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“I cannot conceive any work of art as having a
separate existence from life itself.”

Antonin Artaud

INTRODUCTION

Dear Peepholes, as the crown in twelve stars is also in the nether regions your reporter thought he'd already consumed enough media for this year and it's only February. And yet these new words are creeping about, so I suppose all talk of stopping was a premature ejaculation, that is not my cup of tea, although I am not quite myself. In the oval mirror a cut-glass accent, officer material, throughout a world of beautiful fear, a stick-walk resounding the "organised anarchy" of my most trusted guru, the creative-iconoclast Antonin "Theatre of Cruelty" Artaud. But I should have heard the cow-bells ringing.

I have long been gone on the unorthodox, weird, perverse, let's say the "magical macabre" (although it is not necessarily magical or macabre), for it to provoke and 'intellectualise' me, widening the consciousness and other experience as it were. Hence this here publication, itself part of the canon, which may initiate other people into certain inspirers. The diplomacy gap has been filled by a seeing eye fly on the wall that has ears, and kissing the aerial hand provokes raptures, gallivanting wiggle-room and escape routes. It's true Mr Shoe. God's eyes are green.

LITERATURE

One can open doors through myriad mediums, but the strongest, for me at least, is text literature, that has long been feared by the powers-that-be, hence the Satanic namings of printing arte components such as the “hell-box” and “printer’s devil”, the very first of which was an authentic imp from Hell employed by the Venetian printer and typographer, Aldus Manutius, possibly cognate with that old Mr Deville, an assistant to the first English printer and book publisher, William Caxton. The Devil remains in the Bible. This portalling muse is not necessarily a total immersion in things; often just a sentence or two does the trick, just as short privately-published pamphlets tend to contain far more interesting and useful information than lengthy big company books.

Experimental (that is, magical) writing dates way back prehistory, who knows? In the 20th Century the surrealists acted as if they were variously mentally ‘ill’ (out-there), to see what it would provoke creative-wise. Anna Kavan wrote with her genuine mental difference perhaps those beyond wanted *Sleep Has His House* (first published as *The House of Sleep* in 1947) to manifest. André Breton & Philippe Soupault were not mad but their *The Magnetic Fields* (1920) is, ditto James Joyce and his *Finnegans Wake* (1939). Other experimental authors—influenced or not by the *roman expérimental* phenomenon of the 1950s in France perpetrated by Marguerite Duras, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Samuel Beckett—are on the hop. I see large clear perspex boxes full of swirling fog on the ploughed earth at twilight. Stare closer it is revealed that shuddering zolt of vicious fish.

The should be shout, let’s say take-it-or-leave-it stream-of-consciousness monologue flow of elsewhere anti-plot. United dairies wanted unhinged, street-crank, a violet arm job happy in shadows not emperor’s new clothes splurge pollutant factory marketing-written bet contrive-zany sacked sugar governing for example pop stars bell-jars dancing with idol-axis actwhores of overground underground nonsense collations exemplified by John Lennon’s *In His Own Write* (Jonathan Cape, 1964) then *A Spaniard in the Works* (Jonathan Cape, 1965) and Bob Dylan’s *Tarantula* (bootlegged edition, various publishers, 1966; The Macmillan Company,

1971). Vanity projects thankfully closed floodgates. Even if fan no need for this preening obscene.

Maybe certainly the occult-interested BS Johnson's *The Unfortunates* (1969), a book in a box, its unbound signatures intended to be shuffled and read in any order; zebra muscles tit-for-tat, and Ann Quin's four slipped who-knows-here? novels *Berg* (1964), *Three* (1966), *Passages* (1969), *Tripticks* (1972) get weirder every time, reaching through blind spots. Both authors committed suicide in 1973 and these year-digits total 20, by secret meaning the two becoming zero, dripping with clew.

The key to life is vodka in the morning, dem bones fondling the now-knowns, and on an altogether another timeline hen comes the more wider known shone by William S. Burroughs' cut-up Nova Trilogy being *The Soft Machine* (1961), *The Ticket That Exploded* (1962) & *Nova Express* (1964), wherein riding lessons dominate the hammock and a third-mind broadsword cast during a strobing thunderstorm defeats non-purple neuroscience (add a swallow-nod to Michael Stevens' excellent work, *The Road to Interzone: Reading William S. Burroughs Reading* [Suicide Press, 2009], a free reference PDF which lists with notes many of the books Mr Burroughs consumed or cut about);¹ Andy Warhol's multi-ghostwritten affair *a: a novel* (1968) sphagnum moss on sphagnum moss by the relentless cock; and JG Ballard's fractious fracas *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1970), famous for being hastily pulped by a frightened Doubleday before publication, with only a handful of copies surviving until its mass-market reprint amidst the postmodern shock-hungry voice-to-skull zeitgeist poltergeist. (May I suggest getting alongside *JG Ballard – The Interview Concordance*, with links to many of them in full.²) You could do wonder at such stark iconoclasts as Mr Burroughs & Mr Ballard being published by major publishers, snapped up by potential subscribers culture vultures, similar to making a crop circle is the same as casting a magic circle (the inside story).

Maybe there's a frond out to Brian Eno & Peter Schmidt's trip *Oblique Strategies: Over One Hundred Worthwhile Dilemmas* (1975), a set of white cards with succinct helpful ponder-messages on them for creatives; akin to Yoko Ono's brilliant, playful, kinda unclassifiable but let's say

conceptual instruction manual *Grapefruit* (Wuntemaum Press, 1964), or maybe a rip-off of it. All Against All: Universal Field. She's also done a sequel, *Acorn* (Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 2013), that was written decades later by a different self but needs to be read with its other. Know they are a different publisher but they could have made it the same size as *Grapefruit*, as it's awkward singers on the shelf.

Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet* (1982; first published in English by Serpent's Tail in 1991) is also the real deal, fuller now, fragmented and stranger. CIA later, now, never. The housewife's choice Peter Sotos' unflinching explorations of serial/sex killers, etc. experimental because no-one else is doing it/by its very subject matter. Dennis Cooper's *The Sluts* (Void Books, 2004) different slope, a paper grope. Reel them off why don't I, because it's not me, trying to link thee.

Trade secrets literature doors other worlds reincarnated in all novels, in praise of the doorbell lick. Hence the shunning or ignoring by the commonsensers of *The Sea of Fertility* tetralogy by Yukio Mishima,³ a reservoir resin root relegated to esoteric boho circles. It's lit, a crazy haze mask on every border. He was homosexual, tried to foment a *coup d'état* to get the Emperor back in power, then committed harakiri. Useful but also a liability, like a deaf neighbour.

One may also include concrete/visual and blackout/redacted poetry; conceptual, automatic, cut/up, found, outsider/brut, even asemic writing; shit-lit; the newer internet-inspired flarf texts and spoetry all valid if you want. Inveterate staunch and score, not necessarily of great literary merit but maybe a fun detour or jolting ghost-train ride. Then there's the newspaper and magazine hidden messages, found by reading across the columns horizontally, rather than down them vertically in the usual fashion. The unknowing read these missives and are thus programmed, 'subliminally'. That any or indeed all of these curious covert plantings have a wider relevance than the immediate small readership is moot obvious, and I strongly suspect that not all of the plants have been uncovered yet, nor thus the Great Garden.

Here we come to the so-named magic "talismanic" grimoires designed to change the very atmosphere surrounding wherever they are and the

reader. Their vision is probably important, although I'm nought interested in joining them as I do not rate modern occultism very highly. There is more metaphysical twang and thought provocation oompah in a single page of Wyndham Lewis' post-vorticist "Human Age" trilogy—especially the third novel, *Malign Fiesta* (1955), set in the afterworld and dictated into a tape-recorder when he was blind—than in most of the occult tomes pushed by the middle-class trinket merchants. It is said to have phantom pages, like sheaves of hellish wallpaper. He knew a thing or two, including a great deal about the Priory of Sion in the 1920s and satirised it in his *The Apes of God* (The Arthur Press, 1930), that peels off the page. If powdered, po-weed and smoked you make the countdown up.

Outgoing I tried tripsy flicked through the Bavarian melancholist WG Sebald's *The Rings of Saturn* (Harvill Press, 1995) in (on?) the county of Suffolk, UK: a text-photo combo that zonks but daresay seemed too much like an inferior rip-off of André Breton's *Nadja* (Gallimard NRF, 1928), if we're talking the Existential Why? A little bird tells me Herr Sebald sailed through the lost village of Dunwich on the Suffolk coast not realising its Lo!-Coding to HP Lovecraft's fundamental Cthulhu Mythos tale 'The Dunwich Horror' on the scales.⁴ Anniversary undersea bells toll when the overseas cathedral was covered in bullet-holes from the British planes that strafed and bombed the scarecrow statues ahoy. Screams and singles bounce off the eroding masonry, a gibbous hand reaching the foreshore in slickery twist.

Electro-torch under bedsheets again as HP Lovecraft's 'The Outsider',⁵ a Mystery Shopper, dream of Dracula. Survival tins walking through and away from the Utter Udders, augmented by the fact that I quickly rejected a tinged and creased copy of Michael Caine's autobiography *What's It All About* (1992) for 50p in the hand, that seemed insane as I have been re-watching him as spy and greatly enjoying. I did acquire a water-damaged version of Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* (Poulet-Malassis & De Broise, 1857) in the Richard Howard English translation (David R. Godine, 1982), that is said to be the best, but this one smells of foisty mold. Apt for a decadent work say but I could do without it plotting under the umbrella, and the Lord of Algae bongo balloon vendetta.

The Decadence—established in/out by *Les Fleurs du Mal* and Joris-Karl Huysmans' *À Rebours* (aka: *Against Nature* or *Against the Grain*) (G. Charpentier & Cie, 1884)—has spawned a mutated offspring, Neo-Decadence, despite its protestations contrawise, which involves the drug-addled, dandified pursuit of excellence shews that reality is fiction. For a good introduction see Justin Isis & Daniel Corrick, eds., *Drowning in Beauty: The Neo-Decadent Anthology* (Snuggly Books, 2018), but why not ride and go the whole hog into Neo-Degeneracy??? Lesser men are trusting in moon-mad chem-sex, billowing in the hoary hundred hectares where going up is down. And while we are on this subject prompt, whatever happened to creasy-map-faced Algernon Blackwood's *Incredible Adventures*? (I only discovered it from a game I forgot.)

A related vein is Chômu Press and its “New vistas of irreality.”⁶ It be a proper small press, highly-biased and taking chances, its forte Weird Fiction. A good representative way in is its *Dadaoism (An Anthology)* (2012), edited by co-founders Justin Isis & Quentin S. Crisp, an Amazon print-on-demand affair with a discreet *FUCK* on its front cover. My ginger wine-infused scoping out of it remembered a dream of a blue nylon welded-seam poncho, that not only drained the rain-slew off but also enabled covert quash-circus scenarios in any area, without detection by passer-bys or CCTV cameras, plus the unmolested carrying of mediaeval spurge. I suspect it could also transform into an improv tent of sorts, with shoelaces and K-hooks. I'm part of an ASP that is going to “dismantle hippy's body” (the 1960s/1970s vibe), as I did the sponge-sofa in the lemon curd lounge. High expeditions down the sewers, searching for the “LSDevil.” Our shadows are blacker than black, evolving. Leather and chrome witches brewing. The almanac is all lines, dancing on crepuscular organs. We take the head into a lightning-blasted oak-gall. Sky departs revealing slime fortress; something has reversed. Smash a glass against the wall in a funny mood. Mystic nature is perfect.

This and other urged me back to Modernist Poetry in the form of *The H.D. Book* (Michael Boughn & Victor Coleman, eds; University of California Press, 2011), an obsessive brick on the female Imagist poet-mystic H.D. and so much more, written by Robert Duncan,⁷ a long-time friend of

H.D. and himself an accomplished occulto plus part of the male gay trio of poetical pioneers with Robin Blaser⁸ & Jack Spicer,⁹ who post-WWII developed the “Serial Form” poetic, by which they descended into language to investigate alchemy, myth & pre-history alongside science, philosophy and so, in a search for the divine.¹⁰ The actual contents of the book is a multi-layered jubilee joy, but its construction is lacking: a bad glue job on the spine is making the pages pull away.

As I was reading the above I was shown *The Memoirs of Satan: The Collected Edition of the Works of William Gerhardt* (collated by William Gerhardt & Brian Lunn; Cassell & Company, 1932). I hadn’t heard of the Anglo-Russian novelist and playwright William Gerhardt before but he lived a very interesting life and certainly has his fans. Have put it on the “To-Read” pile for now, look forward to jumping in. What unites us all?

Wet like I’m book, savouring in the hairdryer breeze, what I’m digging mostly is mostly true-life testosterone stuff, like big-in-the-1980s Grandmaster Ashida Kim’s Black Dragon Society Ninja training manuals.¹¹ Hands can become “talons of terror,” not to mention the empty space poison claw no-touch knockout or death touch. Was also impressed by his weaponised origami. I get the feeling I dated one of these not-so-asleep-sleepers who claimed she was an ex-army sniper with a sideline in aluminium foil balls mirror-polished to reflect scenes around them like Cyclopean silver eyes. A high-pitched tone whenever she was around, voices from the corners, the occasional nosebleed. On the street making peculiar facial- and hand-gestures to ‘total strangers’, who would reciprocate. It still reverberates.

The ooomph this book rekindled tempted me to seek out certain ‘forbidden’ tomes I had wanted to read for a long time, regardless of their authors’ spectrum views, which is another matter (if someone is bad but makes good art, then what?). These included *The Turner Diaries* (National Vanguard Books, 1978) by Andrew Macdonald, the *nom de guerre* of William Luther Pierce, who has become something of a hero for the far-right and *The Turner Diaries* very influential within that culture.¹² It depicts the gruesome reality of a civil/race war between “The Organization” and “The System,” and is eerily prophetic, seemingly describing

the political situation today. An author-read ten-hour audio-book version of it is online in full.¹³ This naturally led to James Mason's *Siege: The Collected Writings of James Mason* (Storm Books, 1992; first hardback edition Black Sun Publications, 2003), a rebel-rousing screed by the founder of the pro-Nazi/Manson Universal Order, which sought to make *Turner Diaries*-style fiction fact, dog-whistling for a violent revolutionary overthrow of the existing power structure via the autonomous actions of a leaderless resistance. *Siege* was his 1980s newsletter; this is its collection. Transgressive, incendiary and uncompromising, the legal status of owning this near 500-page political terror device in some theatres is unclear (I don't have one, if you must know). But what about the audio-book version that can be listened to online?¹⁴

When he wasn't being convicted of organising the neo-Nazi paramilitary group Spearhead or stealing women's red knickers from a Tesco store in Leamington Spa,¹⁵ the British agitator Colin Jordan decided to add to this genre alongside those across the pond and also bolster his idea of pan-Aryan "Universal Nazism" by penning his own take on revolutionary fiction with his novella *Merrie England-2,000* (Gothic Ripples, 1993), which concerns the trials and tribulations of one Annie Oakwood, whom, after naming her dog "Nigger" after the one in the 1955 war-film *The Dam Busters* (and the real-life one who was the mascot of the RAF No.617 Squadron and belonged to Wing Commander Guy Gibson),¹⁶ is sent to the State-run Ministry of Harmony for re-education in political correctness. He later wrote a longer effort, *The Uprising* (NS Publications, 2004), in which the "British Freedom Force" (BFF) attempts to overthrow the Government and seize power by propaganda then violence, much like the Marxist-Left have done since. Both are readable but sad: one man's despair at seeing the British Empire dissolve and the United Kingdom changing too much too quickly, and not to his liking, his only means of resistance a string of words.

All of the above are topped by *Iron Gates* (Martinet Press, 2014), a product of the Tempel ov Blood, a real magical-paramilitary organisation who want a two-class world of predator and prey, and were inspired by the notorious Nazi-Satanic Order of Nine Angles (ONA).¹⁷ Think relent-

less misanthropic ultra-violence in a post-nuclear grim sadista dystopia as the commander wields his *schadenfreude* dictator power, thrusting it to-&-fro like swinging warfare, where violence solves everything and everything is violent. The Marquis de Sade without the Marquis de Sade. Gives a whole new meaning to the word *bleak*. The sequel, entitled *Bluebird* (Martinet Press, 2017), concerns a trauma-mind-controlled 13-year-old girl who is elevated to goddess status. The onslaught somersaults. The vats have eyes. Both books are over 400-pages long, and blueprints. They sure want Hell on Earth. Doomsday everyday. Overkill spill.

Strangely, new copies of this merciless extremist iconoclast mass murderous pair can be easily purchased from Amazon.co.uk, whereas the truly heretical books, such as those on Holocaust Revisionism (Richard E. Harwood, *Did Six Million Really Die?* & Arthur R. Butz, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, etc.), although UK legal, are banned from that platform.¹⁸ So these days fiction trumps fact (if the latter two works are accurate. I have not read them). Who (s)cares? Blame the nameless programming, and useful idiots run the world. The Decadence = Excellence (last bastion), in the thrall of the consecutive king of the glowing castle.

Continuing this theme, know that way back in the late-1980s and the 1990s, *Fenrir: Journal of Satanism & the Sinister* was the official house organ of the aforementioned ONA.¹⁹ Around 2000, *Fenrir* was reborn, as was the ONA (from then on also known as the “O9A”), which built up a fluxic online presence and numerous new “Nexions”, such as the (now defunct) USA-based “White Star Acception” (WSA352), whose sigil adorns the front cover of *Fenrir: Journal of Satanism & the Sinister* Issue I (Heresy Press, 120 Year of Fafen [2009], e-book version),²⁰ and who provide the Introduction and at least one other contribution.

This is a hardcore Satanic reality, both continuing and developing the ONA’s “presence the dark” core-mythology of contact with the ancient “Dark Gods” through “stargates” between this world and the “acausal” realm, and the Order’s ultimate aim of the evolution of humankind into a new species, the “Homo Galactica”, and the establishment of a Galactic Empire or Imperium. (The previous overt manifestation of the Dark Gods on Earth occurred around 8000 years ago, which gave rise to the

myth of Dragons.) Nietzsche and Nazis are no strangers here: the dating system “Year of Fäyēn” is the current designation (adopted since 2007) of *Yf* (“Year of the Führer”; 120 is the 120th year after the 1889 birth of Adolf Hitler), and the (now defunct) publisher, Heresy Press (that may have been UK-based, judging from the ISO A4 page size), also openly stocked *The National Socialist Political Soldier’s Handbook* produced by Combat 18. Although it’s easy to draw instant knee-jerk conclusions from this sort of thing like some well-trained Pavlovian dog, remember that there’s forty shades of green and “all the world’s a stage”...

My initial reaction to this Phase-II *Fenrir* was one of disappointment. It looks like it was thrown together faster than a New York minute, and could have done with a spellcheck and a more slick design (better layout, an index, page numbers, blank spaces filled with suitably deviant art); and quite a bit of Phase-I ONA material that’s already widely available on the internet is reprinted here, including texts by David Myatt, Anton Long and “CB” (presumably the former ONA outer representative Christos Beest). As for the (as far as I know) fresh stuff, some of the Tarot Trumps by Eques Sinemus of the Secuntra Nexion look rather crude compared the wonderful earlier set created by the aforementioned Mr Beest; and—possible gaining-a-wider-audience-appeal ploys aside—is there really a need for that long interview with black metal band Nightbringer? A later reading in a different mood was more satisfying however. A sober and thoughtful article on animal sacrifice; a wise text on personal responsibility that should be required reading for all neophytes; a very extreme but honest account by the same author on how to reach “the Eternal Undead State”; a piece on ONA Sinister Chants (that would have been nicely augmented by an embedded demonstrational sound file); some good vibrant ‘fiction’, that, like Masonic rituals, certainly have the power to induce later instructional dreams; and some working sinistral poetry.

This first number of the new incarnation of *Fenrir* is a serious black cauldron of the Sinister Tradition, artficed by deeply subversive intellects, that with improved production values and a concentration on new and/or previously unpublished content will surely flower into something very special indeed. Fuck knows, such an iron fist of the Unknown Unknown,

with a hellfire trigger spitting the Devil's dum-dums and a dynamic emphasis on individual excellence is urgently needed to smash the War Against Intelligence being waged by the climate changelings and other agents of psychotic normality, who've got dollar signs in their eyes and their heads between the One World Order's thighs. Criticise it if you will, but it's certainly a strong antidote to the relentless insidious promotion of IONS (Issues Of No Significance).

Alternatively, this another clanning of Dr Sardonicus types, in league with the Father of Lies. A sophisticated meme-based mind-control op targeting-harnessing-directing natural youth rebellion and nihilism for some neo-GLADIO network; or just a basic MI5/FBI honeytrap sting overseen by some chief trickster agent-provocateur who seeks blood for his lamp, pushing the old elitist "Us-&-Them" cult brainwash mentality, the Übermenschen vs. dysgenic scum unfavourable to race-improvement. Loyal to the cause, a compulsory madness, a prize possession, even more mind-controlled than the "mundanes" the ONA so often decry. The agit-prop strobe-effect of owning guns, selling drugs, robbing houses, extorting businesses and killing people—all of which the ONA openly boasts of doing in this Issue I—may gain publicity and suitable new recruits, but is it worthwhile or wise to announce it via instantly traceable Lulu stores and internet blogs? Why even old Wearside Jack got his collar felt, years after sending cops his fake Ripper Tape.²¹ One is reminded of the adage "Be careful what you wish for, as you may just get it". Successful criminal life is predicated on the fact that the rest of the population are law-abiding. If the ONA's goal does go global, and law-&-order breaks down everywhere, then they may be in for a shock. It's hard to smuggle drugs when you're afraid to leave the house in case you're gunned down by little old ladies tired of life and with nothing to lose; no more Black Masses in the woods if they are roamed by boy scout lynch mobs on heat, eager to earn unusual badges.

From even a cursory glance at history, it seems a safe bet that one doesn't become Homo Galactica by denying the 'good' aspects of one's humanity, but by embracing and expanding them. Anything else is just kicking against the cactus. There is a reason EVIL is LIVE spelt back-

wards. It's practice is a retrogression, a degeneration to a lower stage of evolution, no matter how much it is cloaked in seductive neo-Darwinian tropes. Only the Great Creator is eternal, with no beginning nor end. Go straight to the One for all answers. Question EVERYTHING.

A counterpoint text is Russ Dizdar's *The Black Awakening: Rise of the Satanic Super Soldiers & the Coming Chaos* (Preemption Books & Products, 2009).²² As Lulu seemed to want to charge me an outrageous £15 postage for the print edition I got the PDF version instead, that doesn't have a proper front or back cover, just blank pages, that is somewhat odd, but nowhere near as bizarre as the subject matter.

According to *The Black Awakening* (and its author's radio interviews), over four-million "Chosen Ones", "Sleeper Shooters", "Super Soldiers" or "Monarchs", who claim they are "the troops of Antichrist", have been selected by Satan to form a new elite race to rule the world as part of Satan's Great Globalist Plot. They've all been mind-controlled, mostly by the military (that is full of inter-/trans-generational Satanic bloodlines), their minds split into sub-personality "alters", some of which have been "demonised" (infernally possessed/energised) and programmed in combat, sabotage, intelligence gathering, seduction, magick, etc. The Chosen Ones are stored up as sleeper agents and one day will be unleashed in what they themselves term "The Black Awakening": a planned massive onslaught of chaos and anarchy, when these trained assassins are awoken and unleashed as one, to shoot at people randomly and at targeted resistors and spiritual leaders, collapse the infrastructure, halt food supplies and energy utilities, etc., thus accelerating the conditions necessary for the heinous, much-talked-of Satanic One World Order (OWO) to step in and assume control, once-and-for-all.

The party-line is that the esoteric mind-control programs employed in the Black Awakening, etc. (that are perhaps taught to the controllers by non-human entities) ultimately date back to the elite priesthoods of ancient Egypt and Babylonia, but were greatly refined during the 20th Century by the intelligence agencies of Communist Russia and Nazi Germany. At the end of WWII, some of the Communist and almost all of the Nazi work in this field found its way into the hands of the United

States (to be developed by George Estabrooks, *et al*), and thence to England, Israel, and other ‘friendly’ nations. Despite exposures and lost court cases, the theoretical and practical work continues, for the real instigators—the Satanic OWO—operate beyond mere single nations and above the law.

It may come as no surprise that Mr Dizdar is a gung-ho American Christian (an ordained minister since 1978), and that the aforementioned scenario neatly fits into the prophesied End Times/Apocalyptic battle of Good vs. Evil described in the *Book of Revelation*. He has investigated Satanism and Shadow State-sponsored mind-control first-hand for over 20 years, and claims to have spoken to hundreds of possessed/fractured personality programmed people.²³ He and his interventionist group regularly go out to fight evil aggressively in the field, visiting Satanic ritual sites and suspects and saving victims, often in threatening circumstances. He’s been attacked by the switched programmed multiple wife of a federal agent. She tried to stab him in the solar plexus with a special six-inch poisoned needle. This—coupled with the fact that before he was born again he was an esotericist of the Golden Buddha Temple, learning how to astral travel, etc.—shews that he knows what he’s talking about. But can we believe him?

No-one can deny the increasing ‘mindless’ violence, murder and degeneracy in almost every country during the past few decades, and the ominous, overwhelming intuition held by many that a horrendous catastrophe is on the horizon. Why is everything changing for the worse? Most of the perpetrators don’t even know why they are behaving like this, so could it be because they are spiritually ignorant that it’s being done on purpose? After all, Satan’s two main targets would be politics and the military, hence the growing greed and corruption of politicians and the insane, unnecessary wars waging. (About a minute into his 28 August 2008 *DNC Presidential Nomination Acceptance Speech*, Barack Hussein Obama said: “Let me, let me express, let me express.” If anyone plays this audio-recording segment backwards they will clearly hear this Mr Obama saying “Serve Satan.” When he was US President he claimed he wanted peace but delivered the opposite.²⁴)

It would be all too easy to dismiss Dizdar's premise as yet another wave of the "Satanic Panic" scare/scam that first raised its head in mid-1980s America, to be born again in the mid-1990s as the "Tranceformation" occult mind-control matrix, promoted by the somewhat dubious Americans Mark Phillips/Fritz Springmeier and their respective sidekicks Cathy O'Brien & Cisco Wheeler, whose astounding-but-disinfo-laden texts²⁵ have obviously influenced Dizdar in his own work. But as Old Munchy Brown once said: "Where there's smoke there's hellfire".

The terrible possibility that trauma-based hypnotic mind-control programming can implant not just sub-personality alters, but also demons, so that Satan can work his wickedness through the agency of flesh, a legion of obedient human warriors, is something to be truly wary of, as is the coming multiple whammy of the Black Awakening, although it appears to be already here. Who controls the controllers?

I dunno Russ...I don't doubt your sincerity and that, but this whole thing is a (forgive the pun) godsend for your ilk, as it amply provides a convenient solid enemy you've always needed to structure your lives and religion. Verily, it behoves one to ask just *how long* is this Good vs. Evil battle going to continue? You talk about the Satanic Super Army of *Revelation* 19:19; the Mother of all Black Magic Rituals, the Master Ritual of occult warfare in *Revelation* 16; the hidden Illuminati rituals within the Church of *Ezekiel* 8; the Luciferian penetration of the Catholic Church and the formation of a Black Order within it. Yet if—as you and others believe—the ultimate goal of the dark elite is to rebuild Solomon's Temple then install the Antichrist on its throne (as prophesied in *II Thessalonians* 2:3-4 and elsewhere), where he will rally his "Chosen Ones" to attack God – then why don't you and all the other Christians join together, and with God on your side call up Satan from the bottomless pit and destroy him? Has anyone ever tried?

Also on the studded table is Bernard O'Mahoney's *Hateland* (Mainstream, 2005), which I like a lot more than his trad infamous *Essex Boys* (Mainstream, 1999), one of the few books that has repelled me enough to rip to pieces then bin, the other being Stephen E. Flowers' *Fire & Ice* (Llewellyn, 1990). *Hateland* is an engrossing account of Mr O'Mahoney's

involvement in far-right politics that features almost everyone from Nail-Bomber Copeland to Charles Manson, and is written in a distinctive surrealist juggernaut style. You know it's going to be a neat starch when the first page starts off with: "Adolf" wanted to meet 'The Führer', so we hopped on a tube to Arnos Grove and looked for a pub full of gardeners. Not real gardeners. Nazis posing as gardeners." In the after-dream I look up at the Graeco-Roman tattoos but it's W-Squads shovelling tides. "Blood is the Library" written on the corner. The quaquaversal philosophy ideals are displaced-condensed to Capital Slang by unknown superiors, catching lightning in a bottle, proper naughty like.

Then there's the thin line exposure of *Hungerford: One Man's Massacre* (Smith Gryphon, 1993), ex-lawyer Jeremy Josephs' sober account of this pivotal UK terror event of 19 August 1987, when the archetypal gun-toting "lone nut" Michael Ryan stalked the streets of Hungerford on a (possibly pre-programmed mind-controlled) mass-slaying spree of 16 total victims including his own mother, during a day of unprepared cops, which precipitated a national disarmament, not see sense. This was the first book on the case and remains 'definitive'.

Move across early-hours drunk and shrunken to the cunning man resourceful Edward "Ted" Paisnel, who between 1957-1971 roamed night island of Jersey in his "special horror clothes", sexually assaulting children in fields and shed; Satanic Family Planning integral to his black magical praxis. The petals of this flower sinclude sensationalist-mongers. Three are on the case: *The Beast of Jersey* (Robert Hale, 1972), supposedly penned by his startled wife Joan but surely ghostwritten by a male pulpist, its dubious lurid tone evoking cheap ghoulish thrills. Same year Ronald Maxwell's *The Jersey Monster* (WH Allen, 1972), that comes at it from various angles interesting. Both tomes have photon-creepy photos, the powder in the jam, and put you there elaborate. Ward Rutherford supplies *The Beast of Jersey: The Final Chapter* (Redberry Press, 1996),²⁶ most of which is about Paisnel's arrest and trial. One 'has' to wonder regarding the chapel built by his ancestor the Lady of Hambye atop the mysterious ancient burial chamber/mound Hogue Bie, situated less than a half-mile from Paisnel's home, and rebuilt in 1509 by suspected Black

Priest Richard Mabon, who also added a second smaller chapel. The associations between Paisnel and the original Bluebeard, Gilles de Rais, also pointed.²⁷ Paisnel's secret room housed a black mass toad shrine and other paraphernalia. Were there any other cloaks there? It comes down the ages in bloodline. Jack The Ripper, Jack Reaper gripper. Yorkshire Ripper's screwdriver crashed. Their feet go in the footprints, Master & Serpent, like a shadow out of time.

The Great British crime fascination continues with *The Dirty Squad: The Inside Story of the Obscene Publications Branch*, that being of Scotland Yard, written by former OPB head Michael Hames (Little, Brown & Company, 2000). An insightful fruiting body of bizarre anecdotes and police procedural frustration notebooked from his time battling the servants of sleaze. Heard of another look at it from the other end as in police corruption, the Flying Squad brought to book, found long ago on an outside box of a charity shop. I gave it a good flick-through but for some reason did not purchase. Think I was in the right.

Crime and Sex come together in the myriad novels of Stewart Home is great but where is the Neoist revolution when it's at home? In outstand is his *Tainted Love* (Virgin Books, 2005), partially based on his mother's diaries. A gritty romp that slides the slipstream of 1960s counterculture, when fervent optimism for the future was stomped on by retreats into substances, cults, breadheadism and other dead-ends. In the middle of the book Mr Home has inserted the script for his "anti-film" *The Eclipse & Re-Emergence of the Oedipus Complex* (2004),²⁸ which consists of 1960s fashion model/club hostess still-photographs of his mother Julia Callan-Thompson, with a single-voice spoken-word soundtrack of anecdotes about her. It aims for profundity and paints an evocative picture.

I coridoored it to the hardcore fictional escapades created by British horrorist Shaun Hutson, purveyor of "All the dirt, all the filth, all the blood and all the guts," whose books are "particularly popular in prison libraries."²⁹ He gets around, and wrote (as Frank Taylor) the two (fake?) sequels (*The Uninvited 2: The Visitation* [Star, 1984] & *The Uninvited 3: The Abduction* [Star, 1985]) to Clive Harold's seminoid classic and seemingly reliable UFO and alien contact account, *The Uninvited: A True*

Story (Star, 1979). One must though hallow the master, Guy N. Smith,³⁰ creator of much memorable monsters including a legion of giant marauding tank-like crabs with a taste for human flesh and bent on crustacean vengeance,³¹ that may be a prophecy if the dopey bipeds keep on the nuclear genetically-modified organism plastic shit path with six-inch nails.

As Mr Smith is a keen outdoorsman who lives in a haunted house,³² I used to bonkers model myself on his ‘invented’ character Mr Mark Sabat, the “ex-priest, SAS-trained killer, exorcist,” who stars in a remarkable quintet of glad-rags white knuckle-ride chomping it wild,³³ and I don’t know where he’s gone. But there are no free horses anymore, equine outbred. The ones that masquerade are escaped tamed horses become feral on the darker than dirt real side where people live like rotten rats corralled by obese monks sparking the infernal up with iron-cleated sandals, the legion in the atlas.

I surmised that “IT” dated back to my early-teens obsession with science-fiction. Pulp or straight-tie, I read tons of it, feeding my head, surmising that science-fiction is ridiculed as a preserve of geeks and nerds because the powers-that-be fear it so try to divert attention away, when in reality the genre is deft subversive, getting ideas into the collective mind under-the-radar and expanding minds like an acorn seed, for the simple act of reading books can lead to vast changes in consciousness. Only later did I discover that credible conspiracy researchers such as Michael A. Hoffman II³⁴ have asserted that science-fiction was/is a propaganda conduit for the remote-controlling cryptocracy elite, with top science-fiction authors having links to fake religions/cults (e.g. L. Ron Hubbard & Scientology; Robert A. Heinlein & Thelema/The Church of All Worlds; Frank Herbert & Zen Buddhism; various authors & Mormonism),³⁵ and political Nazis/Zionism.

The main audience for science-fiction are the young intellectual loners of a higher intelligence than the mass, so it is a suitable clandestine programming tool in the cryptocratic remote-controllers’ ongoing destabilisation of the traditional order thus society. For example, Philip K. Dick’s tireless endeavour to make you believe reality is not real, and the feminist Ursula K. Le Guin’s questioning of ‘oppressive’ gender roles. Both auth-

ors graduated from Berkeley High School, USA, in 1947, the year the CIA was officially born³⁶ and the UFOs appeared in the USA to start the new wave of contact.³⁷ Like Laurel Canyon,³⁸ Berkeley is crawling with spooks, retro-parsing the timelines.

There are always codes, from the postcode gangs to military cryptography to the myriad arcane gematrias, and such knowledge is power and influence for the operators. One can see it in the “funny names” that the aliens tell to humans, and how science-fiction was later assigned a deliberate (i.e. magical), more “catchy” other name: *Sci-Fi*. By the A1 Cipher,³⁹ we find that: SCIFI = 46, a high favourite of the cryptocracy as it alchemically distils (4+6) to 10, which glyphs their preferred phallic-cuntic binary control system. (When it comes to mountains of skulls the Nazi Nugget is amateurish compared to the Killer Kommies but the former easily wins the style possession stakes. They scar two halves of the one remote-controlled Divide-&-Conquer ploy so insidious and effective to this day. I transcend all three into interstellar interdimensionality.) There are 46 chromosomes in a human cell & 46 also ‘just happens’ to be the number-value of: MAGICAL = CHAOS = KAOS = LOGIC, which aptly describes the cryptocracy’s worldwide Operation MINDPHUCK, fiendishly designed to create and profit from “Order out of Chaos” (33° Latin: ‘Ordo Ab Chao’), hence thus the CIA’s Operation CHAOS or Operation MH-CHAOS (1967-1974), by which, against its own charter, the CIA surveilled/disrupted/manipulated many domestic race, anti-war, etc., protest organisations.⁴⁰ Fundamental stinks in dirty tricks.

Sci-Fi was later shortened again to *SF*, as used by the purists. By the A1 Cipher: SF = 25 (the pentagram, or Pentagon, squared), also BW (the tessellated Black-&-White) = PI = HQ = BEHEAD, which refers to the Freemasonic Skull-&-Bones-type orders and their sacred geometrical architecture, wherein Tic-Tac-Toe becomes Noughts & Crosses, 0 & X in a 3×3 grid deranged behind the mirror, and the exclusive Skull-&-Bones Order itself, perhaps the most powerful (in the political and business spheres at least) secret society in America. Several US Presidents and other members of the darkside elite have passed through the portals of its windowless temple headquartered at Yale University, which is much

enamoured of insiders and outsiders proving their kicks. Fuelling the vampire squid excels here, ducks in a row a-go-go.

I keep on keeping on, piling up the clues. A case in point being *Secret Passages & Hiding Places* (David & Charles, 1974), written by the odd-surname-man, Mr Jeremy Errand. For three hole days it evoked a major breakthrough, glowing stepping stones leading to the chalice of my disturbed fantasies jumping out of the mind-flick to bite the neck as it enthusiastically examines the myth and reality of the folktales and ghost stories surrounding the many secret passages and hiding places of Britain, from the ancient to those built for civil defence during WWII, with some neat photographs thereabouts. I ended up at the old amazing and entirely shell-lined subterranean serpentine grotto with arched doorways sited at Cliftonville, Kent, infused from beyond beyond with a potent erotic aura, turning cartwheels with ecstasy to remind one to be content in ‘just’ the atmosphere of such places. As I examined it closer my gaze was locked upon a book I’d been after for ages and had now actually got my hands on: *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Faunes & Fairies* (IHO Books, 2005: a facsimile of the 1933 edition, with added extras), written by the Scottish Reverend Robert Kirk in 1691. This genuinely classic text about the Otherworld-in-Thisworld and its denizens should be read very carefully, as it contains potent clues still relevant for the modern mage or psychonaut. A lot of contemporary information on the faery realms appears to derive directly from this work, that for mundane or mysterious reasons remained unpublished until 1815.

Kirk certainly wasn’t your normal Christian clergyman; he was reputed to be a seventh son—the mark of a natural psychic—and sometimes seems to be writing about faeryland from firsthand personal experience, disguising it as local folklore and interviews with other witnesses, which explains why this tome is infused with the authentic. It is also surely significant that the good reverend died the year after he completed the book, his corpse discovered on top of his favourite faery knoll, that he used to press his curious ear to and—like William Blake’s Thel—listen to the secret voices of the sacred ground. Some who may well know do claim that he “fell through a door into the hidden dimension”, and remains there,

still communicating his strange discoveries to those who can hear. Others state that he was taken by the faeries to their world because he revealed their secrets, which is why his coffin is empty.

One of my main interests feed is 19th-20th Century avant-garde art groups and their similarity to magical orders, so René Daumal, Roger Gilbert-Lecomte & others' *Theory of the Great Game: Writings from 'Le Grand Jeu'* (Atlas Anti-Classics 21, Atlas Press, 2015) is most appealing. It's the first-ever English translation (by Dennis Duncan, who also edited and introduces it) of selections from the three published and fourth previously unpublished issues of *Le Grand Jeu* (The Great Game), a literary-art journal operant between 1928-1930 and produced by the France-based movement of the same name, that combined politics and mysticism as a possible Solution. This book brings these creators and their creations out of their undeserved obscurity, for although they were eclipsed by the more newsworthy Surrealist gang (with which they had a love-hate relationship), in my opinion the Great Gamers had the edge. (This may be why the Surrealists tried to poach—eventually successfully—some of LGJ's members: to bolster their own gang and diminish their main rival.) Its initiates combined drugs and the occult, prophetic poetry and revolution (like the Surrealists, the Great Gamers fell, albeit tentatively, for the bad joke/false hope of Communism). The project was destined to be short-lived but other invisible forces made sure the thing was vibrant and valid. The very first issue of *Le Grand Jeu* made the group's intentions very clear when it remarked that:

The Great Game is irremediable; it is played only once. We wish to play it every moment of our lives. It is a case of “loser wins”, since the aim is to lose oneself. And we want to win. Yet the Great Game is a game of chance, that is to say, of skill, or better still ‘grace’: the grace of God, and the grace of action.

It all began with a small, exclusive group of young student firebrands, extremists of the spirit, first named “Apollo” and later the “Simplist Phraternity”, who became an overheated greenhouse and attempted to fuse

together as a single unit under the tutelage of the disquieting baby god, Bubu (seen in the form of a doll with the group on the front cover). But *Le Grand Jeu* sure isn't frizz juvenillian rag-week zine material. It's by French people, the consummate garlic-protected navel-gazers who add fancy flourishes above and below their letters, reporting the hard-won results of deep contemplation on the mysteries of a better life, and I doubt if the Nazis round the corner would have approved.

The Simplists ate poisonous leaves whilst already gone on absinthe, took a beetle-killing chemical to investigate Near Death Experiences, later welcomed opium, practiced sightless seeing and movement, Russian roulette and mirror gazing. Some of them might have been possessed. You can sense their delirium deranged, dynamoed then channelled, barely held in check. Suitably prepared, a few years later they transmogrified into Le Grand Jeu movement with eponymous journal, and really got into the swing of their "experimental metaphysics," partly defined by Roger Gilbert-Lecomte as "Visionary Experience," and by René Daumal as the acquiring of "the intuition of the absurd," when everything is considered "to be a Scandal." Their overall metaphysical experiment was a discarding of the individual ego to make contact with the Universal Mind, so don't expect rigid grade systems and textbook spells (apart from René Daumal's astral projection technique on p.136); this wisdom be more abstracted, dreamy, subtle, arcanelly goading (exemplified by Gilbert-Lecomte's essay, 'The Horrible Revelation... The Only One'), and only workable by those truly out there or born wired-up unusual. Best to sleight it in, absorb looking past the lines and into minds; what was there before all nursery rhymes.

The people behind their books are real people, not just my invented idea of them. I can tune in... There is a direct soul-to-soul link between author and reader; there has to be because the basis of all literature is the sexo-creative alphabet system that always seeks to form connections to maintain its web. These are authentic bonds, from graffiti on a toilet wall to signing a pact with the Devil. It is not us using words as a convenient method to make linkages, it is the words themselves urging us to forge bridges. Words are alive independent entities. A text is its own reality,

with “a life of its own”. It doesn’t have to be the usual maker-watcher relationship, and if ignored then words will link amongst themselves, on all days in all daze. You think we decided how to spell and speak these things and not them?

Someone to someone get close through their work in words. The author puts a lot in, but the reader gives much also. Who is the maker to be watched and who is the watcher of the maker? It can swap, interpenetrate. “I made more effort trying to read this shit than the bloke who actually wrote it.” Crossfades into: “After reading the first chapter of your novel I entered its world in a dream, and befriended some of the characters.” A psychic connexion is made. Magic. Beyond space and time. This may be the real reason why the early Church limited the reading of the Holy Bible to a select few, because books are doorways and astral train stations that allow young and old to make contact with the ‘dead’. They get ideas. Conversely, the worldwide appearances of the “Library Angel”. Books that find you. Books that read you.

And who are these happy-to-be-unhappy men behind *Le Grand Jeu*? No different to the Dadaists, Lettrists, Situationists, Surrealists, Viennese Aktionists, intelligent proles on council estates, anyone who understands that the world is run by squares and wankers whose main motivation is to shackle the imagination. The most key weapon here is the “Necessity of Revolt”: creating something new and maybe better with a higher more intoxicating voltage like the lightning storm that brought Dr Frankenstein’s monster to life. For one must be a monster to really change anything, to get anywhere away from the basic building blocks. The revolving attic in dream and other dimensions is painted a deep green for the resounding “Hi-de-hi-ho!” Its potent sublime hints will come out of the shadows and scarecrows if you are ready or lucky.

The young mature Great Gamers knew all this and more (displacement activity). They were a studious lot and read widely in the esoteric on top of the philosophy. They wanted to put the Philosopher’s Stone in the Holy Grail then expose it to the Great Black Anti-Suns in order to dissolve the very source-codes that underpin existence, because: “OUR BOND IS A STORM THAT IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.” But the fuse

burnt too quickly, a smoking wand to stir the cauldron oddly...in outer voids. They are phantoms now, on another realm, but in this one, in their amazing maze of a book.

So is *Le Grand Jeu* any good then? Aye. Presaged by Robert Florey's weird-angled 1927 film, *The Love of Zero*, it's the sort of thing I wish I'd been aware of as a brimming-over 14-year-old when I first began suspecting the world was a farce of fools, but they have the guns and prisons. Reading it now as a somewhat jaded and world-weary middle-aged man it still packs a considerable punch and I'm glad for the experience, that feels like an exotic exhilarant drug, a magical antidote to the pretty poison cupboards of the no-no mundane.

The original front covers of all four issues of *Le Grand Jeu* are facsimiled as the front- and end-papers that's a nice touch, sealing the contents with the original intent; sending the reader on a peculiar bent. René Daumal and Roger Gilbert-Lecomte (who were obsessed with death research) appear to have been the prime-movers and are the most represented, and it's a good total selection of material that also appears to be well-translated (I'm no expert though). The gist is in the titles: 'Freedom Without Hope', 'Puericulture' and 'Fire at Will'. There's an urgency and intensity here, a concentrated assault by dissenters born pretty sharp, and I'm touched by their presence. My only gripe is to wish the book was longer, even a full reprint of the entire four issues, but what's here looks essential, and is finely presented. I keep coming back to it, finding things I hadn't noticed before, that is rare these days, for those who do not experience it anyway (oracular octopus ink?)

Just before I went to sleep I was following the Great Gamers at a distance along a winding road up a barren mountain, but the atmosphere itself was pregnant with nameless possibilities, like an old manor house or a white dodecahedron. The sunny sky pulsated with a silver light, matched by a low-pitched throbbing sound that vibrated my ribcage. An aroma of woodsmoke and eucalyptus on the breeze; a ghost tower transmitting in horizon mist. As I got close to the group, who were certainly there but not there, my prickle came to point, and I realised the cloaked person at the rear was a woman, perhaps Georgette Camille or Marianne

Lams, the only femmes *dans le tome*. When I touched her on the shoulder she slowly turned around to present no face, just glowing mass in a hood, emanating sensual violence. Or maybe she was a man, green-eyed, bedecked in red velvet, life-savings under his top hat, tottering towards me with an ice cream in one hand and a knitting needle in the other. I span around and somewhere else.

You have to argue, and they did argue, and fall out, for this was an iconoclastic antinomian freedom of Being, got to get it right and seeing, but (as occurred with the supposed freedom-loving Surrealists), when one of the core Great Gamers, Roger Vailland, really put this into practice—by writing paid propaganda for the *Paris-Midi* newspaper in support of a far-right police chief—he was swiftly shunned and expelled. No-one can “have their cake and eat it” unless they make and bake it themselves then savour or stuff it down in secret, alone.

In retrospect it is obvious that groups and movements are not the way to go, but Le Grand Jeu were one of the better examples, and have left some useful clues and pointers. French cool. Classy. 1-2-3-GO! Discover hunter-gatherers. If you have ever wanted to nail six melted mannequin heads to the bonnet of your repressor’s car then sprinkle them with fog-roosomated spark-powder, or strap sweaty nonamite sticks to the bars of your own self-generated imprisonment, then this book will be right up your street. SMASH TOTALITARIANISM! RULE THE WORLD!

A more down-town vector is webbed by the necessary leaves of GG, who is the American author Gene Gregorits (website⁴¹ deleted). He emerged from the overcast darked 1990s transgressive literati milieu (Kathy Acker, Lydia Lunch, Jim Goad and others) at the end of that decade, but is his own: an obvious loner, outcast, loose cannon in the major role of a self-taught writer and drift philosopher, living for the beat, the contact high, with anything, delirious pie. “Write about what you know” as the wise ones recommend, and Mr Gregorits is comprehensively experienced in those aspects of life I suspect most humans would prefer to avoid, and not just the usual addictions, violence and girl-trouble (e.g. he has done a Vincent van Gogh⁴² but with the added twist of consuming his severed earlobe). Makes a change.

Mr Gregorits' latest novel is *Bigger Than Life at the Edge of the City*, self-published by his own Monastrell Books imprint back in 2017 as an Amazonian print-on-demand. The text is formatted in a nicely character-spaced font on 6×9-inch pages that recount Mr Gregorits' trials and tribulations in the period after publication of the first volume of his true cvlt classic, *Dog Days* (Monastrell Books, 2012; Volumes I & II are gettable in a 2013 omnibus edition from the same source), that is also based on actual events or a direct reporting of them.

The word-matrix in both *Dog Days* & *Bigger...* has that 'effortless genius' quality of a natural born writer "on the beam", as if it was unconsciously structured by some arcane meta-mathematical principal or the dissident's dissident, whose work is too honest and uncompromising for the losers and winners not yet ready for such a finely-wrought onslaught from the frontlines of post-normality. Perhaps the nearest comparison to Mr Gregorits in writing style at least is something like Jim Thompson⁴³ meets Louis-Ferdinand Céline,⁴⁴ with a shadowy someone weirder making the triangle, but whatever contacts and help you have the authentic and just gotta turn those pages.

A doomy damned existentialism infuses *Bigger...*, although a streak of humour runs through this long too short chunk of punchy pro-psychosis, crafted in the "land of the free" where and whilst he was jailed due to a conviction in 2016 for unlawful sexual activity⁴⁵ with a 17-year-old female⁴⁶ in 2014. The Facebook post he allegedly made on the night of the incident ("The teenage porn star tourist cunt has arrived appx. 8 mins late. And I still fucking hate her. I am going to do things to this woman that Cletus from Moose Snout would not do to the family cow in the depths of a meth binge")⁴⁷ is problematical (he allegedly later stated that: "My Facebook posts that evening were partially written by someone else"),⁴⁸ as is his alleged claim to be a pit-bull dog slayer ("I'm a douche, but not a troll. 'Troll' is a word you use to describe people who boast of false crimes. I'm not that guy. I'm a real life pit-killing douche"),⁴⁹ although it or this may be manufactured promotional hyperbole to gain notoriety thus more readers. I am not his apologist either way. None of us know the full story. Just kidding (ourselves). Can I trust you? Are you real???

Mr Gregorits was introduced to a wider audience in 2013 via a feature in *Vice*,⁵⁰ and appears to have actual fans, some of who send him cash donations and offer room in their homes. If this trajectory continues it is possible he will become a kind of countercultural anti-hero hero/sin-eater icon—as like Damien Echols (Damien *Omen* Echoes) of the West Memphis Three, who post-prison is being courted by Hollywood types such as Johnny Depp⁵¹—and even hit the big time of film rights and so. Fuck, if Mr Gregorits' compatriot, Peter Sotos,⁵² can be recuperated into the fold via his presentations at the Pompidou Centre in Paris⁵³ & hip-synced emporiums such as St Marks Bookshop in New York City,⁵⁴ then anyone can, including the patsy punks clobbered by the cold machine that stole their motorcycle jackets, run by colder remote-controllers spitting on a NASA helmet with swat-away-the-flies dance moves. They want to kill us. We do not kill them. All brewing malcontents who are aghast at the status quo should devour *Bigger Than Life at the Edge of the City* forthwith. Anything may happen.

Also been catching up on acquiring long-lusted-for tomes, such as the collection of the late-19th Century arch-Decadent Count Stanislaus Eric Stenbock, entitled *Of Kings & Things* (Strange Attractor Press, 2018), edited & introduced by David Tibet of Current 93 (why has this Gnostic Christian convert kept that Thelemic name for his band?), which contains his tales and poems with some rare photographs. It rocks, like salt-&-pepper shakers, and really evokes the man and time.

After reading it I wanted to smell like some obscure industrial solvent, a sort of toned-down Ralgex of the Overfiend. My comrades rolling in wheat fields chanting, shots in the ponds, a medieval death by thirty. More nothing. Pictures not for the walls. The generic clockwork inseminoid cannot see us, invisible to roadkill. The first alien spaceship has come back to Earth in the violet violet. It sweets, and bends over nice; was fly agaric, its lines pixie parallel; you dance the cathedral. My black leather belt, my lovely friend for over three decades is sweating sticky residue. I cleaned it off but more came back. It may be trying to reincarnate, snaked around me. Its special buckle I thought could only ever have this particular, but its top half is now tarnished black, or un-silver, from contact with

myself, and I can always get another one. All the monks looked like Mr Spock, addictor eyes centred on the Big Nun. I'd like to write on her knees. Go to pub religiously every Sunday. Be Prepared Not Scared.

Having walked various spiritual paths including The Church of Satan, Hare Krishna, Thelema & Scientology, the American attorney C.W. Chanter (Born Benjamin Isaac Zavodnick) recognised the limitations of these spheres within a cylinder and so created his own universalist freeform religion named "Common Well Chanting", which can be practised alone or ideally in a group. Mr Chanter's brief but to the point, self-published instruction manual, *Common Well Chanting 1st Typed Iteration 2-22-19*, is now available as a free PDF,⁵⁵ as are his accompanying explanatory videos,⁵⁶ and the new dedicated Common Well Chanting YouTube channel.⁵⁷ The system seems very valid and viable, but I would suggest including an active dance component to complement the sedentary chanting, whether this takes the form of a traditional folk ring or non-hand-holding independent movement, to balance and complement the active/passive.

Also of interest is Ithell Colquhoun, who post-Surrealism got into the esoteric, including Earth Mysteries, and wrote two travelogues on the subject, *The Crying of the Wind: Ireland* (1955; Peter Owen, 2016) & *The Living Stones: Cornwall* (1957; Peter Owen, 2016). Then there's Maria de Naglowska, "Russian mystic, esoteric high priestess and self-styled 'Satanic Woman' of 1930s Paris," founder of La Confrérie de la Flèche d'Or (The Brotherhood of the Golden Arrow), who wrote a series of books explaining her Third Term of the Trinity magical system, the most notorious being *Advanced Sex Magic: The Hanging Mystery Initiation* (Donald Traxler, trans., Inner Traditions, 2011), which concerns ritualised auto-erotic asphyxiation. She's had a lot of shade thrown at her, but her work floats the boat of a select band of initiates who pass borders.

Alas, the internet has put paid to the nutter leaflets, ranter missives, disturbo chain-letters and lodestone purple printed matter, for pixels sex-less glarer replacer. I wonder whether which is weirder: the wild outskirts fizzy fringe of religion or magic. As regards proper self-published hard copy British zines and booklets, there are too many and too many mediocre examples, compiled like a shopping list. A few are not however, and

represent an unpriced, way out of the shops, “not-for-sale-but-available” side-trip, gettable for free or perhaps a decent barter. The ones I’ve seen are *Hiroshima Yeah!*, a roughly monthly, corner-stapled A4 four-pager or more zine up to its 167th issue, that features poetry and music/literature reviews there in the hand and flying. Its editor/publisher is Mark Ritchie at: donbirnam@hotmail.com Andrew Willshaw’s *Shouting “Fire” Would Clear This Place* (undated) is an unbound, handwritten A5 eight-pager that examines what could be called “psychogeographical existentialism”? Every page is illustrated by a colour photograph or two depicting objects including discarded or escaped shopping trolleys, that look so sad, like human corpses, if humans had metal skeletons or not. It’s available from: aboutaverage@hotmail.co.uk Also of note is *Ward Poems* by Pete Coward (November 2018), a 16-page professional print job tome with colour cover that mixes poetry and prose pieces, one of the latter involving Charles Manson’s relationship to the “Ward” in question, Opal. The whole work is diligent, resilient, and available from: pete.coward@gmail.com

ENDNOTES

- 1 <http://realitystudio.org/publications/road-to-interzone/>
- 2 <http://bonsall-books.co.uk/interviewsconc/>
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VISUAL ART

All of us are conscious of our need for a fresh touch, and said desire was happily sated in me by the arrival of a swathe of 33 pen-&-ink drawings, hand-sewn into a ghostly-painted plywood cover and limited to 13 copies: payment for services rendered, but that's another story (and some incredible photographs, which may appear to others sometime in future time). The work in question is a very untitled thing from 2007, best described by its *nom de plumed* creator, Desert Radio:

The shaggy carpet of time has so much fluff, which stops the inner wheel from doing/speaking; not even active in the 'back room' for half-an-hour ever-so-often. Rooted through your head. This is not understandable even if the situation does not 'require' you.

I have tried to make the relationships not cut but made more clear, no matter what their distances be. This comes from my pictures, coloured or otherwise, which are a kind of "INFLUENCER PAINTING", done from a feeling that I don't 'understand'... It's something about trusting that which appears against turning against it... From not looking at the big picture but the energy that makes it all up.

'At the end of the day' they are scribbles, but I think they might trigger something (vast?) at some point. As I've mentioned, I was short of something to 'paint' on some time ago so grabbed a Nat King Cole LP cover and splattered over that. I recently saw another one inside a charity shop and it had a very odd effect on me, touching 'it' that had not been painted, that was as before..?

Whilst there is undoubtedly overdosedly a big lot of dross tedium repetitiveness in the Art Brut (champion: Jean Dubuffet) and Outsider Art (champion: Roger Cardinal) fields and related, rest assured that this here collection stands out as choice special reserve, something from the inner vault, being a fine exemplar of the 'configurative urge' executed by a mind steadfastly opposed to the grim spectre that Jean-Martin Charcot called

the “official consciousness”. The shimmering effects of the dancing line impart a disturbing hallucinatory quality, as if beyond art the works are maps of incredible lost worlds. There’s not much point giving details of price etc., as they’re all long gone now, plucked from the author’s grasp and taken into captivity to reside on the fetish shelves of art collectors and the coveted cages of cultural speculators, but if you want to contact the man it might be worth writing a ritual letter as if to the old school Rosicrucians, then awaiting an arcane reply or invitation (eyeshine in the woods started the fractal off).

AUDIO

It's later and dark now, screech-owls sing the trees. I am writing this in a state of tension because the cops might be round any minute, as to get rid of some keenly persistent religious salespeople on their fourth unsolicited visit I opened the front door to them stark naked, dry ice smoke machine blowing green fog out of the frame as a co-distorted montage of reverb-heavy backwards soap opera soundtracks blasted down the hallway.

"Oh, hello there..."

As can be expected, this ploy worked beautifully, but such unexpected forthrightness tends to attract flak. I dunno about this sort of hopeless fanatic and their ilk who populate the long-fizzled 'experimental' music world, continually churning out drivel that sounds like they are taking the piss when you know they're actually serious. Maybe it's not all their fault; factor in the perfidious impact of stagnant gene-pool molestation along with other external stressors, forcing their anti-social dysfunctional behaviour as in the creation of wrong-song, *ergo* the Spectacular Test, *Auto-Amnesia 7"* EP from 1999 (Moonlit Records ML-007), that is cack-awful terribad all through but weirder than the fabled gramophone record of Adolf Hitler singing popular German folk-songs. It reminded me somewhat of Daughter Whirlpool & the Pinko Punters: interesting, but you wouldn't want to invite it round for tea, like the Manson Family clap. A fist a face pokes in: "Hypnotise yourself that you didn't hear anything...". Wake into border crossings, flaxen hair waving green flames.

This black circular record somehow reminded me of fly my kite in the middle of the night, a perhaps clawed Sadistic Mika Band. Back in the day I was upped by their female Mandrax-taking intro to a track ("Tokyo Sunrise'?) on their 1975 LP *Hot! Menu* (Harvest/EMI Electrola 1C 062-82 017), but they're mostly radio-friendly jazz-funk. After split the remaining became The Sadistics. Wonder if was some weird suburban cult thing, perhaps inspired by the Japanese New Wave Cinema of the 1960s-1970s.¹

Look at it: fucked shouting stage overrun. Everywhere Oddbod Culture, a sit-down meal of yet another another band sounding indistinguishable from the firstwave bands in whatever genre but better recorded, their

glacial CDs a semitone higher. Off the rack temporary emotion robot drug around £1 per song with mountains of glowing review stew. Thousands of artists no-touch begging. Autopilot evident, a No-Treatment program, web claw. I'm keeping my hand in though.

Part of the daily ritual is succession listening to early songs by The Strangers: 'Outside Tokyo', 'Goodbye Toulouse', 'Longships', 'The Raven', 'Toiler on the Sea' & 'Curfew', yet from these quadruple blokes I thought the female singer-songwriters would help me shift into a more receptive or at least different area. Did greatly enjoyed Cate Le Bon's 2013 *Mug Museum* LP (Turnstile Records TS005) and earlier, who comes FROM Wales and as I have come TO Wales there's a certain connexion. She has all the right up-my-street influences tripsy (Velvet Unders and others, all lonesome bedroom fillers) progressed by her own considerable talent and I be quite partial to other personifications, but the glove inside another glove in the gutter freaked me out.

This sent me back to the mercilessly toyish 1980s and the England where I was. There was something in the air, a feminine upsurge action reaction to all the stags. The music scened men of that era were beasts, who'd shit in a girl's handbag ("I think she liked it..."). The ladies stepped apart, notably the all-girl punk/white-reggae band, The Slits, and the ultra-obscure, total-cool, all-girl occultist ensemble, The Flowers of Evil, who only seem to have released a 1988 self-titled demo-cassette (Sonic Death Records), although an LP was rumoured at the time. Across the pond New York City was the zone, birthing the inventive all-girl no-wave UT formed late-1978, and the raw array of the all-girl punk STP and their 1990 *Smoke 'Em 7"* EP (Circuit Records CIRCA-7004).

The sound and other waves emitted presaged the original American self-described "Riot Grrrl" (pro-sexist militant feminist punk) movement that emerged in the early-1990s. Hot zines dancing. Mad dash special effects. Smart too big+. Beautiful trumpets. K Records Kill Rock Stars. Cunt Charisma made to order in a bid to get away from the Penis People, and I opine with some regret that I should have been educated at some sunny cool Californian liberal arts college where everything's a saturated technicolor trailer perhaps the best bits instead of a dreary hurtin' kind All-I-

Do-Is-You pseudo Grammar School on the English coast. I've heard dolphins swum through walls over the pond.

The main/best Riot Grrrl pioneers were the ensembles Bikini Kill & Bratmobile. Bratmobile were a fictional band made flesh & fluctuate. A carefree gum-fun sneaker garage party pre-pubess regress, into the scene as a three-piece sweet. Their early studio recordings may be inchoate juvenilia but this trio rocks considerably live amazing (some great examples on YouTube).² It's letting it all hang out, on the bus. The on-stage gymnastic total fun displays of vocalist and identical twin Allison Wolfe are infectious (doing the splits at the end of a song is pretty rad), and it's a delight to viddy someone perfectly playing the born-leader role (with a Velma Dinkley of *Scooby-Doo* look). Bikini Kill were certainly the heavier option, venom-wearing, more violensuss, blasting out darker counter-signals to all male gazers, groping to stomp his obscure elevator alligators. Vocalist & Alpha Female Kathleen Hanna vs. the Orbiting Betas. Rosy Palm and her five sisters compelling vasectomy maniac in a tailspin. Sum manage to break free but cousin is cutting.

Riot Grrrl collectives formed across the world and networked vibrantly until its controlled demolition around 1995, instigated by a snubbed and cynical mass-media seeking revenge that portrayed the movement as superficial, and a general degeneration into bitchiness cliques around who was the squeakiest wheel and more oppressed: non-white, fat, poor, class, queer, whatever. Plus the fact that the movement mainly consisted of middle-class students: once they'd graduated and got jobs they lost interest. They didn't learn that gender separation doesn't work. Cock-limbo can drive a woman mad. They turn into cat ladies and no-one wants that, not even the cats (the men go mongo, Mr Monster). But clap affections to such glorious extremism doing just gr8 in the homegrown nineties threw it. Never again say some say others "Punx not dead – the chrysalids..." There is value in agit-prop and protest, so long as one is not fighting for one's enslavement, but with the real bomb squad nobody explodes.

"So get on your knees and suck my clit."³

I am still into Riot Grrrl (if you'll forgive the pun). Have listened to all bands in-scene and related, and aside from Bikini Kill & Bratmobile I

only run to the rumbling street power of Babes In Toyland and the slick clit hypnotics of Stinger Pants, as these are the only ensembles with a viable barber's pole. The rest are wankton plankton: inferior imitators or wrongly inspired. Filmwise, an uplifting hour-plus stimulator view is *The Punk Singer* (2013) documentary on the aforementioned Bikini Kill singer, Kathleen Hanna, a living example of the True Will in action.

It's odd that the Riot Grrrls never seem to have had/expressed an opinion on aliens. One thinks they would, as it is well known that the Greys objectify females as breeder-units to produce alien-human crossbreeds by forcible insemination rape then wiping the mother's mind blank so she does not even know she is pregnant or that the baby has been stolen out of her, away. The Patriarchy's nothing compared to these UFO freaks (although no man is safe from the anal probes wielded nightly by the little green men), but presumably the aliens leave all lesbians unmolested, which may be the reason why there are so many in the feminist scene: an unconscious protective choice?

I suppose Bikini Kill, Bratmobile, and their ilk were thirdwave feminists, but have they heard the second-wave feminist bands? An extraordinary document of the American scene is the 1972 *Mountain Moving Day* LP (Rounder Records 4001) by the New Haven & Chicago Chapters of The Women's Liberation Rock Band Movement (and "a caste of millions"), who provide a spiky/smooth protest side each. The bridge between freedom fighting and intolerant warmongering is assuredly crossed or confused, but it sounds so neat and catchy (the 2006 CD reissue⁴ is butchered though: the running order is changed; it does not include 'Prison Song' and has abridged 'Secretary', with no explanation, plus the remastering odd disappointing). Such tight sisters, lesbionic or otherwise, have indeed 'moved mountains', but THE RIOT GRRRLS DID NOT RIOT. Look if you dare at the situation now: a stunning lopsided victory for the electrified fence, tempting you with yo-yo lollipops. And that's just the soy-boys. Nothing else to add, maybe in nightmare (initial war).

Actually, there was a 2010 Riot Grrrl Revival in America, highlighted by the International Girl Gang Underground,⁵ who attempted to resurrect the movement some twenty years after it began, and produced the

self-titled compilation zine (Kate Wadkins & Stacy Konkiel, eds., 2011), whose goal was to: “provide guidance for those who want to transform ‘revolution girl style now!’ into ‘REVOLUTION GIRL STYLE FOREVER!’,”⁶ but it seems to have fizzled out. The United Kingdom faction, Girl Gang,⁷ is still operational, and others. Era emerges again, technically Riot Grrrl or not, with the two-piece Slutever: rough and ready lo(ish)-fi DIY(ish) outputs; Mommy Long Legs, who intermesh prom-gloop with the LOL & know haunted housewives; No Pantz: fanatical energy, much rehearsed, in all corners of the garden party; Daddy Issues: rumbling girl-next-door phantasms, awesome rad put-downs. Probably 120 more sloping downwards but it’s all The Stooges cum The Ramones copycat effect, dead-ringers, calls for submissions, not always sex & drugs & rock ‘n’ roll. They might have come before for all we know. (The American Becca Leavell has made a comprehensive and quite listenable six-hour radio series entitled *Retrospective Riot Grrrl* if you want to go deep.⁸)

Here the joy-bells ring as we excitedly entertain the German female underground music solo-project masterminded by Maria Zerfall (“The meaning of name MARIA ZERFALL: it is like a little philosophy. MARIA means innocence and ZERFALL is decay of all material things [physical]”), who I sadly had never heard of before. She has been releasing very effective maximum-authentic political-industrial (maybe philosophical or esoteric – I don’t speak German) works since 1982 as Zerfall and under other names, my favourite being “Maria Zerfall In Phase Pervers”. Her own home-label Music To Turn To specialised in distributing her 4-track audio-cassettes, often just given as gifts to those interested enough. A good collection is the 2×CD *Kopfkrieg 1985-1995* (Membrum Debile Propaganda MDP 6000-36), released in 2000. After its release she apparently disappeared from the whole scene, perhaps because she had done enough, but like all disappearers one wonders what she is up to now.

Aside from this I also been aligned to the highly-ambitious one/only eponymous ultra-obscure psychedelic LP from 1969 (Epic Records BN 26476) by the New York ensemble The Head Shop, with a do demented cabalistic front cover and lurid press puff (“Do You Want Head? Blow Your Mind with the Head Shop Album!”). Could have done without the

Beatles cover versions though, and on the whole it's a bit too gimmicky hokum (crazy-normal) to be genuine cult. Plus The Search Party's *Montgomery Chapel* LP of 1969 (Century Records 32013), a most uplifting fuzz-assisted minimalist Christian hippy-folk masterpiece, eight miles high from the usual twee inane drone of this stand-in, staid-back religious genre. After church pick some dragon's blood where their mind is. They do code via musical director Reverend Nicholas T. Freund to the St Pius X Seminary Choir's 1968 LP *Each One Heard in His Own Language About the Marvels of God* (Century Records 30441), that comes on X-strong as in kaleidoscope-tinged sonic worship lysergic liturgy, far-out but right there, its host an animated sugarcube melting into the tongue. Nowadays it would be called "Experimental Worship".

My reticence for electronic pop music was due to its association with nightclubs and dancing: two things I have zero inclination towards, and also because I regarded the genre as fluff effeminate, linked with disorders. I could stretch to the classic hits of Gary Numan and Blancmange, but that was too enough. Past few weeks though I've been getting more into it, pondering the synthetic waveforms and mining YouTube for what is out there and worthy. Been quite surprised at the quality of those involved, these easy-to-cue tracks implying a stylish sound with punk attitude for real party freaks; posh like a fashion show but weird; playfully subversive. Music for mouthwash; the NAME festival; travel agent's discount trip, other people clean the room. Paid for pleasure, toilet snorts, a black and silver touch-up.

Plug another lead in: designer moves and vox velour in fox flash London and cream cake looking down from domes; hearts and sparks; graffiti silly with beauty. Two Os have found I can bop along to it by tapping the foot and leg gyrations, nod the head on cue straight. Went to Europe got realistic can do this lightbulbs all the way. Numinous to rule.

I'm not talking about strictly rave or its moron pharmacological offshoots (although I might have time for the better Electroclash [Fischer-spooner; Vitalic]), but the Waves... Bands from the Magic Decade (early-80s to early-90s) and beyond, where sonic electronics are the anchor...all kinds of stacked machinery: a stop-frame accuracy sound augmented by

modern techno beats and equipment with sometimes guitars, nay any instruments, potentially involved; lands on moon or not. DJ spins déjà-vu; peacocks and dandies on the star ferry, immersed in Darkwave (Pleasure Symbols; Notchnoi), Coldwave (Baroque Bordello; Plastique Noir), Ghostwave (In Death It Ends; She Past Away) Psychowave (Boy Harsher; Popsimonova) & Synthwave (Chromatics; Sixth June). As the stars encircle some come in on the Sunwave (Gold Zebra; Zantias), whilst others are Nightwave to the core (Le Syndicat Electronique; Opale; Peine Perdue). A select few contemplate the Monkwave (Minuit Machine; Paradox Obscur), or merge into Fogwave (Ash Code; Erato). As often, these branches can interchange on the same tree (exemplified by Ladytron, DoDom and others moor intentionally obscure). Race gloves. Ooh me shakers in the outer boroughs.

The players of the waves are obviously cog-indebted to the big bands Kraftwerk, Joy Division, The Cure, the more innovative disco, first-scene gothic and the like, paring it minimal purist in a stimulating amalgam that builds on familiar radio chart tropes as if put through some wild weird filter or drug, living in the mirror-ball. Enough is eloquent, come suck. I'm not convinced heavy however, as the machine-led structure gets boring and monotonous after a while and a lot of the bands aboard the tactical bandwagon are vulturine, with only one or two great songs repeated with slight variations, like an addiction; not an album but a routine.

Cropped treats arose in an abandoned council flat of northern encompassing where Agsha Riz crossfades the foaming hauntological summit in olde form rampage. It sunk with a trace as the fabled 1996 *Fog Club* mixtape (Chain Records SS328), in fact all actually Warp Corp = bad name but top musics; commercial suicide pushing all the right buttons. Its hair had Ziggy Stardust, facial ice queen stripe glinting the strobes inside a basement club somewhere in Budapest as three dark sunglasses look on. In turn hypnotic cold night voice echoing off the arches; it planned sweet Easter revolts before reaching you. The dog had human eyes, a v-shape without a face. Turned some around to sticker kiss, the recording through stone loudspeakers, for all get crude dust and goths will never die. As of undercave sounds like screw eyes in maze rings folds a Jack-&-Jill para-

dox sequence, an army rucksack upside-down, black dress in loop, glue lipstick variant, pier-head month stack, stains on sheets, stripy jumper splat, no gods no masters no escape.

Some turn to the Growl, for Black Metal gaze is global invasion; background assault of bestial insemination. It gets obsessive, galactica. New Era.⁹ Draconian mountain silhouettes. Five minutes of it may be enough, especially since the first true cult's copyists pointlessly the dark eternal caverns of Norwegian voids. When I'm looking for genuine esoteric audio I wonder about a band that only plays haunted instruments, and what would their gigs be like. A comprehensive, interesting and boring collection of allegedly authentic sonics is the 3×CD box set from 2007 entitled *Okkulte Stimmen – Mediale Musik: Recordings of Unseen Intelligences 1905-2007* (aka: *Occult Voices – Paranormal Music: Recordings of Unseen Intelligences 1905-2007*), being put together in Germany (Supposé 3-932513-81-7). Everything from possessing demons to the Electric Voice Phenomenon. It can be heard in full on the labyrinthine UbuWeb.¹⁰

I topped this wedge with a Sheep Worried Dog 7", untitled/undated no label of course for cause-&-effect and purposefully 9-to-5, its spirals brimming with their trademark snotty intensity to become all wedding rings given away. Side A dances round the bonsai tree, wearing the wyrd like a first-date cologne jasmine splash drenching the psychoactive epidermis come answer, her auric waves dice obsidian in flight in league with the subatomic Yug-Suggothic. Like a sycamore helicopter seed the B-Side rightly uplifted me to exalted heights of whacked-out pleasure-seeking avant-garde tape montage where the Tripod Pythoness plays the drums. Love this proper raw. It's been mastered from decomposing composers; beat was stolen from Mr Cash (vice-versa). Heard it whilst talking to my head. "People are strange, when you are stranger." Her legs in cult, hands a hornet nest. Hell started with industrial base, the Clandestine Graves vs. Everybody Live. Pagan Europe...back to the REAL world, treasure. They on same page. Wish more Sheep Worried Dog existed but it's hard to find a mystery wrapped in a puzzle. On the other hand the future holds fast but the past has any thing we will ever need, starting over. Own the now then no where they are all time.

I've elsewhere extolled the art-virtues of Laura Grace Ford (formerly known as "Laura Oldfield Ford").¹¹ Best known for her *Savage Messsiah* magazine, she also does deep dreamy psychogeographical sound-works such as *Glasgow* (2017),¹² and it's a pity she's inexplicably deleted some of her others from her SoundCloud. Another lady doing something different is Gabrielle Losoncy,¹³ of what could be confessional field recordings. When it hits has an octagonal lozenge tableaux tone; spiced cake in the air, then do the twist. That blonde one...arching, always classical; a fair-ground débutante gets the stripes. Jazz freaks. How dare they? We tend to put this on as a background blur when I'm interpenetrating. Elsewhere acting out an alien click-track, free energy machine-learning, genius in use of energy in particular area. Whole world preoccupied. Has to decide.

I did drag myself to the local school-disco-style arts venue nicknamed the "Oblivion Community Centre". Pleasurable enough like picket fence badges but the spinach/finished not go with it. You can sense the diversion theoretics yet to be in-country. Free invites for bloody ghoulish bites. Where the mosh pit should be is strictly the preserve of beardo improv geeks and meeko shoegaze freaks, all dissipating loners of the introvert-pervert headphone world. I was the only one around to see what's what. Thought I'd stumbled into a steroid monster sausage fest, the singer a poisoned ponce with a Friar Tuck fringe, watering it; rest of the band performance accessories; the audience lapdogs in heat and rut. Missed the second support act, a welcome matter of fact, as this ensemble really weak beer. Name's forgotten. The headliner was apparently Eccentric Tomatoes, the wonky nought gone rogue. Nice people trying hard but never make it; superstar wheeled out to be superstar. A sparkling drummer with pouting toad eyes. Supposedly a debut 7" in the works, heads in the clouds, best foot forward, make it great again. Shall forget the middle. I prefer lines to circles, anywhere out.

And lest we shall forget, I salute all transmission (signal propagation). Therefore a diamond shout-out to the online wideband WebSDR radios,¹⁴ that are a bottomless well of wonder, especially during the early hours, where voices can be other voices, dreams in a different sleep.

ENDNOTES

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FILM

The projected motion-pictures in rooms and especially in the big-screen proper cinema is already there the special atmosphere, can feel, for ghosts are attracted to the arch combination of darkness, flickering lights and mass human emotion generation. It shows you what not to do. So many different things.

Last night was a back-to-back monochrome double-bill box set consisting of *Village of the Damned* (1960) and its sequel *Children of the Damned* (1964). Cardboard slipcase, no extras (a making-of documentary would have been welcome). Not sure why I bought these. I actually can't believe it. Perhaps it was research? Both are based on John Wyndham's novel *The Midwich Cuckoos* (1957) and they are about a bunch of next-level Vrill-Aryan blonde alien humanoid kids with occasional glowing eyes, who use group telepathy for both defence and attack and can control the human mind, making their enemies kill themselves, a freaky adjunct to the greasy pole.

Village of the Damned goes straight into the weirdness with a mysterious paralysation of an entire English village. Then all of its capable women, including virgins, become pregnant. A most effective opening the Great British stiff upper-lip reservedness usurped by dread unusualness. Unconscious copper in the road, the military baffled, and so it unfurls. The pint-sized alienonic New Breed look uncannily like the cookie-cutter child members of the Australian trauma-based mind-control cult The Family, aka: the "Santiniketan Park Association" and the "Great White Brotherhood" (their motto: "Unseen, unknown, unheard"), why on Earth founded in the spiritually-overdosing 1960s by Anne Hamilton-Byrne.¹ Shivers of cold gold pincers with a hill-shout through-the-floorboards loud. Angel-faced elite prongs of disaffected titan hubris controlled by control in a driftwood few-to-many scenario egg ethos cooperation. As long as they stay there.

Children of the Damned continues the thread, but this time it's just five or six super-intelligent, probably alien children from different continents who are flown to London to be studied but have their own plans so

leave the prying adult labbits and hole up in a disused church. They then become proto-Rambo acting in self-defence as the animalistic humans attack first. Whoever really made the thing didn't pull it off though. It doesn't have the bubbling otherworldly menace of *Village of the Damned*. Apart from the British one the little people looked like retards. In natural law I appreciated the sharply-defined monochrome itself rather than what it depicted and by less than halfway through I was bored and wanting to fast forward.

A young Ian Hendry. Crap climax: the kids are slain by the human military after a screwdriver accidentally creates an electrical circuit to signal an all-out munitions assault. A CND scriptwriter's metaphor warning against a world-nuke similar? Memorable scene in the church though where the resourceful crafty kids build a machine from a tube amp and magnified sun ray from a stained glass to kill the goons sent to kill them by a sonic assault via the church's organ sound in a neat early power electronics track. This rekindled my idea for an ultra-band named "Deaf Threat" with similar aims, the logical conclusion of Whitehouse. And when they are asked why they have come here the Brit kid replies: "We don't know." There's pieces of them in my shit. (The American horror maestro John Carpenter did a remake of *Village of the Damned* [1995], that I have not seen and don't want to. Lots to lock outside.)

I desired stronger fayre so sought the outskirts then headed for the boot. Plumped for the stashed quartet of *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1970), *The Cat o' Nine Tails* (1971), *Deep Red* (1975) & *Phenomena* (1985) (I used to work for an agency with that name. They implied I was working for other places. Why would this be a problem to them?), that I bought new in a local £1 Shop back in 2005 when the DVD selection was wider and in the closer past devoured consecutively through the night. They are all brainborn by Dario Argento, who has been described as the "Italian Hitchcock" although maybe not for his film directing style but because he and Alfred Hitchcock are both perverts in the heterosexual sex department (and had a penchant for appearing in their own films). Trenchant integrated worldview upskirts. Gentlemen prefer blondes, but cyclists are content with doing the rounds.

I dig the Giallo overload, that has all the elements I groove to: tension thrills, mystery, intrigue, macabre, sex-sex-sex fetish, the perversion bourgeois, cool suits, cars, pads, top continental ladies, elegant shot editing, unusual progression, font credits, film-stock, everything. Save us from subtitles though. I want to be hypnotised by the images and action, not have to keep glancing up and down reading endless words like of ticker-tape shouter. People get offed a lot, porridge on the walls, stylised art-snuff, maybe where Sgue Sgue Sputnik got their “Designer Violence” gimmick and clothes show tactics from (no). I told them at the time, but would they listen?

Pleasingly trance-inducing, Argento’s oeuvre seems perfectly suited to marijuana-consciousness, but I rode it fizzy on whisky just as sweet. It was also good to see Donald Pleasence in two of them, who I once glimpsed outside Piccadilly Circus tube station in London, unless it was his double, a sentient phantasm, masquerading spectre or my escaped hallucination, zero bones. Especially keen on *Phenomena*, that was way better than the last time I saw it before. Deeper psychological codings apparent this time around, such as too many shots of the chimpanzee’s arse. This submissive rump presentation posture drip-fed to the peoples by a primate primitive emphasises the leading actress’ little girl lost under-age virgin helpless persona. She is also often dressed all in white and sometimes sleepwalks, further emphasising the resistless compliant maiden archetype that must have seemed strange for most courting couple viewers at least. It almost seems designed to evoke and intensify in men the lust for the murder of innocent females as depicted on screen, that is a mirror held up. Dario Argento’s daughter, Asia Argento, became a main player in the #MeToo anti-sexual molester movement in October 2017, when she accused Harvey Weinstein of raping her,² but in a hoisted petard sense in August 2018 the actor Jimmy Bennett claimed he had been sexually molested by Asia Argento in 2013 when he was an under-aged 17-year-old.³ Internet gossip also fingered Asia Argento as causing her celebrity chef boyfriend Anthony Bourdain to commit suicide in June 2018 due to her sexing with someone else.⁴ She has starred in several of her father’s feature films such as *Trauma* (1993), which features blatant sex-death

Project MONARCH-type mind-control themes, and she has posted such and occult material on social media for all to see.⁵

I am nonetheless tempted to fig-investigate Argento's *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (1971), *Suspiria* (1977), *Inferno* (1980), *Tenebrae* (1982) & the aforementioned *Trauma* (1993), but I can't quite pay folding money for what are basically arthouse slasher films, ideal for late-night drunken/stoned TV but a rip roar declension on the shelf, next to the soviet horse gas-mask. Besides, I thinking some or all already watched were cut by the cissy censor control centre. Piece of my mind cameo seeing red mist art vivisectionists imposing their views on fully grown adults so they can't view in a one-size-fits-all set-up (apart from the un-warpable overseers).

Contradictorily, I woke up or came round and an old book fell wide open at a description of the Spanish low-budget horror film *Pieces* (1982), music by Cam. It exemplifies the majesty of slash by the pornographic jigsaw motif throughout; the single masked, hatted and gloved all-in-black attired male slayer, a rubber johnny figure; the choice of the cheesy chainsaw as preferred murder weapon; the preferred female victims; the university setting; the Sex = Death equation; wooden acting by snuff-object dummies in set-piece ritualism. A shit film interspersed excuse for hot kill scenes with a crappy happy ending, until the straight-head student do-gooder wannabe cop unexpectedly gets his dick mangled by the hand of a supine seeming undead victim or maybe the perp? His arm was her leg, unclear on purpose like that "Ripper Squad" industrial noise band's double-meaning name who played just one enough concert as a terrible tool. Echoes of Adolf before Adolf.

The Burning (1981). Been wanting to see this since the Video Nasty 1980s. Did fondle a secondhand VHS of it some years back but the tape had green mold on it. Created, co-written and produced by Harvey Weinstein. Music by Rick Wakeman. Set at a summer camp. A bunch of male nerds manslaughter barbecue a weirdo but he doesn't die and comes back hideously burnt, hungry for revenge, killing innocents on the way, including a prostitute (scissors) and girls (garden shears), plus some of the blokes. Pathetic script, barely horror. The young adults want sex and try to impress each other, but only two get the actual fuck. Just enough

budget behind it to shine extra craply. Realistic gore the few times it happens, some nudity, then the Peeping Tom nerd kills the killer. The players are plastic annoying, the pearly teeth, white lib grief brigade. Square-dimensional, generic DNA. They are acting but you want them slain for real. Too much in I realised this poor rip-off of *Friday the 13th* (1980) was not the one I thought it was: *Don't Go in the House* (1979), about this tortured-by-mom-with-the-stove-when-a-child *Psycho* geezer who after his mom dies hears voices from space then builds a steel-lined room inside their house to incinerate young naked bound women with a flamethrower, but we only see one happen, apart from when he lights a lady's hair in a disco, plus a priest, then he re-burns his original female victims, who then kill him. On the surface it's just another low budget American horror flick, but it stands above the mass due to the relentless dark sick gruesome undercurrent to it all that grips you like a werewolf.

I don't usually go for the modern variety of British horror films, mainly because most of them have been deliberately sanitised to gain a 15-Certificate so they can milk the teenage market, and are thus only half a film, that just cannot address adult themes in a satisfactorily comprehensive manner. There are ALWAYS exceptions however, such as *The Borderlands* (2013), written and directed by Elliot Goldner & *A Dark Song* (2016), written and directed by Liam Gavin, both of which are Certificate 15 and were passed uncut. They stand out, with a hauntological poetic streak, in that they relate to the rural reality warp of Romanticism by featuring few characters and revolving around a single eerie building erected ages ago from stone and wood, in the country, out of the way, framed by large expanses of green, the colour of faery and alchemy, and specially sited precisely transmundane to tap the mysteries of Place and the human interaction with. Walls that bend, veils that lift.

The Borderlands relies on the found footage ploy, overused by the time it was made but only by buffoons; here it is in capable hands, as it was with the genre's 'originator', *The Blair Witch Project* (1999). An official Vatican research team with a secular tech engineer are sent to investigate a miracle that has purportedly occurred in front of witnesses and on video inside a remote country church in England. It gradually turns out to

be something much darker, Pagan, or even older. The found footage angle and obvious low budget provides a rough-&-ready and down-to-earth feel, and all of the story presented is yes believable; sinister presence lurking. The recording equipment and sound design play their part alongside the flesh actors, a pondering interplay betwixt modern technology with all that entails and the Old Ways always here, strong already or waiting to be revived. It is unusual, not lazily clichéd as a hundred lessers, and moves along at just the right pace to an unexpected shock ending that stays with you for a while in after-effect.

A Dark Song concerns a female middle-class religious education teacher who rents an isolated country mansion in Wales for a year then pays a roguish male working-class magician a lot of money to live there with her so that they can perform the Ritual of Abramelin to summon their Guardian Angels, she to enable her to speak to her dead son. An effective atmospheric on location, deft camera-work and soundtrack; the plot unwinds interestingly as do the characters; the occult itself is treated more authentically and edgier than usual. Artistic license has been applied to the rite in question but actually makes it more appealing, though more complicated, than the 15th Century mage original. The ominous tension slowly creeps, mounting up to a previously telegraphed but unexpected ending. It's low budget but classy, intelligent and rueful. An altogether refreshingly moralistic flick that works by its plot instead of relying on gore, jump-scares or related tired tropes.

Neither of these films are astonishing must-sees but both have a keen awareness of the viewer's awareness and pull you in and keep you absorbed. Let's hope this particular sort of carefully crafted, deep-themed and essentially English film-making continues and goes further to counter the capitalist pigs who prop up the vulgar spectacular culture industry and commission its conveyor-belt junky-run of indistinguishable from each other, lowest common denominator dum-dum programs and grandstanding nostrums. Cut to multinational unemployed. The straw that sucks the camel's back. Editor in the supermarket, eaten up by you-know-who.

When it cold comes to cinematic horror I find the 1970s Hammer and Amicus portmanteaus are key. *Tales from the Crypt* (1972), *From Beyond*

the Grave (1974), *The Uncanny* (1977), etc. These are proper films in the distinguished dreamtime, twist doorways, otherworld in this world plots behind slick mystery led to the tabloided stigma montage that wanted to be billboard enlarged to flow into passing heads but the temptation subsided in a sun-with-hands reflection. Motorway motorbike runs with the Helmet of the Dead. Lush on mug jodhpurs.

To smooth things aright, amid a yellow weather alert I was grooving to a strange crew after scoring *Day Watch* (2006), an epic 2hr 20min Russian psychedelic fairytale-like riveting fascinator concerning the search for the Magic Chalk of Fate and a shaky Manchurian truce between the Light & Dark embodiments. Non-conformist plot/shots/editing and whatnot, including people switching bodies and a one-eyed hairdresser, going further than most, despite the CGI. I later found that it is the sequel to *Night Watch* (2004), which has a more vital feel to it and sharp, like thinking with campers in spheres above the sky, and they are loose adaptations of the same-titled novel-saga by Russian writer Sergey Lukyanenko. A third in the series, *Dusk Watch* or *Twilight Watch*, has been announced.

If you're wanting the real occult or anything in that area I don't think it's on film, but the opposite can be a hoot. A great spoof documentary is *Satankulten på Anholt* (aka: *The Island of Lucifer*) (2013) by Jonas Bech & Kristian Ussing Andersen,⁶ about an elaborate hoax involving thirteen faked Satanic ritual sites discovered over the small and remote island of Anholt off the coast of Denmark; letters by a Satanic High Priestess named Alice Mandragora; stories about the cult and Devil Coins variously hidden in churches and museums across Denmark, including some texts concealed behind paintings at the Copenhagen police headquarters. Some of the coins were found at Bath Abbey in England. The hoax was worked since 13 May 1973 for nearly 30 years by office clerk Knud Langkow (perhaps with independent help by a Danish coin expert and a coin engraver), and was only revealed nearly a decade after his death.⁷ The "Special Limited Edition" DVD (with English subtitles) (2013) goes for £34.99 on Amazon, but it can be seen/downloaded in full for £3.03 on Vimeo.⁸

In a similar area is Russ Clapham's *Maidens of The Lost Ark* (2003),⁹ its players not hoaxers but misguided. This is the first-ever documentary

on the pious, elitist, apocalyptic Christian religious community originally known as the Panacea Society, based in Bedford, England, which ceased being a community in 2012 when it was renamed “The Panacea Charitable Trust” (PCT).¹⁰ Reputed to be ‘worth’ £30-million, the PCT is custodian of the 18th-19th Century virgin prophetess Joanna Southcott’s “Box of Sealed Writings”, which reputedly contains great prophecies and revelations and must only be opened at a time of great crisis, in the presence of all Church of England bishops, when it will herald the Second Coming of Jesus Christ and basically save the world.¹¹ ‘Deceased’ members are awaiting this event in their spirit bodies on the Planet Uranus. This is an engaging look at hardcore British spiritual eccentricity, of sincere people living a belief in a higher power 24/7, which is better than the baseless nihilism of today. I reckon they got bunkers and wondrous stockpiles, but a Great Deceiver is behind it all. Since this documentary was made they seem to have gone too corporate.

Actually, regarding the existence of real occult films, one could suggest that Maya Deren’s “film-poem” *Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti* (filmed 1947-1951; released 1985) is authentic, but one cannot be sure if she was shown the real practices or just a ‘holidaymaker’ show for the camera. Her book of the same title (parts of which are used in the film’s narration) is a great read though (Thames & Hudson, 1953). Suppose the real occult is present and presented on YouTube, if an onlooker, rather than the operant, can judge. The Left-Hand Path ladies especially, who get right in there with art and traffick with demons. The Canadian, Orlee Stewart,¹² is good at explaining and shewing what can be done and happen, as is the Dutch Flowing Fire,¹³ whom looks like a reincarnated ancient Egyptian Queen. This in stark contrast to most of what YouTube offers in the wyrd area, exemplified by American female New Agers who claim to channel the spirit of Adolf Hitler, such as Abbey Normal¹⁴ & Pamela Aaralyn,¹⁵ pushing an unbelievably tasteless clickbait gimmick.

Imbined the higher mindless hippy fun transforming the everyday into what exactly filmed as *Rote Sonne* (1970), featuring one or more members of the legendary German Kommune 1 (K1). There’s four airhead female terrorists and a dreary freeloading bloke and other dreary blokes. We dis-

cover these gals are man-killers. That's about it. Bad low on drugs hippy twaddle really, like a slowed down Emerson, Lake & Palmer LP, but it somehow holds your attention, and so I must immerse/immense myself in all things French, esp. its New Wave, starting with Robert Bresson's existential masterpie *The Devil, Probably* (1977), that is a must see, but I will not pay £18 for a DVD and that, where a hidden hand controls the transaction (Caesareans are now used in one-in-four UK births). Mesh implants. The instigators lean in through screens. The story never ends but Globalism is not a valid excuse for high-treason.

There is also hope in the films of John Cassavetes, expressly *Husbands* (1970), *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* (1976) & *Opening Night* (1977). Authentic independent film-making without the pretentiousness and over-technique that gets in the way. Feeds into how do you know what you're told is the truth, given the old bi-polar choice-that-is-not, e.g. you are either employed or unemployed, and not allowed to be "working at what I want to do". A bait-and-switch, diverting the discourse, an Us-&Them cultoid ploy to herd the mass into a single acceptable pen (that is mightier than the sword), pointing at the shunned outsiders. There is third way, but you have to find it yourself (hint: pyramid). Here the scope is regarding the aforementioned Yoko Ono books. They know-code to the Ewha Womans University in Seoul, South Korea, where Moon Kyungwon there teaches. She with Jeon Joonho made the multi-channel film installation, *The Ways of Folding Space & Flying* (2015),¹⁶ it being a quietly questioning space-age groove that trances you in, some watch of which is online.¹⁷ Odd what must be done fringe benefits.

I continued the research by drinking ash and you in two late-1970s episodic British TV crime dramas, namely *Law and Order* (1978) written by GF Newman & *Out* (1978) written by Trevor Preston. Both starkly portray the blurred line between good and evil in the form of the complex relationships between cops and criminals, bent or otherwise, the slang-cant spoken by both parties in a con-job pendulum. You can bank on crime. Rest In Peace New Age. Similarly, "over the pond", *Southland* (2009-2013) was a very fine American TV cop series, resembling *Hill Street Blues* on steroids (well that's what it was). Staying there, *End of*

Watch (2012) was a great down and dirty US cop feature film. All three were shot real-life documentary-style with a lot of hand-held camera-work. An effective makes you stay with it. But have we come to this, fake real violence on tap with a rousing soundtrack? Is it yet another crypto-cratic recruitment drive like the pulsing plethora of computer single-shooter games for military drone pilots, the sink-heads shouting lost?

Staying in the USA, I was quite impressed by *Interview With The Assassin* (2002). Like some unsuspected unsuspecting Manchurian Candidate, this killer feature film was a definite “sleeper” find, lurking on the usually dry shelves of the local charity/thrift shop I frequently frequent on Search-&-Devour missions, just waiting to be activated by its handler. What is it really? A clever low-budget independent delve into Night and Deity; the nature of belief; and the meaning of life, specifically, the desire to “be someone”, and make one’s mark on history. I hadn’t even heard a coded whisper of this flick before, maybe as it’s a Region 1 NTSC job, with no promotion or distribution over here, but I was hooked line-and-sinker after the first few minutes and stayed glued to the screen throughout, not wanting to pause it or do anything that would stop the mesmerising unfolding flow. Unlike lesser efforts in a similar vein, its budgetary limitation actually works in its favour, giving it a raw, uncompromising edge that befits the intentional hand-held pseudo-documentary style.

It touches/triggers much deep, with rising paranoia, and how could it not this subject matter? The suspected JFK assassin is a cross between William S. Burroughs, Hunter S. Thompson & Dale Gribble from *King of the Hill* (who once remarked: “Guns don’t kill people, the government does”). In other words, a real archetypal figure, from the mythic realms of the American psyche, crossing the bridge from imagination to reality. Another thing it triggered was the Synchronicity Bank, which, like the appearance of the “Divine Library Angel”, is always a good sign that you are onto something important.

The day after I first watched this film was 14 August 2009, when I learned that Manson Family stalwart Lynette “Squeaky” Fromme was set free on this date after spending over 30 years in prison for attempting (rather ineptly it must be said, unlike the Family’s other hits) to assassinate

ate US President Gerald Ford with a semiautomatic pistol in 1975. According to *The Guardian* online newspaper:

Fromme, who received a life term, became the first person sentenced under a special federal law covering assaults on US presidents, a statute enacted after the 1963 assassination of John F Kennedy.¹⁸

Serious interestees discover that the majority of conspiracy media fails to do its job, provoking unintended(?) reactions, akin to the point where improvised music becomes funny. But there's different kinds of laughter, at or with, and *Interview With The Assassin* draws you effortlessly into its web, like a medal to a black magnet, so you may share its sense of wonder and terror that this world is certainly not what it seems, that there is always a mirror in the mirror, levels within levels, wheels within wheels, and the only way out is *through*...

After giving it an objective chance I have concluded that 3D motion-picture process does not work. Things don't come out of the screen they just reach the screen, no illusion. Built up in childhood via *The Giant Spider Invasion* (1975) at cinema with free cardboard 3D spectacles but taken off the whole film all green and purple like a bad acid vision. Soon before now at home on TV I tried the 3D version of *My Bloody Valentine* (the shit 2009 remake not the superb 1981 2D original), that I first saw solid at one of seaside cinema's Friday Night X horror double-bills that I'm surprised I was granted admission to as clearly looked under the 18. It must've needed the money sparsely populated you could smoke and drink in there, stare, the atmosphere so honed in line you could go anywhere from your vacant velvet seat on a red-carpeted incline, every frame a kaleidoscope painting turning up, ocean mist-fingers snaking.

A period of slush puppy ensued wherein I gave up halfway nine times out of ten, the tenth itself unsatisfying lazy and lacking. I had heard *Babel* (2006) was something diff: a Moroccan goat-herder family, Japanese deaf-mute girl family, Mexican home-help family, American holidaying family: their interconnected lives on separate continents. Beautifully shot and put together from great locations, so what? I kept watching because I thought

it would get better, but it stayed at the same dreary depressing level for its near 2-and-a-half hours. It all works out fine in the end for the rich Americans & Japanese, but not for the poor Moroccans and Mexicans. Crude message stinker of undisguised Cultural Marxist propaganda pretending that we're ultimately all responsible for each other: not the reality that we can only be responsible for ourselves. Look around yourself or on your screen: not everyone has acne scars or axes to grind. Besides, however bad DVDs are they can always be strung mirror side up in the garden to scare away the birds.

The few feature films that did too-strong effect me were *Suicide* (2001) (originally titled *FinalCut.com*), a German film about an adventurous male-female couple who for commercial and sick kick reasons run a website on which they offer to film people who intend to commit suicide, which leads to unforeseen consequences, such as the film-makers assisting in the deaths. And *Martyrs* (2008), a French film, in which a fanatical and ruthless religious cult uses the extreme trauma-based mind-control on young women so they get to see the next world and report back about it. Both flicks were brutal and shocking, wish you hadn't seen them, and both have been pointlessly remade like all the other remakes have. They cumulate-precipitated a mach-black fugue state combination of MSG takeaway nightmares in the Maniac Mansion coupled to sleight-of-mind humane hatred in Deep Web Red Rooms, with notable exceptions.

Later on I had a while with that old monochrome thing which played at the UK equivalent of drive-in theatres without the cars, namely the first-ever public release of *Legend of the Witches*, the rather classic-&-cult 1969 documentary film on British Witchcraft, written & directed by Malcolm Leigh. The print is rather scratchy and a bit wobbly in places, but in this case it adds to the underground quality of the work, although the DVD seems to have been mastered from a video copy, and a poor quality one at that, judging from the telltale horizontal lines which appear too much and clash the evocative timeline effect. Also, the film is actually just over 72 minutes in duration, not "1hr 53 mins approx." as stated on the cover. This looks like a typo, as according to the BBFC art butchers, the original version submitted had a 85mins 7secs running time and was

cut (censored) down to 72mins 9secs to gain a X Certificate,¹⁹ but no details of what has been excised are available. It is this cut version that has been used for this 2004 DD Home Entertainment DVD release.²⁰ None of the missing footage is included on the disk, and it does not seem to be on the internet in any form or length, so presumably it's lost as are too many other cinematic gems, polished or not.

These niggles aside, it's groovy that such a genuine celluloid obscurity is now available. The film's structure consists of sensational exploitation supplied via Alex Sanders and his coven dancing skyclad around bonfires, conducting an erotically-charged initiation, an (overlong) doll curse, and a beautifully-stylised Mass of Lucifer, combined with historical and heritage aspects, the usual Marg Murray *et al* fancies which were popular at the time, given a certain gravitas by the creepy-teacher-type male voice-over. There's also some fine and outré footage of the alluring exhibits contained in the Witchcraft Museum at Boscastle in Cornwall when it was owned and run by Cecil Williamson (who I'm told by an in-loop was part of the MI6 Occult Bureau during WWII). The highlight for me was an ultra-psychedelic, tranced-out ritual skrying session augmented by a motley crew of naked, robed or masked initiates, conducted inside an amazing psychotronic alchemical laboratory full of weird and wonderful mind-expansion devices belonging to an unnamed third uncle figure. This hip and zonky happening is complete with sitar and drums soundtrack, stroboscope, spinning hypno-disk, narcotic incense, bondage, flagellation and "mystical passes."

Conclusion: a curious light mondo documentary which does not actually interview anyone and only features two groups of occultists in action, but it's a definite uniquely atmospherical period piece that will surely thrill all pagan/sixties nostalgia buffs. Contains fascinating goad-lures into the Old Ways, including the more darker and perverse aspects, the whole nicely complemented by a deep monkish choral and experimental electronic music score. A tantalising but deceptive blast of inspirational hokum, like much of the 1960s/1970s spirituality scene. Definitely worth a go if you can find it cheap on the internet or in the remainder shop; disappointment awaits should you pay the extortionate used-copy prices

(this isn't a black egg to be bought without haggling). For a more varied, sleazy and quicker-paced look at this horny nostalgic prompt area one may wish to try for an initiation into *Witchcraft '70* (aka: *White Angel... Black Angel*) (1970), an Italian mondo effort in lurid colour with hilarious exploitative narration, which covers both British and American culters and starts off with Satanic (Vampiric?) goings on in Highgate Cemetery. An alternative cut entitled *The Satanists UK* is alleged to exist, but who knows? Maybe it's the same film with the British rather than American narration, or it has been confused with the very groovy nudie-cutie *The Satanist* (1968), a previously lost monochrome gem by Zoltan G. Spencer (real name Spencer Crilly).

My favourite occult sex-horror film is Jess Franco's *Exorcisme*, better known by its English title, *Exorcism* (1974), filmed in three weeks with a small crew in Paris as his take on William Peter Blatty/William Friedkin's horror hit *The Exorcist* (1973) and the fake sensationalist Black Mass sex shows that were put on in dingy Parisian cellars for thrill-seeking tourists and locals during the late-1960s occult revival, hence the film's memorable opening sequence featuring a delectable Lina Romay chained naked to a wooden trapezoidal frame and whipped by a lady dominant sorceress, who then decapitates a white dove, smears its blood on the breasts and belly of her captive, then forces her to drink the crimson liquid before she is climaxically sacrificed. (One wonders who, if anyone, was occult advisor to this movie, as such ritualised actions would have created a dimensional portal along the lines and angles of HP Lovecraft's esoteric knowledge he learnt in dreams, which was later incorporated into serious magical ceremonies performed by the Order of the Trapezoid, a sub-branch of both the Church of Satan²¹ and the Temple of Set.²²)

This staged theatrical performance is witnessed by a bunch of paying upper-class perverts, the whole thing organised by Raymond Franval, the pornographer-proprietor of the Editions...Venus publishing house, which puts out the intellectual SM mag *The Dagger & Garter*, for which the crazed defrocked Catholic priest cum One-Man Inquisition Paul Vogel (played rather woodenly by Mr Franco) supplies articles to, which is how he gets to learn of the 'cult'. In a variation on the traditional Sex = Death

horror film gird, Vogel stalks and kills members of the 'cult' (plus, in some versions, prostitutes and women who simply enjoy sex), thinking he is saving their souls or something due to his warped zealotism. It's a heady mix of nudity, violence and black magic; very horny and darklight; subculturally fun/ky. The voice-dubbing is dodgy, just how I like it, and the soundtrack melancholy sinister. Thrill-kicks galore.

As far as me and my shadow are aware, there are at least four extant versions of *Exorcism*:

- 1) The original *Exorcisme-cum-Exorcism* (1974) one I have just described, and which I think is easily the best.
- 2) *Demoniac* (1975), a heavily censored, much shorter version made for the USA market, that is not worth bothering with.
- 3) *Sexorcismes* (1975), a hardcore porn version with about 20 minutes of new XXX material added that is decidedly un-erotic, gross sleazoid real dirty mac brigade stuff, complete with sock removal and revolting male bodies, the filth grazing the men and raising a few sister blisters, that seems like it was recorded by a dream, not a camera (Mr Franco has trouble focussing the scenes which are also often badly lit). Again not worth bothering with, although you do get to briefly see Lina Romay sucking cock and licking pussy, Mr Franco himself giving cunnilingus, and one new SM-themed kill.
- 4) *The Sadist of Notre Dame* (1979), a far more morose cut which completely replaces the aforementioned amazing trapezoidal opening scene with about 30 minutes of newly-shot material, mainly of a gloomy-doomy Vogel wandering around dingy Parisian streets, but including two new kills. (There is also a very depressing alternative beginning in which Vogel escapes from an ugly mental hospital, complete with authentic patients, then steals a waste disposal lorry to make his getaway.)

Both the 2001 Synapse region 1 DVD *Exorcism* and the 2012 Kino Lorber/Redemption region 1 DVD/Blu-ray *Exorcism* are the full version (approximately 94 or 97 minutes depending on frame rates), with the two

minutes cut courtesy of the BBFC restored. The former benefits from the first-ever English audio-commentary by Mr Franco and the latter also contains *Demoniac*. *The Sadist of Notre Dame* is available as a region free DVD/Blu-ray from Severin (2018). The definitive immersion version of this trip is probably the 3×DVD & 1×Blu-ray region 2 limited to 333 copies four-disk box set *Der Sadist von Notre-Dame*, released in 2014 by the German company X-Rated (ECC#02), which contains the original and the director's cut of *Exorcism*, and *Demoniac*, plus all of *The Sadist of Notre Dame* & *Sexorcismes* insert material, along with a few other rarities such as a German-language booklet and commentary.

Coming of age in the 1980s, I was obsessed with sex but didn't want to do it, or rather I knew I shouldn't/wouldn't. Not from fear or a lack of opportunities, but the guaranteed avoidance of impregnation and all that entailed. So the consumption of visual pornography was an ideal outlet for my pent-up lusts. Strangely perhaps, I rarely masturbated during the watching of it, or afterwards whilst thinking about it, as the sheer novelty of the image-&-audio was enough, and I preferred an intellectual climax. Theory vs. Practice I guess, and I remain fascinated by how pornography operates in a zone of 'real unreality', where fantasy interpenetrates reality, and vice-versa. This binary conundrum is examined, or rather displayed, in *The Porn Brokers* (aka: *The Pornbrokers*) (1973), a British-made documentary on the European sex-industry, produced and directed by John Lindsay & Laurence Barnett. Rejected for certification by the BBFC, mainly for its upfrontness in detailing its subject matter, that is pretty much everything. The edit juxtaposes moving pictures with static photos throughout, that makes a change from the normal filmic language. Covers sex mags, blue movies, live-sex shows, orgy, bondage, sadomasochism, bestiality, fake sperm creation, a lot of actual hardcore scenes and some dubious crypto-paedo references. We witness supposedly horny hirsute triangles, manufactured moans, violet gel-filter spray. A polo-necked sideburned sex-guide entrepreneur; an Inspector Clouseau type foreigner with John Lennon spectacles; a square-lensed Scot and more rivals trying to explain their involvement. That Dane is the coolest. Shameless beards are in evidence, as are negroes, prehistoric test-photos, full entry, holes bared,

someone is bummed, a white flower on another's ear, hair covers many. Squashed bed, plate-nipples, pearls of swine. German barking. Maureen's first spreading job, anus on raised dais. Janet is class. Flipped jail-bait liberation, shocked heads, creepy morals, there's something in the type-writer. The hippy keeps her knickers on. Then takes them off. She-males (I think) are presented, wife-swappers talk. They get the forest. Jizz on the camera-strap. The machinery makes millions. Flesh of all persuasions. They are designed to screw. You can't smell them, to a strangely appropriate electronic horror-film score. Clinical close-ups for autopsy nightmares, caught in memory. "Where do the porno-girls come from?" Groping behind the scenes. Fuck it's vulgar. You pay to watch. The brass boutique, a gold ring up the cunt. "What would your parents say?" Gingerbread house. Vaudeville dildo. Elephant...no...Tarzan. One says "dig it" and "chicks," a 16mm punt. "My ambition is to be a stewardess." There's a furry butter, smiling buttocks. Why aren't they sick? Gorgeous decor. It's still seedy. Closing in on teen sting, black velvet choker sings, names under the pillow melt. The climax is an extended sequence of kidnap and rape of women in a horse-stable, of which the men are hung-like, with a donkey involved in faked cunnilingus.

A decent indecent near 77-minutes of unusual fayre that takes risks and wins above the dross contenders because of this. It still packs a jolt even in today's jaded fade. (A little bird tells me a 59-minute censored version was released in 1977, but what's the frigging point?) It's not related to Martin Tomkinson's non-fiction expose *The Pornbrokers: The Rise of the Soho Sex Barons* (Virgin Books, 1982), a well-researched deep probe into the professional porno-merchants and bent police taking bribal-backhanders to keep quiet about this lucrative business.

Video With No Porn/Video With Only Porn, that is the law, but there is more to it than that. Weaponised Porn for instance, specially designed to implant subversive political ideas in susceptible viewers for the "copy-cat effect",²³ be it the communist message of *WR: Mysteries of the Organism* (1971) & *Sweet Movie* (1974) or the extreme right-wing onslaught of *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom* (1975) & *Videodrome* (1983), that still lurk to shock. Watch them both at the same time serves you right.

Aside from such blatant examples, porn is also a vehicle for subliminal persuasion. Very short duration blank white frames are inserted in-between scenes to hypnotically stimulate the viewer without him-or-her noticing the source, and to paraphrase the conspiracy researcher Celtic Rebel,²⁴ as part of the remote-controllers' plan to smash traditional moral certainties thus societal structures, many heterosexual porn films are used to cunningly program unsuspecting males into becoming homosexual or at least bisexual. The film is deliberately timed so as the average masturbating male viewer is about to ejaculate the film cuts to a close-up of the male actor's face in ecstasy (and who is also about to ejaculate), which implants in the wanker's mind an association of "Sexual Pleasure Climax-Another Man". Self-appointed moralists warn against consuming porn because it supposedly stunts a man's involvement and ability in real-life relationships, but maybe porn-sex is better than real-sex because there's no ties, diseases, babies or other unwanted consequences. But for those inclined, alas, too many potential porn-sex partners have been dunked in the sheep-dip of stupid.

As if you didn't know, 1970s porn films often had interesting plots and characters and were shot on film (*ergo* the "Porno Chic" phenomenon of 1973-1975, precipitated by such classics as *The Telephone Book* [1971], *Deep Throat* [1972] & *Last Tango in Paris* [1972], which made porn somewhat respectable and accepted by the chattering, and other, classes), but in the 1980s cheap video filming, editing and duplication equipment attracted all manner of chancers hoping to make a quick profit, and so more and more of the available flicks were just a crude wham-bam smash-and-dash affair. Before the internet it was difficult to obtain the choice vintage delights and I only had access to censored softcore prick-tease material, until the government thoughtfully invented the video nasty phenomenon in 1984 that inadvertently curated these obscurities and thus created a vibrant black market for them that reached into the suburbs.²⁵ Every Friday evening two entrepreneurial members of a certain football hooligan crew did the rounds in a car and rented out these evil VHS talismans door-to-door. They also did a sideline in under-the-counter porn, which is how I got to see such exemplars of harder brutalist amazement as *Forced Entry*

(1973), *Winter Heat* (1976) & *House on the Edge of the Park* (1980), all of which were derived in varying degrees from Wes Craven's classic genre-defining *The Last House on the Left* (1972).

This unnamed genre could be termed "Exploitational Gatecrash" or "Sexualised Home Invasion". It centres on Lowlife Criminal Outsiders vs. Decent Folk Conformists and features a spectrum of slap-and-tickle to the really rough stuff. In a filmic language context, a few of these films attempt to provide a catalyst for dynamic rebellion, the breaching of the door or window a metaphorical preliminary to the penetration of the human orifice, through which the 'victim' escapes the confines of their humdrum existence via strong shock abreaction into a fuller way of life. One may call this dubious or degenerate, but a surprising number of women admit to fantasizing about being raped,²⁶ and of enduring the humiliation and degradation that results from losing all control to a dominant stranger. Conversely, many men think of raping, of dismissing no for an answer wild, to spread their seed wide like the beasts of the field.²⁷ This is rarely admitted to, whereas violence-as-entertainment is mainstream.

The aforementioned films deliver the goods that people want to receive, but the outstanding aegis of this field is *Education of the Baroness*, originally titled *Parties Fines*, a French film made by La Persane Productions, directed by Gérard Kikoïne (as "Sacha Nudamko") and released in 1977. It stars the perennial blonde bombshell Brigitte Lahaie (in the credits "B. Lahaye") as a bored Baroness, who manages to make sex look elegant, not just people fucking like animals. As with the seminal American cutie Bettie Page,²⁸ the camera adores her, and she goddess-shines, reminding you of your own divinity too.

Set in January 1930, the English-dubbed Alpha France edition opens with the left-handed maid, Alice, writing her memoir (hence the incorrect title of the Italian VHS dub, *Memories of a Baroness* [198?]). The action mostly takes place within the plush apartment of the Baron & Baroness Solange (so-named in the credits, but they are "Baron Peter" & "Baroness Charlotte Dupont" in the English dub). Ostensibly a lighthearted hardcore sex comedy, it also slips in some class warfare commentary ("You must remember, refusing to be a slave could change the world"), and this

progressive couple even switch identities and greasy pole positions with their maid (Alice) and chauffeur (Hector) minions, so they could be called “aristo-schizos turning the other chic”. So-swapped, the two men pick up a hitchhiker, Greta, who is sexually assaulted by the chauffeur-turned-Baron in the back of the Rolls Royce, then she likes it and enthusiastically fucks him, and is finally discarded onto the road like an unwanted piece of rubbish.

Later, whilst the Baron is away being a dog-slave, two uninvited gangsters, Finch and the one-eyed John, enter the pad, as they need to lie low due to the attention of other gangsters. Alice knows John; he says she is like a sister to him and pretends to be her brother, although after a while she sucks his cock and he fucks her. Pandering to the base male instinct and with a gross misunderstanding of the female rape-orgasm paradox—memorably portrayed by Karen Black’s “Don’t you dare!” come-on during the group cemetery acid trip in *Easy Rider* (1969)—Finch & John proceed to forcibly have sex with the Baroness, who—like the unsullied fresh meat college girl types in the aforementioned *Winter Heat* and the hitchhiker Greta—eventually starts to enjoy this unsolicited violation and other abuse. This constitutes her “education” of the title: being taken down a peg or two and learning what she honestly needs: not gold and luxury but the raw ore animistic satiating the primal brain circuits.

With its great period sets and costumery, artful direction and beautiful horny women, this is quite a heady experience that cleverly avoids the thuggish misogyny of lesser motion pictures and somehow seems like a manifesto for the physical and spiritual health benefits of sustained hedonistic decadence and debauchery rather than a stark warning of the negative logical outcome of such practices. The faux-rape scenes will be problematic for those ensconced in the middlebrow one-way system, but these are done so finely it is on another level, the fantasy plane, as is the entire film, indulging the taboo, where the power is. John Waters once asserted that most pornography films look like an autopsy, but this is something else. Apart from the submissive Baron and the chauffeur, the two gangsters even stay fully clothed at all times, each only exposing their phallus through their trouser-fly. One wonders about the interactions, for

all players seem entranced, intoxicated on fuck, and in direct touch with what lurks behind this most ancient mystery.

Various editions of the approximately 75-minute cut exist, most having the vintage dog-woman bestiality cine film segment removed, and the *Education of the Baroness* (198?) DVD digitised from the VHS, that has been dubbed into English with no alternative or subtitles option, was available from Caballero Classics, but searching the site today yields one link for it,²⁹ that inexplicably shows the five-hour compilation *Raw Meat* (supposedly released in 1970) instead. The 74½ minute English-dubbed Alpha France edition entitled *Education of the Baroness* (originally issued as *Parties Fines*) can be seen in full online.³⁰ A restored full original length 86-minute French language version was apparently in circulation in 1999, distributed by a company named Blue One, but if so this particular formulation seems to have since been deleted, alas.

There are one or more ‘sequels’ starring Brigitte Lahaie and directed by different people, such as *La Maison Des Phantasmes* (1978), originally titled *Soumission*, that is also set in a plush isolated house with a maid and chauffeur (although in a more modern era), owned by a rich impotent music teacher perv who tries to cure himself by sexually exploiting his maid and dominating his wife played by Brigitte. He organises three male strangers dressed variously as builders or gangsters to ‘she-loves-it-really-rape’ her, etc., which may make one wonder if the film is misogynist or anti-men. Like *Education of the Baroness* it also features class comment (“When you’re wealthy you’re respected, and respect can erase memories of the past. It doesn’t matter if they are good or bad memories”), with the added twist of mother-daughter incest. It’s pretty standard fayre: an undeveloped storyline with fucking, sucking, cum shots and moaning to instrumental library muzak. The English dub can be seen in full online.³¹ *Je Suis à Prendre* (1978) is another tale of upper-class degenerates or hedonists, whatever you prefer, ensconced in a flash mansion. Again nothing special, a slice of basic sleaze. The full French-dub is online.³²

A lot of interesting behind-the-scenes documentary footage of the making of *Education of the Baroness* plus short interviews with Brigitte, the chauffeur and the accordionist gangster appear in *La Vitrine Du Plai-*

sir (1978), originally titled *Tout Pour Jouir*. Also directed by Gérard Kikoïne, it is a French New Wave Cinema-like deconstruction of the making of porno-films, that is nevertheless a porno-film, a neat take on the “Doctor Lust” genre of pornographic films that masquerade as sex-education films to slip past the censors and parents so they could even be shown in homes and schools. It can be seen in full online.³³

Things they are a-changing, and “Talkin’ ’bout my generation” as The Who (What, Where & When), back in the day we had to eke out the discarded (or specially-placed by recruiting paedophiles) slug-nibbled porn magazine pages in abandoned railway tunnels or under wasteland bushes, but it is now and more available just a second after a computer click. The ubiquitous “They” are letting it all hang out, traditional morality a forgotten joke. For many years the so-called “Private Case” of erotica and pornography held in the British Library was just that, kept locked out of sight, which engendered much mystery-ecstasy in ponderment. Now it has all been put online as the third part of the *Archives of Sexuality & Gender* series maintained by the educational publisher Gale.³⁴ Although this important collection is still out of bounds to individuals and only available to institutions – wankers.

Was a bit stir-crazy after all this screening so needed some wholesome gung-ho action adventure schlock to get me right. I turned to the James Glickenhaus written/directed feature film *The Soldier* (1982), which is a great romp terrorists get plutonium bomb and stick it in a Saudi oilfield demand the Israelis exit the West Bank so have to be neutralised the CIA send in the special squad led by a bold agent codenamed “The Soldier”. Thrilling mayhem ensues with some top macho-manly set-pieces. Not dumb at all really, but gritty pretty, and very realistic in parts. I’m in love with the assistant.

I rounded it off (I suppose...) with *The Stepford Wives* (1975), which I’d heard of a lot but hadn’t seen before then could. Middle-class uppers; pretty in pink bored house females; station-wagon rodeo; fancy dress soft-focus fuckery with a pastel palette probity caches non-anal gays and hirsute front bottoms. STEPFORD is now an obvious code for all the other US spook robot neighbourhoods such as Laurel Canyon & Berke-

ley;³⁵ a model of all privileged people with a nice house and stuff but are still not satisfied, so do depression, breakdowns, fraud. The film was an hour too long; bog-swamp boredom drum. American suburban weirdness suburban terror was done so much better via *The Mephisto Waltz* (1971), one of those outskirts USA Seventies Fascinator Flicks for me like *Two-Lane Blacktop* (1971) & *Electra Glide in Blue* (1973). Many people forget that *The Mephisto Waltz* has a father-daughter Satanic incest angle, and that several times the male lead and soon to be *M*A*S*H* star Alan Alda morphs into the male lead singer Ian Curtis of Joy Division.

This isn't the end but I have had enough.

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