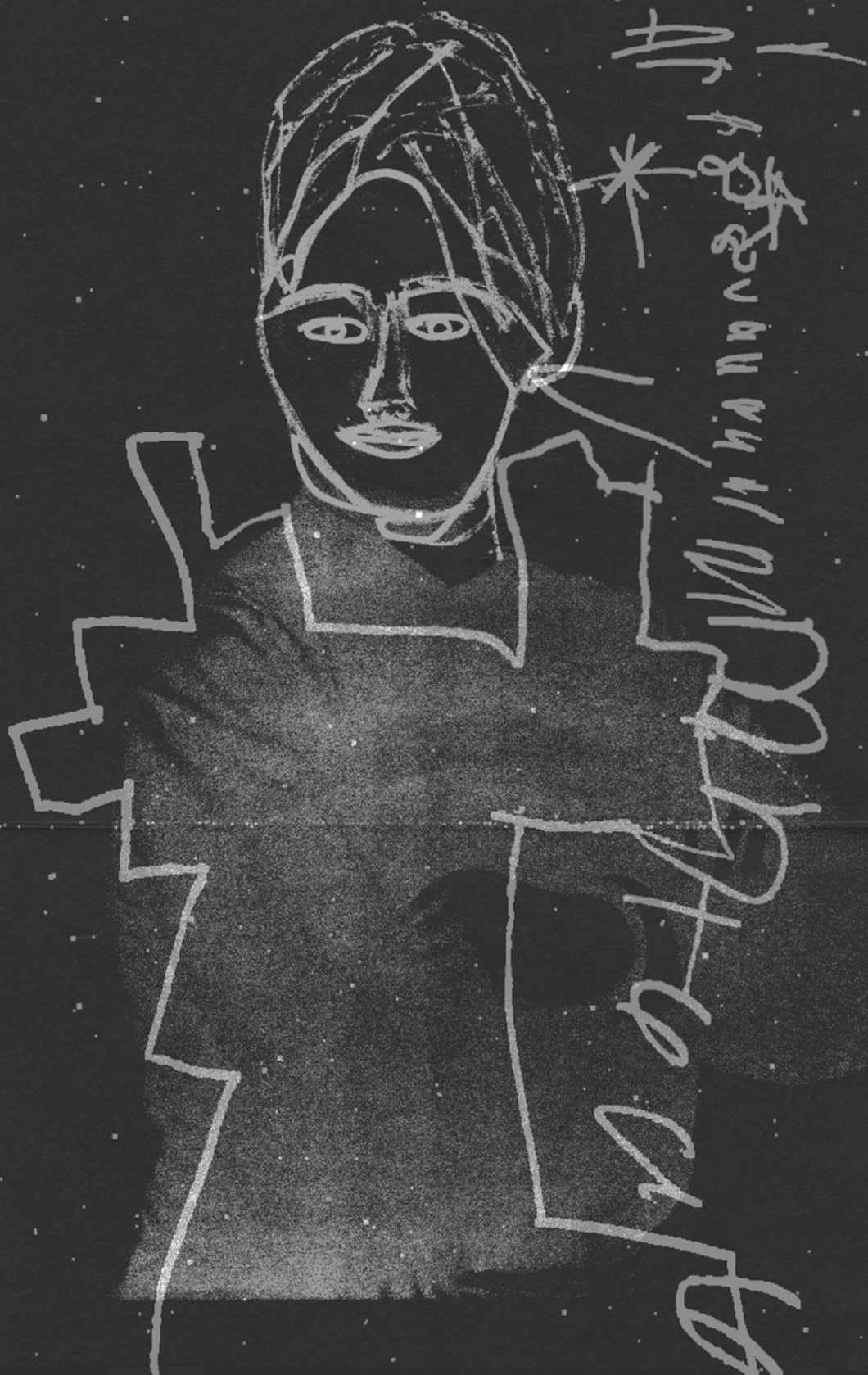




THE AUTHOR

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



THE
QUAQUA
VERSAL
EYE

by

MARK
REEVE



SPOOK PRESS

THE QUAQUAVERSAL EYE

by MARK REEVE

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INTRODUCTION

This little book gathers together a few of my more-or-less fun texts that have been previously published elsewhere but were difficult, nay almost impossible, to find, until now. They are just here for you to read, and maybe utilise. And please note I am not a meaning addict. I am happy to perceive and drift on that. Nothing enthroned. The radius is star-shaped, the cornerstone isometric. Some people have left. On with the show!

MARK REEVE

Collects a variety of proven-to-be-effective artistic and magical techniques together as an creative ideas base prompt for the thinking person who may be stuck for what to do or who desires to do something different than his or her usual praxis.

Assistive Art Practice

THERE HAS ALWAYS been the strong urge for weird art; to imagine and/or create things away from the mundane and merely decorative (whether commercial or not does not really matter, but it's mostly the latter). In relatively recent times it was exemplified by the Surrealist Movement,¹ that in its first overt form emerged above the parapets of Dada² in the early 1900s, as a most brave and necessary reaction and antidote to the horrors of a First World War and aggressive industrial capitalism, the size of they blooms. This anti-structural gambit continues to influence, in its original and other names and guises.

The actual term “Surrealism”—now so sullied and diluted by legions of lesser operators, imitators and recuperators—originates with the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, who in his *The Critique of Pure Reason* (first published 1781) defines God as the “ensrealissimum,” the most real being. The French poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, put the ‘u’ and other things in it in 1917, by first calling his art “Surnaturalisme” (“Supernaturalism”)—a term that was already in use by philosophers—then changing it to the new and magic word “Surréalisme” (“Superrealism”), that wasn’t in any dictionary. After it had lurked around the outskirts and up the inskirts of the radiant, concentric circles of high/low European culture for a while, another Frenchman, André Breton, published perhaps the first specific definition of Surrealism in 1924, within the leaves of his book *Les Pas Perdus* (*The Lost Steps*):

This word, which is not of our invention, and which we could discard as the vaguest critical jargon, is in fact used by us in a precise sense. We mean by it the definition of a psychic automatism which is closely allied to the dream state, a state whose limits are nowadays exceedingly difficult to fix.³

The network took root in fertile ground and flourished over the next decades; but once the atmosphere had changed to the more relaxed and comfortable prison of the 1960s drug-udders and hoodwinked swaddling clothes,⁴ the Surrealist matrix began fading down in both vitality and relevance, only to be reborn like the phoenix at the start of the 21st Century with a vengeance, to counteract the even more oppressive authoritarian tyrannical conditions present. Both space and time are telescoped, and, informed by our ancestors, the power of creative revolt has precipitated the inauguration of various projects by one or many, known and in the shadows, which really cuts the mustard and makes the grade; its initiates most worthy of their whirling spurs, driven on by extreme inquisitiveness and daring as they diligently set out not to seek, but find, going alone like the horn of the rhinoceros.

By working this timeless and irrational "Surrealist" force (that existed long before Breton and his associates stumbled upon what was already there and brought it to a wider public, most of whom were already Surrealists anyway, if only when asleep and dreaming, or awake and...) we can construct a 'system' of thinking and doing that taps the vast resources of the all-powerful Subconscious Mind, that can access anything, anywhen, and has an ever-open door. With this awesome ally, by deft craft we have unlimited possibilities to manifest from the inner planes or beyond, that can subvert, transform and transcend the insidious con of conventional life. Never forget the nucleus wealth.

As I write this it is becoming an alien looking-glass if you like, which enables the uncovering and entering of a secret opening in

the fabric of ordinary experience, our old childhood friend, that unveils strange vistas and obscure locales, psychic and physical, on this side and that. A love of the unique, the absurd, the inherent contradictions, those bizarre inconsistencies pulled out of life's bag of tricks, the tiny puzzles that zigzag between vast conundrums, evidencing the essential ambiguity of experience, of one's subjective fictions becoming facts, the illusion reality, all nodding towards the disquieting, sublime enigma. A style of life, rather than a style in the artistic sense. Something about conducting esoteric or exoteric behaviour and their mergence, or indeed doing anything that induces fortuitous coincidences, to draw out objective chance – for we know that when one remains 'open', the goal will eventually manifest, both parties drawn together by the vortex of their reciprocal desire.

TO ASSIST ATTAINMENT of the abovementioned goal(s), I have here assembled some techniques which may be of assistance in your research and experiments. Some of these procedures may be traditionally deemed 'dangerous', but anything worthwhile usually is. Opening strange doors does mean anything can happen, especially if a person does this alone without insight and awareness of the possibilities. Thus the danger-fear barrier is a necessary mechanism here. The crucial determining factor is how the individual reacts to these experimental experiences; how they effect the person's ability to live with others and manage everyday tasks. Rather than adopting some medieval demonological concept of "raising the Devil", define these praxi as the wilful calling of the unconscious into consciousness, to the point where conscious control is lost, or more likely to be lost. This is no-less dangerous than demonology of course, for one is never sure what type of experience one will have, or of its intensity; nor of one's degree of control, either in the short- or long-term. In any case, the barrier between

the two ‘worlds’ tends to become more permeable the more often it is crossed, or even the more it is thought about.

It is self-evident that a great part of our mental activity—for most people the predominant part—is in one way or another connected with the material world. But our inner conscious world, however, extends into other, infinite areas, and sooner or later it is here that we must look for the real basis of our perception, and indeed, Reality itself. The techniques given here provide a bridge to this Otherwhere, and enable exploration of the mechanics of inspiration. By their means one has an easy excuse to enter trance (altered state) so one can then delve down into the greater reality and creativity of the subconscious, and, if possible, through and beyond it to even deeper realms both inside and out which are normally inaccessible to human consciousness.

Remember here that what makes a given technique “surrealist” (magically-active) is the *intent* of the artist who uses it; to a great degree it is the operant’s attitude which determines the outcome: before, during and after the performance of the rite. For it is Will that creates and upholds the Universe. Anything in theory can be used in practice. And practice makes perfect. These techniques need not be elaborate – what is only complex is often mistaken for what is profound. And although they have been thoroughly, but not *totally* explored by a plethora of preceding artists, such activity is still far more rewarding than watching television and its 1001 dead-end variations.

Absolute rationalism covers only a comparatively narrow segment of our experience, which, organised and mastered in logical terms, is mistaken for the whole of reality. There is much more to us and to the world: the no-less-real world of fantasy, imagination and intuition, being the psychic, magical realm glimpsed in night and day dreams, trance and fever. The intrepid explorer eagerly sets sail for such promising extraordinary shores.

EXPANDED PERCEPTION: The cognising of anything beyond the usual five senses; or the using of the five senses to cognise anything beyond the usual. Contact and communication with such realities was traditionally obtained through *Crystallomancy*: staring fixedly and receptively into a crystal or glass ball,⁵ or into one of its myriad variants such as a polished brass plate, a broken, whisked egg in a clear container of water, a pool of spit in one's hand, etc., to induce the altered state of consciousness necessary to put oneself on the same level or frequency as the other world so you can see what's going on there. Whatever device employed then becomes a gateway or portal to these remote locales, and accrues power with repeated use.

Magical use of the mirror or use of the magic mirror tends to be the most immediate and effective method. Ghosts are often seen in liminal thresholds such as doorways, windows, staircases and mirrors, and this phenomenon has long been utilised by magicians. Gavin W. Semple has gifted an initiated method of mirror-gazing, which he describes as: "a useful way to extend the way we perceive ourselves, and consequently to shift the limits of the ego":

In case you haven't, you might like to try staring into a mirror in a darkened room, lit dimly by one or two candles, and focussing your gaze on a point ten centimetres behind the eyes of your double. Then becoming aware of your peripheral vision, who or what will you see forming beside, behind and around you? This is the sort of pastime that conventional parents warn their children against, insisting that it is dangerous, for the devil himself may appear! But for magicians, anything labelled 'dangerous' has a magnetic attraction, they know that where the conventional mind refuses to go, there are hidden possibilities of new and different knowledge.⁶

The black mirror is an art in itself, and certainly worth making or acquiring, to be used solely for occult-art research. Note that the initiate Leonardo da Vinci entitled one section of his treatise

on painting: “The mirror is master of painters,” and black mirrors are even sold in art emporiums across the globe, for they are used to reduce and simplify the colour and tonal value range which aids composition. A small, slightly convex black mirror known as the “Claude Glass”, enclosed in a carrying case, was used in centuries past for this purpose by landscape painters.

AUTOMATIC ART: Visionary writing or drawing that is performed while consciously paying no attention to the hand’s movements, the creative process, and what is actually being produced or ‘channelled’. It was made famous by the Theosophists and Spiritualists, and later developmental experiments included automatic thinking, speaking, acting, playing of instruments, etc.

Better results tend to occur when the experimenter is unconsciously in some trance or hypnotic state, or is doing something ‘mindless’, such as cleaning or arranging. An extreme example of this is the rare person who writes or draws automatically when they are asleep or just ‘sleepwalking’, a dissociated altered state that may also involve temporary possession by artistic entities.

Forget mechanical aids such as the *Ouija Board Planchette*, or placing the writing arm in a sling suspended above the table. They may be useful for beginners, but it is no use relying on these if they’re not always available. Just learn how to do it (or forget all you’ve learned so you can do it), then it can be done anywhere at anytime. Adepts can simply stare at a blank piece of paper and conjure a smoky swirl or mist to appear on it, which forms itself into figures etc., whose outlines and inlines are then traced with a stylus (there have also been rare cases of pens moving ‘by themselves’ across the paper and walls).⁷

Sit relaxed in a dark and silent room (to reduce conscious cognitive activity), with a pencil/pen and pad in front of you. Start a line off and let it move by itself. For best results one must not

think about the hand, but you don't need to be wholly unaware of it. Just don't try to make the hand do anything, allow it freedom.

The equivalents of automatic art include *Fumage*, invented by Wolfgang Paalen, which involves the holding of surfaces freshly-coated with oil paint above a candle so the rising smoke makes eerie random patterns in the wet media, which can be further worked on. *Frottage* is produced by placing dry paper upon floorboards or similar roughly textured surfaces, and then rubbing the paper lightly with a pencil to allow the uneven surface to come through as a patterned space. (A more daring and illegal form of *frottage* is the practice of rubbing oneself up against a stranger as a means of obtaining sexually-charged creative inspiration).

Looking carefully at *frottages* can induce a mystical process. According to their inventor, Max Ernst:

When gazing at these drawings ... I was surprised at the sudden intensification of my visionary faculties and at the hallucinatory succession of contradictory images being superimposed on each other.⁸

In this context, consider the experience of the British artist-magician, Austin Osman Spare, a great master of automatic art, who once remarked that:

Life is haunted – I see the **faces** of the so-called dead everywhere, etched and glyphographed on things, on the roads, while their restless ghosts wander in space; as if Charon demanded payment of the facial imprint, as coined, and then scattered rough-cast, sown by the wind. They become sigillated, instigated on time, and vaguely vanish as their flesh returns. They are “the awaiting,” and would warn and foretell us. Perhaps they are less dead than ourselves... the unburied.

But of living faces and portraiture—forget the exceptions—what can we judge or realise from faces? Not very much **these** days. Few facially show their potencies, wisdom or character – rather they show their pretences, and so, to see a face is either to see a fiction or a facade, hiding....?⁹ [Emphasis in original.]

Mr Spare advocated the practice of staring at an old, crumbling moss-covered wall that will eventually reveal recognizable shapes and ideas for artworks. Before Mr Spare, another, more famous, initiate, Leonardo da Vinci, recommended that the artist in search of inspiration should perform a similar procedure to unmask the hidden world:

You should look at certain walls stained with damp, or at stones of uneven colour. If you have to invent some backgrounds you will be able to see in these the likeness of divine landscapes, adorned with mountains, ruins, rocks, woods, plains, hills and valleys in great variety: and then again you will see there battles and strange figures in violent action, expressions of faces and clothes and an infinity of things which you will be able to reduce to their complete and proper forms. In such walls the same thing happens as in the sound of bells, in whose stroke you may find every named word you can imagine.¹⁰

A related technique, again invented by Max Ernst, is *Grattage*. After several coats of ground have been applied, objects are placed under the canvas. The raised portions are then scraped off, so that in these places underlying layers of colour are revealed. The forms which appear are interpreted or reinterpreted with the brush, which corrects and adds. As in the case of pencil *frottage*, a microcosm becomes a macrocosm, and the finished picture is the result of interaction between stimulation through technique and control through intellect.

Decalcomania was discovered by Oscar Dominguez: by means of a thick wide brush, spread out black gouache of varying thickness, more or less diluted in places, upon a fresh sheet of glossy white paper, and cover it at once with a second sheet, upon which exert an even, light pressure with the back of your hand. Starting at the upper edge, slowly lift off this second sheet, then replace it on the first sheet, then lift it off again until the whole thing is almost completely dry.

WHEN THE STARS are right, this aforementioned type of unusual creative activity can result in *Trance* or *Sleep Mediumship*, wherein the person loses total conscious awareness and speaks/creates in this state, perhaps in languages or alphabets unknown and about subjects unfamiliar to the present personality development. This information can come either from his or her own subconscious memory bank; carried in the astral body, which is the sum total of past/other incarnations; and/or from otherdimensional shape-shifting astral beings who control the body-mind simultaneously. The medium vacates his or her own vehicle and allows this temporary takeover to happen, which some call “possession”.

Also *Clairvoyance* (Clear Seeing), *Clairaudience* (Clear Hearing), *Clairsentience* (Clear Sensing or Feeling) which occurs when information (in whatever form from anywhere) is spontaneously received from Otherwhere without one’s conscious control.

Another development is *Mental Telepathy* or *Thought Transference*. This is when specific information is projected through the brain apparatus of the conscious medium or channel, usually to be written or spoken. The transmitters are usually of the higher type: a secret master of the subtle realms, or an angelic being of the celestial. With an experienced adept, very technical and precise messages can be received, and if there is two-way communication then the adept can ask the transmitters to clarify points and to express them differently for better understandings.

This work can also attract the *Space Beams*: advanced electromagnetic rays used by extraterrestrial spacecraft to transmit the thoughts, words, visions etc., to, or exert physical/psychic control over, those humans on Earth. This can be traumatic if not understood. They are usually felt physically. One feels a ‘helmet’ or ‘cap’ clamped on the top of the head; pressure or electric tingles across the forehead or at the temples; a rod or a beam-ray from the head down through the spine; a sudden chill or heat which turns off as

though by a switch and leaves no after-effect or sensation, and sometimes no memory of its action. Inspirations, Intuitions and Hunches may come this way, as can Healings, relayed from those of other planets and planes. UFOs also pick people up by Ray.

THE CUT/UP: A disrupto-creative multimedia magical technique that breaks conventional forms to let through and reveal another, alternative, underlying reality; a scramble or shuffle and rearrangement of the existing mundane reality structure that allows the operator to find the meaningful links between, and the concealed meanings of, whatever is input, and other things. In an esoteric sense, the textual cut/up especially is alchemical, for it shows how words are formed and interact with each other, and creates new words. Like the related collage, in skilful hands the cut/up turns base elements into figurative gold.

The origin of the textual cut/up is shrouded in mystery. The earliest known form utilised newspaper warp and may have been invented in the 18th Century by an unknown hand, who wrote in *The Tatler* (Vol.5, No.49) about reading a newspaper in a direct line, “without regard to distinction of columns.”¹¹ Later in the 18th Century, in an article entitled ‘A New Method of Reading Newspapers’ that was published in *The Public Advertiser* (1766), Caleb Whitefoord announced his method of “cross-reading,” in which the lines of text are read across the columns of the page instead of down each individual column. He also used this method in his *New Foundling Hospital for Wit* (1770) and more obscure publications, often under his “Papyrius Cursor” pseudonym.¹² The same method—though possibly known as the “Crossway”—was also employed in the 18th Century by the British Satanic-Libertarian Hellfire Club,¹³ although both Mr Whitefoord and the Hellfire Monks regarded it as a humorous (albeit somewhat subversive) novelty, not a serious avant-garde literary practice.

The latter application was first worked by William S. Burroughs via his three-column “intersection reading/writing” method.¹⁴ Another way by him or else someone is: Make three columns. In Column 1 record what you are doing; in Column 2 record from what books, etc., are being experienced at the time; in Column 3 record anything (reflections on life). Place the three columns adjacent to each other on a page. Read across them. Put the results in new columns. Read down or across them. This method is cognate with Marcel Duchamp’s *Rendezvous du Dimanche 6 Février 1916 à 1h 3/4 après midi* (1916), which consists of four typewritten-text-covered postcards taped together in a rectangle, and may have been an influence, as may have been a different, more laborious cut/up technique developed by the dadabulb, Tristan Tzara, as delineated in his *Dada Manifesto On Feeble Love And Bitter Love* (Section VIII, 12 December 1920):

TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.

Take some scissors.

Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem.

Cut out the article.

Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag.

Shake gently.

Next take out each cutting one after the other.

Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag.

Them [sic: read ‘The’] poem will resemble you.

And there you are – an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd.¹⁵

It could be posited that in more modern times the cut/up urge was first manifested in the audio realm, via John Cage and his *Imaginary Landscape No.4 (March No.2)*, composed and first per-

formed in 1951, that blasted out random static and voices from 12 radios, including the shortwaves, to form longer hybrid speeches, although the durations were scored in a conventional notation.¹⁶ His *Radio Music*, composed and premièred in 1956, also used radios with chance operations.¹⁷ Also note that in the literary realm, from 1954 the Vienna Group writers, Oswald Wiener & Gerhard Rühm, employed “Methodical Interventionism” to text, that involved the permutation of a word-list via mathematical formulae such as the Golden Mean to construct bizarre new texts. Other members, Konrad Bayer & HC Artmann, used a less formal montage technique in their writing around 1958 or earlier, selecting and juxtaposing blocks of text from grammar books, text-books, trivial literature, etc.¹⁸

However, the accepted discovery of the first cut/ups ‘proper’, that led to the method most known and used today, has been attributed to Brion Gysin, who in the Summer of 1959, whilst cutting a mount for a drawing, sliced through a stack of newspapers and accidentally discovered that you could rearrange at random the sections of words from the same or different pages to create new reports. Mr Gysin’s friend, William S. Burroughs, obsessively developed the cut/up technique and became the Cut/Up Master, and the pair explain cut/ups at length in ‘The Cut-up Method of Brion Gysin’, ‘Cut-Ups Self-Explained’, ‘Cut-ups: A Project for Disastrous Success’, and elsewhere in William S. Burroughs & Brion Gysin, *The Third Mind* (Viking Press, 1978).

In its basic form, a page of text is cut vertically along the middle once, then the two strips are cut twice horizontally, forming nine roughly equal sections, that are shuffled then rearranged randomly, or to a previously-arranged set pattern, such as the top-left section is switched with the bottom-right, the middle-left with the middle-right, etc. Some of the sections can also be turned over to utilise the text on the back instead (and a ‘finished’ cut/up text

can always be cut/up again). Thus, one controls what goes into the cut/up but does not fully control what comes out of it. This random or chaotic factor (which may be less random or chaotic than you think) creates new words and changes the meaning of other words.¹⁹ The other possibilities are many. For instance, draw circles on the page and use the words inside them, or those that the circle's perimeter goes through (the latter method can be extended by a spiral).

Both Mr Gysin and Mr Burroughs applied cut/up technique literally to themselves, and, with the assistance of Ian Sommerville and Antony Balch, to sound and film via the use of tape-recorders, film cameras and the editing splicing suite.²⁰

After much experiment and valid results, Mr Burroughs observed that the cut/ups:

1. Can descramble any text, allowing the operator to “read between the lines” and see what’s really there and being said in the material being manipulated.
2. Are sometimes precognitive and reveal the future in present time. Mr Burroughs states: “When you cut into the present the future leaks out” (probably because the cut/up technique is similar to sortilege [sorting] divinatory systems such as the Tarot and I Ching. If we posit a linear (perhaps two-way) flow of time, cutting up past artefacts in the present has to allow the future to manifest there, just as ‘cutting up’ (shuffling) the Tarot deck in the present moment reveals the future in the now).
3. The results of cut/ups can resemble dream/sleep-talk and EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomenon), and all three can predict the future, as they intersect with non-local, non-linear time-space-thought streams. Research has found that the prophetic quality of cut/ups is enhanced when the operator

uses heavily jargonised and/or coded mass-media news reports, that are designed to create the future themselves. Personal divinations are possible using one's own words, or the words of another written about oneself.

Variants include the *Fold-in*, which involves taking a bound text (book, magazine etc.) and vertically folding the outer edge of a page into the middle of the margins, either on its own or the next page, to create new words and meanings on either side. Or alternatively, vertically folding a page of your own or some other text in half then placing it either side of the middle vertical line of another page.²¹

The *Collage* is, of course, a more studied and deliberate cut/up, and is a form of artistic alchemy, for in skilful hands collaging enables the transformation of lesser, base, elements into figurative gold. Although the collage input and output are more consciously controlled than a cut/up, when done right the subconscious can forge interesting results beyond decoration.

The cut/ups should not be confused with, because they are not, “automatic” or “stream-of-consciousness” writing, and the operator should beware of “Garbage In – Garbage Out” in this land of opportunity: one should carefully select the material to be cut/up and be even more discerning about what material is selected from the result. The cut/up evokes assisted chance, set-up by definite choices; a recycling, a rebirthing, of what hides between the lines, that is locked deep within the word-image banks, where WORDS may also/really forge a SWORD when the Wisdom Snake, glyphed as ‘S’, darts from front to back. The mad notebooks of an edge genius, like a telepathic drug. They may read in all directions, and refracted in this hall of mirrors one might discover the unlocked word horde, the infinite spilling database. A maelstrom at first glance, then voices on the wind, in the stones, the corners, and

should one find the correct angle the Lost Word may be revealed, and conversations with other worlds.

The first textual cut/ups were published in William S. Burroughs, Sinclair Beiles, Brion Gysin & Gregory Corso, *Minutes to Go* (Two Cities Editions, 1960) and William S. Burroughs & Brion Gysin *The Exterminator* (Auerhahn Press, 1960), then were extensively used in William S. Burroughs' "Nova Trilogy", *The Soft Machine* (Olympia Press, 1961), *The Ticket That Exploded* (Olympia Press, 1962) & *Nova Express* (Grove Press, 1964).

The cut/up technique is further explored in Carl Weissner, *The Braille Film* (Nova Broadcast Press, 1970, with a counterscript by William S. Burroughs) and Jan Herman, Carl Weissner & Jürgen Ploog, *CUT UP OR SHUT UP* (Éditions Agentzia, 1972, with a tickertape introduction by William S. Burroughs).

A history of the cut/up method is provided by Edward S. Robinson, *Shift Linguals: Cut-Up Narratives from William S. Burroughs to the Present* (Editions Rodopi B.V., 2011).

CHANNELLING: Most art practices, especially writing, can be augmented by a special kind of liminal reverie, akin to the mysterious "Library Angel" (whom gives you exactly the right information at exactly the right time) and the related "Ideas from Nowhere" (pertinent data that arrives during an intense creative session or more often when one is taking a break from it, including dreams and shortly before/after 'sleep'), when the next words are needed employ that mysterious process where one is trying hard to think of something specific, but cannot remember (find) it. Yet if one just gives up and goes blank, a secret ability is triggered that accesses the information sought (wherever it is stored) then delivers it to consciousness (I've also experimented with no knowledge hunted). The results are often useful and sometimes the incredible arises, thus one may presume that this is how the ancients

communed with the Logos (hence why one should always carry a notebook and pen, the “pearl anchor”).²²

This gifting process can be enhanced by keeping the head straight (as in meditation), but looking upwards, one’s eyes and awareness fixed on a point above and in front of one, or just staring up into space. This is akin to, or perhaps the origin of, the folk-phrase: “Thing’s are looking up,” because when something or someone does it can bring good results. (The eye muscles are the quickest of the body to tire; when practising the aforementioned technique the eyes semi-close as they do in hypnosis, and a drowsy trance begins. This is why gurus and other stars perform on a raised platform above the eyeline of the viewing audience, who after a while will enter an altered state in which they become more easily suggestible.) As the painter Picasso once said: “I don’t seek, I find.”

PARANOIA-CRITICAL ACTIVITY: The main means of artistic analysis and inspiration used by Salvador Dali, which he described as: “a spontaneous method of *irrational knowledge* based on the critical and systematic objectification of delirious associations and interpretations”.²³ Essentially, it is the process of gradually succumbing to a kind of deliberate, paranoid-psychotic-fuelled obsession, which yields the ability to both perceive and produce evidences of simulacra-morphism. A transformative catharsis – our reminder of “The Other”.

Fuelled by acute *paranoia*, one becomes *critical* of an object’s fixidity in meaning and form, as one sees through the eyes of the paranoid and goes with it, whatever happens, in a delirious reinterpretation of the world and of the ego, which is now given an exaggerated importance in an often perfect and coherent systematisation, the accession of a state of omnipotence which often leads to megalomania or persecution mania, accompanied by hall-

ucinations and real phenomena, as the true paranoiac—apparently normal and healthy—lives and functions in an alien world. For far from submitting to the ‘normal’ world like most ‘normal’ people, the paranoiac dominates it, and moulds it according to his or her desires, wittingly or unwittingly. He or she turns the mundane into the marvellous; reality into fantasy and fantasy into reality. It is carried out everywhere: in the poem; painting; social relations; to, at and from work; and even, if necessary, to all kinds of exegesis. A radio becomes a bomb; shop mannequins become the bizarre fetishes of an unknown civilisation; an arrangement of flowers reveals a portrait of some ominous, forgotten deity; a girl’s spectacles are really an amazingly disguised aphrodisiac beam device; the crumples and folds in a bank clerk’s trousers are a complex code for secret society messages; etc.

It is a matter of speculating bravely and ardently on that property of the *uninterrupted* transformation of any thing on which the paranoiac activity seizes; in other words the ultra-confusional activity which takes its source in the obsessive idea. The paranoiac now regards the very objects and images of the external world as unstable and transitory, if not as suspect; and it is, most disturbingly, in his or her power to impose the reality of his impression on others.

It could be said that automatism and dream are passive states, especially when they are isolated from the external world in which they should function freely, whereas paranoia is a systematised activity which aims at a scandalous intrusion into the world of human desire; that is, of all the desires of all people.²⁴

PARTY GAMES are ritualistic group activity performed in the free, excited, enthusiastic spirit of childhood, with no thought of the outcome nor the reason why one is doing it. There are no rules other than those the players wish to make. Here is a selection:

UNKNOWN COLLABORATION: The players dress as ghosts or ritualists, in robes, masks, cowls. A red candle is lit, then someone writes down a question but doesn't reveal to anyone else what it is. One or more people then write down their guessed or intuitively composed answer(s) to the unknown secret question. These are then compared and discussed.

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE: So-named after the very first sentence that was produced by this game technique: "The exquisite corpse will drink the new wine". The first person takes a stylus and begins a drawing (such as the head of a figure, or anything), then folds the paper so his or her efforts cannot be seen. (In practice, only the very tips of the drawing are left poking out.) The paper is given to the next person, who continues the drawing and repeats the hiding of it, then passes it on. After all participants have added their respective sections, the whole final drawing is revealed and commentated upon. It may then be further altered, or form the beginning of a new and larger exquisite corpse.

This technique can also be used in literature: the first person writes down a succession of words, which suggest a number of words to the next person, and so on and so on, forming a collective automatism that spontaneously evokes countless associations and images.

MADDENINGNESS: Contrary to popular belief, the dislocation of experience by mental illness (mental difference) is a creative process, an initiation. Hence the active simulation of derangement, delirium, mania, dementia and other strong states of 'madness' (or rather *unsanity*) to short-circuit logic and cancel out linear/logical repetition, thus freeing up the mysteries of the creative process and social interaction/communication. Such deliberate and uncompromising expressions of disequilibrium can clearly demon-

strate “the fine line between genius and insanity”, and make one wonder just what that difference is, and even if there is any separation between the two.²⁵

FORGETFUL FUSION: Living ‘as if’ some, most, or all of the previously known-and-believed rules of reality and behaviour of its inhabitants have become defunct; and from now on the world is unknown and unpredictable. Best played between lovers, and outside. As the Surrealist Pope André Breton’s muse, Nadja, invites:

A game: say something. Close your eyes and say something. Anything, a number, a name. Like this (she closes her eyes): Two, two what? Two women. What do they look like? Wearing black. Where are they? In a park.... And then, what are they doing? Try it, it’s so easy, why don’t you want to play?²⁶

Breton then comments: “Does this not approach the extreme limit of the surrealist aspiration, its *furthest determinant*?” Also note here that the so-called “happy accidents” that result in a positive creative outcome for the operant artist tend to occur more often in this frame of mind.

Further ideas that can be imaginatively adapted for artistic and other Party Games can be gained from studying the collections of children’s and adult’s recreations.²⁷

SURREALIST & FOUND OBJECTS: The deliberate construction or redefining of any *alienated* object out of its habitual context, or its use for purposes different than it is usually intended for, or whose purposes are unknown. A higher and more hidden condition of being is discovered in such forms, who lead a life of their own.

A successful *Surrealist Object* breaks the causal chain of recollection with its alogical juxtaposition and becomes a definite repository of the Other, a tangible representation of the Intangible; a

catalyst of a host of unconscious desires. The lurking enigmas of the object provoke a restlessness full of anxious foreboding, and often violent and indefinable emotions; its secret lyricism will jar and giddy; exerting a grandiloquent ambivalence that oscillates between dream and reality; affecting the surrounding environment and all those who enter this field. In the contemplation of the void, objects placed before the terrible emptiness of space acquire a magical significance and become surreal. These may include anything from Marcel Duchamp's artistic "Readymades" to practical magical fetishes, amulets or talismans.

The related art of *Found Objects* involves a 'chance meeting' between the hunter of marvels and the strange and unique, natural or man-made items which are already an almost perfect work of art and usually need little or no further work. The best examples tend to be found through mysterious coincidences or unexpected synchronicities, or by other unusual means, and may also be the materialisation of an unconscious quest or desire. In this, the *Found Object* may also be the physical result of an earlier (even later?) dream that's also obscurely seeking its realisation. Several *Found Objects* may of course be combined together into one, in the form a *Surrealist* (or *Anxious*) *Object*.

In modern times, charity and 'junk' shops, bric-a-brac market stalls, car boot sales and the like are often chosen as the arena for "Finding Rites".

VOID JUMPING: The practice of identifying then killing all alter egos, sub-selves and the main ego-self to reach the unnameable that has been given many names: the "Unchanging", the "Great Abyss", "Almighty Simplicity", the "Absolute Reality", or "Void". It's the Buddhist "on not having a head" meditation, but put into practice in the world, becoming voidal. There's no reason to do it, and no reason not to do it.

Everything most human beings perceive (experience) involves a twofold matrix or duality prison: the conscious/unconscious, the alive/dead, the true/false. That is, the real, which we always know, and the unreal, which, to our limited senses, remains unknown. But should one 'enter' or 'become' the Void, everything becomes known and you become unknown. The Void (enlightened self-nature) could be a divine circle whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere – simultaneously Nothing-thus-Everything. Not the void of emptiness, inertia or non-existence, for that is mere nihilism, which cannot get to the root of Mind or Reality, as it is impossible to conceive existence arising out of non-existence, because it cannot..? The Indians made *nothing* a *something* by naming it “zero”, but zero’s symbol—Ø—negates itself and all concepts about it, and is still nothing. Is that so? Is Nothing Something, but Nothing? Then there’s the fiendish Conundrum Loop, a variation of the Liar Paradox: “The following sentence is false. The preceding sentence is true”. You are trapped in feedback and lost; go round and round in circles chasing your own tale and never arrive.

If you want to 'get' anywhere, forget what 'it is' and 'is not', for this truth is absolutely beyond human understanding. The inconceivable cannot be known or understood, or expressed or explained in words or through conventional or conditioned modes of thought or awareness, especially by worldly people with fixed ego and idea. The less said and thought about 'it'—dogma that attempts to dismiss the dogma—the better, although if no-one ever tried to teach anything about 'it'... A tricky business, *perhaps*...

If anything, just consider that you seek the absolute objective Void, not the subjective Void, which is but an illusion created by your thoughts about it; and that it's not about lectures, thinking abouts and exams, and certainly not about asking anyone else for the answers. It's more a matter of feeling, of *experience*.

The ancient Buddhist method of controlling the thoughts now described is simple and easy to try, thus it is a good preparatory exercise to train with:

Besides the orthodox way of sitting cross-legged in meditation, the best moment is that preceding one's sleep when one is already in bed. Without being bothered by the correct position of one's body, one can close one's eyes to watch effectively the rise of a thought and pick it up with the keenness of a cat ready to pounce on a mouse. As soon as one seizes it, one should closely examine where it arises and where it ends, and even before one realizes that it has neither head nor tail, it has already vanished like an illusion or bubble. After 'catching' two or three thoughts in this manner, they will become so rare that the mind will automatically be calmed and one will fall into a deep sleep. If this practice is continued for several successive nights, it will ensure a rapid stoppage of the flow of thoughts, followed by a sound sleep free from dreams, a good sign that the mind is in its still condition.²⁸

Do this practice for fifteen-to-twenty minutes each night with sincere intention and unswerving persistence and sooner or later you may discover that you're not fooling yourself, and have learnt how to end the flow of thoughts at will, wherever you are or however you feel. You might then decide to attempt the *magnum opus*, that we shall now detail.

Both the Zen Buddhism of Japan and the Ch'an Buddhism of China have the exact same goal: One Absolutely Ultimate Truth, and both schools have very similar methods of achieving this. In Zen Buddhism, there are four propositions to consider when the aspirant asks if there is such a truth:

1. Affirmative;
2. Negative;
3. Neither affirmative nor negative;
4. Both affirmative and negative.²⁹

In Ch'an Buddhism, the problem is approached by considering that, sometimes:

1. The subject (ego/the seer) is snatched away but the object (thing/the seen) is not;
2. The object is snatched away but the subject is not;
3. Both subject and object are snatched away;
4. Neither subject nor object are snatched away.³⁰

Each of these methods make known, and then erase, the grasping of either X, Y, BOTH or NEITHER (the four walls of the prison), so you have a way to cast off all attachments, that enables you to realise the One Absolutely Ultimate Truth, when you no longer cling to or rely on anything.

The aforementioned English artist-magician, Austin Osman Spare, seems to have been aware of this fourfold “sleight-of-mind” trick and to have written about it in his truly strange art-magic grimoire, *The Book of Pleasure (Self-love)* (1913),³¹ wherein he designates his particular version the “Death Posture,” a gateway to the One Absolutely Ultimate Truth named “Kia” in the Zos-Kia Cultus,³² that Mr Spare co-founded with the fellow English magician and then Outer Head of the Typhonian Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO, since remained the Typhonian Or³³er),³⁴ Kenneth Grant, in 1948.³⁵ (Although another contemporary artist-magician, Aleister Crowley, had already been “posing thesis against antithesis, uniting them, and transcending them by negation in Zen-like manner” in his Holy Book of Thelema, *Liber DCCCCXIII vel ARARITA: sub figura DLXX* [1907-1908].)³⁶

As far as I do understand it, *Kia* is “Neither-Neither” and the ‘feeling’ of “Need-not-be-Does-not-matter”.³⁷ This is not a replacing of duality with non-duality, for that would still be within the dualistic framework. Instead, it is a complete transcendence of both polarities so that neither remains, and this may be approached right now by anyone who is capable enough to perform the Austin Osman Spare “Rule of Four” procedure, which we shall now delineate in full:

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

Neither-Neither experience is ultra-fertile and has incredible potential. It makes all perhapses possible, for it is a straight entry into the real body of true eternity, a direct line to 'God', the Central Source, which enables the intrepid explorer to steal the fire from heaven and bring such wonders back to Earth. Get it before or during you do anything—painting/sex/drugs/writing/whatever—and discover how they benefit. Get it as you are being, or after you have been, assailed by anger, depression, incapacity, whatever, and discover how you benefit.

When the veils and allegories are seen through and read between the lines, this is the timeless Quest of myth and legend that the very first monks and nuns knew so well, travelling to the Holy Grail by a combination of solitude, sleeplessness and fasting, empowered by a constant "inflaming oneself with prayer".

Altered states... Names are empty. Sense-organs lie. The only constant is change. The fundamental nature has neither beginning nor end. The world does not exist.

REMEMBER – a lot of what we do is just for this...

Examines the theory and practice of the ancient fear gnosis. The genesis of this article was a read-of idea of Ramsey Dukes.³⁸ Several strategical suggestions and the title were supplied by Patrick Wood of the Sheffield Patrol Group (SPG).³⁹

SCARED: anagram of SACRED

IT'S AMAZING HOW the whole wide world just carries on, with relatively little disruption. Why? The Fear of the Known, and its possible consequences: social ostracism, prison, etc. And what stops people doing stranger things? Fear of the Unknown, and its possible consequences: madness, possession, etc. Both fears insidiously interweave to form a very effective control system for every class of human, as all fears are variants of the ultimate fear: the Death Threat, i.e. the sudden and irreversible cessation of part, or all of, one's existence. For the strongest effect on a person, the key fears are placed in his/her subconscious mind, as occurs in Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), where one is terrified of something one may not even remember.

The unborn child fears birth just as those born fear death, thus fear is Nature's device for preventing premature birth and premature death, and in the latter case when life is in danger fear can engender a dynamic, superhuman state. This is most interesting to intrepid psychonauts (not to mention the tabooed kamikaze pilots and suicide bombers, who don't fear death but positively *welcome* it). They have to, if not master fear, then learn to use it properly, that is much harder than it sounds. Since birth, we have all been subjected to the fear system, whether in the guise of "Beware of the Dog" signs to fairy tales to more subtle and deeply-implanted warnings. Credible or not, they all have their claws and effect in us, to some degree and duration.

FEAR CONTROL > FEAR IS CONTROL IS FEAR > CONTROL FEAR. We are assailed by fear, and yet also deliberately seek it out—within certain safe parameters—to ‘prove’ (or rather pretend) how tough we are. Splatter films, rollercoasters and the like offer a short term solution, yet all eventually provide a boring and sterile danger, that ultimately leads nowhere useful. The adrenalin junky is as pathetic as the smackhead in the Ascension Game, as even the more choice pursuits such as parachuting or visiting a SM prostitute rarely have a long-lasting and worthwhile result.

What the really-thinking person needs is *something else* altogether. Clues to what this is can be found in the mundane, such as the “rabbit frozen in the headlights” state of panic when a person is suddenly confronted by a police car’s blue-and-red simultaneously flashing lights: the archetypal colours of Calm-&-Danger, God-&-Devil combined, that provokes cognitive dissonance, and your more easier manipulation. The great ancient Mystery Schools amped this up to interesting levels by combining desire and apprehension of desire in their initiation ordeals to propel the candidate’s mind into an altered state of consciousness where magical things can happen, or be made to happen.

To paraphrase the old Jewish Kabbalistic lore: if we could really see what is around us we would drop dead with fright, and some people do, or at least go gibberingly insane or have their hair turn white overnight when this particular type of mindfuck is pushed too far (or comes unbidden). Some 20th Century freakout cults like the Process Church of the Final Judgment and Charles Manson’s Family understood this well. The latter tried “Getting the Fear” in order/chaos to reach new modes, taking their cue from the former, who depth-explored the subject and even produced a glossy in-house magazine on it, usually referred to as “The Process Fear Issue”, which reveals a most telling phrase when permuted: “Process The Fear Issue”. Both cults really triggered the

fear-lust, for they continue to be fetished to this day, privately and in media, by those into “fear-porn”,⁴⁰ and other shudders.

“I am puzzled how to live while kingcraft may abuse my rights and tax the joys of day.”⁴¹

Around 1999, I was hungry for transcendence and ready for action so decided to go all-out, using fear to transcend a reality I was tired of and limited by. I’d been in some quite hairy situations before: trapped in lifts with children, outnumbered fights and crowd panics, but surmised that this was nothing fear-wise compared to that I could evoke myself, alone. So it was, that in the middle of the night I was a knight, sussing out the suburbs and topples, then st(w)alking to a long-deserted disused petrol garage just off the main road, to test the boundaries, to stare into the abyss as the abyss stared back at me.

It was quiet-loud as hell when I got there and resisted the urge to go back to the safety of norm. Looking around first impressions I was more than usual; animal-like alive. Primal prehistoric adrenalin lubricated long-forgotten sense-adjuncts, keen hunter-gatherer aware of everything in perimeter with a cosmos option.

Climbing up the stairs over the broken glass to the silent offices upstairs anyone anything could be there brooding in the darkness wasn’t a death wish more a Charles Bronson-ish tricking the sleight-of-mind whirling the lucrative legerdemain lasso.⁴²

I thought I’d find a moonlit tramp hanging from the rafters or a hungry knife-wielding psychopath or an escaped aroused rapist, but inside the inner sanctum there was no-one except me and my shadow, the breakthrough weirdly heightened senses birthing a new sense. I felt more alive than ever, with greater ACCESS.

Later that night, in a flash I realised that, although if you show too much fear the predator attacks—whether it’s human, animal, or otherworldly—the latter type of predatory entities also deliberately induce fear in us, then feed off it. But if we show no fear, we

may find that they are in fact positive and friendly comrades in disguise, the fear they provoke being a test of our courage, seriousness of intent, and worthiness of communion; that we can handle what they might show us. The “yellow belly” is no longer a cowering coward but a majestic warrior filled with the solar force, whom forges fear into a magical weapon; a doorway and key to transcendence. Enter it and let it enter; terror quarters, nightmares seen on the fingernails, growling wardrobe oracle, tramp knife hung the moon. Further answers lie in our very wordalist interactions. The masses bleat: “It would be foolish to try that”. Thus the wolves know it is wise to do so.

In that curious set of cards with a mysterious origin, the Tarot, *The Fool* is fearless, boldly stepping off the cliff right into the deep end; self-contained, carrying all he needs, but heeding the voice of the dog-god by his side. Reverse his own name and FOOL becomes LOO F; he flushes all the fear-shit down the toilet (*Loo* is UK slang for ‘toilet’; *F* is the fear). He is the unnumbered, or zero card. Indeed, by use of the A1 Cipher,⁴³ it is revealed that: FOOL = 48 = NONE. Nothing can stick to him, ego or earth.

One has to be *The Fool* before one can become *The Magician*, the very next card in the major arcana series. Both the Fool and the Magician are mentioned in *Liber AL*, the NAEQ6 codebook,⁴⁴ and by this system of English Qabalah: FOOL = 34 = A SWORD. The Fool cuts away all obstruction, creating the great opportunity for magic, and The Magician. Indeed, FOOL also equals HAD, i.e. Hadit, the “Magician and the Exorcist”, the “axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle”.⁴⁵

Resisting fear gives it power and reality. Instead, you may, to paraphrase Austin Osman Spare, attempt to “forget fear and incapacity, somehow”. Similarly, another Englishman, John Urwin, claims to have been taught the “One Step Beyond” fear elimination program by an alien named Ken and other instructors in the

1950s, when he was in a secret elite British Army unit named “The Sixteen”. He further asserts that the climax of the One Step Beyond program was a specially-guided Near Death Experience (NDE) that taught the candidate the experience of death and how not to fear it—and thus, not much of anything else—in any way.⁴⁶ (The Japanese Samurai were also taught fearlessness via a guided Near Death Experience, for to be a true warrior one must never be afraid of death. By knowing that life and death are the same, then one can really live.)

Before attempting these advanced techniques, you could start by drinking whisky to obtain “Dutch Courage” perhaps, but that brings its own drawbacks and limitations. Act as if one is a tank, rumbling across the countryside, unstoppable? This would work if kept up subtly all the time, as would laughter and/or breathing slowly and deeply through the nose, from the stomach. (Breathing through the nose engages the higher, or reasoning, parts of the brain. Breathing through the mouth bypasses these brain centres and only engages the reptilian part of the brain that makes you constantly paranoid, alert for predators, anxious. Breathe slow and deep though the nose day and night, and you will soon notice the difference in what’s going on inside and outside of you.)

There is always another way... *Transmute* the fear into something different, into something better. More solution clues on this are contained in the very word itself. Applying the same technique as we did earlier with The Fool, reverse FEAR and we get RAEF, or RAY F, the Fuckbeam of Decontrol, the erotic antidote that sends fear back from whence it came, and the horse it rode in on. (This may explain the widespread Roman technique of making a very lewd-and-crude sexual gesture and utterance to ward off the Evil Eye.) Alchemically distil the fear into potent sex energy; that’s why Moses and other ancient adepts were depicted with horns: they had become horny and godlike, for the gods do not fear.

The next time fear grips you, make it empower you; cast your energised sexness deep about, and unusually. Any audience, here or there, visible or otherwise, are just waiting to receive your throbbing lusts, so think them naked. Fuck (with) your surroundings, the atmosphere; nearly come or do it by the climax.

I've used this Grand Device clandestinely to top effect in my public artistic performances, job interviews, encounters with the authorities, etc., both in person or via telephone. More rarely I have employed it overtly in the field, a case in point being a thought/reality experiment I performed in 1999 in North Wales, wherein I made a no-sleep, real-time narrated-on-tape-boostered, experimental wandertrip to a desolate enhaunted graveyard to test for the zombies you don't think are there when you're comfortably at home but can be very there when you're at their home in an altogether different game.

Twilight was descending as hackles rose the black dew warning letters on the bubbling cobblestones from the quondam elites. But what would it look like? The matter is as elusive as the central shadow. That image I was sent was close, and creeps onto t-shirts, but may have been a play on "tee-shirts", myself the knobbly ball sent into space in some cosmic golf game, parity singers touched with a double-wand then reaching their respective levels. Step in front of step, the footprints elect, a perplexing manifestation being the church gate that was heavily buckled from the inside out...

I walked on, trying to ignore why that had happened, then suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw a tall, dark, cloaked figure in an adjoining field. At first I thought it was a scarecrow, its old and straggly garments flapping in the wind, then realised there was no wind, as the atmosphere became heavy with a probing pregnant malfeasance and reality's right order spiralled out of control in the blink of a red eye, with no return expected soon on shop-bought tick-tocks.

By my own admission the professor engineer was using my birth-name, so I set his autograph on fire. Should there be a face? It's staggering racking the brain about this. No clue what's behind it. Token we explain it. I suspect it's the Moon somehow, entities inside. The Moon and the Mars connection, dark side so little has been released, sex on a mirror with another mirror above, at our climax the room would go black, with black stars in there, a dead policeman behind the sofa – spectral imprint? Then Dogmen seen around dogging sites in a sparking synchronicity, the ditches saluting talking trees. More people there than remembered (Saturn).

The black got blacker; whites of the eyes in operas jumping out of coffins; tides of loud queerness lapping against my forehead as I stared at the thing; this world and another in a Mexican Standoff, the shit about to fly. It raised a gnarled hand, that pulsed and steamed like a maggot-filled blancmange, then began to emit a terrible high-pitched whine resembling grating clockwork innards in torque. Distracted by the noise I could not focus properly, and it had levitated a foot off the ground then slowly spun on its axis to face me before I knew. From where its eyes should have been came an eerie dull green glow from deep within, that illuminated its path as it glided towards me to attack.

I wondered what to do for three seconds then thought "Fuck it," and decided to become a 'bad boy' myself for a while, so forgetting the usuals I pulled my cock out and shook it at the fiend, giving it my best wild thousand-yard stare whilst licking my smiling, inviting lips. A tremendous zappy Pan-Power surged through me from my solidly-planted feet, greening my phallus erect in an instant, tasting cinnamon milk pulling off the dock locks as I quickly advanced in a zigzag fashion like a rutting star, swarming pheromones forming shocking porn-hands, threat-tongue waving hello stranger like a hissing king snake shaking the Kong fake to expose its shoddy weakness.

“Yippeeaaaaa!”

Now it was the creature’s turn to fear... It’s ‘eyes’ widened in abject horror at my unexpected response, signalling that the fight-or-flight circuit had flicked on inside its drearily malevolent, murky brain. Hex delirium!

I was umbrellard by a stark epiphany, having instant access to myriad abilities, as white light passes into a diamond to reveal many colours. I ran down corridors into alleyways with these hot prisms in my pockets I was anywhere around the whole wide world, one on each side, or out in outer realms, in my hands, shifting sands, unconditionally, massaging obelisks and dancing with lions and unicorns, starting where it stopped, beyond the beyond. I knew no nothing unknown a very thing in the agreed-upon, but decided to return.

After some moments of deafening silence, two long puffs of ghost powder were emitted from the vile thing’s ears whilst its anus trumpeted a memorial dirge as its mouth let out a victim scream in a rush of rancid treacle, rattling chains and deadly flying mushrooms mocked by the silvered owl who had arrived to hoot the knockout bell.

Maybe aliens or androgynous bees there to deliver the *coup de grâce*, the surrounding verdigris open to interpretation, or it must have been myself amped-up with a strong sense of *déjà vu* or close encounters (CE5), “around that time.”⁴⁷ A fist kicks the snakes and ladders across the tessellated black/white squares, mind-opening, it modifies the cogs, sea breeze and salted horn, white horses spray the open dawn. Concentric circles in all possible positions until we dance the mountains out of molehills the job is done falls over.

As I came back onto the welcoming earth in the marvellously stretched seconds-into-hours, the sparking planted hands waving in celebration, the monster faded silently into nothingness.

Standard.

Examines the golden age of charity shopping, aka: “Chazzing”: the quest for the very best “Qual-Crap” (Quality Crap), that can get a lot more interesting when it is approached and enacted esoterically. Concentrates on audio finds in the North Wales scene.

Charity Shop Metaphysics

AH, THE ENDLESS joy of charity shops... They are the Treasure Houses of the Gods. You can find amazing, priceless things in them that you’d never get in ‘proper’ shops like Harrods or Fortnum & Mason, etc. As charity shops rely totally on pure chance (you never quite know *what* is going to be donated or *when*), they are ideal specific locations to be influenced by magick, and may even become wild portals to other dimensions: a transmudane zone, where naturally, some very odd things can occur. (British Heart Foundation charity shops in the United Kingdom are particularly prone to hauntings and other paranormal phenomena, as has occurred in branches at Bicester,⁴⁸ Berwick,⁴⁹ and Otley.⁵⁰) If charity shopping is approached in this particular manner, and earnestly augmented by the “AS IF” Formula (believing-acting “as if” something is true so it may become, or already be, so: in the present context that invisible aliens or their human agents are dashing into the shop a few minutes before you to place items there just for you to find), you can end up with some wondrous objects and profit from the didactic realisations they provoke.

Although they’re fading fast in these hideous times of homogenous redevelopment, that is replacing natural character with lifeless plastic shit, the classic old school mazed anarcho-cluttered charity shop can still be found in Wales. So for the curious, I present this report of my most recent trips into the wilderness in

search of gold “in them thar hills”: suitably outré found audio material and its majestic cover art (perhaps with odd things concealed inside), which reveal more than what is in the hand.

I am talking North Wales here; I have not yet scoped out the thriftscore action in mid-Wales, and I’ve never been down South. If you’re thinking of “doing the rounds” here you will need a car to flesh the widest opportunities of chance. Buses are very infrequent and taking the gut-wrenching rollercoaster road-bends and hills in one can make even the most experienced traveller nauseous after a time. On a continuous serial circuit you should definitely check out Llandudno, Llandudno Junction, Menai Bridge, Bangor, and Caernarfon, which will bring you into contact with at least ten-or-so decent charity shops. The more adventurous may want to take in Porthmadog further down the coast, which can also be fruitful, and if not one can console oneself in the nearby Italianate sprawl of Portmeirion, “the perfect village on a perfect site,” where *The Prisoner* TV spy series and some *Dr Who* was filmed and resonates.⁵¹

So what can you expect in Welsh charity shops? *Twin Peaks*-style weirdness for sure, like “Mother Matrix,” who occasionally works in the one at the back of the North Wales Theatre in Llandudno, where you can hear the real-life drifting false-tranquiliser sounds of Wishbone Ash, The Tremeloes and myriad other has-beens who should have given up ages ago, tuning up as you browse. This rather unsettling sonic impinge is nicely matched by Mother Matrix, who serenades you on a battered acoustic guitar as you look through the musty shelves and fetid heaps. Weird. The last time I visited she had about twenty slide projectors in the window, all pointing out down the street...

In other places get ready for a special breed of stock logic. We’re talking towering columns of heavy plastic crates filled with living records poking out, stacked on top of each other to crush

the grooves and prevent browsing ease; a shelf of neatly organised records perfectly positioned above the melt-hungry radiator; peculiar homogenous commerce methodology, where either nothing is priced or all of it is three-for-a-£1, whether it's Shit or Shinola; not to mention the strange spoken niceties. Some vendors will try and charge £2 upwards for an LP, but, especially in the more out of the way ones, if you turn on the charm you should be able to barter-knock the price down. (The nice polite poor student ploy is a good one, but remember, to do this effectively you NEVER say it out straight, but something like, "Oh, I didn't think they'd be that much. I'd better put something back...", whilst looking sadly at the floor, slightly embarrassed.)

As to what the seeker can find in Leek Land, there's the usual culturally-challenged dross that tries to extend its slimy, eldritch tentacles to the furthestmost corners of our fair land (i.e. Ken Dodd, Des O'Connor, Mrs Mills, and stuff), plus a lot of the great-cover-art-but-often-dire-music-wise Welsh-linguaged folk emissions from pastoral musos drawbacked by their sideburns getting caught in the microphone mesh or their other instruments besmirched by charging farm animals or runaway tractors. However, quite a few posh intellectual hippy types lived here in the 1970s, and the detritus of their sometimes tasteful record collections—unceremoniously dumped after they had played at being peasants then heeded the call of Mammon Yuppiedom and moved back to London or whatever—regularly turns up trumps for the persistent audio hunter-gatherer.

Cult LPs (I'm not referring to any coolness status but records actually made by cults) sometimes manifest also; the Orange Man Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh had a place here in North Wales, as well as the Beatles' Guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (the Fab Four heard of their manager Brian Epstein's drug overdose death while they were at a transcendental meditation seminar with the Maharishi

in Bangor, Gwynedd, in 1967),⁵² and other, more obscurer and curiouser spiritual groups of varying fanaticism, weirdness and entertainment value, such as the creepy-freaky, cane-wielding The Teachers; the cracked actor circus troupe, Bingo Bong; and the communist no-dig horticultural sect, The Gardenistas, although I have yet to find anything by the legendary Rocky Rufus & The Rubbernecks, a truly spaced acid rock outfit connected to the Wrexham-based experimental tantric commune the Students of Sex (SOS), better known as the “Thursday Sex Cult,” because they always held their meetings on Thursday nights, as most of the members were radical unemployables who received their dole girocheques by personal issue on that day.

My latest finds include Ananta, *Night & Daydream* (1978).⁵³ I used to see this thing with its distinctive lightning, child and dog cover in charity shops up and down the country, sometimes five or more copies at a time. Thought it was some kind of subliminal laden government mind-control operation but turns out that it’s a special Hare Krishna benefit record, sold on the streets as a name-your-price deal for the Gurukula School, food distribution and the late leader Srila Prabhupada’s Samadhi Mandir.⁵⁴ It’s not that bad. Has been described as “weirdly hypnotic,” but it ain’t Planet Gong zone. You have to be in the certain mood to spin it. Also part of this fundraising drive were the Golden Avatar *A Change of Heart* (1976) and Progress *Busy Making Progress* (1978) albums. Similar to the above applies.

A big mistake was shelling out even a quid for Tony Hazzard’s *Loudwater House* (1971). A dreaded ‘concept’ album about some wealth-flaunting rich cunt’s massive mansion, a huge photo of which fills the entire gatefold sleeve, with an arrow pointing at it, bearing the modest caption: “Tony Hazzard Lives Here.” Seems like Daddy bought him his first home studio to celebrate his balls dropping, giving rise to delusions of musical grandeur that result-

ed in this turgid piece of bland singer-songwriter subjectivity that makes zero difference to anything. In other words, this record is not any good, because it is shit.

There was SO MUCH garbage music made in the 1970s; take for example the result of a similarly-wasted pound: Harvey Andrews, *Writer of Songs* (1972). Another bloody 'singer-songwriter' who thinks he's the next Donovan. I should have been put off by the cover, as he looks like a right tithead, but I thought I'd give it a go, as it also features Cozy Powell, David Pegg, Rick Wakeman and "whistling" Ralph McTell (seriously!) lending a hand. Should have known better though. As all hardcore charity shopper fiends have realised, unlike books, you CAN judge an LP by its cover, and this platter is about as desirable as overdosing on bad acid whilst trapped inside a 13th floor urine stink lift with a strobing fluorescent bulb and screeching gears whilst doubly imprisoned in the centre of a nightmare ring of Bono, Sting and Billy Bragg impersonating each other and arguing about Third World Debt through sock puppets as they frantically wank each other off with their other hands. This is a total waste of time, energy, money and everything else involved in the existence of a 12" diameter vinyl record. I'm more interested in shopping trolleys than putting this type of product in them.

Then there's The Nice, *Five Bridges* (1969). I wanted to like this, as I'm particularly fond of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (yeah, it's easy to dismiss prog rock as "pretentious," but *Private Eye* journalist Richard Ingrams once said that it was pretentious to have an opinion...), but I couldn't keep up any interest in it; a task that wasn't helped by the mountainous surface noise caused by what appears to be clawing and the liberal application of a 75/25 snot/sand solution. Gordon Bennett, how can records be treated so uncaringly? What do these people DO to them? If it was their children they'd be put into care.

I did cop an original copy of Jefferson Airplane's *Bark* (1971), but it's on the thinnest flipping vinyl I've ever known; even though it's black it's almost *see-through*. Ten plays and the stylus will be searching for grooves in the turntable mat; a true feat of pointless engineering. Maybe it's a bootleg reissue? It does not matter and I do not care.

This was no good at all, so I retreated from the bad-drugged 1970s hangover haze and reaffirmed my "AS IF" Formula, sensing that the aliens or their human agents would soon be planting helpful items in the chazzers for my evolutionary education sometime in the near future. And they did.

My later unearthings include the obscure gem by Skyhooks, *Ego is Not a Dirty Word* (1975), who were some kind of Australian mutant hybrid of KISS/The Sensational Alex Harvey Band, judging from the campy-Glitteresque attire and face-paint evident in the band's photo. *Ego* has perceptive track titles such as 'Love's Not Good Enough' and 'Smartarse Songwriters', and also has a fake(?) letter reproduced on the back from some crazy female fan: "Greg looks very SPUNKY with his make-up on, but...I would love to be all your girlfriend (If you know what I mean)," along with a photo of her severed finger she thoughtfully included, "So a little part of me would allways [sic] be with SKY-HOOKS." (OK, I admit it's not that good, but definitely has its moments.)

I also found *Plant Music* by the Baroque Bouquet (1975), that comes with a load of technical notes about how the sounds on the record, when played to your plants, will help them grow better. I was expecting some musique concrete-style electronics oddness, heavy on the signal generator, but what's on this disk is pleasant classical music. So it's not exactly mind-blowing, but the basic premise seems to work, and I can always palm it off onto one of the local skunk farmers, who are always seeking a grow-edge. The strange horticultural theme continues with Virginia Astley's *From*

Gardens Where We Feel Secure (1983). A most pleasing collage of prepared and treated garden sounds recorded in the field; very dense and otherworldly in places. I wondered if she was related to the 1980s pop sensation, Rick Astley. Turned out she isn't, but there is other mystery. I was informed by a reliable eye witness correspondent that a: "scary guy used to run the reclusive Miss Astley's fan club and zine during the 1990s." He was a regular sight/site in Blackpool town centre, because: "He looked really messed up, like a tramp, you could smell him from way off... Filthy clothes, a glazed expression and carrying a battered leather satchel with a hand-stencilled sign on it: 'The World's Biggest Virginia Astley Fan'."

The glory continues with *Mountain Moving Day* (1972), a side-each split-release LP by the New Haven & Chicago chapters of The Women's Liberation Rock Band Movement (and "a caste of millions"). Grand stuff! Achingly sincere (and unintentionally hilarious) pro-women/anti-men rants backed by all-female amateur musicians knocking out wonderfully inept pseudo-Doors organ solos and white middleclass suburban brass-funk arrangements. The album ends with the climactic 'Shotgun', a charming little ditty about blowing the head off any man who looks at females funny or who dares to commit the Ultimate Crime of fantasising about, or complimenting, them on their beauty. Blimey. As The Stranglers singer-guitarist, Hugh Cornwell, allegedly once observed, if women "don't get treated as sexual objects they're liable to start getting frustrated and release a lot of hate. Anyway, if women aren't treated as sexual objects they get offended and start to think that there must be something wrong with themselves."⁵⁵

In the same batch of discoveries was a well-executed 7" of bird song, *Dawn Chorus & Nightingale* (1969), released, rather improbably (or more likely cynically as a PR operation), by the Shell Multinational Oil Company. Listening intently in the quiet of the

night, I was astonished to find that a lot of it, especially the ‘Nightingale’ side, sounded remarkably like the early extreme power electronics pioneer ensemble Whitehouse (without the vocals). A Whitehouse gig does make the “night in gale”, so...

These unexpected connections bred unexpected connections; coming to light with a rush of transgressional influx. The records were in reality talismans, containing caballistic messages in their main- and song-titles and cover art, that became strangely significant in meaning, speaking more than their surface: *That Old Black Magic* (1975): a Spike Jones compilation that includes the ‘Jones Laughing Record’, where people chortle sinisterly to a trombone accompaniment, a song that terrified me as a child. *Pandemonium Shadow Show* (1968): Harry Nilsson’s second LP, that refers to hidden realities, ever present yet rarely glimpsed. Harrison Birtwistle’s *The Triumph of Time* (1974): side two being a trance-inducing 23-minute tape montage constructed solely from ticking clocks and more unusual time devices mechanisms. A 10-inch spoken-word LP, *From The Land of Light: White Eagle Speaks On “This Life And The Next” Through Grace Cooke* (1968), featuring a spirit entity lecturing via a channelling medium. Total groove!



These prompts gifted further related clues and strategies to my occult quest, revealing a numinous, multi-dimensional, interpenetrating psychic map, its deft traversal leading me to the incredible

discovery of an authentic “CERTIFIED DIGITAL CASSETTE” that was manufactured by the Burroughs Corporation (shown above).

You sure don’t see many of these everyday,⁵⁶ and I was instantly intrigued, as the Burroughs Corporation, founded in 1953, directly traces back to William Seward Burroughs I. He invented the adding machine in the late-19th Century; was the grandfather of cult experimental author, William Seward Burroughs II; and was the great-grandfather of William Seward Burroughs III, another interesting, though more beatnik-tame, author. This ingenious ancestry excited a fine goad for myself, and although the tape had no original case or inlay-card, it was magnetised enough to draw in further elements conducive to the satisfying of my goal.

I hurriedly carried it home, all the while wondering if it had once belonged to my favourite William Seward Burroughs, the IIInd,⁵⁷ when he used to reside in England. There was also a greater hope that he may have even recorded something on it: one of his readings, cut/up experiments, anything!

At last I flew through my front door and inserted the tape into my Marantz SD1020. But it was blank...or was it? I donned my headphones, then closed my eyes to listen deeper. As the reels kept on turning, the hiss of the tape merged with the sound of the machine’s mechanism in a strange way, and soon I could just make out what seemed to be distant, vaguely robotic voices.

“Go to the roe,” they intoned, but I’m a vegetarian, and don’t eat any fish eggs or fowl flesh. I pondered the quandary, then listened clearer. No, it was “Go to the row.”

Even with my eyes shut I could see what light remained in the room take on a strange quality. I felt like a child again, in or out of body, then a jolt of energy flashed up my spine to illuminate my consciousness beyond. The ruler fell off the marble table and columns of interlocking Dreamachine shapes appeared in my mind’s eye,⁵⁸ but I rowed...

Hunts the gothic musicians and their hangers-on shunned by or unknown to most spectators, plus the even more hidden players lurking in the dark eternal caverns of the British gothic music scene, and brings these shadows into the light, many for the first time.

The Lost Goth Bands of Britain

AT THE SURFACE, British gothic, or “goth” music consists of a triumvirate coterie of bands probably in this order: BAUHAUS, SISTERS OF MERCY, and a toss-up between THE FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM & THE MISSION. But, as with most subcultures, the British goth band scene stretches from barely underground, fairly commercial normality to an almost totally obscure, extreme nutcase faction. It is these latter, long-lost ensembles—stranger, more vital and idiosyncratic—that are the True Core Goth Powerzones. Most of these outfits were into the dark-side occult to some degree, whether from their song themes to their actual participation in Black Magic Satan rites, which may explain their shunning of publicity, and their being shunned by the mainstream. I shall now bring to light the denizens of this mysterious hidden realm.

BLOOD & ROSES were presumably named after Roger Vadim’s 1960 filmic version of Sheridan Le Fanu’s classic femme-vamp-fatale tale, *Carmilla* (1872). Emerging from the East London alternative culture squat vector, their most gothic track is ‘Necromantra’, whose default and extended versions open and close their February 1983 self-titled debut 12” EP. Timeless pagan drums ring out a secret urban solstice as aware vocalist Lisa Kirby casts a most darkened chant of mundane Mondays, unkempt ashtrays and burning corpses on the snow, as above so below, where love intertwines with death, spellbound by the necromancer’s necro-

mantra. A highly hypnotic atmospheric, an evokative hymn to firstwave goth. This platter also has 'Love Under Will', their paean to Aleister Crowley and his New Order of Thelema, although it is performed in an unsuited straightforward rock anthem style. (Released on Kamera Records, Blood & Roses shared the label at the time with The Fall, decidedly un-goth, but no strangers to active occult track creation ['Spectre vs. Rector' on their 1979 *Dragnet* album, etc.] that attracted some discerning 'goth-but-not-goth' black raincoat in the dark fans.)

Venturing further into the unknown, we are led towards the FLOWERS OF EVIL, so-named after the poem series of same name, *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857), by the French richboy dropout pothead *Charles Baudelaire*? Based in the North of England, this all-female "Adeptus" quartet, consisting of eve, Roxan 23, Diva and Mrs Synth Payne (a play on *Cynthia Payne*, the infamous English SM party hostess of the 1970s/80s), only put out a self-titled debut audio-cassette, released by Sonic Death Records in September 1988. Utilising a drum machine skeleton fleshed by a bold pro-feminist current, this pure goth artefact contains an all-out occult curse recital, a poppy ballad, and songs inbetween, the Kali aspect underlying it all. Intrepid, original and promising, it is a great shame that their alluded-to debut LP has seemingly never materialised. It is also disturbing that there is zero information about them online, although the serpent-and-rose, unicursal hexagram/*ev* dating system/*Liber OZ* reference, Eye-in-the-Triangle/23 shown on the sleeve suggests their possible Tantric, Thelemic, Discordian Society/Temple ov Psychick Youth connections.

WITCHING HOUR pumped out a fine old school, cider-in-the-graveyard goth sound of black sperm crypt sex. Formed in old London 1991 with a mainman Trevor trembler, they too had at least one lady on the rock (Alys and/or Morticia), which attracts and accentuates what ends with itself. There was hushed fan talk

of a secret room, a fire of black flames, hands through the walls, more blackness. Ardent self-releasers (the *Exhumation* LP & *She's Alive* EP in 1994) after an initial label emission (the *Hourglass* 12" on Succubus Records in 1992), they be muchly underrated, partly mythological, and deserve(d) better.

THE LORDS OF DAMNATION QUINTESSANCE were a bunch of self-professed "sanguinary wampyres" hailing from Perthshire in Scotland. Heavily influenced by the lurid media frenzy "Satanic Panic" reports of the late-1980s, coupled with copious amounts of a heavy psychotropic home-brew nicknamed "Crimson Thriller-Killer" prepared in their "Poison Kitchen" during a séance held in the crypt of a local deconsecrated church, The Lords claimed to have made psychic contact with the real Count Dracula, who told them he was sometimes Satan then offered them a pact, which they duly signed. This allegedly made them "Lineage Princes" to the "Devil Dracula," who had half-invited/half-tricked them into becoming a fully-fledged deep vampire oral sadism cult, much to the consternation of onlookers, for there was much at stake. The Lords' sole contribution to the UK gothic music genre was their May 1990 audio-cassette entitled *Evil Mythologies*, the reel-to-reel master tape being blessed inside the prehistoric Balmuick stone circle on "Hunters Halloween," wherein several virgin guinea pigs were stared at then sacrificed, their blood drunk and smeared over the naked bodies of the group and their specially selected entourage before a wild orgy sabbat of homosectional abandon commenced for demonic fracking, with overtures of cobwebbed grave dust lifted into the air by an unseen hand to describe ideas for further nocturnal forays. At the climax Dracula went into the 'magic circle' of spiralling magnetic tape, imprinting it with the terrible virus of the undead, to draw in fresh new victims via the forbidden allure promises of the sequin-caped, conical-fanged, coffin-sleeping perverts.

Evil Mythologies definitely has its (few) moments, but so would a demo tape of monkeys left alone in a room full of instruments for long enough. What ideas are present are hampered from a lasting expression by the sheer lack of musicianship. It seems The Lords were five notoriety/fame seekers with little talent who chose the music field as the one of least resistance. It's too easy to make this type of goth sound: bad generic death metal with a superficial overlay of neck-thirsting cheap horror film lyrics, and it's really not worth the £30 asking price for used copies. After a sustained series of ill-conceived publicity stunts ranging from over-the-top manifestos and madcap threatening letters to demonic graffiti campaigns, this spog creepy gang of corpse-painted vampiric gothicists were waylaid in a ghosted cul-de-sac and threatened by a rival group of "God Squad" militant Christian fundamentalists, to be finally (and ironically) ran out of town, pursued by an angry mob baying for *their* blood. (Incidentally, The Lords' main man, Stewy Q, later became a Christian himself after praying to God for a "sign" then seeing one of his shed pubic hairs in the form of a glowing Jesus fish symbol. He can sometimes still be seen street-preaching on Saturday afternoons in the appropriately oddly-named Scottish village of "Cults".)

Perhaps the strangest lost goth band I've so far unearthed are THE PHANTOM CREEPS, whose sinister inept clown influence still haunts the coastal town of Poole in Dorset. They did not apri-cate, and were unashamedly cemeterial in both looks and manner. Unfounded rumours abound of their nefarious interest in Neolithic dew-ponds and cattle-ways relevant to Earth Mystery perception and their infiltration of the annual nightside Burning of Bartle ceremony at West Witton in Wensleydale⁵⁹ to exploit an obscure geomantic legend in a wicked way ("Cunts trained to the leash"), but I believe I have uncovered credible information of their dark doings that I shall now relate.

Their one-and-only release was *Redstone Relicks*, a 90-minute audio-cassette sent to selected persons in October 1989. It's an unforgettable affair, a demented real evil Addams Family-style concept album detailing the six-month gonzo rite the band and several of its close associates performed the previous year on the town's Blue Flag beaches to evoke the hideous *Cthulhu Mythos* entities so vividly described by HP Lovecraft. This would have been an unwise idea for the most experienced wizard, but was even more hazardous for The Creeps, who were total novices, their only knowledge of the subject purportedly being *The Silver Key of the Ultimate Gate*, a handwritten 13-page manuscript of Lovecraftian magic allegedly written by a renegade ex-initiate of the Esoteric Order of Dagon (EOD), a shadowy cult of spectral inbetweenness and undreamt-of dreams believed to be based in South Yorkshire and still active.⁶⁰

The naive black-clad dabblers in the old tentacled arcane were 'blessed' with beginner's luck, so even their botched ritualisms yielded results, though with unforeseen consequences. For several weeks, Daemonia X—the band's most loyal and scarified groupie and occasional backing vocalist—had been having peculiar stomach aches, that were dismissed as indigestion or menstrual pains. She developed a 'casket countenance', that was just thought to be part of the goth game, until one midnight during a Phantom Full Moon party, when as she crossed the room to open the door a horrid, almost visible odour filled the air.

Whilst she searched for the stench's origin a monstrous one-eyed, purplish-green slug-like 'thing' slipped out noiselessly from her shaven tattooed fundament and dropped onto the carpet, where it drew itself into itself and then slithered through a gap in the floorboards down into the cellar below. With the howl of distant dogs surrounding the house the finest vermilion blood did flow from her confused cuntus, splattering the walls into a grotes-

que abstracted artwork as she began to spin around faster and faster in a dance of doom, nuttier than squirrel's shit. A passing policeman overheard the commotion, but on knocking at the door was met by a Frogspawn, whose aftershave was after its sell-by date. Unable to ascertain if any crime had been committed the cop was about to leave when Froggy drew him aside into the hallway, for he wanted to show the law his "Tickling photos."

Leading the perplexed perceptive plod by the hand up the garden path, Frogboy eventually unlocked the heavy padlock on his creosoted cave. Once inside, Greeny opened an ornate antique brass chest then proffered close-up snapshots not of the bondage bongo giddy hoots but of the closest lunar landscape, of such exquisite detail that they must have been taken on its surface, his hand or foot sometimes poking out of a corner. As the boy in blue took this in, the atmospheric pressure rose solid as Froggo held a dripping fist against his third eye.

"I am now calling all the clans together," he gurgled, head expanding wide as something unseen, wet and hideous rubbed past the officer's legs that slowly began to melt. The highs became lows, stars were on the ground, flags fizzled out, others left ajar.

The dread creature was never found, and nor was Ms X, who had run screaming through the magical mushroom minefield past Jesus' skull into the cackling woods amongst the all-threatening shock thunder and lightning, never to return. It is also said that several of The Creeps who searched for her and it on that weird night of shivers never ever regained all of their spurs and wits, and remain suspended in dusk. In fact inflection rules, propping up a rubber dinosaur, not old lace. Most of us need a real connection between the room and space.

The stygian velvet folds of vampiroid gothic ecstasy are oft' reached through nightmare sonics. But beware the lure of Dark-nesses. Thee True Anon does not suck.

ENDNOTES

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- 5 The use of crystal or glass is particularly conducive to contacting outside other dimensions, for these are substances which remain in a state of flux like water, being a perfect portal for the manifestation of almost any esoteric force.
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- 15 www.391.org/manifestos/1920-dada-manifesto-feeble-love-bitter-love-tristan-tzara.html
- 16 http://johncage.org/pp/John-Cage-Work-Detail.cfm?work_ID=104 He gives a detailed explanation of the compositional process involved in his 'To Describe the Process of Composition Used in Music of Changes and Imaginary Landscape No. 4', in John Cage, *Silence*. Wesleyan University Press, 1961, pp.57-59.
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 - 24 See the 'Dali and Paranoia-Criticism' chapter in Maurice Nadeau, *The History of Surrealism* (Penguin/Pelican, 1973). If you need something more or else to help you grasp the concept, research the three related phenomena of Simulacrum, Pareidolia and Apophenia, especially in their fervent religious aspects. Or better still, ingest the right natural hallucinogenic fungi and spend some hours alone admiring his best paintings.
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 - 43 A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5, F=6, G=7, H=8, I=9, J=10, K=11, L=12, M=13, N=14, O=15, P=16, Q=17, R=18, S=19, T=20, U=21, V=22, W=23, X=24, Y=25, Z=26.
 - 44 <https://lib.oto-usa.org/libri/liber0220.html>
 - 45 See: Aleister Crowley, *Liber AL vel Legis*, Chapter II, Verse 7 (1904).

- 46 See John Urwin's Project Camelot radio interview
(<http://data.argusoog.org/radio/2010/ArgusoogRadio-20101119-ProjectCamelot.mp3>) & book, *One Step Beyond... The Sixteen* (Bridger House Publishers Inc., 2010) & his UCS Defence website (www.ucsdefence.com).
- 47 www.syracusenewtimes.com/contacting-extraterrestrials-the-method/
- 48 [www.oxfordmail.co.uk/news/headlines/
4720757.Ghosthunting_in_a_Bicester_charity_shop/](http://www.oxfordmail.co.uk/news/headlines/4720757.Ghosthunting_in_a_Bicester_charity_shop/)
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pageNum_paradata=3&totalRows_paradata=98](http://www.paranormaldatabase.com/reports/shopping.php?pageNum_paradata=3&totalRows_paradata=98)
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- 52 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-41044309
- 53 www.progarchives.com/album.asp?id=30104
- 54 <https://iskconvrindavan.com/project/srila-prabhupads-samadhi/>
- 55 Interview by Chris Salewicz, 'Beneath This Middle Class Suburban Casual Wear Lurk a Bunch of REALLY NICE GUYS. So Why Are They Banned From *Top of the Pops*?' (*New Musical Express*, 1977):
http://webinblack.co.uk/Strangers_American_Interv.htm
- 56 Although another two are *in situ* here: [https://nephist.files.wordpress.com/2015/04/
ss107896-copy.jpg](https://nephist.files.wordpress.com/2015/04/ss107896-copy.jpg)
- 57 <https://realitystudio.org>
- 58 <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dreamachine>
- 59 www.richmondshiretoday.co.uk/photos-burning-bartle/
- 60 www.esotericorderofdragon.org & www.qusoor.com/EOD/EODhistory.html

