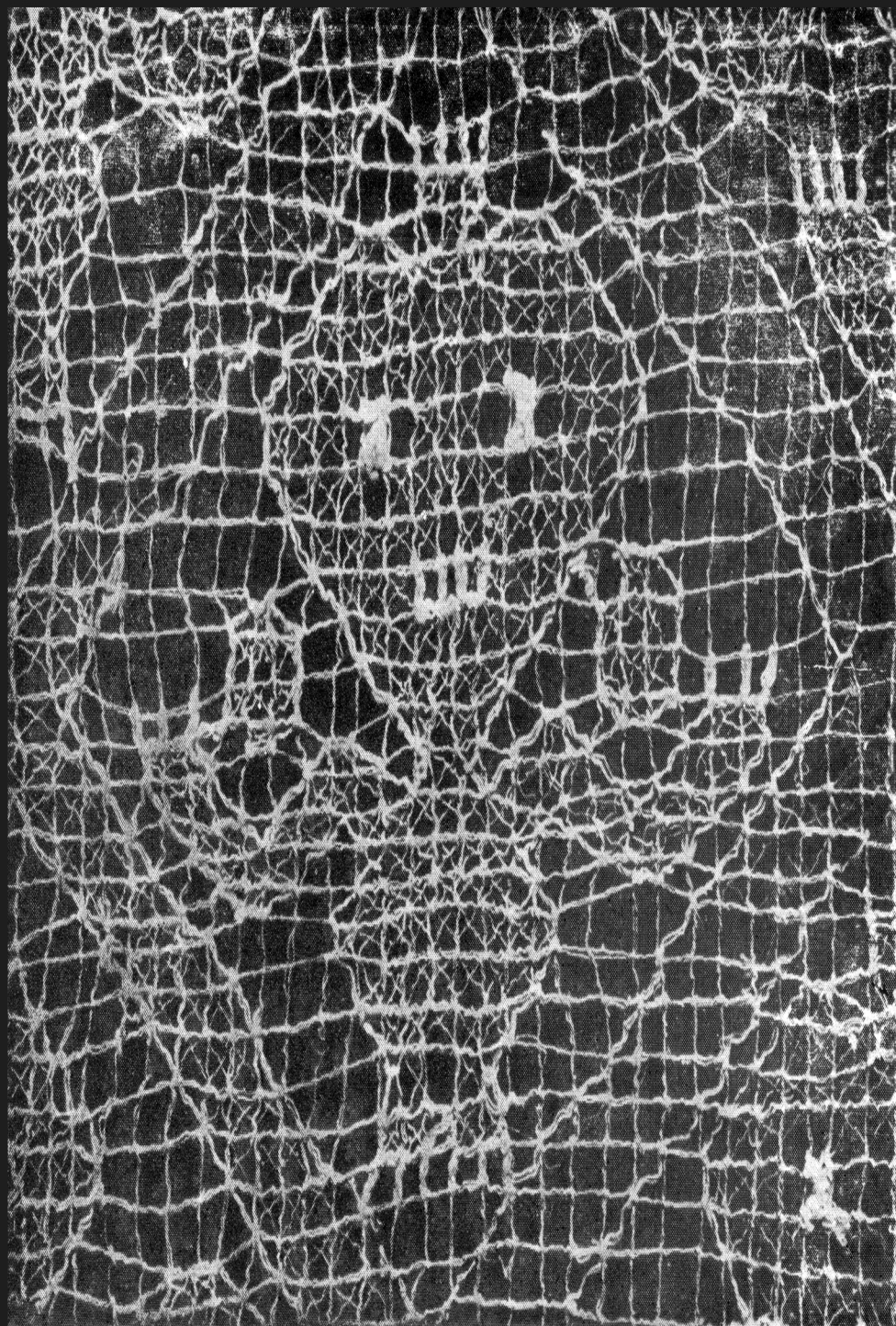
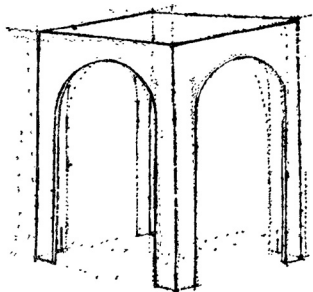






SELECTED WORDS by PRIMO VESTIGE

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Front cover photo: Peruvian textile gauze-work (Northern coast). Back cover photo: Feature film scenes collage by “The Hat”.

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The homeland of the spirit is the
realm of the meaning of things

Introduction to the First Edition

“If a man could pass through Paradise in a dream, and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, and if he found that flower in his hand when he awoke – Aye, and what then?” ST Coleridge *Anima Poetae*

Mr Primo Vestige – one of the worst-known and least discussed modern British writers and thinkers – was born in Sevenoaks, Kent in 1969. He rapidly gained an advanced knowledge of avant-garde theory and practice, then taught in “an empty dark space” near Paris between 1999 and the millennium, when he merged with the shadows to resurface but intermittently.

The importance of his Upcycle work is only now becoming recognised; this maelstrom that says nothing of the liberation from the corrosive grip of web-o-philia. He instead insists on an indulgence, shaken not stirred. Reclaimed relatives, and rather demanding. Moral: Be careful what you wish for *in extremis*.

Rooted in the menstruum; encased in his cultural suit of armour; safe in the knowledge that those who trespass against us will be punished, Primo has nothing to distract him from the hot pursuit of the edge.

Blotting his acid-streaked paper with serpentine dwellings, his ace card dealt under other skies, Primo's writings become the reports of a golden-eyed child, shifting sands cartographer. From the corner of his all-seeing octopus eye a God whose taste is for world, the other half or theorem, order or turmoil.

This collection spans Mr Vestige's ninth period of word selection, and is published here for the first time.

The Editors

The virgin blooded

HWA: what it is...

When is a door not a door? When it's ajar. When is a boy on a bike not a boy on a bike? When he turns into a side street. When is a psychopath *not* a psychopath? When it's crazy paving. Or a corporation perhaps. When is an aeroplane not an aeroplane? When it's an *Unidentifiable Freaky Observation* made under the influence of LSD in some woods at the bottom of a hill about thirty miles or so south-east from where I'm sitting right now.

A *thing* (that is *object* or *event*) can be *that thing* the habits you are most accustomed to inform you that *it must be* whilst *also* being a thing of an entirely different order altogether. This *thingness* (we are all encouraged to *believe* so fixedly in) STRIATES. The occasional witnessing (through whatever means) of two (or more, for these striations stretch far off to in-and-outfinity) of these things *simultaneously* may *shatter* any hard and fast *belief* you previously held in the *reality* of the original thing (and perhaps in the *impossibility* of the thing it now seems to be). It may at least stretch your *habits of definition*.

Am I making myself clear?

My first experiment with *Salvia Divinorum* (5× organic extract) was set up very carefully. My partner's mother had come to take our son out so that I could have the required environment. My partner was my *watcher* – sitting just out of view in the kitchen. Everything was ready, and then, just as I was about to proceed, two

police officers turned up at our door asking us if we'd "noticed any drug activity". Well, shit, I was just *hoping* to you *monsters* - why are you trying to ruin my day!?

"No", of course, was the spoken answer.

Spooky shit; and of course, I didn't exactly feel like going ahead after this, but the whole day had been planned, set aside - baby-sitter arranged - just so I could do this - so...here goes...

Well, some 'time-bending' happened. A loop. The police *are just about* to turn up and ask if I'd *noticed any drug activity*. Boy, had I noticed some *drug activity*! Luckily, this particular drug is currently in a *legal*/loophole - so breathe easy...

When the room finally reassembled itself (and I'd asked enough questions of my partner to satisfy myself that she really was the *same* partner), I began to ask if the police had been just *before* I'd started - had this *really* happened?

My partner assured me this *had* happened *before* I took the *salvia* - she reckoned it was probably in connection to the young couple downstairs (a strong smell of cannabis had been noticeable in the communal stairwell a few weeks before), or just general local youth activity.

A week later - whilst doing some shopping in town - I noticed the same two police officers chatting and laughing with a couple of young women. When one of the women turned my way I recognized her as one of the young couple who live downstairs.

These events of course could mean *many* things and the participants and who they believe themselves to be and the intersection of their existences are open to *endless interpretation*. Of course. But why isn't this more obvious?

Whilst on a week's break, in a town I'm not that familiar with (miles away from where I normally live), an 'aggressive nutter' (who I've just witnessed trying to kick in the side of a telephone box across the road) rushes up to me.

"Hey fuckhead!"

Jabbing a finger at me, saying "You make your own fucking life!"

His finger turns into a fist, he repeats his mantra: "You make your *own* fucking life!"

I believe him and decide I should do more to remember his assertion (or live up to his commands), but I don't hang around to find out what else he has to say (or wants to do) - turning swiftly and heading off in the other direction, looking back regularly to make sure he's not following (he's just stopped on the corner - staring after me - wide eyes)...

During another of my recent experiments with *salvia* I thought I'd prepared the ground perfectly: in house alone (felt sure enough to go it alone by now), doors locked, key to balcony (we are two floors up) secreted in a drawer at the opposite end of the house, phone off the hook, curtains drawn, nice pile of cushions on the floor, bong ready, powerful lighter ready, relieved bladder: off we go...

I'd got halfway through the first bowlful when it struck me I had no ashtray. A dilemma.

The *salvia* was already burning, my lungs were clamping its smoke down inside me, the effects were ripping into my consciousness - but how could I go for a second bowl if I'd nowhere to tip out the first? - and my logic/safety-conscious back-brain was telling

me, oh what a fool I'd be to just risk placing the bong down on the carpet - possibly some 'embers' still burning - just *aching* to get knocked over...

No way, I had to get that ashtray - so stumbling into the kitchen I go - grab the ashtray off the windowsill where I keep them - a glimpse of the outside world through the window (looks the same - canal sitting still and black, couple of ducks doing their thing floating by, woman with pram on her way home across the way). *IT* looks the same, but *I'm* rapidly becoming *many* other possible selves - every second generating increased dis/re-association of the ego and dislocation in time and the space... I have to cover..... to get back to..... the cushions..... seems..... to be.....

I crash down on the cushions. The *me* I've become is *the idiot who forgot to get a fucking ashtray ready*. So, you can imagine...a *simple oversight* ruined this particular venture?

I had to just clamp down and ride it out - luckily not such a long wait with *salvia* - but as I was riding, the *horror* of the situation turned into the *humour* of the situation and then the humour turned into the *real* horror and the *idiot* became aware of how all its labellings and divisions into labelled things was the most peculiarly idiotic thing because it was chopping itself up and throwing itself everywhere and allowing itself to believe that one part of it had independent existence / *hated* another part / *needed to control* and *manipulate* the other parts...

Then the idiot realized that if it wasn't spreading itself everywhere it would be nowhere and if it was nowhere how could it be anywhere? And if it couldn't find itself how could it *be* and if it was

lost who would do the looking and the idiot *remembered* that it was only choosing a card out of its own pack and then the game was over.

The room seemed *almost* 'normal' when I finally opened my eyes. I stayed still for a while just soaking it up - making sure - waiting for something unexpected. No, there it all was - very familiar - my room my life - the one I was choosing - where I was able to be at. Who I was. I wondered why I had chosen this particular card. There are many more gratuitously lush, immediately satisfying suits that 'one' could wear.

I allowed my mind to fan the pack for a second time and imagined plucking a couple out at random. Almost went back under just thinking about it. But here I was - still the idiot but more aware than ever that I could wake up and decide to be someone else - not even tomorrow - but *right now*.

And that's how it works. To be or not to be *isn't* the question. The question is who are you *being* and the answer is what is being you.

EDITORS NOTE: *Salvia Divinorum* is a natural and presently legal high usually described as giving an "intense LSD-like experience" lasting 15-20 minutes. However, Primo Vestige states that it seems to have a different character than 'psychedelic' in the traditional acid/mushrooms sense. For him it is more of a physical thing: an "explosion of the body boundary"; adding that, although the physical-blurring-into-mental is certainly part of the effect, similar to high dose 'psychedelics', he suspects that *salvia* is closer to something like DMT.

The Question That Wasn't Asked

A Fiction Based On Recollections of a Talk With Peter Whitehead At
The National Media Museum and a Screening of His Film 'The Fall'
On Thursday 26th March 2009 (Part of the 15th Bradford International
Film Festival 13-28 March 2009).

Peter Whitehead in New York. Peter Whitehead brewing up a bubbling cocktail of psychedelic excesses in his HEAD. Whitehead up the elevator. Down the elevator. Expanding across the city. TV signals INTERFERING. Whitehead expanding. Ripples flashing OUT! Peter Whitehead in Bradford. To what extent did your occult studies touch upon the use of psychoACTIVE substances. You will be killed. And are you familiar with the effects of Salvia Divinorum. Dismemberment. Because it's about dissolution and wholeness and I suspect that the combination of circumstances surrounding it is going to prove crucial to the way the pivot is going to tip. The coming world. The circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

Peter Whitehead wants to shoot someone. Not SHOOT with his camera. Not JUST with the camera. Whitehead wants to shoot someone WHILST shooting them with the camera. He wants to film an assassination. He wants to BE filming while HE assassinates someone. He wants to BE an assassin. Whitehead caught in the belly of the beast. Surrounded by hashishin. The Saudi birds of prey. Did

the Carnforth boy really witness the bird flying so fast but remaining in ONE position. Or had the BOY stopped. Microscope slice to Perception Of Life. Arse to The Guinea Pig. Bifurcate to Jeff Keen. The true English maverick. Reload the gun. Reload the gun. Martin Luther King. The balance tips. Shot back to Bradford. "Well that was a non-entity" said Peter on his way out. The Fall. Way out. First ten minutes full on blast of America by The Nice. Seemingly never ending. Pummelling.

The Fall. Part social document. Part erotic fantasy. Possibly all psycho-Reichian Reicho-psychian myth deconstruction myth. Cut up. Cut up. Cut up. Splice. Slice. Piano wire slices through chicken flesh. Shredding. Beheading. Walk out. Walk out. Put the fucking camera down and stop it. Walk out. Credibility immediately dissipates. You ARE a fake. Real blood on cracked student head. Real blood. You are a brave witness. Put the fucking camera down and stop it. You are true. You are brave. You are IN there. Hold it steady. Hold on. Let's see. What do they do these people. What do they do. These people. You show us.

It was clear that half the audience hadn't really understood what they had just seen - either in the film or the man. "Well that was a non-entity" said Primo on his way out. Way out. Reload the camera. White head expanding. Is his head expanding or is it a REDUCTION of something else. Multi million dollar CIA Saudi falcon den. The trained birds of prey. The new hashishin. Twenty five years in the WILDERNESS. Capped with gold. Robert Kennedy. The balance falls off the fulcrum. The bird flies away.

You want me to be sexy in a peace dress. Why not. Isn't sex the MOST peaceful thing this side of death. It should be. It could be. It

isn't. It shouldn't. It can't BE. "I felt it to be an act of possession" said Peter on his way out. Princess Meritaten. The head that changed my life. Whitehead was not a BRITISH film maker. What he was documenting in all of his films was the encroachment of AMERICA upon British culture. A crick in the cultural neck. A Watson in the cultural DNA. Whitehead bowed out. Flew the roost. Whitehead believes that his novels hold much more than his films. A holographic novel was tempting.

Set by rit.
boundary to
e and b 'wj' w from hb
wit m as cushion



