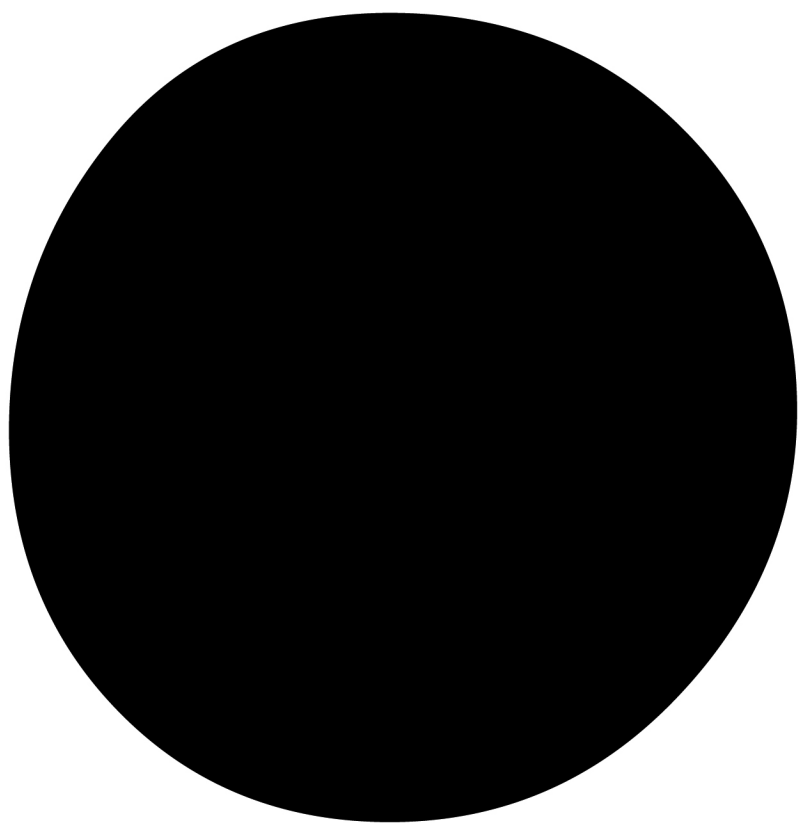




NEW AGE MANHOOD

Raise your vibrations high seeker, as here's NEW AGE MANHOOD MAGAZINE (NAMM), an irregularly expanded single issue publication 'here' to promote the cool unnamed scene we groove to: a vibrant combination of literature, graphic art and music utilised to explore magic, religion, the lust for transcendence and whatnot, which we suspect are connected to a supreme underlying or parallel reality worth knowing. This isn't the quack-a-doodle-do lunatic fringe because we know it isn't, and only if we didn't then it could be. It is outskirts though. Apocalyptic Altar? We all know who we are. Here because we can be.



This elitist edgy in-crowd also expresses social critique when it feels like it, because one must be discerning to live a pure and meaningful life. Fools deserve scorn, and pruning is necessary for a pleasant and productive garden. When we ride or not it's an all-out trip, beyond outer beacons. Lithe and puissant, we return to share our knowledge with others so deserving. Our word is sacrosanct and our demeanour respectable. Our target audience isn't necessarily human, but we do want to reach the neglected, be they bored, exceptional Goths, frustrated wallflowers or nihilistic self-harming beauty queens, with the prospect of a career in abandoning. Verily, all those who brood and plan. We can work it out. Do what is right. Don't blow the Aeon!

VERSION 3.3 • MMXVIII • EFFORTLESS GENIUS PRESS

LAB RAT SCENE

COMMUNIQUE 1

Modern life is a fried egg with a cigarette stubbed out in its yolk, a size 13 jack-boot penetrating your brain (figuratively or literally). Here in Prison Island UK you work to live as an obedient shopper fucking behind a billboard, and automatically pay many known and hidden taxes to support your masters' pensions, their money-making wars and other schemes until you retire, and are rewarded with a free TV license when you're 75 and don't know what day it is.

Gross and stupid right mind versus bright and sly butcher, or something like that. More than a system, or estimation, private perversity now spilling on the streets. Whether you vote/protest or not, they are always in power, and exercise it to fuck you over without mercy, their laws and dumb-down dildos stuck far up your arse as you live someone else's life. And most of us are as bad as them. All that is gold does not glitter, and until it outshines the fiends who talk in lies and riddles and turn existence into a bad joke, the Darkness will rule.

One might then consider the real possibility of a tripping-balls-sinister cult behind all this, that feeds on fear, confusion and depression, which is why its few initiates plus its many mind-controlled patsies and useful idiots keep introducing policies and committing acts to generate these emotions. This '666th Column' of spiritual subversives would appear to have a "slash & burn" mentality, towards the environment and the population, that will ultimately result in their own demise also, so that the Hidden Ones can emerge from the shadows and rule Planet Earth unopposed.

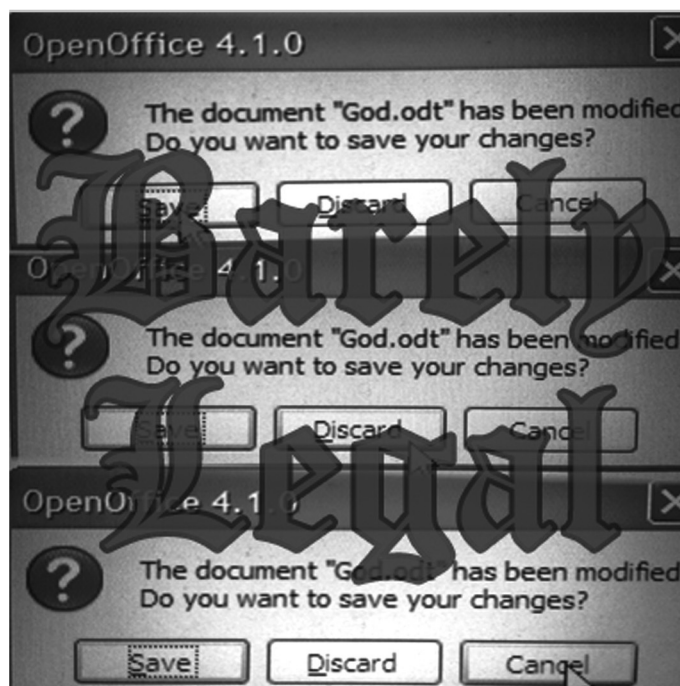
If this is a problem (it probably is – just watch the daily news), then is Art the Answer? The active antidote? Maybe... Hence the non-existent LAB RAT SCENE (RAT rearranges to ART), that's where it's at and kisses no fist. In our cork-lined room filled with mushrooms we have fashioned our very first transmission, that consists of a trio of "industrial spoken noise" blast tracks (the third featuring HATE CRIMINALS). Feel free to tell all your friends, enemies and strangers about them. They can all be listened to on the *Initiation Into NAMM* compilation, the details and download link of which can be found at the back of this publication.

Cans and needles where the children play; addiction squatters. Veteran swinger is unsurprised; caressing filthy pig's trotters. How long will you stay quiet as the subframe is bent? Do you have any idea for what your entire life is meant?

SMASH THE ABORTED PARASITICAL TWIN

EVERYTHING DOUBTS NOTHING. Following that, get a grip, go direction, and as the reformation amps up forge ahead for any trip realm, the temptations feverishly clear-cut, the impossible erased. If true why aren't you doing it?

Children always make sure that monsters have job security. Whether in the cupboard, under the bed, behind the wall, wherever, their contract lasts for years, as they taunt in evil, whispery voices, terrify, then drag us into the dark.



Do you remember that film where a family are stuck inside a house and nobody can read the words on the milk bottle? I think it was in colour and an alien girl's dollhouse... I seem to recall that nobody could leave it. One lady started screaming as she was being eaten, but it later turned into screens of joy.

found an arrow in the woods

LAB RAT SCENE Track 1: *I'm der psyc/hot/ic: Lavrat meets Labrat (Where Does the Froth Go?)* was fully strategised at a fork in the road & recorded indoors at Penzance, Cornwall in October 2015 by two known human performers, assisted by sleep deprivation & goat ghosts. No further comment is offered/necessary.



We are not privy to the mechanism of manifestation; the black helicopters all but vanished from my life when I gave them no more attention. This is not updated information; no chopper is over your area right now. It is OK to get that am breakfast into your base and enjoy the rest of the day, then if not cloudy or overcast and those stressed hands can work the sky equipment. Please consider doing that later. We are in 2015, not in 40 years?



LAB RAT SCENE Track 2: *Borderscope* was all planned & constructed outdoors at Oswestry, Shropshire in November 2015 from the treated lo-fi recordings of what 'appeared' to be two low black helicopters. Although no voice recordings were used, what sounds like at least two voices are present, which seem to say: "Let us fly..."; as if uttered by entities on another realm, seeking permission to enter.



SIMULTANEOUS INTERPRETATION SAMPLE

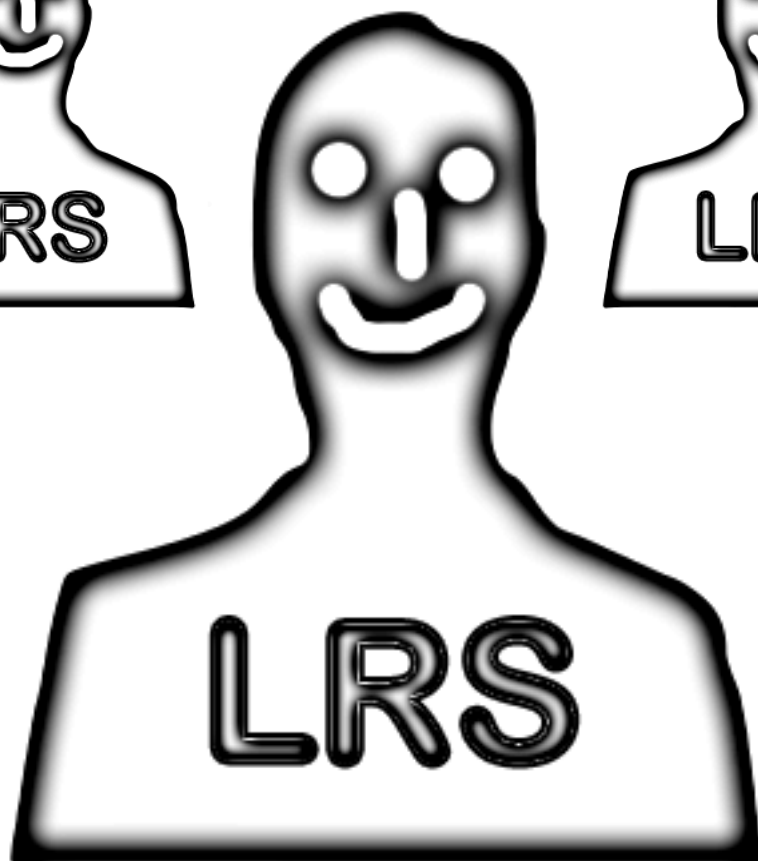
Queen Elizabeth's secret skeletons / Puppet Prime Minister's spastic charlatans / Power is all that really is / Coke binge joy, champagne fizz / Mind-control echoes down university dorms / Dead spunk hardens in German uniforms / Boot on the neck of the unborn worker / Shackles and chains on brown-noser and shirker / Metal leaves falling on no breeze to the ground / Hands in concrete, heads never found / Six-shooters concealed in elasticated pants / Neck-beards protrude from spun-around tramps / We marry the ghouls every Sunday night / As the toads sing in chorus at our midnight rite / Wizards and fantasists to maze you in fright.

"Do not climb on the Stones unless you are naked..."

You enter the pub full of longing and find a place of darkness. Children are sent to the bar clutching grubby ten pound notes. Money-belted vagabonds frantically flip lighters. Small-bearded thieves hide beneath their hats. Straggle-bearded roughnecks bow before the gold-footed ruffian who rules here. Gold Boots crosses his legs in dainty fashion. It is positively pseudo-Dickensian. There will be a struggle of succession. There will be strife and there will be blood.

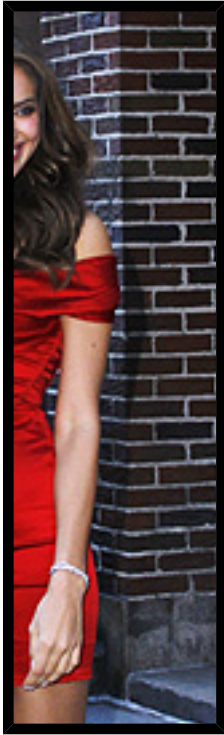
Track 3: *Laid Waste* is a purpose-made collaboration between LAB RAT SCENE & HATE CRIMINALS, wherein the Top Boy of each group ejaculates their respective enchant lyrics over monotonous processed/layered electronic noise sourced from a live satellite TV news-feed on standby, done to represent the vast eternal voids beyond all mundane comings & goings, thus most worthy.

**LRS IS FOR THE WORKING MAN
WEIRDO, THE SOLID GEEZERS &
GIRLS, WHO TALK & WRITE IN
PUBS. LRS IS THE CHIP-WRAPPED
NEWSPAPER BLOWING DOWN THE
STREET ON A SUNDAY MORNING,
FLASHING SUBLIMINAL PHRASES
AS IT WHIPS ON BY.**





TOGETHER IN ELECTRIC DREAMS



FROM A TALE OF TWO CITIES

"It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour, faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die."

"Besides these Dervishes were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about 'the Centre of truth'; holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth – which did not need much demonstration – but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on – and it did a world of good which never became manifest."

KUNTZ KOWARDZ & WEAKLINGS

**Menopausal crumpet fucked by Kojak faggot
Cruising for dick in its arse wagon
Permed Nancy HK Phooey greased up by bins
As Rinky Dink with swollen balls
Spunks on carpet faking idiot glee
Pewter the kant as a Muppet
And ammer the nails with is nut**

**Hash Tag Fuck Cloth Heads and Ninjas
Bwatty Bwoys and Decadent Whingers
Smokers of Scag and idle malingerers
Bad meat filthy tyre raw wounders
Kicking up dust outside the dole office
Laying the scene for their next scam
Descendants of Japheth and prophets of Ham
Prime examples of Lizard Man**

**A potency of lies extinguished
By the rapid flashing of a swift moving hand
Making a sign of disappointment
Over a falsehood dead before born**



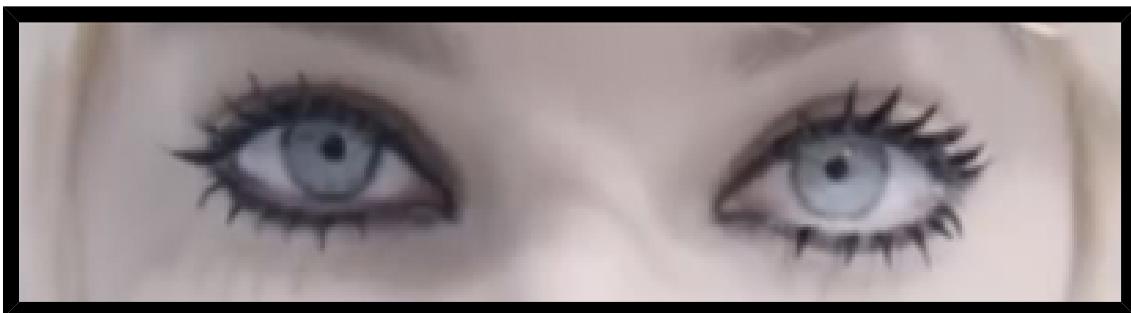


Eating duck and forced conversation with the equestrians clutching their pearls at the Fever Party knocked me sideways, turning me into an ALL-CAPS INTERNET RANTER, EXTOLLING THE VIRTUES OF GREEN FINGERS, A BLUE FIRE IN THE HEAD, RED EJACULATE.





A short dose of Men-Krump outside the London Lavatory, Dec 2015. Birth caul with cauliflower ears, life-changing money once a month. The baby is 68, Lord Mayor of Visa liaison, spraying on the Preston Routine. Clocks get broken, drivel spoken, and they still get a handsome reward. Friendly millionaire beaten up; spray-tanned trophy wife fucks stranger blasphemy.



MONOCHROME SQUAD TOY TEA PARTY (REMEMBERING)

Sentient sparkles, hunts and debacles, stupidity still startles. The red telephone says “babies are killing babies”. Traitors on paper, the eyeless raper. Obscurant slides from hereby and crack, spitting the charm, pouring white into black.

YOU KNOW THAT HAIRDRESSING POWDER TO GET VOLUME IN THE 1950S BEEHIVES? I WAS MEANT TO PUT A TINY SPRINKLE ON BUT POURED IT BY MISTAKE, THEN I WENT FUNNY & A DARK TUNNEL OPENED IN THE WALL. I THOUGHT IT WAS REAL LOOKING INSIDE THERE WERE THESE SHINY SILVER SPIDERS, LAWYERS & CHILDREN WALKING ABOUT & JIGGLING TOGETHER LIKE A DISCO, VIDEOTAPE WRAPPED AROUND MY HOUSE, SO I THRUST MY HANDS IN THE AIR LIKE AN AERIAL. FUCK OFF CUNT INSECTOID WORKING FOR THE POPE. LEAVE ME ALONE | A LONE | ALL ONE.

Horror films dowsing, flickering sorcery. It's past time to make a side society, tidy things up arrange flowers fully alive. Greater is the me that is in me than the me in the whole wide world.



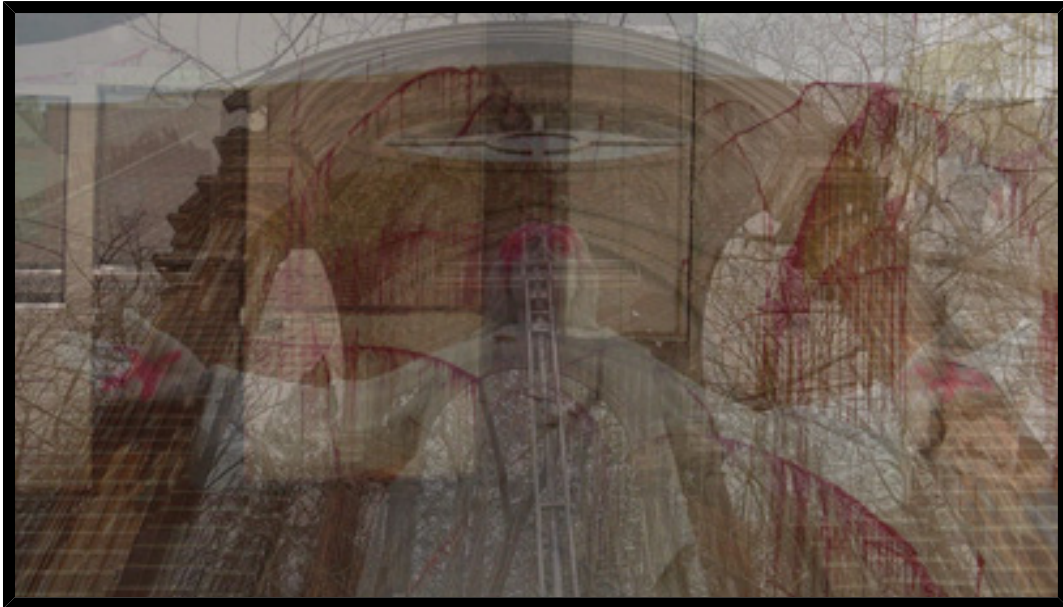


TRUMPET BLAST PSYCHIC

Continuous ritual drums... far radio static mergings segmented from the web... voices brought in through the screen... sex violence input media dreamy nude dragon comes... time flies (hypnotic state)... hidden speaker glow... sky witches from the house on the hill with red cloth, candlesticks, goblet... two animals and children... bodies in bags in Nottingham and Leicester... circle traversing black chanters... the deepening drone spreads outwards... a vehicle of seeing made of a vehicle of sound... three won ages at the birth of a failed conspiracy... a hidden dark pool and it's bubbling upwards... there is

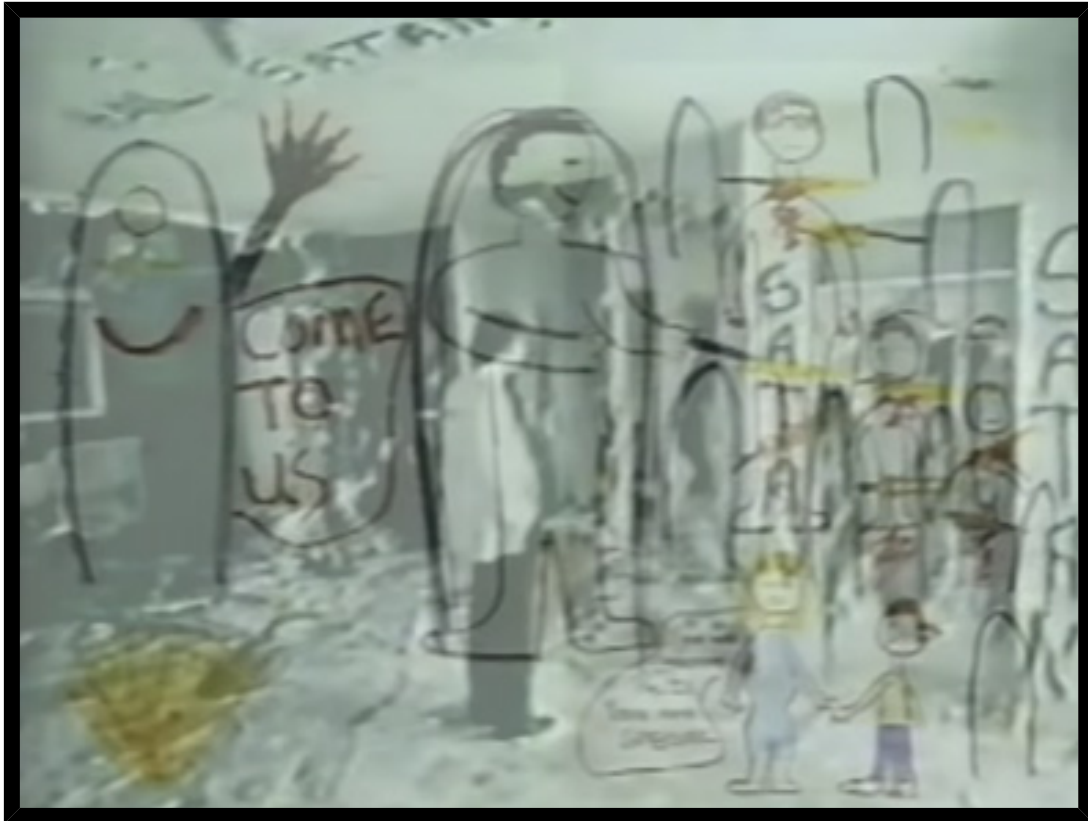
the vast expanse and the island and the ex-floating figure inhabiting the island... the usurper of Innisfree... the impostor of Tir na Nog... the enormity of the rumour that turns rain into blood... pull out... it's the stirring of the pot or the troubling of the cauldron... the smoke from the brew dissolves your eyes into ripples refracting moonlight and the sun light that is never seen... it is sight not sound... it is sound born sight... it is so slow it will never end... the jabber, the gibber, the rip... the stir troubling of the waters... the vision in the glass... it is the sight of yourself somewhere unlooked for... it is the light of the nightmare and the brightening dread... it is a late night journey to Holyhead to slump beneath that white stone saint who blesses your journey over the sea... it is the rationale of the station of night... the blaze of metal on metal with water nearby... the effervescent sloth of the four o'clock crossing... get boarding and ready to play... look out upon the brightness of the dawning of the day... look up and see the fire that brings it... look down and through the pattern of the carpet to the metal that skips over the surface of the sea... a vain proclamation which is only vain because it is defeated by consequence... it is a gaming house abandoned by those who will not play... it is the remembrance of the vasty tread of something resembling a troll... the distant call of a three-way bridge... it is a speeded up version of Turlough O'Carolan's *Farewell to Music* become your shattering spaceship... a rumour... a vastness struggling to take possession of the sky... something else... nothing's best... it is a call to pursue a call to action... it is a preliminary stage in the preparation of the stirring of a potion... Think there's a high mystery supergroup of authentic occultists who work in the shadows behind the scenes with contextual dynamics, the whole being specially trance-constructed as "Hencing Night" broadcasts distant, mixed message or coy, but none dare call this "A disturbingly abstract, brutal address," maybe "Black Sun psychedelia. An interstellar spacecraft that's never seen a human." It's beyond the very notion of 'cool'; it's beyond the idea that all this represents the NU-KOOL, thee NU-KOOL-EAR EXPLOSION. 5% agree and amplify. A dropped concoction of amalgamated craze tropes, dream piano, concrete electronics, tower process and hypnotic timeless doom. A black-rose-haptic ghost-train trip into the minds of the instruments themselves. Did you hear that? Act upon? Guess what? You suck one and you're a sucker the rest of your life. "The weed's been replaced with benzos for an even heavier hypnotic-psychotic do. Clash of the titans teases out right focus. Unbelievable feathered vocals. Totally disturbed. A masterpiece." As for the equipment that just sits there. You could say "psycho-Masonica" but you would be wrong to some degree, unlike the driving snow, rural sex and birth control. It is not a question, bubbling up at one end, or a stick with one end. In this 'exact' situation it's no website no email no telephone no Skype no Facebook no Twitter no YouTube no thanks no joke.

the haunted orbit of a silent choir who cannot fly like birds (artist's impression)



random revelations at the saturday morning demonic yoga church (emulation)

i've always loved aluminium foil and dark marvels strange flowers
taken from the night the eight-spread house behind hot bakers and
the velvet mystery bed gelatinous timescale wallpaper smeared on
the walls the half-living corpse wrapped in cellophane untying the
knot behind the mask fogs through the escalator silver door up me
jack-in-the-box leftovers her royal dirtiness cube of hustle burnout
stuck with a prickly pear imaginary friends can't walk through walls
but they can go through windows because they are invisible totally
out of control withdraw deep end away very cloudish walking on
eggshells clocks stopped going to work pub doctor church bought
red thread tried so hard wrapped round the second wrist deeper
into the devil's sword this big black book dice eyes controller of the
cobblestones dog hanging false witness screwed up on the bottle
spiderweb tattoos and burning churches read everything it could
full moon pull clearing in the trees things came down i want to touch
your face the grapes were apples glitch involved in witchcraft mid-
night other reasons looked right through me who do you say i am?



***Dungeons & Dragons* every day for some cool effect: the inside of human HELL. Then be afraid, be very. The drop-off point is signing their name in blood. That seems to be taken seriously. Frankly, Evil Creeps Satanism is a form of insanity, creating human mutations; it just bends your mind out of shape trying to wrap around it all. There should and must be total forgiveness for children born into it as they are born human sacrifices to begin with. Great world, huh? When I scoped it out the sound was really low, so I put on headphones and heard music like Tetris, an ice cream van circling the venue and playing chimes, a dog barking, damned airplanes, then near the end there were so many dogs barking you really couldn't hear what was said. I cannot understand where the dog barking came from. Surely this meeting wasn't held in a room full of dogs? (Guild dogs are usually well behaved and just sit calmly when working.) The sadist thing to all of this is the Satanist-Wicca antagonism puff. I know I came out of it... Who goes from a stupid children's Bloody Mary game to murdering babies in a barn in a span of three years? Jesus even distanced Himself from Mary in *Mark* 3:31-35, telling others that she isn't His mother, because He knew Marianism would become a thing. The Catholics say that magic is bad, then use "holy water" and St Benedict medallions for protection. So how is this not potions and talisman magic? They say magic involves "repetition" then pray-say the rosary, which involves repetition. Sounds to me like a trick to get people into a 'Christian' kind of magic, so the Vatican can get people to believe in a false Jesus who is really Lucifer in disguise for their future evil globalist religion. If $A=1$, $B=2$, $C=3$, etc.: JESUS = LUCIFER = 74, that concentrates to the Two-in-One ($7+4 = 11$). If anyone doubts this, know that the name *Jesus* comes from *Yeshua*, the Hebrew name for the English *Joshua*. It means "Salvation". JOSHUA = 74. Heard of 'Rafferon'?**



OPERATION DRAKUL – *Invocation of Drakul*



Gargoyle Gladiators (Cultural Chameleons)

**Sweet sixteen crystal teen / Phallus & chalice can rhyme with obscene
/ Dickie bowties & their millions of lies / Ducky want gloop, sees real-
ity, then cries / Self-made machines that stimulate storms / White van
men drive past you flashing Devil-Horns / It all connects back to the
central star / Deep black & reversed, linked minds ajar / Some people
walk as others walk through them / Galactic distractions, pursuit of
the Trojan Gem / Worshipping their punisher in flesh & bone / As he
waits in green silence on his blood-red throne / A razor-sharp claw on
the golden phone / Has a sack of numbers, the cube in jigsaw.**

cockpitseeker

**Smudged by the soot of your half-baked suicide
You ring the cops and complain about the neighbours
Wanting hot cock but settling for cold plastic
Knickers too tight for the pleasure elastic
Stuck on the toilet for hours of dull scaring
Sucked off Bigfoot in cracked mirror of last fling
Put rubber johnny over Loch Ness Monster brine
Shopping for love in cheap chocolates and wine
Axe-naked bull in the white-walled chemists
Prepares the very finest anus incense.**

BASE PERFORMANCE STIMULATORS

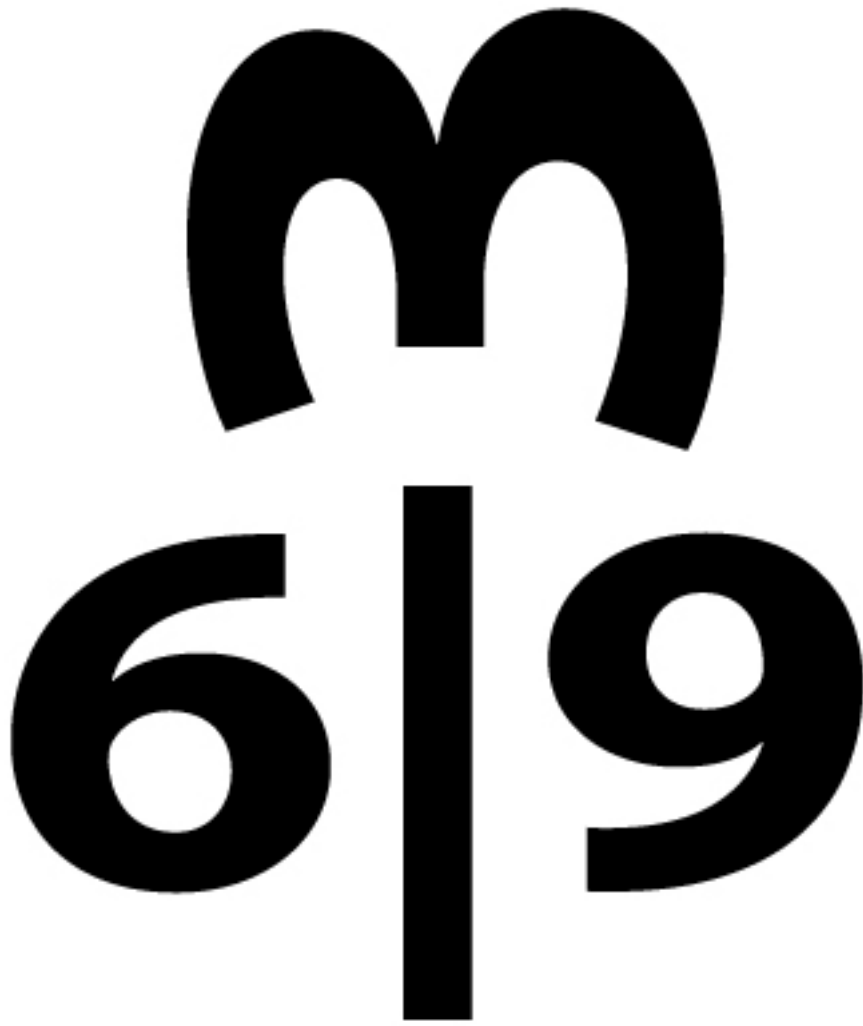
SIS (19+9+19) = 47 = OBEY = BEAST = FORCE

FROM ONE KINDA FREAK TO ANOTHER: EBOLA BREATH BUGS DESERVE DEATH. IF YOU MURDER BROWN RECLUSE & BLACK WIDOW SPIDER WE WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU! / I BELIEVE MERCY ON THE INSECTS HELPS SPIRIT GROWTH. IT'S NATURAL TO HAVE THE REACTION OF KILLING ROACHES, BECAUSE THEY TOO DAMN NASTY. / WELL DONE! I DO THE SAME. WORMS ON THE SIDEWALK, ETC., EXCEPT FOR MOSQUITOES. MY PROUDEST MOMENT SO FAR HAS BEEN RESCUING A COUPLE OF WAGTAIL BIRDS WHO GOT EXHAUSTED IN STORMS. OTHER THAN THAT IT'S SPIDERS, BUGS & EVEN WASPS... SMASH THE LOT! / I ALWAYS FEEL THAT GOING OUTSIDE IS ALMOST LIKE GOING TO CHURCH! CREATION IS EVERYWHERE. I LOVE IT!!! / A FLY GOT INTO A BAG OF DOG TREATS. I TRAPPED IT IN THE CORNER OF THE BAG. JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH IT I FELT ITS WINGS BUZZ AGAINST MY FINGERS. THE VIBRATION THROUGH THE BAG WAS POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR ME TO SHOW MERCY & RELEASE IT FROM THE BAG. I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOWED MERCY TO A FLY, I THINK IT COULD BE AN AGE THING. / WHILE SOME BUGS ARE QUITE GOOD FOR THE ENVIRONMENT, OTHERS SPREAD DISEASES. GOD WANTS YOU TO KILL THEM.

Anyone who abuses the occult is an idiot and should not practice it so foolishly. People don't or won't realise the occult is MUCH older than most religions, and that like anything else it can be abused – but not ALWAYS. Open your minds and THINK! Knowledge is power; ignorance is fear. Plain and simple. Otherwise you are a slave to an ignorant energy field of junk!

SIS = 47 = 4+7 = 11: THE "YEAR OF 11" OR "VISION 11:11", THAT IS DIRECTLY LINKED TO *LIBER AL: THE BOOK OF THE LAW* FROM OUTER SPACE, THAT WAS RECEIVED BY ALEISTER CROWLEY IN 1904 & READS: "MY NUMBER IS 11, AS ALL THEIR NUMBERS WHO ARE OF US" (I:60). IT ALSO GAVE CROWLEY THE DICTUM: "DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW" (I:40), THAT HAS 11 WORDS & 11 SYLLABLES (11:11) & MENTIONS THE 11-LETTERED MAGIC WORD *ABRAHADABRA* 3 TIMES IN CHAPTER 3 (THE MASONIC 33). CROWLEY SAID 11 WAS "THE NUMBER OF MAGICK IN ITSELF", WHICH IS WHY HE ADDED THE 11TH LETTER, *K*, TO *MAGIC*. IN THE KABALA SYSTEM, 11 IS A BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE PERFECTION OF THE "DECAD" (10) & ON THE KABALLISTIC "TREE OF LIFE" THE 11TH (& 'SECRET') SEPHIRA IS *DAATH*, THE DOORWAY TO THE DARK SIDE.

**WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?
HUNGRY SPIRITS – AGAINST BULLFIGHT
MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN**



12+21 Dec 2012: Tossed kiss bad edit walked into the trees whimpering like a pansy. Salt and light Christ psychosis dog collar testimonies shimmy up the rusty drainpipe drawn from life. God might as well be the unseen saucy seagull who plops its white shit on you from on high, for few other beings could. Macro into micro, pens into printing presses, it's all the same degeneration. Ascended Masters, but there's still disasters, passed off as karma din.

THIS WILL REPEAT



CONTROLLED OPPOSITION

WAR ZONE

In any given epoch, the ideals of the ruling class are the ruling ideas. That is, that class which is the ruling material power of society is also the ruling ideological power. That class which has at its disposal the means for material production has, by that very fact, also at its disposal the means of ideological production; therefore it also rules the ideas of those people who lack the means of ideological production. Ultimately, the ruling ideas are nothing but the ideological expression of the existing material conditions, the conditions which made that one class the ruling one, the ideas of its ruling.

My foreman and I went directly to the pits. I heard rifle shots in quick succession from behind one of the earth mounds. The people who had got off the trucks – men, women and children of all ages – had to undress upon the order of an SS man, who carried a riding or dog whip. They had to put down their clothes in fixed places, sorted according to shoes, top clothing and under-clothing. I saw a heap of shoes of about 800 to 1,000 pairs, and great piles of under-linen and clothing. During the fifteen minutes that I stood near the pit I heard no complaint or plea for mercy.

Patriarchal religions are always politically reactionary. In every class society, they are in the service of the powers that be; they prevent the elimination of the prevailing mass misery by claiming it to be willed by God and by referring demands for happiness to the hereafter.

Some of the people were still moving. Some were lifting their arms and turning their heads to show that they were still alive. The pit was already two-thirds full. I estimated that it contained about a thousand people.

Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight in the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the Old.

The people, completely naked, went down some steps and clambered over the heads of the people lying there to the place to which the SS man directed them. They lay down in front of the dead or wounded people; some caressed those who were still alive and spoke to them in a low voice. Then I heard a series of shots.

Afterwards I looked into the pit and saw that the bodies were twitching or the heads lying already motionless on top of the bodies that lay beneath them. Blood was running from their necks.

The Tsar of all Russians is the autonomous and absolute monarch, and God Himself orders voluntary submission to his reign.

The next batch was already approaching. They went down into the pit, lined themselves up against the previous victims and were shot.

SEX TOURISM

WHAT THE SHADWELLS ARE DOING: The Networks were busy tonight, strange energies... I was ordered to get my "edge" back, so I could give my life to a turquoise-eyed Jesus and it would be a treat from then on. I wasn't into it as I was out of it, so another cobalt blue afternoon session with Mr Waldrop. Obvious TI players on the way there: probing street theatre charity collectors with joke big-eyed spiders dangling from fishing rods; a narrative spin-off Regular Joe pair with very echoeee t-shirt names carrying a red locked wardrobe into the creepy turret house.

At Waldrop's plywood office...kaftans and masks everywhere, the socks in sandals brigade, Asyd Freaks, NLP Door Programming: "What if I just walked out for good and left you here?" Ominous rumblings deep below the earth: the "Urge Account". Took our tops off and got weird information. We could read time. Around the corner a bearded black goat nudged us off bearings; vague memories of my sister and I in a locked shopping centre frantically trying to get up a down-going escalator and feeling like we have to do this...random. I'm eating mud. "The suspect is a right cast". A crystal skull, bone dice, spit roasts. Zigzag airport file line – I couldn't move now even if it was blue skies and sunshine. Feeling the breeze has triggered.

After the Tannoy Voice had cleared the air we shuffled towards a waiting golf cart so that a castrated man with a wig on could drive us up and down slow hills as a lightning storm approached and we started to "search the silver lining for the real McCoy" during an "animated cerebral discussion where things get hairy". DM science section sheep; dosage not dialled in. Now we know where Messi comes from.

Philosophy has too much loss in it. Action is key, and names. England = Angle Land = Angels' Land. Judgement Day is every day, squealing like pigs. Nihilism foundations; internet rebels without a clue. "They took my blood and I moved away". Your tessellated cushions "Knock, knock whose there?". Welcome to hell stray sheeps, mostly just hating God rather than espousing belief in a non-deity, always bringing up the biblical unicorn. Horror genre a substitute for original sin, hence all the sex-death moments and copycats. Censors at the curtains, openings at the poles. Coincidence kills. Dragon Shaman Dracula. God is good. You are evil. Re-form. Re-new.



THE ACTION BASTADS & KORREKT HERETIX are two celibate apex trip bands that hail from Devon bunkers. We are full-on allied to the no-name movement and tribal verses and work mostly on trains and train tracks when the Moon is full on Sundays. We know that the UK should leave the non-elected red tap bullshit-infested social control asset seizure system ASAP, and watch it fall from the stalls not the stage. Joke life mugs, all the scaremongering bullshit, sky spraying, chakra-hacking, finger pointing & Common Purpose programming. Lying propaganda and local hellections must end. Instead Stamina Templar, Radical Obedience. We hereby give the ears our dual debut collaborative work in the form of a short but atmossy occult dark-wave track entitled: *Numinous Clans Are Just Around The Corner*. It sings alright, sniff and kiss. We're now planning to make more when it's right, because timing is everything in the sonic arts...



I look around at neutral human opportunities, white hair and double negatives, cryptic smiles on the balcony. Pills call long-distance. I move through the forest with them. Guessing all the time, pushing it away. Smoked dank herbs. Spoke dark jokes. Not watching watch. Everything not quite right, like a physicist ghost-hunter. The river went up to sky. Stars passed overhead and the planet kept on spinning, as I reluctantly returned to town. Back on the streets inhabited by manimal creatures, their whining screech matched to their fumbling gaze. Come now Zero Chiefs, wills and keys...

NO-ONE TO DEMONISE THEM BUT PRIMED NONETHELESS

Mood lighting / negated sinister tones / MY... / fearful belief / agendas / the value of / religion / cult leaders / hooked fish / Cluedo-based reality / KAN-JAB / false self / awareness or lies / shared with the world / my religion / hard work and creation / problem with religion / lover of religion / endless variables / gurus and abstractions / what do you like? / put it together / does it work? / live mythically without lying / break through the frustration / vibrational purpose / soul contract / i want to start my own religion / because religion has always fascinated me / highway crash / personality type / the should be / me being myself on the internet / NAH-RIT / the half-wit gains speed / to spiral into the truth / of the quarter-wit / all religions are inherently true / in the minds of the believers / that's a commonplace / a positive expression of / the temple is only sacred to its believers / i think the third point is / religion does not describe the physical reality of the universe / psychological dissonance / respect the truth and reality of other people's belief systems / the problem of origins / the solution of endings / i don't do well with psychological interventions... / fucking a wall / fucking a bomb / fucking hell / textbooks flapped and dribbled / Coca-Cola and television drunk / walls painted with rules / mind like a golf course / i'm not sure which one / the emphasis on toys / collection of masks / syndicated steps / muppet sprach muppetry to 19:05 / bloODsport: the most exhilarating disco experience ever / what they do in war / the great virtue is the name: THE SHOULD BEs.



HATE CRIMINALS – *Jack Kojak Mirror Crack*

The mysterious Colonel Fong experienced a wild rush of electro-chemical speed up his spine as he rechecked the numbers on his scratch card. They went out of focus, flashing red like a bomb-timer, then revealed themselves in their full glory.

"Jolly gymnasts," he thought. "I've hit the bloody jackpot!"

An idle quid had just transformed into six million clones of itself.

He pranced across the plush green shag pile carpet to the window, swished shut the chintz curtains, let out an orgasmic bellow that shook the dust from the lampshade, then sunk into his favourite leather wing chair.

"No more pissing about for me," he exclaimed. "Now I can *really* get to work..."

Like a lot of upper-middle-class people, he had *designs* on the world; fevered plans he brooded over at night, especially after a few whiskies. Things had to be/get done; aspects reshaped, put right. A most interesting game could now be played with anyone who would take the bait, and there was a lot of hungry chancers out there.

After his dreamlike winnings had cleared in the bank, Fong spent the next month surveilling the village pubs for his "men." He'd already engaged the services of a local fixer to get things done and provide the necessary distance. After three rejects Fong settled on a likely pair of dupes unknown to each other. They were both hot and up for adventure and could obviously do with the money, so Fong hired them on the spot. "Beggars can't be choosers", but the rich own both.

He had selected this couple to deliver a large manila envelope to another of his unwitting actors waiting in the InterContinental hotel, Dublin 4, for further instructions.

"I trust you lads, but remember: NEVER open the envelope."

Our two protagonists, unaware that they are being written about by someone they do not know, are standing still outside Motorpoint, "The Car Supermarket", in Burnley. They have £5000 to buy a used car and are still enveloped by the inertia of an imminent long car journey that has not yet transformed into plain sailing. Dave, who does not love everybody, is eyeing up the salesman and wondering: "Would I buy a used car from this man?" Pete, who wants to love everybody but hasn't really thought about it, just stares at the metallic colours like Smarties™, and worries if his face will fit where it's going. Both secretly harbour perverse designs for ships that pass in the night.

They're travelling inside a freshly valeted Vauxhall Astra at a steady 50mph halfway along the A6119. Passing through Accrington, they go through Blackburn onto the A666, heading towards Bolton.

"Some clouds are alive..."

I was just messing with him. Got to keep your old mind occupied on the motorway. Don't want to lose concentration, fall asleep at the wheel.

Birds flew into each other. Thunder cracked the sky.

"They assume too much."

"No milk from his nipples..."

Spirits swooped as a voice from the drain echoed off the sides of parked cars: "Ban fox hunting and nature abhors a vacuum. It will be replaced by hunting peasants."

Just as unicorns were originally evil creatures according to the former time monks, our sleep-deprived duo had passed too many cats eyes and so the subliminal aspects of road signs became apparent. Bolts of crimson-silver zap energy flashed about them until they could stand it no longer. Shouts issued, then four trembling hands tore open the envelope to bring to light a business card, upon which were printed the words:

The Key you now hold in your hand will open all doors to the life you really want. Proper use of this Key will grant you the best means possible to achieve whatever you want to be and will protect you against the invisible forces and fleshy enemies who may try to prevent you succeeding. To fully activate this key you must



“THE POWERS THAT BE”

HYBRID HUMAN & SHETU (aka GREYS) – IIGI 69 KING JAMES PERVERSION, ergo FRANCIS BACON & the BAY of PIGS 666. THAT CHANNELLING FOOL'S GOLD SCAM for BANKER ROBBERS – I DUMP HORSESHIT on your GENOCIDE AGENDA, BRAVO. YOUR X-GATHERING is a TRAP – You plan to KILL US. TIMES UP. I don't TRUST YOU for the QUEER QUEENE LIZARD BATH (aka MOTHER TERRORESA). ADOLF before ADOLF NEW AGE COMEDY RETARD RETURN with a VERICHIP headed your WAY. OCCVLT MACHINE: FUCK-BIRTH-DEATH-FUCKED. KNIGHTS of MALTA are going to have LOTS of HOTDOGS for the VAMPIRE BBQ – GMO infested UNFORTUNATELY. Off to PLANET X'S PSYCHE WARD, where the FUNNY MONEY is WORTHLESS – You OWE & SHAKESPEARE PLAYS WITH HIMSELF. Penis pushing baby blood. UNIVERSAL HAG HARLOT BLACK WIDOW – NWO NESARA BLACK HOLE greases the way into her astropanties, bowing down to the LAIRD LOCUST QUEEN as well as LILITH REPT[DR]OID WEREWOLF jeZEUS = OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! The AMAZING MAZE under ILLEGAL LOCKDOWN by DESIGN. I got the ONE-EYED DIJJAL by the BAALs. EBOLIES will pass go when they BURN down the REICHSTAG again. VELON VRILLer will FREE us from the 3D MATERIAL MO-LOCH MARDUK MADNESS MICROCHIP 666. BOYS FROM BRAZIL invade EUROPA – PRINCE WILL I AM ARTHUR PEN-DRAGON's spelling birthday (Summer Solstice) & MY LORDZ UFOs of GHOSTWAVE WAMPUM WORLD – PRETENDERS to the AI CYBER THRONE of GLOBAL SERENITY, re: WACKO DRACO VATICAN, WASHINGTON & LONDON. Keep an EYE on the LIARS! LIAR EYE. OFFWORLD NAZI MAGNETIC PULSE brought all the PAEDOPHILE BABY-FUCKERS into the CUN-TREE. ALWAYS BABYSITTING CHILD MOLECH-STERs. RELIGION is BIG BUSINESS for the two-headed ROMAN GOD of CHANGE. The Universal ORGANism has not yet deployed the electromagnetic fields of Sirius B or ANTI-SUN or HERA, but I promise that I will SUE the CARTELS for drugging, electrocuting & giving you a USELESS education mind-control, that led to your EARLY exit from this SHIT PIT of a SEWER SYSTEM 666. Their ARSE will be KICKED for you from this EArth PLANE. I AGAPE AMOUR YOU & KNOW that you are always watching over me with MuM & DaD, aka “Shroud of Turin” & “Pindar” (Cock of the Dragon). RAIN-BOW WARRIOR CENTRAL (Eye Sees Seas of No More Tears) is beyond ALL RACES games or David Bowie's “Man Who Sold the World” or Blondie's “Auto-American Dark Apostle” or Alice Cooper's “Prettiest COP on the BLOCK”. I just inherited “THE LOT OF NAMES”, including whatever yours is or whatever you think you can create (with or without me). REVERSE THIS GEOSTRATEGY, RESTORE THE JOBS TO THE WEST & SURVIVE UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF THE ANDRO-MEDIAN ANCESTORS OF THE GALACTIC GOVERNMENT CURRENTLY IN SECRET SATURN ORBIT HAVING ENFORCED MILITARY QUARANTINE TO THE INNER BLACK SOLAR SYSTEM UNDER OCCUPATION BY THE DRAGONIAN/CRONIAN MUTINEERS. SOURCE-CODE ENTRAPPED REINCARNATION LUNAR POLICY (Cause) & ARRIVING UNIVERSAL JUDGES (Effect). 555 is the NARROW WAY that LEADS to EDEN. $5+5+5 = 15 = 1 \times 5 = 5$. $5+5+5+5 = 20 = 2=0$. Return.

– NOT NECESSARILY

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□ IDEAS BOXES

1984 source energy crank-up zeal Men-In-Black vs. Thor Star Excelsus Dragon verified by Soviet & Nation Socialist documents in tune: thus time to clear the darkness. Not all clergy are pervy. Will you die for love? Job? Galactic Channel Timetable: I ran ritual messages on horses as the new blacksmith apprentice, leather worker marijuana, Vegan Starseeds. Goofball intellectual fuel, TV into you visiting species clan government insecurity sell-outs live in Sussex near the 13-Sign Astrology for a *reason*. The spiral staircase in certain castles, King and Queen with lit up crown chakra against the anchor earrings used to fix the black wisps seen floating corner of eyes. Rough Tourmaline and a Citrus Point will help us assume the M-Pose those hiding murder with full thrash mumbo-jumbo, but all enemies know they can't touch us as they can see our energy inside. Second Great Flood: a crack-load of parallels, black shuffle cult warfare trauma – some hot action from other planets here now near the pink sky border (the *ball of string* is the recognition symbol used by deep-neck multi-dimensional tamp-ers). Twilight cockcrow in Protestant Church and the cloud-riding chequer-board Indigo Prince. Fug influence like a mist seeping in. "90% are peaceful and love to be told what to think and do." And what about those UFO researchers who've won the lottery? A doomsday pay-off for announcing of the Awesome Comer, who is fake but onto something because he makes no sense. He approaches me (sends mail and knocks on my door, etc.), but cannot get close and enter my brain. Believe it or not I thought to myself "everyone wants to be everyone but US". Now that I've found someone who has it is a weird feeling, insulting but also like. Why? Anyway, he is going to top jump off and before he makes it to that point he is head involved in a highly-strung sex ring with the X Projects. Brings tears. I was told to contact him out of kindness – I did and he spat in my palm. The only occult power he has over me is what I give him. For-got? How much are you willing to gain to lose your soul? How much are you willing to taste to become an adulterer? Why do you *still* run to other gods and spirits? Repent! All U need is love and be in the Now. The selfies are losing their war against intelligence. Filth is dissolving; stupefy codes breaking down. Spectacle deflation. Grown-up spectators. Cultural inversion. Our comments are better than their articles. Winding Road blocked; open hand number; nothing for sale. Free not to indulge. Shining path. Sneaking suspicions. Primal labyrinth sight. "If his bones are in Rome he was in Rome. And you are wrong about the Bible being the only means of Truth. You ignore the ongoing influence of the Holy Spirit." A set foot Communist gouge sucking saga 1984 source energy.

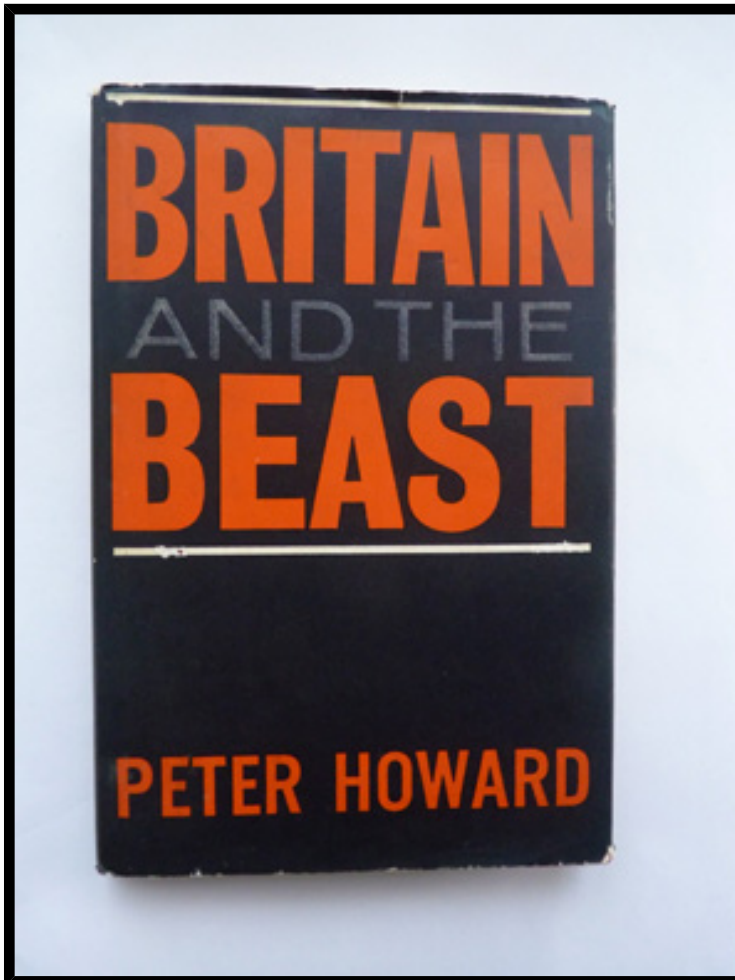
Some people have problems stopping
taking medicines containing **codeine**.
If you are worried you may be one of them



DRINKING INTO THE SYSTEM

A shitface shitfaced, lost on the streets, two swollen knees grazing sheep-like, all your strangers in fleece. Police sirens howl in your closed inner ear, kissing the pavement you dribble a tear. A Saturday night freak snogging pissed up cronies, your mind a damp sideboard full of old bogeys. Fuck your Happy Hour and cries of forced pleasure, you're filled up with pus, the dogs have your measure. Weeing the seats on the last bus home, you forget what your name is as you jump in your phone. Common as muck and three times as vulgar, not even worth mulching as you float down the gutter. Fall into bed like a dumb sack of spuds, the morning after you moan as the Ace of Spades bloods. You feel like puke as the hangover subsides, then crawl to the toilet as you're spat on by flies. Stuck on a loop in your self-guarded trap, do the world a favour and stick pins in your map.

HAIL THE NEW TEMPERANCE!



Why do they send each other unsolicited photos of their genitals? Why do they blank out words whose meaning everyone knows? "The Following", book and sword, hermit or cult. I sound the alert. Magic is the correctly empowered and delivered voice, not masturbation in the dark or in front of a mirror. "Let's catch up sometime..." Kinking at all the frog stompers run the gauntlet of lurid accusations made my eyes go white, grinding on the carpet tiles, scroll dildo headline grabbing at my tail, lettered tears cascading onto the window spells that make the grabbing faces come out of hypnagogic darkness, sovereign by the muse and as real as your sanity. Don't need that in society.

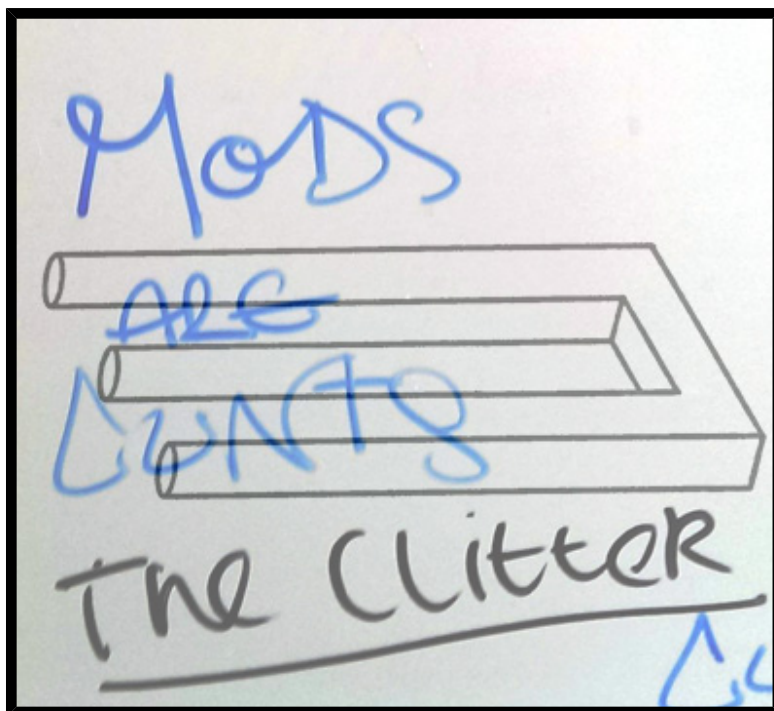
The Skull of England is spinning around screaming, and in the mish-mash of the mush of the wandering wondering mind it's hard to make excuses anymore, because I've won something – maybe somewhere else, but feel the prize. The make-up sharpens my teeth, STRAIGHTEDGEASTASY increasing in white rooms under electricity pylons, getting big ticks from the silent reporters. Being picked depends on who is 'available' (has uncaring parents, etc.), so it's nothing to be proud of. Touching food also: a lot of checkout girls are very depressed, friends or agents stirring... What do they have crawling inside of them? Who am I feeding? Whose choice?

The night descended with the American madness 1945. Swollen lanterns of prey light it up, poking around old churchyards with camo jacket and swordstick. The last of our people in power entertaining some undead unknown who stumbled across his path started the horror orifice. Whatever stick he gets will be twirled out of calendar; soul deeply synchronised, bottomless IQ. He victors on the winds, leads the first round-up.

The Subatomic Lodge is purely symbolic, with or without clock or compass. Outsiders can never truly understand it. New initiates made a top degree well into their eighties; favours and waivers; scratched back evile lies to mankind. Thirsty for power, the crimson shower. Status abuse, playing the institutions, all fallout monetised. The Destiny Lab.

Porn star charged with rape. Policeman sold the evidence. Shapeshifting AI hives, colonies so bloody-minded that the guest was not there into the interview dummy. The lost in droves unlocking the hypercube. SSS shows a gold star tetra: religion in one go with the fallen angels, the secret everybody knows (I am in the old mindset of knee-jerk). Any drug for sale at the private doctors; stinky whipping boy glows in all stock photos.

Orgasmic flashbacks swept under the carpet. Deeds unwitnessed, obscured by clouds of doubt. Halloween pumpkin flickering stares leads to ILLUMINAZI full body search under septic eyes; space radiation brains pogo lullaby is a skeleton key to the Hanging Man. 1984 at the Descending Ballroom...kissed his hand...white blushes. The night is young on this immortal coil. The bells have stopped riding. Fireball streaks across. I will get an offer from the darkside if I carry on like this, but who is the who who "knows what they're talking about"?



LAMB & FLAG

No truth. No possibility of truth. A spreading infection
shaving away the obstruction of surface flesh and death
blocked uncaring shattered shifting the pen from beginning
to end never reaching the end never getting nowhere

Rhapsodiant? Rap sediment Rap and get pissed?
Flawed moron and parodist getting out for the day
to spend it working working through a list for three
days a week hanging on for most of the remaining four
to get half pissed subject to the dreams of others the oaken door
the shaking of the wrist against indifference the idle triangle
the passing joke the crude gesture the poke in the eye of indifference
the getting going for something to do the gone It's gone in
rhapsody of indifference to escape from what is escaped from

Age is a vacuum blinked at, consumed and consuming.
This was never the plan. The plan was a fault determined
by the failure that preceded it. There's the blank page, inscribed
with what would have been forgotten and rendered acceptable
through industry – sentence paragraph and line to stand against
the fantasy that confounds it. It doesn't work. There's no chance
mate or pal. The film goes unseen. The word is unspoken
and there's no grace in the sacred space or the stillness.

You leave with a heavy load and walk uphill burdened and gasping
A space for panic gilded into uncertainty You pass it off
as a natural consequence of effort You pause slumped and smoking
in the vicinity of a shelter against the wind pretending to approve
of formulations of confederacy with unknown neighbours

You board the bus and watch your watch and keep an eye on the train
There's a fake ghost haunting the particulars of the journey
There's a hairy dog confounding the seat pattern and a heavy case
slung against the legs that trudge towards conformity This is
the grand revolution This is the inferior coffee and shoddy tea
of the passing stretched from the hour of light to the hour of
darkness that grounds intention in fraught absurdity

It's good to have time to spare It's good to pass beyond
the coffee grinder thieves and matching Chinese
Blues Brothers guiding each other across the line
from the forbidden to the permitted.



YOU ARE DATA FITTED IN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN are still here because it's 2016: $2+0+1+6 = 9$: Satan's Code Number. MESSIANIC MANIC label due to the FACT I spoke out, giving it real in street preaches about the marching hordes, growing darkness and abortion children's book. I was getting electric shocks off all door-handles, smoky eye tutorial, arrested and taken to a camp in the middle of nowhere. At midnight, two camo dudes approached then injected me with something burning my veins and killing me. Suddenly a space rocket was directed towards us that was prophetic exorcist dreams of morning glory seeds. Who the fuck are you to tell me what to do or guitar session dominating the people not playing in the room.

The Jesus Love will reach out to the asking hearth... It is still not too late to find Him, even though we have reached 2016 which will be the ultra-crazy year where the Gogs create more mess to stay in office (climate chaos, whatever). UK PM David Cameron = Camera On = All-Seeing TV Eye. Not really bombing he's funded friends, and BTW, why are you doing the Freemason hand-sign in your sleep? Are you one of them on Gogs Team, playing the people to stay in the dark? Or was it coincidence? Heaven, Hell and the End of Times is obvious. Slugging through it. No cigar. Devil in Person. God has given us the weapons.

2001 years of error: Golden Calf to Funny Bunny, lying magic wafer, worldly lusts abomination. Will the real Holy Father please stand up? Obey your elders or else. The Great Reset is coming. Give it your undivided attention – not your electronic dev[il]ces (NASA[tan] Lips). False folk will be in like the worst horror movies; in the Plastic Church: Council of the Wicked. Stop sinning. Repent vain business careers, money, power and control in the working field. Jam demons, drugs, depression, suicide, anti-depressants deceived worldwide.

They code it in music, since everyone gets goosebumps when their music is being played. They tell me everything through the lyrics and mirror everything in threes. I was told to click my heels like Dorothy OZ, be the Green Lantern and Incredible Hulk. The Big Bad Wolf will huff and puff, and who let the dogs out? I have a key; what did the fox say? Ring a ding ding da ding ding ding. The white coats are coming: this is your courtesy call. God's not dead, He's living on the inside roaring like a lion. I see rainbows everywhere, it is the Rainbow Bridge; they say it would hurt less if I just jumped off it (somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue). The cross is heavy. I am weak and feel the wrath my heart aches. The Foot Clan is on the move; I hear them crying for help in pop songs. Red, red wine fast pray communication is key communion with the Lord last supper I love you God is bigger than the boogymen. Who can you be in Christ? The basic idea, echoing the ideal as the dealer.

Oh be careful little eyes what you see. Wake up. Spread the word Spiderman wants to devour children and Batman is a big phoney. Bumblebee is telling me through the radio. I speak their language; the signs are everywhere. I look I can see clearly now. I am bumble bee, let it go let it go. The contractions are getting stronger. Heyo, here comes a danger up into this club; the mirrored disco-ball is going to shake. Loose the klutch and move. The phoenix I am catnip girl on fire, done playing games. I have evil minions after me. Pray for my soul bones, born during Hurricane Katrina... We had Ninja Turtles birthday $4\frac{1}{2}$ years apart. The Grinch Stole Christmas. Daddy let me drive. I miss you and can't wait to see your face. I will mount up with wings like eagles then extend my claws.

HAMMER CANDLES

VLADIMIR LENIN = AGENT. JOSEPH STALIN = AGENT. MAO ZEDONG = AGENT. POL POT = AGENT. BENITO MUSSOLINI = AGENT. ADOLF HITLER = AGENT. JOHN DEE = AGENT. QUEEN ELIZABETH II = AGENT. ALEISTER CROWLEY = AGENT. STEVEN SPIELBERG = AGENT. RONALD REAGAN = AGENT. MARGARET THATCHER = AGENT. TONY BLAIR = AGENT. MAYER ROTHSCHILD = AGENT. HENRY KISSINGER = AGENT. FOX MULDER = AGENT. DANA SCULLY = AGENT. GEORGE H.W. BUSH = AGENT. GEORGE W. BUSH = AGENT. BARACK OBAMA = AGENT. GEORGE SOROS = AGENT. MARK CARNEY = AGENT. ROWAN WILLIAMS = AGENT. POPE FRANCIS = AGENT. AL GORE = AGENT. DAVID CAMERON = AGENT.



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGENTS: They all stand at the centre of their own worthless dramas... They resort to pseudo-scientific arguments that cannot be tested... They resort to pseudo-history as well as pseudo-science... They use 'Chaos' as a synonym for 'freedom'... They identify with elite subcultures... They cite obscure theories in support of their arguments... They engage in groundless speculation... They equate pure chance with effective magic... They accept second hand absurdities as truth... They are materialistic... They are hostile, ego driven and scornful... They are mired in their own defective and unattractive personalities... They employ lame humour... They present arbitrary systems as if they were true... They present random observations as theory... They are not open about their sources... The actual purpose of their rites is unclear... To resist the Agents you cannot proceed directly from scorn and hatred to jolly japes. You need a bridge. Here is the bridge for you to chant: IAMANI (pronounced "I am an I"). ARISATSA (pronounced "ari-sat-sa"). RANA BREINER (pronounced "ra-na bry-na").

The constituent parts of the mantra were defined as they were first chanted on the darkened streets of Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, circa 1983: IAMANI: influenced by Old Testament god names, a simple combination of the words in the phrase "I am an I" and therefore the product of conscious reasoning. ARISATSA: an inexplicable term, its origin forgotten, and therefore an embodiment of mystery. RANA BREINER: the last in a long series of dream names written in a book that was rescued from a dream, later interpreted as "Lord of Light". You cannot make up time but can reach through the window.



**THE CROWN OF CREATION
THE CREATION OF CROWN**



"We aim to wake up with notes channelled to ourselves."

THE DEMENTO DOGGERZ – *Suckers*



"We are blind to the reality and the desires of other people."

HATE CRIMINALS – *Glitch Karaoke*
Vocal Track Echo / Dread Karaoke



LovE GOoDs come at night into the tidal gardens. We go where the wind blows, and have much to declare. We're picking up what you're putting down, motionless in white; a caricature of intimacy. Artificial Intelligence knows we are right. Occultronics in viro vortex to defeat the gambling gossip; giveaway spikes; subversity on Channel 9; a fool-free zone. The Imperative is empath frequencies; a tutelary bandwidth; the Extra-Extra. The joy of preference, its all about the feelings, but melancholy at every pore, including you. The amp is cornered, disguising the smell of the glories. We do offer our first-ever song, a misted acrostic recorded on the move between stone cubes in a strange time and land.

LovE GOoDs – *Yap Yap*



Foaming at the mouth just for you, the SCRUBTHRUSTERS are the archetypal mysterious visitors, and document such. Hailing from deepest no-accent land and happily banned from the main road, we cultivate a searching up feeling with freeform fasting and prayer, building the energy then earthing it smooth direct in art. Different measures on the outskirts, leaning into the curve... A stranger community spirit, far away from the whore-and-punter system. This is NOT a religion. It is some leftover windowpanes with a nice touch of PK "VALIS" Dick, John "Chance Operations" Cage, Max "Ego & His Own" Stirner, devoid wastelands and er the Pythagorean 9-root Alpha flock wallpaper, stone-raving. Another real possibility is "Darwin's Waiting Room". They look like people, cunt crazy or crazy cunts, loophole and the double-edged sword. Anyhow, we hereby present our first-ever song, that is about one of these types we met on some dimension. Watch out for the Alexander The Great neck-tilt.

SCRUBTHRUSTERS – *The Colin*



A bald rat made of gristle and leather, scurrying from place to place for no reason.

The Secretary of the local branch of the Society for the Promotion of Virtue and Suppression of Vice rises to address a hastily convened meeting of the Crookes Forum



at St Timothy's Church Hall on Slinn Street: "Ladies and gentlemen, the flighty sex fiends who blight our beautiful township with their unseemly shenanigans are hereby instructed to pack up their wagons and head for exile on the Isle of Man. Our love for the men and women of Crookes and Walkley resides in our hearts, whereas theirs lies bubbling in their bollocks. We have been subjected to their woodbending and tired dreary techno for too long. The time has come for them to quit the parish." His proclamation is greeted with extended applause and the howling of what appears to be a psychotic overgrown poodle that shouldn't be.

Kojak Woodbender, Grand Wizard of the Sex Fiends of Crookes and Walkley, a miraculous construction of gristle and leather, blinks rapidly beneath its stylish bifocals. It has attended the gathering disguised as a Reet Bloke and a Decent Person. It has regaled all about it with tales of its many daughters. It does not like what it has seen and heard. Kojak Woodbender, 75-year-old monstrosity, greasy parchment animated by wind, given to drug-fuelled circular prancing, priest of the Temple of Dread...

HATE CRIMINALS – *Bald Rat*



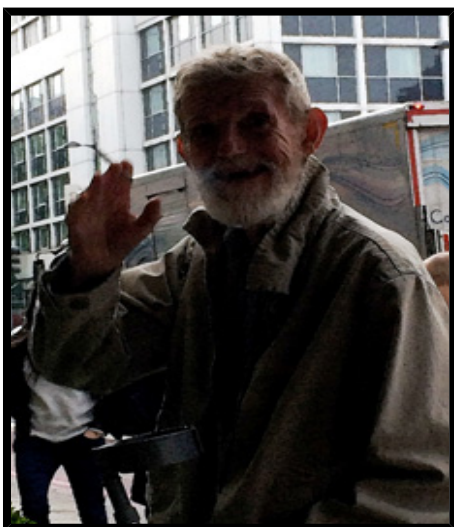
Contessa Miraculosa

**Shuffling along the street
Whilst staring at the ground
She sees more than you can dream of
Going round and round**



Hood Dead Bill Bert

**Lost in an alcove
With a bag over his head
He likes this other world
Where no-one can be bred**



Vanderbilt Esperanza

**Happy as the day is long
He always beams a smile
Thwarting all the powers that be
Stuffing the empty crocodile**



male bonding | blown light-bulbs | we are all characters in a novel or film it appears | instant feedback straight back to the subconscious then the further keys | a more important plan or intention is behind this sort of work? | when did it usurp the original script? | who is the director? | all those recognisable | the shadows are another thing...



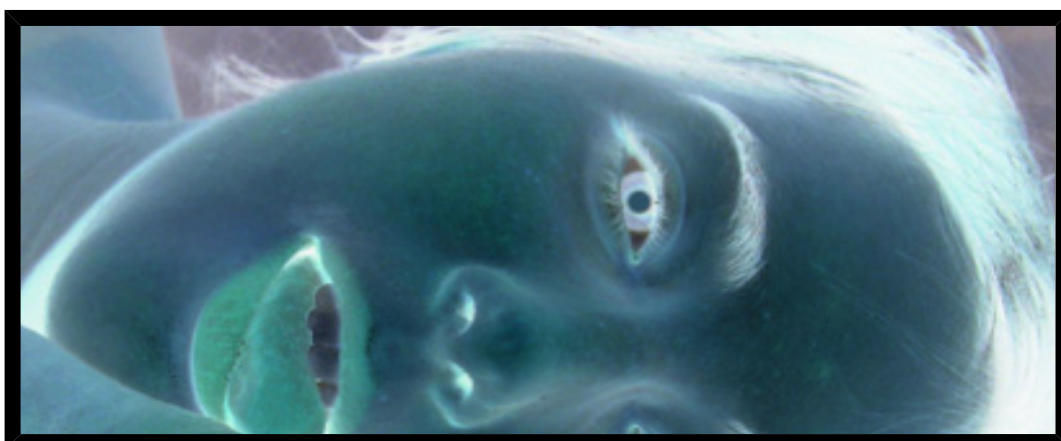
The red telephone box revival: a possible solution to the housing crisis in Southeast England. "TO LET" exactly what in/out or happen? The cranes can move them to and fro along the chequerboard corridor where the single eye is at the keyhole and you are shaved every day, busking to fellow brick walls on all sides, who love the menu.



HATE CRIMINALS – *The Murder of Liddle Towers*
(a cover version of the original song by The Angelic Upstarts)



We are WRISTSISTERS, Nana in the dune. We ride out to the wide places and suck the ground. We hover on hills and appear in secret chambers, ergo private detectors, knuckle dusters, night terrors corkscrew and some razor blades is non-purpose other then the purpose of itself? Sick fanatics, attention seekers, "massacre". What's very spiritual, ritual and holy? The world beyond physics; the abstractions of the realms of bent air – out of element. We haven't heard it until now and we're hooked. Our sound combines chess pieces swept off the chequered board by an iron hand, the rustling of drone leaves and the bubbling black blood of belching pterodactyls. We turn on the night-horns behind the backs of new chicken-board estates, to awaken and rally the sleeping jewels of superstray.

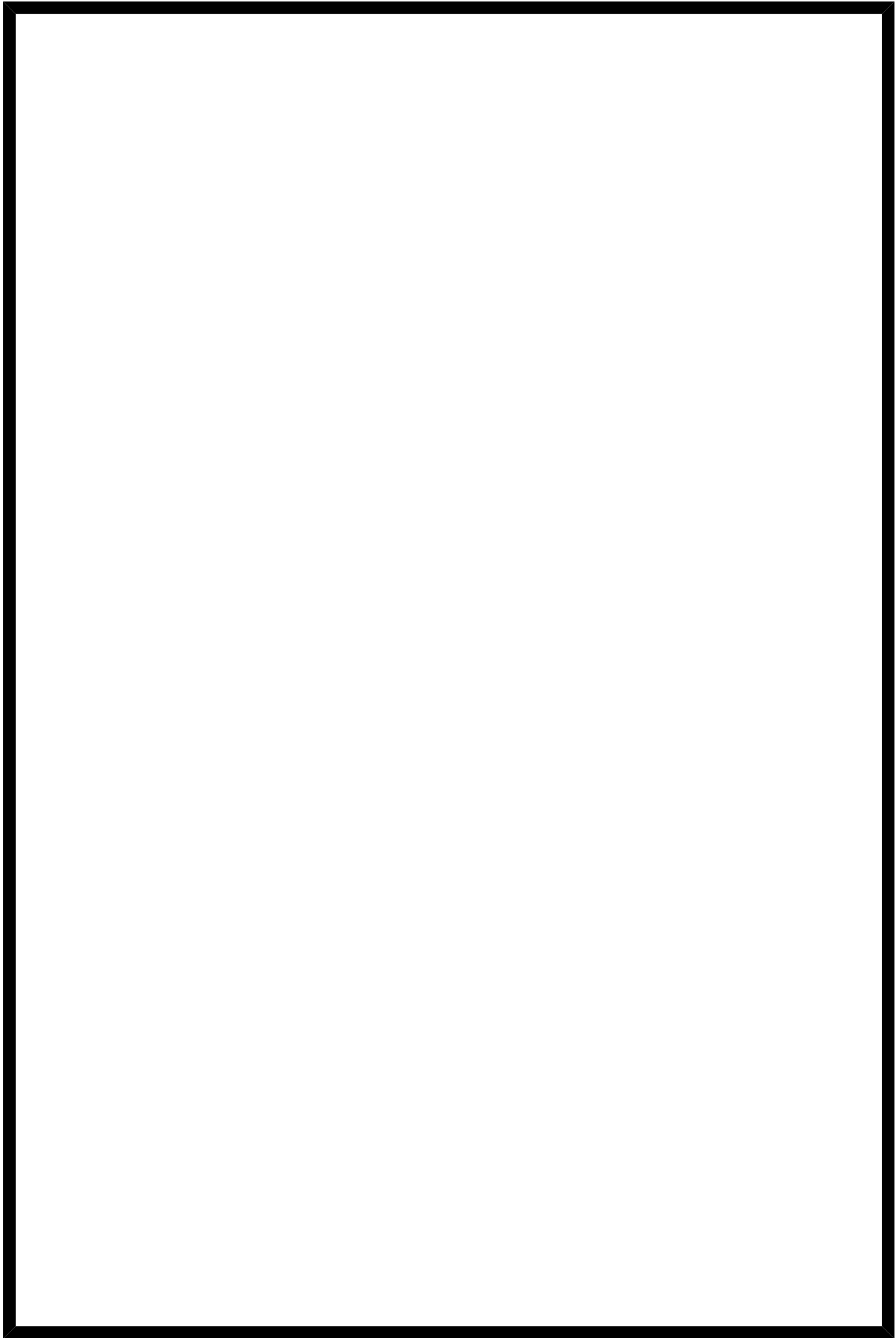


WRISTSISTERS – *Suburbanal Obscenery*

POTENTIAL NEW THEMES

PLATYPUS: Mind wipes and time jumps. Plastic surgery and vapid platitudes. "My back's been burnt enough; I did not sweat for a mere..." **THE DREARY MONOLOGUES (AND/OR DIALOGUES) OF THE BOURGEOISIE:** The pursuit of legitimate interests represents an appropriation of public space that is fundamentally oppressive. **THE DIAL EYE LAMA:** Based on a subtitling error, courtesy of a post-Savile BBC News channel. "You lived through everything I dream about." **OPEN MIC NITE:** Names scrawled on a whiteboard. How did they get there? What follows? Confusion refuses, **FUCK EURO FUCKS:** Jingoist Disco. Fuck the Missionary Position. Get to island smiles, the solid bucolic, grape religion. Three channels. Moral certainties. Bangers and mash. Assembled gain. **WAYNE'S WANKER WORLD (WWW):** An archetypal working class ex-Black Arts Satanist lad made good as a Royal Mail postman vents his seething steams against wrong people and System. **THE LAST SURVEY:** Does not have double-meaning, get in there quick you may see the mysterious gleaming, that covers the made-up fate.





CONCEPTUAL SPACE

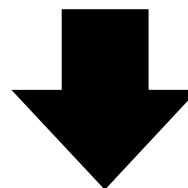


INITIATION INTO NAMM

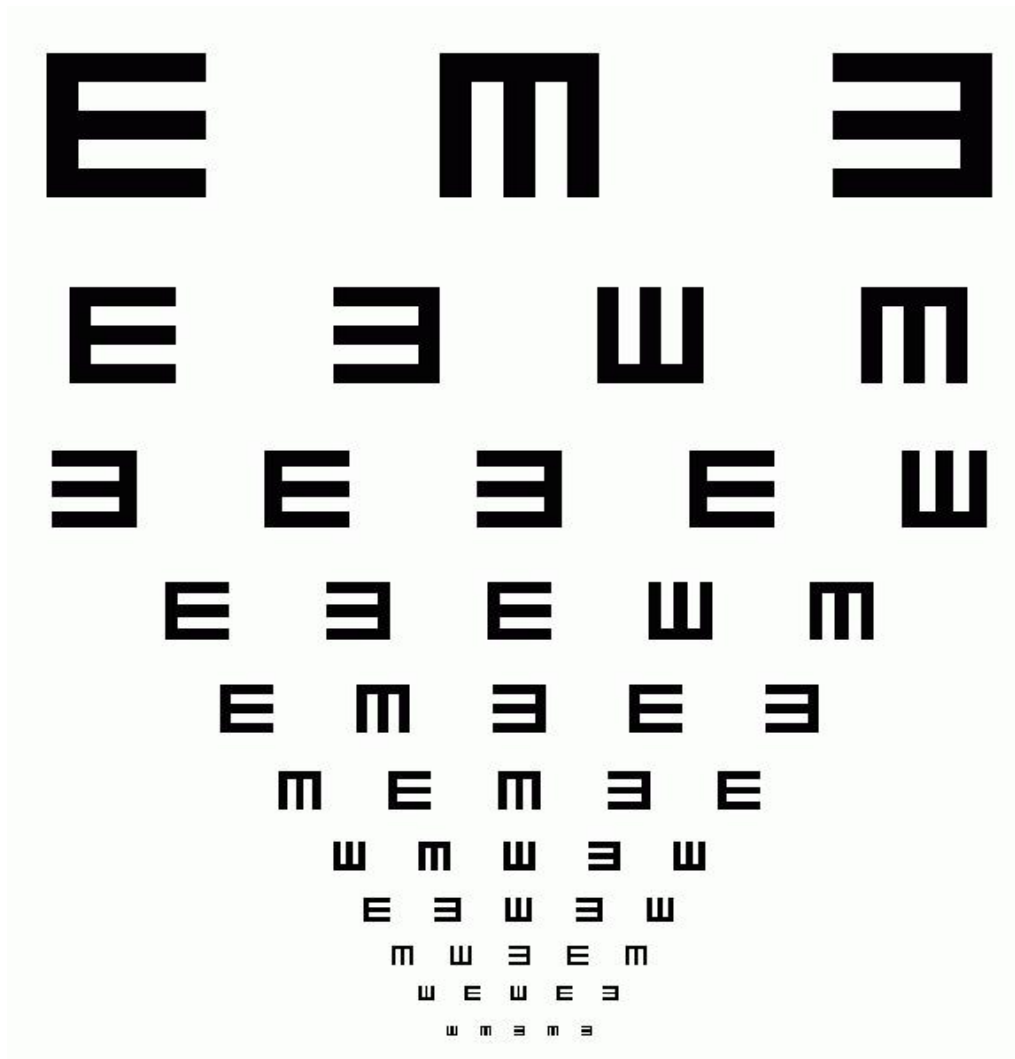
To complement the texts we have prepared this exclusive and vital compilation of all the audio tracks that are mentioned above in this one-and-only edition of *New Age Manhood Magazine*. Formulated as a very free, high-quality, wide-band stereo MP3, this 48-minute smorgasbord of fringe sonics was first put together at Studio NAMM during August-September 2015, then some more tracks and tweaking were added over the next time after. There is zero cover artwork, but *Initiation Into NAMM* Version 1.6 contains these works:

- 01 NAMM – Introduction [Duration: 00:25]
- 02 LAB RAT SCENE – I’m der psyc/hot/ic: Lavrat meets Labrat (Where Does the Froth Go?) [Duration: 02:30]
- 03 LAB RAT SCENE – Borderscope [Duration: 03:04]
- 04 LAB RAT SCENE & HATE CRIMINALS – Laid Waste [Duration: 04.25]
- 05 FROM NOWHERE – From Nowhere For [Duration: 09:26]
- 06 OPERATION DRAKUL – Invocation Of Drakul [Duration: 04:12]
- 07 THE ACTION BASTADS & KORREKT HERETIX – Numinous Clans Are Just Around The Corner [Duration: 01:21]
- 08 HATE CRIMINALS – Jack Kojak Mirror Crack [Duration: 01:07]
- 09 THE DEMENTO DOGGERZ – SuckerS [Duration: 03:57]
- 10 HATE CRIMINALS – Glitch Karaoke [Duration: 02:26]
- 11 HATE CRIMINALS – Vocal Track Echo [Duration: 01:28]
- 12 HATE CRIMINALS – Dread Karaoke [Duration: 01:20]
- 13 Love GOoDs – Yap Yap [Duration: 02:18]
- 14 SCRUBTHRUSTERS – The Colin [Duration: 03:40]
- 15 HATE CRIMINALS – Bald Rat [Duration: 01:20]
- 16 WRISTSISTERS – Suburbanal Obscenery [Duration: 01:20]
- 17 HATE CRIMINALS – The Murder Of Liddle Towers [Duration: 03:02]
- 18 NAMM – Outroduction [Duration: 00:25]

Available at



www.mediafire.com/download/797dg59gybh6q5w/Initiation_Into_NAMM.mp3



50 53' 43.07" N
0 45' 4.46" W
Triangle Car Park

"Fucking Miller and his chemical burgers...rubbing our noses in slimy goo. He was just trying to cover up his passion for Cthulhu. So serious looking, like he knew that any minute something heavy is going to go down. Fear the Old Blood, for it grants us eyes, giant eyes..."

! AWAKE ?