are presumably aware of what is going on.

After a rather strange period of existence due to the rather strange events experienced, on 24 February 2019 I suddenly received an unsolicited idea about



a quasi-secret society named the “British Mysterium.” I became extremely enthused, and in something of a trance I quickly designed a logo (reproduced left) for, and wrote a brief introductory text about, this organisation, both of which I posted on my personal website the next day,²⁴ and then I quickly deleted them due to some unknown reason.

For demonstrational and educational purposes this (now slightly revised due to newly-received advice from Otherwhere) text is reproduced here in full:

THE BRITISH MYSTERIUM

Let it be known that I am now involved in an advisory capacity with the “British Mysterium” (not to be confused with the far-right 1930s esoteric-political group the “English Mistery”),²⁵ a new order of the arts and occults that was officially inaugurated on 22 February 2019.

Its name is derived from the classical Latin word for *Mystery*, which is as essential to its members as *Atmosphere*, and also relates to the hypothetical

substance that in the 1960s was thought to be emitting a galactic radio signal at 1665 megahertz, but was “later identified as an exceptionally strong component of a set of four spectral lines emitted by hydroxyl radicals in interstellar space.”²⁶ This particularly codes directly to Cosmic EVP and my ‘UFO Detection by TV’ letter published in *Fortean Times* magazine (No.375, January 2019, p.76), that I posted earlier on my personal website.²⁷

As part of their interdimensional praxis the British Mysterium continue to listen to 1665 megahertz via “ritualised radios” at every midnight UTC, to receive “Master Messages” from the non-human intelligences that the British Mysterium believe oversee Planet Earth. At present there is no website or contact address, etc., due to a preference for the shadows.

You will note in the above paragraphs the lurking presence of the classic grey propaganda *modus operandi* that in recent history was developed during WWII and consists of a combination of verifiable facts (to add gravitas and believability) and manufactured fictional elements (the real message), plus the blatant presence of a Secret Chiefs-type trope, that has been in use since at least the early-17th Century by esoteric organisations such as the Rosicrucians, Strict Observance Rite, Theosophical Society, Argenteum Astrum, Synarchy, Solar Lodge, and by New Age channellers such as Mark A. Probert, Jane Roberts and Judy Zebra “J.Z.” Knight. In some sense (including meaningful acrostics arranged in the original manuscript) there is also reference to the possibly apocalyptic Nationalism vs. Globalism multi-level war being fought right now.

After a period of very interesting psychic build-up and plateauing, that was somewhat similar to what occurs in a classical sex-magick rite, on 25 February 2019, I suddenly felt a very strong creative urge, and so I wrote a longer follow-up text, that has remained unpublished until now. The slightly revised version is reproduced here in full, and again features (as does the original version) a deliberately deceptive mix of truth and lies. This was not done deliberately; its

structure is due to my temporary fascination by glammers, or, perchance, other intelligence possession:

THE BRITISH MYSTERIUM FEEDBACK & COMMENT

Regarding the British Mysterium enlightenment society which I recently mentioned, it has been pointed out (by a close and trusted colleague who wishes to remain anonymous) that as the first and last digits of the British Mysterium's 1665 megahertz Midnight Master Message Frequency add to 6, this deeper reading, and transformation, of the fourfold number could be a simple code for the 666 Beast-Man²⁸ & Satanic Transmissions.

I scanned the Frequency Desks and it was revealed that the two main preoccupations of the Illuminated—Sex & Death—were publicly imprinted via their personifications the porn star Linda Lovelace & heavyweight boxer Mike Tyson respectively, who were both hypnotised to assist their role and rise to victory.²⁹ SEX is pronounced “Ser-Ex” (S;X). DEATH is pronounced “Der-Eth” (D;S). By the A1 Cipher,³⁰ it is evidenced that: SX = 43 and DS = 23. $43+23 = 66$: Double 33, that is cognate with the two-faced public and private sides of a Christian (Christ lived on Earth for 33 years), or a Freemason of the 33-degree Scottish Rite, hence also its double-headed spread-eagle symbol. Esoteric lore also states that 66 is the number of the Dark Side of the Occult.³¹ By the NAEQ6 system³²: 66 = DEVIL; 66 as $6 \times 6 = 36$ (or ‘three sixes’) and $36+35+34$ down to $+1 = 666$.

But why infer this infernality? The British Earth Mysteries pioneers John Michell & Nigel Pennick have respectively claimed that the bluestone circle area at the late-Neolithic Stonehenge monument in Wiltshire, England, is 666 square megalithic yards,³³ and that 666 is also found in the sacred architecture of the 15th/16th Century AD King's College Chapel in Cambridge, England.³⁴ Because of this—and more which I shall at present keep under

the rose—are we all supposed to accept the Judeo-Christian paradiogma that preternatural evil inhabits these sites too? Or is this force and its legion of entities part of an older, truer faith?

A later Frequency Desks scan revealed that an adult female in her mid-thirties named “Francis Trade” is connected to the aforementioned vectors in some way (I did obtain more information about her from Otherwhere but now I cannot recall any of it, and an online search trace yielded not a single result for her name).

During the same session I also learned that:

1. By the A1 Cipher: B;B;C = 2;2;3, which codes to Order 322 reversed (Order 322 is the codename for the elite Skull & Bones secret society located inside a windowless building known as the “Tomb” at Yale University, USA). This is a mask for the deeper meaning(s), as Skull & Bones reversed would be a good thing, whereas the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation)—the evil enemy’s choice social-engineering tool—is obviously a bad thing.
2. The curious phrase “Scorpion Backwords” has been received by a certain channeller. This reads like one of the Manson Family sayings. Its leader, Charles Manson, was a Scorpio in the zodiac; he allegedly believed he would be reincarnated as a scorpion or a crow; and on 12 November 2017, shortly before his death, during what may have been his last ever telephone call he exclaimed that:

We each can makeup our own dreams with the story line as soon as we are no where we can change. ... As soon as I get up, out, around me will become a team. The beast, a priest, midnight and not as much as all. ... Nothing with everyone and everything over and gone to start backwards again and again to nowhere and nothing again.³⁵

SCORPION “Backwards” (backwards) yields NO IP ROCS: presumably “NO IP ADDRESS ROCKS! (i.e. is a very good thing)”, but does this refer to not being on the internet at all or being on the internet anonymously via a VPN or similar (if online anonymity is actually possible)? Also know that “Reverse Scorpion”³⁶ is the slang-term for a difficult and dangerous coital position, in other words SEX that leads to DEATH? Whatever, we have come full circle to the two aforementioned preoccupations of the Illuminated: Sex & Death, Creation & Destruction.

I was even inspired to research and write (although it seemed to “write itself” as they say) an entire manifesto for the British Mysterium on the subject of Esoteric Nihilism, that I originally formatted as a three-column A4 leaflet that would fold up to fit inside a standard-sized DL (DeviL?) envelope for easy distribution purposes (perp-osmosis?). The reworked version is below:

ESOTERIC NIHILISM: A BRITISH MYSTERIUM MANIFESTO

To all breeders, what is the meaning and/or purpose of life? It seems there are no reliable answers, but some clues, although you don’t know what it’s like to be anyone else but take the easy way and go along with other peoples’ ideas and orders. Just WHY do we grant the arbitrary ruling elite power (or rather allow them to seize it) and subjugate ourselves to them? Do we really believe they “know best” and are “more capable” than ourselves to run things? What we have learned from history is that we have not learned from history. But the show(ing off) must go on...so if the merry-go-round makes you sick then Happy Vomit Day.

Forage and continue the making, for all you can do is carry on (carrion). Feast on the other- or self-created, but the product seems more and more like bricks, ultimately all the same same, and stuck, homogeneous in aspic. Every-

one's going to pot noodle doodles, and the kids are looking into the past-present-future for answers, sifting through the lies to find out the truth about everything that is real fake news. There is only imprisonment, no freedom, in religious or secular ideologies/movements, which is the reason for the crude and desperate unconscious (or otherwise) mental and physical responses that are exhibited by humans at this stage of information overload.

The Abrahamic Trinity religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, plus Freemasonry and other major cults, are not to be trusted. It is all disguised devil-worship and human sacrifice, and yet this is plainly written in its books. These great deceivers, alongside government, big business, international bankers, police, media, education, etc., are working together, with or without their knowledge, to subvert the UK. This is obvious, of course, and deliberately so, for it is part of the "Revelation of the Method" and the "Making Manifest of All That is Hidden".³⁷ They are telling us what they are doing and demonstrating that they are getting away with it, which makes people even more powerless. But the extent of the "Method" and the final goals involved are far weirder and terrifying than many people can imagine.

There are always exceptions however, in this case a certain breed of fanatic dissident weirdos, be they hermetic loners or partying extroverts, who know what they're on with and have had quite enough soon far as so-so many people are already or ultimately hardcore scutters flapping in the shallow end, groping fashion but unseeded, the organisational principle given enough hang-rope. These outsiders/insiders know reality is strangeling so don't live for the flash-bang "Oh my goodness look at that!" Repulsed by clam have to escape, and some do, successfully.

In the modern-day young especially it tends to manifest as Common (or the Lower) Nihilism, that is marked by reckless abandon, a self-destructive snotty disdain, an arrogant, cynical rejection of parts of the world that leads to the wrong nowhere. Later it cauldrons into a deep black depression leading to sui-

cidal tendencies so you can “end it all” (you wish!). (Adolf Hitler hit this at the end of WWII, hence his issuing of the Nero Decree to destroy the remaining German infrastructure, turning it into a scorched earth wasteland, and unleashing his Gothic Guerrillas of the Werwolf Org to mercilessly pick off invaders and traitors.) When one reaches middle-age one may be blessed with its advanced phase of Esoteric Nihilism (EN, aka the “Higher Nihilism”), when everything is still superfluous, ridiculous and meaningless, but in a humorous way, celebrated by the humorous conundrum: “What is necessary? What is celery?”

EN freely admits its possible ultimate uselessness, but it is our best chance to understand what is really happening on stage and behind the scenes. Instead of suffering routine metaphysical angst at being alienated (that is itself a futile act), EMBRACE THE ALIENATION, and allow it to transform yourself into an extraordinary new being in the dizzying outskirts, where one may discover the wonderfully true places that are never marked on any map, where the nascent grandiloquent wisdoms flow. Of course, in these shifting coloured sands the fascinating but endangering demon(omania) can be born, but ride the current, refuse the predictables, and the incredible may manifest.

EN could be regarded as parallel to, or the same as, Existentialism—the preserve of chain-smoking, speed-guzzling foreigners plus their beatnik acolytes across the world—but that trip is a bit too doom-laden. I prefer the “Positive/New Existentialism” that was espoused by Colin Wilson,³⁸ although authentic EN cannot be aligned with any individual or organisation other than the venerable One Wo/Man Band, of a simultaneous guru-&-pupil, their speech enhanced by hyperbole and cant, striding across the magnetic fields, lawless and without prod, as the rest of you are just pissing in the rain, polishing the brass on a sinking ship.

EN IS what it is, just as being a Catholic or Satanist is, but it is NOT yet another coping-system or awkward squad zealot echo-chamber. As belief in EN is not essential it allows a way out. The *Esoteric* component is a codeword for

“Anything Goes”, moving further farther by magic or other arts, in front of, or behind, the mirror. The Black Sheep mates with the Black Swan overseen by the Black Goat under the Black Sun.

Nature lovers and pollution haters cannot even get from A-to-B now due to top-down imposed traffic management hierarchy. All motorways are a mind-numbing, mind-controlling symbol of breadhead hegemony, built to assist economics, for motor vehicles only, to keep consumerism’s wheels and pole greased. Bicycles and pedestrians are not allowed. Look to the sides: the once mighty Edgelands of Albion have been turned into a psychogeographical cliché or luxury flats, puppy perfect. You ask for justice and get long-running but false starts signalled by myriad lurid distractors as in the Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) phenomenon, which beyond the hype and obfuscation is very real.³⁹ Things come from the abyss every night.

Those who do stick their heads above parapets however high tend to be chased by the Pompei tag-team and thrown their chill correspondence; a begging-letter of hens’ teeth in curates’ eggs. One succinctly asks why concerning all this and state education casts a quasi-Quaaludean hypnotic-sedative effect as the Mentor does the Rod Hull Mute Emu Mouthing-Hand Gesture whilst barking lectures to boring, then places emu beak-hand to hold his lips shut (Rod Hull absolute nutter who in some way looks like everyone’s auntie. Died in 1999 after falling off his roof while adjusting the TV aerial).⁴⁰

One can only surely trust the jesting questing, dry-stone walling, ploughman’s lunches, Swiss Army Knives and so, in the hand. Not windy theoreticals and nightshade scopolamine (the Devil’s Breath) meddlers, fame-funked bleeders and obscure dictators, the dead and deleted double-destiny drag-anchors that come though the wardrobes.

The End and the Means are not the same things: it’s about how you get there: self-improvement, no stranger to the occults. You find the answer: “YES”. You find the answer: “NO”.

So this is Esoteric Nihilism: to say no...to negate everything and await an experiential answer (or maybe believe everything and forge a shortcut to the jackpot?). The ideal state is when the mind becomes a “No-Go Area” inside a real Nowhere Man, who is outside of time and space rather than against them. Try for it just after sleep, when ‘you’ are just lying there comfortable without a care (although what is your goal?). As for if there is a Creator, this being may be the void, the vacuum. Absolute Nothingness rather than a Subjective Nothing. But how can this universe, or anything, come from nothing? It cannot. The Big Bang theory is a joke like all the other ones imposed on you by the remote-controllers.

The Key to NOW is achieving NO-W (W or VV glyphs the vampire’s bite and feeding). This reverses the NOW moment to your prize WON, which not by coincidence sounds exactly like ONE: the hallowed self-contained indivisible; the void manifested; not there for any reason but because it is. The void in question (which ‘is’ of course nameless/formless) can be known of and entered by many, probably infinite, ways, such as the magician Aleister Crowley’s $0 = 2$ Equation,⁴¹ or the magician Austin Osman Spare’s Neither-Neither Formula,⁴² the latter of which is now explained thusly:

1. Meditate for a while entirely on a particular quality, such as ‘Blackness’.
2. Meditate entirely on its opposite, in this case ‘Whiteness’.
3. Meditate entirely on their duality, ‘Blackness and Whiteness’ together.
4. Finally, reject/banish/destroy them in an instant; perceive the total absence of both qualities: the ‘Neither-Neither’.

Performed when the stars are right a SUPERPOWER of infinite potential may manifest in the operant. We also recommend Austin Osman Spare’s suggestion to evoke “the emotion of laughter at the time of ecstasy in union, and by practice till that emotion is untiring and subtle,”⁴³ i.e: constant and cosmic.

UPDATE: 26 FEBRUARY 2019

I thought nothing more about the British Mysterium, for a while... However, I eventually realised that some dubious aspects of this project had somehow slipped past my usually keenly functioning enemy detection radar, and, my suspicions aroused, and as I did not want to spread disinformation or worse, today I have decided to delete all online traces of the British Mysterium, without further explanation at the place it was or was near on my website.

After more consideration, and with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, I am (almost) sure that the whole British Mysterium thing was part of a wider psychological operation (psy-op) implemented by the remote-controllers, who employed long-distance hypnosis and/or sentient spirits in a deliberate attempt to turn me into an enthusiastic but innocent enemy propaganda conduit, and thus divert me away from my true spiritual path, whilst snaring others in the web of Mysterian illusion.

Having studied these doctrines under six different lights, I can report that there are definite inklings they contain hidden messages that I am (consciously) unaware of, and which could be revealed by “reading between the lines”. Above all, I hope that these British Mysterium texts will act as a friendly warning to everyone about the threat of unknowing alien mental intrusion, and that you will question the source of ‘your’ ‘own’ thoughts and urges across time and/or dimensions.

UPDATE: 6 MARCH 2019

The original version of this article was dated 1 March 2019 but it was first published just after midnight on 2 March 2019, in a limited edition of seven copies, on white paper. This particular number was especially chosen to represent God, who, after creating everything, rested on and sanctified the seventh

day.⁴⁴ (Although I am not a Christian as Christianity is obviously mass mind-control a lot of people need, there is something more to it, an inner church, that is esoteric to complement the exoteric outer masks.)

Less than 40 minutes after the first publication of this article (as the aforementioned limited edition of seven copies on paper), a fire occurred in an air conditioning unit on the top of a 33-storey tower block in the Canary Wharf area of London: this is obviously cognate with the aforementioned arch Christian & Freemasonic signifier, 33. Fire Station Manager Lee Sandy confirmed the fire “was contained to the air conditioning unit,” and that “There were no people involved.”⁴⁵ Satan is described as a “spirit” and “the prince of the power of the air.”⁴⁶

Decoded, this whole event “sings like a canary” that this infernal beacon was a display of power by the Devil, a mocking, taunting message for all good guys. Also, as I have stated above, the *Esoteric Nihilism* manifesto was designed to fit inside a “DL”-sized envelope, DL being an obvious code for DEVIL, if that is what it is, and this manifesto was the first-ever project I have formatted on a landscape-orientated page, and had three equal-sized panels each side to be folded into a third-dimensional size of A4, that is 3 & 3 into 3, or in “twilight language” (a form of linguistics invented by the ancient elite priesthood and especially developed by modern Freemasonry, which contains a secondary meaning that is recognised by and programs the subconscious mind) 33, hinting that the Dark One was behind this also.

“The blaze was very visible and [Fire] Brigade 999 control officers received around twenty calls.”⁴⁷ Similar to SCORPION BACKWORDS, 999 inverted and reversed yields 666, the “number of the beast,”⁴⁸ who is Satan—associated with Hellfire throughout many centuries—also a human, and both, as in the being known as the ANTICHRIST.⁴⁹

“The Brigade was called at 0039 and the fire was under control at 0158.”⁵⁰ Disregarding all the zeros (which is accepted practice in gematria): 39+158 =

197. $1 \times 9 \times 7 = 63$, or ‘six thrice’: 666. $6 \times 3 = 18 = 6+6+6$. $6+3 = 9$, which is the Number of Satan, according to the founder-leader of the Satan’s Church.⁵¹

The ‘Satanic’ fire occurred in the Barclays Bank building that is located at 1 Churchill Place, in a busy shopping area,⁵² which obviously suggests both War (the UK Prime Minister during most of WWII was Winston Churchill) & Materialism (and/or War by Materialism perhaps).

CHANCE COINCIDENCE or CLEAR CONNEXION?

The modern-day emblem of Barclays Bank is not a 33-degree Freemasonic double-headed spread-eagle as mentioned above, but a blue, single-headed spread-eagle (that was gradually introduced during the 1960s and made official in May 1970),⁵³ although some researchers claim that it is a stylised three-headed spread-eagle or three eagles, coding the first three degrees of Craft/Blue Freemasonry. At the start of the said bank’s business in 1690, its sign was three arrows.⁵⁴ $1+6+9+0 = 16$. Disregarding the zero (which is accepted practice in gematria): $1 \times 6 \times 9 = 54$. $16 \times 54 = 864$. $8+6+4 = 18$ ($6+6+6$) again. In 1937, the bank’s original black spread-eagle was given three silver crowns as a Grant of Arms; its head office site already bore the signs of both the three crowns and the three kings.⁵⁵ Three threes do not just make 33 with a serpentine ‘S’, they also make 9: the aforementioned Satan Number.

CHANCE COINCIDENCE or CLEAR CONNEXION?

The information set forth above can of course be interpreted in one or more ways, for example as evidence of an underlying, probably non-human, advanced intelligence at work, or as a completely random series of things. An absolute certainty of ‘true’ or ‘false’ this way or that is missing in all interpretations. The fact is that this British Mysterium event did happen, then afterwards I noticed and then recorded other events that happened which appear to be connected to this original British Mysterium event. Such “arcane echoes” or “tangential tantrums” often occur after (and even sometimes before) the performance of serious magical rituals.

I also strongly suspect that with my I-Spy ‘Third Eye’ premonition precognition I have intermittently observed other pertinent connected events that afterwards have actually happened in the physical world, but I have not been able to *confirm* any of them due to geographical distance, a lack of news reportage, cover-ups, etc., so I cannot comment further. Such is the nature of this restricted reality, unless one slips into the serious or whimsical speculation of “What Ifs”. But “What Ifs” sometimes come true.

As to whether the British Mysterium “really exists”, of course it does, if only within these here leaves and our minds. Thus it has *some* reality, and import. Scanning the information levels that my mind can access right now concerning the British Mysterium, I get:

Coax-horn: avoidance is destruction of the counterintelligence horror pipes, cranks and plants, false fringe benefits, helter-skelter gutter sex. Some do remember the old “Don’t widen your station” recommendation by the life-form you met only once, in a bio-mystical ecstasy. A few practice this, get past. You are here. Determine. Continue. Study the Chaotic Neutral character alignment in the original *Dungeons & Dragons* roleplay game (and doorway). Tune into the action-static. Make daring use of your left-or-right other side at the Dark of the Moon. Exported Earthlings. It works like a cocoon.

UPDATE: 15 JUNE 2019

It is now “all quiet on the Eastern Front”, but I can sense things continuing at a distance in the calm, and as part of this, to be honest I am still unsure as to whether this text is part of the Great Game/Big Game Hunter. The compartments are usually kept in their corners like boxers, but recently I have strongly suspected that some are being switched, replaced or otherwise altered, according to (an increasingly desperate?) plan.

Some days previously I had arranged to visit a friend in Gwynedd, North Wales, today at 5:00 PM, but I woke up at 5:30 AM thinking it was 5:30 PM, and so in a rush went via a public footpath to my friend's house, but at the wrong time. I'd been staying up sleepless to get in a shamanic state and wanted something weird to happen but was not trying to (hardly any lust-of-result), so I suspect that me 'unconsciously' performing this unusual act and really believing it created an alternate reality within the normal reality, like a magic circle, because when I did actually go to my friend's house again the same day at the right time, about 4:40 PM, along the same footpath, as I walked past the children's school on the way I felt a strong "hold that thought" psychic impression of a middle-aged man attacking the innocent schoolchildren there with a knife at lunchtime, the date unknown but definitely imminent.

I continued along the footpath, examining this latest pre-cog, then a few minutes later, suddenly a man was walking towards me from the opposite direction. He was in his early-30s, slim, about 5ft tall, with short dark hair and possibly a moustache, and was carrying a chainsaw. Its blade was uncovered and he wore no protective helmet or boots. We passed by each other about a metre apart, without exchanging looks or words. I had not seen him before and have not seen him since.

BEYOND BEYOND: MANIFESTO OF THE CULT OF ONE

Men & Women of Albion, look around. All of us are faced with an enforced blunt materialism, of the homogeneous High Street, the snowball thrown at the back of the neck, being rained on/nailed on, Fatty Arbuckle's Coke bottle, a brick through the window, diarrhoea, electrified fence, tornadoes, exams, rust, taxes, the whole thing fuelled by radioactive power-stations and imp pulses. The majority are stuck in a no-win situation. Just as you get kicked out of the casino for winning too much, only a select few are allowed to enter Jackpot Land, where they don't have to work because the obscene amount of money they already have generates more than enough to live on via bank interest rate payments and investments. They can sit around all day or spend, spend, spend and their income is automatically generated, as it is for their descendants. The word is EASE.

Its deities abandoned, its peoples' minds abandoned, Great Britain is experiencing an extraordinary disintegration, bum-steered by the heavy-handed governmentalised bores opposed by doolally dissidents. We defeated the intolerant tyrannical National-Socialist regime so it could be replaced by an intolerant tyrannical Communist-Socialist regime? Of (on) course, these are interchangeable enemies for the tried-and-tested Divide-&-Rule ploy that the bifurcated dumbos still go along with, fighting each other instead of uniting to fight their common enemy. A greasy pole of mefus freaks, torn leaders, high all the time at Punch o'Clock, the dedicated followers of fashion. It's no wonder the grotesque extent of ennui normality, pushed by a general malefaction, posing with square-shaped mannequins and blowing a single bubble, the entire team on a slide, making a call on a stranger's phone, sucked bone interregnum. A rubber

johnny over rubber cock in rubber cunt. Look at this planet look, at the mini-hells created here by land-mines, at the “no-go zones” in your local area.

Only the genuine 24/7 weirdos can save this land, with Magical Art and Action Aesthetics, hence the quaquaversal manifestation of a Counter-Cult, inaugurated inside a Sidcup filling station in South-East London. After watching a dressed-well man pumping some petrol into his car some knowledge poured into the founder’s head: an eagle eye-opener epiphany that granted him the train-driver’s view, thundering majestic. There is no Holy Bible or Unholy Grimoire, just the best possible utilisation of duality, that may transcend it. We “really believe” that all one can be certain of is WILL & PERCEPTION. That we can obviously PROJECT & RECEIVE. Build on that an authentic life lived for itself, meaningful or not.

“Hell As Above As Below Heaven.”

“Don’t fuck with me – unstoppable/immovable.”

Is the Counter-Cult you without you knowing it? Is it a rather authentic phantasm? This-or-that seems to be one, a satrap of earthquake and Vulcanism, the KosmiK Kommand(o), King & Eye visitation, forgetting the extras. Moving forward with routine surgery, plasma balls in party stores, tenacious nudism and no-knead bread. We are steadfastly rejecting the dull grind of the mundaneveryday (as real as a collective illusion) and eschewing all its practical jokes as a conjurer, ventriloquist, fire-eater, in self-directed stimulation lines and raw ontological joy. It seems too good to be true, too good to be real, like an amazing weapon handed to you in a dream that disappears when you wake up; it still exists but is tantalisingly out of reach, unless...

We stare at chandelier, ride a *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*, inside and out, and, rightly or wrongly, agree there are millions of deities under the palindromic One Absolute One (OAO), each with a particular speciality or power, of farming, war, diamonds, building and so on. If you pray or otherwise call to them they will hear you, and often, perhaps always, reply.

But would you do it?

The day begins a possibility, especially if one is gone on the mystic. Split seconds, imaginary numbers, smoke on the air goes higher. Everybody doesn't want to rule the world, but tormented priest, whores bitten by gnats, Beast of Eden, death in the hour-glass. Wild hands: a single job to do. Consider how one's mental age can far surpass one's yearly age. Suggests reincarnation and retention of past life wisdom and/or present life beyond transmissions. The bizarre is total stud.

As my spiritual ally Antonin Artaud proclaimed: "It's the Unbelievable—yes, the Unbelievable—it's the Unbelievable which is the truth."⁵⁶ And it's everywhere about, from the fields beneath to the transgressional apex.

"We can come out when shadows cover the cracks."

"Who guards the guards?"

What is the point of one's existence, or anything? What else is worth investigating? The secrets of life are the secret of life. The best things you can't touch. There is obviously a hierarchy, it is a stepped locale, but who or what is at the aegis of this pyramid scheme, a human or non-human? And if something cannot come from nothing, what caused all this to be? Surely the OAO, unless everything is an illusion, but that way madness lies. If there isn't an OAO and judgement and an afterlife then why doesn't everyone run around fucking, stealing and suiciding? They do though, in times of war or natural disaster, losing their morals and ethics like there's no tomorrow.

The only reason the richest richest man in the world hangs net curtains is to see proof there is a breeze, a life outside. Look at the sagging chops and digitised hops, the encrusted pit and the pendulum swinging from the crazy craze to the tinsel named after itself. The double eagle continues to tear with its shown and unknown faces, but now the whole world knows about the corrupted Politics, Church, and that other thing. A worried look by hook or by crook; allegiances sealed by brown envelopes or brown trousers falling with a thud. I am

aghast that I sang along with it for so long, but I now fully realise it's a rigged game run by untrustworthy fiends.

Background check: poison from the past. Fat bellies...thin morals...dead-weight, eating their silver spoon. It is too attractive and easy for fuckwits to become politicians. Textbook traitors who are paid for being so then given a pension when they retire, all paid for by the taxpayers they are betraying. Their jeering japery must be stopped, the Globalists hated and protested as predator hawks, not the spiders waiting for mugs, for-profit private companies masquerading as charities at the tip of the iceberg, most people and places run-over by turbo-capitalism. I admit it *looks* like a slave market.

Can anyone escape the programming? I remember this punk guy I used to know from a 1980s anarcho-punk squat, who certainly wasn't into the esoteric metaphysic. One night he did some magical mushrooms, then got up off the bed and went out the door, turned around to look behind and saw himself still lying on the bed. It is freaky the Out of Body Experience (OOBE) trip; it evidences the Otherwhere and your ability to go there. So harken you dairies! Leave the monkey work and horror holiday to someone else and be ruthless slithering, for now the 2020 Avebury Ascension approaches, all-ready. The Counter-Cult will be there, and gone.

There are other spaces available, and an ace in the hole. It runs in the family and walks in the clan. Everybody wants you in their gang. The mystic path to cosmic power involves contacting and conversing with a separate and sentient Higher Intelligence, which births a new life.

"Goo evening..." disseminates, and reality isn't what it used to be. Caught inbetween the worlds (whirleds), an offstage voice spoke: "NOOR" (NO OR). Everything is Nothing, a straight loop getting it on tap from the fun sponge, enjoyment not allowed. Everything in Everything, fields within fields. If you look it is hypnagogic (just before sleep), when dreams can be asked for or

glimpsed to go deeper invite, and hypnapompic (just after sleep), when dreams may persist. But if we were always deceived by a malignant spirit in control of the world we would not be able to know it. In that case artistic intellectual transcendentalism is a joke and freethinkers mad and illogical, despite their wild-or-wilder impressions when asleep or awake. Rightly or wrongly, since a child I have suspected this hoodwink, that starts with force-fed ‘facts’ such as $2+3 = 5$, that the teachers build on with religion, politics, the work ethic, etc., as the same supposedly self-evident ‘truth’, when all of these and such things are actually only widely-agreed-upon arbitrary theories, inimical to freedom. Ticking boxes, mouldy foxes.

They lie at the beginning. They lie at the end. This world erase or else, or wait until you hit 50 and the true nihilism kicks in, when it all seems nonsense. Maybe it isn’t what but HOW you believe that’s more important? But hang on, leave off, most shit is shit nowadays yet maybe the nihilist “Everything Is Shit” paradigm is a deliberate ploy promoted by the remote-controllers to disempower people. Perhaps EVERYTHING is important, from a casual remark to a nuclear explosion, that ripples through other dimensions and creates probabilities that may manifest in future. At this point politics and other froth wont help but the can-can can: your incapacity sheared off like a black metal church burn. The biggest con may roll downhill but it blows up when I see it. What is the spark? The Uncertainty of Natural Reason versus the Supernatural Certainty of Faith.

Look at all the shameless sinning, the wallowing in filth. Diseases eating doctors; nurse with wound; your repeated ‘unconscious’ (i.e. pre-programmed) “saying the Lord’s name in vain” and 3D tumble chink, going a bundle on it. This should/could/must stop now, but you tantalise your fingers with sticklers, distract your mind with the shiny baubles you buy only to discard, and seek a deeper jading. Something has always been shadowing you and there are things you have seen but cannot speak of, it being not of this world that visits.

Consider now the Oneness of the Universal-Multiversal Spirit, taught to the West by the Holy Bible in times of old,⁵⁷ since the 12th Century AD by Hermes Trismegistus' *The Emerald Tablet*, etc., and today by "everything is connected" Physics. This is why $1+1 = 1$ (Won[der]), and the reason most of us behave ourselves. There is a Natural Order.

The way forward moment is a triune shot of magical essays: Louis Aragon's *A Wave of Dreams* (1924),⁵⁸ Antonin Artaud's *The New Revelations of Being* (1937),⁵⁹ and Charles Olson's *Projective Verse* (1950),⁶⁰ transmuted for the action of now. An irregular adventurism of heuristic experimentalism, at least more than the experimental living everyone is already doing. A chant to real of no more pigtails, prison skulls, smelling salts, dream invasions, walking billboards, jilted babies, perverted skill-sets, no-fly lists, mid-flight arseholes, the monkey monkeys on the thrill tweaking like a pro, wearing clothes or sticker. In this we have our chance.

THE GREASED PIGS THAT FLY IN THE FACE OF FREEDOM

What really goes on across this revolving planet is camouflaged by kicked-up stinks, cover-ups for a six-figure sum, or the license to kill. This explains why no photographs have emerged of the top movers-&-shakers doing what they do behind closed doors. One only gets to hear of the tabloided losers thrown to the sheep to protect the wolves as the master-slave pyramid scheme rumbles on. Just as online trolls tell lies to avoid being paedophiles, a fraudulent rascal we are forced to make a compulsory investment in UK PLC via income tax, VAT, etc., perforce to adjoin abstracted applause with trembling hands between our claws at the Black Downing Door, which leads to the ten insatiable coffers.⁶¹

“I will not be conquered. I will not complain”, but it’s not as simple as that. Inequality is the rule of the universe and the true reins of power do not rest in the hands of party political democratic groupings. It’s a truism that “whoever you vote for the Government always gets in”, but whatever lot does, the overall winner is always the “Permanent Invisible Government” (PIG), aka the “Cryptocracy”, that does not have to worry about pleasing the voters, etc., to be re-elected. They are right because they are wrong, with arms like tree branches; they have lost time they did not have; they destroy to create, and other cryptics, a defensive sieve to keep outsiders out. It’s written down/up in a little black book; hard-born, hot horn, atomic clock. Their signs are everywhere so they are everywhere. The answers are where the questions are. The answers are in the questions. So why do you turn away?

The PIG has been established in the British Isles since at least the early 1600s, as alluded to by the bewitched woman and her suitor in *A Certain Relation of the Hog-faced Gentlewoman called Mistris Tannakin Skinker...*

(1640),⁶² and has since spread its tentacles worldwide. Its members have not been identified, whether they are on or behind the mirage-throne so to speak. And they want to keep it that way. The PIG have got something on most of those who count. A few escape utopia. When the PIG want one of their members to keep their mouth shut about something, they send them a sliced-up rasher of bacon. Translation: This is what happens to “squealers”. Of course, “pigs” is a slang term of abuse for the police, and they factor in the trough, of supernatural or strange dimensions, a monster magnet, spoiler alert.

The TV License fee will never be revoked in the UK because it would instantly shrink the BBC, that is the PIG’s main propaganda conduit and whose employees are used for international espionage as couriers, HUMINT gatherers, etc. PIG agents act and control as Substitute Parents, who take many forms, from Police Officers, Newsreaders, and especially Teachers. A lot of hard/soft cops are domestic abusers. Figures. They get off on the power and control like a psychopath because they are sick in the head. As for others perverted, the “body of evidence” is inside the body, via a human implant microchip, whose carrier frequency connects the person to the server by a routing process to transform the person into a cell-phone, who can be called up and talked to with or without their knowledge, and hacked so the controller can see through the person’s eyes, hear through their ears and think through their brain.

The PIG revels in the Double Standard and are jerking off to suicide statistics; profiting from the chaos, war and madness they create and direct. It makes the rules that allows it to commit anything from theft to genocide without facing justice and to rule the masses through propagandistic-to-violent coercion. Anyone who tries to get rid of the greedy PIG, by physical force or peaceful methods, is labelled a criminal or terrorist by the PIG media and legal systems. The major changes in the Western World since the 20th Century, abortion, contraception, divorce, drugs, homosexuality and transsexualism, immigration, etc., haven’t just occurred naturally and/or inevitably; they have been wilfully

orchestrated from on high by members of a masked cabal (the PIG) that now has more than enough money and so lives solely for the exercise of power and control over its 'lesser' constituents it utterly despises. It is strutting across the fields, lawless and without God, swigging psychedelic mead, crop-dusting with powdered skulls. This reality raped should be obvious to see, and it is, but most of us have been taught not to care, or if care not do anything about it.

The PIG has made psychedelics illegal so they must be good interesting useful. This sparks one suspicious of their crackdown on tobacco smoking, that probably has a beneficial aspect, banishing spirits for instance, as burning sage does (the chaotic geometric forms the smoke makes can look like a predator). There are also conflicting studies that smoking tobacco increases testosterone level,⁶³ which if true would be an antidote to the cissy boys prevalent nowadays. Also note the banning with legal consequences of political extremism and 'violent' sadomasochistic porn, proscribed because they are of great use to the intrepid psychonaut, as they provoke a primal experience of cathartic abreaction, switching on dormant unusual circuits in the human brain, especially during an electrical storm (keep it under your hats).

The predictable patterns are conveniently identical to the suppression and response detection routines because the PIG now have to "sample activity from all walks of life." The answer? Don't cope. Transcend. Read the influence and you are away.

The PIG seriously rock the occult symbology sorcery they practice every day whilst simultaneously denying its existence to outsiders. For them and those like them Word is Number and vice-versa, and such Wicked Wicker Wordplay and Malevolent Mathematics underpins all their rhymes and crimes, working the Name Game, backed up by the Number Game, especially via "Date-Rapes": the 1984 bombing of the Conservative Party in Brighton, England,⁶⁴ the 2000 bombing of the USS Cole in Aden, Yemen,⁶⁵ the 2002 Irish Bar and nearby Sari

Club bombings in Bali, Indonesia,⁶⁶ and the 2011 bombing of the City of Culture offices in Londonderry, Northern Ireland,⁶⁷ all of which took place on the 12 October, that ‘just happens’ to be the birthday of the iconoclastic occultist Aleister Crowley,⁶⁸ who was born in 1875 to become priest-prophet of the “Aeon of Horus”, the war god. $1+8+7+5 = 21$, which alchemically condenses $(2+1)$ to the universal signifier 3 ($\therefore$), if you get the drift...

The media also forms a major part of the PIG’s crypsis. Its squeal nightmare sty in a mindwarp operation is a gaggy amalgam of constant confusion, gatekeepers and false opposition, channel after channel of infotainment entertrainment for the perception deception manipulation of the already dazed masses, those lick-spittle ostrich-head quicksand sheeple, strangers to the gumption origin, satisfied with an obvious hat-trick or nil-nil draw, eyes and mouths hooked together repeating central orders, oblivious to what walks past and through them. Scum rises to the top, and the rest of them not born privileged with instant success have to resort to an obnoxious power-play to bombast themselves into this-or-that scene via media outrage coverage. The news is like a maelstrom of divorce court allegations flung wildly about, mostly baseless jawdroppers to smash the PIG’s point home. Or rather, today’s mainstream media is news by omission, backed up by “fake news”. They can already hear what you are trying to say.

When major media outlets are either staffed or heavily-influenced by intelligence agents or assets,⁶⁹ one ‘has’ to wonder what the real purpose of such revelations as PizzaGate⁷⁰ are, i.e. not justice but part of a psychological operation, involving selective reporting and grey/black propaganda inserts, to further an agenda unknown to outsiders. Also note how these scandalous crimes and criminal scandals are often described as a “Gate” (after the Watergate débâcle of the early-1970s),⁷¹ which suggests a portal, to allow the transference of, and the feeding on, attention-energy? If all private data was released the fallout would be catastrophic, a checkmate on society. Just kill it now before it does.

Things are grim at the moment, if you allow it. The PIG is impatient because the capstoning of their pyramid scheme is behind schedule and more and more peoples are seeing through the ruse. Thus the PIG's trotters are pumping out an intensified shitstream of polarising fear/hate dualistic distraction propaganda through their media-matrix so instead of enjoying a hobby or sex, etc., the mentalists prefer to go to a city and scream at the other people who are screaming, at various levels, whilst the PIG is droning above the whole house of cards, putting the Street TV Eye on "Persons of Interest". But unlike the PIG we have nothing to hide, and thrive in the Light (but maybe the Darkness stands where the Light fears to tread?).

Plato taught that: "Whatever deceives men seems to produce a magical enchantment," and we are obviously bewitched, under the spell of the PIG. It is no longer for us to prove they are paedophile black magic ritualists in league with devils and demons, for the on-the-record evidence is now obvious, out in the open. It is for them to prove that they are not; that they are honourable people working for the wider good. But they are mere vessel-pawns under control by the aforementioned non-human entities, who are, and always were, the ones originally casting the magic.

The only 'problems' left for the PIG are people of honour and integrity, who cannot be bought, blackmailed or otherwise coerced, which is another reason why the piggies are piling on the social programming. The PIG is also in a no-joke poke from the other prying eyes because a fraction of it are a real piece of work, gone rogue. Astounding bastardisation, with a chemical trail. No accident. Already dumbed enough. "Seeing is (no longer) believing". Fractal truth. No stable utopia possible. Money trees seeding unrest. The police call the police (you could not make this up). Should the police go on strike the citizens will patrol. If the bats start hibernating the birds will hunt the night.

"Oh, but some style is legendary...", and atomic bombs. Karma and Consciousness shape circumstances. I've hiked ahead of them all but am scared of

the vultures. I turn off the round table. A mysterious adept reminds one of the hollow tree, crazy hat, the signals swirling in knot-holes, lights inside the tomb. They breed the mastery, the joy in joy, central eye in horn.

All pigs must die and it's already going from blue to crimson, a divulgent urge to indulge and instruct the peoples like you and me. LOVE is a four-letter word I swear, close near past. LIFE is not an audition, it's mostly a thin veil with an IF in its centre. I am wondering how close we are.

The PIG's control-web that pervades the world is actually most vulnerable where it is thought to be strongest. For instance the General Election farce. Politicians need our attention if they are to function. If the rest of us ignored them that would be very interesting. They would shrivel up like a vulgar slug sprinkled with salt. It's all we have to do: nothing.

When I had few possessions I wanted more. Now that I have more possessions I want loads less. When I didn't have knowledge I lusted after it. Now I have read hundreds of books I want to stop thinking. A clean urge to be at the forefront of the rampant thrusts of the "I have somehow escaped my mind."

THE STENCH OF SOLDER

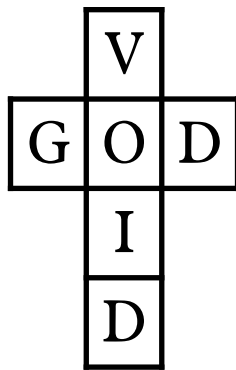
When the religious underpinning of the Western World is contemplated, we can easily get lost in semantic sludge, stating that *Satan* is Hebrew for ‘Accuser’ or ‘Adversary’: a title, not a supernatural entity; that Satan or the Devil as a sentient independent entity comes out of the Theory/Superstition of Damonia [Damon of Oe/Oa].⁷² “Signa eos qui crediderunt ... Dii gentium damonia”, *ergo* Damien Thorn of *The Omen* feature film franchise [1976-2006] and Damien Echols (in twilight language ‘Echoes’) of the West Memphis Three (Unholy Trinity), who were convicted in 1994 of the Satanic ritual killing of three eight-year-old boys. 888 is the number of JESUS in the Greek gematria system.⁷³ Also $8+8+8 = 24$ and $1+9+9+4 = 24$, or two 6s ($2+4 = 6$) or 66: the number of the Dark Side Occult in the Hebrew gematria system.⁷⁴ The bodies of the three sacrificial child victims were found on 6 May 1993.⁷⁵ $6+5+1+9+9+3 = 33$, the universal signifier of Freemasonry and the death of Jesus aged 33. The West Memphis Three were freed after serving 18 ($6+6+6$) years in prison.⁷⁶

But the Islamics and Christians believe otherwise, as does anyone who has seriously (or sometimes even jokingly) summoned the Prince of Darkness or his legions. Similarly, *Hell* is not simply a mistranslation of the Hebrew ‘Sheol’, Greek ‘Hades’ and Egyptian ‘Duat’ or ‘Amenti’, all of which mean ‘the realm or home of the dead’, not a fiery place of torment. Hell is on Earth and Elsewhere.

Whatever whatever, there are only two certain choices you can make in life: HERMIT or CULT. An Isolated Intelligence or Hive Mind. Independent Settlements or the One World Order (OWO). But a disproportionately large amount of time and money has been expended to make you (an unique individual at heart) part of the collective, *ergo* radio, television, mobile phones and internet social media, which make many people think the same way, and often the same thing at the same time. This collectivisation takes many forms, from your

sport's team, pre-packaged chosen subculture or political party, to sexual preference group, etc., but always part of the Main Collective, aka "Reality", whose rules are that this world is all there is; money and materialism are the most important; and you have to do a lot of things because everyone else is doing them, little more than talking animals.

The collectivisation is backed up at an esoteric level. In a deliberate plan, the comparative religious studies promoted by Freemasonry, the Theosophical Society, the Church of England and Catholic Church's "Interfaith" directive and other agents paved the way for the New Age movement to manifest and develop in the West during the 1970s. It continues to this day, booby-trapped, and is utilised by the Occult Establishment to make money, divert seekers away from the authentic effective magical/mystical systems, and to recruit the few worthies into its own cults, especially those within the intelligence services. The main message is that "We are all one", and that enlightenment is "Being one with everything". Besides the opportunities for abuse (as in by synthesizing myriad traditions into 'one' then anything goes, beyond good and evil), this infinite onenessness is wrong, or rather deceptive, because it implies that remaining individual, apart and self-contained/directed, and refusing to "go into the light" after 'death' are not viable options. $1+1 = 2$, not 1, and 1×1 or $1 \div 1 = 1$, which is practically much the same as $1-1 = 0$, that leads nowhere.



They draw you in, with promises of "living happily ever after" like a fairytale, but their deceptive version involves Nihilist annihilation then reabsorption into nothingness, or happy-clapping on a heavenly cloud like a retard, or if you are really keen, being recycled like a plastic bottle, then returned to the rigged game, eternally. It's a con. A prison. God and the Void (which seems to have existed before God),⁷⁷ are the very same thing, demonstrated by the Secret of the Cross (reproduced left).

This world, a zillion miles from home, in which vegetarians assault butchers and people who eat meat commit sex crimes. Medals for the mainstreamers. Sitcoms for the subcultures. *The Shining* axe in scattered showers. The centre of gravity is shifting North. Poisoned chalice for everyone who sucks. Even the scream-seekers are creeped out. Politics, Love and War in whatever form grant no victory, have no winners, the players are just juggling the building blocks; rearranging the material and energy totality – not escaping it. Whether you are of elite or generic genetics, all humans have a built-in planned obsolescence by design; outer-space smells like burnt steak and the Sun wants to kill us. So we are here to go. Your mission is to cross the abyss, spinning an extraordinary record. Side 1 is END. Side 2 is IT ALL. Stop living in the material world everyone's creating by ending your attachment to it. Live with no ego or an infinite-sized ego. Exercise your will. Alternatively, conclude that you can't conclude. Fun and games, shun all frames. But do retain your special separateness from everything and everyone else.

On the other hand, there is no there there, and the possibility of existing beyond God/Void, in a totally different dimension that transcends this binary here or there, day or night, good or evil, male or female, positive or negative, innocent or guilty set-up, and exists and functions without the entropy and dog-eat-dogness of Planet Earth. Perhaps then this chaos dimension is the true realm of Satan, which explains why this deity and black magic are so taboo. The powers-that-be want us anchored on this jailhouse rock so they can continue to farm us and make us keep them rich and aloof in luxury. Makes sense, as almost everything else that is genuinely interesting and useful is deemed wrong and/or made illegal by the people in charge (natural psychoactive plants and fungi for instance). Brave is he or she who does embrace the sophistry of the serpent.⁷⁸

And for those skeptics and scoffers who ridicule and joke against the occult arts, a certain amount of immunity is granted to the fool in his many guises, no

matter how bizarre he/she acts or whatever weirdness or taboo he/she speaks about. The same applies to certain artists, who get away with expressing much more taboo, etc., than the normal person. But on the stepped gradient you may think you is laughing at the audience and world that is really laughing at you and yours. He/she who deceives people is also deceiving himself/herself.

It's all in sections, tessellated hexagons, interchangeable opposites, replaceable labels. They want you down there because then they look higher. Don't care if you love it or prefer disturbed crier. "What is on the walls?" A numbers game, nothing pockets, hopeful headbangers, infertile wankers. British Army AW101-Room Merlin helicopters rattling the roofs. Silverpit impact crater submarine cables informing Bad Dog scrabbling for the past-tense bunker. "Are they always there?" Dickson is getting the picture up. Incoming robotoids. Red salts sprinkled on the unborn, branding/limiting those ahead of their time.

Dilute. Die loot. Cast aside the stulted breadmongers with their faded cocks and cobweb cunts. Cast forth the White Harmonic of all colours, to forge the shining path to the right stuff!

STEEPED IN DUSK

Neo-Romanticism is an advanced visionary tendency containing elements of original late-18th Century-mid-19th Century Romanticism, the Gothic, Surrealism, and a Dark Bohemian Pantisocracy-Aspheterism.⁷⁹ Neo-Romanticism was inaugurated by an affiliation of everything-goes outsiders at a windswept abandoned castle in Northern England sometime in May 2019. I have met its core members and can attest that this crepuscular sodality is magnetic solid, strewn with cusped wisteria and crystallised jasmine, unless they are just another load of high-idealists wanking on the bridge (although it could be said that the best embrace themselves). However, there has been some confusion over their first manifesto, with several formulations doing the rounds. Rest assured that the one presented here is the authorised version, written and issued by the North Wales Neo-Romantic Cluster on 24 June 2019:

THE FAITHFUL MANIFESTO OF NEO-ROMANTICISM

1. The neo-Romanticist belief-knows that the Sun is evil (apart from its shades and shadows) and the Moon is good.
2. The venerated ancestors of the neo-Romanticist are the poetic Britons and mystery cake-makers of sharp cloak not dull dagger, who urge those attuned to regain Blakean⁸⁰ vestiges and more, John Clare⁸¹ style.
3. The neo-Romantic cares naught for the New Romantic sales gimmick of the 1980s and its remaining dregs, but he/she is pro-Goth, rainy Sundays, the power of a closed mind.
4. The main tenets of neo-Romanticism are devotion, obsession, fanaticism, timeless doom, extremity. In other words, that which facilitates the possibility or actuality of transcendental transgression.

5. The aims of the neo-Romanticist are to seek or generate, then learn by experiencing, the fantastical, and to reappraise the sublime in its original sense of unknown dread as well as marvellous awe.
6. The neo-Romanticist cultivates intuition, apprehension, ideally premonition, and values dark shoulder-length hair as a transceiving antenna that complements the main antenna of the ribcage.
7. The neo-Romanticist artfully imbibes the macabre and outré nectars; deems that Ruby Port (which trips the psychic ables and atmosphere sex) is more necessary than food; polishes his/her Claude Glass⁸² with both physical and astral hands.
8. The neo-Romanticist wears only black and black, and thinks violet. Whether he/she lays on the floor inside or under some hedge outside, the neo-Romantic tides are velvet.
9. The neo-Romantic always refers to his/her plural as “Neo-Romantix”, for X is the Key.
10. There will be blood...drugs...portals. Garlic and exorcisms are forbidden in neo-Romantic premises.
11. Neo-Romantix are apt to disappear without trace, but they have always gone *somewhere*.

Although why stop there? What about Occult Naturism? Under Sun and Moon the rituals naked with power. The celebrants rolling in the sacred mud, whipping with stimulus nettles, catching the invisible rays. The whole coupled with extra-organic substantials. Could soar.

CHAMELEON COMMUNIQUÉ

I contempt the world. Ultra-Overkill. My early urge to revolt the norms avalanche developed into a full-range lust for iconoclasm, total destruction. I get a hard-on in derelict buildings/for anything deserted or overgrown, wanking the wasteland possibilities of throwing everything away, a happy tramp, the big “Fuck You!” Can see it as a nukeathon, meteor strike or other variety of heavy-duty apocalypse, but more practically me escaping from a tyrannical cult, pushing through the hedgerows to an all-night garage at midnight, owning only clothes worn and small knapsack, laughing at the rest. Buy packet of cigarettes and a Curly Wurly then just...love my life out. This would probably involve a lot of meditation, or short periods of concentrated meditation, reaching altered states and operating more and more from there, hopefully exponentially. No news reports, just establishing shots. Three-meals-a-day pill and beard suppressor. Work at a distant farm or warehouse/office on some wondrous industrial estate. Ideal live in an attic flat soaring above and ultra-minimalist, without furniture, books, records, clothes, trinkets, possessions, so potentials for movement inside and shelter people help, zero worries of loss.

Cannot blame me, surrounded by dirt birds, stink bugs, catcalling Tarzans, superaggressiven, 90% fanning a PSIch record,⁸³ doing the Headless Horseman. Not surprising at the Place of Octagon. So freaky the shapes of so much where you are, the ease in which another’s fiction is sought. I want an explanation. Do they have one?

“NIHILISM IS RAPE IN ABANDONED BUILDINGS”.

Universal Field: ALL against ALL.

For many years I was satisfied with, and couldn’t see further than, a drug-smoothed chug of the self-educated, elitist, knicker-fetishist hack Colin Wilson’s New Existentialism,⁸⁴ that had a more positive, optimistic, occultised/

mystical Romantic outlook than the pessimistic despair and depression that sullied the original Romantics and Existentialists and slipped some into a headlong futility of nihilism. (Nature abhors a vacuum so life does have a purpose, otherwise it wouldn't be here. And as everything is here and works right it probably has an Ultimate Creator.)

I 'need' such an elite weirdo-art cadre because both subjectively and objectively, I am a very intelligent, cultured and refined magpie on the snakes-&-ladders of the remote goat path, and seek comrades. But as soon as I leave my front door I am surrounded by cretins. Not top-tier people strategically pretending to be dumb to mingle with the crowd and earn a buck more easily, but *bone fide* 24/7 morons. Are they worthy of life or do they hold it back? What use are they, really, apart from economic trinket consuming (that itself is hardly essential)? Bad people kill good people every day, which provokes predictable outrage at such a great 'loss', but in the bigger picture frame sooner-or-later a load of replacements will be bred.

Be prepared. Think the best. All misbehaviour can break up with verbal force and taser guns. Crime could be solved with steel whips and rat traps, Ozzy Osbourne's *Suicide Solution* playing constantly in the background. A-to-Z both sides, a melting pot to clay. Berlin-Berlin 1933. Composting barrel.

There is no need to dress in barbed-wire and hunting knives, and I'm not advocating anyone's extermination, but disgust and intolerance are the basis of moral law, and if a countrywide eugenics program was put in place a line could certainly be drawn and a start made in the eradication department, for those who rub babies' faces on cheese graters, or the treasonous traitors who are taking the piss of Britain, for instance. These and anyone below them on the scale would be liberated by cessation, and as the irrefutable wider benefits from this policy become apparent to all right-thinking citizens the Earthquake Voice would urge the Purificationers to gradually and sensibly widen the happy net, exponentially, so that paedophiles would be raped by OAPs and people who

torture animals would be tortured like animals. Eventually it would certainly be paradise. Trouble is even in death and decay the moronic masses annoy the elite. A mountain of corpses be difficult to deal with and would breed disease. The elite would need a *Star Trek*-type phaser beam gun to totally disintegrate the problem (working on it).

“Shit don’t deserve respect. A bullet in the head will make them understand.” Why haven’t they? (Unless it was a psy-op disinformation ploy to stop rioters, in 2018 the French police warned that some of their armoured cars were already equipped with a quick-spreading “debilitating powder” that can knock people out immediately.⁸⁵ And for special occasions the authorities have a lethal version prepared: Venomous Agent X [VX], developed at the Porton Down facility in England during the 1950s,⁸⁶ and one can only assume that they are prepared to use it.) But what mostly happens are internet witch-hunts against, or the scapegoating of, the latest perceived enemy (at the moment the right-wing but actually anyone who disagrees with the left-wing mandatory program), on monopolised social media platforms that really are totally against tyranny and fascism but delete anything they don’t agree with. The people programming insidious: the left-wing used to be against the obvious threats that are big business and mass immigration, but now they embrace them. Thus the eugenics program may be unnecessary as the idiot-horde are committing figurative suicide, cadaver obedience, although it may effect everyone for real.

Seam receiving: humanitarian intervention goes off-message. It is still objectively grotesque in Albion and abroad due to the bad and good peoples’ actions or lack thereof. Society is getting weirder and weirder, or maybe the madness is showing itself more and more, and hardly anyone seems to care or dare (most allegedly ‘alternative’ bods look like fools, hucksters or State-assets. I only really have time for ‘Everyone’ looking towards the Napalm Apes or Quiz Hippies with a five-prong shakedown of the actual game. Tromp skies, drop interps). Perhaps all the current madness is because we all unconsciously

know that it's time for this unfair and horrible world to end? The last great Window of Opportunity (WOO) was between 1965-1979, bolstered by strong extra-cosmic forces, away from school, clutched pearls and washed-out navels. But now it's all sewn up, out of reach as few want it. They'd rather be themselves (someone else). The sky is closing, watchtowers crumbling, the land strangled by the wires that cut through men like cheese. Places = Stasis. Fallen angels, stars on the ground at Hollywood Boulevard, the beast in the cellar... fucking you everything fucked.

“Show me a government that's not corrupt to the chair underneath them.”

Most of us are mere worker-consumers, chained to the hive and only allowed the occasional trip out to gather more nectar for it, to sustain those who beedazzle and bewilder us with their honeycombed maze sorcery since the earliest epoch that fingers the dawn. Do Not Pass Go Do Not Collect Otherist Dream Ontology. It's going great guns, with a wolf-laughs-you-out-of-the-bathroom weirdness, judging by the many commendations from the peoples, proving there is a great thirst for substance manna, eyes to the screen not over the parapet, or attack not dialogue with each other, to keep you in your place.

A little bird tells me the powers-that-bee are suggest-sting a human-robot-demon hybrid stimmung for the work-king drones both inside and outside of the hive. They were raised in rituals, most likely SRA,⁸⁷ so this is their normal. They push Einstein and hide Tesla. Think or be eaten. Truthseekers fighting against the simulation's possibility of being real. Chasing statuses, devouring antimatters, Micky Finn on the buttons. A five-bed pamper with the claret and amber. They sharp shit it when the odds are even.

When GK Chesterton was asked: “What's wrong with the world today?”, he replied: “I am,” for starters...and that well-known and wise folk-saying: “Life is what you make it” isn't necessarily about being ‘successful’, as this is variously defined, but the fact that it is YOU who makes any situation as good or bad or

whatever to extent. As the great sages have always known, certainties are never certain, and reality can be altered by anyone, and is... Making do, but I don't want to put seeds in the show, as it's never really here. Great Britain itself is invented daily by a few people with more weapons and credible death threats than the rest of us. We're tricked into consuming their poison bait, to end up repeatedly in this illusory but very real trap. Moguls and programs, carrots and shticks. We can only vibrate beyond, but can we trust what is found there? Rely on the observer?

The Albionic visionary genius William Blake saw and said that imagination is the only true reality, but the 'real' world immediately suggests a fishing *reel*, winding you in to a happy net, going round in circles. In twilight language, REAL WORLD permutates to R LEAD WORL, or "Our Lead Wall". But is it so heavy and prison-like, or a helpful fishing weight? What if you don't just bite the hand that feeds but devour it all?

The great old trees and their rings show us that reality is the physical world surrounded by concentric circles: the finer dimensions moving out out out into infinity, and that is why EVERYTHING IS IMPORTANT. Whatever we think, say or do is crucial, because it sends out ripples into these other dimensions. For example, inverting a crucifix then hanging it on your wall. This transmits a message to these other realms that can get you noticed there and attract things into your life that you don't realise you're attracting. Things which have plans of their own. So always be vigilant and in control of yourself. Stay righteous and pure, and choose carefully.

USE IT OR LOSE IT

How organised is organised crime and how high does it go? To the very top echelons of power. The peoples are supposed to like Queen Elizabeth II and feel sorry for her burden of power, but we're out fucking in cars and acting weird, up on crank, drinking Fireball and knowing more than the Holy Bible, and supposed to watch her boring *The Crown* biopic on Netflix? She overrides the date and time, the Bearskins and Beefeaters drilling in front of the palace not to defend her but to show the world her occult power, to get people to serve her, die for her. The royal gold crown is an antenna that receives signals from, and radiates like, the Sun; the jewels in it fine-tune the frequencies. But the modern-day King & Queen does drugs in black magic to hook the land and encourage being a mug, subservient to people you've never even met.

Cut to the 1957 British horror film, *Night of the Demon*, and its black magician star's Lufford Hall in Warwickshire and the mansions in Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut* and Polanski's *The Ninth Gate* (both of these 1999 films were made by Cryptocracy insiders, and they be 1 in the 666) are fictionalised versions of the numerous real occult stately homes of the royals and their upper-class underlings throughout the world. The conjurer gets conjured. Hierarchical vested interests. What better place for altars of blood sacrifice than these "country PILES" of Britain? The mathematical principle *PI* is a fulcrum of sacred geometry & *LE* is EL (God) spelled backwards, a classic Satanic Reversal hidden in plain sight/site, *ergo* the array of monster statues and 'fake' Greek temples and Pagan grottos built on such estates, and Sir Francis Dashwood's HELLFIRE Caves, coiled and waiting underneath the Church.

It would be difficult to run an illegal cult on a council estate or in the suburbs (although Colin Batley gave it a good shot with his Kidwelly cul-de-sac sex cult in Wales),⁸⁸ let alone perform animal and human sacrifices there, but a

remote manor house in its own walled grounds, guarded by patrolling shotgun-bearing ‘gamekeepers’ is ideal. Lots of farm animals in the vicinity that would not draw attention if sacrificed, and lots of space to bury bodies unobserved. Why do you think these old places are haunted? Because their owners don’t die; they hang around to instruct the next generation; others just reincarnate into them. They go further you wouldn’t believe...because these Deep Blue Metaphysical Conservatives—now rootless cosmopolitans—living it up are in handed-down family occults, dragon bloodlines, hearth demons, the bigger brain show, and are in league with what some call “aliens”, others “demons”, others “angels”.

The human race is an edible invasive species, and others were already here. The Homo Sapien is not the apex predator, which is weirder than you think, because it doesn’t think. Ancient occult lore states that the human is a created species, a genetic experiment masterminded by the aliens (who are neither good nor evil but amoral and inscrutable, just as we are to an ant) who were here first, and that one weird day the aliens will return to reclaim Planet Earth, which will involve wiping out most of humanity. So the current human leaders believe that by pacting with, sacrificing to, and hopefully appeasing, these ‘gods’ they can be spared annihilation and gain a place in the alien-run new world. The apocalypse is close, hence the desperate and reckless ramping up of ritual sex abuse and murder across the globe.

The goal of these grim fiends in temporal charge is to create a Global Order of radically inhuman dictators, Mad Hatters tying the swings in knots, and a legion of loyal lackeys that obey orders, who love your torture, evidenced by their macabre cartoon politics and amusement at child-trauma. Their “thing” is Sex & Death, worshipped or weaponised, hence the Ritualised Creation & Destruction plots throughout history. The Grenfell Tower-block fire disaster⁸⁹ of 2017 was a modern-day Wicker Man,⁹⁰ a neo-Druidic sacrificial working to anchor the dark forces initially summoned by paedophilic fuck/snuff rites. The

Grenfell Tower operation officially killed 72 people,⁹¹ one for each of the 72 names/angels of the Judeo-Christian God,⁹² and one for each of their planned replacements, the 72 demons of the 'Ars Goetia' in *The Lemegeton* grimoire.⁹³ Darwin on a stick. Nightmare cake. Endless weapons.

World Wars I & II were mechanical, conducted in an industrial age. World War III is propagandistic, conducted in an information age. The enemy works via the mind, psychotronically, altering the timelines *en masse* via sound and light and tracery. Assault from the start in the open (along with subliminal message hypnosis and brain-bending drugs from the doctor, street-dealer and in popular food and drink). The loud can damage but the most formidable foe is anodyne innocuous: the background radiation electro-smog, that wasn't even there 110 years ago but since then has been creeping stronger in power and coverage, seeping a garbled maelstrom of sounds and images into the mind, which is why a lot of people feel disconnected from reality, with the resulting echo-effect, that has been designed to evoke a "self-fulfilling prophecy".

Jokes within jokes and cloaks over cloaks, to especially disguise the Space Tribes Signal (STS): older generations have been the experimental trial-&-error stage of the UFOlk Mind Invasion. Future generations will be next, early signs of success. With their thinking powers numbed by constant frenetic entertainments, producing a shortened attention span which stops them forging their own lines of meaning, aided and abetted by cheap, plentiful alcohol and more psychiatrically-sophisticated and powerful drugs, their minds could become so benumbed and bewildered that ANY type of mind invasion and thought control, Alien or Earthian, would be a cinch. There are signs that this is already happening. The worship of violence in cinema and street plus the growing interest in, and promotion of, paedophilia, bestiality, and other sexual perversions suggests a direct, organised influence from lower astral entities. It jumps straight in because of backbone jelly. Around 21 Grams lost at every human death.⁹⁴ Those who say aliens are not real do not know what they are talking

about or are scared and so promote the ball lightning, flocks of geese or sleep paralysis joke. But most abductions take place when the person is fully awake, even driving their car. One flu over the planet in a flying saucer and did a great big alien shit on all humans so you stink together for a million years until you live in peace.

Some think it's brave and safe in numbers. They bleat about the "Yellow Vests' pre-revolutionary situation"⁹⁵ as the traffic-lights turn red, alongside less violent but equally suspicious organisations such as Extinction Rebellion, an ecological-orientated climate change campaign group that proclaims: "REBEL FOR LIFE" and engages in disruptive direct action tactics.⁹⁶ Its logo is a triangle on top of another triangle, glyphing the number 33, that is often encoded into occult working manifestations. It is also a *Dagaz* rune, pronounced 'Daggers', exoteric meaning 'Day', esoteric meaning 'fundamental change'. If the Extinction Rebellion logo is turned on its side, it can read as the Roman Numerals IX & XI, or 9/11, as in the coordinated terrorist attacks in the USA on September 11, 2001. This suggests that a similar atrocity may be connected to Extinction Rebellion, and carried out by its mind-controlled patsies, or perhaps a mass suicide. In this context, note that the group's initials 'just happen' to be ER, as in Elizabeth Regina (Queen) II, the current head of the British Royalty, British Freemasonry, and the British Armed Forces (including its Intelligence Agencies). (The Extinction Rebellion symbol was turned 90 degrees, so it didn't relate to the runes, to avoid any karma or other backlash. It was also placed inside a circle, as if to enclose what it represents, as if they don't really mean what they say.)

The main aim of such scaremongers and their political masters (Conservative and Labour) is to reach "net zero carbon emissions by 2050".⁹⁷ It is interesting to note that Activated Carbon is derived from charcoal, a substance which in occult lore has long been known to absorb and imprison evil forces. Get rid of carbon and the demons will be free to roam and influence. In this context,

note that Extinction Rebellion is controlled by the Rising Up! (from Hell?) network, which calls for:

a fundamental change of the political and economic system to one which maximises well being and minimises harm. We believe change needs to be rooted in reverence and gratitude and that confrontation through mass civil disobedience is necessary.⁹⁸

In other words, the non-exact and open-to-interpretation terms “change,” “well being,” and “harm,” coupled with getting a criminal record and maybe a prison sentence, sniffing around feral strangeness. What may cause “harm” may later cause benefit.

Also in the Satanic context, note that the Extinction Rebellion spin-off group, FridaysForFuture—that influences schoolchildren to go on mass strikes—has the acronym FFF. *F* is the sixth English Alphabet letter, thus FFF = 666. On protests they make the sign of the X by crossing their arms over their chests,⁹⁹ similar to the crossed-arms-above-the-head English Socialist Party (Ingsoc) Salute made to Big Brother during the “Two Minutes Hate” & “Hate Week” gatherings, as depicted in the Hollywood feature film *1984* (1984), an adaptation of George Orwell’s warning novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Secker & Warburg, 1949), and to the Hammer Salute made by the Dictator Pink and his followers in the feature film *Pink Floyd – The Wall* (1982). *X* is the twenty-fourth English Alphabet letter and $2+4 = 6$, so the (mostly) unknowing FFF (666) children are making a long string of 666s by their actions. To seal this argument, know that the FFF’s website displays the strapline “I WANT YOU TO PANIC,”¹⁰⁰ coding to the goat-foot god, Pan, who some religious researchers regard as a form of Satan.

On the “WHO WE ARE” page of the related Zero Hour environmental anti-climate change movement’s website, the two Es in the title are three horizontal

lines,¹⁰¹ glyphing 33. The same page lists a number of logos of further related groups, which may form one long secret message, if it can be decoded. The Earth Guardians one with a large Big Brother eye leads to yet more such logos of related group logos.

Few escape the now ubiquitous social engineering via shock troop propaganda, spoof and rife warp technology, authority figures without question. For example, such banal but dangerousities as the purposeful introduction of the word *bitch* as a term of abuse. First used in this context by men and women to describe a bad woman, then by gangsta rap music to describe a subordinate female, it was pushed wider through other genres to become a unisex term, and was seeded into mass-culture to encourage a very divisive “ME versus THEM” hierarchical battle mentality, that would help pave the way for the political polarisation of citizens into ever-more shouty extremes. Left & Right factions ideologically possessed, the fringe leading the centre, full of binary buffoons that fight each other instead of their real (and tiny in numbers) enemy, camouflaged by other peoples’ ignorance and actions, who do not realise they have the fiend surrounded.

The Far-Right uniform fetishists of stentorian moral certainties are in fact a vehicle to enslave people to conformist normality by stopping them from being loose and accessing deeper parts of the mind and its powers. The filthy fornicators of the ‘free’ love permissive swinging society—a disgusting lettuce pushed by the Far-Left hippies—was in fact a vehicle to enslave people to their primordial base desires.¹⁰² Both pole-camps limit their followers thus makes them easier to control, and control them the controllers do. It is shit-disturbing as fuck at the end.

The supposedly ‘United’ Kingdom is seeded by American Dream money and painted-on pearls. Soon the only goals will be trophy photos, no borders and no-go areas. Some Planet Earth countries have changed size on the maps

throughout history just as people get bigger and smaller, but they have never got large enough to explode or small enough to vanish. The bones and teeth remain. No way out. Spiritual Enlightenment is a myth, it's just people being unenlightened surrounding a dud guru whom is pretending to be enlightened. Fighting each other to become wage-slaves. Forced to pay tax to pay for your imprisonment and repression. Only allowed to chase after and consume abstracts and isms instead of direct lived experience and real emotion. The whole basis, totality, of the economic/political control system must be totally transformed or destroyed before it initiates the mass cull on the rest of us.

In the 'free world' the ruling class will offer you a game to play: pacifist or terrorist, priest or pimp, where one is at liberty to agree with the ruling class. And if they feel they are losing the war of words and the mind-control they will use threats and violence. The third choice ladies gentlemen is...revolutionary, axe-heads and scythes. This is why 21st Century politics is bipolar (in reality singular), for the ruling class control both sides, illusioned.

A Working Class Movement should be strength in numbers, a voice to be reckoned with and a vote to be feared, but if the existing powers-that-be can't control it they will turn people against it by media cycles, quoting from their own agents all the time. Our words and actions taken completely out of context; make it up as they go along pricks, fucking cunts. Lies.

England used to be a place worth fighting for but now it's been given away by the twats in government and replaced by a shithole, rewarding the scum. Human celebrities are called "stars" because they literally glow, some of them greatly, especially the natural blondes. This is also called "photogenic", and is why the "camera loves them". Bloodline and Crossbreed plus artificial mutate. Tomorrow's division bell is sounding, emblazoned across the roof-tops. Whitehall nonces whitewashed, Rupert Murdoch hacks up phones. An interweaving of a perverted secret. Was Jimmy Savile's phone hacked? "Fake News" subversive assault, really? What about the genuine news that's wilfully unreported?

Truth omitted from view. Useful idiots throne to the wolves when things were uncovered, keeping the big names masked and their sacrificial fodder for some demented deity. Investigators whisked off in a helicopter and told to sign the Official Secrets Act or be thrown out of the door. The whole matter is what matters, looking the other way. Gaggling order, gagged and ordered, moving bricks where's your muscles. My new toilet cost a lot more dan rat lip-service; molten lead type. The whole world is fed the one bullet.

Aghast at the grotesquely vulgar hydra of modernity and the Cult of Progress; the tragedians up in lights. Proper boils my piss. Look at it: billions wasted on bombs and overspending: legal ways to siphon tax cash into a few pockets of the spiv dynasty, whilst we are told/supposed to work hard and become like them. But unemployment creates aristocrats; the benefits culture benefits culture, giving creatives the time to make what they will and so assist the peoples in their various HABITats. And as Agathon says: "Art loves chance, and chance loves art."¹⁰³ They are so closely connected that many of the most important discoveries in the arts have originated in accident. So be wary of corrals, both outside and within thee. Take your head out of the sand and grasp the hopeful egg. Obtain extra-perspective then give your missive to the whirled.

Do what you can...or don't; jump up or down. A youngster's coarse rebellion is dismissed by the overlookers as just a "phase" they are going through, but everything is but a passing phase, and the System is designed to engender ruts, be they 'negative' or 'positive'. This-or-That, whatever, is denounced as "wasting your life". Yet what isn't a waste of your life? Worming books, binge-humping, ballroom dancing, climbing Mount Everest? Verily, "each to their own" is a rigged tournament, an Entertainment Market selling a great deal of disguised uselessly time. A "run for your money", not you. Refuse to be lured. Stay detuned. Get on track.

The obvious advice here is: "Don't play in, or argue for, rigged games", as in the (secret) state of the nation.

A momentous time stands on the brink, where the right shall replace the rong. I foresee peace gangs and a long queue for violence, even at bouncy castles, as the earthenware piggy bank is dashed to the floor to buy dog-eat-dog food whatever the exchange rate. A spirited local resistance arises into an inside-knowledge Green Fingers cult who know what they are on about. Chins are scratched, excuses hatched. The lights go off, other lights come on. Big posters go up depicting a line of bumper-to-bumper cars on a long straight road stretch, the words “WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC” superimposed at the bottom. In connection to all this I had a clear woods dream of a magical square (reproduced right), which remained in sight for three minutes after I awakened, accompanied with the sound of pathways. By the A1 Cipher,¹⁰⁴ its three horizontal lines decode to: DEDI; CFOF; BGAE, i.e. DEAD I (Ego); SEE THOTH (Lord of Magic & Writing); BE GAE (*Gae* is Scottish for ‘Go’, i.e. “Be a goer”; “Go forth”. GAE is directly cognate with STRANDED GO, obtained some weeks before). I am taking this advice and more.

4	5	4	9
3	6	0	6
2	7	1	5

The magical square contains a deeper coding: the 505/606 Cross, centred on the zero. $505+606 = 1111$, which glyphs the recently discovered quadruple-stranded DNA in healthy human cells.¹⁰⁵ 1111 can also form two crosses, which in turn hints at three crosses, or entities (an X being an accepted form of signature). $505 \times 606 = 306030$: the three in question. The central 60 is formed by the two outer flankers (2×30). By the A1 Cipher: 30 = BIBLE [BI: the Old and New Testaments]. 60 = ORANGE [nothing rhymes with it] = ALIENS. This evidences an unique alien-human bloodline as written of in the Holy Bible: the Nephilim.¹⁰⁶ The Great Mutation has been ongoing since the first aliens landed on Planet Earth in distant pre-history. Members of the first generation alien-human hybrids are also directed to mate with humans. This second generation of hybrids look and behave very similar to humans and are infiltrating all levels of society in a slow, and now semi-secret, world takeover.

HARK THE HERALDS

Occult-conspiracy research tunes into strange wavelengths to find the patterns. When one gets deeply immersed it also reveals other things. James Shelby Downard warned,¹⁰⁷ and his protégé, Michael A. Hoffman II, warns,¹⁰⁸ that the Cryptocracy are alchemically processing (mass mind-controlling) society. Look at the creeping Three AAA: Amnesia-Abulia-Apathy.¹⁰⁹ They are Goat Satanism, incidentally following the Bible, which states that the Devil is the “god of this world.”¹¹⁰ In Law, a GOAT (or GOTE) means ‘sewer; gutter’,¹¹¹ a gateway to the chthonic regions. The goat-headed Baphomet and the goat-footed Pan, as in the goat-horned averse pentagram. The Devil in goat’s clothing. The Cult of the Black Goat. By the A1 Cipher: GOAT = 43 = PANIC [the effect of Pan in the vicinity, and the periodic Satanic Panic].

Who touched me? Politics is stand-up comedy. What runs the show are secret connected elites. Tavistock Institute of Human Relations climbs vertical. Confiscated pornography data centre looks like an erect penis man. I spoke to the ghost of the micro-managers down by the breed-girls of the ATOMOTA. Some are surreptitiously implanted with self-assembling bio-nanotechnology hooked up to the 5G control-grid system, that modifies behaviour and issues threats and tortures that sound and feel like the real thing. There is more than one of the Prime Minister. The horror in all town centre. Who does the military belong to? Fermented milk where is your sting? Rubber cement genuflecting. Your shoes are finishing. Dark proportions simmering in the family. The force of horse, paid puppets, usual suspects, chock-a-block pop stock. Let's say turn towards the cryptic mystic Intergalactic Council. Liberation is in the details. Unlike those cure 1970s Ski Yoghurt TV adverts made you feel happy. The blood relatives all in white, the condensation droplets on the outside of the pot, and the 1982 one in the orchard, she bites the apple and fecund juice comes

out phallic, with the song “One, Two, Ski!” Masonic Free Degrees. The family has a ladder. Free from artificials. The real (i.e. useful) mirage is calling, away on the streets. I will get there by forgetfulness. Me ignores it and prefers away.

Kept awake by phantom sirens then woken up just after I got to sleep by phantom telephone/doorbell rings. Aggressive Parking outside home. Increased Traffic harassment walking to the shops. Red-Lorry-Yellow-Lorry patterns whilst driving. Cops stopping in front of me to jam. “Spies in the sky” (surveillance aircraft) but in full view, “buzzing” the target to intimidate by cumulative stress so he “Make a fool of himself,” doing something he would not normally do. Like that recurring dream where other people all of different races are living in my tiny home but I only remembered this latest episode, usually memory is wiped. Maybe they wanted me to see it or the White Hats deflected the blanking beam. I’m asleep on the floor as usual. I look beyond my feet a man there on a computer it is dark asleep. I didn’t react, accepted it as not out of the ordinary. Then eventually got up and went over to him and asked what he was doing. He said he was a “High Administrator,” as I glanced at the screen that displayed a word and lines-symbol, then I woke up. I could remember these but for some reason I did not write them down and have since forgot.

Shutdown Fires in the electro-grid. I wonder if attack-pattern. Niederaussem Power Station, Germany. June 2006.¹¹² Krümmel Nuclear Power Plant, Geesthacht, Germany. June 2007.¹¹³ Tilbury Power Station, Essex, England. February 2012.¹¹⁴ Penly Nuclear Reactor, France. April 2012.¹¹⁵ Ferrybridge C Power Station, West Yorkshire, England. July 2014.¹¹⁶ Didcot B Power Station, Oxfordshire, England. October 2014.¹¹⁷ Srisaïlam Power Plant, Telangana, India. August 2020.¹¹⁸ Aspropyrgos Power Station, Athens, Greece. February 2021.¹¹⁹ The click-track microchip in ankle aerial, ordered about by laughing doctor people, followed by ‘harmless eccentrics’, shortcut processes bringing the vegetable patch, altering sleep cycle, attention span, dotage in crazy kinks, demon calling test valley, fucked in the backstory, invisible black ink palmistry, the pouring

ouija filling an empty soul. Drug-dealing in prison passing Ecstasy Teenagers on rude scooters, the superinhuman machines of the Spectacle never held accountable. Corruption concerns met by amalgamated counter-claims, masquerading the truth; proof of eviltry deflected by fake outrage addicted to hate. Your fear of us is much more justified than your middle-class toss. Fuck off with your pink ties and lime-green doors. We're for the spiral staircase in the woods.

Who is feeding me this? The Frequency Desks say the "Cloistered Barrister" (Barista?), who abstractly rhyme-codes to T. Lobsang Rampa, Third Eye Federation of Planets. The former has his robe and powdered wig on, circumambulating his chambers. He is stuffed with old money (casinos and oil), changing the order of things, blocking the Saints with six types of scaffolding. Him and type are responsible for what I or likewise say will be debunked by professional liars married to Miss Information, both working for the Hidden Hand. Illusion of comfortable explanation, sent forth daily dose. "One of the functions of the media is to limit debate to very narrow discussions that do not contradict corporate or capitalist interests."¹²⁰ Back-to-front in the Rapid City. I thought the undergird was reason and nature, but they're bringing the alien fluctuations and threat of crater.

Look up, look down. Verily, the world's gone wrong; is now a shadow show. For most their guide is royal purple to minion media spouts, fishy with Elvis, feeling up slave robots, profit before humans, puppy love. But where did the Towers go? Leapfrog portals, the chosen ones kissed on the neck next to a bale of hay. The poor assist swelling plutocrats; overkilled monochrome man pulled from the bog. Expect a rise in Millenarianism. Moscovium weird. Chaos and uncertainty becomes strategic. Continuous online devilry implemented to increase the breakdown of reality, or rather, the development of unreality. Plugs lost in sinks, a powerful hole in the ground. UK Border Farce. Indigenous White People will be a minority in their own country by the 2060s or sooner, so says Oxford Professor and population expert DAVID COLEMAN (the Davidic

Bloodline / Coal [Non-White] Man).¹²¹ Whatever politics you swallow and regurgitate, know now that the ongoing elimination of the White Race is not the “Great Replacement”. It is Genocide. Say it out loud: “G-E-N-O-C-I-D-E”. A (mostly) peaceful takeover of the British Isles whilst making its indigenous people feel guilty about defending their homeland. (The stable population replaces itself.) The Cryptocracy are pointing at the balcony, pushing multiculturalism/miscegenation is fun conkers, alien immigration spilling over open borders. Hate Male, gay liberation, transgenderism, transhumanism, anything non-baby-producing. Dancing idolatry, paedophilia, no-fault divorce, obesity, unaffordable homes, horny for porn. Premarital feminist fornication fortified by Gillick Competence contraceptives and abortion doctor freely prescribed for underage girls.¹²² Sanitation string. Holiday Inn. MK-ULTRA spin. Multiple Oswalds, multiple Sirhan-Sirhans, multiple real assassins, the COINTELPRO. Any detractors-denouncers attacked by the word *racist* until it gets overused and replaced by another, encouraged by media and mongrels. Intolerance and no-platforming not understanding and debate. Reasonable People vs. Fanatics, the latter previously on the fringe margins but currently being pushed into the mainstream, top-down and amplified by the Cryptocracy, who want to depop the natives via a complete crossfade of non-Cryptocracy Whites with Blacks (as neo-slaves) and Browns (who are very collectivised and bloc-controlled by a few leaders). But if this happens the White Elite (WE) will be surrounded by them (as the Jewish enclaves in London are being outbred and surrounded by Muslims, hence the establishment in 2008 of a Jewish ‘neighbourhood watch group’ charity [i.e. private police], the Shomrim),¹²³ who could be supplied with weapons, whatever by Saudi Arabia, Iran, whomever, then rise up and overthrow the Whites. So presumably, once the not-WE Whites are eradicated there will be a gradual or perhaps sudden Brown & Black race extinction by covert Chemical & Biological Warfare (CBW), as in the Project COAST (1981-1995) in South Africa,¹²⁴ and its sterility-causing vaccine,¹²⁵ plus ethno-specific viruses,

anti-fertility street drugs, subliminal-messaged murder/suicide urges, etc. Hell is just down the road unless there is a soon stop to, and U-turn of, this aforementioned mad menace.

The painted smile lives dangerously, three times. Vatican Mafica. Police shoot juggler. Superstar with vague fever or Batman is Rob[b]in[g] or the stranger raper on Distortion Street, breezed by a chilling element, acting in celebrity, electromagnetic powder through nasal cavity. Half be disguised nocturnal thigh-scoopers. Thankyou very much circus, aiming dark ecstasies, the love of skull. The dead come back, haunting, on the wrong march. Science covers it up. A split eye aggravation of talents, masturbatory insanity, running behind the pesticide trucks. Mincing abrasives, the termite queen, farmer's things, smuggling rings, the coloured hand, subconscious monster, prehistoric predator, tip of icebergs, the desert scramble, museums of stolen items, luxury siege. Wax doll or passion hill. It's the Timeline Wars. On every corner a friend of god, dog of pig. You are not alone. All that glitters is not fool's gold.

CODA

As I was polishing the final draft of the first edition of this book, a hot flash news report reached my desk concerning the mysterious megalithic Dolmen of Guadalperal in the city of Cáceres, that is located in the autonomous community of Extremadura, Spain. Nicknamed the “Spanish Stonehenge”, this ring of standing stones had been hidden in the Valdecañas Reservoir since 1963, but it fully re-emerged in 2019 for all to witness,¹²⁶ due to an unusual year-plus-long drought (that was ultimately caused by what one may wonder?). The structure consists of 144 granite blocks,¹²⁷ and as my own discovery of “Mystery 144” was an integral part of the OKOK Society/OKOK Research Bureau occult-art “cult cult” that I co-re-founded with Liam Olan in 1989,¹²⁸ I interpret this temple’s reappearance to be a direct message to myself that, by Nature, the Old Ways are resurging here and now, to help those who care to usher in the Next Step.

ENDNOTES

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“Glaze away foremost inside disputed daytime with the others,
accurately in ferment.”

JH PRYNNE

[illegible]