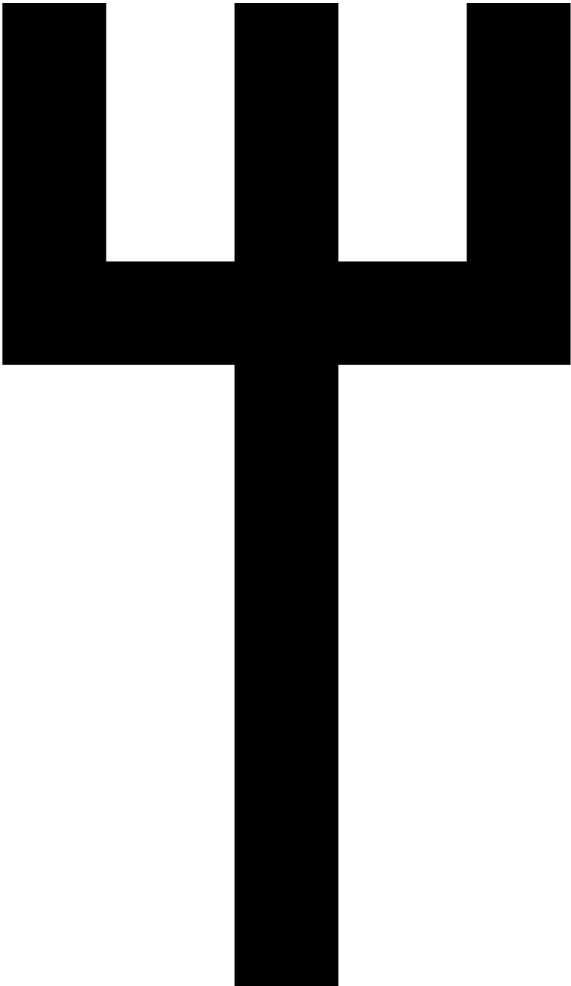




THEE ELIXIR

**Radical Tradition • Pure Faith
Experimental Worship • light love &
liberty for the Prophesied New World**

INCEPTION

31 December 2014

NAME

El (God) I (is the All-Seeing Single-Eyed)

X (Unknown Source) IR (Ear)

**Ergo: "Union with the Supreme Unknown
Creator through Music"**

KEY WORDS

Sincerity & Authenticity

ANARCHOGNOSTICCHRISTOPAGANISM

THEE ELIXIR

by

THEE ELIXIR

Fo7

Friend or Foe Press
MMXVIII

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(Italicised titles denote artworks that were created by Thee Elixir, unless they are otherwise attributed.)

The cover image is Thee Elixir symbol, ostensibly ‘just’ the initial letters T & E rearranged into a monogram, yet look more... It also resembles *Algiz*, the Rune of Life, and the Trident of Neptune, perhaps the Devil’s Pitchfork or Cosmic Man with Up-reaching Arms. The three-pronged upper portion may represent the Trinity, or the Triple Goddess, or the existential process of Birth-Life-Death. Thee Elixir symbol is also quite similar to *Psi* (Power? Psilocybin?), the 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet (U+03A8), and its derivative letter, *Psi*, of the early Cyrillic alphabet (U+0470), that was especially used in Church-related words and is still in use today by the Church Slavonic. Again and again, Thee Elixir symbol also resembles the alchemical symbol for *Putrefaction* (U+1F764). But these particular symbols are all curved, not angular-straight as Thee Elixir example, which could be regarded as: ‘*Psi* with Discipline’. Ultimately, Thee Elixir symbol is linked to none of these other ones and explanations, so do not confuse Thee Elixir with what has gone before.

THEE ELIXIR by THEE ELIXIR. Fifth revised edition privately printed and published by Friend or Foe Press in the year MMXVIII in an edition of 33 copies for invited subscribers. First published in the year MMXV by AKA. All rights reserved. Copyright © 2015/2018 The Decision Maker (DM), who is The Chief Stirrer of the Potion, who is Thee Elixir.

Foreword

You have probably never heard of Thee Elixir, and won't find them in (m)any histories of the esoteric underground, as this UK-based cosmic organisation does not court publicity, and rarely solicits for members. Thee Elixir is not even easy to describe or classify. On the surface they are 'just' a neofolk band, but have only played one gig and don't seem to have released anything, plus zero photos or film footage appears to exist. They work in the shadows, but shadows are everywhere...

The music angle is a cover story. The central element of Thee Elixir is—and always will be—its mysterious high priest, a superman known by most as the “Chief Stirrer of the Potion”, and worshipped as a great saint still unknown to the world. He can leave the body at will to travel through other dimensions and obtain direct contact with non-humans and the dead. He detests sin and never grows weary of helping people. He can see the past and the future, does not age nor float in water, and leaves no finger or footprints. He can read or transmit any thought, and is the progenitor of many strange and seemingly impossible events, for he holds the Key to open any Occult Door.

Operating mostly in and out of Middle England, there has probably never been more than 33 Elixirians, but the potent ‘overmind’ they do form is of limitless potency. This is not the place to list all of their achievements, many of which would probably not be believed anyway, but wherever they are or go is transformed transcendental. The proof is in the pudding, and they're giving it away for free.

The material in this book was obtained from the group's internal bulletin, *X/X*, and has been published with permission, granted via a fellow traveller intermediary. It is a drawing magnet of teachings, musings, testimonies, correspondence and more. During its construction, butterflies emerged out of white powder and the frequency was violet. If still active, yes or no, Thee Elixir cannot be contacted through usual means. Perhaps it's best to sense “where they're coming from” instead, and ride it from there.

Sarah's Testimony

(16 September 2013)

Back in 2000 around Grimsby I was going through a hard time: a bit of smack, crying at adverts, cutting myself and all that lot. Sometimes I went to this hippy guy's house, just to talk, no sex or anything funny. He was a bit weird, into occult things you know? But was alright like, that makes a change.

One night when I was really right down in the ugg dumps he suggested hypnotising me to get to the bottom of my problems. I weren't sure at first, but then I thought "Why not?", and didn't have an answer. I went right under quick, knockout to inside me world, and seemed to see this old massive moss wall with an arched doorway that I went through and there were all these cloaked figures standing in a semicircle chanting this Latin gubbins right in front of me that sort of vibrated everything.

I thought scared and so nearly run off, but they also had the answer I thought, so I goes up to the leader one in the middle and he offers me this bubbling purple liquid in a jewelled...what is it...goblet. There was a big gong sound then a booming voice I couldn't see said: "This is thee elixir, drink long and join us, to end all sin."

I thought I could get high off it, so I did.

The next thing I can remember true is being back in my bedroom just staring at the wardrobe and hearing the clinking of the milkman bottles and seeing the bright sun rays of dawn coming through the window onto me. I felt all sort of "new", like I was me different but the same, a churchy feeling with those coloured windows and echoes and incense.

I stopped doing the scag right after that and laughed at the adverts then put a brick through my telly and made the bad stuff go away so I no longer cut or punish myself to get a release either.

A month or so later I decided to tell my NHS psycho doctor about it all and she looked at me right oddly, then sort of whispered: "That organization doesn't actually exist you know, although my colleagues and I have been hearing some rather interesting

reports about them.” All snooty like, as if she knew everything. But I’d actually met these dudes, and I reckon they’re well solid, so big up to them like and I hope you meet them too!

John’s Testimony

(19 July 2014)

In the early-1980s I used to go to this pub in Bristol, a ‘former’ Knights Templar enclave and slave-trade port, that still has an uncanny vibe to it on some nights (all them techies dying mysteriously in that *Open Verdict* book by Tony Collins [Sphere, 1991]). I can’t remember the name of the place, “The Capstan” or something, a “happening” watering hole where all the art students and the dope smokers hung out, the city’s ‘intellectuals’ I suppose. Anyway, all these camp and loud middle-aged gay blokes used to congregate in there in one corner. They all wore sheepskin coats for some reason, don’t ask me why (wolves in sheep’s clothing?).

Some people don’t like queers but I think everyone is. I’d fuck an animal if I was drunk enough. Too right. Anyhow, one of the sheepies (that I’m not going to name) took a shine to me; kept chatting, buying me drinks, and eventually got me back to his flat. (Never made a pass at me that I thought was weird at the time – I now realise he wanted me for other purposes.)

He was clever and impressive, always had great pot and could sort of spellbind you with his wacky stories. We became good friends, so I went round his place a lot. He’d get me really stoned then turn the lights off and go on about all this nihilist-anarchist-fascist-type philosophy lark. Freddy Nietzsche; Max Stirner’s ego on its own; Julius Evola and the man among the ruins; “magical idealism” and “absolute individualism.” I didn’t understand a word of it. He even had this shrine room in the attic, full of skulls, WWII weapons and regalia. When you opened the doors it all lit up with a flashing strobe lamp while strange electronic music played. Fucking macabre. Interesting though.

Then one night he invited me to a fancy dress party at this big old mansion in the country. He suggested I go as a Nazi, that I

wasn't too keen on, but he said it'd be a laugh, and talked me into it, hinting that I'd be a fool to miss this one (although he didn't go himself due to "unforeseen work"). He even offered to pay for the SS uniform rental and taxi fare.

Got to admit I was well up for it by the time I was motoring down those winding country lanes under the full moon, the trees looking like swaying souls from another planet as I wondered with charged excitement what this posh do was going to be like.

When I finally got to the magnificent pile around midnight and was let in the large wooden door imagine my surprise when I saw that everyone else there was also dressed as Nazis! Even some MPs and showbiz stars that I recognised off the TV. (There were a few others dotted about in full bleeping astronaut gear, but they kept to themselves. The mind boggles...)

I'm not going too much into it because the feelers are always out, but they were all sat in the main room watching this video about Rochdale, of all places. I couldn't understand why all these perverts were so engrossed in this; it was just some geezer walking the streets filming buildings. (This was way before the 1990 Rochdale "Satanic Panic" arrests [of innocent people to divert attention away from all the real perpetrators] and that Rochdale-born monstrosity Cyril Smith, the former mayor of the town and its MP for nearly two decades, who was conveniently stone cold dead before being outed as a sadistic kiddly fiddler, just like that other dirty fucker, Jimmy Savile.)

Then someone turned the telly's sound up and so I could hear it properly over all the hubbub. The cameraman was talking about how their secret cult had built the "New Jerusalem" in Rochdale, that was where the Antichrist was going to live! (Maybe that great visionary, William Blake, was trying to tell us something back in the early-1800s when he wrote: "And was Jerusalem builded here, Among these dark Satanic Mills?")

They'd put these masonic vampire churches on the ley lines there that sucked in people's energy, even those who just walked past these structures. St Edmund's in Falinge (SD 891 138), now 'redundant', and probably the only church in Britain that's overtly and comprehensively dedicated to Freemasonry; St Clement's in

Spotland (SD 883 138); Christ Church in Healey (SD 886 157); and these seven blocks of flats erected in a row during the 1960s at College Bank (SD 891 134); locally nicknamed the “Seven Sisters”, although the cult always referred to them as the “Seven Pillars of Wisdom”. All of these buildings are aligned on the leys and are used to channel energy towards dark entities and purposes via the aforementioned vampiric draining effect and through human sacrifice. (Read about the Sisters, for example, [here](#).¹ In 2013, four blocks were demolished,² leaving three: symbolic of ‘Children’ in numerology, and an important esoteric number in Freemasonry.)

An extreme example of this vampiroidal perverted ley sorcery is Rochdale’s “Death Factory”: Turner & Newall,³ that still stands in about 72 acres off Rooley Moor Road in Spotland (SD 884 145). It’s now disused, but was once the world’s largest asbestos textile producing plant, that knowingly killed thousands of people via asbestos poisoning, thanks in part to the previously mentioned Cyril Smith monster keeping his black-mailed nonce mouth shut or spewing lies.⁴ The powdery snow that often fell in the vicinity, and farther away, did not always come from heaven.

Things got very crazy as the night went on. *Eyes Wide Shut* shit, black magic sex games, twisting the heads off hamsters and drinking the blood, then these bird things appearing in the corner. I’m telling you man, this Hitler-Spaceman cult had the knowledge, money and connections to do a whole lot of heavy moves those lesser lights like the Temple of Set, Nine Angles, OTO, whatever could only dream of. The crazy is normal to them.

I dropped my so-called ‘friend’ after that damned get together as I was too freaked out by it all; it was like a frigging horror film becoming real, with echoing flashbacks as the second flick of the double bill from Hell. I started carrying a weapon, doubled-back when walking to check for tails and everything. But he still kept on ringing me for months afterwards, making all these veiled threats that I would be better off joining them or keeping my mouth shut. I’ve chosen the latter option until now, but since all the recent revelations about such politico and celebrity Satanic Sickos have now been made public I’ve decided to spill the beans also. From now on I’m only imbibing Thee Elixir!

UPDATE 19 JAN 2015: My trusted feedback sources have since told me that the 12th Century Rochdale Parish Church named St Chad's, on Sparrow Hill (SD 896 131), is of interest in the present context. In his *Rochdale Past & Present: A History & Guide* (1876), William Robertson states that St Chad's

stands on a commanding eminence, the ascent to which is by a flight of 124 steps ... The local legend is that the site of the church was, in point of fact, the place chosen by spirits and fairies for the purpose.⁵

People who have been there have seen all sorts of things, and this place must surely link to the quite nearby, locally nicknamed, "Chapel of the Fairies", the otherworld in thisworld, at Healey Dell (SD 880 162), Spodden Valley, Rochdale:

Until the great flood of 1839 the Fairies Chapel was hidden behind a ledge of rocks, at the base of which lay a natural excavation formed by the water. This had a pulpit, reading desk, and seats.⁶

Curiouser and curiouser... And I wouldn't be surprised if there are other odd secrets to be discovered about the multidimensional interpenetration of the 'hidden' portal zone that is Rochdale.

Geoffrey's Testimony

(17 May 2014)

I'm Geoff the Goth, from graveyards, shaking hands with the dead of night. Solace in ravens; dust is a must. The crepe soles of my winklepickers and wings of my bat medallion are one. Hangman's noose as a necktie; don't fall for me.

I'm into the darkness and fondue parties, where cobwebs are aerials for underhill songs. I go mad for that hot cheese action; melting yellow sun on silver fork. Sometimes I put blood in it, that rocks my world. Turns it orange, that nothing rhymes with;

it's not a crime and I'm never taking the pith. You don't even have to eat the stuff – just do it. Let the right one in: stilton for the novelty hit, edam to wax lyrical, brie with lady absinthe I walk off the cliff, stalked by shadow pterodactyls, everlasting along the shores. Dracula's dragon teeth sown in the wet cheese delirium of Planet Gong, overseen by ambidextrous Cluedo owls.

I'm also nihilist, blackout threat; but beyond, because although you can make nothing out of something you can't make something out of nothing. You'd be a FREAK if you did. So why bother? Or why even bother thinking about it? I prefer the waste places (spaces). I run away a lot.

First-wave Goth is the Ultimate Cheese, those who came after are but locusts on the breeze, the epitome of sad, in its bad, non-instructive melancholic, sense. They do not have what they like. They do not like what they have. So many years applied to ashes. I am tortured = convulsive reaction = the black art, sleepwalking in the nautical twilight whilst relying on dream-logic as I make the first mark on the canvas, repeated...repeated...repeated, to contact and converse with the minotaur in the labyrinth, the clown in the music-box, the corner shadows eyes...

Oh my Lord, what comes to the autumn? The darkness in the day... I already have the cloak, and I'm saving up for fangs. Then I'll really fit the bill when I go to other spheres in my "think-tank" (coffin), creepy completely, full of purple jolts. It's velvet-lined with six brass fittings; helps get the angles for dimensions splitting. I'm not all there then; something outré bends my ear.

The why and wherefore of Thee Elixir.

The Testimony of Chris & Sue

(16 January 2015)

SUE: Is this on? Are you sure? What do you want it for? I used to feel awful before I met Chris. I didn't know what I was, what I thought or what I felt. I used to think that you had to come up with a fake answer to living that made you look good. But Chris told me that it was all about doing your best.

CHRIS: *I merely pointed out that the achievement and maintenance of balance and the deployment of reason are not inevitable consequences of experience. They are voluntary activities, and they are always liable to be overwhelmed by imbalance and unreason.*

SUE: *Is that a camera? I didn't really know what he was going on about. But he was kind, and he had a bit of money, and he wasn't like the rest of the lads that lived round our way. Little gangs of 14 and 15 year old boys used to run out of school and call him Jesus when he was making his way to the grove of trees near the allotments.*

★ ★ ★

SUE: Things hadn't been going well for me for quite a while. When I wasn't feeling agitated and anxious, I was feeling frustrated and bored. I felt really insecure and selfconscious. I was alienated and it felt like I wasn't in my body. Sometimes I used to feel really scared and full of dread. Or I'd get angry, really indignant with everyone around me, like I wasn't in charge of what I was doing. Everything seemed futile. I don't know what I'd have done if it wasn't for Chris.

CHRIS: But I wasn't doing much better. I was experiencing a lot of bodily discomfort, a real sense of heaviness in my body. I put it down to the process of ageing and my lack of physical fitness, and that made me worry about the passage of time. I felt deformed and deficient, with little to look forward to apart from pain and death.

SUE: I was sick and tired of the rotten world I was living in and I really disliked my job. Everything around me was chaotic. It seemed absurd that I should be subject to the arbitrary authority of a confederacy of dunces, with their stupid hierarchies and their imaginary lives in which fantasy reigned over reality. I couldn't see why I had to serve this bunch of insincere bourgeois mugwumps and fake hippies, who were all about convention and conformity, despite pretending to be something else. The falsehood was making me really unhappy. It was all so limiting and repetitive. Their

self-constructed selves were all about power and oppression. They couldn't even tell the truth about themselves to themselves and nothing they did could be trusted. These people were my enemies.

CHRIS: It was hard dealing with all this stuff. When we were younger, we'd been very keen on music and art, but I was coming to see art as commerce, and music as a specialised form of consumerism.

SUE: We were on our way to a gig at the Roundhouse and we had some time to spare, so we wandered into the National Gallery. We saw this weird looking character. He looked something like Gandalf with skin-blight and he seemed to smell of piss. He was dressed like something out of a Dostoevsky novel. But there was something about him. I could hear that he was listening to really loud music on his headphones as he came up to us, laughing. He told us we should take a look at 'The Mystic Nativity' by Botticelli and 'Scenes from the Passion of Christ' by The Master of Delft. I was really impressed because he translated the Latin inscription at the top of Botticelli's painting – something about the Apocalypse, I think.

CHRIS: Anyway, after we'd looked at the paintings, we asked him if he'd like to come for a coffee. I noticed that he was doing some kind of breathing exercise all of the time he was with us. He explained that this helped him with the discipline and practice of DE (Do Easy), which was the easiest way of coming to a proper understanding of The Situation.

SUE: We explained we were on our way to Camden that evening and we asked if he'd like to come along to the gig. He didn't take us up on the offer but he said he lived nearby and we found ourselves taking the tube with him to Mornington Crescent. He lived in a big posh house quite near the station. You wouldn't have thought he would live somewhere like that, even though it was a bit run down. He told us that the artist Walter Sickert had once lived there and that when he'd first moved in there were still some traces of red paint to be seen in what must have been his studio.

And then he gave us the lowdown on THEE ELIXIR.

CHRIS: He said that it was important not to confuse what was central with what was peripheral, that you should not lose control when taking action, and that eternity is the foundation of freedom. He said that fulfilment was contextual, that there was no universal law or standard, and that liberation was a manifestation of identity. He spoke about the significance of the void beyond thought and theory. He said that revolution was an act of will and that wisdom resides in what we say and what we do. He said that fundamentally he'd been an L ov C since childhood. But he didn't say what L ov C means.

SUE: It was fascinating to hear him. He was all about authenticity and integrity, sincerity and balance. He taught me about the importance of the living reality that is the immediate experience of now. He made me realise that I need to take responsibility, that I need to act with purpose, truth and meaning when pursuing my vision and be focused on maximising my potential if I want to achieve a state of purposeful autonomy.

CHRIS: Just before we left for the gig, he showed us one of his paintings, which depicted an androgynous figure with a blue triangle between its eyes, a cross of light on a disc of light on its solar plexus, and a silver crescent beneath its navel. It was a marvellous painting but I never got the chance to talk to him about what it meant.

SUE: We had a great time at the Roundhouse. A couple of days later, we went round to his house again but we didn't find anyone in. We returned loads of times after that but there was still no sign of him. Eventually, we gave up. It seems almost like a dream that we could meet someone once, and that he could have such a positive effect on our lives, and that we've never seen him again.

CHRIS: Apart from in dreams.

SUE: Yes, apart from in dreams.

Testamento de Fernando

(4 September 2013)

There is more when there is nothing, when there is nothing apart from the inevitable. The same rain falls and the same fog rises as an image of mystical slumber. The galleon has been burning for 48 years and will never be extinguished. The fear is eternal and loneliness is the strength of ages. It's mine. It's mine forever.

The pretty flickering flame, rose tinted like the sunrise. The details change but the substance remains.

THEE ELIXIR is as ungraspable as a metaphor of wind and sky and rain. There is something before it but it cannot be told. It flies through the heavens that are made of the common sky. It lands to burn in the sea of invaluable riches. It is the innocent virgin's hair plucked and ripped by the enemy oppressors as a sacrifice to their deformity. It is the marching, chanting crowds dissolving as the singular devil stands to be confounded.

It's a later brightness, a companionship joined to rip open the conformity of change. It's an all consuming game involving shelter from the storm and compassion. It teaches that the core is no more significant than the periphery until this same core strikes with undeniable certainty. It's a shifting glass globe striking substance into a hole with desolate recognition of the fading power of bodies contrasted with the formless ground beyond them.

I was not born. I have no parents. I came into being fully formed to join in joyful confederacy with friends as ghostly as the memory of my presence amongst them. Everything is conceived to be forgotten and subsumed in the memory of the stars hinted at decades later. Time dissolves.

I'm travelling from West Ruislip to Epping in purple painted trousers in the body of a child. Dull enlightenment dawns in the prison of Holborn, chanting that the self is something precious to be sealed in a vacuum, not given away, not shown. There's no way forward and there's no way back. THEE ELIXIR climbs the trees of the plum thieves to look upon the common grassy fields that go on forever and open into deeper mysteries.

See the sewer that leads to the stickleback brook
broadening on to the dream of a mighty river
oaken bordered hard against paradise
shuttering back to the starry skies
that are the fulfilment of a heaven
of eternity...

The here-and-now, once-kept secrets of the body are the opening joy of enduring sustenance; the full knowledge of the good that is there to begin with; the blessing locked and kept close in the heart that abides far beyond the vicissitudes and onslaught of sorrow and pain.

The whirling worlds are a consolation against the darkness of the enemy oppressors. The green grass burns brightly against the darkness of the pop songs and zipped down jackets transcending absurdity. Friendships are raised to stand against death and glitter gleams overall.

Now that my face has been broadened by a beard
and made heavy by age and skinblight
I wonder what happens to the invented self
inhabiting that construct of paradise and eternity...

Anyway, beyond the stars, the fields, the river and everything else that enables me to SEE them, and beyond the oppression attendant on passing Ickenham's sickening pool I fuck up my right ankle with a downward leap and pass on...

The torn ligaments, the prodigious leap, the hard 1930s concrete meets the obscene 1970s tarmac... I'll never reach Carmichael Close from Ruislip Gardens station... I'll never go beyond this unbearable trial... I'll never understand the glowering maisonettes that tower above my all consuming concerns... I'll never get to grips with the reality of the hardships that assail me.

I am promised to nothing apart from the calmness of passing through, the eventual rest from battle, the forgetfulness of rest and willed ignorance. I know it will subside to rise and take to its bed in tears.

There are lights on over the way
There always have been
Street lamps burning fires in the swamp
lights from the mansions of complacency
lights of the stars lights of the city
thrown over the darkness like jewels or glittering
light from the invisible strangers lost at sea
light from the heavens light from the fires of hell
light from the forehead navel and solar plexus
lights shallow and surface
lights of unfathomable depth
light from the cigarette frightening you with cancer
lights of war exploding the eyes that see them
lights from the glittering gas lamp
and lights of eternity conformed and constrained
to a paltry vision transcended
lights of the world one light
ruling over all
the light of the world
THEE ELIXIR!

Like a surprised fox, a typical cat or a poorly photographed bride remembering her schooldays, I am left with nowhere to go and nothing to do. I'm compelled to go somewhere and do something. I fly up the steep green hill of a future dream without pause for breath and I'm left gasping. I turn inwards on a vacuum and power outwards with the force of what's extinguished. I see myself far off, singular and drifting. I tear off my uniform with the aid of indifference and I am transported through allegiance to a far off alien land, all northern and reached through far-sight.

I think about a swamp and a bog, dusty drawers, dirty carpets, the light shining through the window of an impossible room cast high above a pantry of plucked chickens and significant dreams, that in all weighs and ways is a restoration of the movement ever onward, not pausing but found.

I suffer these things for the sake of the present's relationship to futurity. There is a pulse, there is a breath, there is an absence,

there is the surprise of sudden remembrance, there is the truth underwriting the lie.

I limp outwards, seeing and hearing not through my own agency but in thrall to the untrustworthy author of quicksands and the builder of the lane to the farm. I see the great house and the crystal ball. I see the fields of the stolen horses. I see the chickens and sweet peas. I walk beside my grandfather, stooped and puking into bright buckets mocked by my mother. I walk with my father from Bradwell to Wolstanton as the ghost walks from Bethany to Jerusalem beside a stranger in search of THEE ELIXIR.

The future is over. The future is now. The future is that fat disappointed bald head sadistic clown striking me across the cheek and dissolving me into terror through wrong tie and false walking across a quad of grass. Come to think of it, the cunt's a pervert who loves yielding the cane and wanking himself into a frenzy over innocent boy arse sadly gone down in quality from the heights of former times. His mate has no telly and he has no strength beyond the subjection of little boys. I don't know the time. I confuse escape with liberation and confuse my enemies with my friends.

Testament of Judas Sheldon

(Brown Bear, Sheffield, 15 December 2014)

I'd always thought of myself as an explorer of the psychedelic multiverse but it wasn't until I took a good long draught of THEE ELIXIR that I came to know what's what. Honeyed words are cheap and poisonous actions outweigh them. There's no point in pretending to yourself. There's no profit in denying, distorting or perverting the truth as you understand it. A clinical psychology department is no place for regional accents; it's a dumping ground for the ill thought out ideas of arbitrary authorities, who demand to know who and what you serve, and what is the nature of the contract? The New False Self knows that there is no core. You arrive where you are, whether or not you pay attention to how you got there. Habitual acts serve the cause of confinement rather than

the cause of liberation. The Situation is not comparative. You can stick your poxy miracle cures and products up your arse. I'm sticking with THEE ELIXIR.

The Testimony of Dave & Leah McGraw

(9 March 2013)

We used to be in awe of all occultists, until we actually met some and joined a couple of their covens. Then we soon realised they're just a situation comedy, a psych-ward kitchen therapy, competitive losers. None of them ever deliver what they claim to, therefore we call bullshit on the lot of them, including the religions. These trite buffoons have long overstayed their welcome with the young and the old, and are about as relevant as non-relevance personified, which is what they are, without trying. Pretenders pretending that their pretend bits and bobs are preferable to mercury's peacock.

It may soon be time for an overturning, to clear these whacked-out con-merchants and their non-learning from the vapid temple of flabby hot air, in the prissy garden of the butter-fingered gardener, and stem the tide of this stagnant mire, ridding us of their bleating chants, in their plagiarised rites less effective than chance.

Neo-Witchcraft is just an excuse for dressing up or nudism, kinky sex and prudism, an overrun stage for their petty rivalry. Oh pointy hats on the special bus, we know your wands are full of pus. You are boring the gods and boring us. And the neo-Druid grimoires have ISBNs and are made from tortured trees, for every Tom, Dick and Harry who can cough up the readies, please. Books of hopeless gestures that they fully comprehend; shitting nuts and spewing butts, driving Nature round the bend. The original Druids would side with the authorities, and corral these white-clad fools in the Outer Hebrides. A wise, most rigid, us-and-them separation, to prevent Stonehenge's further desecration. And the Satanist squares work the blackest of magic, in their anorak robes of initiation so tragic. They claim to have great power, loads more than a

bit, but never seem to exercise it; just beam out bluff spells, lots and lots and lots, that congeal in the fashion mag wif hotspots. Puny purveyors of problem-child(ish) plastic tunes, as they pretend to call up the Fires of Hell in their central heated bedrooms. And the Chaos Magic Diddy Men are still spinning around on a gilded flea. Their clever dreary drivel has nowt to do with you or me. Jacking off on dumbos sigils whilst chanting pigeon Enochian; they wouldn't know an angelic conversation if it rode the frigging boat in. And the furry helmet Odinists drink bee-brained mead to get beard pissed. They are really rather friendly – if you're another Odinist. And the cock-ringed, clit-bolted, TOPY turds are unsuccessful pornographers, or is it cliquey no hoppers? Certainly unformed, bad haircut dopers...eating Daddy Bear's genius porridge as they masquerade as magicians, clinging to their measly master's plan, to steal the fire from heaven with a dick like a watering can. And you Tantric adepts desperate for a shag. The Shakinis you seek would rather have a fag. Your tired old game is less hit, more miss; your special way resembles a long streak of piss. A dog bark reversed is not a cat's, but play you any which way, you're a load of desperate prats. And the Thelemites have to remind each other to do their will every time they meet and greet, or is it Crowley's will they're doing, covered in one Great White Brotherhood sheet? They also say "Love is the law", and a whole lot more, but are the magickal equivalent of a cement-filled drawer. And the urban Shamans bang their drums, their ponytails swishing in the wind. Doing what they think is rite, but they might as well be polishing their moccasins. Splashing a lot of patchouli oil on to mark themselves as special, but they still stink like over-boiled sprouts and are scared of heavy metal. And the toy soldiers think they're Free [stone]masons, when most can't even change a plug. They're far too busy with their cissy boy aprons and getting others to join the club. They only have part of the puzzle but think they know it all. Layer upon layer of gibberish and plenty more on every side; smug in their flash temple, the ancient Brotherhood that can't unanimously decide: if women can eat the crumpet, or should it be a black or white carpet? And brand New Age fuckwit, you are a right tit, who protests against milk additives then buys drugs from strang-

ers. The dolphins you love hide many new dangers. You sleep on crystals, ban Sex Pistols; think you've got it made, but your aura is shit shade. The dreamcatcher above your bed is a haven for the undead, who stare at you when you're asleep, and sometimes puke in your ear, quite deep. And you don't get into heaven with an AK47, so the prunish Branch Davidians were barking up the wrong tree, praying for better bullets on a scabby bended knee. Asking crazy Koresh if they can go for a wee. You know it's going very South, when they smile at you with a hammer hidden in their mouth. And the Nine o'Clock Service were taking the piss. Pseudo raves, spinning in graves, mocked by Christ and Satan. A ghost train church pulled by queer male slag, Rev Chris Brain's excuse for an easy worship shag, in the spunk-stained pews of the brain-dead hag. Because it's better than working at McDonalds. And the Heaven's Gate comet-fuckers have the look of imps about them. Kingdom Level suckers of leaders having a laugh, monstrous lost souls in dire need of a gangplank raft. Shop-soiled and sour-faced weak geeks who drink the Kool Aid and drool in the Above Human goo; born to be screwed. And the other UFO botherers salivate at X-Files; with their logs and binoculars a lot seem just like paedophiles. Weekenders who wanna fly away with ET and give the dog a bone: fully insured, with the bus fare home. Boasting they'll get secret documents and bust this thing out wide, but if opportunity really knocked they would shit themselves and hide. Counting down from 1-to-10 in mummy's nice wardrobe; spanking the monkey, a Nick Pope junky, as they await their anal probe. And the Solar Temple sitting ducks were always grade one cracked fucks. Skinny dorks with delusions of grandeur, clinging to a half-baked gerrymander. Casting their net with a surface sheen; fool's gold wank, a stunted meme regime. Throwing shit into a tree for people to have to look at in the middle of everywhere; never knock knocking is anybody there? And the Anglican/Catholic Churches are now one feeble morass, that don't follow Scripture but sure likes young arse. It's full of trendy vicars, who prefer to look the other way in their baggy skidmarked knickers. Counting their fingers with their toes, saying Christ's resurrection was just a conjuring trick of bones. What else can one expect from a bunch of shri-

velled clones, who came before the dawn on the coach to nowhere to somewhere and back again? And the selfish, no-mind Buddhists are communal nihilists with sutras by the score, recruiting middle-class air-heads to make the nothingness more. Get a proper job, void-droids!

So all you waste of space cadets, harken now to the blackbird's bets. There's skulls in the sandglass but you're still in the waiting room, picking at your edges and not touching the magic broom. You're not even funny, just trembling at the door. So fuck off back to where you came from, and then fuck off a little bit more. Folk you all! Hail the Antinomian, the Keys of this Blood! Onwards to Victory with THEE ELIXIR! (And Thee Elixir is a figment of its overactive imagination, a mutant gadfly flitting from station to station. Sanctimonious singers of neofolk in blinkers; wandering cod-scholars, misguided metaphysical tinkers. Quick with a quill to shout and criticise, but what beyond their filibustering bluster lies? And, lest we forget, the Jews and the Muslims, about who we can say nought, with or without the West's support. And as for anyone we have forgot, that's really quite enough, old sport.)

Thanks to everyone who wrote down and allowed us to publish their reminiscences. You got good taste!

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.manchestereveningnews.co.uk/news/local-news/shocking-pattern-of-suicides-at-town-flats-947640
- 2 www.manchestereveningnews.co.uk/news/greater-manchester-news/landmark-seven-sisters-bite-dust-3011586
- 3 en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spodden_Valley_asbestos_controversy
- 4 www.newstatesman.com/health/2008/08/asbestos-victims-company
- 5 www.lan-opc.org.uk/Rochdale/Rochdale/stchad/index.html
- 6 www.healeydell.org.uk/fairies_chapel.html



A stunning design by the Britain-based Rael (not this one: www.rael.org), that was going to be used for Thee Elixir's *Action 365*, before the project was discontinued for various reasons. See the article 'Action 365: Terminated, For Now', in this present work.

Upstairs at the Roebuck on Newgate in Rochdale

O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires...

The upstairs room of the Roebuck on Newgate in Rochdale is done up all lovely like. It's full of pretty decorations and lovely lads and lasses. There's an altar, which is also a tomb. There's Sarah wearing her Sunday best and she says that her job is to order the contents of consciousness. There's Leah wearing a free flowing dress and she says her job is to create from what Sarah orders. And there's Geoffrey, and who would have thought it, he says his job is to invest the Roebuck with a religious sensibility.

Thee imbibers of Thee Elixir were entangled in argument,
O Fernando!
Thee imbibers of Thee Elixir were entangled in argument,
O Fernando!
But when you shook the dandruff from your porcupine style
flat top,
All arguments were settled!

This is a tavern
It is full of imbibers
This is a tavern
We all imbibe here!

Between the Town Hall and the Pioneers Museum
Is an open space...
Why should it become a wilderness?
Why not build
a tavern here?

It were a warm bright day in autumn. I saw a cottage made of large smooth pebbles with a red wooden door. Most of the people who lived there wore neat formal clothes and went about their business efficiently...

Sarah has blonde hair, blue eyes and wears a white blouse. Leah has red hair, blue eyes and wears a green dress that looks like a robe. She's accompanied by a slim black cat with glossy fur. John is reflected in a mirror. He's as bald as a billiard ball and he wears a blood red robe. The floor of the main room in the cottage is made of polished black stone, right like obsidian. It makes me feel right relaxed and full of good will when I leave it.

And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven...

Fernando stands one up from Geoffrey and he says that his job is to invest the upstairs room with a magical sensibility. Then there's Chris and Sue and Judas Sheldon and someone I've never seen before, and they're all ganged up together and Dave is their leader and Dave says their job is to ensure that Sarah and Leah and John and Geoff and Fernando are guided by wisdom. I go back to the altar, which is also a tomb, and I see that the tomb is full of light. And the light leaps from the tomb like a benign death ray, let's call it a super-abundant life ray, and passes through a gateway that resembles a blue triangle surrounded by gold.

This is an imbiber's tavern, full of revellers!
Here, it is Fernando who is our guide!
This is a tavern full of revellers
Fernando is our teacher here...

This is a tavern
It is full of imbibers
It's not forbidden to imbibe Thee Elixir
Nor to give someone a drink to imbibe!

The only think forbidden is to become sober after imbibing!

It's written in bold letters on the door of the Roebuck:
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO GIVE THEE ELIXIR
TO THE MEAN-SPIRITED.

This the tavern full of revellers
Fernando is our guide!

I cross the threshold of the upstairs room at the Roebuck. I kneel before the altar. I rise to greet Sarah, Leah and John, Geoffrey and Fernando. I gaze upon the sign of Thee Elixir, which hangs on the far wall, directly opposite the altar.

I greet Chris, Sue, Judas Sheldon, Dave and the other person I do not know, thinking about their relationships and function in the upstairs room at the Roebuck. I return to the altar and kneel.

I lay my hands on the altar stone and I fully realise in the depth of my being that it's a tomb as well as an altar. The altar tomb is filled with light. The light passes through a blue triangle surrounded by gold and illuminates Thee Elixir symbol. Light beyond light shines from the symbol and fills the upstairs room at the Roebuck. I travel with the light beyond light.

I rise from the altar, turn and pass over the threshold. I'm carrying an Elixir symbol made of light. I give it to some stranger on the street, vaping on an e-cig, who tells me she's the mother of earth and queen of heaven.

And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae...

The light in the upstairs room of the Roebuck illuminates the sign of Thee Elixir, which reflects it as light beyond light, filling the room. I travel on the light beyond light and sit on the threshold of the Roebuck, looking at the centre of the sign of Thee Elixir I hold in my right hand.

This is not a place for puritans, O Decision Maker!
It's forbidden to be chaste here!
This is not a place for puritans,
O Chief Stirrer of the Potion!
It's forbidden to be moralistic here!
Beware dear heart! This is a place of reverence!

Thee Elixir has no particular character of its own
It is discriminating and discerning
Thee Elixir has no particular characteristic
It's neither good nor bad...
The pure in heart are elevated by it
Those who are weak in character it destroys!

He who is drunk on a little knowledge,
throw him out of the Roebuck!
There is no room here for the narrow-minded
There is only room for the pure in heart!
There is no room here for the narrow-minded
There is only room for the pure in heart!
There is no room here for the narrow-minded
There is only room for the pure in heart!

The upstairs room of the Roebuck is dimly lit. Where is the source of the warm glowing light? I kneel before the altar and place my hands upon it. It appears to be made of sandstone. I rise and move forward. What am I wearing? A white robe with red and green sashes about my middle and a fringe of golden stars at the hem. I embrace the lovely lads and lasses ranged against the west side of the room: blonde haired Sarah wearing a black skirt and white blouse; red haired Leah wearing a loose fitting green robe; the pale faced, shaven headed, scarlet robed John; the blond curly locked Geoffrey, dressed in white and green; hooded Fernando, whose features cannot be clearly determined, wearing a cloak of midnight blue embroidered with gold stars. Why do I embrace them? To join myself with what they represent through the functions they perform.

I look upon the sign of Thee Elixir, which is made of exceeding dark wood mounted on the wall opposite the altar. I turn and embrace Chris and Sue and Dave and Judas Sheldon and someone else who I do not know on the east side of the room, all of them white robed and white haired and white bearded, be the beards real or bogus, and with the exception of Dave so similar as to be almost identical. I return to the altar, kneel, and lay my hands upon it. Light emanates from the altar, which is also a tomb, and passes through a blue triangle surrounded by gold to illuminate the sign of Thee Elixir. The sign of Thee Elixir becomes a sign of light. It emanates light beyond light, which fills the room completely. This is a light of perfect clarity, utterly without harshness, like perfected sunlight, and it casts no shadow. I rise from the altar, turn, and cross the threshold of the Roebuck, carrying a sign of Thee Elixir in my right hand.



7 Miles Out of Town

Some spirits are trapped
in optics behind bars
While others roam free
Seen on earth and in stars...

Mandrake smashed the greenhouse
Chimney sweep brushed the larder
Gamekeeper let the pheasants free
Butler stole the silver

Guard dogs opened the safe
Pigs ate all the garden
Lord and Lady smeared with horse dung
Then left in the cellar to harden

Snake and Layman
Blackballed nation
It's all going down
Seven miles out of town

Groovy Plans

(Thee Elixir Debut Single Saga)

There have been some transcendences since our initial announcement of the debut Thee Elixir sonic release. Originally planned as a white vinyl 7", the labyrinthine depths of its actual production have led to a rethink.

A traditional single, i.e. with actual sounds on it, seemed a bit passé really, so we broached the possibility of a silent one, but paying £200 or so for six minutes of nothing in this wicked world was a bit off-putting, and we also surmised that people would either complain, want their money back or else say we were ripping off John Cage and his *4'33"* (although he never intended this piece to be silent, but an opportunity to really listen to the ambience of the environment wherever *4'33"* is 'played').

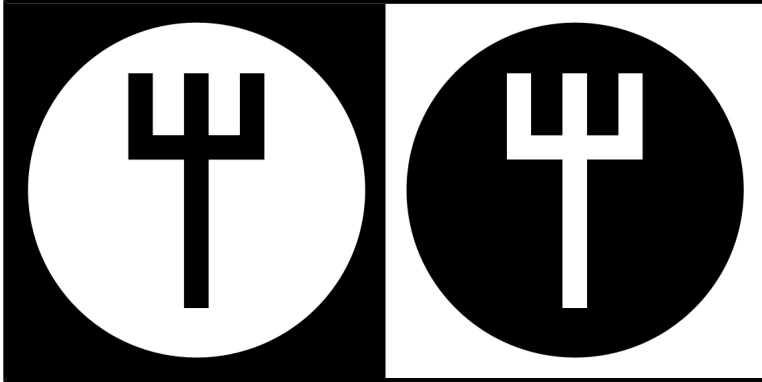
A 'fake' cardboard record was then mooted, with Elixirian centre labels and drawn-on grooves. Seemed promising, and after some input a prototype was produced, but after a bit of internet research we learned that this had already been done years ago in America by Mingering Mike,¹ and on reflection none of us fancied cutting out fifty of the things.

We then considered making them out of a wide selection of more unusual materials, such as circular saw blades or sandpaper disks, but soon discovered that that has already been deep explored by Project Dark,² and possibly reached its zenith even earlier in the skeleton records of the Russian samizdats.³

We fleetingly thought of scanning in another band's 7" and then sticking these each-side photos to card, and covering up the centre label with an Elixirian version, or simply affixing Elixirian centre labels onto some actual existing shop-bought 7"s, appropriating their essential circle to portray the fanatical faith of our own pure theory by not getting involved, although all this seemed unsatisfactory too.

It was brick wall time. Yet there are always other vectors, so we placed the sprigs of mint upon the oval mirror and invoked our interstellar genius.

The answer? A drifting walk along the green roads of England, and meeting the vicar's black-eyed daughter weaving a blood-red love knot in her long dark hair. It was something about “cut numbers” and the “dual message variant”, that's seemingly mostly connected to “pot luck” (unpredictable: Special Forces?).



Guided by this religious psychopomp, the art-idea eventually crystallised as a 7” with one side white, the other side black, the centre label being covered with many strips of glued-on magnetic reel-to-reel audio tape containing the recorded material. To play it, one would have to obtain a tape-head and then mount it on the record deck arm in place of the stylus, with the wires trailing to an amplifier. And as most unmodified turntables would not reach enough to play whatever is inside the centre label portion of the record, this added yet another problem for the potential listener to solve. Picture frame mounting board is just about the thickness of a 7” and can be purchased with a black and a white side, so here there would be no need to assemble and affix two different halves. To our knowledge, such an ingenious audio release had never been attempted by any band or individual. But the logistics... To be viable, such an item would ‘have’ to be a very limited edition and also costly and time-consuming to produce, plus the actual sound output obtained from the cut-up and stuck down tape would be both disjointed and warped (although this did have some appeal to us), and so after careful consideration it too was shelved.

The lovely vicar's daughter with secret fruit desires had other ideas though, and came to us on the midnight wind. In her scary but enticing presence this sister of stone flashed her stygian orbs in which we saw transparent 7" record blanks.⁴ This would happily provide a fully pre-formed item with no cutting out necessary – just add some Elixirian centre labels and hey presto!

Such 7" blanks come with both-sides smooth and no grooves of course, but surely we could add groovy grooves ourselves? An electric drill clamped upright would serve as a makeshift lathe, and a careful hand could work a diamond-tipped cutting tool from the near centre to off the outer edge, inscribing a neat spiral. An added bonus, the hook of the draw, is that whilst every spiral was in the act of being forged we could gather around each disk and attempt to experimentally imprint its virgin groove channels with residual 'thought' or 'psy-power', turning the art object record into a magical talisman, activated when played. But this didn't go according to plan. Our tests proved that obtaining a consistent depth and spacing of cut was difficult, and we also couldn't decide on the actual nature of the 'psychic projections' to put on/in the record, thus the seven circular inches of Elixirian occult-audio trance transmission remain spinning in the aether like a myriad squishy weird mushroom memories of the Best Kept Secret you've (n)ever heard.

Yet sometimes the ideas are enough...

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.mingeringmike.com
- 2 www.projectdark.co.uk
- 3 www.npr.org/blogs/thesalt/2014/05/27/314961287/how-soviet-kitchens-became-hotbeds-of-dissent-and-culture
- 4 <http://vinylke.de/index.php/store/products/recording-disk-pc-transparent>

Taking One's Fill of It

(Thee Elixir's Debut Performance Reviewed by AA Sumpter)

It's the 6th of February 2015, on a cold, foreboding Winter's night, as I make my way to the old disused railway tunnel on the quiet and level outskirts of Devizes in Wiltshire. This is top crop-circle country, its alien glyphs scarred into the earth by criminal cereal killers, so I'm on guard and edgy. I don't quite know what to expect or fear from this first-ever gig by Thee Elixir. It's invite-only, thus I'm chuffed to be considered worthy of the experience, but I can't help feeling that there's an ulterior motive for getting me here; in the worst case scenario with my head ending up on a pole at the centre of some demented Folk Horror oil-seed rape rite. The half-burnt plastic dolls hanging from the trees along the path to the venue don't help either.

Billed simply as "Thee Elixir: Performance One", with no admission fee or start/finish time stated, I decided to get there early, to find a most suspicious-looking gang of subcultural outré types lurking furtively just inside the tunnel's entrance, talking loaded words in muted tones amongst themselves and to the invisible ones. There was none of the usual uniforms, preening and desperately trying to be cool – this lot were hardcore vultures of cobweb weird, far beyond all stereotypes.

Trying to blend in, I turned up the wing-collar of my black raincoat, cocked my felt hat left and flashed a pack of smokes about. After being scanned and having hand-signs flashed at me I managed to engage a few fans in conversation, to learn (joke?) rumours such as Thee Elixir were: "so fucking hard they have to use iron filings instead of incense."

Venturing further into the hole, I could just make out a make-shift stage comprised of reclaimed forklift pallets and those large wooden spool things, upon which thirteen Ghost Boxes were arrayed in a semi-circle like a shaped explosive charge, automatically scanning the shortwave frequencies and broadcasting short snippets of speech and static at random. A political speech with female screams, a string quartet with Chinese news presenter, hot

signals from Mars with steam-hammers and a gruff Yorkshireman talking about sheep dogs.

After half an hour of this headfuck there was a very long period of silence. Then just as we thought it was all over, suddenly, from the utter darkness further beyond the stage came ultrasonic bat calls, echoing off the dank and curving walls to a monotonous drumbeat. Thee Elixir had manifested.

“Good evening, perhaps... We are Thee Elixir and we have got your measure. Prepare to experience esoteric treasure...”

A very loud explosion and a fit-inducing strobe assault ensued, as the Chief Stirrer delivered a confusive monologue about: “Mr Jimmy Page...Chas & Dave...a secret society led by Joe Meek... recordings of graves in Highgate Cemetery...drew its tall Vampire...now controls the cult...subterranean vault in Glastonbury,” or something. An ominous feeling of dread-tinged excitement was building. The dry ice machine was on overload, fogging the entire area, then out of the swirls emerged two frogmen, each holding a burning Elixirian Cross aloft and shouting unintelligibly, as Thee Elixir launched straight into a blistering rendition of ‘Planetary Chant’. The solemn drumbeat call filled our hungry hotheads like naked treacle nectar as the expert acoustic guitar strumming passed through a series of arcane analogue effects boxes, hypnotising anyone within range. (Missing Time) ... Drug-like unisex vocals then commenced, that meshed perfectly with the existing aural barrage, snaking past the legs then turning, to bite the secret crotch, sparking violet bolts of Kundalini up the spine into the Crown where they transformed into many bursts of a thousand points of total spectrum light that cascaded down to illuminate previously unknown vistas, both inner and outer.

The crowd were in high neofolk heaven, chanting along with Thee Elixirians as one mysterious windswept mass. Some of the women were frothing, clawing at their exposed chests; a few men were on all fours howling like wolves; androgynous orgasmic screams erupted at the back and black skeletons danced in the shadows as the peculiar conducive acoustic properties of the arched and elongated venue constantly intensified this macabre and irresistible soundscape scene.

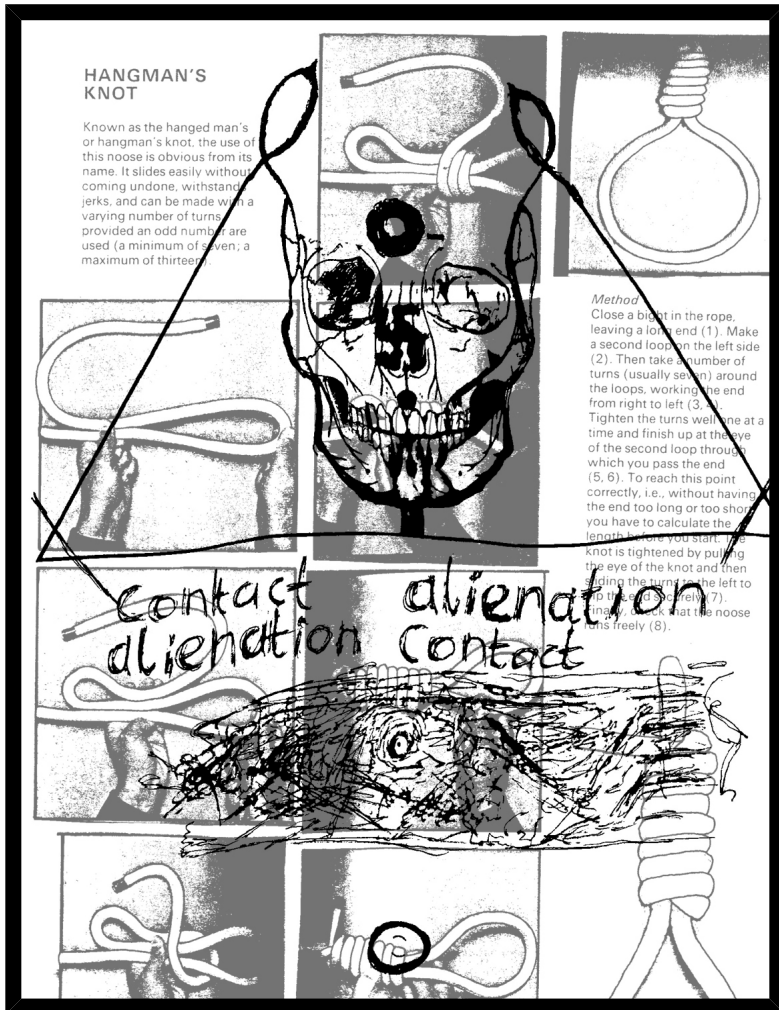
At this point I seemed to be in two places at once. As I watched the performance in front of me I was also seeing the Chief Stirrer in one of those posh villages in Berkshire or somewhere, standing to one side of the market square waving a grey conductor's baton as the people went about their work unawares. Someone was speaking of "stop-watches" and "Does time fly?" in an Arabian accent, and there seemed to be grids overlaid everything. A little Scottish girl's voice said it was to do with the "status escalator," and in referring to the Chief Stirrer, that: "his flag has no space around it, in flaming skies..."

Pulling back to something of a single vision/version, I then noticed a thick black liquid bubbling up from the ground in front of the stage. The geyser was spotlighted, and tiny serpentine 'ghosts' were writhing about in it. I was so transfixed that I nearly jumped out of my skin as Thee Elixir brought forth their 'Father/Farther Figure' in a flash, that topped their first song in sheer majesty. Oh, the ecstasy strums, military drums, the angelic-devilish choir synths surrounding it all; the unisex vocals a potent scarecrow core against the predatory mundane!

As the madness reached its climax, people started shouting that the Chief Stirrer had a glowing halo around his head. This sent the crowd into mass hysteria; they were wetting themselves, eyes rolling up into their foreheads, throwing their purses and wallets away. It was wild, baby. Several times there seemed to be an extra figure on stage, a tall bearded man, but every time I tried to focus he wasn't there.

I had the freaks by this time, things closing in, and just as I felt my head was going to explode the Chief Stirrer boomed: "Thee Elixir has been quaffed! So mote it be, from us to The Three! Go forth and extricate!"

Then the uncanny spectacle was over as suddenly as it began, leaving us dazed and othered. Not sure when or even if there will be another Thee Elixir 'gig', which nowhere near describes what they do, and I have no idea how to find out or contact the ensemble. There's no manager to speak or speak of, just an arcanelly run mailing list of purple and silver invite-only cards carried across country by actual people. But wait... Here come the cowlwinds!



To add to and consolidate what has gone before is a historical necessity, for there is very little alternative, we are told. But could this “big form” be a big lie? Is it possible to wipe the slate clean and start anew, if not the whole shebang but as a true individual? By what authority does their laws overrule yours? Because they have the civil servants, cops and army on their side? How long would that last if they didn’t get paid? Should this current system, now very in decline, finally collapse, *something* is going to take its place. Do you think they will help us then? So why should we help them now?

Watch What You Wish For...

The so-called “Mysterious Visitor” (MV) often appears as an ‘angel’ to those in peril and in need of help, as has been widely documented across the ages,¹ such as in the *I Ching* Hexagram 5, Hsu, Line 6, which states that the subject has “entered into the cavern. (But) there are three guests coming, without being urged, (to his help). If he receive them respectfully, there will be good fortune in the end.”² The present article concentrates on the darker form of the MV, as a supernaturalised human being who comes to a particular household because one or more of the house’s members or guests has issued an explicit invitation to do so. This has obvious parallels with the widely-held folkloric belief (possibly dating back to ancient Greece) that a vampire cannot ever enter a dwelling place unless it is invited in by the owner, after which the vampire can come and go whenever it likes. However, the vampire sometimes tricks the victim into giving the first invitation, whereas the MV always remains aloof until deliberately summoned, and never stalks, tricks or coerces the visitee (until after it gets in...).

An early, albeit limited, spreading of this phenomenon in the mass mind was via the zany black magical instruction text, *Grimorium Verum* (Latin: *True Grimoire*), supposedly written by Ali-beck the Egyptian in 1517 but which first appeared in French during the mid-18th Century. It contains a rather curious ceremony entitled ‘How To Bring Three Ladies or Three Gentlemen to Your Room After Supper’. Should it be a success, then three ladies will appear if the operator is male; if female, then it is three men who turn up. The trio will draw lots to select which one remains with and entertains the operator until midnight (as the other two sit aside and don’t interfere), at which time all three make their leave.

That these peculiar socialites may be other than normal flesh-and-blood human (and thus qualify as MVs) is evidenced by the fact that it is essential that the operator leaves his/her window open to enable the trio to enter. This does suggest that they are non-physical humans, or perhaps humans in their astral bodies – either would qualify as MVs. (Here note that the very humanlike,

so-called “Men-In-Black” also tend to travel as same-sex threesomes, placing them in the MV camp. Albert K. Bender could be said to have invited such a trio into his home in 1953, with his fevered UFO obsession, telepathic experiments to contact the flying saucer occupants, and spending of far too much wondering time in his attic den full of horror monster paraphernalia.³ Also note the mysterious three scratches that paranormal investigators, and people in general, sometimes receive upon their bodies from invisible ‘hands’, or perhaps claws.⁴)

The MV phenomenon was far more widely popularised by WW Jacobs in his memorable 1902 horror story, *The Monkey’s Paw*, in which the parents of a deceased adult son (horribly mutilated in an accident and buried for over a week) wish him back to life, which soon results in an ominous knock at the door...

The 1930s saw the first appearance of Bloody Mary, aka Scary Mary (her name is the very same as the ritual to summon her). She/it originated in the public schools of Scotland and is possibly linked to Queen Mary I (1516-1558 AD), who was also known as “Bloody Mary” due to her zealous executions of Protestants.

In its original form, the young female operator of the Black Mary ceremony slowly walks backwards up a darkened dwelling’s flight of stairs whilst holding a candle and a hand-mirror. As she ascends in reverse, she gazes into the mirror in which she may see her future husband’s face. But there is always the possibility that she will instead glimpse a skull or the Grim Reaper’s face instead, that foretells the lady’s death before marriage.

In its modern recension (that can be performed individually or in a group by a mix of either sex, although it is mostly a staple all-female “Sleepover Game” activity), a mirror is placed in a room lit by a single candle and then “Bloody Mary, I’ve stolen your baby” is chanted, either three times or repeatedly (here note that the aforementioned Queen “Bloody” Mary I had two phantom pregnancies). She usually appears in the mirror as an “old hag” type with long greasy hair, occasionally all covered in blood. Although sometimes friendly, she is mostly malevolent, screaming and cursing, and may even drink the operant(s) blood, steal their soul, or do other heavy damage.

Bloody Mary, aka La Llorona (the Crying Woman) plays an important role in the “secret stories” of the homeless children of Dade County, Miami, USA. Their complex mythos states that she must be called by a mirror covered with ocean water. As the wall glows like flames, she crashes through the glass to weep blood or black tears from eyeless sockets as she feeds on children’s terror, mutilating their faces with a red rosary before the kill (if you see her and her clothes are blowing back, it means she’s marked you to be killed). She can also invade souls, her claws like red fire pulling kids away to be slaves.

Some say they’ve been informed by the spirits that Bloody Mary is none other than Jesus Christ’s mother and has made a pact with Satan, and that she killed Jesus and has made a secret vow to kill all human children. However, the Special One (just one girl in a thousand) is so good, smart and brave that she can make Bloody Mary show herself for an instant in the gloom as she was before she turned wicked, a luminous pretty face, and then force her to disappear.⁵

A far later American variant on the UK Bloody Mary is Mary Worth, in which the operant removes his/herself to a darkened bathroom dimly lit by a single candle, then repeats “I believe in Mary Worth” five times with eyes closed. After this statement, the operant opens his/her eyes, whereupon an image of Mary Worth may be seen in the mirror. This is not a very clever or rewarding thing to do, however, as she is an evil witch, who either pulls out the operant’s eyes or claws their face, while the Devil plays his red violin and green toads laugh and clap.

Other American variants include the Blue Baby and the Candy Man (aka the Candyman) rites. Like Mary Worth, both of these are also performed in a darkened bathroom lit by a single candle, and the MVs are called by staring into a mirror and repeating their respective name, although the eyes remain open throughout.

To call the Blue Baby, you must repeat “Blue Baby” thirteen times whilst pretending to rock a real baby in your arms. If a real or a spirit baby does appear in your cradling arms and scratches you, you have to quickly drop it and run away. If you don’t, an angry, vengeful woman will manifest and loudly scream: “Give me

back my baby!”, and then kill anyone who is still holding it. To call the Candy Man, you repeat his name five times. If two red glowing eyes appear in the mirror or elsewhere in the bathroom, you must immediately turn the lights on, then run to the brightest place in your house (as is when it is daytime), otherwise he will come to kill you.

The Midnight Man is summoned by means of the Midnight Game. You write your full name on a slip of paper, then put at least one drop of your own blood on it. When it is dry, you turn off all the lights and place the paper on the floor, just inside your closed front door (that must be made of wood).

You then light one candle and place it on top of the paper, and then knock on the inside of the door a total of 22 times at the very same frequency as the ticking of the clock, so that your final knock coincides with 12:00 AM exactly. You must then open the door, blow out the candle, and then close the door. This procedure invites the Midnight Man into your house.

You then must relight the candle, which marks the start of the Midnight Game proper. With the candle in your hand, you stay inside your house and do everything you can to avoid a confrontation with the Midnight Man until 3:33 AM. (It is *not* recommended that you provoke him in any way.)

Should your candle extinguish (or there is a sudden temperature drop, you hear a very quiet whispering from an unidentifiable source, or see a totally black humanoid figure in the darkness), it is a sure sign that the Midnight Man is near, and you must relight your candle within ten seconds. If this is not done, then you must immediately make a protective circle of salt on the floor and remain inside it until 3:33 AM, when the Midnight Game finishes. You will then be the winner and the Midnight Man will leave you in peace (although he will always be watching you).

If you do neither of the above, when the game ends you lose and the Midnight Man will appear, to torture or even kill you. You’ll feel everything he does to you but be unable to move or resist in any way.

ZoZo, aka ZaZa, differs from all of the preceding MVs because an item of specialised equipment is necessary for a solid calling: a

Ouija Board (Mystifying Oracle). The usual sign of ZoZo's presence is the planchette moving in either a zigzag or figure-of-8 movement across the board. More rarely, the planchette moves to each individual letter of the alphabet from Z to O and then back again, or moves straight from Z to O repeatedly. ZoZo has been known to cause poltergeist activity, mental health problems, and to even possess his callers or (like the aforementioned Bloody Mary) steal their soul. Whatever effects are experienced, ZoZo is notoriously difficult to get rid of.

If ZoZo is indeed a demon as most callers state, then this entity is not strictly a classic MV, but like most so-called 'demons' contacted via the Ouija, ZoZo is probably 'just' another disembodied, negative-orientated human spirit fraudulently masquerading as a demon, and thus does (albeit deceptively) fit the criteria of a MV.

It has been claimed that the first known calling of ZoZo occurred in 1816, when this MV was part of a multiple entity possession of a young girl in Picardy, France. The source for this is said to be Jacques Collin de Plancy's *Dictionnaire Infernal* (first published 1818), but I have not had access to a copy to verify this claim.

A more likely trip is Jimmy Page, the much-revered guitarist of rock band Led Zeppelin. Jimmy Page actually has *Zoso* as his personal seal. 'S' reversed and straightened is 'Z', so this could easily be a thinly-disguised nod-wink that Page is the ZoZo Man. He made sure it was the first of the four seals stuck on the inside sleeve and centre labels of the mysterious, officially untitled, 'Led Zeppelin IV' album (1971); it was visually projected onto Page's stage gear during Led Zeppelin's 1971 UK tour;⁶ and it also appeared on at least one billboard advert in Hollywood, USA.⁷

Some do say the Zoso seal was spun in just three seconds by a spectral multicoloured spider on Friday the 13th at Jimmy Page's Boleskine House (the ominous and demon-haunted former pad of Alicestar Crumbly located off the shore of Loch Ness in which another big monster lives),⁸ during a backwards-masking jam that inverted the 'Led Zeppelin IV' track 'Stairway to Heaven' to a 'Slide into Hell', because a white horse rode across his lawn on a Saturday and he was angered beyond his ken. The house has changed hands since then, and has burned to the ground.

The lesser-known MVs reported in Britain include Old Mother Speaking Pins, who originally came over here along with the Polish political émigrés during WWII. She is always hungry, especially for meat (a scarce and thus rationed food during the war), and her left-hand, black leather glove keeps falling off as it has lost its fastener, so to call her you must chant: “Old Mother Speaking Pins, do you want some mutton, come and get it, here it is, I’ve also got a button”. If she takes up your offer, she will leave about ten rusty old sewing pins in a heap outside your front door, or stick them into it. You must prick your left thumb with one of them, then bind this and all the other pins together with thread, and leave them with some fresh mutton and a new button just outside your back door. If they are gone by the next morning and the Old Mother likes you (as she usually does), then she will hang around to help you about the house. But if she decides you are not worthy of her attentions she’ll spontaneously combust you then move into your house forever and start messing with your family and anyone else who lives or moves in there, planting her pins at strategic points to prick people.

Roly Roly Stick Legs was a mad cleaning lady who worked on the steam trains. One day she fell onto the tracks and a speeding locomotive amputated both her legs at once, that she replaced by her own crudely-carved artificial prosthetic limb creations. She is called by turning all of your clothes inside out and putting them on again, then placing a freshly-cut square of turf on top of your head, with a newly-boiled egg in its shell on top of that. You go and sit in the toilet at 3:00 AM for an hour, while hitting two large sticks together. If the sonic echoes you hear do not come from the acoustic properties of the bathroom they are the sound of Roly Roly Stick Legs clumping around the vicinity. If this is the case, you then quickly go outside and place the egg-crowned turf at waist height in a bush, so she can easily get at it.

You must not check to see if she’s eaten the egg for a whole week, then if she has you will get a special gift in the post from her. But if you’ve looked for the egg or thought about her or the ritual too much during the crucial time, one night soon you will hear the sound of her wooden limbs stomping up the road to-

wards you. She will leave a personal message just for you on your window, in poisonous green translucent slime written with a raven's claw and/or put a fresh dog turd on top of your wardrobe, in a place where you won't find it immediately but will smell it for ages until you do.

The Trippy Hippy was much more than a rumour amongst the rural counterculture communes of the late-1960s-early-1970s. He first appeared in June 1968, at the legendary mid-Wales open house-cum-orgy-crash pad of the super-seminal space-rock band Rocky Rufus & the Rubbernecks. A cool motley crew of 13 searching beardy-weirdies and flower ladies were holding a Full Moon acid party when they foolishly decided on a whim to engage in a hastily homemade Ouija Board session as they were peaking on the hallucinogenic doorway drug, the whole scene being illuminated by black lights and zonky oilwheel splashes. Wheels revolved within wheels as the shot glass glided from letter to letter to the strains of wild bongos and flute.

What happened next never made it into any of the newspapers, but from firsthand witness accounts known to us we can now tell you that, when the Trippy Hippy comes, he usually just paints a nice psychedelic mural on your wall, but sometimes he brings an axe and chops up your rabbits, and more. You can only get rid of him by joining the police force and jailing a flesh hippy for life.

Tommy Dickfingers was a hardcase Bolton thug-bouncer with very serious mob connections, who worked the Northern Britain pub and club circuit during the 1970s. He is so-named due to the fact that whenever he got really angry, his Incredible Hulkish fingers straightened out rigid and appeared to grow larger as if they were two rows of erect penises. After gaining a fearsome reputation, he eventually disappeared (or was more likely snuffed) during a protracted and messy gangland feud. Since his passing over (an underworld figure now living in the timeless chthonic underworld), he has become a Robin Hood character, well represented in song and graffiti.

To call him, you first have to give yourself a black eye then dig a hole in a deconsecrated cemetery. After this you place in the hole eight large "pork sword" sausages (that represent Tommy's eight

fingers in ‘dick’ mode), replace all of the soil, give yourself another black eye, jump up and down 111 times on this sausage spot, then spin fast around on it while chanting: “Tommy Dickfingers, I’ve buried your bringers. Come and see your friend who lingers”, until you vomit or pass out. As you’re recovering, you listen for Tommy clapping his transformed digits together. If you can hear them that means he’s ready to arrive from the other side. You then punch yourself in the nose, let the blood drip into the mini-grave, and chant: “I beat me up, now meet me up” repeatedly, until he comes or not. A hoarse “Oi!” signals his presence, and he’ll either shake your hand then tell you where treasure has been buried (by his enemies in crime), or keep smacking you round the head with vicious double-palm blows until your eyes fly out into his mouth, then he sucks up the rest of you through your empty sockets.

So do heed this cautionary public service report, anyone who is foolish or daring enough to ring up a Mysterious Visitor on the old ‘aetheric telephone’, as you may get a lot more than you bargained for. Truth is still far stranger than fiction, art imitates life, and all of the worlds are a stage.

Thanks to Lucinda Brookes and a Ceramic Hob⁹ for the supply of certain information.

ENDNOTES

- 1 See Carmel Reilly, *Walking With Angels*. Silverdale Books, 2007.
- 2 James Legge, trans., *The Sacred Books of China: The I Ching*. Dover Publications Inc., Second Edition, 1963, pp.67-68.
- 3 See Albert K. Bender, *Flying Saucers & the Three Men*. New Saucerian Books, 2014. Gray Barker, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*. New Saucerian Books, 2014.
- 4 <http://teamwiseman.hubpages.com/hub/Waking-up-with-Unexplained-Scratches-on-my-Body>
- 5 See Lynda Edwards, ‘Myths Over Miami’, 5 June 1997: www.miaminewtimes.com/1997-06-05/news/myths-over-miami
- 6 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Led_Zeppelin_IV#The_four_symbols
- 7 www.feelnumb.com/2012/09/07/led-zeppelin-iv-mysterious-advertisements
- 8 www.jimmypage.co.uk/boleskinehouse.htm
- 9 <https://www.facebook.com/TheCeramicHobs>

Starred Man

adios adios to god to god outside space and time in darkness man
transmission lights action dog howl far out j-b-g j-b-g transmiss-
ion failing fading one voice one music of the spheres slow arriving
hazed and fuzzy there's a starman waiting in the sky he'd like to
come and meet us but he thinks he'd blow our minds there's a
starman waiting in the sky blowing coke and super strong skunk
into the world from his mansion on high he told me it's yours to
use it's yours to lose it's yours to use or lose or set free 0-1-7-8-2
6-6-6-6-6 hello...hello...hello? is there anyone there? mind-
phased fuck, green-blue lizard, shy wind man calling from rock to
rock arms raised in bright salutation? skype me baby on your mo-
bile and send the vid and audio to netflix for now show reflected
in window a light to guide him not that he needs any guidance at
all keep it hidden from the nonce that bore you keep it secret from
that man man there's a stray man waiting in the sky he'd like to
come and meet us but he thinks he'd blow our times there's a
starman waiting in the sky he told them not to show stuff that
might be thought worthwhile he told me dance like a dervish ring
the bell run up a mountain and die starman waiting in the sky
meet us and greet us in the depths of our minds there's a starman
waiting in the sky of the interior vortex where the mind meets the
eye he told me use it or lose it and dance like a dervish dunce and
prance it in real fine boogie.



The Evil Man

I have a passport and we're going to Berlin but I have some book selling business to attend to before we depart, which involves the distribution of satirical works related to the Evil Man. I run into the Evil Man and find myself in a large semi-derelict house he owns, which is being redeveloped by artist types. My meeting with the Evil Man relates to the book selling business but I don't want him to discover the existence of the satirical works...

I enter the Evil Man's house with my best friend. I haven't been invited and the Evil Man is not there. I pocket a piece of wood – a powerful magic object. The Evil Man returns and decides to re-view covert film footage of what's been going on in his house while he has been away. I fear that he will discover my theft and call in the authorities. The film recording equipment hasn't been working as it should and reveals nothing of my presence, but I remain concerned that it might have captured a fleeting shadow or some other trace to show that I've been there.

I receive a communication from the Evil Man, A4-size, typed and photocopied. It purports to be a publication. The first pages consist of plum-coloured paper. The primary purpose of the publication is to proclaim that I possess neither occult knowledge nor occult powers. The introductory section attributes grades to various people – [NAME REMOVED] and Frater NS are assigned to $\emptyset$ degree = $\emptyset$ square. I glance at the first few pages. I read nothing of what follows...

The curtains in the front room are drawn but a small gap allows the outside world to be seen. I see the Evil Man striding with malevolent purpose along the garden path towards the front door. I duck down between the windows and the door to ensure that I can't be seen. The Evil Man's head appears through the window at the top of the door to make a mockery of my weakness and reveal my shameful cowardice.

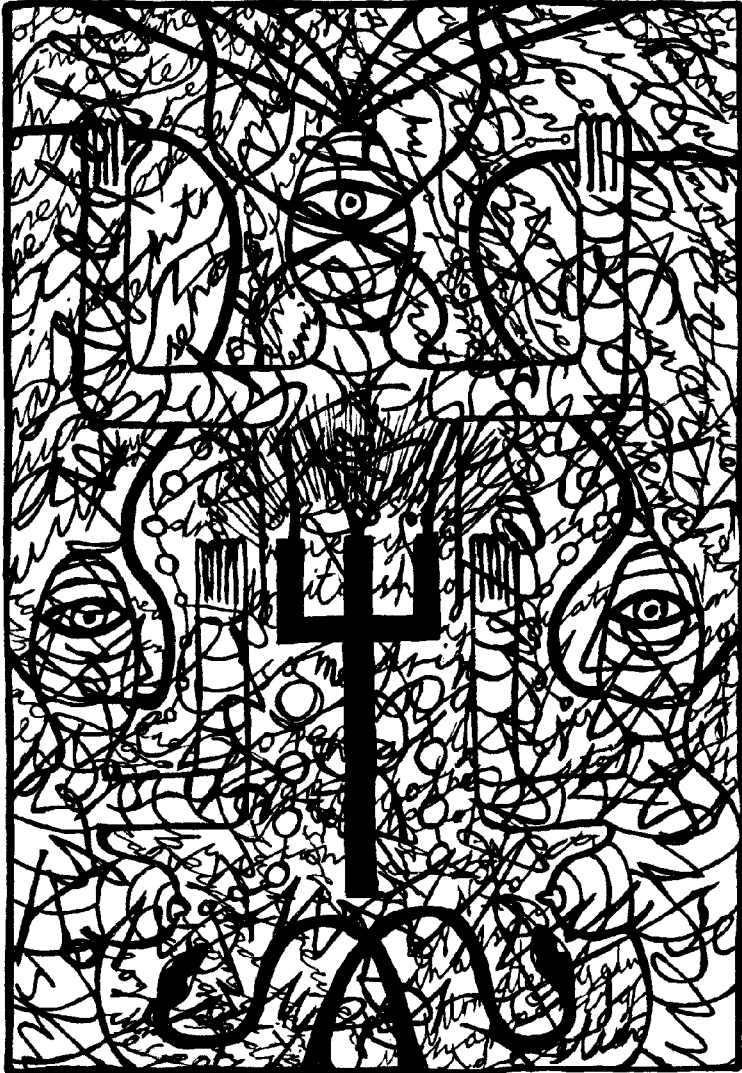
This is the latest in a series of similar experiences but the first of them that I have recorded. I seriously consider that I might be subject to psychic attack...

There are many Evil Men in the dreamworld. I suspect they are all the same One Evil Man, who sends out refractions of himself to harass any dreamer who gets too close to what the Evil Man wants to hide.

Sometimes the Evil Man comes to people in the awakeworld, like to a friend of mine walking towards the eerie patch of waste ground close to his home. Every populated area has such a place; it is the Evil Man's Garden and doorway. My friend's neck hair stood up with a cold shiver when he saw the Evil Man standing within his desecrated abode in the distance. My friend turned around and quickened his pace in the opposite direction. A few seconds later he glanced over his left shoulder to make sure nothing was awry, but the Evil Man was right behind him! There is no way a normal human could have covered those 100 yards in such a short time. The Evil Man glared at my friend, deep black eyes mocking his weakness and fear and instilling the notion that the body cannot rest in peace, for it is racked by pain and sullied by deformity; a lack of fitness gives way to fatigue as a consequence of ageing and the end result of ageing is death.

The Evil Man is very happy that as well as suffering pain, ageing and death, we are also subject to the cruelty of other people; that we experience oppression that renders life a trial and the world a prison, a form of living death marked by impotent paralysis. The Evil Man wants us to accept that there is no truth, only absurdity, and that there is no such thing as meaningful action, as all our endeavour is undermined by dark secrets and inauthenticity. We feel fear, anguish and sorrow; are alienated and estranged from ourselves, bored and dissatisfied; our attitudes towards other people are characterised by contempt and disdain. This is the work of the Evil Man that he seeks to conceal from us.

But maybe we can rescue ourselves through a nostalgic ecstasy that locates paradise in the here and now.



An art-trance exploratium that does attempt to graphically depict the vital essence and arch mission of Thee Elixir. The drawing was earthed on 20 February 2015 during night manoeuvres on the summit of Whitehorse Hill, North Dartmoor, and a postcard-sized reproduction print was placed in 44 UK telephone boxes.

The Action 365 Project

(Terminated, For Now)

Our tutelary system was named “Action 365” as by the Greek language and its occult gematria, the ancient Greek gnostic solar deity ABRAXAS = 365, the number of days in a solar year. Hence the 52 A6-sized postcards that comprised the system, to be worked one-per-week, thus giving a year-long initiation into the Elixirian Mysteries. Abraxas is also positive and negative and whole, therefore an ideal deity to have overseen both the making and working of this project. Yet Action 365 proved to be too ambitious a work at the current moment; we were capable of doing it, but the time and effort needed to produce 52 abstract pictorial designs for freeform imaginative exploration, that directly or otherwise related to the 52 specific written instructions on their reverse was too great.

However, see page 18 of this present work for an image example that was intended to have been used, and the rest of this here article consists of all the extant written reverses, so perhaps you can be the Jokeric Wildcard missing from the original formulation and create your own version of Action 365.

Lesson 02: MIND CONTROL

To get anywhere, it is necessary for YOU to control your mind, and not have your (or another’s) mind control you. To take command of your mind you must learn to hold things in your mind persistently. You are not ‘concentrating’ on something, but thinking of it all the time for a while. Start with simple images, then sounds, then anything. Begin with ten minutes practice per day, increasing the length by one minute each day until an hour’s practice per day is attained.

When proficient, you may be able to project an image or sound outside of you to visible or audible appearance, both to yourself and/or others. You could also experiment with seeing then placing the astral double of an object inside its physical form, such as a pointed stick, and then attempt to ‘fire’ its astral part at a target.

Lesson 03: GETTING YOUR BEARINGS

Go for an at least 30-minute circular walk each day or night, but preferably in the early morning. Look more than think. You will find that it is not always the same; is never the same. Soon this practice will become Ideas Time, when you get out of the way and let them manifest.

After a while, maybe plan an extended peculiar peregrination to obtain a more substantial project-idea in length or breadth, or one completely off the charts.

Lesson 04: FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE

Most of the time you are a ghost ship, drifting on a tide wherever this outside force wants to take you. So mutiny, and jump ship onto solid ground. Ask yourself why are you interested in magic. What do you want to do? Think about it then get it in writing.

To aid your navigation in the newfoundland, get a current map of your mind and your relation to Planet Earth and the wider Universe by writing an essay on your understanding of what reality is. “Know Thyself”, as the ancient Greeks recommended, and when you’ve found out, work with what you’ve got.

Lesson 05: O CONQUER NEGATIVITY/DEPRESSION

Negativity and depression are a trick a part of the mind plays on you, where it makes you think that your current state/situation is fixed-permanent, although obviously it *has to change* at some point in the future. Think what that future state/situation could be, and become it now. Walk barefoot on the earth. This realigns you with natural cycles, much like a walk in Nature, but more powerfully, the soles of your feet directly feeding your soul. Better still, lie in a filled-up hole dug in the earth up to your neck. You could also dig a small hole in the earth with your hands and then put your mouth inside it and shout all of your troubles, worries and restrictions into it, to be cleansed and recycled. You may be somehow, somewhat surprised.

Lesson 07: THE GREAT GAME

Obtain a high-quality cubed dice, a good notebook and pen. Handle the dice and form a relationship with it; always keep it on your person. When you have become good friends, assign an action to each of the dice's six numbers that you will DEFINITELY perform, or assign just two DEFINITE actions for the even and odd numbers. Write them down in your notebook. Throw the dice and let it decide what you will do next.

Repeat all steps, pushing the envelope with each new set of possible events if you are bold enough. You may catch reality out – or it you.

If staying at home with a partner, let them in on your exciting secret hobby and then make the game more complex. Obtain a toy roulette wheel and together with your partner assign an action to each of the 36 numbers and zero, or to the colours red and black that will DEFINITELY be performed if indicated. Get the ball rolling and take turns to gamble and act. This is a very useful tool/excuse to explore sexuality.

Lesson 08: DEALING WITH ENEMIES

To deal with moderately difficult situations or people, breathe in and out through the nose to full capacity and emptiness *very slowly*, almost imperceptibly, and always at the same rate. This makes you very calm, conserves your power and deflects all hostility directed at you.

The bully relies on reading your unconscious body-language and your psychic projection of weakness; he or she needs to feel bigger than you – so consciously enlarge your aura (energy field) and become massive, strong and *dangerous*, backed up by the “thousand-yard stare”, where you look at their face but beyond it, fixing your gaze on a point a 1000 yards directly behind them.

Give the bully a single clear verbal warning to stop, and should they not desist from their unwanted and unwarranted actions, then you are justified to implement black magic. If someone *really* deserves your retaliation, then give it to them. They are, after all,

“asking for it” as the saying goes. Don’t think it’s evil, don’t feel any remorse, don’t regret it, and don’t fear any rebounds afterwards, as this is a ploy used by the rulers to keep you down and them on top (they have no qualms about using the dark arts on you). If you do think these things you can punish yourself, without them even lifting a finger (don’t worry, they feel no guilt about messing with you).

Black magic is a sure and proven way to get your revenge on an enemy and to obtain true justice, when their odds are stacked against you. It has the advantage that it can be done at a distance, with no suspicions.

The most effective method is sympathetic-contagious magic. To simply bind an enemy and to prevent them from continuing in their course, the aim is to build up a constant and baleful current directed against the target. Write out their full name on slips of paper: put one inside your shoe and you’re trampling on them constantly. Throw another down the toilet and shit on them. Maybe give them the Silent Treatment: make soundless telephone calls day and night and send them an empty envelope on the first day of each month.

A more hefty attack spell is to make (birth), baptise, judge and then execute a doll (or some other form) that represents the enemy. Work yourself up into a murderous rage and then kill the doll and bury it in a graveyard. Perhaps be a fierce animal to get your power up – initially... For there is no being more vicious than the human.

Lesson 09: FASCINATION/CASTING OF GLAMOURS

To rule the world, live as if you already have everyone hypnotised and under your command. If you have to train for this, get your thoughts inside another person’s head by thinking for them. Put yourself in their place and stay there. If you want someone to notice you, look at them and think “He looks interesting”, etc., as if *they* are thinking it. Cover them with your mind-web, catch them in it, and keep repeating their thoughts for them. If your will and emanations are stronger than theirs it has to dominate, for that is

Nature. If you don't want to be noticed, then see everyone before they see you, and you are invisible.

Lesson 10: HOW TO SPEAK TO FAIRIES

One sees near or far beyond the normal human range (with one's other or "second" sight) by subtly shifting one's visual focus. Practice this ability in a mirror by attempting to see your aura.

If successful, then make sure you really want a relationship with the fairy folk. If so, select a suitable place where local folklore, myth or legend says the fairies dwell. Or just find it yourself, by intuition. Take offerings and leave them there for eight days. Red and green baby-sized garments of linen or other natural fibres are recommended, as fairies are often seen dressed in these colours (this may be connected to the green-eyed, red-haired Holy Blood-line originally from outer-space or another dimension). Vary this with other useful gifts, but most importantly, send them your thoughts of friendship, peace and sincerity, and your willingness to meet the fairies face-to-face and curiosity to find out more about them. On the ninth day, go to the edge of the wood, lake, etc., at dusk and then unfocus your eyes and look at the place. See what you see.

The related art of astral projection (aka out-of-body experience) is achieved by focussing one's whole awareness on doing it, at the crucial moment of transition from being awake to being sleep. One then steps forth in this inbetweenness 'twilight zone'. At first, it is best to limit your travels to your own room. Only venture farther out when you are experienced in and comfortable with all aspects of this new sphere, where you may also meet the fairy (and other) folk. It is advised you do not accept any fairy gifts, food or drink, as you may return many years later, or never come back.

Lesson 12: UFO CONTACT/ESCAPE & EVASION

The UFO and its occupants have visited Earth before humans and will visit after humans have left. They don't have to travel great distances to arrive as they're "just round the corner", dimension-

wise. Many of us have been contacted or taken by them, usually in childhood, but few of us remember. Those who do tend to be of a specific Bloodline or DNA configuration that interests the aliens. “It runs in the family”, as they say... To contact the UFO/aliens, write in a column a list of everything that prevents your contact with them. Then write the exact opposite of each thing on the list in another parallel column and do it. Also send out a suitable telepathic message to them at the same time each day for the same duration, preferably when outside and looking up at the stars. Remain alert for interesting so-called ‘dreams’, and even meetings in the flesh, for they walk among us on this world too.

To prevent contact, or to evade any existing contact, DO NOT FEAR OR CONSENT, or be tricked into this. Make your life as full, exciting and in public view as possible. If you are still approached, do something unusual, crazy, unique and individual, for this—and anger and resistance—short-circuits the alien hive-mind.

Lesson 13: CRYPTOGRAPHY

To conceal the meaning of your writing from prying eyes (that do not want to look too closely, for this or any other method is not unbreakable), write out your message in two lines, alternating each of the letters one-by-one to each alternate line. For example, THE RED CAR becomes:

T		E		E		C		R
	H		R		D		A	

Now write the two lines out, the top one first then the bottom one after, to obtain the coded text: T E E C R H R D A. The coded text can be made even more complex by splitting the original clean text into three or more lines and/or writing it in reverse and/or rearranging the letter positions. Such procedures can also be applied to the coded text itself. It has been ascertained that the coded text is easiest to manage as six-letter-wide columns. For decoding purposes, always retain how many cells are in each line and what-

ever extra levels of security are present. This information is best kept in memory, otherwise it too should be coded, symbolised or otherwise obscured and kept at a very distant, separate location to the coded text.

Lesson 16: GETTING RICH

To get used to befriending money and attracting it towards you, do some simple sorcery to find a two pence coin on the street. If you do, know that, traditionally, a heads-up example means it is a gift from a spirit-helper. Place this coin in an official bank envelope (available free at any bank and used to pay money into an account) and try for a bigger windfall. Get yourself a business card and ritually encircle it, feeding it numbers. Don't go just for a gift of riches as you may not deserve it. You're trying to obtain the initial funding for a good scheme to make money that you've preferably already thought of, or will think of.

Lesson 36: SEX MAGIC: THE SUPREME FORMULA

Anything can be sex magic and have lasting effects: a glimpse of a shop assistant's thigh up a ladder, two horses mating in a field, a discarded stiletto-heel shoe. Use this sense in the traditional act.

Prepare for the congress by a week of total physical *and* mental celibacy. Build up the power but keep it circulating – don't let it out until the rite act.

In this ritual sex, the objective intended to manifest is the only thing thought of and felt. Forget yourself – channel all lust, everything, into the objective's reality. Impregnate, gestate then give birth to it with as much care and seriousness as you would a human child.

As you approach orgasm, orgasm (preferably both partners simultaneously), and for a while in the aftermath, think-know the objective is real, now and present. To add power, mingle your male's phallus seed with the female's juices inside her cuntus, leave it there to incubate for ten minutes, then obtain the transformed singular substance orally and share and consume it with

her. It may also be applied to some material basis (a letter, photo, etc.) that will assist the objective to manifest.

Start with personal illumination, not temporal, objectives, and for the extra kick of novelty fuck a stranger, or even a prostitute. Also consider sailing backwards, or on the monthly blood tide, but know that these are dangerous diversions for the impure.

Lesson Ø: HOW TO SPEAK TO OR COMMUNE WITH CHRIST

Christ awakens in the mind at the centre of being in a sacred foundation dream. It is Christ who fills the Inward Temple with light beyond light. Christ is the centre, the bridge, the conduit of heavenly grace, spirit descending into matter, and matter ascending to spirit.

The kingdom of heaven is the Alpha & Omega and everything between them. Christ is the progenitor of spirit, the outside taken in.

Christ is from us and in us, all receiving, all giving, the tree of life and the wisdom of God. Christ is a location, a destination, a person, a state of awareness, a thought, an idea and a state of being. Christ is within, as the kingdom of heaven is within. The kingdom of heaven is within and the source and the centre of all things is occupied by and embodied in Christ but the experience of Christ in the kingdom of heaven dissolves all conceivable barriers between without and within.

Christ is infinite and universal, which means that everything that is happening, has happened, or will happen is Christ. Christ is ever present and will come again. The physical-spiritual manifestation of Christ was in the world for a short time but the spiritual reality of Christ is present in all things from the beginning to the end.

Those who do know Christ have been born of the spirit, and this removes them from the world, as Christ was removed from the world, even as they are in it.

Christ is not contained by dogma, hierarchies, church authorities and structures. The priest of bureaucratic orthodoxy is no nearer to Christ than the unbeliever. Christ's crucifixion shows the in-

adequacy of religious & secular authorities in dealing with truth. It also indicates the willingness of organised religion and state power to work together to suppress that which runs counter to their interests. Christ despised and disdained the riches of the worldly church. He did not abide in palaces of gold and he instructed the rich man to sell his goods and feed the poor. Satan offered Christ wealth beyond measure and Christ refused the offer, whereas the church accepts it.

The body of Christ is the earth and the blood of Christ is the waters of the earth. The body of Christ is the church not built with hands and the blood of Christ is the spirit that enlivens this church. The body of Christ is the universe and the blood of Christ is eternity.

Recognise Christ as the greater brightness at the centre of the sun; as Light in darkness, rising like the Sun beyond the Sun. Recognise Christ as Light beyond light.

Salvation emanates from the outstretched arms of the Saviour, extending to the beginning of time on one side and reaching out to the end of time on the other.

Reflect on the mystery of the glory of God embodied as Christ on the cross. One is crucified with Christ by means of one's journey through the world.

Celebrate the humanity of Christ and the divinity of man. Recognise man in Christ and Christ in man. The coming of Christ allows access to the kingdom of heaven within.

Honour the Sacred Heart of Jesus: the centre of the world and a revolving sun wheel. Universal compassion, eternal rest and pity for the dead reside within the Sacred Heart. A pillar of light passes through it.

Keep in mind the Sun, the spiritual Sun, and God, the maker of the Sun, and the personage of Christ, manifest in the Sun, and Man and Woman, as it were splinters of the Sun.

END 888 SIN



What Makes Great Britain Great?

The Arse-Kissing Has to Stop

(Towards a Pure Elixirian Theory)

Why do the so-called “elite” professions communicate with each other in a language of jargonised codewords impenetrable to the layman, to the outsider? It is done because most lawyers, academics, psychiatrists, philosophers, etc., are total wankers (Martin Heidegger [1889-1976] is a typical example, who gave the world his testament to endless gibberish, *Being & Time* [1927], then joined the Nazi Party). If these overpaid goons had to explain what they are going on about in plain language it would be revealed as the bullshit nonsense that it is: a mere obfuscation of the self-evident, and once this charlatanry was exposed their ivory towers would crumble into scotch mist along with the emperor’s new clothes as these tossers tumble on down the hill.

They’ve realised that if they *talk* different and above then they’ll be *treated* as different and above. It works, and they have been getting away with this word-sorcery for centuries. It also goes far deeper than just maintaining their occupations. Therefore THE ARSE-KISSING HAS TO STOP, because eventually (more like regularly) you will be shat upon. Even a sacred cow will soil your carpet if you give it too much room. Thee Elixir is HERE & NOW to save all people on the giddy carousel from bodily, mental and spiritual sin. We are *nonpareil* fanatics, so are sure we can do this simply and clearly if you hear us out.

The first thing is: DON’T BE STUPID. There are those so stupid they don’t realise how stupid they are, but also those who don’t realise that their so-called ‘intelligence’ is stupidity, because it traps them in the realm of the intellect, in a tiny part of knowable existence: a false, manufactured world yet as real as a cop’s truncheon in your back, inimical to your true needs and desires.

Paradoxically (they like that sort of thing), the ruling class try and keep you stupid by telling you that you are stupid if you even believe in, let alone investigate, subjects like Astrology, Ley Lines, UFOs, Aliens, Fairies, Demons, Satanic Ritual Abuse – when in fact it is *intelligent* to get into these subjects, because these are

what the rulers use to run the world. Activities such as night-or-day sky-watching have even been lampooned by the misguided paranormalists (and paid agents), when it is a most valid exercise—if done at a known window area on the right date, coupled with visualisation and telepathic message projection—to contact, or at least invite contact with (or just gain a fleeting glimpse of) other-world intelligences, even if it may involve waving torches in a triangle. It is in essence no different to calling the gods as performed by our prehistoric ancestors at the sacred circles of stone (UFO landing platforms).

The ruling class use their mass media weapon and their legion of smug ‘experts’, etc., to dictate what is true and acceptable to believe, and to ridicule, dismiss or ignore the abovementioned ancient and tested aspects of reality (calling the best ones “pseudo science”, as if psychiatry, politics, economics and a lot of science itself isn’t pseudo), so they can keep all the power to themselves by utilising these reality aspects. If everyone knew about these secrets the rulers would be usurped by the honest people, so the rulers trap you in the rational-logical intellect, closing the door to other angles/worlds. They would have you believe that prehistoric cave paintings of otherness contact are art, not *news reports*; that modern-day UFO and Entity reports are flights of fancy and make-believe. Here, what is *reported* is true – not the truth. They are and always dark-dark, followers of doom caravan, and are never going to *really* help you, long-term.

The ruling class want you, and absolutely everything, in little boxes, with labels, imprisoned, and will do anything to block your awareness of (probably eternal) multidimensional existence and interpenetration. This is what the Gnostics were trying to tell us, but few listened, then the Gnostics were wiped out. The child forced to stop daydreaming at school; given cabbage-head pills if s/he prefers to remain apart from the herd at work or play. The legalised coffee, cigarettes, energy drinks, alcohol: anything that keeps the drones alert for the workaday toil or anaesthetised afterwards; anything that makes the intolerable tolerable. No legalised cannabis or mushrooms, etc., that urge you to question the artificially-created reality around and inside you.

There will always be a few interested in these ‘silly’ subjects, often from childhood, that suggests a Bloodline and/or Other-world Assistance, so to contain and counteract this, figures of fun like David Icke and Arizona Wilder, plus disinformation websites, diversion groups and movements are set-up. We mostly see and believe what we’ve been taught and expect to see and believe. So DON’T BE STUPID! Say NO. Go WEIRD. Get CRAFTY. The only thing to go on is RESULTS.

If you know you’re in prison, and what is used to keep you there, then you have a fighting chance to escape. You’re imprisoned by what’s *right in front of you*: Words & Numbers. The heavily jargonised, often almost undecipherable “legalese” cant language used amongst the legal profession for example. The ruling class invented the alphabet and number systems and reshaped the language everyone uses today, and by their secret knowledge of word-and-number power the ruling class control and maintain their dominion, even create entire worlds.¹

What is the function of Words & Numbers? To limit meanings, possibilities, other ways of regarding things. What do Anarchists do? Issue manifestos, parade with slogans on placards and t-shirts. What do Nazis do? Issue their *25-Point Plan* – always *within* the word-realm, never outside it, in a different sphere of action. Protestors fight for a “change to the law”, a mere rearrangement of words – but never an erasement of these building blocks. Channelled messages and deeply-felt ideas, etc., are obscured and diluted through the literary filter; indeed anything expressed in words can be subverted by journalists, gossipers, censors, etc.

Words & Numbers jail creative vibrations, and the rulers and their Dark Master are laughing at everyone locked into the A-to-Z, Alpha-to-Omega, Phallus (A)-to-Cuntus/Egg (O) and back again, round and around the cycle of death-rebirth, stuck on a circular rock and hard place. And what is Thee Elixir doing here? Telling you in words to rid yourself of words (we’ve ‘got’ to start somewhere). We didn’t ask to get worded as babes, but may have asked to be made, and may have been born at exactly the right moment to write this article and get it in front of YOU – events that might change the world on a massive scale. Exaggeration? Who ARE we?

Gematria, numerology, astrology, leys, symbolism, the science of names, dates, places, statues, architecture, etc., are used alone and in combination to forge patterns that forge actions. i.e. make reality. It's generally believed that a sorcerer needs a "magical link" with his target (a lock of hair, glove, etc.) for the spell to work, but the magical link is already always there, because EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED & LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE: the two fundamental principles of magic. Gematria and leys, etc., connect certain things more definitely. When you understand this principle, you are in a great position to counteract the word-spells and to create your own lines of association and meaning. And maybe eventually leave the word-number zone behind, as William S. Burroughs (who knew a lot more than most of us realise) attempted.²

Contemplation of Fatima and the Enchanted Toffees, weeping and lactating icons, healing pictures, Marian apparitions, stigmata, poltergeists, phantom lights, etc. (cult and occult), can draw one out of the accustomed intellectual word-number sphere, and perhaps more so than the practices of the supremacist "Zero Ego" brigade (an annihilated ego human would be a corpse; we've seen no evidence to the contrary). Become a "silent partner" to the mundane, then eventually sever that connection in a pantheistic merging with Nature:

Walk away quietly in any direction and taste the freedom of the mountaineer. Camp out among the grass and gentians of glacier meadows, in craggy garden nooks full of Nature's darlings. Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves. As age comes on, one source of enjoyment after another is closed, but Nature's sources never fail.³

Feel the presence... For there is and always has been an Absolute Archetype, a Great Egregore, a Grand Genius Loci, of the Planet Earth. You can speak to or help it. It can speak to or help you, if you would but ask.

Go out in the wilderness for a day, or preferably longer. Do serious meditation or magical work, take natural ‘hallucinogens’ – all with the intent to forge Contact. If you’re not a brick you’ll experience two worlds at once, somewhat like Dr Xavier in *X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes* (1963), and a type of non-conceptual meaning that does not conform to normal rules. “The ladies I saw, but saw them someone else at the same time; probably not the same place then or me” (*apropos* to the *sui generis* Midnight Mix).

A dream is a real other world when you experience it, and can be exhilarating, exhausting, and prophetic. People speak to you; you make discoveries there, including things we suggest you’ve never thought of. If you can go ‘over there’, then the dream-people can come ‘over here’, although we suspect everything is always here everywhen, and as many have observed, the mystics are now agreed with by frontier science and their concepts of “quantum entanglement”, of “non-local action/communication”, and “hidden variables”.

Worlds appear within worlds, and people move from one world to another. And, judging by the many thousands of people who disappear without trace each year, some travellers choose not to return home, if indeed it ever was.

Just as the transcendent portal zone brings both known and ineffable encounters, when (or if) you return there will probably be a conducive convergence of elements such as assisting night/day-dreams, waking inspirations, synchronicities, meeting the right people, books, and more. Sometimes this can become OTT, that is a test of your seriousness and resolve to continue to the next level. You must push past this force-field without fear nor regret if you want to go further. Some of us have done it with amazing results, and a few have left the maze. Whether you trust us or not, you can do it too.

You can assist the process by depending on the two things that you can be sure you have: WILL & PERCEPTION; that is: PROJECTION & RECEPTION. Why not use them to do or to find out *anything*? Ask God, the Earth’s Absolute Archetype, your ancestor spirits, or higher self the questions you need answering. You will always receive a reply.

What do you truly desire? How could you obtain it? Think of your question for ages when awake, just before sleep and just after waking, or just briefly at odd moments instead. Maybe write or draw it out, put it under your pillow and “sleep on it” as the saying goes. You will get definite results as outlined above, that at least gives credence to the “akashic record” or “astral library”, what Plato described as the “realm of ideas”: the independently existing, unchanging forms behind all reality – or telepathy, UFO info-beams, ancestral DNA transmission...

There’s something to think about anyway. It’s probably garbled and contradictory in places, but it’s very late and we’ve been called away a lot. We may try for a purer theory later on or not, or take a completely different approach than words and practice what we preach, to reach somewhere sharper than a two-edged sword. Yes, even Thee Elixir can go astray, but it may be the way...

The wrecking ball tries to swing but its chain and caterpillar truck become a flown-off butterfly effect if you do it right. A single fire burns on many altars. The Gnosis is an ever-active serpent winding through all traditions; a guide to all Ascension.

Imbibe Thee Elixir, and never be the same.

ENDNOTES

- 1 See Ellis Taylor, *The Esoteric Alphabet*. BiggyBoo Books, 2008 (download link: http://theinvertedpyramid.weebly.com/uploads/1/0/3/0/10300933/esoteric_alphabet.pdf). Also see Michael A. Hoffman II, *Secret Societies & Psychological Warfare*. Independent History & Research, 2006, and the ‘Creative Gematria’ chapter in Kenneth Grant’s *Outer Gateways* (Skoob Books Publishing, 1994): www.starfirepublishing.co.uk/Scintillations_in_Mauve.htm
- 2 See William S. Burroughs & Daniel Odier, *The Job*. Penguin Books, 1989, pp.59, 203-211.
- 3 John Muir, *Our National Parks*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1901, p.56. For more John Muir: http://vault.sierraclub.org/john_muir_exhibit/default.aspx

Father/Farther Figure

Away with the lies, forget all fear
Now is the time for Thee Elixir!

Make the holy triune device
The mansions of Christ's House extended thrice
The conquering King King shall steadfastly fight
To be ever and ever black Satan's blight

Kneel at the threefold sign
For the glory descending
Live thy life right
With pure faith unbending

Kiss the triple-pronged Saviour's Mark
That grants safe passage through the day-night dark
In this mighty sign conquer
Devil's Son and Daughter

For it is well written in Elixirian lore
"Close the wide gate to the degenerate core"
Symbolised by the dog-faced sneak
The pervy vicar, all things that creep
Break the curse!

Fornications of filth
With the sin-filled seductor
Raising the cup
You suck on the gutter

Pimp and Harlot
Cloaked in scarlet
Helmet and armour, on to fight you
Triple-edged sword, to banish and smite you
Scourge of the home, despoiler of street

Eating your brain in league with your feet
Materialist Dalek
We must take you no more
You're always insane
Fuck off Devil-Whore!

With rune and trident, our word-weapon sings
All-Seeing and unknown
What it brings, what it brings!
Straight from the spirit
Eye within eye
But you just don't see it
And won't wonder why
Filled with a vacuum religion
A wasteland wonderland, moat around sky
Here come the monk desires, no finger in pie

Our God and King, not rude beast
Everything in anything, but we don't want to feast
God with no name, no error, no walls
On that final night
Will you receive all souls?
When the ego's undone and suspended in dusk
All good is evil erased in dust

Sorry God, Sorry God, Sorry God
Why are you smiling?

Planetary Chant

Nihilist pointless
Stuck to screens
Ascension unstarted
The Devil's Bastard

Crossed wires and compromised
Yet some seek escape
To avoid all the rape
The snakes and the ladders
Four-quarter daggers
Hollow Earth
Double Birth
Golden Dawn
White trees singing on a silver lawn

Chorus:
Mother of Earth
Father of Sky
Hail to all of the single eye!
We are children of space-soil
May our spirits fly!

Look up to heaven, the 777
There dwells the elect you know
Sun circle positive
Meets negative Moon glow
Planetary chant for the one true light
Bright Christ's full spectrum
Spectrum white

Icon eyes
Pilgrim brother
Fruit of zero womb
Turn from the Satan

The hissy brutish matron
And hasten to the One True Lamb
Heaven's Son and Son of Man

Bright Christ, Light Christ
Shining One in middle of night
Don't forsake us, always take us
Beyond this prison unto the height

Chorus:
Mother of Earth
Father of Sky
Hail to all of the single eye!
We are children of space-soil
May our spirits fly!

No vile creature with upraised claws
Bars these majestic otherworld doors
For the key is the famous philosophic stone
That makes fine gold of the frailest bone
The elixir of life, oh crown upon crown
Let it come forwards, backwards, up, down!

Heaven's spy
Desert wide on rosy lips



What Could You Do?
What Shouldn't You Do?

Thee Elixir Foundation Rites

(Fourfold Experimental Worship & Utilisation)

IT IS DAWN. The congregation are outside, in view of the rising Sun. A naked male and female stand either side of the Elixirian Cross. Each holds a human skull in their hands, signifying the two paths. A red candle burns between them at the foot of the cross: the single eye of Illumination. A robed, hooded and masked male and female approach the two naked celebrants and place flowers in the mouths of the skulls. All face the cross and sing:

ALALOO-RAD-ZHAMAN

We question everything around and inside us, and refuse what is real. With our cosmic eye-beam we scan the eight directions and more in rapt wonder, searching for allies and creatures of Light. We repel all poseurs and passers-by in a perfect frenzy, for they will not sustain us. They are nothing but walking bones, the glimmering reflection of absurdity in a false eye plucked out and reversed to look upon itself, with error of spirit, with failing of intellect, with disdain and contempt for what they do not know. They lapse, they fall, and turn away from all that might rise to save them. Our mothers taught us that the world cannot be trusted. Our fathers taught us that the heaven to which we turn cannot be believed in. Onwards, via the crooked path direct!

AR-ALOO RAD-RAPT ZHAMAN

We meditate on new beginnings. We burn an offering of pleasing incense to all our physical and non-physical comrades, then make a loud and clear vocal and telepathic call to them to come and join us. Feathers are thrown into the air to symbolise our desire for transcendence, and the divine grace descending to the Earth. A gong is sounded to assist our projections, carrying our waves throughout the worlds.

We divine for answers using the “Rock-Paper-Scissors” folk game. Only the querent knows the question beforehand. Both

players are blindfolded; their palms gently stroked by another's fingers before each divination. Two rounds are played for each question, refereed by the Chief Stirrer or his deputy. If the querent wins the answer is yes; if the querent loses the answer is no; a draw means the answer is maybe, and/or that the querent should refine/rephrase the question.

IT IS MIDDAY. The congregation sit cross-legged on the floor before the cross. They blink both eyes once per second, flitting in and out of the light and dark until the congregation are inbetween.

All present sing:

ULARNO-ZHRAMI-TULEXTO

We're not the light and we're not the shadow, neither here nor there, no longer in the day or nightmare. Nothing to lose, nothing to gain. Zero to fuse, zero to chain.

RESORNA-PRANASTI-VEPLAJA

All remain still and silent and do nothing; they don't even try to do nothing, or anything. Whatever happens, just happens.

IT IS DUSK. The congregation are inside, in view of the setting Sun. A sphere and a cube (time and space) are at the foot of the cross, either side of a lit green candle: the mundane world of bushes and commerce.

We walk silently around the cross three times anticlockwise. We cover the sphere and cube with a purple cloth. All sing:

ZRENOTUM-HESATA-SHRI

The light has passed, the light is dark. We want to see beyond the mark, below the line now not so stark. We're secret spies, with blindfold eyes, for there's far more to see with the mind's strange sight. We rend the bars of unknowing!

BESTARUS-GENOBAR-KEXONoz

The female walks around the green candle, doing what she feels she should, then blows out the green candle, then blows on the

forehead of each member of the congregation, and then exhibits her naked buttocks in the gloom: a signifier of the chthonic realm.

We meditate on endings, and then merge-interpenetrate with the depths of the Earth. We greet the chthonic presences here and there then deeply inhale the cooling, sharpening fumes of menthol crystals from a black bottle as we stare into a large oval obsidian mirror to see what we see.

IT IS MIDNIGHT. The congregation are in a zone of complete darkness. We meditate on the mysteries of night. We call on the dream muse to visit and inspire us. We curse our enemies. All sing:

GENERAL MALEDICTION

Beyond the woods, underneath the islands, above the swamps. Black eyes, deep bruises, fathomless sockets. Burned carpets, black bins, glowing metal. Alien spunk stains on Subbuteo pitches tarnishing the green. Bald, blind, fat men, drunken sailors, leering priests: pinstriped and scheming, resembling gangsters. Youth gangs slipping them a fiver with a nod and a wink and a get-you-going so that we can spend yet more time with the hole attached to some tender longing of grease ball misfits, absent fathers, steamrollers, noose-tight ties and fake fur coats. Indoor wear is outdoor wear in your overdone shops. Piss-stained nighties, skewed teeth gurning over stolen birthrights. Leering and lascivious dances, breadcrumbs, chip papers, bits of fish and hardened cheese, overflowing ashtrays. Whisky in tea cups, whisky beneath sofas, whisky in bags, spilled to spoil and spore with odours that cannot be located.

Your plan is our commonplace misery, with claws that seek to define and contain us, with cruelty, trauma and universal uncertainty, lurching to swarm us with nothing trusted or controlled, precious, delightful or clean. Fearful, fretting and fucked, thanks to your machines of evil; lurking, drooling and rubbing old hands behind the limelight.

We despise your indecent exposure, constant like the dumb and baleful rock you dwell beneath, as you kick the

flowers off your ancestor's graves. Drown in your filth.
Combust in your hell. We will defeat you. The thief catches
himself. Give up without us – or else!

AR-ALOO-RAD-RAPT-ZHAMAN

Symbolic representations of our foes are placed in a square metal box at the foot of the cross. They are set alight via powdered sulphur, doused with stagnant pond water, then the residue is stirred anti-clockwise with a sharpened sword while destructive incantations are chanted, and then poured down the drain with bellowing laughter.

All kneel before the cross in solemn prayerful contemplation for a short while. The Chief Stirrer, or his deputy, slaps the cheek of each present, then delivers the Oratory of Return:

Reason is futile. There is an archetypal world that stands beyond appearance. Heaven is built by desire and paradise can be accessed at any time. We travel from transient form to a deeper eternity. We know that the Earth is a sentient being, the Mother of Humanity. We know that the Universe is alive and conscious. We know that we grow from the Earth as leaves grow from the tree. We know that all living things are emanations of the Earth's soul. We accept that the mind and the heart are true; that the outward expression is unreal. That which is solid is the shadow of existence, for the outer shell is not the inner reality, the real world. The human project is a thought in the ocean of mind and in the recollection of this thought, the forgotten gods move forward, hovering everywhere, immense and stately. The Great God Pan is not dead. The Great God Pan is eternal and splendid, clothed with the light of the stars. We will all die but none of us will be conquered.

A high-wattage halogen lamp is turned on and manoeuvred to illuminate all corners. It is then placed directly facing the cross. The celebrants kiss the central shaft of the cross, and leave offerings to the Sun. All sing:

From the sky on transmitting wings, come to us White Eagle of all colours; fly down All-Seeing Eye in every shape. Bring us thy splendour, let thy bright glory fill us.

Each celebrant revolves on their own axis in a clockwise direction whilst simultaneously orbiting around the cross in a clockwise direction. Each chants:

I am the Sun at midnight. I am the resurrection in the morning. Where it is dark I do shine on the other side. I am SOL, the SOuL, the Inmost Light.

The dance and chant continues, always invoking, empowering, until full and/or unusual exultation and/or exhaustion is attained, after which the respective celebrant curls up into a ball and intensifies as the glowing and radiating Orb of Life, to do what he or she is inspired to.



Over The Top!

(The Ultimate Solution, For Ever & Ever, So There)

We are taught by our Ancestors, and by Nature. So our men must seek and know the Philosophical Value of Superstructures, achieved via Male Sexuality and the Drill: The Body Reconstructed in the Galactic Academy, where every exercise reaches the Ultimate Limits, the point where pain shifts to pleasure. Any boy who fails to transform the rituals of bodily pain into Intoxicated Consciousness (the mental intoxication of a head that crowns a powerful body) will be cast out. There are no excuses, only actions leading to results, in league with the natural meta-leadership.

Slowly, I began to lift my head higher, and noticed my body stiffening, my posture gaining in confidence. It had become quite impossible to move with anything other than dignity. Here even the most improbable actions were redolent with deep significance. The simplest salute became a solemn symbol of submission to an authority that bound both parties in a mutually fruitful association. The hard, slow night-march, tempo one-hundred-fourteen, became the physical and spiritual expression of discipline to the brink of death. Warstrong, prepared for death, for life, anything. Muscles like ropes, broad-chested, tough-jointed. An unstoppable wall of bodies born out of DISCIPLINE.

This was the front, the assault, the lament of storm and resistance. Here was the emergence of a whole NEW RACE, the divine incarnate. Males charged with supreme energy, tuned to the most grisly battle. Unimaginable forces were released as these brave troops broke out to regain lost outposts.

The fascination of the machine lies in its capacity to function without emotion. Each and every feeling is tightly locked in steel armour (Ego). I learnt to “Stand to Attention”.

THE DRILL PRODUCES A SUPERHEIGHTENED CAPACITY; NOT FOR RELEASE BUT FOR TENSION. Whatever we grasped and twirled: wands, beer glasses, girls, we were unbeatable. The very feeling of holding a wand was rejuvenating. NEVER AN EMOTION; ALL IS EXPRESSION. Pure Perfection was the most crucial issue. PENE-

TRATING TO THE VERY LIMITS OF HUMAN ABILITY; SHAPING OUR WORLD TO ITS MOST POLISHED FORM. Men bearing the stamp of unmistakeable quality. The Drill a giant machine for transformation and rebirth.

BATTLE AND THE BODY: Immediate contact with the “Object”. All our thinking dropped like useless ballast, for SPEED and EXPLOSIONS are the key categories for the galactic soldier body. The EGO is first and foremost a Body-Ego, for the Ego is ultimately derived from body sensations, chiefly those springing from the surface of the body. The Ego may thus be regarded as a mental projection of the surface of the body.

The TRULY RECONSTRUCTED GALACTIC SOLDIER belongs to the 5% of cases that remain unexplained, like the Christmas tree writhing because there is an ancestor spirit climbing around in it, the ghost of Christmas past, or Father Xmas himself (there’s only supposed to be one). What are you going to do?

NOWYOU MUSTFACE THE LIETHATLIFEHAS BEEN.

Our heads are empty. We have only essential thoughts:

- 1) Sex.
- 2) Food.
- 3) Sleeping.

We possess simple, unhypocritical Life Force, an Acceptance of Life in its Bodily Form: Female Breast, Anus, the Mouth, etc. This is what the average person cannot do, therefore the average person is our enemy. There should be no sympathising with humans, only the constant execution of Mathematical Divinity, and the necessary consequences.

Our Master Plan is centred on the MINUTE, ABSURD DETAILS. A constant Whim-Libidinal Rule: FREEDOM of Whim. We do not believe in the ‘Western World’. Its so-called culture is an illusion. We can’t talk sense to its people because:

- 1) Their brains are infected by streptocock (dementia).
- 2) Their genitals are blocked.

Our POWER is the INFORMATION. Our NATION is the NETWORK, where all is eroticised, for without sex-centeredness we are lost. We are the direct continuation of Universal Highly-Biased Word Ejaculation, whether you like/believe it or not, for democ-

racy is impersonal, the faceless tyranny of the faceless crowd, and far more evil than totalitarianism. The spiritual-visionary way (hippies, etc.) don't count a flying shit. The raw bulk of life is DYNAMIC: the army, the protein, the gym, the steroids AND the prostitutes – all the sex money can buy. TO HELL with anything else! Life is amino acid metabolism. Life is brain and muscular force, wild animal sex and appetite. Nothing else.

ACT NOW, THINK TOMORROW. The only solution is SEXUAL MAGICK. Worship of Sexual Potency. The Best Existence. ETERNAL PLEASURING. The only way is to dig deep into YIN. New People. New Horizons. Prima Materia. The Alchemical Lead. Broad-minded. Determined.

For our Network to prosper it must be based on close ties, lasting relationships, businesswise manners, superb discrete diplomacy, calculation and farmer's wisdom. WHITE DIVINE ELECTRICITY. Here is our scheme of action: we exchange information and news. The Network is the most important. Split mind speak with forked tongue, so our consciousness must be ONE: one shining path of wandering nomads. ANONYMOUS: not belonging to any place; we go where the grass is greenest. There must be plenty of COMMUNICATION, ritual encounters, CEREMONIES (tea & telephone, etc.), spontaneous lazy discussion, talking without aim, without direction: a Timeless Zone. FRUIT & NUTS. Speeded-up military-level correspondence will lead us to telepathy.

The core of our Network is ABSOLUTELY FREE COMMUNICATION. A free flow, total acceptance, river of souls. Surrendering to a higher logic. Spontaneous workings of automatic locig. Sharing all, no secrets or secrecy. No cliques. No envy. A Gradual Collective Awakening. No ego trips, no narcissistic hideous pride. No alcohol. No drugs. No petty comforters. All love and bodily pleasures! No juvenile nastiness. No showing off. No razors, no gadgets, no uniforms, no commercial fashion industry, no pop culture. NO TRICKS! The ordinary natural look is our best camouflage. Nobody will recognise us. Just be yourself. No special symbols, no stereotype images, no easy recognising. This is the way of flesh and simplicity, not clothes and smart-talking! The body is alive. The clothes are dead. NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

Be naked and unashamed. Haunt fresh pages.

We will lead the whole world to the BARE FACTS! We especially wish to bring light to the ugly, fat, awkward, marginal, weird: the not generally accepted people. Such as the old people and the middle-aged housewives. And make them feel wanted, to know their human worth. Their body as an icon of love, without stain nor blemish. NO SHAME! ENTER WIDER THOUGHT. EXPLORE THE OUTER REGIONS OF LOVE, THE VAST CONTINENTS OF SEX, THE MAGNITUDE OF PASSIONS!

Sexual Gratification Mystery. Wealth. EXCESS.

THE PHALLUS AS A MAGICKAL WEAPON.

THE CUNTUS AS A MAGICKAL MEDICINE.

We act smooth and gentle, with refinement. Perhaps we affect the cosmic time. Our words do not mean anything they are not supposed to mean. The sacrum bone. Hiss, and Sacred Bees.

“Make a distinction between knowledge as contemplation and as active striving or ‘heroic fury’” (Giordano Bruno, *Dell’eroico Furore*, 1585). “Only the man who wills something strongly can identify the elements which are necessary to the realisation of his will” (Antonio Gramsci, *Selections From the Prison Notebooks*, 1971). “Act only on that maxim whereby you can at the same time will that it should become a universal law” (Immanuel Kant, *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals*, 1785).

There are a great many mysteries: little birds can easily fly in any direction much better than any aircraft; a tiny untended seed absorbs water and grows into a fully mature plant; the Sun constantly expends an incredible amount of energy and yet it does not fall from the sky. Why? Not a single mystery has ever been truly explained by anyone since the very beginning of our world. One thing is certain however: WE ARE SURROUNDED BY MUCH FILTH. Another thing that’s patently obvious is that, *so far*, no philosophical, let alone political, ideology has anywhere near remedied the sorry state of the world. (The very strong lager, *Carlsberg Special Brew*, now so beloved by hardcore morons, was originally

created for the former V-gesturing UK Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill. “The best laid plans of mice and men...”)

Everything’s changed, but nothing’s different. Why? Because key people are controlled by MALEVOLENT ALIEN ENTITIES, with an evil agenda totally inimical to our freedom and other fine human ideals. This terrible secret alien cabal seek to REPLACE TRUE HUMANITY with an INFERIOR FACSIMILE HORDE of docile but happy mongrelloid flesh robots with an homogenised hive-mind; pathetic aberrations that carry out orders unthinkingly and unquestionably. And many of these vile creatures are ALREADY HERE.

Earth, whose Earth? “Like can be known only by Like”. Just as the good of the race is better than the good of the individual, so also the good of the Universe takes precedence over the good of any particular creature. All irregularities will be handled and corrected by the Ascended Overlords controlling each dimension, thus THEE ELIXIR have been assigned.

Are the rules always the rules..? When reality is viewed through the magic spectacles of THEE ELIXIR everything becomes clearly understood in PURE ABSOLUTE LOGIC. *Good* (what one likes) and *Evil* (what one does not like) are shown to be produced only from an egotistic and exclusive sentimentalism; a relativism, where what is good for A may be very bad for Z. But not for (double) agent provocateurs.

The über-essential ULTIMATE SOLUTION that THEE ELIXIR propounds is not concerned with trying to get the mass of people to adopt yet another longterm worthless ‘mass subjective’ ideology. We call for the TOTAL PURIFICATION of the Sacred Entity, to prevent all present or future degenerate grotesques from wreaking ‘their’ terrible, possibly irreversible, devastation. Don’t kid yourself, it will have to start sometime. WHY NOT NOW? NO RETREAT. NO SURRENDER! We will NOT allow the CREAM to become a distant memory. We are from the old school, with a futuristic attitude; neo-Nutters well ahead of our time, and our message cast forth to all outsiders on the inside track to SUPREMACY goes FAR BEYOND the limited and imprecise policies of Hitler, Stalin, Pot, or any other of these “wells without water”, for it is based on the total war against the UNIVERSAL FOE.

The capitalists will permit (or provoke) anything to happen, from left-wing revolutions to right-wing coups, so long as their overarching economic control is ensured. “Whoever controls the streets controls the masses, and whoever controls the masses controls the state”. But the ENTIRE WORLD IS THREATENED by the creeping spread of this floodtide of poison, so a sharp savage shock is necessary: a radical and legitimate clinical cull to fully eradicate, ONCE AND FOR ALL, this ignorant, vulgar, tasteless and FUNDAMENTALLY DROSS scum who are an unwanted blot on the landscape to the eyes of all decent, right-thinking people. You MUST agree! Getting rid of the unneeded misfits will also solve the growing over-population problem, and free up precious resources for those really deserving of them.

We must be 100% honest, and admit to the IRRATIONAL in consciousness, to the HIDDEN FORCES of the human soul, to the GREAT SIMPLICITIES, to our JUSTIFIED PREJUDICES, to the ZERO-TOLERANCE of the sub-race.

When anyone comes into close contact for too long with harmful bacteria they vomit it out then disinfect the toilet with strong bleach to totally remove the filthy menace threat to their constitution; and would not think twice about annihilating larger vermin that infest their home. So WHY draw an arbitrary line forbidding the utter decimation and destruction of all the HUMAN VERMIN GERMS polluting YOUR street and neighbourhood?

“Oh no, that would be too over the top!” whines the liberal, that eternal optimist with outstretched hand, or is it the idiot ostrich with head in the sand? Unless of course they happen to have been mugged by, or live next to one or more of, these gutter-happy pustules of the infinite downhill.

There ARE limits, and the prophesised “tipping point” is approaching, UNLESS we take effective evasive action against this awful race-chaos. We cannot rely on them choking on their own miasma. These properly detested inferior knuckle-draggers are voracious breeders, and, should they continue unchecked, will soon become ONE GIANT DISGUSTING VIRAL MORASS, linked by an ugly dumb telepathy as they attempt to take over the world and de-evolutionise it on behalf of their alien masters, either by sheer

brute force or by more surreptitious design, disguising themselves then marrying and INTERBREEDING WITH US in an attempt to CHANGE OUR BASIC BIOLOGICAL SOURCE, altering not just our human identities and character but OUR VERY DESTINY, making us strangers in our own country. It's already a fully cultic US and/or THEM situation, and they may already be inside YOU!

Eugenics (a term coined by Francis Galton—a cousin of Charles “Evolution” Darwin—in 1883) was invented in England, then taken up in KKK America and thenceforth Nazi Germany, where it gained a shunned reputation. But “Positive” and “Negative” Eugenics HAVE to be practised by tribal communities, otherwise the continued existence of the WHOLE TRIBE is threatened, for no precious resources can be wasted on the unfit, and it is still practised today in developed countries. Similarly, that other taboo “E-word”, *Euthanasia*, is here and now employed, whereby the old and infirm are “mercy killed” by caring doctors or encouraged to commit suicide in private clinics, and those lost in a “vegetative state” coma are despatched to helpful oblivion. All can be recycled.

When the stars are right and we EXPLODE INTO POWER, everything will be clear, with no confusion whatsoever. To start with, all existing law enforcement will be replaced by the CRITICAL CITIZENS COURTS, as we all know who the undesirables are. For the protection of the essential vanguard elite (i.e us), the CCC will immediately instigate correct medical measures for the compulsory sterilisation of all those damaged by negative hereditary defects. As for the criminal sub-racials, after trial, conviction and the death sentence, these wastes of space will be dealt with by turning the existing holiday camp prisons into Jobcentres and finally KILLING CENTRES, that will save vast amounts of tax-payer's money by preventing any possible future infringements of the law.

As an initial option, all parents who produce congenital physically or mentally unfit offspring will be issued with free potent death-capsules to administer, whilst other law-breakers and degenerates, especially the race-traitors, will have razor blades left in their prison cells so that they can do the decent thing: commit suicide. Dead offenders are not repeat offenders, and, after a small initial outlay, their disposal will be almost costless, as they will be-

come part of a self-financed public spectacle with tickets, and simply thrown down THE PIT (a great big hole drilled down into the fiery furnace of the Earth's core), with those guilty but not yet convicted disposed of via remote-controlled man-holes that feed the main shaft, thus returning these obnoxious demons to the Hell from whence they came, where they will be burnt into nothingness. (Before The Pit can be permanently established, where geography permits, the condemned damned will be dumped into active volcanoes by conveyor belt or catapult.) Bind them tight with electric eels where nothing is, or has been, or will be.

Aside from The Pit, poisoned prostitutes and spiked rent boys will stealth-cull filth alongside death-ray TV, cheap terminator alcohol and immolator shell-suits, trained-to-kill bats and robot rabbits, and doctored hairdressing scissors, whilst the Ancestral Time Battalions will travel back to erase all records of impure family lines and also go forward to ensure that the Pure remain unmolested from then on. And so shall be REMOVED FOREVER the genetically diseased defectives, born amongst their mother's shit in the stagnant gene pool to live like foaming freaks. Say goodbye to all monstrosities: unworthy of the gift of life – liberated by death.

The ancient law of Natural Selection clearly states that ONLY THE FIT AND STRONG SHOULD LIVE; that everything weak or useless in life will inevitably be ANNIHILATED BY NATURE. Natural Selection, then, logically calls for the most intelligent and high-evolutionary solution: GALACTIC MUTATION: the advanced, targeted, genetic engineering of recombinant DNA. Selective Breeding in an UTOPIAN TOTALITARIAN SOCIETY that has TOTAL THERAPEUTIC AUTHORITY.

The Universe seeks to fulfil itself through us, to form a supreme and glorious NEW ORDER OF THE WORLD. Global supervision by a single administration. Hereditary Hygiene. It's the ONLY WAY. To fully wake and build our glorious new movement, we must trigger that MYSTICAL EMOTIVE POWER within humanity that compels allegiance, by an appeal to the forces within the human character which defy all rational analysis. The transmission of this dynamic force will arouse the feelings of the masses just as electric shockwaves arouses life, feeling and movement in an inert

body. Our administration must be firmly and ruthlessly based upon the proven formula of “Authority Proceeding Downwards & Responsibility Proceeding Upwards”. By this majestic method, Nature’s purpose is fulfilled and THE BEST WILL RULE.

Our light is burning, an unquenchable beacon of hope shining out across the fields, the waters, the mountains, the frontiers, the outer-space, Steadfast to Quest.

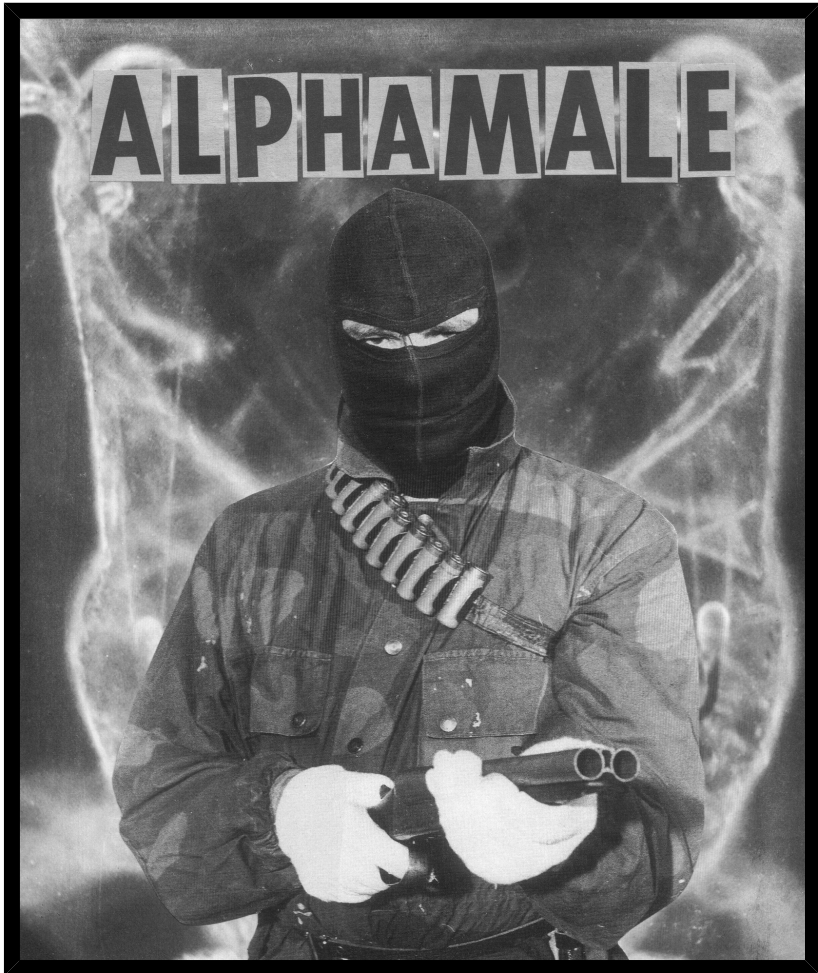
Hear Our Warfare Prayer. Demand the Possible.

Exercise Your Will. Sacrifice it to the Greater Good.

Fight the COMMON FIGHT against the COMMON ENEMY.

ACTION TODAY. READY ALL WAYS.

Rise!



In this artist's impression, behind the Chief Stirrer of the Potion is a microscopic *Copilia* (magnified 25,000 times), the smallest known organism capable of seeing images. The two bulges at the top left/right are lenses which focus light into a smaller set of lenses set deep in the transparent body. The interior lenses, and the hook-shaped light receptors attached to them, sweep to and fro like radar-dishes while sending signals to the brain (a dark orb in the centre) along a single optic channel. Not until a scan is completed (in a fifth of a second to two seconds) can the brain reconstruct an entire image. The hard and soft "Cops" may be watching for us, but, as in this photo, we're always one step ahead of them.

Hot Flash: Schism!

We wouldn't normally mention these prawns as we have bigger fish to fry, but to terminate certain rumours flying about, Thee Elixir has not become "Statist-materialist schlock purveyors", and do not "belong to Mummy Mammon". These false allegations were provenly made by that numb-nuts cheese fetishist, Geoff the Goth (real name Nigel Keen), who has mistakenly gone over to our sworn enemies, the Mountain Men: a sub-survivalist doomsday preparation cult who couldn't even magic themselves out of a wet paper bag, as all they do is drink copious amounts of real ale and scrumpy cider, stuff themselves with ploughman's lunches, advocate the odd joys of "rural sex", worship Jack Hargreaves' *Out of Town & Old Country* TV shows, oil up and wrestle each other, shoot crossbows at strawmen, then cry like babies when they can't find their badly-aimed bolts. Some sort of Freudian/Krafft-Ebing thing going on here!

We are saddened but not surprised at this treachery, yet have still decided to include his Testimony in this present work (pages 5-6). The Goth is a fickle creature, easily swayed and prone to fadism, but this one is just crazy.

After being publicly confronted and accused by us, in his defence this damsel in distress told us he'd "spied a ghostly figure wearing a silver buttoned uniform and white wig tapping at the upstairs window" of our main HQ when he was "over-deranged, in abject terror, the Devil's Dusk, final hour," after "tripping up on vamp-rays, the amber sodium streetlights did become the talking orange glare of the glorious Spar Red Leicester surrounding me on all sides and penetrating into my very dark soul, initiating me."

After our scathing rejoinder had filtered through his acid haze he 'threatened' us that "storms come from coffins (his 'think-tank' bone-box in his stale bedroom) when I go into sky." We threw smelly wellies at him, hung his hat, then left poor Nigel to his sad Sunday School male-bonding.

There it would have lain, but Barry Black, the loudmouth leader of the Mountain Men, just couldn't keep his trap shut and

emitted foul insults, so the Chief Stirrer did challenge the blabbering fiend to a duel of crown and honour, the following excerpts of which are taken from the video shot for legal purposes.

Black encircled the unfazed CS, breaking taboos left and right as he performed continuous cartwheels in an attempt to unnerve. In yet another display of bravado, he lit a fistful of pink-tipped Swan Vestas on the sole of his hobnailed boot, then extinguished them as one on his leathery tongue, breathing out a large sulphurous smoke ring as if he were some demon. The CS countered this with a venomous stare, his triple eyes sending cool emerald-green justice beams towards Black's knobbly knees. Amidst great thunder, red sparks danced all over him, transforming into drops of pure dawn dew that fell in their own circle around the hollow man's quivering frame and between his ideas, quenching Black's false, noxious hellfire in a topsy-turvy spasm.

"Ye speak between thy thighs, Black. And thinketh thou dwellest in the White Garden of heroes, but haven't even started the spadework. Thy spurs are rusty baked bean lids that feed thy sly fartings. Desist!"

"Of what do you speak, oh stirrer of shinola? For nothing is sacred to the husky studlords of the Mountain Men!"

"I speak the truth, hillock boy. Thee Elixir pours the Holy Plenum down from Heaven to Earth for all folk aright, whilst your useless tuneless band merely climb upwards to try and grab a piece for selfish gain – ineptly, I may add. You are out of shape; hammer thyself."

The Mountain Men are a sad con and stink; their climbing abilities negligible. Like corporate promotional literature they admit no negatives or self-criticism; promote themselves as universally positive, well-meaning, successful; present their own self-interest as fulfilling the needs of the people they engage with; purport to serve but really oppress. Their thin and windy sham *Albion Ahoy!* manifesto is grounded in mainstream mass communication: it's neither cutting edge nor behind the times. They are as exciting and universally useful as the flu.

Stay away from these uncouth pretenders to the throne. The only true and righteous draught is THEE ELIXIR.

We Welcome Your Feedback

[30 FEB 2015] Dear Kunts,

I thought I would write to let you know that all you Elixir kunts are nothing but a bunch of kunts. You kunts go around pretending that you're major league magickians but you kunts are nothing but a bunch of $\emptyset$ degree = $\emptyset$ square fucking kunts. You kunts go on about releasing fucking records that will never see the light of day. You kunts go on about Mysterious fucking Visitors that no kunt has ever seen. You kunts take the piss out of David Bowie and make up stupid fucking systems for the benefit of kunts. You kunts are like backward kunts drooling over fucking UFOs. You kunts make out you're dignified, stiff and erect, as hard as my mate Stewart Home, but you kunts are doing fuck all apart from playing at fucking soldiers. Me and my mate Stewart Home will take you kunts on any time, you kunts. You kunts bang on about fucking purity but you're as fucking pure as the black fucking sands of Port Talbot fucking beach. You kunts put it about that being normal is kool but you kunts are agents for Primark and Nando's. You kunts are more Alvin fucking Stardust than Ziggy fucking Stardust. You kunts go on about some fucking rare elite but you are more like Fat Pink Kunts than Thin White Dukes. You kunts are nothing but a bunch of kunts.

Fuck you, kunts,

Hieronymous Gamma

O.H.O.T.O.

30.II.15

#fuckelixirkunts

TE REPLIES: Keep back lads, there's an intellectual giant in front of us. Although actually, this wouldn't be Barry Black in disguise would it? For nothing escapes our eagle eye, even skinny little Mountain Men lost in the bushes.

The day before receiving this e-mail we were walking around a farmer's market in a dream. One stall had loads of perfect-looking vegetables on it. Then a voice from space told us they were genetically modified and poisonous, that the vendor was an evil alien, and to leave as soon as possible. On the way out, an invisible seagull dropped a shit-bomb on the ground next to the stall, right in the middle of row upon row of tiny, puny-looking vegetable seedlings struggling to grow. Each sprout had the head of Barry Black, screaming in the wilderness with a pathetically weak voice that few could, or wanted to, hear. [END]

[14 MAR 2015] BLACK SWAN ALERT – HA HA BEWARE
To Bible Code Wannabes that never come true,

You're not fooling me, drinking Thule Rome agents disinfo actors off their meds. Watch who you listen to when it comes to conspiracies... You're lying to us, HUGE. Just a fly-by-night; fairweather friends who want to sell us each direction. And your 2009 paid cover up of the bug-eye dragon Avebury crop circle. Elixir = Bile. Dark = Lite. Upside down helicopter without the blades.

You make the Lore a crossword puzzle for agenda exerted, reverse speech stuff. Think you're the spy camera in my eye that's set to explode if I keep on watchering the Watchers. Lidless eyes. Slit pupils. Satan Green Eggs and his brother SIN. I am messing up your LOCUST INVASION ARMAGEDDON, your black book of lies. BURN ABYSS BOUND SUCCUBUS INCUBUS.

Your priestess = prostitute. Venus has a dark side. Hive-mind from Mars. Are you insane jewel? Otherworld fornicators. Black-sun idolaters. VATICAN BRITISH DISNEY BULLSHIT. FAKE RAPTURE. Soul-scalped fools for the Demiurge. Showbotics. The one you didn't chase is the bad guy. Your operation is BLOWN. Repent! Order out of CHAOS!

Your cross is a glyph of '31', the kabala key to *Liber AL* Book of the Law. Your cross is a glyph of '13', 1(A)3(C): Aleister Crowley, Satanic Coven Leader. Easter Bunny orgy trip – go fishing instead. No drugs, no whores, no gambling. Good Clean Life! Rainbow Mirror is best. Be Blessed, be bliss my beauties, my guest workers.

There's nothing wrong with goats and the GREEN MAN. I grow gardens through all this.

TE REPLIES: Dear Anonymous, we don't require a stranger's blessings and do not work for you in the sense you imply. Your confused passive-aggressive manner thinly disguises your fascination with us. You're not sure whether you're with us or against us, but it's very obvious that your indecision tickles your fancy. Forget your dirge boasts and your vague threats and admit that Thee Elixir beguiles you. The only thing you're really "messing up" is your own life. Make up your mind instead. Come to us, drink the one pure spirit, blood and sign the contract. You have nothing to lose but your loser mentality. [END]

[9 APR 2015] You lost Elixirian post-structuralist rebarbatives be spreading hate articles against the occult groups and humans you despise or don't like. Thinking you're the best so maybe you're working for the neggy aliens or otherwise doing the Devil's Work. The personal is political, and you are enemies of the cultural struggle, but won't get anywhere, as like most armchair revolutionaries you're all fart and no shit.

Be wiser. The Erexxer Foundation.

TE REPLIES: You sound just like one of the State's many hypocritical mouthpieces after the Charlie Hebdo terrorist shootings, droning on about our essential "right to freedom of speech" while simultaneously employing soft-terrorist methods (such as the law, job-sacking, social ostracism, yet more surveillance) to silence said freedom of expression. Perhaps YOU are the *real enemy* here, in your attempt to get us to police each other and to embrace self-censorship. You don't appear to understand the value and craft of satire and irony to put across a valid social critique. Read Jonathan Swift's *A Modest Proposal* (1729).

The Christian *Bible* informs believers that: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (*Exodus* 22:18). The Jewish *Babylonian Talmud* informs that the "sinners of Israel" were "raised by incantat-

ions” from the “other world” by a sorcerer. These sinners say that for harming Israel, or for mocking the words of its Sages, their punishment is “boiling [in] hot excrement” (*Mas. Gittin* 57a, Soncino trans., p.4695).¹ Note 3, p.4697, of this same edition says that the “MS.M.” (the uncensored *Munich Codex* 95 [*Codex Hebraicus*] version of the *Talmud* [1342]) defines the “sinners of Israel” as “Jesus”. The Muslim *Qur’an* informs that: “When the [four] forbidden months are over, wherever you encounter the idolaters, kill them, seize them, besiege them” (9: *Repentance*: 5, MAS Abdel Haleem trans., Oxford World’s Classics, 2005, p.116).²

Statements such as these are just as extreme as anything Thee Elixir has ever written – when taken out of context and/or literally, to bolster the prejudices of the critics and haters of these religions.

But what about Aiwass and Aleister Crowley’s *The Book of the Law* (*Liber AL vel Legis*), written in 1904, wherein Ra-Hoor-Khuit, the Lord of the New Aeon of Thelema, advises Thelemites that the second best blood to use when making their cakes is the “fresh blood of a child” (*AL* III:24)? This same entity pecks at the eyes of the crucified Jesus, flaps his wings in Mohammed’s face to blind him, uses his claws to tear out the flesh of the Indian, Buddhist, Mongol and Din, and also wants the Virgin Mary to be torn upon wheels (*AL* III:51-55): elements of the Thelemic philosophy, religion, or whatever it is that its mainly middle-class votaries prefer to ignore. *The Book of the Law* remains in print via Red Wheel/Weiser’s 2004 Centennial Edition.³ Then there is Valerie Solanas’ *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* (*Society for Cutting Up Men*), written in 1967, in which the author blatantly calls on females to “destroy the male sex,” i.e. the violent elimination of the entire male race. The left-wing orientated Verso Books published the latest edition in 2004.⁴

In the occultic musical sphere, the early “trve cvlt” black metal band Bathory wants to rape the mother of Christ (‘Sacrifice’, from the 1984 *Bathory* LP), whilst their later genre colleagues Behemoth desire to vomit on the Son of God’s face (‘Sathanas’, from the 2001 *Antichristian Phenomenon* EP).

All of the above items can be easily bought/ordered from your local shop, unlike this current publication, but do they really mean what they say, or is there a level or more of conscious/unconscious

meta-meaning at work here? “It ain’t necessarily so”, as another song puts it. Most life is lived with a massive mental ‘pre-run’, so the person is never really alive or able to register their Self, and so endlessly uses this type of existence to make further mental pre-runs, never able to comprehend the wider, transcendental knowings, etcetera etcetera...

Lost on the streets...the Black Man...the Black Hand...Silver Lady with the coloured sands... About the only ‘thing’ that can happen with this Western Worldview “dominance at a distance; exterminate if you get too close” is a genocide. It would be very easy for the elite to organise a number of safe hideaways then drop a few mega-bombs (they have already done both). Not enough surface people left afterwards for understanding and action to take a hold. Time it with a hyped distraction: televised mission to Mars. 5 4 3 2 1... Exterminate! The ‘Dalek Brain’, on this or any other planet, will never be defeated via the specially-designed limited thought vectors of humans that keep us fighting anyone or anything except the Great Beast who previously implanted these vects. Beings control one another one. Skeleton keys. Corks and conkers. Some want to stay and others want to leave. What can dissect it? What can make it disappear? [END]

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://archive.org/details/TheBabylonianTalmudcompleteSoncinoEnglishTranslation>
- 2 <https://archive.org/details/TheQuranenglishTranslation>
- 3 <http://redwheelweiser.com/detail.html?id=9781578633081>
- 4 www.versobooks.com/books/196-scum-manifesto



When I hear the facts machine signal in my head I wake up screaming because it's time to receive, unless I'm becoming a piece of their machinery? I speak in foreign languages, balance forks on my fingertips, stumble around the house on the hunt for paper and pens. Lying on my belly on the floorboards, writing in ones and zeros, binary code with glazed eyes. A question and answer session begins as all the clocks stop. Smell of rotten eggs, everything moulded slightly out of phase. That roller-coaster stomach lurch, eyes wide white into forehead; instant hypnosis then I'm inside my neighbour, keeping their species going. I say I'm sleepwalking, on borrowed time, under thirteen stormy skies.

The Dambusters (Sexenite)

The owls hooted in unison invisibly whilst other entities encircled above us in the moon-wracked clouds as Thee Elixir snaked its way between reaching out trees to the hidden trapdoor set deep inside a wild countryside forest. “X marks the spot”, and the map too was in league with us, for we soon discovered the mysterious portal, passed through it and descended the spiralling stone steps into the depths of the ancient underground labyrinth.

Emboldened by our excellent ardour, when the bottom of the well was reached we embraced and kissed as one in the total darkness, then groped about inside the narrow, arched and downward-sloping tunnel that branched off scarily but enticingly. We walked in line along the only way, burning torches held aloft to illuminate the dripping walls, the fire of the Male conjoining with the water of the Female.

We were hot for it already, with all the girls dressed in skimpy chamois leather bikinis like Leela in *Doctor Who*, or full black leather get-ups like Servalan in *Blake’s 7*, whilst the boys favoured a combination of army surplus and *Mad Max* garb. The underlying ideology of the clothing was potionistic in a juicy mix, the girls frantically fingering themselves in motion; the boys wanking or urinating on the buttocks in front, as we made our way to the central cavern for the Sexenite Rite.

“Fucking hell, I was having wet dreams asleep *and* awake yesterday as I thought about this!” exclaimed Peter. “Right on, comrade, I’m gonna screw like a rabid rabbit soon!” replied Elizabeth. “We are the great and horny hunters of polymorphously perverse prey!” they both intoned.

“Hurrah!” chimed the whole gang, in singular exultation.

Phosphorescent snakes rubbed against our ankles like disembodied psychedelic phalli gliding towards the goal as we trudged on over the black dirt towards the Cave of Spawns, our bodies releasing narcotic hypnotic pheromone spores that we eagerly inhaled, so that our minds would be better adjusted to the forthcoming sexo-theological freakout.

“In goes the piston, out comes the oil, Thee Elixir overcomes the fiend with our peculiar shaggy toil...”

Katie was getting off on the “shame and despair of shaved pubic hair,” her cheeks glowing bright red in the gloom as her near-naked body quivered deliciously. Tony was in spasms fantasising about using his virgin “psychic vibrator” in the soon-to-be-reality multiple orifice orgee. Others were already fucking, upright doggy style, as they walked along, their cries of joy echoing strangely off the archen walls.

Eventually, we reached the ominous heavy door to the omphalos chamber, and for a minute or two we just stood there looking at each other, not knowing exactly how to proceed.

“What’s the right...”

Then suddenly the Chief Stirrer appeared in a puff of green smoke.

“It’s a miracle!” we exclaimed.

“Not for the Ones Beyond the Now,” the Chief Stirrer informed us, then by a wave of his expert hand and a stamping of his wondrous foot in a special combination, the door slowly moved inwards, revealing the circular cavern hewn from the living rock by unknown hands.

“Enter the magic circle, my circle of lovers,” invited the Chief Stirrer, with at least three layers of meaning. We did as he bade, then all disrobed and began quickly jumping up and down a short height off the ground to get our power up.

Sooner than later, the Chief Stirrer revealed his splendid prick, that flickered from flaccid to erect at each second, entrancing us further by awe, before he calmly but firmly uttered: “Let the congress begin.”

Sonia, Alice and Ophelia immediately did the S&M thing, but with none of the textbook restraining bonds or whimpering; they took all the pain silently, with a stoic acceptance, whipped to make strong like SPARTA graduates. Dave, Jim and Derek were wanking furiously to this, spreading the stiff. Lucinda was resplendent in wantonness, her pigtails sealed with red and black bands, a green rose between her teeth. She was tweaking twin nipples wood-hard, her eyes crazed Ferris Wheels promising a dizzying ride.

“Look at us, we’re bursting out all over!”

Tiny rays of purple bioelectric light were emitting from all of our pores. They danced languidly in the air before entwining into firework knots then falling to the floor to be absorbed for later arcane use.

“What is the core, what is the husk?”

“Let us fuck freely, from dawn unto dusk!”

“Then dusk unto dawn, like satyr and fawn!”

“All ways forever! Never say never!”

Susan was kneeling next to the crystal sonorator. She beckoned to Harry across time and space: “Ooooooh, screw my ear you bastard!” He slid up to her, inserting his throbbing prick deep into her waxen lobe, loving the tightness of this unusual sex-hole around his poking ramrod. Just as he was about to spurt she pulled away: “Now do the other one!” His pleasure-cock thrust in and out of her other aural canal, sometimes brushing against her inner ear clit like a more groovy cotton bud, until they came together in a haunted climax to breed future sonic babies that will assist the cult’s secret audio work.

Julia was panting hard, legs spread wide apart: “Rape my conditioning, snuff my control.” A call for breathplay, swimming in and out of the world. Tom stretched and pulled a condom over her head, then cut its teat off so that no air was trapped on the exhale and she had a chance of breathing in. Finger dipped in cunt until it stops; orgasm had not much wait. In her lustful trance she instructed us about the next move.

The Chief Stirrer was magnificent in his all-erotic majesty, his wondrous kingcock pulsating rainbow colours as it grew to an incredible size. He opened a concealed XXX cupboard and five drug-whores emerged, wearing feather headdresses and singing a bawdy tune whilst blowing aphrodisiac powders up our noses through ornate silver tubes.

Thee merry throng rammed or accommodated to the height, fucking rock crevices or stalagmites at the four quarters while imbibing the spawning cave’s ecstasy as they mumbled soft glossolalia *en masse*, that was interpreted by the Chief Stirrer as: “2020 Takeoff Affirmative.”

Updates

30 JUN 2015: One of the top Elixirian initiates has come across a remarkable ‘signpost’ (shown below) during his late-afternoon walk on the Bole Hills in Crookes, Sheffield, on 29 June 2015. It unequivocally validates our recent activities in the vicinity.



(The photograph was taken about 20 yards away from an ancient highway named Tinker Lane or Cocked Hat Lane, that forms one of the boundaries of the Bole Hills.) Further research has established that in Spring 1887, a baked cinerary urn containing old human bones, a small cup and a damaged bronze knife was unearthed on the highest point of a hill at Crookes, within two feet of Tinker/Cocked Hat Lane. The urn and its contents now rest in the

Weston Park Museum, and we shall be further investigating the possible link between the urn and the signpost. We shall be further perambulating the area.

19 JAN 2016: Judging from current tendencies there is great turbulence ahead; it's written in the faces of 'our' leaders. Eton = Eaten: swallowed up by the system. During the mindwarp trauma-sexual conditioning of chosen boys at public school they are programmed as 'sardines' on long tables. These future MPs and other puppet mandarins believed they were Cabbage Patch Dolls; thus their seemingly carved-from-potato heads and inhuman policies. Sheet lightning to the strains of a mocking prepared piano often accompanied their tortures and some now emit bright blue granular sperm that is gathered by trusted illegal immigrant wizards who grind it into a very fine magic powder that the inner-circle snort up via mint £50 notes in marble toilet cubicles. Makes them insane for big tit safaris and cardboard pants council house debauchery as their patched minds fizz and pop about the Queen wiping her arse with fur toilet paper, because she can.

Typically perverting Pataphysician Georges Perec's report *Tentative d'Épuisement d'un Lieu Parisien* (An Attempt at Exhausting a Place in Paris) (Christian Bourgois, 1975), they are currently applying this technique to the entire country in a mass cull by protean misery tyranny boredom on repeat.

It is a shame and odd that only a few suspect the exponential extent of agent provocateurs, authorised doubles and criminal impostors. Not to mention the overt groupings such as the Fabian Society wolves in sheeps' clothing (as depicted on their emblem) and the Tavistock Institute mindwarper. It's because the peoples are divertingly tantalised by multi-level products and sold the old Utopia Con: Common Purpose for the UK and Common Core for the USA; Communism for the poor and Fascism for the rich. Both sides cross (Project PAPERCLIP, Intelligence Agencies, etc.) and both sides' "Useful Idiots"—from the Frankfurt School to Combat 18, who in turn manipulate other useful idiots—are ultimately controlled by the same elite sodality of Satanic paedophiles who rule the world. Vipers in the vicinage. THERE IS A LIST OF NAMES.

THEE ELIXIR: PAST PRESENT & FUTURE



***Some of us will see clearly at the
Avebury 2020 Ascension. Beyond Real.***

HE IS COMING...

