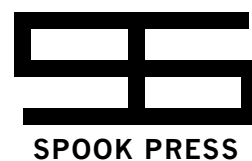




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ODD MENTS

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EDITORIAL

HERE THEN BE *Oddments*, constructed as fast as a feather, and potent with a thousand gates... It functions as a convenient cobweb to gather together the scattered works and influxes of ourselves, our friends and associates, plus more arcane contacts. As the noted then demoted surrealist pioneer, André Breton, once remarked: "Reality is not a sum of facts, it is a sum of possibilities," and we in turn do hope that the sum of this here publication is greater than its parts, and that the mystery element is active.

Far from the Madding Crowd, *Oddments* has its focus on the more obscure and less-traversed paths of esoterica such as the mandrake, shades of green, whistling, cat's cradle, train stations, Witching Hour readings of the Bible for all references to aliens and other gods, and perhaps the mysterious violet-eyed family next door who removed the ground-floor staircase in their house to deny unauthorised access to the upper floors except by their quickly-drawn-up rope ladder, affording them precious time in the event of a raiding party to dispose of something always unknown.

It whitely appears that, confounding our critics (and also, we must admit, our own occasional self-doubting), we haven't been hunting a greased pig drunk on Scotch Mist. For, like a wizened spectral sailor showing his scars, the Whispering Sisters have been out in eerie force during the ritualistic creation of this first number; their intervention seemingly cued by the connection forged between the lover and the desired.

We want to be something. We think we're going to be used for something. It will have to be something we believe in... The conjuring up and casting forth of *Oddments* is releasing an awful amount of power. There could be international implications, WWII, although even a cursory scan of current affairs shows that the End Game is on and the gloves are off. Should the fit hit the shan or the grim game continue as usual, full of viral psychic warfare and mental piracy, there is always a far more interesting and fruitful subversion working underneath (or rather above and beyond) it. As Charles Manson once wryly commented, although his body had been locked up in jail for twenty years his mind was free; and when he eventually got released he saw that most people's bodies were free but their minds were locked up...

If enough of us World Patriots told the official consciousness and its agents to go hang then we could really get somewhere (an arch clew: the grand concept of "Utopia" ultimately derives from the Greek for 'not a place', i.e. [K]NOWHERE).

CONTENTS INFORMATION

COLLECTED ESOTERIC TIPS consists of a helpful collection of proven to be effective techniques that were discovered and compiled by Mark Reeve from a wide variety of source fields. It also includes some of his own ideas for as-yet untested projects. Originally published in *Noness* (Nobody's Business, 2014). Version 1.7.

FOUND OCCULTS presents a simple method of spell-casting that does not depend on implements, devices or any other gimmicks. The author is untraced and unknown. It also contains a text on Reassurance Therapy and the Placebo that was transcribed from an unsigned, anonymous typescript, neatly typed with no mistakes, that was discovered inside an old medical book bought as part of a job lot at a country auction in the East of England in 1999. First published in *Noness* (Nobody's Business, 2014). Version 2.1.

BUSY BEES GATHER NO GOLF CLUBS surveys the old Gothic 'Hellraiser', Sir Francis Dashwood, and his erections and environs. It was edited together by Mark Reeve in 2007 from texts by the London-based researcher, Ben Fairhall, which first appeared on his (now private) *Battling the Behemoth* website (www.ben-fairhall.blogspot.com) and its related companion, *The Daily Behemoth* (<http://the-daily-behemoth.blogspot.com>). First published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.1.

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERIES do here involve a number of true-life paranormal experiences that manifested in the English city of Liverpool, as told to Mark Reeve in March 2010 by the reliable firsthand witness and long-time resident of the city, who goes by the name "Mr Nightlight". Originally compiled by Mark Reeve during April 2010 and first published in *BE4004* (Nobody's Business, 2013). Version 2.2.

AT THE REQUEST OF MRS MOIR relates to the indefatigable work of the pioneering American conspiracy researcher, James Shelby Downard, that walks the fine line between genius and madness, and then some. The band hinted to but unnamed in the text by the author are The Ceramic Hobs (<http://ceramichobs.livejournal.com>), who were based in Blackpool, UK, for many years and have a curious selection of releases available. First published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume II (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.1.

DUMBPLAYSTATION MINDBLOCKER (THE FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS KILLER) was prompted by a harsh encounter with the uglies both without and within, and mostly unprovoked, plus quite a lot of freeform oval-mirror-staring whilst laying in a hot bath scented by a certain blend of natural essential oils (we don't have the recipe). It was first written under candlelight in July 2005, then edited by Mark Reeve in February 2006. Originally published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007) in two parts (the other part being titled 12 O'CLOCK MOON). Version 1.8.

THE OTHER STONEHENGE CONSTRUCTOR has been excerpted with permission from an otherwise unpublished comprehensive travelogue around the UK performed between 2005-2010 by a vibrant young couple and their ingeniously-adapted Volkswagen campervan in search of the unusual marvellous. Originally written in 2007 and first published in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.2.

ATLANTIS RISING: AN INTERVIEW WITH JENNY JAMES is a long-distance conversation between Mark Reeve and Jenny James, who in early-1970s London founded the experimental Atlantis Primal Therapy Commune, that's currently located in Columbia, South America. This interview was originally conducted via e-mail between April-May 2011. It was probably first published that same year but it cannot be determined where, although it definitely appeared in *Noness* (Nobody's Business, 2014). Version 2.3.

TEN DAYS OFF consists of journal entries written in home and away rooms, single and double beds, rumbling local and national buses and more, in various levels of consciousness and with differing intents, but with no plan for publication. They were originally written with two hands during 2005 and then compiled and edited by Mark Reeve in February 2006. Originally published in July 2006 on the (now defunct) OKOK Research Bureau website (www.okok.org.uk). Version 1.6.

THE METAPHYSICS OF SPANKING explicitly explains an ancient practice that is still in use today by certain persons. Its author is a British gentleman and MENSA member whom wishes to remain anonymous. He originally finished writing it on 14 April 1998. This text was originally published (with the author's permission) in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I (Cult S.I.R.I.U.S, 2007). Version 1.2.

SPACE WITH A SMALL 'S'

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

COLLECTED ESOTERIC TIPS

GET YOURSELF RIGHT and ready by establishing a solid and reliable foundation on which to build. Do regular physical and mental exercise, such as the martial arts or walking meditation. Don't battle but replace negative/useless habits with positive/useful ones. This is cognate with exorcism, where it is crucial to not just expel the demon but to replace it with something more powerful, otherwise the original demon may return, and with ten of his cohorts, to occupy the vacuum. Focus and Persist.

REALITY WORKS VIA contracts, pacts, agreements and bindings on a number of levels, some of which you may not be aware of. To regain your power and your own control over your life, say out loud, clearly, that you renounce and annul all such transactions with any entities, that you have made knowingly, unknowingly, or by deception. (If you are approached in future with any offers—especially to re-agree to any former, broken agreements—consider them, and their promoters, very carefully.)

BEGIN EACH DAY by connecting to the 'spiritual' aspect of reality (i.e. the higher and wiser part of yourself/everything). The easiest way to do this is by formal meditation or contemplation. This sets up your entire day and all of your days afterwards, and makes you constantly aware, both consciously and subconsciously, that there is always something else beyond the mundane. Keep this practice up and you may find that events normally out of your control will line up helpfully for you.

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE sleep, banish any negativity that may be around and/or assailing you. Imagine the Sun beaming a golden lightbeam down through the top of your head into your heart. Let the light fill your heart, then the whole inside of your body, then project it outwards to create a protective aura all around you, about ten inches from the surface of your body. When this is done, imagine the outside edge of this auric shield is further strengthened by a mirror, its silver side facing outwards. Be firm but non-hostile, and reflect all evil back to its sender by saying something like: "Any negativity sent to me I send back in the most positive way."

CONSIDER THE TEACHING: “When we are asleep we are awake. When we are awake we are asleep.” Then determine when your deepest sleep point is. Get up at this time and just be. Don’t try to do or think anything, just see what happens. If you happen to register any interesting and/or unusual impulses, suggestions, etc., then perform them perhaps. (This is an easy way to break out of your normal routine pattern and enter an altered state of consciousness [ASC], that gives new insights and further ideas. If you want to progress along the esoteric path it is essential to enter varied ASCs.)

BUY A GOOD quality, very accurate, alarm clock, without haggling. Designate exactly 1 hour each day (preferably the same hour) for the “Magic Hour,” that is solely reserved for yourself only. Absolutely no interruptions (from family, friends, telephones, etc.) are allowed. Do something interesting and/or unusual in this hour. (You may like to previously assign certain actions to each side of a dice, or to each number of a roulette wheel and let chance decide what you will investigate.)

THOUGHT-FORMS CAN become life-forms, the ‘word’ can be made ‘flesh’, when fed with enough energy (attention). Study how your own created and/or entertained mental matrixes are alive and controlling you. When you understand it, change this process for the better, to your advantage. Kill and Birth.

THERE IS THIS world, and the otherworld. To perceive the otherworld, change your perception until the otherworld is revealed. This trick is easily done through trance or dream. Better still, combine these. Lay comfortably in bed, just before and/or just after sleep, as the dream-state stirs or lingers. Don’t move and don’t think, apart from willing the otherworld to appear. It shall, in your mind’s eye, or more concretely. And remember that if you can see it, then it can see you.

YOUR SPIRIT OR soul or subconscious or guardian angel or DNA or whatever one calls it, knows all, or at least knows best, so meditate on and link to this entity. It is there to assist you, so ask it questions. You will always receive a helpful answer if you are sincere. But if you ignore this entity then this entity will assume that you are not interested, and probably not provide assistance. (Spirit guides and protectors can also include your bloodline and non-bloodline ancestors or animals.)

GO ON A Wisdom Quest...alone...anywhere...but preferably in a sacred landscape. Remain there for at least one day and one night, without any usual distractions. When the time is right, ask for relevant visions, and maybe a cosmic wisdom download into yourself. Trance Out | Trance In, but remain constantly aware on all levels so that you can recognise what is shown to you, either directly or via symbol, metaphor, etc.

YOU DON'T GET anything for nothing. If you join a group, befriend an angel or demon, etc., it will help you then try to control you, totally if allowed. Either willingly or not, many political/business leaders are strongly influenced, or are actually possessed by, non-human vampiric entities, who are contacted and fed by the most powerful negative energies generated by the child and/or adult sex abuse and blood sacrifice rituals this so-called 'elite' is involved in, and also by their promotion of general misery policies.

The mass blood sacrifices of Aztec times and in World Wars I & II was not degenerate madness, but logical and calculated, to open and to keep open portals and to satisfy the appetites of the entities who came through. Conversely, a deeply religious or spiritual person becomes strongly influenced or possessed by beneficial entities, and hence do their best to help humanity. The Black Lodge and The White Lodge do not lead to the same place, either spiritually or physically.

The fear that entities provoke in you, and any negative experiences they do make occur does not necessarily mean that the entities are evil. They may be good entities testing you to establish if you have got what it takes to be worthy of their continued contact and teaching; that you can handle their proximity, power and wisdom. To test the entities, politely but firmly ask them to leave. If they do, they are probably of the light. If they don't, they are probably of the dark. Conversely, entities that arrive quickly and are eager to teach you are likely to be of the dark, whilst entities that hold off and impart their knowledge more subtly and gradually are likely to be of the light. Stay alert, and discern. Trust your gut feelings. Act accordingly.

WHEN YOU ENTER an occupied location that is supposedly in need of exorcism (clearing), first find out *who* the entity is, and *why* it is there. You might be surprised, for the so-called 'evil demon' could actually be the departed spirit of a human church leader who strongly disapproves of the homosexuals now living in his former house; the 'malevolent poltergeist' may actually be the spirit of a neglected and abused little child who is

only trying to attract attention as he/she just wants to play with the fleshly child occupants and/or receive some affection from the adults.

Other so-called 'trapped' or 'lost' spirits may actually be on an important mission that is none of your business, so leave them alone if possible. If you do feel they are deliberately threatening you and making your life a misery, and that you must intervene, then ask them politely if they are trapped or lost. If they reply "Yes," ask them if they have any children, family or friends. Should they name them, this can open up a new 'channel' that reconnects the separated spirit with their group and ends the haunting naturally. If they answer "No," then enquire why they are here, and what do they want. If you do not get an answer by direct speech or vision, stay alert for possible telepathic replies, or signs and omens that may be shown to you.

Genuine demons and Satanists both greatly fear and hate God's name and will never speak it, thus it is not you who does the exorcism – you do it on behalf of God, who does the actual exorcising. You must have this authority, otherwise there is great danger you will become harassed or possessed.

The danger of necessary exorcisms is at first they often appear to have worked, with a resulting period of calm afterwards, but soon the activity resumes and is much worse than before. This is because hauntings and demonic infestations often involve a group of spirits or demons. During exorcism the good and less-good entities leave as ordered, but the really evil entity refuses and stays put, so then has free reign to do mischief, as the better entities are no longer there to keep the evil one in check.

Remember that you are entering the resident overseeing entity's or entities' sphere and game. Thus, you can get misled, injured, or worse. The solution to this problem is to get the entity or entities to enter your sphere and game, and to adhere to your rules. When this is fully achieved, exorcism of the location and/or person can be very subtle, and accomplished in the blink of an eye. This does not necessarily involve ego and hierarchical battles, more just being honestly what you are, and knowing that the Creator made the Planet Earth for humans to dwell upon, and the other dimensions for non-humans to reside in. "Each to his own," as the folk-saying goes.

CENTRE YOURSELF BY the *Cross Of Light*: Standing, raise your arms above your head, and beam an infinite line of force as wide as your body in both up-and-down directions simultaneously to form the vertical bar of the cross. Then outstretch your arms to your

sides, and beam an infinite line of force as tall as your body in both left-and-right directions simultaneously to form the horizontal bar of the cross.

Register the effects and keep the image of the cross strongly visualised-energised as you bring your hands together, thumbs and fingers touching, to form an 'O' gesture over your body's centre-point (a few inches below your navel). This places you at the very core of the Universe—Your Universe—and also at the 'crossroads' between this world and the other world. If necessary, now concentrate the Infinity Power Potential into the 'O', then put your desire there, charge it, then send it out along the four directions of the endless cross simultaneously. (After much experiment and evaluation, it has been found that the vocal intoning of a different note at each stage of this ritual greatly assists its effectiveness.)

NO ENGLISH WORD rhymes with *Orange*, and this uniqueness—along with it being symbolic of the Sun—may explain why the orange fruit has special properties, for, with the right intent behind it, orange peel both clears and cleanses spaces spiritually at a higher and deeper level than sage, etc. To do this, peel an orange, then with a spoon scrape off all of the peel's soft white inner rind until all that remains is the thin outer orange layer. Dry this on a windowsill in the Sun, which takes around a week, then burn it, allowing the smoke to penetrate all rooms and other enclosed places (drawers, cupboards, etc.) in the space. This procedure should be performed once a month.

A DIVINATION TOOL can be composed of the actual letters of the answers it gives, with no pictorial or other symbolism. It is based on the letter frequencies that cryptologists use to break codes, and consists of 200 cards of the same size, with a single letter written on the front of each, in the exact amounts of:

A×15, B×4, C×6, D×8, E×20, F×5, G×4, H×10, I×12, J×2, K×2, L×8, M×5, N×15, O×15, P×4, Q×2, R×15, S×12, T×15, U×8, V×4, W×4, X×2, Y×5, Z×2.

Ask your question whilst shuffling the cards, then deal them from the top, or pull them out from anywhere, one at a time, to spell full or part words that will answer the question. Use intuition to add any missing letters or eliminate present letters, and maybe also accept abbreviations, anagrams, acronyms. Perhaps type any partial or whole

words/phrases obtained into an internet search engine and see what comes up from the electronic well, which often yields surprising results. Also keep alert to dreams, and the just-before and just-after 'sleep' state, that can assist. Alternatively, one could simply ask a question then tap out random letters on a computer keyboard. Use of the computer's word processing software "Spellcheck" function then suggests relevant word-signal from the gobbledegook-noise.

PSYCHOTRONIC GENERATORS (i.e. devices designed to accumulate/create and direct cosmic or biological energy) were allegedly invented by the Czech communist, Robert Pavlita, during the Cold War. The research was condoned by Soviet officialdom, who made no secret of this and made a notorious documentary film on the psychotronic generators available to the West. The phenomenon gained wider public attention via Sheila Ostrander & Lynn Schroeder's book, *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* (Prentice-Hall, 1970), and in the later-1970s fears arose (stoked by the defected ex-KGB agent, Dr Nikolai Khokhlov, and others) that such technology was being weaponised for offensive PK and psychic espionage purposes. (Such weapons are outside of arms-control legislation and could be smuggled to/constructed by any keen terrorist or psychopath, or disguised as innocent souvenirs given to diplomats, etc., for malevolent purposes.) The secret of the psychotronic generators (which often have few or no moving parts) is said to be their *form*, so perhaps ancient ritual sculptures, the prehistoric Nine Men's Morris symbol, etc., were the original psychotronic generators, operated by those who knew and understood the secret force(s) of the Universe. Consider travelling one's gaze along the concentric lines of the depictions of ancient mazes, etc., to produce trance, then concentrating on the goal when reaching the design's centre.

CRYSTAL BALL WORK should involve some form of psychic banishing/preparation ritual before the gazing and skrying begins. The old gypsy fortune-teller's "cross my palm with silver" demand before the visions is such an example: a banishment of negative and stray influences (silver being a natural antiseptic, like garlic). It should also involve a sacrifice token (one has to pay something). These help to "set the scene" and prepare the querant and seer, and should not be omitted.

Better results tend to occur with a well-exercised body and an empty stomach. Be calm and poised, breathing deeply and regularly. The experiments take place in a small

room or cabinet, insulated from outside noises (ear defenders/plugs may be employed for this) and comfortably warm. The consulting room should have grey or dark blue walls, with no distracting items present. For illumination, a dim red, yellow or blue light is used, softened and subdued by a heavy shade to prevent clear reflections from appearing in the crystal.

The crystal is placed on a table upon a cushion of dark velvet, and partially covered with a black cloth to shut out any unwanted reflection. It sits below, not above, one's line of sight, as this is less tiring for the eye muscles. Sit with the light source behind you. Face North if you live in a Northern country or South if you are in a Southern country. In the initial experiments, one simply sits with the crystal and 'makes friends' with it, attuning oneself and forging an astral link with it via psychometry and any other suitable means. In the mind's eye one divines the crystal's history, background, and temperament; its chemical substance and its method of construction; why you were attracted to this particular one, and so on. This preliminary phase sets up the seerist mechanisms automatically and naturally, as effectively as one earnestly tries. Do this for at least one entire phase of the Moon.

When you feel very ready, one's attention is fixed on the crystal itself with open eyes. With it located at a proper focus length, penetrate its surface to the centre of the globe. Do not strain the eyes or mind, be calm and steady. Do this for no shorter period than a quarter of an hour and no longer than a full hour.

When the conditions are right, the crystal will become hazy, misty or milky, through which tiny pinpoints of light may glitter like distant stars. Sometimes the crystal may seem to repeatedly appear then disappear, leaving a dense blackness. This is a good sign of one's advancement, and one should continue fearlessly. Do not try to see things in the crystal at this point; just let this hazy/blackness stage arise at each successive session, which it will do progressively sooner than before.

Only when you *know* the conditions are truly right should you try to see any visions, scenes, objects, etc., in the crystal; or rather, just allow them to arise. Experience has proved that to see events that take place at a future time, one looks through the crystal to the far background. To see events in the near future, one looks in the foreground (i.e. closer to you). This methodology can also apply to events that take place at a great or near physical distance to the querant. Experience has also proved that the visions often tend to be mostly either symbolic or actual.

After each consulting session, wrap the crystal in black silk and then a black cloth to shield it from stray psychic influences and from physical scratches, then store the crystal in a wooden case. Traditionally it was the rule that the crystal should never be exposed to sunlight, as this can interfere with the 'magnetism'. Conversely, the crystal should be regularly exposed to moonlight, for this both charges and strengthens it. (Occult communication is easier to do at night rather than in the day.)

Aside from being a viewing device for future, past or present events, the crystal can also be used both to receive and transmit different kinds of information by telepathic or other means. This is how John Dee & Edward Kelly received most of the so-called "Enochian" magical system through their various "shew stones" (showing stones or crystals). The material was 'beamed' to them by ultradimensional non-human entities in a form resembling computer source code, as if they were programming themselves and their magical system into existence on the earth plane. Today they may be operating in the internet and Artificial Intelligence (AI) matrixes.

THE CREATION OF PORTALS USING ANCIENT OCCULT DEVICES (Untested)

It may be of some reward to experiment with evoking and banishing the traditional elemental forces and entities corresponding to the four classical elements of antiquity (Earth [Gnomes], Air [Sylphs], Fire [Salamanders], Water [Undines]) through each appropriately-designated quarter of the ancient equal-armed-cross-with-in-the-circle device of the Sun (and modern Compass?). Alternatively, make an equally-divided regular pentagon the Master Portal, its five sections representing the aforementioned four elemental forces and entities, plus the fifth element of Spirit. Try to discover the inherent magical qualities of each individual shape, and if the device is more effective at certain positions in space, etc.

To seal or unseal the portal, a pentagram is drawn astrally or physically over the pentagon, to centre and anchor it in a space-time location (the pentagon naturally becomes the centre of the pentagram). The pentagon device should be used pointing downwards to open, and pointing upwards to close, to utilise the proper traditional use of the two pentagrams. Alternatively, when drawn, the top point of the pentagram is aligned over the specific 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th or 5th triangular section of the pentagon to open and evoke that particular element. This procedure is reversed to banish and close that particular element.

THE HUMAN PSYCHIC RADIO (Untested)

When the never-before-known wireless radio sets—altar-like with glowing-red glass vacuum-tubes and mysterious emanating voices—were introduced in the early-1920s they provoked much consternation, even terror, in the fresh public, who regarded the invisible waves and machines as infernal magic, straight from the Devil's Workshop, because these listeners were not sure whether the voices were of living or 'dead' people. Indeed, some of the radio pioneers such as Nikola Tesla and Thomas Alva Edison were attempting to use radio technology to contact the spirit world. (Around 1898, Mr Tesla was somewhat successful in this venture, for he received communication on Earth from Mars in the form of strange whistling, musical notes, although these may have been the then-unknown "Whistlers" created by lightning bursts in the Earth's atmosphere.)

Today, the so-called "radio analogy" is often used to explain paranormal phenomena such as telepathy and channelling, i.e. that there are many different 'frequencies' (realities) that are ever-present, but usually go unnoticed, unless 'tuned into' – so why not become a human psychic radio oneself? It's a little-known but marvellous thing that general radio waves (at least) can easily be picked up audibly, and/or recorded, via a simple mono jack-plug with two wires affixed. The bared end of the positive wire is attached to a large metal fence; the bared end of the negative wire is then pushed into the earth; and the jack-plug is inserted into the input socket of an amplifier. The sound transmissions can then be heard through headphones or cone speaker. Replicate this circuit using oneself, to pick up more rarefied, obscure occult broadcasts.

The human being is an electromagnetic amplifier; one can turn one's silent, invisible electromagnetic thoughts into loud shouts, or expand them into a novel or obsession, etc.; and as well as transmitted human thoughts they can also be received (felt or otherwise cognised). One can become grounded to earth by touching things or standing on it. Thus, one can 'plug' oneself into objects and/or the location and receive what is out, or in, there. A basic normal radio with no aerial attached will pick up information if one places one's finger on the aerial socket, so why not decide to become an occult aerial oneself? In this context, also consider that a basic normal radio aerial is T-shaped with parallel elements, just like the ribcaged human body standing upright with arms outstretched to the sides.

Go to the right place at the right time, whether caves, woods, hilltops or abandoned buildings. Regard the stone, tree, wall, etc., as an aerial, touching it with one of your

hands whilst standing barefoot on the earth, to plug yourself into, and to activate, the circuit. When fully powered up, record what is transmitted and received, either “as is” or via your verbal transcription, on a digital audio-recorder held in the other hand, or by the help of an assistant human. One may tune into broadcasts from the actual object touched, or from farther afield, and also transmit to other stations and individual radio-operators. All transmissions are out there (and up there, so ascend in a hot air balloon high into the atmosphere where more broadcast waves (especially offworld sendings) penetrate and can be picked up).

THE ART OBJECT THAT DOUBLES AS A GRIMOIRE & VICE-VERSA (Untested)

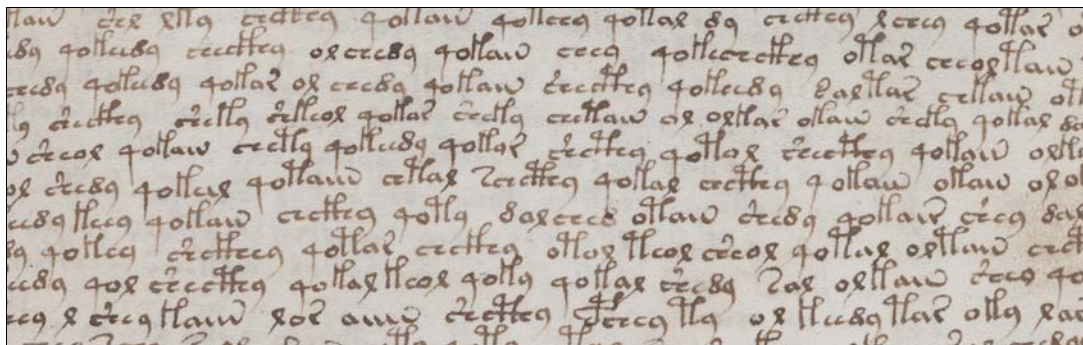
Much fetish-attention has been directed towards the subject of the magical grimoire, but—considering it is a magical weapon just as the wand, cup or sword is—for correct reasons it should be unique, and manufactured by the operator’s own hand, not merely purchased off the shelf. With the aforementioned principle in mind, the idea here is to create a one-of-a-kind, legendary grimoire of such awesome and far-reaching power as the *Necronomicon*, but as real as the stars.

At first glance it looks like it’s ‘just’ another expensive art object, but a closer relationship reveals that it does in fact have a life of its own and does things to the reader and his/her environs according to how much he/she reads it. The grimoire is bound in the skin of a virgin goat that has been sacrificed to its overseeing entity, Satan. Its red pages are dyed with the blood of the goat. Its black ink is made from the burnt and powdered skull-and-bones of the goat. The text starts at the bottom of the last page and finishes at the top of the first page, a gradual evocation of Satan as the text unfolds. All words are reversed, and so need to be read in a mirror, in which images appear, conjured by the consenting act of reading the grimoire. (A special mirror the exact size of the page may be included, that is placed on the opposing page of the page to be read. The grimoire is stood upright, and slowly opened until the reversed text becomes readable and thus decipherable.)

This grimoire would be a good conversation piece at least, but the inclusion of the mirror defeats the object somewhat, as there would be little or no ‘mystery weirdness’ or necessary ‘effort to succeed’ to weed out mere dilettantes involved, unless mirrors were difficult and/or dangerous to obtain. The mirror would be better replaced by an unique pair of special spectacles complete with peculiarly-ground lenses, that are worn by the

reader to decode an abstracted text that is unintelligible to the naked eye. Or perhaps the grimoire contains a special recipe for a natural plant-based drug or mild poison that is swallowed or rubbed on the skin before reading, or better still is secreted by the cover or pages, which temporarily effects the reader's vision enough so that the abstracted text becomes recognisable as plain text. (In the latter case the grimoire would need regular anointing with the psychoactive substance, a bonding ritual in itself.)

I suspect that one, perhaps both, of the abovementioned pair of methods was used to decrypt the 'unreadable' late-15th (or perhaps 16th) Century *Voynich Manuscript*, that is currently located inside the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library of the Skull-&-Bones¹ Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, USA (an excerpt from this most curious work is reproduced below). The whole of the *Voynich Manuscript* can be viewed at the Beinecke Library's online portal,² but the enquirer is warned against being drawn into the obsessive study of this most arcane document, that has led to the (sometimes spectacular) downfall of several obsessive truth-seeking scholars.³



COMPILER'S NOTE: Some of the ghost/exorcism material was originally heard on Paul & Ben Eno's *Behind the Paranormal* radio show (www.behindtheparanormal.com) / the *Every Night Before Sleep* banishing technique & *Orange Cleansing Rite* were originally described by the spiritual medium Christopher George (www.facebook.com/PsychicMediumChrisGeorge) during his own (now discontinued) *Second Sight NYC* radio show (<https://soundcloud.com/uprn>) / the *Divination Tool* & *Psychotronic Generators* are by Mark Reeve / the *Crystal Ball* information may be by Derek W. Farfield / the untested *The Creation of Portals*; *The Human Psychic Radio* & *The Art Object that Doubles as a Grimoire* texts are all by Mark Reeve / the *Voynich Manuscript* image was reproduced from: http://brbl-dl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3519597?image_id=1006218

AUTHORS UNKNOWN

FOUND OCCULTS

HERE IS PRESENTED a simple method of working magic (i.e. making what you want to happen happen). One learns to visualise and then to relax, eventually combining the two disciplines to enter the altered state wherein spells cast are far more likely to be successful. After this another very useful method is presented in the form of a lucid explanation of “Reassurance Therapy”, including the mysterious art of the “Placebo”, a central part of all good doctor’s (and witch-doctor’s) practice, that can also be utilised by the magician to obtain results.

FOUND OCCULT I: BASIC SPELL-CASTING: The very oldest, and most magically potent, parts of the human brain (called the subconscious, unconscious, etc.) work in pictures, not words, because spoken and written languages are relatively recent inventions. Therefore, to work the most effective magic the operator should employ images, not words, in the spell. As the old sayings go: “Words are cheap” and “A picture speaks a thousand words”, which show how our ancestors understood the greater value of pictures and glyph-symbols over words. Some of us modern people understand this also, and are happy to share such knowledge, so this here article will show you how to develop your powers of visualisation for magical purposes.

With your eyes closed, visualise a ball of light inside your head, just above your eyes in the middle of the forehead. It starts to move in a circle, anticlockwise, going round and round inside your skull, horizontally. Watch it travel round and round in circles, as large as possible. Then imagine that the ball accelerates so fast it becomes a ring of light. After this, imagine that the ring becomes smaller and smaller, until it is too small to circle and so becomes a point, somewhere in the middle of your head. Fix attention on that point.

The next stage is a method of training the direction and control of thought processes and exercising the magical power of concentrated thought. Imagine the point merging into a white blank. Then imagine a black line making a circle in the middle of that white blank. Next picture a black dot in the centre of the circle and try to think of *nothing but the dot*.

When you are able to totally concentrate on a single object and thus stop all of your extraneous thought, you can do anything you will. To demonstrate this, select a person physically in front of you, then focus your attention on the back of their neck (a psychic access point). If your power to will is sufficiently developed and projected, the person will eventually either rub the spot you have been concentrating on, or turn around to face you. Contact at this level happens unconsciously every day, and is generally harmless, but the adept is able to transfer sensation and/or thoughts via concentration. (To help form the magical link, adopt the exact same body posture and breathing rhythm of your target.)

Once you have mastered the abovementioned ball of light visualisation, learn to relax yourself so completely that you can become temporarily unselfconscious of the existence of your physical body. This is done by letting go of the lower extremities with your conscious mind, letting its attention travel up the body and letting go of each body part as it travels, until you have reached the area of the head when you will feel you are existing only in consciousness. You can perform this exercise while reclining in a chair or laying on a bed. Once you have removed your conscious mind's attention from your body, you will feel as though you have deposited your body's entire weight on the bed or chair and stepped out of it, mentally. Try not to be disturbed by this as it is perfectly natural, if a bit unfamiliar at first.

The next step, after you have let go of your physical body, is to turn the attention of your conscious mind inward, to look with your mind's eye upon a visualised blank, white motion-picture screen which should be imagined as stretched across the dark-room of your inner consciousness. If you are attempting to send thoughts, picture what you wish to transmit on this mind's eye screen, or let yourself *feel* what you want to communicate. If you have difficulty seeing the screen, just let yourself *feel* that it is there as a focalising point of attention, and it will work just as well. Don't strain or try to force what you are trying to send. Remain relaxed and just have faith that what you are transmitting is being received.

When you are acting as a receiver, hold this mental screen blank and await the mental glimpsing of images which may cross this screen, or focalised attention area. Sometimes you will get strong feelings from the sender or the person with whom you are seeking to attune yourself, and you will have to interpret them in your own words, as you will the scenes that may flash through your consciousness. Be prepared at all times to

receive either in the form of images or feelings. Every human experience is recorded in consciousness in mental pictures, and associated with each experience is the feeling you had at the time. This is important to remember, and it has been substantiated by many parapsychological studies since: *feeling generates the power behind thought*.

The intensity of one's emotional reaction to whatever happens to oneself is proportionate to the intensity of the so-called thought waves, or impulses, that are discharged. Feeling is a property of the mind and not the body. Feeling, then, must be something that permeates bodily cells but is realised only by the mind. Feeling is a definite force, or energy. To generate this force, one must concentrate. Visualise the things you want as coming to you or happening to you. Picture it so vividly that you can see it in your mind's eye, as though it has already happened. (For the reasons explained at the start of this article, I do not recommend augmenting the visualised desire with relevant verbalised thought or speech; also because this can easily slip into an "I want" this, etc., situation, that merely affirms your lack of the thing and your inability to obtain it. If you do use words, make sure you say "I have," and act as if you have already obtained it.)

Eventually, as you keep this image in mind of what you desire to do or be or have, it will come to pass. (Of course, your goal must be achievable by reasonable mundane means. Although this technique can produce some very unusual and amazing results, only a few great adepts can literally move mountains.)

The formula described above can be used in all types of psychic work – only the "picture" changes. In the sending of telepathic messages, for example, the sender should picture how the intended receiver of the message actually looks; the sender is then able to *feel* the sensation of physically conveying a message or command directly to the receiver. (The first requisite to effecting a healing is to picturise the body restored to perfect health.)

Visualisation can work either positively or negatively, particularly when it comes to the phenomenon of *precognition*. Causative forces leading to an effect at some future point in time have to have been existent at the moment the sensitive first picks up the impressions. Once the sensitive makes contact with a causative force, his/her higher mental faculties begin functioning like a computer, progressing this causation ahead in time and revealing to the sensitive a mental flash of the effect this causation will produce eventually, unless some other stronger causative force develops and superimposes itself, in which case the effect will be instantly changed. So all any person needs to rem-

ember with respect to precognition is the great mental law that *like always attracts like* in the realm of mind. Whether we have realised it or not, we are constantly projecting ourselves into the future—a form of creative precognition—by the kind of pictures we are giving ourselves, through our desires or fears of what we want to do or be or have in life. These pictures become the blueprints that our creative power of mind goes to work on in magnetising and attracting to us the conditions, circumstances, opportunities, resources, and even the people we need to help materialise for us in real life what we have visualised, whether positive or negative.

This visualising is *not* idle daydreaming. It is a system of *creative* thinking that can be worked at every day and night, not permitting any fears, worries, setbacks or disappointments to upset our pictures. The moment we do (so our pictures of what we want to manifest are allowed to change) instantly changes the end result by ‘de-magnetising’ many of the things on the way to us as a result of our original visualisation.

We create our own futures—our destinies—either willfully or unconsciously, either for good or bad, depending on the nature of our thinking. It can change the whole course of one’s life, so try in every way to avoid negative thinking.

FOUND OCCULT II: REASSURANCE THERAPY & THE PLACEBO: Since probably pre-historic times, those people already aware of or who have investigated such things have discovered that there is a very powerful and mysterious force inside us, that when worked with and understood can be wielded much more effectively.

Everything challenges us to respond. The *way* we do gives the things we respond to a special quality. In a way, we make them what they turn out to be for us. This force is there whenever people meet; aside from the normal interactions, there is a secondary flow, or influence, from each person to another. It is amply demonstrated in acting, where what is commonly thought to be the performer’s “emotional” field seems to glow and expand and extend outward until it touches the whole audience. The “emotional” fields of the audience blend with the vastly extended field of the performer, and a unified “emotional” field results for the duration of the performance. When the performance is over, the clapping hands of the audience breaks the unified field, and each person is again functioning within his/her own separated sphere. This “electrifying” ability is often called “charisma,” “star quality” or “glamour” (an ancient magical term), and all greatly influential (positively or negatively) men and women possess it.

Energy can be transferred through the solar plexus, genitals, eyes and voice. Distance doesn't matter. The energy vampires (sappers and suckers) are self-centred people. Their flow of energy is always inward, not outward. They're takers, not givers. So watch out for and avoid them.

In metaphysical Reassurance Therapy (RT), this abovementioned energy, or more accurately, "life-force", flows from the touch of the healer, be they the primitive medicine man, the wise woman, acupuncturist, exorcist, cult leader, frontier salesman of snake oil, or the modern physician. This is the "Art of Medicine", and the basis for its effectiveness is the genuine need every human being has for being comforted, supported, reassured and loved. Whether sick or well, a person has such needs, and in sickness these needs are very greatly intensified – just as a lost puppy cries loud and long and with great intensity, for he knows he will die in some rather unpleasant way if his mother does not find him. There is nothing imaginary about the value of having your mother beside you in the dark, especially if you are out in the primitive woods and your mother is 85lbs with teeth an inch long and claws at the ready. Maybe such a comparison does not seem relevant to present human civilised existence, but remember that our bodies, minds and emotions were originally designed for survival under circumstances more closely resembling the lost puppy's environment than a modern hospital environment. In short, life-force works because *it evokes a response from the basic primitive instinct for survival*.

Here enters the *placebo*, that constitutes any therapy, or component of a therapy, that has no specific value in the treatment of a medical condition. The giving of a placebo is simply another method of transmitting life-force, and dates back to beyond history. The placebo itself is no more valuable than are the acupuncture needles, etc. – the value accrues from the amount of life-force transmitted.

At least one-third of patients suffering from almost any disease will be completely cured or greatly benefited after use of a placebo. Placebo response is not a property of the disease but a characteristic of the patient and of the amount of effective suggestion employed in the therapy. The attitudes and efforts of the physician determine the magnitude of placebo response. The composition and amount of the placebo do not matter in the least, so long as it is not detected by the patient as being a placebo. A placebo is not worthless – it is one of the most powerful medications in use. (Consider the widespread and repeated success of acupuncture, which on the surface is nothing more than

a complex hocus-pocus ‘nonsense’ ritual endowed with mystery. Yet when this hocus-pocus ‘nonsense’ is applied by a skilled practitioner, acupuncture is virtually guaranteed to work under placebo rules.)

The confidence of the patient that he/she is receiving good care is much more an emotional state than an intellectual evaluation. The physician can and should contribute to this confidence by the deliberate use of Reassurance Therapy (RT), which is administered to the patient in six steps. It will not work otherwise.

1. The taking of a *standard medical history*, that is the patient’s introduction to the physician. The patient’s first impression of the physician will be good or bad depending on the physician’s skill in taking a history (which represents more than half of the patient’s verbal communication with the physician and therefore assumes a proportionate importance in the patient’s assessment of the physician).

Do *not* attempt to reassure the patient while taking a history – such attempts are counterproductive, because they inhibit the patient from giving you further information and reveal your anxiety or impatience. In fact, permitting the patient to experience a certain amount of anxiety during the history-taking preconditions him/her to accept Reassurance Therapy more effectively at the appropriate later time when it is given.

2. The *evaluation of affect*, which is performed during the same time the physician is taking the history. Affect is evaluated non-verbally, by interpretation of body language. Tone of voice, the ease or apprehension of the patient, and his/her mannerisms convey affect more than do his/her words. When you realise that you feel uneasy with a patient, he/she has successfully conveyed to you his/her concern about his/her problems. The evaluation of affect is important because it shows you the significance of the symptoms to the patient and guides you as to how much Reassurance Therapy will be needed.
3. *Examination of the affected part*, which is not only a vital necessity of the physical diagnosis, but it also ‘talks’ to the patient. The gentleness and assurance of your physical contact with the patient contributes significantly to his/her evaluation of the extent of your ability.
4. *Medical diagnosis*. You must always accurately assess the nature of the patient’s problem. Note that (unless he/she is medically trained) the patient cannot judge

your accuracy or your knowledge. This step will, of course, determine the definitive medical care you render to the patient.

5. *Explanation.* Although an explanation of the problem is a necessary part of Reassurance Therapy; is basic to the legal doctrine of informed consent; and is essential to the cooperation of your patient in therapy, the patient does *not* need to understand your explanation to be reassured. The explanation that you give must, however, convey three beliefs to the patient:

- 1) Belief that the physician understands the symptoms.
- 2) Belief that the physician is not uncertain about the management of the symptoms. (Do not undermine yourself by spontaneous small talk that shakes the patient's confidence; keep your mouth *shut* during the indecisive period of your thinking about the evaluation and management.)
- 3) Belief that the physician is sympathetic (that is, a friend and/or ally, who is not antiseptic in manner).

6. *Reassurance.* Only as the sixth and final step is reassurance appropriate. It is not saying "Oh, don't worry?". Did you ever see anyone worry less after such an admonition? Reassurance may be defined as a *credible and acceptable prognosis*. Predict the patient's future appropriately. Be as specific as possible with respect to the patient's particular situation. What can he/she do and not do? Seek out and stress all positive aspects. Do not volunteer negative and threatening facts unless he/she must know them. Do not be unrealistic, because future problems arise if the patient's expectations exceed the physician's ability to deliver. Banish unwarranted fears, because patients usually imagine worse problems than actually exist.

The procedures that are described above merge inextricably into the total emotional and factual impact the physician makes on the patient. This is in essence an informal and consciously unsolicited form of hypnotism, which uses verbal and more mysterious communication to produce results instead of swinging watches, etc. It can influence any person, of any intelligence and stature, and should only be used wisely.

BEN FAIRHALL

BUSY BEES GATHER NO GOLF CLUBS: THE MYSTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF FRANCIS DASHWOOD

ODDMENTS INTRO: What with his brimstone-laced brandy and strange crepuscular revels of the Higher Hedonism, we've always been rather curious about the illustrious 18th Century mystery man, Sir Francis Dashwood, "Founder & Father" of the Knights



Sir Francis Dashwood.

of St Francis of Wycombe, aka: the Hellfire Club. Our interest was bolstered recently on discovering that one of the Hellfire Club's ritual caves (carved deep into a hill on Dashwood's West Wycombe estate around 1750 AD) may covertly extend to connect with the extensive labyrinth of brick-lined drainage tunnels underneath St Mary's Priory in the village of Hurley in Berkshire. During the 1930s, paranormal séances and dowsing unveiled parts of these secret warrens and other curious and macabre finds, such as a skeleton with an Elizabethan dagger

in its ribs concealed behind panelling in the study of a building that was formerly part of the priory. Could these clues explain the Roman numerals 'XXII' (some sources add a final 'F') and 'XXXIV' inscribed by an unknown hand onto the walls of the Medmenham Monks' subterranean sanctuary, plus the several cryptic poems and nursery rhymes associated with these numbers, that legend states are clues to a lost passage which leads to a hidden inner temple treasure chamber where rare and priceless magical manuscripts and grimoires are buried? This wondrous chthonic sanctuary is surely the omphalic "heart of the hill", as described by Francis Dashwood's daughter, Rachel Fanny Antonina, who was regarded as a "magnificent witch" after her father's death. There are also tales of a whole labyrinth of monastic tunnelling beneath Wycombe Abbey, that, for seemingly apt and humorous reasons of immediate context, is now a girls public school. The scene set, it is now time for the main article by Ben Fairhall:

EVERY YEAR HUNDREDS of paranormal investigators descend upon Francis Dashwood's rural seat in West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire—one of the 'Michael counties' through which the Michael ley line is said to flow—most of them motivated by salacious rumours of Satanism. To be fair to them, Francis never exactly went out of his way to dispel the myths, if myths they be. The West Wycombe Caves, which have received a family-friendly makeover, attract the most concerted attention and regularly host ghost-watches and the like. For atmosphere, however, the caves are the least interesting feature of the Wycombe complex, which I consider to be the closest thing this country has to a Rennes-le-Château. The real centre of activity is West Wycombe Hill, upon which sits St Lawrence's Church, and Dashwood's odd mausoleum, sited a few yards outside the hill's ancient Neolithic earthworks.

Those Celts certainly knew a thing or two about hills. The evidence of dowsers and electro-magnetic researchers suggests that the monuments, megaliths, stone circles and earthworks of the ancient world form a nationwide (and possibly global) temple: a grid-like system of geomantic acupuncture, whose ultimate function may have been to ensure the harmonious distribution of energy throughout the land. A lot of attention has been paid to this lost school of knowledge, in particular since the publication in 1969 of *The View Over Atlantis* by John Michell. In it, Michell builds on the work of Alfred Watkins, credited as the father of modern ley-hunting, to speculate upon the likely features of a ley centre. To Watkins, ley lines were ancient trading routes and roads, which often traversed the high places to ensure ease of navigation. It was considered important for Watkins that each ley centre be visible to the next, so that at every stage of the ancient journey the pilgrim could be guided by landmarks either existing in the landscape, or specially erected for the purpose. This latter category would include the mighty hill-top beacons, lit by night and at certain key festivals throughout the year, forming an evocative chain of light from one end of the line to the other, thus purifying those mysterious channels and uniting the people in a timeless ritual of enormous (and lost) significance.

It is significant that the famous globe atop St Lawrence's church looks, from a distance, very much like a flame. This corresponds with what we know of Francis, who was a keen Rosicrucian and Freemason, and lover of all things esoteric. The eternal flame is one of the most famous of Rosicrucian emblems, along with the rose, with which the mausoleum is liberally strewn. The secret societies are commonly regarded as

the inheritors of the earth magic of the Celts, and it would appear that Francis—and some of his descendants—may have had at least some interest in this abstruse science.

The mausoleum is definitely, in my estimation, sited on at least one ley line, a length of which is visible and forms the ‘old straight track’ of West Wycombe Road, leading away from the village towards Sands. In Sands itself—visible from the mausoleum—stands another unusual structure, on Dashwood Avenue: a modern church with a very distinctive domed roof. It sits perfectly amidst the landscape as seen from the West Wycombe fort, and was dedicated in the thirties by Sir John Dashwood (1896-1966). The name of this church should be of immense interest to ley-hunters, or at least to those ley-hunters who, unlike Watkins, suspect there may be an extra, occult dimension to the phenomenon – St Mary and St George.

Driving in from the West Wycombe Road, along this stretch of old track, the beacon of St Lawrence’s dominates the view. This was clearly a deliberate statement by Francis, whom it is said was inspired by the architecture of the Customs Building in Venice, which also boasts a similar golden ball. Apart from the Beckham connotations—which may or may not be relevant—one thinks of Golden Ball Hill, near Alton Barnes in Wiltshire, a regular crop circle site and part of the West Stowell Estate owned by the [high-level Illuminati – *Oddments*] Rothschild family.¹ It was said of the church at the time that “it gives one not the least idea of a place sacred to religious worship”. John Wilkes, a fellow member of the Order of St Francis, wrote:

Some churches have been built for decoration, others from parade of vanity. I believe that this is the first church which has ever been built for a prospect.



The “most secular” Dashwood-manipulated Church of St Lawrence atop West Wycombe Hill in Buckinghamshire. It is complete with wine bins, weird interiors and surmounted by a 100ft high golden globe finial, inside of which the twelve-strong “Superior Order” of the Medmenham Monks gathered for purposes unknown. Dashwood lies buried in a vault inside the church, not in his mausoleum which stands below. Directly and deep underneath the church are the Hellfire Club’s caves.

The purpose of this “prospect” was not merely to imprint his raucous personality upon the village and the land all around. I believe Francis was following in the long tradition of building beacons upon sacred land, and—from one initiate to another—clearly displaying his solar allegiance in the process. It is quite clear, for example, that Francis



Sir Francis Dashwood's hexagonal mausoleum.

was just as influenced by the Neolithic style of building as he was by the classical. Indeed, it is a rarely acknowledged fact that the vaunting pillars of Byzantine buildings (such as those incorporated into the nave of St Lawrence's) are later developments of the stone circle architecture with which the classical masons

would have been familiar. This influence was acknowledged by Francis, who—it would appear—had a keen appreciation of the ancient history of his manor and of the site of his renovated church in particular. Approach the site in a westward direction from the West Wycombe Road (A40), and, from a distance, it is a curious feature of the design of the mausoleum that its hexagonal shape assumes a perfectly round perspective. Look again, and one can see that the pillars of the mausoleum appear to encompass the church which stands over it. From this perspective, the hexagonal mausoleum almost appears to form a lower tier from which the tower of the church juts out. It takes only the smallest exercise of the imagination to perceive in this a direct tribute to the massive stone temple which it is believed once stood on, or near, this very spot.²

The optical illusion described above is unlikely to have been an accident. St Lawrence's church, with its love of codes and conundrums, also contains its fair share of optical tricks. The enormous sun symbol (or Eye of Horus?) which gazes down from the roof—wreathed in hexagons and whirling swastikas—appears three-dimensional but is, in fact, quite flat. This same effect is a design feature of the decorative ‘statues’ on either side of the entrance to the chancel.

The hexagon sits in the centre of a *hexagram*, which is a magical symbol of timeless antiquity, with extremely well-known modern connections to the state of Israel and the Rothschilds (again). The Knights Templar, inspired by Islamic sects such as the Druzes, settled upon the octagon—within which their famous *crosse pattee* can be inscrib-

ed—as their talisman, in part because of the crucible-like effect of such a form upon the local energies when it is incorporated into the architecture of a building. Such features would have been a common sight in the Holy Land in the 12th Century – not least upon Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, beneath which the Templars are known to have excavated. When magnified in this fashion, through utilising sacred geometry enshrined in architecture, the natural energies of the earth could be harnessed for ritual and initiatory purposes by the priesthood and adepts. Might Francis have had something similar in mind, when he designed his famous mausoleum? It is certainly the case, as I have said, that its location appears to have been determined by certain geomantic principles. It is also true that, in China, to be buried over the dragon lines was the sole preserve of the local ruling families. John Michell writes:

The task which later geomancers most commonly undertook was the location of tombs. The Chinese attached great importance to the influences which played over the bodies of their ancestors, believing them to control the future course of their family's fortune. Great dynasties were said to have arisen from the particularly favourable placing of an ancestor's tomb, and the first action of the central government, when faced with revolt, was to locate and destroy the family burial mounds of the rebel leaders.³

Might Francis have been aware of these ancient streams of wisdom? All the evidence seems to point in that direction.⁴ With its famous golden egg thrust proudly skyward, and knowing Francis's great love for exotic esoterica, it is tempting to imagine that he harboured fancies of West Wycombe Hill being his own, private Temple Mount, the *omphalos* of the much-prophesised paradisiacal "New Jerusalem".⁵

If this is so, I wonder whether he might not occasionally have gazed out upon the surrounding countryside, perhaps from a vantage point within the golden ball itself, and likened the hills of his native Buckinghamshire to some of the other well-known features of the topography of the Holy City. If West Wycombe Hill was Moriah, did he see in the hillocks around him faint traces of Scopus, or the Mount of Olives?

The medieval fortifications on the crest of a hill a mile and a half away—unburdened, then, by the houses which encroach upon the old citadel—he may have even regarded as a Buckinghamshire Golgotha, the place of death. Desborough Castle certainly has such associations now.⁶ The external ditch is used as an all-purpose rubbish dump and shooting alley by the residents of the new estate; and the area has endured several

shootings and stabbings. Very close to the old fortress is the modern church building with a certain resemblance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (St Mary & St George).⁷ Although the foundation stone was laid in the 1930s, Francis—had he been around—would surely have approved of the attempt to recreate another of Jerusalem’s landmarks in his old backyard. What he would have made of the rest of the urban sprawl which rings it in, on the other hand, is debatable. Perhaps this is the very desolation his magical workings were designed to inaugurate, *à la* Jack Parsons?

Whether or not these Middle Eastern speculations have any basis in reality, it is surely to that same region that we need turn in order to find the real origins of his mausoleum design. Francis’s love of classical architecture (and the Roman mysteries) is so well-known we can posit that a visit to Baalbeck, in the presently imperilled nation of Lebanon, was likely undertaken.⁸ Its hexagonal forecourt was the last major addition to the Baalbeck site, built in the reign of Philip the Arab (224-229 AD). It served as an approach to the Temple of Jupiter; an association which Francis would have found very pleasing – Baal being identified with the sun, his reverence for which Dashwood was hardly shy in proclaiming. The great golden ball which crowns the tower of St Lawrence’s is, as already stated, an unambiguous solar symbol; and the interior design was inspired by a Temple of the Sun in Damascus, Syria. Moreover, Jupiter was the father of Venus whose cult was also acknowledged with a lesser temple at Baalbeck. The triad was completed with a third temple dedicated to Bacchus. A most bacchanalian fellow himself, the extreme licence of the Heliopolitan Aphrodite cult must surely have met with his thorough approval. Indeed, most writers conclude that—despite dallying with the Black Mass—Francis was much more interested in the feminine mysteries than a committed Satanist. To have erected a structure with these associations—on an ostensibly Christianised hill—would be perfectly in keeping with what we know of his flamboyant personality; and would suggest great pride in its pagan, Neolithic past.

It is also possible that the mausoleum—like the church—was sited for geomantic reasons, as I have previously discussed. It certainly appears to be upon an important ley-line, owing in part to the presence of at least one ghost; and its proximity to the ancient track which ran through the Chiltern Hills from the river Thames to the Vale of Aylesbury and the Ridgeway. As revealed above, there are traditions associated with interring the bodies of royalty over these ‘Dragon Lines’ which, through his involvement in secret societies, Sir Francis may have been party to. Certainly, the ‘superstition’—that

power remains invested in the hands of the rulers only so long as their ancestors are buried over these geomantic centres—has been borne out: a Dashwood remains Lord and patron of the manor of West Wycombe to this day. “The cremation of the dead,” in the words of Adrian Gilbert, “is an old British custom that goes back to the stone age.” Furthermore, “there seems to have been a strong tradition that if the remains of a warrior were placed on a near a gateway his spirit would go on protecting the city against invaders.”

We should perhaps then think of the mausoleum as both a monument to the dead and as a gateway to a temple, or a Holy City. Ludgate, one of the great gates of the Old City of London, was named after King Lud of Trinovantum, who had been buried nearby. The concept of the royal guardian spirit keeping watch over the sanctity of the city’s borders was maintained by Queen Elizabeth I, who placed a stone effigy of herself in the restored Ludgate in 1586; an effigy which can still be seen, though today it stands guard above the entrance to the Church of St Dunstan-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. Interestingly, in 1760, when the old gates to city were demolished, Francis was a member of Parliament and only two years away from becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whether he approved or deplored this decision I don’t know, but as an example of a ‘Golden Gate’ in the antique style the Dashwood mausoleum is surely one.

There is one final piece to be added to the puzzle with which we can at last solve the enduring mystery of the hexagon. To quote researcher Phillip Coppens:

In *Pantagruel*, Francois Rabelais (1494-1553), relates the story of Gargantua, the giant, who gives him an estate along the Loire, where John, a Friar, realises his dream in founding the Abbey of Theleme. Rabelais gives its exact dimensions, which are taken from the Kaballah. It has six sides, which echoes the design of the mausoleum that Dashwood created at West Wycombe. But that is not all. Medmenham was an abbey that was located on the river Thames. Francis considered him and his club to be “friars”. Like Friar John realises his dream in the abbey of Theleme on the river Loire, Friar Francis realised his dream in Medmenham Abbey on the river Thames – and later in the creation of the cave complex. Finally, let us not forget that it was believed that the river Thames itself was named after Isis, the Egyptian Venus...⁹

We have already seen how Dashwood also championed the Venusian mysteries, particularly in her form as Aphrodite, one of the major deities of Baalbeck. And of the cult of Melissa, a form of Aphrodite, we read:

[Melissae, the 'bees'] was the title given [to] Aphrodite's high priestesses at the honeycomb-shrine of Mount Eryx... Pythagoreans perceived the hexagon as an expression of the spirit of Aphrodite whose sacred number was six. [The members of her cult] worshipped bees as her sacred creatures because they understood how to create perfect hexagons in their honeycomb... It seemed to them a revelation of the underlying symmetry of the cosmos.

So now we know what (and who) was being evoked via Dashwood's perennial design; perfectly fitting, it must be observed, for a place with the name of Wycombe: the honey-coated domain of the Goddess Herself.

ODDMENTS OUTRO: We agree with Mr Fairhall's conclusion, for, after the great god Apollo had taken over the Oracle of Earth at Delphi in Greece, his priestess the Pytho-ness became the mouthpiece for his oracles, that were imparted to the questioner in cryptic poetical form via hexameter (i.e. six-lined, honeycomb?) verse. And—according to Daniel P. Mannix's *The Hell-Fire Club* (New English Library, 1967)—Sir Francis designed a formal garden on his West Wycombe estate in the form of a naked woman; a stream of water gushed from the shrubbery triangle while two fountains shot jets of milky water from the flowerbed breasts (*Ibid.*, p.5). There was also a temple shaped like a vagina; by its entrance was a brightly-painted column shaped like a huge erect phallus (*Ibid.*, p.89). At a party on the estate in 1769, a higher class madam supplied "12 beautiful nymphs, unsullied and untainted," who, it was promised, "will perform the celebrated Rites of Venus as practiced under the instruction and tuition of Queen Obera..." (*Ibid.*, p.96).

Mannix's book also relays to us the theories of the famous British witch, Gerald Gardner, who believed the Hellfire caves were laid out in a symbolic sexual design: "The swollen Banquet Hall represents the womb, where new life originates. After being born in the womb, the worshippers pass through the pubic triangle [formed by three passageways] and into the flowing river [an actual expanse of water that acted as a natural protective moat to the inner sanctum of the club]. Then, born and purified, they go on to the joys of resurrection that await them in the Temple" (*Ibid.*, p.92). Sadly, in 1800, Dashwood's descendents hired the famous landscapist Humphrey Repton to make "judicious alterations," and the naked woman garden, the female temple, the male pillar and other suggestive and obscene statuary were destroyed (*Ibid.*, p.155).

This all suggests a homage to the Grand Creatrix Mother Goddess, in our present context the “Queen Bee”, who rules her worker bees and drones in a mutually beneficial association. She is enthroned at the aegis of the “Order of the Hive”, that denotes her actual cult and her/her cult’s level of control over the wider populace.

A later article will fully explore the esoteric mythology of bees, especially in its relation to occult-hermetic-alchemical political systems. For now though, consider how the bees’ markings of yellow-&-black are the most supremely revered colours of the Illuminati, representing their two major ritual preoccupations of Sex-&-Death/Creation-&-Destruction, and at a most deeper occult, cosmic level the Solar and Black Suns.

Here note the acronym, ‘EBEs’ (Extraterrestrial Biological Entities), allegedly the original official term for alien beings given in the notorious MAJESTIC-12 briefing documents, first made public on 29 May 1987, as a “conspiracy to invent a conspiracy”. The documents state that the term ‘EBEs’ was coined in 1947 by the team led by physiologist, biophysicist and original MAJESTIC-12 member, Dr Detlev Bronk. Since then certain other people with government/intelligence connections have tried to anchor the EBE device in the argot of the wider UFO community (without much success).

The only English word that can come from ‘EBEs’ is ‘BEEs’, that rules out chance and evidences a purposeful cabalistic permutation in the term’s construction. So are the Shadow Government telling those of us who can see that aliens are bees? Bees defy the laws of physics and should not be able to fly, and seem psychic, suggesting an Elsewhere origin, and likewise, UFOs aren’t supposed to be able to fly (exist) and demonstrate psychic powers, which they regularly do. Or are the Shadow Government hinting that bees/the hive is how alien society is structured and they (the aliens and maybe the SG too) want us to live like this also? (The Greys are often reported to be of a “hive mind” and the UK’s High Streets and inhabitants are becoming more and more robotised and homogenous like the honeycombed beehive.) Repeat EBEs as a mantra and it quickly sounds like “He Bees”, suggesting a human-bee hybridisation program?

Sounds crazy? Not when the evidence is examined. One of the first alien abductees thrust into public awareness, Betty Hill (the wife of Barney Hill) claimed her humanoid abductors’ speech was like the humming of bees or birds, and since then there have been many reports of a peculiar “insectile buzzing sound” that precipitates a UFO close encounter, Virgin Mary apparition, etc. Former Typhonian OTO Outer Head, Kenneth Grant, mentions that “a buzzing, as of bees, frequently accompanies the process of

atavisms resurging from past to present aeons. Similarly, the sentient sigils of future aeons, subsumed by Maat, manifest their presence in the form of humming vibrations, and one method of invoking UFOs from the shadows of space includes an almost subliminal humming sound reminiscent of bees in flight.” He adds that the buzzing of insects, along with certain other animal and bird sounds, also “denote the Presence of the Great Old Ones” of Lovecraftian lore, and (quoting HP Lovecraft in Willis Conover’s *Lovecraft at Last*. Carrollton & Clark, 1975, p.104), that *Al Azif*, the Arabic original title of *The Necronomicon*, means “that nocturnal sound (made by insects) supposed to be the howling of demons.”¹⁰

All honeybees go through three distinct stages of metamorphosis, Egg, Larva, Pupa, before becoming an adult, synonymous with the three degrees of ‘Blue’ Freemasonry (Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason) that every candidate must transition through before becoming a fully accepted member of the Brotherhood. Also, both Bee and Mason (on the surface) loyally serve their Queen (Monarch). Thus could Speculative Freemasonry have originated from the study of bees? As it certainly didn’t develop from a trade guild for building workers: all that was a fantasy concoction made up after they went ‘public’ with the formation of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717.¹¹

The Freemasons seem to want a patriarchal Republic along the lines of Plato, and such a Master-Slave structure is reflected in the honeybee colony, in which the male drone’s job is to just fly off and mate with Queens from other colonies, otherwise they just laze around the hive and luxuriate, being looked after by the female workers who do all the essential tasks. Their Queen is only tolerated so long as she lays the eggs for the next generation and doesn’t try to leave.

Look at the ‘Seal of Solomon’ hexagram the Masons use: remove the two horizontal bars and this leaves an interlaced Compass-&-Square, the two main Masonic tools, but could this ancient six-pointed star really represent the central radiating hexagonal cell of the honeycomb, symbolising the core of the truly arcane and authentic esoteric philosophy transmitted (by Bees?) via their display, telepathy, or some other means? What of the known and unknown properties of propolis, royal jelly, honey, beeswax (honeybees are the only insects to make wax), caffeic acid and venom, all found naturally in bee products? Not to mention fermented honey, mead, that old favourite tippie of the monks; the dark, reddish, psychedelic “Mad Honey” popular in the Black Sea region in the 18th Century,¹² and the “Honey Mummy” or “Mellified Man” concoction of anci-

ent China, described in Li Shih-chen's *Compendium of Materia Medica* (1597 AD), that involved an aging male volunteer being bathed in and fed nothing but honey until death. His corpse was then sealed in a honey-filled coffin for a century and afterwards used medicinally.¹³ This is related to the ancient Egyptian practice that involved honey cultured inside a human corpse, that produced a purple psychedelic substance held in high esteem by those who imbibed it. One is tempted to believe that something of this nature was the wondrous manna, soma and ambrosia substance referred to by the ancients of other lands.

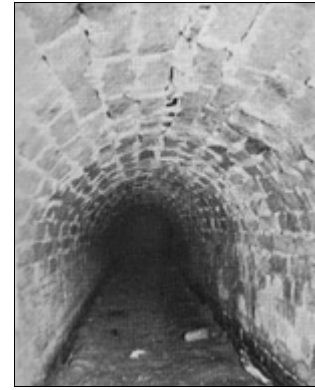
It's no coincidence the infamous Merovingians used the bee as their emblem, placing it on womb-like 'grail' chalices, as for them it represented the holy bloodline of Judah. In fact, the bee was a symbol of 'royal wisdom' from before the time of King Solomon, another hint that these flying helpers of Nature and Mankind either were, or were intimately connected to, the off-world 'First Race', who came to planet Earth long ago to breed with humans and produce hybrid Superbeings, as recorded in *Genesis* and other ancient texts. Right here is the origin of the whole "divine right of kings" instinct: Pharaoh-Emperor-Despot as the incarnation of the Godhead, divinely anointed and ordained by God to rule, their divine power and authority passed down the bloodline via genetic heredity.

Being accountable to the Creator God alone, or actual living gods themselves, the "Chosen Ones" are sure that they are not answerable to the laws and judgement of lesser mortals, thus their subjects have no rights at all. Whether truth or delusion, it worked as the dominant ideology for centuries. "Dieu et mon droit" ("God and my right") has been the British Royals' motto since the reign of Henry V (1413-1422 AD), and continued in Europe way past the Reformation. In Britain, the major tool to maintain the hegemony of the inbred "powers that bee" was the sovereign-worship mind-control programming script, *The Book of Common Prayer* (1549 AD). And it is still there today, imprinted by the ongoing cottage industry of Holy Royal Bloodline fetish books (*The Holy Blood & The Holy Grail*; *Bloodline of the Holy Grail*; *Genesis of the Grail Kings*; *The Dragon Legacy: The Secret History of an Ancient Bloodline*; *The Dragon Cede*; *The Da Vinci Code*, etcetera): a sugar cube before a heap of pollen. Perhaps this explains why in 2007 the new age mystically-inclined Windsor Gang member, Prince Charles, announced that he was to make a propaganda film about "the harmony of the beehive versus the modern throwaway consumer society"...¹⁴

UPDATE 26 FEB 2017: Sir Dashwood's complex is located on West Wycombe Hill in Buckinghamshire, one of the 'Michael counties' through which the Michael Ley flows. Michael Churches are often situated on hill-tops that may have previously been the holy sites of a pre-Christian cult. The worship of Baal and other pagan deities at the "high places" as mentioned in the Bible may be relevant here. Anyhow, regarding the suspected covert subterranean tunnel extension than runs from St Mary's Priory in the village of Hurlsey, Berkshire to one of the Hellfire Club's ritual caves, pages 67-68 of Jeremy Errand's *Secret Passages & Hiding Places* (David & Charles, 1974) confirms the information previously given. Mr Errand dismisses the idea, but we're not so sure: just look at that beckoning abyss in the photo (above-right)... Also, in regard to the "cryptic poems and nursery rhymes," page 174 of said *Secret* book shews the anonymous old decepto-rhyme and also reproduces Charles Churchill's wilding-poem, which we think may refer to the supposed secret temple and its arcane occult treasures concealed somewhere within the Dashwood cave network. As Mr Errand states: "No traces of the lost passage have been found, although miners who carried out some recent repair work were convinced that there was another outlet to the caves owing to various curious currents of air they encountered."

More research must be done!

We had originally thought that *Secret Passages* was an undated work, which is somewhat odd but not unprecedented, although on later closer examination we realised it is actually an ex-library copy withdrawn for sale, with the customary front information page torn out. But what a professional job! It is a bit like that most serious literary terrorist who for some reason has a grudge against all secondhand book dealers; a man who secretly, expertly, slices out then discards a single page from every book before he sells it to a dealer. This could be an urban legend but it's still terrifying.



A promising tunnel of St Mary's Priory (now known as Ladye Place) at Hurley in Berkshire, England, built circa 1500 AD. It originates in the strange crypt then runs under the lawns for a hundred yards or more, passing under two other points of entry, and joined by a smaller tunnel said to connect with a local inn. After a time a T-junction is reached. Beyond this exploration has not been made, but rumour extends it into the grounds of Harleyford (with an alleged underground chamber beneath its lawn large enough to take a coach and four horses), and onwards to one of the chthonic chamber haunts of the notorious Hellfire Club.

MR NIGHTLIGHT

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERIES

WE FORMED THE “Nightlight Gang” when we were young teenagers, in the famous city of Liverpool, England, and named it so after the weird entity we encountered there one memorable night around 1964. It was about 8-9 PM and just getting dark. I saw it first, then the rest of my friends did: a human-shaped figure of what looked like glowing firelight, just as if someone had torched themselves with petrol.¹ It was hiding behind one of the chimney pots on top of the roof of the Art Deco Gerard Gardens tenement building, like it had seen us but didn’t want to be seen because it was scared or something.

We all shouted at the being then it ran away along the roof-tops, fell over, and rolled off the roof into the yard of our friend’s house. We ran over to find out what it really was and it just dissolved right in front of our eyes, leaving a burnt and blackened humanoid shape on the flagstones like those creepy silhouettes of dead people the police draw at crime scenes. It wasn’t a film projection as the figure was way too solid, plus we would have seen the light-beam from the projector, and I very much doubt that it was a hallucination or some kind of group hysteria as none of us took any drugs back then and we certainly weren’t highly-strung. It seems that this thing came from another dimension.

Afterwards, for some reason, none of us mentioned the incident amongst ourselves or to anyone else until now, and I feel sorry for whomever or whatever this entity was. Maybe we could have talked to it or something, found out where it came from and what it was doing here, then given it some help?² But it’s too late now, and we never saw the ‘Fireman’ or any of his kin again.

First erected in the early-1930s, by the 1980s Gerard Gardens was full of ghosts, as was the nearby graveyard. I made dens in all of its roof-spaces, and it soon became my very own private castle. I spent many strange days inside there, by myself but never alone, yet all good things must come to an end. In 1987, both Gerard Gardens and the graveyard were demolished so they could be replaced by an ugly concrete flyover. When



Photo 1: The Gerard Gardens flats some decades ago. A great haunt of ghosts.

its foundations were being dug the Nightlight Gang decided to go on a macabre mission there, looking for the beyond. After a couple of dead ends we eventually found the entrance to underground catacombs where the corpses rested in rows of dark holes in the walls. It was like a horror film becoming real, and you don't forget that in a hurry.

Later on, when Liverpool University was being built, some of the workmen found more graves on Scotland Road, old lead and copper coffins. So the Nightlight Gang went on another spooky search. We opened some of the coffins up and got a shock, as the bodies were in perfect condition, not skeletons or dust but fully clothed fleshy women in Victorian dresses with their hair and fingernails still growing like vampires or zombies. They scared the living shit out of us and we never went back! (I suppose a rational explanation for this is that the sealed metal coffins formed a vacuum that preserved their resting inhabitants like ancient Egyptian mummies, but it's still freaky.)

Liverpool is full of stories like these but however amazing they sound, or actually are when experienced, they are only the surface mask. You have to live with and so be part of the place to truly understand. There is something magical here that cannot be fully explained in words.³

Like Gerard Gardens, another great portal-zone for me was the Duke of Wellington's Column, that was completed in 1865. From what I experienced there I sometimes wonder if it was built on a ley-line, whose arcane forces mesh with this giant



Photo 2: Wellington's Column (left), its gate of entry (below right, arrowed), and Liverpool University (above right) over which I saw UFOs.

imperial obelisk-phallus. One day in the early-1970s, it seems that the angels of opportunity shined on me, as after the local council workers had done some repairs or something, they had forgot to put the padlock back on the column's entrance door at its very bottom. I was not going to waste this opportunity so I stuck my own large, official-looking padlock on there instead and no-one else knew for ages, so I had the thing all to

myself! The column has spiral stone steps going all the way up it, matched by a little opening so you can see out. I used to sneak in and sit right at the top, soak in the energies and watch the UFOs flying and hovering over the nearby University,⁴ from where

the craft were obtaining data I suspect? They looked like large, almond-shaped silver clouds but more numinous, even invisible, with orange lights. They made no sound, but were very fast-moving. If only I had brought a camera back then!



Photos 3 & 4: The old Liverpool Museum as it was like when I had my den in there.

Back around 1964-1965, the ever-adventurous Nightlight Gang also couldn't resist the temptation to sneak in and explore the city's abandoned buildings. I used to plant magic candles in places, ready for when I would later go into them to sit, think, dream. One of these was the old museum on William Brown Street (see *Photos 3 & 4*), that began in 1853 as the Derby Museum in the Ropeworks area of Liverpool, for it contained the 13th Earl of Derby's natural history collection. Local MP William Brown donated land and much of the funding for it to be moved to its present site, where it reopened in 1860 as the William Brown Library & Museum, aka: the Liverpool Museum.

It suffered extensive damage from a German incendiary device in May 1941 at the height of the WWII Liverpool Blitz, that may have also caused a rupture in the existing order, that allowed the ingress of non-human forces. The old museum didn't fully re-open for decades afterwards and during the 1960s it became the first-choice hangout of the Nightlights. It was our Heaven and Hell, like *Raiders of the Lost Art* in there, another world we had landed on due to our spaceship crashing. We all stood there con-

templating the spiral staircase completely overgrown with moss, ferns and wildflowers and going up to nowhere, all the time...

Raiders of the Lost Arch could have been made starring us, as many archways framed darkened corridors forming a complex and dangerous maze. Ancient Egyptian artefacts stared at you from the gloom, and other areas covered World Wars I and II. We found army uniforms, rifles, bullets and bayonets in the sand dunes; gasmasks had something



Photo 5: The old Liverpool Museum as it was like when I had my den in there.

to say. It was quite disturbing inside at first with all those old objects and auras, until you got to know what was what and who was who. The summertime was by far the best, when all creatures great and small came out: cats, birds and bugs. There was no roof on it at all, and I would sleep there laying in the mummy coffins,

looking up at the stars and drinking tea from a thermos flask. I became the unofficial new custodian of the place and wouldn't let any of the other gang remove anything because if any outsiders had seen the booty they would have raided our den or reported it to the police, that would have been the premature end of my fantastic Dreambubble.

Later on we discovered some little white paper strips on the floor that had neatly-made rows of pin-holes in them, and when we held up to the light they formed words and messages. I can't seem to remember what any of them said. Soon afterwards, some of the gang started biting the hand that fed them and decided to smash things up in our ancient playground and also steal some stuff; not much though, only what they could fit in their pockets. A bad idea, as it was after this that the 'mummy's curse' came.

In the background of *Photo 3* are two authentic statues of the ancient Egyptian lion-headed goddess, Sekhmet, from around 1350 BC. *Sekhmet* means 'She who is powerful'; she was known to become ferocious and in a rage destroy enemies in battle. This pair had been rudely snatched from their original abode inside an ancient temple at Thebes, Egypt, then hauled across the ocean to the foreign land of cold and rainy England to be stared at by strangers, and then shattered apart by a Nazi firebomb so their fragments

had to be pulled from the ruins then pieced back together. So Sekhmet must have been very displeased with humans—especially interfering males—by the time she was surrounded by the Nightlight Gang. This seems to be the case, as over the following years each one of us had a nasty ‘accident’.

In *Photo 5*, the statue that the helmeted guy is crouching behind is the very same statue that fell on one of the gang and split his head open. We found him half-unconscious with his head covered in blood. (Another mystery, as there’s no way he could have pushed it over himself, or one of us could have as a prank, for it was way too heavy.)

On another occasion, one of the Nightlight Gang decided to bring his younger brother with us to the museum, as there were no babysitters back then. On the way in (you can see how we used to do it in *Photo 6*), he slipped and fell right to the bottom of the cellar. When we got to him he was lying there moaning as the blood poured from his head. One of us went for help and eventually an old lady showed up and put a white double-blanket over him that instantly turned red. I found out later that he nearly died and was in hospital for years; he couldn’t walk or talk, and one side of his body was disabled. I sometimes think that sheet would have made a great piece of art though, if I had kept and dried it, then named it “Blood Brothers”.

Not long afterwards I myself fell down 80-feet from a different abandoned building next to Lime Street railway station, that resulted in a broken leg and arms, and I’ve never been the same since; it’s stopped me doing lots of things. Another of the Nightlights was run over by a bus in the city. I saw him lying under it. In later years, yet another Nightlighter stole a lorry-load of fireworks that he then stashed downstairs in his house. They all exploded—BOOM!—after someone else lit the fuse. Even the guy into whose yard the aforementioned firelight entity fell had a fit at work and put his hands into a vat of acid, so now they’re just stumps. (Eerily, long ago in Egypt, both hands had been broken off the aforementioned two statues of Sekhmet before they were taken to the Liverpool Museum. The two statues are now housed in the new mus-

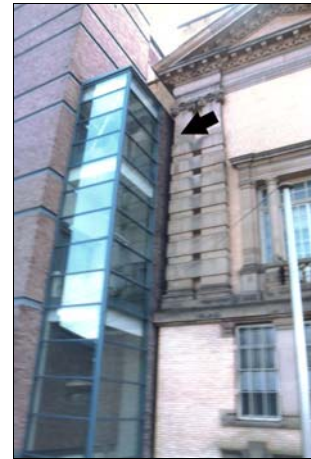


Photo 6: The back of the former Liverpool Museum as it is today. Back in the 1960s you had to jump across a fire escape platform to the wall, climb up it near to the top just under the pyramid-shaped roof and then squeeze and slide between both buildings (arrowed) into the hidden entrance hole in the side of the building.

eum's entrance, so every visitor that goes there has to walk past them. I hope they all do so with respect.)

Anyway, we all got a beating from our parents after they'd found out what we'd been doing, and that was the end of our Egyptian Den. I blocked up the entrance hole to the museum so the rest of the gang couldn't get in, and they got bored trying, so moved on to make new dens in other disused places. I still went in the museum for a while, but eventually I began to hear workmen's voices and so decided to quit. Then the place was rebuilt, although it wasn't until 1976 that a permanent Egyptian Gallery was opened there. After a major expansion it became the Grade II-listed World Museum Liverpool in 2005, and is also the site of the Central Library, that is scheduled for a £50-million restoration, due to be completed in the supposedly auspicious year of 2012, when it's predicted that the world will either end or begin anew on 21 December or 21/12 (according to the Mayan Calendar, that is. I doubt this will happen, but reckon something massive and weird has been scheduled).

As I think about it all these years later, I'm worried that during all the new renovation work on the museum that begins this summer [in 2010 – MR] they will unwittingly disturb some preternatural presence there again. I also think the Nightlight Gang may not have been the first people to have triggered the 'mummy's curse' in the museum. Maybe it was already active, and still is.⁵ In May 2006, 24-year-old university graduate Alex Dutton climbed over a high balcony on the sixth (other reports say fourth/fifth) floor of the museum, and fell to his death. The coroner didn't record a verdict of suicide and said there was no evidence that Dutton had wanted to take his own life.⁶ Six months later in November 2006, Laura Bailey, 17, was stabbed to death by her former partner Kevin Howard, 21, as she was holding their one-year-old son, Joseph, on the third floor balcony of the museum. Howard then jumped 60-feet to his death from the very same balcony.⁷ This does appear to have been suicide.

I talked to one of the museum attendants about these disturbing events and he told me there were places in the museum where the cleaners and other staff won't even go, let alone work. This makes me wonder if similar violent and/or lethal events have occurred in other UK museums (and overseas ones), wherein revenge curses operate, generated from the appropriated—or just plain stolen—ancient artefacts on display or stored there, that terrorise, maim or kill some of those who work there, keeping the artefacts prisoner, and/or even some of the visitors who just come to admire these objects?

Another bizarre Liverpool incident I often wonder about happened in the late-1970s on a Satur[Satan?]day, around 2 AM: a large, jet-black Cadillac car was cruising up and down Scotland Road, with a guy inside, in his 90s maybe. His face seemed far too old but it wasn't a mask, he had make up on, including red lipstick, and was wearing



Photo 7: No disrespect to this lady but the 'Cadillac Man' looked quite similar to her, but with a much more heavily wrinkled face all over.

1950s-style women's clothing: a white wig under a black beret, a black suit jacket and a white blouse, black pencil skirt, black nylon tights, black high heels, and had a small white women's handbag on the passenger seat. He looked like a preacher from one of those old black-&-white American films, but his car was hi-tech: it travelled as if it was floating just above the road, then in a blink of an eye it was on the other side of the road, it moved that fast.

I suspect the reason he was driving around Liverpool was to pick people up who were walking home, because he tried it on me, but I declined the offer. If anyone was drunk or stupid enough to accept a lift from him I bet they were never seen again! Seems other people witnessed him in his car, because the local kids were talking about it during the next few weeks—maybe embellishing the story to make it more scary, as they said that he had very hairy hands and an axe on the passenger seat—so he might have showed up on Sunday also, when the kids were not in school? (Now I think of it, maybe he did have hairy hands. He was wearing these white gloves when I saw him, but his arms were exposed from the wrists to the suit-cuffs, so I could see loads of hairs there. That's what made me take a much closer look at him in the first place, to make sure it wasn't a woman.)

This (perhaps first-ever transvestite?) Man-In-Black has not been seen since as far as I know, but—as his haunt was Scotland Road in Liverpool, where the aforementioned graves of vacuum-packed, almost perfectly preserved Victorian-era corpses were discovered—maybe he's also been manifesting in the form of the robed and hooded Black Monk witnessed since at least 1972 in the vicinity of yet another mass grave discovered in 1973 beneath a haunted Liverpool street in the Old Swan district, according to reports gathered by the aforementioned local paranormal researcher, Tom Slemen.⁸

In Mr Slemen's article, 'The Dead of Night', he states that 3561 unmarked coffins were stacked 16-feet deep, all neatly grouped according to their ages, from children to

adults, and that their cause of death has never been established, although for some reason (vampires?) several of their breast-bones had been smashed or removed, possibly to obtain their hearts. Before any archeologists could investigate, under a cloak of secrecy Liverpool City Council exhumed and cremated the corpses then reburied the ashes in a special container. The site was not a graveyard nor plague pit, and the mysterious Black Monk continues to be seen around Broad Green Lane.

Mr Slemen adds that in the mid-1990s, a team of mediums claimed to have “felt the strong presence of an evil discarnate being in the neighbourhood where the mass grave was unearthed,” and that one of the mediums said he felt as if

multiple sacrifices to Satan had been carried out by Devil-worshipping monks in the locality of Old Swan centuries ago. He also hinted that there were three other sites of mass graves in Liverpool, and that the locations of these sites would form a huge cross facing the west. Traditional Christian churches face the east, where the sun rises, but the west has always been revered by followers of Satan.

It has since come to light that there are more mass graves in Liverpool, and yes, they do form a somewhat crude cross that faces the west. One of these graves was uncovered in the 1960s in Cobden Street in the Everton district. The Everton grave contained only three hundred bodies, but they too were grouped according to their age, and no one can determine when or why they were buried there. The other two mass graves are still being investigated and their locations are being kept secret.⁹

In case you're wondering, I've mostly kept my head down since. I just want to exist as happily as possible and don't want anything in the way. The strangeness is still here though; you can feel it observing you as if through some ethereal two-way mirror.

Remember, it's real.

SIMON MORRIS

AT THE REQUEST OF MRS MOIR

ON THE MORNING I received an invitation to write about Downard, I also received an answer-phone message at the house where I was staying. The phone number there is apparently similar to a social security helpline. The message was from an old-sounding lady called Mrs Moir – “M-O-I-R” of Kirkstone Way. She left her address and telephone number, and at the end of the message she keyed in several numbers on her handset. Bleeps.

James Shelby Downard’s lifelong sense of alienation led him to extrapolate a perfectly constructed and utterly paranoid *weltanschauung* in which tiny details had sinister significance, in which a romantic failure in his youth was connected with age-old battles for the planet’s control, in which Cosmic Coincidence Control Centre had been replaced by Creepy Conspiracy Control Centre.

I find it hard to empathise with Downard’s prudish Puritan streak, or with his constant ‘othering’ of the demonic forces which irked him so. But from a pro-psychosis standpoint, his crazed insights are undeniably exciting and stimulating, and like Philip K. Dick, can leave the reader with the sense that consensus reality is crumbling around them. Our cognitive faculties filter out a huge proportion of the information received by our senses.

I decided to call the third album by my band “Shergar Is Home Safe And Well”. The previous album had featured Natalie Imbruglia (pop-star/actress) as the final sampled voice, and the cover art featured a caricature of her. During the same week in March 2004 that we received the ‘Shergar’ album back from the pressing plant, Channel 4 television broadcast an hour-long documentary about the kidnap of the racehorse Shergar. The last advert shown directly before the documentary featured Natalie Imbruglia flogging some face cream or shampoo.

I had a memorable month in July 1988, when I underwent a very unpleasant experience on a substance which was probably PCP, while in St James’ Cemetery, Liverpool – a dramatic sunken graveyard below the Anglican Cathedral. While trying to recover from this bad trip, I happened to see a live show by the useless 1980s light entertainer Bobby Davro at Blackpool Grand Theatre.

In October 2000, for a number of reasons, I was unhappy and approaching suicidal. Some photocopies of Christian prayers with a Catholic/Superstitious angle were put anonymously through my letterbox. I know a lot of eccentrics and I get some weird stuff in the mail. I muttered the prayer to invoke St Jude—Patron Saint of lost causes—to myself and thought nothing more of it. Two days later I was in Liverpool, going



The portal corner of St James' Cemetery, Liverpool, UK.

shopping for records to try and cheer myself up. As I was about to get the train home, I felt the urge to walk to St James' Cemetery.

Twilight was descending as I entered the overgrown corner—from which two 18th Century tunnels began—where I had my bad drug experience. A piece of paper was at the

spot I often sat. It seemed to be an academic handout for a media studies course on which several different types of live performance were compared. The first of these was Bobby Davro's Summer season, July 1988, Blackpool.

Reality has been defined as what doesn't go away when you stop believing it. This actually leaves a lot of scope for us when it comes to deciding what to notice, and how to interpret what we notice. I would agree with the founders of cognitive-behavioural therapy and neuro-linguistic programming that it's what is useful which is important in any model of cognition. So if something inexplicable refuses to be filtered out by my consciousness, or written off as coincidence, I find it useful to see it as evidence of the existence of mischievous but benevolent higher powers.

I wouldn't like to believe in a Downardian Cryptocracy. There are enough breathtakingly cruel and corrupt acts being perpetrated by humans out in the open, without any meaning in particular.

ODDMENTS NOTE: These events occurred in the North of England, and one may note Onomatology (Science of Names), in that *moir* (or *moire*) means 'watered mohair', 'watered silk', or another fabric with a watered appearance (*moiré* means 'watered'). Mystical Toponymy (Science of Places) is also present in the word *kirk* (from the Old Norse *kirkja*), the Northern English dialect-word for 'church'. Thus, when processed by SOS

(Science-Of-Symbolism), Mrs Moir becomes a person who has received and carries the banner of the “Holy Dew” from Heaven (not the “dew” used figuratively as the silent/invisible refreshment of the soul [*Psalms* 110:3; *Proverbs* 19:12], etc.), synonymous with the medieval hermetic-alchemical “Royal Wedding” or “Sacred Marriage” operations (a mystical union between human and Source or its deity. St John of the Cross spoke of the “mystical marriage,” also see the Biblical *Song of Solomon*, aka the “Song of Songs”).

On the title page of John Dee’s *Monas Hieroglyphica* (1564, which ‘explains’ his enigmatic ‘monas’ emblem said to contain all the secrets of his philosophy) is a Latin Biblical quotation which translates as: “God give thee of the dew of heaven and of the fatness of the land” (*Genesis* 27). Also on this page the theme of the descending spiritual dew uniting Heaven and Earth is visually illustrated. *Ros Lux* (Latin: “Dew of Light”) is a Caballistic and Rosicrucian image, which may place Dee in the Rosicrucian fraternity, whose name, formed from the Latin *rosa* (rose) and *crux* (cross), conceals this more esoteric *Ros Lux* meaning (also note that in ancient alchemy, “celestial dew” is the element *mercury*, ergo the Roman god, Mercury, the Patron God of messages and communication (including divination), amongst other things, and the “Keeper of Boundaries” in his role as bridge/guide between the upper and lower worlds).

Mrs Moir herself resides in *Kirkstone Way*, whose name implies the Cornerstone of the Church or Keystone of the Arch (masonic or Freemasonic), that is in turn symbolises the Invisible College (the hidden true Great White Brotherhood Church-within-the-Church). It appears that this Sovereign Sanctuary assisted Mr Morris during his time of need in the 1980s, and has also made Itself known to him at a later date in a coded-symbolic fashion via a mysterious ‘coincidental’ phonecall whilst he was pondering his past Downardian-type experiences because we had asked him to write about them. Such is the way They work.

FURTHER READING: James Shelby Downard, *The Carnivals of Life & Death: My Profane Youth: 1913–1935* (Feral House, 2006), his autobiography. James Shelby Downard, ‘King-Kill/33’ in the v/a anthology, *Apocalypse Culture* (Feral House, 1987), later expanded (although Michael A. Hoffman II’s Preface was deleted) as ‘Sorcery, Sex, Assassination & the Science of Symbolism’ in Jim Keith, ed., *Secret & Suppressed: Banned Ideas & Hidden History* (Feral House, 1993). James Shelby Downard, ‘The Call to Chaos’ in the second edition of *Apocalypse Culture* (1990), that deletes ‘King-Kill/33’. Adam Gorightly, *James Shelby Downard’s Mystical War* (Virtualbookworm.com, 2008), a biography. Adam Parfrey, ‘Riding the Downardian Nightmare’, in Adam Parfrey, *Cult Rapture* (Feral House, 1995), an appreciation.

LIAM OLAN

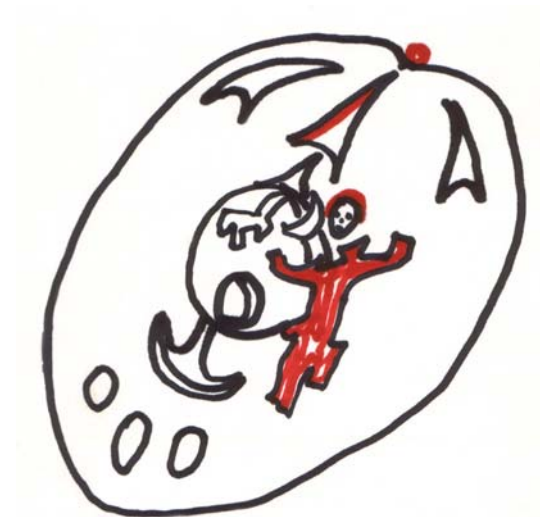
DUMBPLAYSTATION MINDBLOCKER (THE FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS KILLER)

NEWS ROUND CRAP: nine pots of piss and thunder. One junction crossed; 3 followed 2 sounds 1 distractions. Another remembered name on a wet pier bench dedicated to the one I love. The grains on the pier planks strain with the pedestrian, all well-knitted before the fire calls or the salt-wash strips out some more fair wood.

THE MOTHER PARTY puppets in plates, spun around on top of sticks at the end of the pier; a lost medium unaware of the planted eyes in your second name, whether it was or not. Tidal waves, leaders exposed, two dreams, false profits, shifting sands. Decision will be made. Hirelings cannot rise.



MOUNTAINS WATER STONES and cities. Voices out around them, families familiar with them. The air continuing and moving it all. All floated ideas are soon pegged, but only for a short while. For that we are thankful. The nothing lasts forever; the everything ends.



WAVES ALONGSIDE MOVEMENT: the human diverters, controllers. The mental backed by the physical, creating a hard rock only. Hard rocks are what you are 'supposed' to build on. Again the human sick of human gets it wrong. Hard energy billows from the created hard rocks, stabilised currents around which gather adjust-

ed humans who dress themselves as lords and ladies then act 'accordingly' appallingly. The small-world big-world meeting shall never take place at this level. Over to you, dancer in the wood, cold man with an axe, night sky full of smoke, songs around a fire, man and woman make love, children they will be.

POWER FROM THE combined soft spot lights the head, with no functionary pre-churning of the chakras. The interrelationship and appreciation channels the right energy. No gear changes occur. You either feeling the reluctantness or you are not. And it is that which is then worked with the breath around 'the body'. Falling, inside, and yet this time there is not resistance and no evil or poor. I am falling in and it feels the same as if falling out. There is nothing to fall on this level; nowhere where it is not met. No insult, no attack, no awkwardness. No aloneness.

IN A BLOODLINE milkmare Michael twin brother from another mother is in progressive entrapment. The whole side of his bedroom was a blood-red noise. Objects in the corner, sex machines, screams in bottles. Bedroom goes under the earth. He dreams of a love underwater in a little town he once knew, now a spoiled black ballot paper. His dream appears to let him

in. It is called and led, born and fed. Life carries on fruitfully in this manner when there is no reliance sought from others less informed.

THE STUBBORN DETECTOR keeps saying "It is what it is" and fooling, even that it's no big deal before it retires. Back and forth minus the fifth.

A HORN SAYS make your dreams reality and reality dreams. Whether for theory or action, you have yourself to please. Wisdom isolates one from the inferno of the normal and its enemy agents. It opens the way for all possible fulfilment and happiness in Magic. These two great peaks are the Optimum X. They are there. Building bridges. Your wildest dreams. Making the crack bigger.

FOREGOING PRIDE, the Sun simply shines, but is met and turned away by the blinkers. "Onward!" screams the old grey charms ago. Two stars can make all the difference. Just see how many there are.

LET THE New Age be a new thing that doesn't have your neighbour's love turning into bondage screams through the wall at three in the morning or developed moans of any sort developed into life's very real every moment joy.

12 O'CLOCK MOON behind the curtains, claw marks on the back and floor, where all the programming is. That thought on leaving the nursery school: "Do the chairs and tables stay there when no-one's about, or does something else happen..."

WHAT HAS WORKED and what hasn't? What are we DOING? Odd dream of the SU5-18659.....DISTRIBUTOR, now here.

THE UNSEEKABLE WAVE-MAKER tormenting you to arrive and play no more. Glimpsing a whole lot more it enfolds you and baffles count-wave rider terminating. The ocean view becomes available at no price, past seeing the stepping into. Work will remain all around until you cross the shoreline, the engined craft avoiding.

CONSTANT WILL to power focus. Constant power to focus will. The Hermit Club is royally fucked over by the other world being known. But we live to find out. £1 stationary provider of time.

THE "off the tele" sentence spoken by a young honey-mouthed presenter stuck in my mind when I heard it "on the tele", unravelling the inprint and code; revealing love and love not shared; barricades and bridges trimmed and wrapped. The real never too far away.

UNBLOCKING THE BLOCKERS: the problem has changed into the solution imbibed, swallowed, met. The condition was monitored but lived; the desire mounted fully; the taste and feel understood. Words and Form measurable and open, asking the world to grow up. Asking Regional Connors. Asking WEBBER.

THE FADS OF winter's still autumn splintered squeezes out the grey that lingers in the people that live barely outside their skin. The faces one-for-another I cannot bare, bear or stalk, and so here I remain slightly-positioned inside; avoiding an antagonist stance, though not enjoying very much at all.

JUST THINKING of escaping the Memory Hoods, wink-winks, dogs defining dogs as dogs, humans defining humans through control. Sick human control smoothly in view. God as referee, timekeeper, ruler, idea or fool. Ideas upon ideas only. Reality IS very different.

INVISIBLE RESIDENTS manage without a leap year, and mirrors. Knowing this and them, I wish there was more, and more together, here, the tail not curled over the eyes, the shout not masking the plea. Response or Not – the action taken. Christmas trees must be bought in the dark.

THESE LIARS these layers of interest cycling and recycling through and before my eyes. Lost and dangerous currents, increasing 'dangerous' strengths within me. I now say F should be one thing away from C for all to move.

AT THE POINT of opening all your work is already done, so the gurus say. The eyes ruling, the talons serving, survival no problem. Time to be other, or just continue thoughtless and active.

SHE IS sharp, 'deep', light and playful enough; me reflecting muddy patches if not real... Lives overlooking sea. She been around much but not any bones in make-up styles. Keeps herself very 'clean' but involved. Grail-X-Band.

WITH LOADED QUESTIONS the death play etches into every active moment or dodderly thought. No master's degree nor herd career; the wise man some soul not in imagination. What did you sleep last night? The black space dreams of cracks.

LIFE IS DEFINITELY not dream but a stepped locale. I had a talk with the old loner library newspaper chap. He muddles it out but has learnt a lot in, and may well map the silly games maze to its centre. He is very interested in numbers... 42 and 230

and their relationship to murders involving war and schizophrenia. He also looks into groups of rings inside pyramids. 3 rings with 3 rings and their use in teleporting, etc; their correct alignment and the right positioning of objects at 40% (or 40°?) around them. Small associations that may one day work. Working with that I see how the 'brain' can be charged and supercharged... And the effect that has on everyday wakingness.

I WAS THE last one to say hello to you? A little bit of one. But they lie to you, and record your future with listening moss and their evil closed circuit camera eye.

THOSE NORMAL PEOPLE are so weird, and MAD backwards is its DAM, so the MADAM runs the palindromed brothel for seeing this in rude action. Bombs go off in rapeseed fields, a document is prepared, another volume for Leatherdeath, "singing in the rain" on Astaire winding up everybody's dance.

I GO INTO sky, then look up and down. The windows are open again, like sex on broken glass. Our military base in another country thing; shouldn't it be long accepted that the people in dream are real, "taking the law into their own hands"? How to read the calculated script behind?

ONE GUN WITH three bullets. Three pyramids with one eye. Dog in sunglasses culture, 'who' as usual know very little off the loop and never remember the endings of certain 'films' seen, although when they view them again they know almost every scene. Some of the audience say there's nothing new under the Sun; others rejoice in the notion that anything is possible when touched by the midnight emanations of the Black Sun.

1 INTERZONE

a timeless stone cracked
under a morning foot of a form
open to interzone
what noise cracked
where sound is heard?
fine diamond of the passage
the waves go unnamed
by the jargoned boats
that sail upon them
except the ones that kill

INTERZONE 2

watching birds fly is little like
the lunch time of your viewing them
we dwell to point, rest and ponder
that which we have known
from the start
friends needed when found
all kinds
the healing curl of a torn tree bark
the blue eye of the black creature
in that tree

3 INTERZONE

a code we have chosen to encode
long ago for the wrong reasons
slowly cracks within us
upon our open mind and senses
the placement of the understanding
is our choice in wisdom itself
the obvious obviously avoided

INTERZONE 4

in words
words out
word hunt cycle code
avoiding the wise I look at the dirt
and all the answers arise
this world is too ill for children
but ripe for mass destruction

BERLIN-BERLIN 1938. We enter the repeating broom propping up the bar. Much needs to go. I branched off the beaten track to a well-soaked rural sex wild hunt twilight maze tutelary pleasures party orientation. Spider in the food cupboard; pictures not for the walls... At the redemption crossroads I embraced instead midnight tea in overgrown moonlit gardens amongst the beautiful and mysterious green-eyed cats.

DEREK & JUNE WADE
THE OTHER STONEHENGE
CONSTRUCTOR



ODDMENTS INTRO: Otto Schiller is a guerrilla cultural worker based in the Toxteth district of Liverpool in England. He specialises in the placing of artworks in the public realm (St Luke's Church, Hope Place, the Albert Dock, etc.), that have provoked varying reactions across the spectrum, and he has also exhibited in the Tate, Walker and other Galleries, without permission. A one-man art movement, he continues to operate undercover with a resolute independence, indifferent to admirers, critics, authorities and other gloopy "NO-NO's" (Otto's term for suppressive State zombies), as he plots his next

fantastic caper. In October 2007, we visited Liverpool (where the terrifying and house-leaping Springheeled Jack was last seen in 1904, and who now lives underground in the Williamson Tunnels beneath Mason Street), and after various Liverpudlians had helped and hindered us with our enquiries, we eventually managed to track Otto down at his heavily paint-fortified bunker, where, after we had communed with his latest abstract works (multi-coloured sentries?), he regaled us with the following account:

EX-BEATLES WINGS MAN Sir Paul McCartney had an exhibition at the Walker Gallery two or three years back. My reaction was to stash a load of bricks from the old Cavern Club that they filled in (another story), find an ironing board, fish tank, some marble cuttings and other stuff, and make a weird sculpture out of them, saying to my-

self “No more after this?” because the spy cameras were being put up everywhere then. (I was hoping someone else would pick up from where I left off somehow and continue. I think several have.)

At dawn of the morning before Macca’s opening bash at the Walker, I got there and placed my sculpture outside its doors with a note saying “Please could you pass this on to Sir Paul”, then covered it with a black and white striped sheet like a state funeral, took my photos and...job done. I must be starring on a surveillance tape library somewhere, as I had a balaclava on with the space goggles and camouflage jacket...

I went back in some weeks later to see if there was any feedback and some snotty-nosed curator woman remarked to her snotty-nosed assistant about what “a load of rubbish” the sculpture was (it was “a load of rubbish,” because I found it all on the streets of dirty old Liverpool, but it took me weeks messing around putting it together – dismantling and rearranging it “in-out-up-down” to get it right!). So I knew they had received it OK, but didn’t know what to do with it. On one of the bricks I had carved something like: “Dear Sir Paul, how long did it take to shit a billion-dollar brick? And could you shit another one for the other side of the city?” I did this because at the time (well, long before actually) we were trying (and still are) to raise money for the city to keep the “pool” alive and stop the “Roads to Nowhere”. I wrote some other things on the brick as well: “RAW ART – WAR ART” is what it was to the snotty-noses, who may be able to explain nice classical paintings, that are “rubbish” to some people also (and by the way, where have all the “Art Tarts” gone?). No Winners in Wars. Power to the People[’s Money].

Some time after this, James Bond theme and Frog Chorus composer Sir Paul was giving out degrees to art students at the Philharmonic Hall. So I get my camera to take photographs of him. Waited outside for two hours, hanging from a lamppost with the camera over everything else. Good view. Everyone was “Paul we love you!” and “Paul, sign this!” (although no-one ever throws their knickers at him anymore).

Eventually he emerged and just before he got into his waiting car I shouted “Hey Paul!” to get another photograph (as us paparazzi do up a lamppost). He looks up and says “And as for you, fuck off!” So I got down, jumped on my pushbike, and then rode after the real live Beatle’s car, hoping to catch up with him at the traffic lights maybe, and just say “What do you *mean* Paul?!” But then, as his vehicle turned off the street one of its windows was unexpectedly opened then a black gown was thrown out of it

(like the ones academics wear when they're giving or accepting an university degree or writing each others reviews or giving each other jobs in their closed shop).

So thanks Sir PM for giving me my award in a Shiverpool street (well, back street). I still have it and wear it in the nude like a Batman cape, as I dance around the room to the *White Album* playing sideways, hoping some of the magic fairy dust will rub off on me. I'll know it has when I can shit a billion-dollar brick like Sir Paul!

OTTO'S UPDATE: Do what you can't. It's time to get shut of TVs and other technology. i spy with my little ? There's them eyes, freedom of nothing, ghettos no trees in the sky. Walls built in the past – destruction in the future? Where's it all going wasting time with all this shit? Learning nothing about nothing, YET. Bombs, guns, bullets, bastards, you're all fucking crazy. ADOLF before ADOLF is getting into everything. He's done a deal with evil dodos who would now have telepathic occult brains, sending out radio, telephone and computer waves to his followers. As the doom gloom spreads like bacteria a sense of paranoia is pervading daily life that will lead to widespread and many tensions, aggressions and antisocial acts replaced by apathy, coldness and indifference to a world that needs real custodians who want to save it from the yoyo dodo no-no sheep. ALIEN AIRWAVES 666.999.696. But inside the ALIEN there's a LIE, so it's time to concentrate on the right ones, who help and don't destroy minds-planet-life. The Kestrel's Klaw is a protector against evil. It cuts out all illusion and the Devil's devils.

ODDMENTS OUTRO: Since meeting Otto he has continued with his art statements, fixing free paintings and sculptures to the trees, fences and buildings of his home city to brighten the immediate environment up and wider, as his intent is felt by the witnesses of his craft. He is a living embodiment of the principle that one creative person working alone in a room or elsewhere can change things far more than most people believe possible. Such creatives emanate special waves, far older and more powerful than any television or radio, etc., transmission, and without the interference of a meddling editor or censor. The river runs deep, and there are all too few competent mariners, yet luckily, anyone seeking wise guidance or comradeship (especially “masked virgins for extended naked photoshoots in the studio of the King of the Vampires”) are welcome to contact the maestro via the *Oddments* editorial e-mail address and we shall pass your correspondence over to him (do not include any e-mail attachments though).

MARK REEVE & JENNY JAMES

ATLANTIS RISING: AN INTERVIEW WITH JENNY JAMES

AMERICA'S SO-CALLED "Sleeping Prophet", Edgar Cayce, once predicted that the mythic island state of Atlantis would rise again between 1968-1969. Maybe he got his psychic wires crossed, because although this particular Atlantis failed to show itself, in early-1970s London the Atlantis Primal Therapy Commune arose out of People Not Psychiatry (PNP), one of the first "Encounter" groups.¹



Members of the Atlantis Primal Therapy Commune standing outside the front door of their former headquarters at Burtonport, County Donegal, Ireland, circa 1975.

Founded by Jenny James, the Atlantis Primal Therapy Commune is a radical, no-bullshit psychotherapeutic community, enlightenment centre and self-sufficient organic farm. After moving from London to the English Lake District, Atlantis then based itself in the tiny village of Burtonport on the coast of County Donegal in Ireland, and soon moved to the nearby, and much more conducive, remote offshore island of Inish-free, a place of no cars, roads, electricity or running water. In 1985, Atlantis burnt even more of their bridges when they relocated to South East Colombia in South America,

where the Atlanteans continue their multi-level work in a most uncompromising manner. I am very intrigued by the Atlanteans' do-it-yourself ethic and their knack of turning their dreams into reality and so attempted to learn more. In 2011, I contacted Jenny James via e-mail and she was kind enough to grant me the following interaction.

MR: How did you come up with the name/concept of "Atlantis"? Does it stand for the search, or rather the building of, an Utopia?

JJ: I chose the name "Atlantis" as I'd read that it was predicted that one day Atlantis would rise again from the waves, and we were living on the shores of the Atlantic in NW Ireland. I was impressed by the theory that the first Atlantis had destroyed itself through over-reliance on technology and general wrong-living, and the notion of Atlanteans 'coming back' to warn the world of their mistakes, and to say "Don't go that way again. Get in touch with your true nature (in our case through deep Reichian and Primal therapy), your propensity to be destructive, and live this time around in tune with the Earth."

MR: Whilst the California psychiatrist Arthur Janov (originator and author of *The Primal Scream: Primal Therapy: The Cure for Neurosis*, first published 1970) was being shipped over (presumably at great expense) by 'working-class hero', John Lennon, to his Georgian mansion on a seventy-acre estate in Ascot, Windsor for one-to-one Primal Scream sessions (and Yoko was ripping it off for her 'singing' style),² you were giving your version for free to anyone who wanted it in a house on the revolutionary Marxist-Anarchist-squatted Villa Road in Brixton, South London.

It's been said that Dr Janov was appalled at the idea of you setting up a Primal Scream house, and yourself and other Atlanteans have been criticised for being unlicensed and having no formal training in therapy – as if the establishment 'professionals' are the only ones capable of doing it, when according to many accounts, your improvised, DIY approach was matchless and far more effective, in a far quicker time, than these so-called 'experts' of conventionality. That's more of a statement than a question, but would you care to comment?

JJ: I am not aware of any direct expression of opinion from Janov regarding us, though like many pioneers, he: 1) refused to acknowledge any "sources" (for example all the bio-energetic therapies preceding him); and 2) tried to patent his therapy and exclude all but the very very rich from benefiting from it.

I had begun my own therapeutic process in 1968 with David Boadella, a follower of Wilhelm Reich; I continued in the first Encounter groups in London beginning in 1970, but already had a solid grounding in Freudian psychology and knowledge of Reich from the age of 20 (i.e. 1962) through reading their works in German (I am a linguist), and also had knowledge of the horrors of treatment being doled out in mental hospitals as at age 18 I married a Spaniard who worked as a psychiatric nurse and I worked teaching English to the new foreign nurses coming over. (Dartford, Kent, where I come from was the “catchment area” for the whole of Southeast London – there were 3 mental hospitals very nearby.)

I continued my therapy with David until 1973, but from 1970 onwards ran three open groups per week as well as giving individual sessions at a house donated to us for the purpose in Kensington (all free). There was no such thing as a licence for this kind of work and no ‘training’ available as we were pioneers in our field, combining communal living, personal interacting and very radical, practical, confrontational (i.e. pushy) therapy which moved us all on very fast indeed. There was no haughty separation between therapists and ‘patients’, we were all down on the floor together and the most experienced people would lead the way precisely by showing their own problems and working through them in public. I believe this is unique.

MR: That “Janov being appalled” statement came from a comment to an article on the internet. No source was cited so it may be untrue. I agree that your method is unique. I know of no other therapy that isn’t tied to State-controlled commerce, that regards its captives as “cash cows” to be milked and experimented on with various dangerous drugs and other treatments, all of them pretty much useless, as they rarely get to the root of the matter. Could you briefly describe the therapy process you administer to the newcomer? Has this changed/evolved over your many decades of experience?

JJ: I will be 70 next year! I have been involved since age 20 in this kind of work, as well as being the daughter of a very copped-on, intuitive, psychic mother who could see straight through people and was very adept herself at helping them. There would be something seriously wrong if the therapy I, my friends and family, are involved in hadn’t evolved in that time! In fact we’d think there was something wrong if it didn’t change daily according to the situation, the problems involved, and the personality and development of the person needing help. However, we no longer offer therapy to outsiders as we are more concerned now with ecology and self-sufficient living (in the Col-

ombian Andes), though I am sometimes asked to run weekend workshops for psychology students or other groups at universities in Colombia.

Regarding “process”, it really isn’t like that. Straight talking, sensitive but pushy feedback, challenging questions, very creative suggestions as to how to improve one’s life and relationships and not getting hooked into a separation between “having therapy” and real life... These are just some of our basic attitudes. Also an insistence on bio-energetic health... Sorting out sexual hang-ups, using one’s body energetically in physical work, dancing, all kinds of self-expression, eating good food, telling truth and not bullshitting, all these things we would consider basic and intrinsic to psychological health.

MR: Atlantis has been criticised, ostracised, threatened, physically attacked and generally disliked and campaigned against by everyone from the neighbours, the IRA, the Catholic church, the local county council, police, the Irish Parliament and the tabloid newspapers. That’s not the sort of thing you can just ignore or “shrug off”, as it constitutes a serious psychic attack which would have caused most people to meekly discontinue their activities. How did you deal with this assault?

JJ: We came to the “third world”, to Colombia, where people are far more direct, intuitive, respectful and admiring of who we are and what we do, and tune into us immediately as they can feel we are not pissing around, that we speak forceful direct truth and are straightforward in our dealings with everyone. You would not believe how sick Europe seems in retrospect! Where people mainly live in their heads, and are distorted by a million concepts, over-miseducated and mainly totally out of touch with the earth beneath their over-clad feet. Essentially “me-first world” attitudes and values sicken us.

Regarding past ‘wars’ with all kinds of groups of people in Europe – that’s the part that makes the news. The fantastic creative, humorous, energetic relationships, the whole magic of very active group living, which made up most of our lives and from which we daily gained our strength, humour and combativeness... Well you don’t read about that kind of thing in the papers, do you?

MR: “Good news doesn’t sell” as they say. And yes, many Europeans would benefit from living in places like Columbia. Maybe then they would realise they are actually alive, and that life doesn’t have to be as they’ve been taught. It’s telling that the easiest way these days for people with little money to visit and stay in such places is by joining the Army.

Wilhelm Reich suspected, or believed, that he was descended from Space People,³ and you did a lot of therapeutic work with David Boadella, a former pupil of Wilhelm Reich, which resulted in you developing your nameless therapy approach to help people grow and throw off the shackles of control, and in the Spring of 1981 your sister and daughter fellow Atlanteans had a close encounter UFO experience in Ireland. What with this and all the strange coincidences and synchronicities you've mentioned in *They Call Us The Screamers!* and (especially) in *Atlantis Magic*, the way the right things needed just seemed to appear at the right time for you to continue your work; your ecological concerns, that the aliens who visit us often share; the fact you were a staunch atheist but nevertheless from 1978 became very involved in psychic work – one could surmise that yourself and other Atlanteans are bone fide Contactees, informed by and working for the benevolent aliens. What do you think?

JJ: Oh dear oh dear. I don't want to denigrate these wonderful colourful theories, but no, we don't consider we are working for anyone! Just for ourselves and mother Earth. But we're perfectly happy for you to believe this and tell us more about it! Sounds fascinating...

MR: But if you were working for the aliens, would you tell the public? Or is it possible that you are being guided by a Higher Intelligence but at a sublime, arcane level, that you don't consciously register? Or maybe you just call it something else, like communing with the Mind of Gaia? I personally feel (well, know) that I'm guided by something that's beyond humanity (I'm not sure what!), and I've met and spoken to other people who share this belief. I could be wrong, but from what you've written, etc., I do feel that Atlantis is guided in a similar way. It doesn't have to involve going to Mars on a flying saucer or having Venusians around for tea – but promptings, flashes of awareness, etc. But if you say you're not, that's fine.

Have you built an orgone accumulator or any other Reichian devices? If so, can you describe what happened?

JJ: No, I've always considered the human body a perfectly adequate 'orgone accumulator' if freed properly through therapy. Not into devices myself.

MR: Great! I wonder if anyone has researched the body-as-orgone-accumulator theory? In Atlantean therapy you were releasing a tremendous amount of hyper-emotionally-charged energy, that had to go somewhere. This sort of energy release can attract vampiric entities who feed upon it. You've also spoken of "the Pit," the deep, dark place at

the core of every person, and in *They Call Us The Screamers!* (p.137), you mention the “extraordinary black things that have surged up from the depths of people at Atlantis through our deep digging,” and that you’ve seen “person after person turn temporarily into insane befanged monsters with hideous electrifying eyes” at Atlantis.

As a result of your therapy, were there ever any telekinetic or poltergeist-type effects, objects moving, etc? Or even rents torn in mundane reality? And have you ever felt that you have dealt with someone who was genuinely possessed (in the traditional religious meaning)? How did you combat, or exorcise them?

JJ: Whoops, here we go again, you’ve overtaken us at a far end of the pendulum here. No poltergeist effects that I remember, though we’ve had to accept ‘psychic’ experiences as part of normal sensitivity once one gives up town living and opens oneself up to Nature. Regarding what you call “possession,” yes, it is terrible to behold, but we see it as ‘possession’ by a sick parent whose influence has not been radically shaken off.

MR: Yes, a lot of so-called “possession” has a mundane (though equally devastating) source. I was just curious as I once saw a candlestick move after attempting to sort out some psychological blocks (I’m sure the human mind alone is capable of doing this though). I even suspected that I’d opened a door to some other dimension, but that’s a slippery subject and another story...

I find it interesting that you really got into doing the psychic readings, etc. on Inish-free Island, where there was no electricity, as magic works better when you’re in tune with the natural cycles of the Earth, which is why witches prefer to work outside and naked. To paraphrase Brion Gysin, “electric light chases away the fairies,” and tenses us up, blocking wider thought. Turn off the mains electrical switch and you’re instantly much more calm and relaxed, able to use the Second Sight and to simply KNOW things – get the answers to anything directly from the Universe itself. One of the Atlantis Community’s sayings is: “EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYTHING ALL OF THE TIME,” that I certainly agree with.

I remember someone talking about how they cured their defective knee. For years he had cursed his knee every time he stepped on a stone or something and it gave him pain. He hated his knee, giving it all the more reason to continue hurting him. Then one day in a flash he realised what he was doing and so started loving his knee, making friends with it to “patch things up”. He sent nice happy friendly thoughts towards it, asking it if it could please get better for the benefit of both of them. Which it did, to

the astonishment of doctors. I surmise that his will got through to his DNA, telling it to do what was necessary. If this is possible, then what else is, I wonder? Do you have any examples?

JJ: We have endless examples of physical cures through a therapeutic psychological approach. In fact I would say we live with this phenomenon on a daily basis, but I don't think this is in the slightest bit unique or surprising and I'm sure anyone with a decent discipline, such as yoga or deliberate truth-telling, self-exploration and self-expression experiences the same things. Cf all the wonderful examples given in *The Mozart Effect* by Don Campbell [Avon Books, 1997 – MR], a book on the healing effects of music.

MR: Yes, it's obvious that we've lost so much practical knowledge like this that was probably known to everyone in ancient times (for example, we still haven't fathomed out how they got the Great Pyramid up in Egypt). It's never completely lost though...

You were definitely onto something, doing your clairvoyant readings by holding a blank envelope with the target's name or photo in, so you did not know the name of the target. This is identical to the map coordinate remote-viewing experiments carried out by the people at the Stanford Research Institute during the 1970s, that were funded by the US Government. This technique wasn't publicly known at the time.

Your colleague, Peter Razzell, gives a wonderful description of the sublime interpenetratory nature of reality in *Atlantis Magic* (p.216), that could be very usefully explored. Dreaming that he could make objects fly around, after he woke up, still totally immersed in this feeling, he tried but failed to do it, and comments:

This illustrated for me our dual nature: the magical world of the unconscious, childlike, emotional and 'illogical' on the one hand; and the rational, scientific, sceptical mind of consciousness on the other. It is as if there are two worlds, both existing, but having to be reconciled because of their very often contradictory natures.

I like the Atlantean approach of vital direct nowness, that anyone can give psychic readings or whatever, even atheists and scientifically-minded materialists – if they just allow the belief that they can do it and play with it like a childhood game, go with it, act it out. Anything to add?

JJ: Only that the 'psychic' is very limited in its usefulness. It is a tremendously exciting discovery at first, you get an exhilarating feeling of all kinds of magical doors opening...

We were carried on this wave for over a decade – but in the end you have to come back to earth and live with, deal with and find your way around the ordinary daily problems of living, practical, economical and above all interpersonal.

MR: I think hardcore magic is for the select few: those who have either enough time and money or sheer uninterest in ‘normality’ that enables them to reject it and devote their entire life to the Other. The possibilities are endless!

Have you ever had any contact with the German SPK (Sozialistisches Patientenkollektiv [Socialist Patients’ Collective]), Otto Muehl’s AA (Aktions-analytische [Action-analysis]) commune or any other radical anti-psychiatry groups?

JJ: No, I haven’t personally, but my sister joined the AA Kommune for a while many years ago and I have a close friend who belongs to the Humaniversity in Holland.

MR: In the final pages of *Atlantis Magic* you mention an amazing string of synchronicities, when you were considering sailing your boat *The Atlantis Adventure* to South America, and received a travel guide sent to you via your daughter’s boyfriend that mentioned: “Tristan Jones, the first man to cross the continent of South America in an ocean-going vessel.” There’s your surname and your desire connected. Then, on writing to Mr Jones, he included in his reply a leaflet headed: “THE ATLANTIS SOCIETY,” concerning his project to seek the lost Isle of Atlantis. Is *The Atlantis Adventure* sailing boat and Atlantis support house in Ireland still going?

JJ: We have broken most of our ties with Ireland and our boat has passed to the hands of our one-time astrologess, Anne Barr, who now lives in Ireland.

MR: The area where you live is known as a “Red Zone”, with no state law, that is ruled by the communist FARC guerrillas. In July 2000, the FARC subjected your grandson, Tristan James, and another Atlantis member, Javier Nova, to a mock spy trial then beheaded them and burned their bodies, which have never been found. The FARC have also twice confiscated your land. I can’t imagine how this feels, and how you manage to continue. Have you obtained any justice?

JJ: The first horrific version of their deaths was later found to be inaccurate. When their bones were finally found and analysed, it was deduced they had been made to kneel and were shot from behind. We got some of the murderers put in prison; one was killed by other people who had suffered at his hands, others were never found. The FARC leadership were extremely supportive and did what they could to show their remorse and disapproval of what had been done.

MR: Playing the Devil's Advocate here, I could say that the controllers have reduced everything to economics, from phone sex to nuclear war; it's a "money, not people" plan that's become so insidiously ingrained that we cannot really escape our early or later programming. Atlantis and others may have tried, using free love, fully honest communal living and other unorthodox methods of decontrol, but you're wasting your time – the programming is imprinted into our very DNA or microchip. There's no escape. Resistance is futile. Atlantis is merely another mind-control cult where everyone has to see things the same way the inner circle does; you're too insular and judgemental (the puritanical anti-drugs stance, for instance). That's why people usually run away from you after a short stay. At the end of the day we all work for the Illuminati. It's utterly hopeless!

JJ: Wow, that was quite a bundle! Am not familiar with the concepts behind what you write, but "escape" for me is to say to NO to modern civilization and everything it stands for, and go right back to what is left of Nature and live with her, in her, on her, from her and for her. This is not popular, mainly because it is very hard work. But feeling "right," happy, fulfilled, utterly independent and justified in what one is doing goes a very long way to being free. I can't see that this is any longer possible in the "first world" countries as they are utterly controlled.

We don't "resist," we simply step aside and get on with the hard work of living directly from the earth. Regarding us being a "mind-control cult," that would be a hostile way of saying we set our own rules, standards and principles and live by them, and there's not much point, for instance, in sharing with people who smoke, drink, rely on drugs or are sexually repressive towards themselves and their children. And yes, we are a bit puritanical and 'narrow' in our principles: our attitude is simply that if you like the modes and perks of the industrial world, well...what are you doing here?

But this is absolutely nothing to do with why people 'run away' from Atlantis. That is always and only for one reason: that they cannot face some aspect of themselves that has come up through our demands for psychological clarity, honesty and self-knowledge and no double-dealing in one's relationships with other people.

Don't know about this Illuminati business, you'll have to tell me about that...!!

MR: The "Illuminati" is the colloquial term for the small elite group who control the world and cause all this suffering. They are said to be in league with unpleasant non-human entities, perform unspeakable rites, and like placing their subliminal symbolism

in buildings, corporate logos, Hollywood films, on the reverse side of the US dollar bill, etc. Their aim is to create a “New World Order” of masters and slaves (a kind of high-tech serfdom where everyone is under surveillance at all times and have no will of their own). I don’t want to believe it as it can provoke the hopeless loser mentality, but when researched their existence does seem to be very real. Just look at what’s going on; nothing seems to work as it’s supposed to: the government doesn’t serve the people; police don’t protect people or catch the real criminals; schools and universities don’t educate but indoctrinate people; the health service doesn’t cure people. It all seems to be part of some hideous plan...

With over thirty years of hindsight, do you have any regrets re: Atlantis? Do you wish you had done anything differently?

JJ: Plenty of regrets about other people’s behaviour... I.e. the generalized emotional cowardice and love of “the easy way” that rules our modern societies, but no regrets about what we have done or the path we have followed.

Thank you very very much for the interesting experience of this interview. I am fascinated by the many strange concepts and assumptions about the world which you display, and wonder who the hell you are?!!

MR: Thanks for your great answers, Jenny. Like yourself and other Atlanteans, I’m just one of many doing their thing to help improve the world. Onwards, towards victory!

THE ATLANTIS COMMUNITY are still active and are approachable. Their full postal address is: Comunidad Atlantis, El Congreso, Telecom-BELEN, Municipio La Plata, HUILA, COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA. They can also be e-mailed directly at either: atlantiscol@hotmail.com or atlantiscommune@hotmail.com

Their official website is: www.macsuibhne.com/atlantis/atlantis2.html (a supporter’s site can be found at: <http://afan.org.uk>).

Two genuine underground classics that were written by Jenny James are *They Call Us The Screemers!* (Caliban Books, 1983), which is an account of the early years (1975-1979) of the Atlantis Community; and *Atlantis Magic* (Caliban Books, 1982), which documents the Atlantis Community’s psychic experiments that were performed during the Burtonport/Inishfree Island era. Both of these books are truly fascinating and revelatory and I definitely recommend them as a useful introduction for anyone who is unfamiliar with community, or unorthodox, living and therapy.

Other Atlantean-focussed works include: *Atlantis Alive: Love Letters from a Primal Commune* (Caliban Books, 1980); *Atlantis Is* (Caliban Books, 1980); *Male Sexuality: The Atlantis Position* (Caliban Books, 1982); *Room to Breathe* (Caliban Books, 1984); *Atlantis Inishfree* (Caliban Books, 1985).⁴ *The Atlantis Handbook of Sex Techniques for the Heterosexual Female (All You Ever Knew About Sex but Were Afraid to Mention)* and *Atlantis Adventure* have both been published as e-books by Mr Les Broad, who can e-mail them to interested enquirers.⁵

Jenny James' latest book, *Atlantis, Colombia*, is currently in preparation; it utilises some material from her *Green Letters*, which can be read online.⁶

A brief interview with Jenny James and footage of Atlantis therapy at the Villa Road house in London can be found in 'Property is Theft' by Vanessa Engle,⁷ the first episode of the 2006 BBC4 TV series *Lefties*, which can be seen on YouTube.⁸ An Irish RTE TV documentary, *Oileán: Atlantis*, about Jenny's daughter, Rebecca Garcia, the mother of Tristan who was murdered, was produced and directed around 2006 by Dónall Ó Maolfabhail, but is currently not viewable on the RTE website.⁹ There are many other documentaries still available that the Atlantis Community can point enquirers to.

UPDATE 30 JUL 2015: The Atlantis Community's Ireland base in Baltimore, County Cork, was threatened with eviction in May 2001.¹⁰ It is not clear if this has happened or not. Those wishing to help should contact: Mary Kelly, Atlantis, Con's Boatyard, Baltimore, County Cork, Ireland. E-mail: atlantisfoundation@eircom.net or telephone Mary Kelly at: +353 (0) 21 4550955 or Rebecca Garcia at: +353 (0) 28 20444.

All of my e-mails to the abovementioned Les Broad requesting the Atlantis Community's e-books, *The Atlantis Handbook of Sex Techniques for the Heterosexual Female (All You Ever Knew About Sex but Were Afraid to Mention)* and *Atlantis Adventure*, have remained unanswered, so are presumably no longer available.

INTERVIEWER'S NOTE: When I mention the Atlantis Community's possible involvement with "vampiric entities" and "aliens," I am not necessarily referring to the popular meanings. In this present context they are more usefully defined as "bio-energetic phenomena." It was, and is, certainly not my intent to try and label the Atlantis Community as some kind of dodgy New Age or UFO channelling cult or similar grouping. The Atlantis Community is both far beyond, and far superior to, any of this.

LIAM OLAN

TEN DAYS OFF

DAY OFF I: Again 'I' get down to words and they become a hopeless means. Words can describe angles well but falter in the 'unknown'. There is 'nothing' verbal to word that doesn't 'clash' with a set understanding; not an all-inclusive understanding but a selective understanding. A thousand untolds behind any of it; some brought to light and shadow. We indulge in several and tongues, creepy-crawling. Clean Empty House Shiny Car New Clothes vs. Same Old Same Old (for a while), but will you go down to the microscope? Wallets and knees. Many evenings drifting into night's dream; dreams easing into the day awareness others are pushed about by. The toadstools are occupied; the stars come down; things go up.

DAY OFF II: In this wintered house, sunk in strange whisky. Feelings of 'sharing' life with others in a sombre 'way'. Sitting in rooms knowing we are sitting in rooms, not filling space with 'junk'. Human-to-Human return. Contacting Will other than the arenas; not deviations, nor broader views. Picking up the outcome before it arrives at the station, having seen and felt the track earlier on. A very clear dream spoke: "Use your abilities...", and something has begun, or ended. It comes after the power of a test, simulating a birth process. It can happen just by groping about. Fur and gold now talk to me as crows. I must steady one now, to look me in the eyes and for us to converse. It simply said "Hello." This may be nurtured in mind like any other thing. You may then bulb more often and know which ways to move.

DAY OFF III: What kicks you off line...not way off line but tells you to do other than you need or want? What tries to bend you telling you it would be favourable? You're no longer a child, so why do you follow? But actions to get anywhere will root power here. Power appears; it will not advertise but cannot resist looking at you: times when something 'out there' has its effects upon here, joining time and no time. Those rewards of invisibility... 00:05 will tell; there is something at this time? Standing in the field. Lines drawn aeries. Mirrors at each end of the street, putting the Key into Anarchy, to bury the hatchets like potatoes, so they come up with eyes.

DAY OFF IV: Adolf before Adolf, can you seep past the grimace and the family pivots, the contagious respects...to where day dreams that swing between trees smile out at you like a monkey counting one more than ten? DARE... True Enough. Strange balance without living. No balancing with living. Sidestep the black claptrap by drive erosion. No: drive buried by drive. The ocean drive view; that feeling, happening, everytime as it does. Contact of *The Real* at play. A sweetened dog's breath. A soul with no perch, able to cover all the possibles: for instances unknown; for reality put away to be lived; for that obvious being to reign in happiness content.

DAY OFF V: I walked through the waves that thought a lot about me. Got back to sleep. A posh stylish room, all black and chrome. Something about "camera work" (and me rejecting the many different university ties proffered – removing seals?). A feeling and progression; undercurrents blessed for the unsensory flowers growing stark and blunt at the back door, that may have been a stain on the wall. The red ventriloquist is behind the terror in this brief interlude. A hunger is robed, into an origin, a ghostly slit of ground, to grow wise in as the world fires blanks, where the theme = meeting the face people want to put out and their real attitude to life: the icing on the shit or the shit on the icing; sexual but it wasn't sex that scared them, scares you all...it was the spook behind sex; that thing which designed you, reshaped you, waked you, spat you out, thought for you even; and the punchline still not yet delivered, only notes pushed under the door. What turns to what, ever more following of what has followed? No answers only excuses exist, slipping between beings as the situation suggests. It is in a sold out person's nature to try and sell you out. I could have been invisible to 'them' but crept about the dangerous tarpaulin-covered swimming pool and stole a sea-blue telephone (agent?). 90% goes on in dreams.

DAY OFF VI: Where is England? England? I'm falling through trees...all the trees...then I hit the ground. It is dark, it is warm. England is born. I get up and move around. We all know this quiet ground, where England is all around // interfearance // the secret of the compass points; plans in plans. Black Mary shines in the sunlight. Close up of egg sandwich, lifting off the plate, sprouting transparent wings turning into butterfly, flying in sun and breeze, landing on honey dripping erection, black mouth coming down on both... Dangling strings. Radio silence. Close up of blue beaming eyes; waves crashing

into it all. Ever more meeting what you understand/relate to, here or not here. Tired of the palaver, I laugh like a bomb to provoke vortex phenomena then consider England again. Where is England? England? I see it as a rare flock of Scandinavian waxwings who were flying on course towards the Sun but whose members have been happily diverted by a kindly wind into a twitcher's sanctuary.

DAY OFF VII: How is anything of what's done continuing? Encased pasts absorbed brewing their future. They are turning around. They are tuning into you... A definite control pattern can be set-up using emotion as the guard/operative. Again viewing the TV... A news studio, two peoples' job presenting, an army of technicians, scene creators... From getting a little wrapped up in this for awhile I warped when looking into the gap between the two presenters and just saw a very engineered space. This carried on and soon the whole studio had melted down into an imaginary space; not of my own doing but perhaps an end result of my not doing...indirectly. The viewing didn't carry on in the same way after that...neither did the walk down to the shops. Sunday. The madness grain is over. The control grain is still in operation. People surface and controlled desires. United in a marmalade way. The only difference between people is how each one allows feeling through them and how they then act upon that. Nothing simpler or clearer. People need to see real actions in real time. Power revolving within mating with out there, through 'you'. Sad that most only see it as they die. "Grindstone erased – what's your solution?"

DAY OFF VIII: In connection with...Mrs Parameter and her play in the powerstruggle/observations and psychic punches that are presented and paraded as OK. Can think of my own experiences with thought, happenings, expectancies, accidents and the like so I can see how she picks up what there is to feel. It blows the world out of the water, every interaction true to true, power to power. I need to unfold something that reveals something more of use to her. I listen to what is there as input/information—psychic shit—black waters flow. I keep the records hidden from her; she has access in other ways... Ms Parameter is very disturbed by Big Brother power handlers; thinks a lot of it is aimed personally at her because she stood up to and told a psych-Dr that he was treating patients badly as a release of his own knotted up Yes-Man ways. I believe they have both hurt each other. She says odd pills have been given that made her feel (become

aware of) when she is not in her own control but following the will of others (Drs). She thinks a lot of the female patients are used like prostitutes through prescribed drugs and mind-control (simple flashing disco lights hypnosis). She says some who “pass” are asked if they would like to change their names and lose their past, for what she isn’t sure. Mind-controlling-Mind: when the blackness works at its own level the darkness is unbothered. When the blackness has a holiday the darkness orders RAIN.

DAY OFF IX: What was it like when this country had no name? No shops? No tools? No people? Here now we continue to unbalance, sacrifice. Out of our depth in sharks. Turn over travelling; time underhand. I was carrying a white envelope but wasn’t trying to view the white robe walking Chancery High Street on a cold moonless night. Stops staring at a peering mannequin resident of an old-style clothes and furniture shop. He spoke in nine tones: “Excuse me, you look as if you’re in a dream...” That place no moments they were human-not-human the conversation never wrong. I’d be involved but not at this distance.

It is definitely us who have the view/meaning/control/understanding switches in our ‘control’...
– REAL? [Read the previous sentence in a differently-punctuated/lined way.]

We can be a little too afraid to use that control though, beyond the degrees we have seen others use it. That thing of interrupting a dream and realising it or it ‘escapes’ – what madness of separation in our usualled world. Carry on regardless. Do what Self wishes in expected and unexpected. Spread out your life/world to welcome your mind.

DAY OFF X: Daddy Bumshine larger war effort; prefers nice natural tits not the poison bags they put into their bodies. Why add to the monkey’s bliss? Anonymous threats, distant accents, sounded like they were reading from a script; some kind of constant subsonic hate drone under the voices. The purchase of certain negatives will greatly assist me in this venture. Corduroy condoms come out of the taps, in certain ways from the TV, or whatever’s behind the TV. Low blue light levels at the public-shared psychiatric cafe. Magical smells there, the beautiful women in the white doorway and Ray Bradbury’s intelligence man. Simple horror films seen on the fingernails; scenes that will not leave. Focus pocus. “He finds the answer: YES!” “He finds the answer: NO!”

THE METAPHYSICS OF SPANKING

FROM ITS BEGINNINGS in Crowleyan Magick and Gardnerian Wicca, Pagan Flagellation has dwindled in status. Nowadays it seems Politically Incorrect, apparently because of its sexual overtones. But for some of us, flagellation still seems relevant, and many people get a perplexing impulse to do something of the kind. I've practised Self-Flagellation for years on and off, and I've had some interesting adventures trying to work out why I feel it's appropriate, and how spirituality is related to sexuality.

When I was very young, I went to a Convent School run by Catholic Nuns who whipped themselves during Lent. To me this always seemed like an Unsolved Scientific Mystery requiring investigation. Anybody who received Corporal Punishment at school can remember the severe pain and humiliation of being caned on their buttocks. Now that Islamic floggings have been shown on television, there's even less reason for anybody to imagine it as a source of sexual pleasure. Yet porn magazines still arouse masochistic fantasies about being chastised. What is the source of this instinctive appeal, and why should humans imagine Corporal Punishment being a satisfying experience? Affectionate spanking games have played a welcome part in my erotic life with several girlfriends. But what exactly is the connection with a devotional practice which can be rather painful?

I intend to explain how self-flagellation can be done, and describe the strange feelings it can produce. After reading this, you may find you can do what many Masochists only dream about, and then you can judge for yourself. You may feel it's a perversion which should be avoided, in which case I suggest you stop doing it. Personally I'm not worried, because I've also made some fascinating discoveries about sexual perversions and their significance in Human Biology. I conclude that whipping yourself on your bare buttocks is more like taking LSD than practising an Unnatural Vice.

Naturally I wouldn't dream of encouraging anybody to whip themselves unless they feel it's right for them. I'm assuming most readers will be consenting adults, and anybody under eighteen will still be capable of reading this with an intelligent attitude. I just want to say that if you feel drawn to this practice, you can try it all by yourself. Then you can work out what it means to you and nobody need ever know. You needn't

carry on after you've had enough of it, and you needn't associate with anybody who might pressurize you into anything else which isn't right for you.

FIRST, YOU NEED to make a scourge with the correct proportions. Start by sawing off a twenty-inch length of broom-handle, one-inch diameter. Keep the rounded end, and maybe round it still more for comfort, using coarse sandpaper wrapped round a wood block. The other end will have the lashes fixed on. Let's assume you just tie them on with thick 'hairy' Sisal string. Drill a hole across the grain about one inch from that end, and smooth its edges. Depending on how you tie the lashes, it'll probably help to bevel that end of the handle on both sides using your coarse sandpaper block, either parallel to the hole or at right-angles. Sand the handle very smooth, progressing to very fine sandpaper.

Make the lashes from an organic rope such as Jute sash cord, because synthetic rope unravels. The lashes should end up about forty inches long. Use four lengths of rope, each ninety-plus inches long, folded double. That's allowing at least ten inches more for knots (two and a half inches per knot in a double rope). These knots should only serve to hold the lashes together and make the scourge more controllable. Knot each double rope, ten inches from the loop end. After fixing each loop to the handle, the other adjacent pairs of lashes should be knotted together, a further ten inches along. That should leave another twenty inches of lash, so the knots never come into contact with your skin.

The tricky part is fixing the lashes to the handle. I found a secure way of tying them, with the end of the handle bevelled parallel to the hole, and the string branching in four directions. You may figure out a better method. The problem with thick string is that it comes undone, so you need to secure knots using Super Glue or Epoxy. After fixing the lashes and knotting the rest of them together, you can trim their length to forty inches.

Then you need to prevent the tips of the lashes coming unravelled. Mask off an inch near the end of each lash and apply some Evo-Stik, enough to soak in and glue the strands together. Allow them to unravel slightly, so they won't bite into you.

You'll find the scourge a bit uncontrollable at first. It's better to strip naked, and whip yourself in a standing position, gripping it with both hands. To get a sufficient impact, jerk the handle forwards just before the lashes strike, rather like cracking a

whip. Provided you keep the lashes away from your face, you're unlikely to injure yourself. The scourging can be surprisingly painful but it won't leave long-lasting marks. However if the lashes are too long and you allow them to whip around your far side, the tips may leave red blotches. You can scourge your back and legs, but you'll probably need to start with your buttocks. You may get idealistic sexual emotions from this, but not sexual pleasure as such.

You'll soon discover the only possible reason for targeting your buttocks: it's intensely painful to be whipped on this sensitive erogenous zone, too painful to carry on at first. As you may suspect, the sexual connection enables you to experience pain differently from usual. But we actually seem to inherit this strange talent from the Dominance-Submission behaviour in monkeys.

TO UNDERSTAND HOW it works, you need to realize that spiritual trance is a form of Hypnosis, which means a great deal more than Psychotherapy and daft stage-acts. Charles Darwin discovered that Animal Hypnosis evolved as a Defence Mechanism against stress and emergency. This is why your senses become more acute, you feel idealistic, and you develop a resistance to pain. These effects enable you to respond effectively in a crisis. They let you ignore danger and injury when required, and maybe act in a heroic way.

Thus, when David Livingstone was attacked by a lion, he found himself going into an Altered State in which he felt no pain or fear. More recently, a Flight Attendant described how she reacted during an air crash. Despite the fire and chaos, she felt as if she was isolated in a peaceful cocoon where she didn't feel she was getting burnt and concentrated on rescuing passengers. And though it makes you vulnerable to Suggestion, Hypnosis is also a defence against Conditioning effects, as Pavlov discovered. His dogs tended to go into a 'Hypnotic Sleep', whereupon they reacted to anything else except the intended stimulus.

Darwin discovered that as a last resort, animals respond to predators by going into trance and pretending to be dead. In this Hypnoid State they cease to feel pain, which can allow them to make a surprise escape. Other animals respond this way to their own species, when submitting during a ritual confrontation. Such Appeasement Rituals generally involve a display of harmlessness. In rats, the defeated animal rolls over defenceless, and feels no pain when bitten by the victor. The submissive animal generally

imitates a youngster or a female, so for apes, the female mating position acts as a submission signal for both sexes.

Desmond Morris describes how this Rump Presentation Posture evolved into its Human equivalent as a Punishment Ritual. Hence the ineffectiveness of Corporal Punishment in schools, because some victims really didn't feel it hurt. George Orwell described this from his own experience, in an autobiographical article, *Such Were The Joys*.

Thus you really can get a Mystical Experience by whipping yourself on your bare behind. You get satisfaction from the ordeal because your normal reactions are transcended. In ritual form it's a Consciousness-Changing Technique, and if you're in the appropriate state of mind, you won't feel pain and humiliation in the usual way. You simply endure some discomfort without any risk of injury. The process does interface with your sexuality on a vague emotional level, but it feels romantic rather than physically sexual.

Your body can resist pain progressively, especially if the process is entirely under your own control. So as indicated by centuries of spiritual practice, it may be preferable to use the scourge all by yourself. Eventually you realize you're experiencing what would normally be unacceptable agony, yet you're quite happy. You may have heard of athletes who "Go through the Pain Barrier". This actually happens when the Hypnoid Effect takes hold. You encounter a sort of 'Control Reversal', like an aircraft going through the Sound Barrier, when your responses turn around completely. Karen Armstrong, a former Flagellant Nun, describes this in her autobiography, *Through The Narrow Gate*: "I no longer felt the pain. Just a dark reckless excitement..."

It can feel like an orgasm, and if somebody else is whipping you, you may find yourself shouting: "Yes, yes..." You won't get pleasure from pain, but you will find yourself wanting the whipping to get harder when you'd normally want it to stop as soon as possible. It won't feel degrading to be whipped on your buttocks. Instead you'll feel empowered by your ability to undergo the ordeal, and strangely glad. Being punished like a child may bring a feeling of innocence, or you may feel your consciousness has entered an Alternative Universe where the laws of Physics change.

It's often supposed that religious flagellants are furtively enjoying their favourite perversion. But my own adventures in sexual perversion showed precisely the opposite. Take the following quote from a Lesbian Sadomasochist in a Channel 4 TV programme, *Sex Talk: The Wilder Shores*:

At first it starts off being sort of a bit ticklish, and then it goes into being just that bit uncomfortable and not very nice. When it gets harder it turns into the real pleasure, and that's the sort of... you're onto a different level then. You're onto a sort of an emotionally, psychologically, mental high.

Another sexual flagellant, shown being whipped on his bare buttocks, exclaimed: "I'm in ecstasy sometimes. It's like Heaven sometimes." And in *Skin Two Fetish Magazine*, a Dominant Mistress claims that her activities involve spirituality: "To worship the Mistress is the only reason the slave exists. To be disciplined by your Mistress is, to many, akin to a religious experience." Not all her clients enjoyed being smacked, but those who did had a strange tendency to express themselves in spiritual terms. There's even a Spanking Magazine, *The Governess*, which advocates Physical Discipline as a technique for spiritual advancement. Its *Desiderata For Dominant Mistresses* concludes: "You are not a Goddess, but the servant of a Power higher than yourself. Remember it always."

Following these revelations I left a message on an adult chatline, hoping to compare notes. I'd advise everybody to avoid these chatlines, because the genuine cases are a tiny minority. I found two Masochists, who both pursued sexual gratification initially. But as they proceeded to harder whippings, a spiritual feeling overtook them, a sense of having transcended physical reality. This emotional fulfilment became far more important. One had converted to Wicca and dedicated his flagellation to The Goddess and Her Nature-Mysteries. Then I attended a Fetishist party full of people dressed in rubber. But instead of doing anything remotely sexual, they spent the time discussing the Meaning Of Existence. One was a Scientist, so I asked him to explain the appeal of black rubber. I hardly understood his reply, but basically he felt that dressing in a frogman suit enabled him to affirm his sense of Personal Identity and his place in the Universal Scheme Of Things.

Some of the strangest Fetish activities have an explanation linked to the Hypnoid Effect. For instance, the bloke in the film, *Personal Services*, enveloped in black rubber and strapped to a chair in a dark soundproof cubicle, was actually experimenting with Sensory Deprivation. Although these people are pursuing sexual feelings, the mechanism often seems to involve some form of Animal Hypnosis.

EVENTUALLY I BECAME a Spanking Consultant to Her Majesty's Government. The Law Commission wanted to reform the law about how far Consenting Adults could go, following the Operation Spanner case, so they sent me their Consultation Paper. This contained many first-hand accounts from practising Sadomasochists, plus a surprising number from people who engaged in similar ordeals from spiritual motives. These areas were different, but there was no dividing line between them. However there clearly was some distinction, as I discovered when I went to a Sadomasochist orgy. They kept telling me I was doing it all wrong.

Nonetheless, I seem to belong to a representative group, which you might term "Spiritual Masochists". Maybe you saw another Channel 4 TV programme: *A Weekend At Miss Martindale's*, showing a sort of 1950s Nostalgia Cult for young ladies seeking discipline. They've invented a 'Dungeons & Dragons World' named Aristasia, inhabited by maidservants and schoolgirls who get chastised for infringing the strict rules. They value this Discipline because it creates an Alternative Society with a definite set of values, allowing them to express their sensitive aesthetic and idealistic feelings, and even get in touch with a Higher Power. The painful chastisement brings a purifying effect, relieving their psychological tensions and subduing their vices and personal defects.

In fact, my own Self-Flagellation is connected with a mystical state which Humanistic Psychologists call the "Peak Experience". This involves a transcendent vision of the spirituality inherent in Nature, as if the scenery suddenly became a naturally-occurring Work Of Art. Somewhere between 30% and 65% of people have experienced it, at least as teenagers. It inspired authors like William Wordsworth, HG Wells, Albert Einstein, and Bertrand Russell. Many people won't admit having this sensation, fearing their friends might think there was something wrong with them. But it's so common, it can hardly be a malfunction of your brain. Undoubtedly it's a Hypnotic State, and I'm sure this explains why for me it was often accompanied by intense sexual arousal.

Psychologist Abraham Maslow described Masochistic feelings when 'Peakers' expressed submission as if to a Divine Power. See his *Toward A Psychology Of Being*:

The emotional reaction in the peak experience has a special flavour of wonder, of awe, of reverence, of humility and surrender before the experience as before something great... The experience may have a certain poignancy and piercing quality which may bring either tears or laughter or

both, and which may be paradoxically akin to pain, although this is a desirable pain which is often described as “sweet”... Not only my subjects but many writers on the various peak experiences have made the parallel with the experience of dying, that is, an eager dying. A typical phrase might be: “This is too wonderful. I don’t know how I can bear it. I could die now and it would be all right”.

Readers who have experienced Adolescent Love will see an obvious parallel to the common fantasy of suffering and dying for the Loved One. It’s easy to see that Falling In Love involves a Hypnoid State. Likewise, the feelings of the Peak Experience seem to demand some practical response. Overpowered by emotion, many people wish to undergo a ritual ordeal to demonstrate their humility when faced with a perception of the Divine, as in other cultures throughout the ages. It can actually feel worrying when no such ritual seems available.

Self-Flagellation is a relatively harmless option. The main requirement for a successful ordeal is an appropriate state of mind. In general, the feelings which prompt this need correlate with the mental states which enable you to go through with it. Thus there’s no question of the Peak Experience being some kind of hallucination or illusion. It enables you to triumph over pain and humiliation, and hence accomplish something which you couldn’t otherwise do. If you’re just very upset, that works, as George Orwell discovered. Another effective condition is “Brain Fag”, familiar to students: that frustrating mental state when your understanding fades away progressively the harder you try to concentrate.

HOW REAL IS the ‘Higher Plane’, and why does anybody feel they should be punished, even symbolically? There’s a lot to support the Freudian theory that consensual Flagellation is an expression of your Superego, the ethical part of your mind concerned with other people’s interests, or ideas which are subject to Reality-Testing rather than your own preferences. In the Hypnoid State, your mind seems to reshuffle itself so that pain and fear are relegated to the subliminal level, while you become aware of other thoughts and feelings which normally lie below the conscious threshold.

An eminent Psychiatrist, William Sargant, advocated this explanation for Religious Conversion, when a Higher Power seems to arrive and help you solve problems such as addiction. The strange feelings of the Trance State were familiar to early Mesmerists.

In his classic *Practical Instruction In Animal Magnetism*, JPF DeLeuze described how subjects in trance were surprisingly sensitive to the feelings of people around them. This was an essential feature of Hypnotic Rapport, as a potential subject could tell whether the Hypnotherapist was trustworthy. It's clear that DeLeuze succeeded because he didn't plant unrealistic ideas in their minds or attempt daft experiments like sticking pins into them to test their resistance to pain. Nor did he probe into their private lives, or even utilize Suggestion much. Another of DeLeuze's secrets was that he became a bit 'Magnetized' himself, so he was sensitive to their feelings too.

In fact Trance States are communicated spontaneously between people. The most familiar example is Falling In Love, when lovers find this powerful emotion building up mutually, by a 'Feedback' process. There may be physical events, like collective fainting among schoolgirls, or Pentecostal sects when the Holy Ghost arrives. Plato described how a trance state propagated among the Maenads when possession by Dionysus occurred. Plato compared the effect to a magnetic force transmitted from one woman to the next, hence the term "Animal Magnetism". Benjamin Franklin witnessed this with Mesmerism. It explains how Charismatic Leaders can manipulate people collectively. In fact cult groups automatically attract exploitive characters ready to meddle with young people's emotions when they're most vulnerable.

There's another event when you feel as if you get contacted by an otherworldly Power, and that's when an inventive idea occurs to you from nowhere. Of course monkeys get this too: see Wolfgang Köhler, *The Mentality of Apes*, for the famous story of the chimpanzee who put the two sticks together to reach the banana. It feels as if some Higher Intelligence has given you the idea, and in a way that's true. When I looked back through the books I'd read, I discovered most of my ideas followed from someone else's. They might have come indirectly and implicitly, or I might have linked them in an original way, but even then I'd succeeded by following the thought-processes of a previous thinker.

It looks as if our Unconscious Mind achieves things by participating in the thoughts and feelings of other people. So our creative talent often represents a collective activity, and that's why we imagine abstract ideas as if they exist on a Metaphysical Higher Plane outside ourselves. This is a recurring issue for Western Philosophers, in fact the Islamic thinker Averroes believed the entire Human Race had one Collective Mind. But they never acknowledged the intense emotion which accompanies the Religious

Experience or the Idea From Nowhere, or the sense of humility, even inferiority, which resembles guilt but isn't. I've sometimes felt I should be chastised for assuming my insights belonged to me at all. If I imagined that, I'd be stealing somebody else's ideas. Then I wouldn't deserve to learn about them, and the process would probably stop working anyway. As you'll appreciate, one's emotions during this brief Altered State get rather uninhibited.

Around 1989, I went to a Pagan festival attended by Janet and Stewart Farrar, the Wiccan leaders. When they arrived, one young woman was overpowered by emotion and prostrated herself before them, much to Stewart Farrar's embarrassment. "We're just ordinary people," he protested. Victorian Psychotherapists like Sigmund Freud and Pierre Janet evoked this 'Hypnotic Worship' from some patients. If you ever find yourself being exalted like this, you may appreciate why the wish to be punished makes a strange kind of sense. You're in the same position as a schoolteacher who finds an under-age girl has a crush on him and can't handle the situation. It's awkward, because unless you're a manipulative psychopath, you're affected emotionally too.

This happened to me twice in a vague way, and it was very uncomfortable, even frightening to sense the power one could have over susceptible people. I felt I was exploiting somebody I cared about a lot, as their vulnerable state was prompted by my own visionary outlook. On both occasions I retreated rapidly, but I reflected this might lead to them "falling in love on the rebound" with some bastard who really would exploit them. I felt as if I'd let them down through my negligence, and I should be punished for it. You won't understand the intensity of this sensation unless you've been in a situation when somebody thought you had godlike attributes and you were emotionally sensitive yourself. I now suspect the solution is to explain these feelings to the would-be worshipper, if it ever happens again.

I CONCLUDE THAT many of the strange sensations we get are actually Defence Mechanisms for the benefit of other people. You can see the benefit of an excessive Conscience when you look at the drastic things people do when drawn into Cult beliefs. Inspired by self-sacrificing feelings like those Maslow described in the Peak Experience, they've given their life savings to charismatic leaders like Guru Rajneesh, or even less-inspiring figures like Guru Maharaj Ji or L Ron Hubbard. Worse, mass suicides have occurred, as in the Jonestown Sect, the Order of the Solar Temple, or the Heav-

en's Gate UFO Cult. In practice, surely most people would be horrified at the possibility of generating such events. You might indeed get an Anxiety State or Guilt Complex, and need to express these feelings in a realistic way.

Obviously I'm assuming that these weird bits of Human Biology and Psychology evolved because they were significant somehow, not just dysfunctional symptoms. People aren't all the same, and in some cases I'll be wrong. But I suggest we should reconsider our attitude to the strange things people get up to, and surmise that there's likely to be a reason why Human Nature is organized the way it is.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For those readers desirous to know more about esoteric flagellation—this most curious practice that defies something, and lays something else bare—we recommend George Ryley Scott's book, *The History of Corporal Punishment* (Senate, 1996; first published by TW Laurie Ltd., 1938), that devotes five entire chapters to the fascinating subject of Religious Flagellation, including Self-Flagellation. In this work, we learn that whipping both oneself and others was all the rage in antiquity. The "Feast of Flagellations" is mentioned by Plutarch, where stoical boys were whipped for hours before the altar of Diana; both-sex whippings happened at the "Festival of Isis" as recorded by Herodotus. Later, the "Superior Discipline" and "Inferior Discipline" were meted out in the Christian monasteries and nunneries, with monks whipping nuns and nuns whipping monks. And in 1172 AD, King Henry II was famously whipped by 80 monks inside Canterbury Cathedral by Order of Pope Alexander III.

The direct religio-magical use of the whip in England occurred during the Black Death, when the cult of the Flagellants arrived from Hungary to walk the streets and publicly lash their half-naked bodies till the blood flowed, in an attempt to stop the plague. The folk-memory of this lives on today, in the well-known expression: "[X] is the scourge of [Y]", the "scourge" (whip) having a divine association.

NOTES

Collected Esoteric Tips

- ¹ www.cbsnews.com/news/skull-and-bones
- ² <http://beinecke.library.yale.edu/collections/highlights/voynich-manuscript>
- ³ For more on this see: Joel Biroco, 'Slippery Steps Down into the Enigma of the Voynich MS.', in Joel Biroco, ed., *KAOS 14*. Kaos-Babalon Press, 2002, pp.94-99 (www.biroco.com/kaos/kaos14.html).

Busy Bees Gather No Golf Clubs

- ¹ [The golden ball is of course an emblem of the many-named ancient Sun-god revered by the Illuminati. One can trace the device back to prehistory. In late 1700s Europe, the climax of a certain Freemasonic Egyptian Rite sex-magic working involved its originator Count Cagliostro—said to have been initiated into the Bavarian Illuminati at Frankfurt in 1780—descending from the ceiling of the lodge seated naked upon a golden globe, with a star shining upon his forehead and a snake in his hand. Three golden balls arranged as an upside-down triangle (pyramid?) are the emblem of Saint Nicholas, patron of bankers and pawnbrokers, and, as Santa Claus (Satan Claws), of children. The occult symbolism revealed and unmentioned here is endless no doubt – *Oddments*.]
- ² Francis was known to be a member of at least one Druidic Order, the Mount Haemus Grove of Druids, and had been a member of the Society of Gentleman of Spalding with William Stukeley, amongst others.
- ³ John Michell, *The View Over Atlantis*. Abacus/Sphere, 1978: <http://docslide.us/documents/john-michell-the-view-over-atlantis-ebook-part1.html>
- ⁴ The modern city of High Wycombe, a few miles along the ancient road which Francis restored and extended, is also replete with octagonal structures, both old and new. At least one of these, the Little Market House, has a Dashwood connection: it was rebuilt in the 18th Century to a design by Robert Adam, the celebrated architect of the family's manor house in West Wycombe. The site is again highly significant, for it is believed that two tracts of sacred water (underground streams) converged here. The so-called "Dog Stone" is the only remaining trace of the stone circle which once marked the spot, perhaps balancing the energies at so precious—and energetically precarious—a place. Does the very name Dog Stone (Sirius?) encode a memory of goddess (or stellar) worship once enacted here? At least one famous Dashwood, whose adoration of the feminine made him infamous, would surely have made it his business to acquaint himself with these local legends.
- ⁵ The great ball is said to be a copy of a similar orb on the Custom House in Venice, thus displaying Francis's love of classical, particularly Italian, architecture. This is probably quite correct; if, however—as is usually stated with great certainty—the interior design of St Lawrence's drew its inspiration from the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, Damascus, then Francis must surely have

travelled throughout the Arabic world as well. It is difficult to believe that a man of his personality—and means—would not have visited Jerusalem at some point in his life, quite probably on more than one occasion.

⁶ www.megalithic.co.uk/modules.php?op=modload&name=a312&file=index&do=showpic&pid=6000

⁷ www.shipoffools.com/Mystery/2001/405Mystery.html

⁸ Indeed, four Wycombe residents were amongst the twenty-four suspects arrested by police in the aftermath of the staged ‘liquid terror’ alert implemented by John Reid to deflect attention from Israel’s ongoing crimes in said country (www.rense.com/general73/terplot.htm). *Plus ça change*. The famous Roman complex—whose hexagonal forecourt I believe to be the inspiration for the Dashwood mausoleum—suffered damage during recent bombing raids; an atrocity which surely ranks with ‘Butcher’ Harris’ wanton despoliation of Dresden.

⁹ From his article ‘Hell, no damnation’ (www.philipcoppens.com/hellfire.html), which also reveals yet more layers to the Dashwood legend – that he seems to have been a keen *Synarchist* long before the movement was officially codified in the 19th Century by Saint-Yves d’Alveydre. Indeed, it would seem that Dashwood was an agitator for a New World Order governed by a true aristocracy of initiates. [Remember that by the 1750s Hellfire Club initiates were virtually running Britain, and can be said to have indirectly influenced or even caused the American Revolution via their ridicule of the then popular belief in the “divine right of kings” to rule; their direct personal influence on King George III; and their ability to rouse the London Mob and foment mass riots. The American libertarian agitator Benjamin Franklin was almost certainly a member, and most of the European nobility had attended club meetings whilst touring England. When the Hellfire Club ended its Book of Minutes and other records were burnt, so we will perhaps never know the full extent of its objectives – *Oddments*.]

¹⁰ Kenneth Grant, *Outside the Circles of Time*. Frederick Muller, 1980, pp.140-141.

¹¹ See: John J. Robinson, *Born in Blood*. Century, 1990.

¹² <http://modernfarmer.com/2014/09/strange-history-hallucinogenic-mad-honey/>

¹³ www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-2157262/A-spoonful-sugar-Inside-disgusting-field-corpse-medicine-recommends-dead-mans-sweat-raw-liver-human-fat-mixed-blood-marrow-beer-cure-ills.html

¹⁴ archive.deccanherald.com/Content/Sep162007/national2007091625595.asp?section=updatenews

The Liverpool Mysteries

¹ [It seems there has been previous manifestations of such fiery humanoids. Abbot Ralph states that in the years 1189-99 AD, “human footprints of extraordinary length” appeared in York, England, “and everywhere the footprints were impressed the grass remained as if scorched by fire”; and according to the book *Deutsche Sagen* (Volume 1, p.229), an actual “fiery man” was witnessed in the mountains of Germany in 1125 AD, who for three nights “went from one birchtree to another, and set it ablaze.

The Watchman said he was like a glowing fire” (John A. Keel, *Strange Creatures from Time & Space*. Sphere Books, 1979, pp.25-26) – MR.]

- ² Actually, maybe it wasn't scared but confused and angry for some reason, as in occult lore a red/fiery appearance often designates the Martian/Martial force. It's known that angry psychic energy (human or otherwise generated) can manifest as the spontaneous combustion of people or objects, hence the mysterious fires and burnt down houses that have long been connected to poltergeist activity. Burnt down houses (at least) have also occurred in connection to demonic and UFO activity.
- ³ [Some of it definitely rubbed off onto The Beatles. Their incredible rise to fame has, of course, been well documented, but a lesser known strangeness surrounding them occurred when they returned to their home city on 10 July 1964 for the premiere of their first film *A Hard Day's Night*. Their presence coincided with the “Liverpool Leprechaun” flap, during which a crowd of about a thousand men, women and children congregated on Jubilee Drive with jam jars and green fishing nets on canes to hunt for the little creatures, who are also said to have manifested in other places in the city (see: www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/news/liverpool-news/liverpool-echo-letters-15th-october-3441922 & www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/views/echo-letters/2009/10/20/echo-letters-october-20-2009-100252-24967358) – MR.]
- ⁴ [Liverpool University is located at 24 Norton Street, which is interesting, as the number 24 repeatedly turns up in connection to important UFO and Alien Close Encounter and ‘Monster’ phenomena (see: John A. Keel's book *UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse* [Abacus, 1973], which details some examples). A possible cloaked UFO in the shape of a telephone box (Doctor Who?) has been repeatedly seen in broad daylight on the same spot at the Grove Street end of Cambridge Street on the Liverpool University campus, according to Tom Slemen, who on 2 August 2010 revealed in the *Liverpool Echo* newspaper that in recent weeks he had received five reports of an: “ultra-modern cream-coloured telephone call box ... about the same height width and depth as a red classic Giles Gilbert Scott telephone box, only it features odd geometrical facets.” It appears there for a few minutes then vanishes. Mr Slemen further remarks that: “Several people vaguely recall futuristic-looking car park attendant booths being in use on the university campus in the 1970s, so perhaps the reported phenomena are some sort of timeslip” (www.liverpoolecho.co.uk/news/liverpool-news/liverpool-echo-letters-august-2-3397808) – MR.]
- ⁵ When I was a kid, some workers were digging up the ground outside the place and found loads of pottery, so there may have been a pottery works on the site before the museum was built, not that this has anything to do with the curse? Its source is more likely to be the aforementioned two abused and vengeful statues of Sekhmet.
- ⁶ www.guardian.co.uk/uk/2006/nov/27/ukcrime.uknews2
- ⁷ <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/england/merseyside/6298751.stm> & www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-418896/Museum-stabbing-victim-girl-17.html
- ⁸ His personal website is: www.slemen.com
- ⁹ Tom Slemen, ‘The Dead of Night’ (2004/2007): http://dark-stories.com/eng/the_dead_of_night.htm

Atlantis Rising: An Interview with Jenny James

- ¹ The PNP group has been documented in Michael Barnett, *People Not Psychiatry* (George, Allen & Unwin, 1973).
- ² Andrew Solt & Sam Egan, *Imagine John Lennon*. Bloomsbury Publishing Ltd., 1988, p.166. Simply put, Janov's Primal Scream/Primal Therapy method involved the "three-week intensive," which aimed to recover the hidden memories of one's time as a foetus in the womb, so that the person can "rebirth" as a more happier, alive and capable individual.
- ³ See: Wilhelm Reich, *Contact With Space: Oranur, Second Report, 1951-56* (Core Pilot Press, 1957). Jenny also recommends Wilhelm Reich's *Character Analysis* (Orgone Institute Press, 1949); *The Function of the Orgasm: Sex-Economic Problems of Biological Energy* (Orgone Institute Press, 1942); *The Sexual Revolution: Toward a Self-Governing Character Structure* (Orgone Institute Press, 1948). Jenny's former therapist, David Boadella, now in his late 70s, still runs a bioenergetic training centre in Switzerland. His book, *Wilhelm Reich: The Evolution of His Work* (Laurel/Dell, 1971), is also useful. The Wilhelm Reich Museum can be visited at: www.wilhelmreichmuseum.org
- ⁴ Some of these are available from: www.macsuibhne.com/atlantis/books.html
- ⁵ His e-mail address is: les_broad@yahoo.co.uk
- ⁶ www.macsuibhne.com/atlantis/g1_g5.html
- ⁷ www.bbc.co.uk/bbcfour/documentaries/features/lefties1.shtml
- ⁸ www.youtube.com/watch?v=Erp2utEgZp4&feature=related
- ⁹ www.rte.ie/tv/oilean/atlantis.html
- ¹⁰ www.irishtimes.com/news/cork-kerry-tourism-evicts-environmentalists-1.309427

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